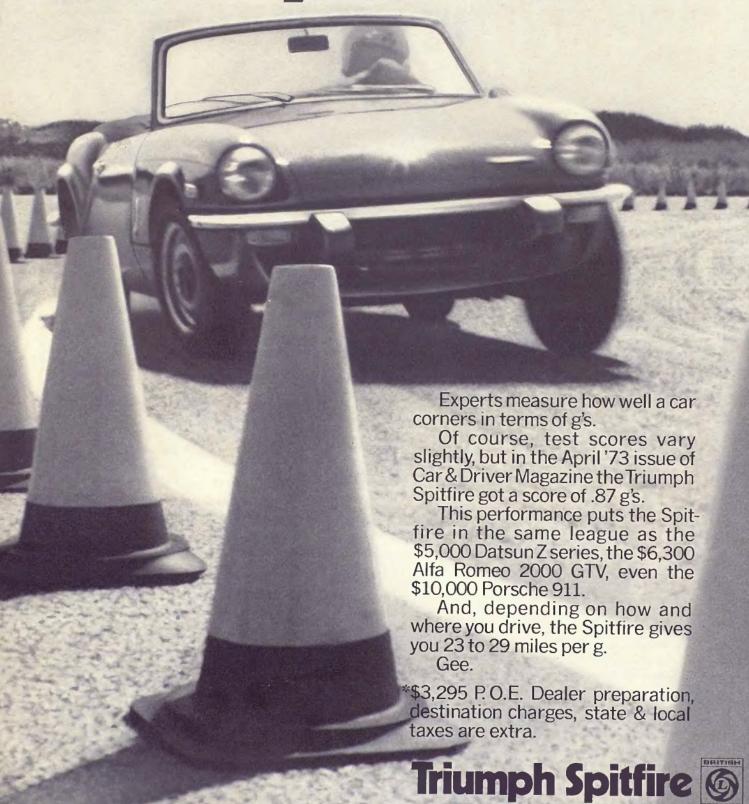
TERTAINMENT FOR MEN "LET MY PEOPLE COME" A PICTORIAL ON NEW YORK'S DIRTIEST SHOW ORGANIZED CRIME TODAY PLAYBOY GOES TO A WITCHES' CONVENTION



.87g's For only about 3G's.*





My neighbors hated me until I got a Marantz.

Whenever I played my old stereo loud, my neighbors delivered threats. Then a Marantz dealer told me that it's not playing my stereo loud that bothers them. It's the distortion. When the volume is up, and they yell turn down the sound, what they really mean is turn down the distortion because it's the distortion that's driving them bananas.

Marantz stereo has virtually no distortion. That's because Marantz stereo measures distortion at continuous full power throughout the whole listening range, so it won't frazzle the folks on the other side of the walls. No matter how loud I play it.

Not only that, my Marantz will play any type of 4-channel on the market today. And it's built so you can snap in any future 4-channel matrix development. Present and future requirements for stereo or 4-channel are all set.

What's more ... Marantz' Dual Power gives me the power of four discrete amplifiers with just 2 speakers. More than twice the power for super stereo. And when I have two more speakers for full 4-channel, I can simply flip a switch. No obsolescence worries.

What really gets it altogether is the built-in Dolby* noise reduction system. It lets me listen to noise-free FM, or switch to my tape deck for noise-free recordings from any source.

Even though I earn a modest wage, I was able to buy the best AM/FM receiver for the money. In my case, the Marantz Model 4230. It delivers 60 watts continuous power with distortion less than 0.5%. If you've got less to spend or more to

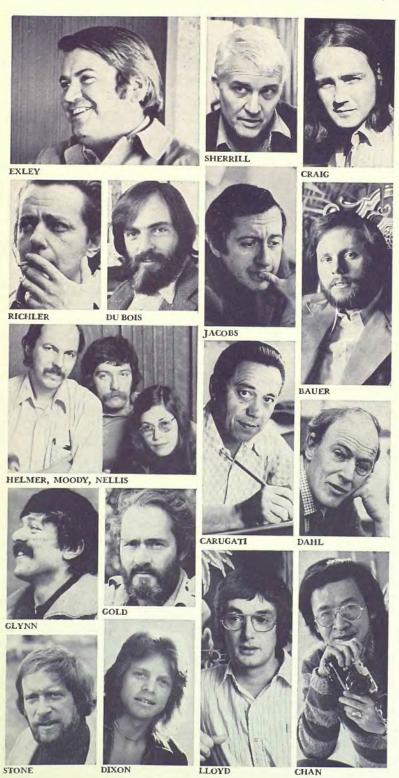
spend, Marantz has a model for you. Your Marantz dealer has a full line of receivers from \$219.95, components from \$149.95, and speaker systems from \$59.00 all designed to suit your needs and fit your budget. Right on Marantz.

We sound better.



USED TO BE THAT what everybody talked (and did nothing) about was the weather. Then it was Watergate, PLAYBILL then the energy crisis. People finally did start to do something about Watergate, and now others are starting to uncover the fraud-and the frightening truth-behind the energy crisis. One of these is environmentalist Barry Commoner, interviewed this month by Larry DuBois. Commoner, who believes it's a scientist's duty to expose as well as to research, often sounds like a crusading journalist in the grand old muckraking tradition-or the grand new muckraking tradition represented herein by Robert Sherrill, whose No Success like Failure is a damning portrait of the head of the CIA. "To most of us reporters," says Sherrill, "an institution like the CIA presents a solid wall you can't penetrate. You break through by finding the feuding elements; there's always somebody who wants to stab his boss in the back." The walls Sherrill has been boring through lately are those of the oil industry. Told that Commoner, in the Playboy Interview, attacks petroleum magnates, Sherrill cracked: "Good! I'll steal some of his stuff for my new book." Even in Russia, reports novelist Herbert Gold (back from a trip he'll describe in a future PLAYBOY), everybody's discussing—you guessed it—the phoniness of the oil shortage. Gold's piece this time is Winter of '73, a sort of fictionalized memoir.

So many competent novels fall into undeserved obscurity a few days after they are published that it's hard to get really exer-



cised about any one of them. But Frederick Exley's A Fan's Notes is something else-probably the most overlooked piece of fiction in the past 20 years. Trust us and a few dozen literary critics when we say that it is a masterpiece, an unforgettable journey through madness and alcoholism. Now there is a new Exley work, Pages from a Cold Island. Random House will publish it in October and, at the same time, rerelease A Fan's Notes in both hardcover and paperback. We've taken a short excerpt from Pages, the story of a comic encounter between Exley and Gloria Steinem, which we've called Saint Gloria and the Troll. Read

it; it's good.

Also due for book publication this fall is Playboy's Illustrated History of Organized Crime (Playboy Press). Thus far, author Richard Hammer has received most of the credit for the series, which concludes this month, so we thought we'd turn the spot on three behind-the-scenes types: Associate Editor William Helmer, founder of The John Dillinger Died for You Society and author of The Gun That Made the Twenties Roar, who edited the manuscript; Research Editor Barbara Nellis, who scoured libraries (and picked the brains of her father, Joseph, one of the last surviving members of the Kefauver committee staff) to dig up the background; and Assistant Art Director Roy Moody, who planned each illustration in the mood of the period covered. (This month's was done by Eraldo Carugati.)

White-collar crime provides the focus for Associate Editor Douglas Bauer's coverage of Chicago's Federal Courts, Nothing but the Truth . . . and Other Lies. Would-be smugglers, petty and otherwise, are uncovered in Diary of a Customs Inspector, by Frank Jacobs and "Peter Pitkin"; and, in Witches' Brew, an occultists' convention is chronicled by Mordecai Richler (who just may be the best Canadian writer around; among his credentials: the much-acclaimed

St. Urbain's Horseman).

Our fiction this month includes King Zamp, a PLAYBOY debut by Thomas Glynn, and a welcome return by Roald Dahl, who brings us Bitch (illustrated by Gil Stone). Observes Dahl, plaintively: "For 25 years, I was able to write stories that were untarnished by sexual undertones of any kind. But now, in my late middle age, they're riddled with sex and copulation. What, I wonder, is the reason for this?" If you think you've got troubles, Dahl, check John Craig's Wish You Were Here; his hang-up is prurient postcards. Last, but far from you-know-what, we present a pictorial on Earl Wilson, Jr.'s theatrical graffito Let My People Come; Bunny Carol Vitale, photographed as Miss July by David Chan; Heady Stuff, views of ladies' hats and what's under them, shot by Phillip Dixon; and, on the men's fashion side, Shirt Tale, illustrated by Peter Lloyd, and the beach-geared Take Cover. That, as they say on the late news, about wraps it up.

vol. 21, no. 7-july, 1974

PLAYBOY.



King Zamp

P. 114



Isela Vega

P. 80



Saint Gloria

P. 142



Ladies' Hats

P. 131



Customs Inspector

P. 128

CONTENTS FOR THE MEN'S ENTERTAINMENT MAGAZINE

PLAYBILL	3
DEAR PLAYBOY	11
PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS	19
DINING-DRINKING.	20
BOOKS	20
SPORTS	28
MOVIES	28
RECORDINGS	36
THEATER	40
THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR	43
THE PLAYBOY FORUM	47
PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: BARRY COMMONER—candid conversation	55
BITCH—fiction ROALD DAHL	76
VIVA VEGA!—pictorial	80
SHIRT TALE—attire ROBERT L. GREEN	85
WITCHES' BREW—article	90
NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH AND OTHER LIES—articleDOUGLAS BAUER	93
GLUG, BLUB, SNAP!—modern living	95
WINTER OF '73-fiction HERBERT GOLD	101
BEACH BLONDE—playboy's playmate of the month	102
PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES—humor	112
KING ZAMP—fiction THOMAS GLYNN	114
WISH YOU WERE HERE-humor JOHN CRAIG	117
PLAYBOY'S HISTORY OF ORGANIZED CRIME—articleRICHARD HAMMER	123
TAKE COVER—attire	127
DIARY OF A CUSTOMS INSPECTOR—articleFRANK JACOBS and PETER PITKIN	128
HEADY STUFF—pictorial	131
THE VARGAS GIRL-pictorial ALBERTO VARGAS	140
THE DEVIL RIDES BEHIND—ribald classic	141
SAINT GLORIA AND THE TROLL—articleFREDERICK EXLEY	
"LET MY PEOPLE COME"—pictorial	
NO SUCCESS LIKE FAILURE—opinion ROBERT SHERRILL	
DI AVROV BOTROLIPRI	190

GENERAL OFFICES, PLAYBOY BUILDING, 919 NORTH MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611. RETURN POSTAGE MUST ACCOMPANY ALL MANUSCRIPTS, DRAWINGS AND PHOTOGRAPHS SUBMITTED IF THEY ARE TO BE RETURNED AND NO RESPONSIBILITY CAN BE ASSUMED FOR UNSOLICITED MATERIALS ALL RIGHTS IN LETTERS SENT TO PLAYBOY WILL BE TREATED AS UNCONDITIONALLY ASSIGNED FOR PUBLICATION AND COPYRIGHT PURPOSES AND AS SUBJECT TO PLAYBOY'S UNRESTRICTED FIGHT TO EDIT AND TO COMMENT EDITORIALLY. CONTENTS COPYRIGHT © 1971 BY PLAYBOY. ALL RIGHTS PESERVED. PLAYBOY AND RABBIT HEAD SYMBOL ARE MARKS OF PLAYBOY. ASSISTEDED U. S PATENT OFFICE, MARCA REGISTRADA, MARBUE DEPOSES. DOTHING MAY BE REPRINTED IN WHOLE ORNIN PART WITHOUT WRITTEN PERMISSION FROM THE PUBLISHER. ANY SIMILARITY BETWEEN THE PEOPLE AND PLACES IN THE FICTION AND SEMIFICTION IN THIS MAGAZINE AND ANY PEAL PEOPLE AND PLACES IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL. CAREDITS: COVER: PLAYMATE/MODEL CHRISTING MADDOX. DESIGNED BY TON STABELER, P. PHOTOGRAPHY BY CHARGE FOR CHARGES WE BUSH, P. 3; JACK CLAYTON, P. 3; LAR CLIFTON, P. 3; LEFF COHEN, P. 3; RICHARD FEGLEY, P. 127, DILL FRANTZ, P. 5; DXIGHT HOOKER, P. 103; DICK IZUL, P. 3 (2); U.P.I., P. 124 (4); LINDA WHEELER, P. 3; WIDE WORLD PHOTOS, P. 121 (3), P. 123, ILLUSTRATION BY PETER PALOMBI.

Ifnot for yourself, ımage.





Minolta helps you discover the mysteries of women.

It takes a quick eye and a responsive camera to find the woman in

every little girl.

You're comfortable with a Minolta SR-T from the moment you pick it up. This is the 35mm reflex camera that lets you concentrate on your subject. The viewfinder gives you all the information needed for correct exposure and focusing. Because you never have to look away from the finder to adjust a Minolta SR-T, you're ready to catch the one photograph that could never be taken again.

Next time you see a little girl playing a woman's game, have a Minolta SR-T camera in hand. It will help you look into her future. For more information, see your photo dealer or write Minolta Corporation, 200 Park

Ave. So., N.Y., N.Y. 10003. In Canada: Anglophoto Ltd., P.Q.

Minolta SR-T 101/Minolta SR-T 102



When identified by a factory-sealed "M" tag, Minolta 35mm reflex cameras are warranted by Minolta Corp. against defects in workmanship and materials for two years from date of purchase, excluding user-inflicted damage. The camera will be serviced at no charge provided it is returned within the warranty period, postpaid, securely packaged, including \$2.00 for mailing, handling and insurance.

PLAYBOY

HUGH M. HEFNER editor and publisher

ARTHUR KRETCHMER editorial director

ARTHUR PAUL art director

SHELDON WAX managing editor

MARK KAUFFMAN photography editor

MURRAY FISHER assistant managing editor

EDITORIAL

ARTICLES: DAVID BUTLER editor . FICTION: ROBIE MACAULEY editor, STANLEY PALEY associate editor, SUZANNE MC NEAR, WALTER SUBLETTE assistant editors . SERVICE FEATURES: TOM OWEN modern living editor, ROGER WIDENER assistant editor; ROBERT L. GREEN fashion director, DAVID PLATT fashion editor; THOMAS MARIO food & drink editor • CARTOONS: MICHELLE URRY editor . COPY: ARLENE BOURAS editor, STAN AMBER assistant editor . STAFF: G. BARRY GOLSON, GEOFFREY NORMAN, ROBERT SHEA. DAVID STEVENS senior editors; LAURENCE GONZALES, REG POTTERTON, DAVID STANDISH, CRAIG VETTER staff writers; DOUGLAS BAUER, DOUGLAS C. BENSON, WILLIAM J. HELMER, GRETCHEN MC NEESE, CARL SNYDER associate editors; JOHN BLUMENTHAL, J. F. O'CONNOR, JAMES R. PETERSEN, ARNIE WOLFE assistant editors; SUSAN HEISLER, MARIA NEKAM, BARBARA NELLIS, KAREN PADDERUD, LAURIE SADLER, BERNICE T. ZIMMERMAN research editors; J. PAUL GETTY (business & finance), NAT HENTOFF, RICHARD RHODES, RAY RUSSELL, JEAN SHEPHERD, JOHN SKOW, BRUCE WILLIAMSON (movies), TOMI UNGERER contributing editors ADMINISTRATIVE SERVICES: PATRICIA PAP-ANGELIS administrative editor; ROSE JENNINGS rights & permissions; MILDRED ZIMMERMAN administrative assistant

ART

TOM STAEBLER, KERIG POPE associate directors; BOB POST, ROY MOODY, LEN WILLIS, CHET SUSKI, GORDON MORTENSEN, JOSEPH PACZEK, ALFRED ZELCER assistant directors; JULIE EILERS, VICTOR HUBBARD, GLENN STEWARD art assistants; IL MICHAEL SISSON executive assistant; EVE HECKMANN administrative assistant

PHOTOGRAPHY

MARILYN GRABOWSKI west coast editor; GARY COLE, HOLLIS WAYNE associate editors: BILL SUMITS technical editor; BILL ARSENAULT, DON AZUMA, DAVID CHAN, RICHARD FEGLEY, DWIGHT HOOKER, POMPEO POSAR staff photographers; BILL and MEL FIGGE, BRIAN D. HENNESSEY, ALEXAS URBA contributing photographers; BILL FRANTZ associate photographer; JUDY JOHNSON assistant editor; LEO KRIEGL photo lab supervisor; JANICE BERKOWITZ MOSES chief stylist; ROBERT CHELIUS administrative editor

PRODUCTION

JOHN MASTRO director; ALLEN VARGO manager: ELEANORE WAGNER, RITA JOHNSON, MARIA MANDIS, RICHARD QUARTAROLI assistants

READER SERVICE

CAROLE CRAIG director

CIRCULATION

THOMAS G. WILLIAMS customer services; BEN GOLDBERG director of newsstand sales; ALVIN WIEMOLD subscription manager

ADVERTISING

HOWARD W. LEDERER advertising director

PLAYBOY ENTERPRISES, INC.

ROBERT S. PREUSS business manager and associate publisher; RICHARD S. ROSENZWEIG executive assistant to the publisher; RICHARD M. KOFF assistant publisher



Salem refreshes



The outdoor life, the great life. Get yourself ready for it with these great values from Coleman...and Salem, naturally.



Coleman Double Mantle Lantern Model 220 #195

The world's most popular lantern far over 70 years. Burns up to 8 haurs. Retails up to \$28,00. Only \$11,99 plus 5 Salem package bottom flaps.



Coleman Poly-Lite® Cooler Model 5285

Large, lightweight cooler holds up to 38 quarts of food at either temperature extreme. Retails up to \$18.00. Only \$8.99 plus 5 Salem package bottom flaps.



Coleman Day Sock, Model 8550-713

Holds o day's gear. Mode of nylon. Retoils up to \$16.00. Only \$7.99 plus 5 Excellent for compers, hikers, cyclists. Solem package bottom flaps.

Coleman Sportster Stove and Cook Kit

up to \$25.00. Only \$12.99 plus 5 Solem Compact, lightweight—stores inside o two-quart soucepan. Can be used for bockpacking and cookouts. Retails package bottom flops.



Coleman Backpack Tent Model 8550A714

Perfect for backpacking

or use as on auxiliary

to 7'9" x 5" x 42" (ridge height), weight 5 pounds. Retails up to \$88.00. Only \$39.99 plus 5 Salem bottom flaps.

Please check the Coleman item(s) ordered. Each one ordered requires 5 bottom flaps from Salem Cigarettes (any size).

Double Mantle Lantern, \$11.99 Paly-Lite® Cooler, \$8.99 Day Sack, \$7.99

Sportster Stove and Cook Kit, \$12.99 Backpack Tent, \$39.99

Mail to: Salem's "Great Outdoors" Shap P.O. Box 9655 St. Paul, Minnesata 55196 Important: Send check ar maney arder plus bottam flaps by first class mail. Make payable to: Salem's "Great Outdoors" Shop. I certify that I am 21 years af age or alder.

(A)	Phone
(PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY	
	Adroce

Allow 6 weeks for delivery. This affer expires December 31,1974, is limited to the U.S.A., and is not valid for shipment into states where

(Required)

Zib



Seagram's

100 PIPERS

Pack the Pipers. It wouldn't be a weekend

The gang's gone back to the beach house. But you can't tear yourself away. So you unpack your 100 Pipers Scotch right there on the beach. You've got your girl. The seashore all to yourself. And a Scotch blended and bottled in Scotland. It couldn't be better. Or smoother. And why not? Pipers is from Seagram: the world's foremost distiller.

Pipers: the Scotch to weekend with—any day of the week.

100 Pipers - Blended Scotch Whisky - 86 Proof - Seagram Distillers Company, New York

DEAR PLAYBOY

ADDRESS PLAYBOY MAGAZINE - PLAYBOY BUILDING, 919 N. MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611

DUET

Your April interview with Jane Fonda and Tom Hayden is most welcome. I am sure that many of your readers profited from the words of both. It's always refreshing to hear from people who are still "alive."

Gary Davis
The Montreal Council of Aid War
Resisters and the American
Refugee Service
Montreal, Quebec

I have enjoyed many *Playboy Interviews*, but none as much as the April one. The Fonda-Hayden interview was superbly conducted and confirms my opinion that Jane Fonda is truly an American heroine.

Norm Baker West Covina, California

The harassment to which Fonda has been subjected is outrageous. Few people come right out and criticize First Amendment guarantees of free speech, freedom of assembly or the right to petition the Government for the redress of grievances; but when someone like Fonda dares to exercise her constitutional rights by criticizing a Government that does not like its ugliness uncovered, she is called a traitor.

Elliot Becker East Norwich, New York

I love Jane Fonda, and have since she was a baby. In fact, I'm one of her selfappointed godfathers. I directed her in her first movie (second-rate) and her first play (also second-rate). She added whatever distinction there was to those two sad affairs. Later, I found her performances in They Shoot Horses, Don't They? and Klute brilliant. But when Jane talks about the wrongs of the world, as she does in your interview, I become, to say the least, uncomfortable. I feel sure she's passionately sincere; but I also feel she has a tendency to oversimplify. Moreover, in her zeal to espouse almost every cause that appears on the horizon, she tends to water down the sincerity of her commitment to any one of them. Nevertheless, if that's the way Jane Fonda chooses to act and think, I will do my best to understand her. She's a great person and, as I feel about my country,

right or wrong, I love her. All I pray is that she doesn't forget to perform a bit on the stage or screen as well as in the newspapers. I'd rather see more of Jane Fonda and less—shall we say?—of Carry Nation. Congratulations, anyway, on a touchy interview.

Joshua Logan New York, New York Writer-producer-director Logan is a Pulitzer Prize winner.

Thank you for your remarkable interview with Jane Fonda and Tom Havden. It is, indeed, of special interest to me. It is admirably clear and, particularly in reference to Jane, illuminates many things-both in general and about herself-for me. I do wish she had pointed out that, at the time when the E.M.I. people queried why I wished to see F.T.A., since they regarded it as a bad and boring film, I nonetheless did see it and immediately told them and her that I thought it was a piece of enormously valuable and effective film making, demonstrating once again, as does this interview, her incredible courage and her almost unique stance, considering her background and position. Many congratulations to PLAYBOY for the seriousness of its questioning and the care in its interview and for its courage in printing it and, equally, congratulations to Jane and Tom for their decision to publicize their position through your magazine in spite of their reservations about other of your policies.

Joseph Losey
London, England
Losey directed Fonda in "A Doll's
House."

I was about to buy a copy of your April issue when I saw your cover, which indicates that you interviewed those two bums Fonda and Hayden. If this is the kind of riffraff you are glorifying, then let them also support your magazine.

Edwin G. Ingram, Jr. Cincinnati, Ohio

For more than a decade, our interviews have given people with as widely divergent political philosophies as Malcolm X, Ayn Rand, Fidel Castro, George Lincoln Rockwell, Eldridge Cleaver and John Wayne the opportunity to present their

PLAYBOY, JULY, 1974, VOLUME 21, NUMBER 7. PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY PLAYBOY, PLAYBOY BUILDING, 919 NORTH MICHIGAN AVENUE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611. SUBSCRIPTIONS: IN THE UNITED STATES, ITS POSSESSIONS AND CANADA, \$24 FOR THREE YEARS, \$10 FOR TWO YEARS, \$10 FOR ONE YEAR. ELSEWHERE \$15 PER YEAR. ALLOW 30 DAYS FOR NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS AND REHEWALS. CHANGE OF ADDRESS: SEND BOTH OLD AND NEW ADDRESSES TO PLAYBOY, PLAYBOY BUILDING, 919 NORTH MICHIGAN AVENUE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611, AND ALLOW 30 DAYS FOR CHANGE. MARKETING: ROBERT A. GUTWILLIG, MARKETING DIRECTOR; EMERY SMYTH, MARKETING SERVICES DIRECTOR; NELSON FUTCH, MARKETING MANAGER; LEE GOTTLIED, DIRECTOR OF PUBLIC RELATIONS. ADVERTISING: HOWARD W. LEDERER, ADVERTISING DIRECTOR; HERBERT D. MANELOVEG, ASSOCIATE ADVERTISING DIRECTOR; JULES NASE, JOSEPH GUENTHER, ASSOCIATE ADVERTISING MANAGER, 77 THIRD AVENUE, NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10017; CHICAGO, SHERMAN KEATS, MANAGER, 919 NORTH MICHIGAN AVENUE: DETROIT, WILLIAM F. MOORE, MANAGER, 818 FISHER BUILDING; LOS ANGELES, STANLEY L. PERKINS, MANAGER, 8721 BEVERLY BOULEVARD; SAN FRANCISCO, ROBERT E. STEPHENS, MANAGER, 417 MONTGOMERY STREET; SOUTHEASTERN REPRESENTATIVE, PIRNIE B BROWN, 3108 PIEDMONT ROAD, N. E., ATLANTA, GEORGIA 3030S.



You'll enjoy the real writing comfort of the NoNonsense Pen. It fits your fingers firmly. Snugly. Because it's precision balanced with solid heft and feel. It's refillable. In ballpoint, marker or fountain pen; navy blue or tan. Do something nice for your fingers. For only \$1.98.

views. The reader has been free to draw his or her own conclusions from what they say.

Your interview with Jane and Tom is excellent in showing them as the dingbats they really are. As usual, however, the pair is up to par with misinformation. There is not now, nor has there ever been, any interaction between the Young Americans for Freedom and the so-called Secret Army Organization. The now infamous Tom Charles Houston "memo" to the White House was overruled by J. Edgar Hoover, playboy is to be congratulated for respecting the First Amendment and printing the inane.

Phillip Abbott Luce National Advisory Board Young Americans for Freedom Scottsdale, Arizona

We are happy to see that a publication with your impact allows two mediacensored spokespeople to speak out on media-censored issues. An example of a heretofore media-censored issue that your interview brings to light is the existence of the paramilitary right-wing Secret Army Organization, a terrorist offshoot of the Minutemen. The S.A.O.'s activities have included sniping, bombing and vandalism against members of the left. The revelation to which Hayden refers in the interview, that the S.A.O. was led and financed by FBI informer Howard Berry Godfrey, was dismissed by many people in the pre-Watergate days of 1972. Since then, we at The Door, San Diego's alternative newspaper, have discovered that Donald Segretti, an agent of the Committee for the Re-election of the President, using the alias Don Simms, met more than once with the S.A.O. to discuss counter-antiwar demonstration actions during the 1972 G.O.P. Convention. Often working in harmony with the Government, right-wing terrorists have long been a real force in American politics. The question is: Where does it end?

Bill Ritter, Larry Remer and Bob Hartley, News Editors The Door San Diego, California

I abhor violence, but I cannot feel truly sympathetic when Jane Fonda says she fears for her life. Since time immemorial, such fears have been the traditional price paid by traitors.

> Leslie Iffy, M.D., Director Department of Obstetrics and Gynecology Episcopal Hospital Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

HIGH TIMES AND GOOD OLE BOYS

Larry L. King's article The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas (PLAYBOY, April) had me roaring and hooting. The brothel, otherwise known as Edna's Chicken Ranch, was an asset not only to La

Grange but to the entire state of Texas as well. Miss Edna and the girls did things-like put up money for the local high school gym-that made me proud to be a Texan, a pride I know they felt and hopefully, still feel. I used to pass the ranch when driving between Houston and Austin. King's article made me remember those times when I gazed up the hill to Edna's farm with its bluebonnets in bloom. How I longed to go up! I always wanted to be a callgirl. I definitely had the sexual needs, desire to please and love of money. But the closest I ever got was about a quarter of the way up the hill one afternoon, when the sheriff whom King so vividly describes met me coming down. I got scared as hell. It was also a thrill to read of Austin. What memories! Like those nights at the Driskill Bar, Drunk beyond belief!

> Mrs. Kathy Lormand Beaumont, Texas

I was astonished to read The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas. Too many times everyday people break the law and find fault with those commissioned to enforce it. In his article. King criticizes TV commentator Marvin Zindler for the zeal with which he ensures the law is obeyed. I, for one, feel that Zindler has done a great public service in the past and I am sure he will continue to do so in the future.

> Larry C. Shainock Houston, Texas

The mothers of Texas should be most unhappy at the wringing of the chicken farm. I would rather see my son go to a place that is clean and educational than out on the street picking up some little chick that has been pecked and scratched by every V. D.-stricken chicken hawk in town. The people who closed the doors on the oldest house practicing the oldest profession in Texas won't miss a thing. You don't miss a good thing if you've never had it!

(Name withheld by request) Baytown, Texas

CRIME LINE

Richard Hammer's ninth installment of Playboy's History of Organized Crime (PLAYBOY, April) contains a small but serious error. In discussing the Kefauver hearings in Florida, Hammer refers to "Dade County sheriff Daniel P. Sullivan" and to evidence uncovered by Kefauver investigators that alleged that Sheriff Sullivan was involved in the gambling racket. The sheriff in question was actually Jimmy Sullivan, who, it is said, was elected to his post principally on the basis of his reputation as a courteous traffic cop. Sullivan's contemporary Daniel P. Sullivan was the operating director of the Crime Commission of Greater Miami. and it was he who visited Senator Kefauver in Washington to brief him on the status of crime in the Miami area. During the life of the Kefauver committee, Daniel P. Sullivan saw to it that the results of more than two years of investigation by the Miami crime commission were made available to the Senate investigators. It is easy to see how writer Hammer could have been confused by the similarity in name of two prominent Miami law-enforcement officials: but Daniel P. Sullivan, who rendered outstanding service with the FBI and the Miami crime commission, deserves an apology.

George C. Walsh Atlanta, Georgia

We regret the error. But we are pleased that no one will be confused, since Daniel P. Sullivan was never a sheriff, much less a crooked one, and is still serving with distinction on the Crime Commission of Greater Miami.

CHAMBERS MUSIC

Three cheers for Marilyn Chambers and your April pictorial Sex, Soap and Success, Wow!

Ken Carroll East St. Louis, Illinois

WAR IN THE HOLY LAND

Herbert Gold's Blood Tax at Harvest Time and Marshall Frady's Resurrection (PLAYBOY, April) are both excellent contributions to the expanding American dialog about the peoples and problems of the Middle East. For more than 30 years. I have studied the problems of the area: and since I cannot improve upon-nor find serious fault with-the humanitarian approach of either author, perhaps you will permit me a word or so about the politics that have driven cutting edges between the peoples of the Middle East. I make no defense for xenophobia, Arab or any other kind. But in the Middle East conflict, there is one political fact and one nationalistic philosophy that must bear primary responsibility for the bloodshed. In 1917, a Zionist national infrastructure was imposed by British power upon the majority, indigenous population of Palestine. Arthur James Balfour, who authored the Balfour Declaration, which established the emigration of Zionists to Palestine, himself confessed that his declaration was inconsistent with the Covenant of the League of Nations, since it was not approved by the Palestinians. Compounding this political injustice is the fact that the Zionist national infrastructure, defined as "The Jewish People," was-and is-exclusionary by definition. The state of Israel is designated officially in Israeli courts as "the sovereign state of the Jewish people." By definition, then, non-"Jewish people" Palestinians are excluded from full equality and have been so excluded in the long history of Zionist state building. And while there have been violent Arab reactions, it is important to emphasize

Simoniz Pre-soft you get more...

of what you shined as a colour suppose the suppose the

More Shine.

Pre-soft gives you the deep-down, high-intensity shine you've come to expect from any Simoniz product.

More Protection.

Simoniz Pre-soft provides 2-1/2 times more protection against detergents and the ravages of

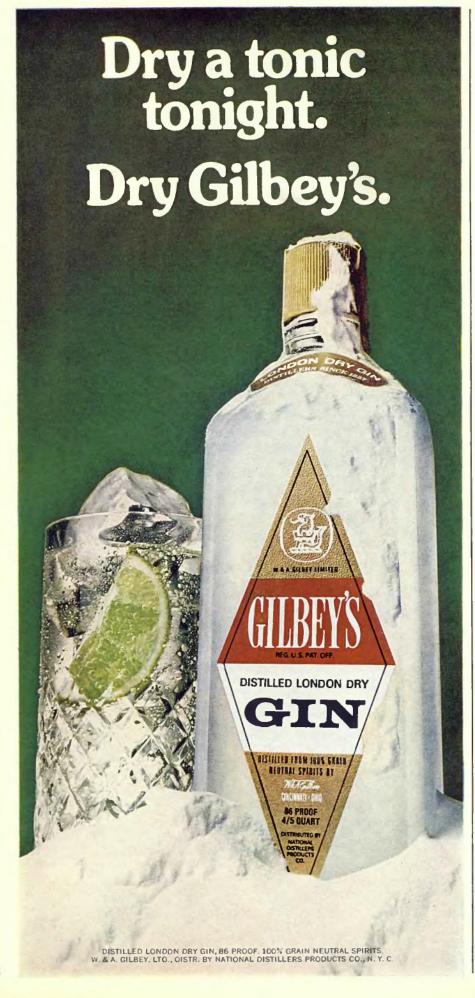


weather than the leading pre-soft wax.

More Time To Swing.

Simoniz Pre-soft goes on quick—wipes off easy. Because the less time you spend shining your car, the more time you can spend doing what you shined your car up for.





they have been reactions, not initiatives. I profoundly hope that Middle East peace conferences do take place and that the parties may confront these fundamental issues. If full justice is no longer possible because of the "facts of life," at least elementary equities may be acknowledged and perhaps reconciled sufficiently so that the humanities so clearly described in your articles may take over and in some future build a lasting peace.

Rabbi Elmer Berger President, American Jewish Alternatives to Zionism, Inc. New York, New York

Thanks for publishing Blood Tax at Harvest Time. Like many other American Jews who have had disagreements with some official acts of Israel, I've often been inclined to tell myself Israel is just another Middle Eastern country. But not only is Gold's article a fine travel journal; it has helped me straighten out my own thinking.

Jerome Tarshis San Francisco, California

AUTO EROTICISM

My compliments to Brock Yates on his ballsy article *The Macho Machines* (PLAYBOY, April). Reading it was like resurrecting my speed-shifting arm from its turbo-Hydra-Matic tomb. Today's grocery boys will never realize what one A.M. on a Sunday morning in July, the local stretch of interstate and a 389-cu.-in. engine could do for your ego, not to mention the revenue collected for the county when the local storm troopers finally showed up with the cherries revolving frantically atop their patrol cars.

Gary Solovic St. Louis, Missouri

Yates might be a little confused on the introduction of the Corvette. He claims in his article that the first one appeared in 1954. The first 'Vette was put on the market in 1953 as a domestic two-seater sports car, America's first. Other than that error, Yates's article really hits the nostalgia button. Thank you.

Marvin Silverman, D.D.S. Vintage Corvette Club of Southern California Los Angeles, California

The Macho Machines does a lot to stir up the old automobile enthusiasm of years gone by. In those days, streaking meant laying rubber down on the streets. Of course, there was no gasoline shortage in the age of speed cars, but even with their large-displacement engines and multiple carburetors, those high-winging power plants delivered better gas mileage than the anti-smog-shackled behemoths of today.

Frank R. Baner Alcova, Wyoming



GOOD NIGHT, PROBLEM PERSPIRATION.

The Mitchum Method lets you wake up to all-day protection.

What is The Mitchum Method?

It's the way to say good night to problem perspiration *effectively*. Because you apply Mitchum Anti-Perspirant at *night*—before you go to bed. So that all night long, while you sleep, Mitchum's two anti-perspirant ingredients can work their benefits into your skin. Pre-conditioning your skin, at a time when you're apt to perspire least, to cope with the tensions of tomorrow, when you perspire most. (Makes sense when you think about it, doesn't it?)

In the morning, you'll be ready for just about anything. Even your morning shower or bath won't wash away the all-day protection you get after a night with Mitchum's anti-perspirants. You can wash, towel yourself dry, and feel dry all day. Without the need for anti-perspirant refreshment.



How do Mitchum anti-perspirants work?

First, understand this: you perspire from many areas of your body. However, you're particularly aware of perspiration when the glands

start gushing under your arms. During times of physical activity, perhaps. Or emotional stress. (No one knows better than you when this perspiration is a problem.)

What Mitchum anti-perspirants do is gently re-direct this annoying sweat. It merely leaves through other, less bothersome areas of your body. So don't believe the old wives' tale that if you help stop your underarm perspiration, you're doing something unhealthy.

Is The Mitchum Method gentle?

Yes. Mitchum Anti-Perspirant contains high percentages of the two best anti-perspirant ingredients: aluminum chloride and aluminum chlorohydrate. But in a *specially buffered formula* that helps avoid irritation of the skin.

Can you ever <u>skip a night</u> when you use Mitchum, the <u>night-time</u> anti-perspirant?

If you follow our recommendations for using Mitchum Anti-Perspirant four nights in a row at first, you can then occasionally skip a night and still feel protected the next day. Of course, you may use Mitchum any time you prefer. But we recommend getting the night-time habit.

In what <u>forms</u> can you use The Mitchum Method?

Cream. For the complete coverage that only hand application of a cream can give. Won't leave its mark on your clothes the next day.

Dab-On. On-the-spot coverage with a unique, built-in silken applicator that applies easily and uniformly.

Available scented and unscented.

Spray. Press the nozzle to release a gentle mist of protection every time. Available

scented and



CALLERANSE

Just pick the form you prefer. But use it at night. Then say good night—to problem perspiration.

The Mitchum Method. Plan tonight to sweat less tomorrow.

Brand-new offer from the Columbia Record & Tape Club

Any 13 records or tapes \$197

if you join now and agree to buy as few as 9 selections (at regular Club prices) during the coming three years

No membership fee!
No obligation to
buy every month!

... or even every other month



239525

What Are You Doing The Rost Ot Your Life?

Take your pick

* Selections marked with a star are not available in real tapes

Barch Laper 7 resi-to-res



To order your 13 records or tapes just mail the application, together with your check or money order for \$1.97 as payment. That's all you pay for your first 13 selections—there are no additional membership dues or fees for joining. In exchange.

You agree to buy 9 more selections (at regular Club prices) in the coming three years. That's right — you'll have three full years in which to buy just nine selections .. that's only three a year...so you are not obligated to buy a record or tape every month, or even every other month! And you may cancel your membership at any time after you've purchased your nine selections.

Your own charge account will be opened upon enrollment. The selections you order as a member will be mailed and billed at the regular Club prices: cartridges and cassettes, \$6.98 or \$7.98; reel tapes, \$7.98; records, \$5.98 or \$6.98 - plus processing and postage. (Multiple unit sets and Double Selections may be somewhat higher.)

A response card will always be enclosed with each magazine

- ...if you do not want any selection offered. just mail the response card provided by the date specified
- if you want only the Selection of the Month for your musical interest, you need do nothing—it will be shipped automatically
- if you want any of the other selections offered, just order them on the response card and mail it by the date specified.

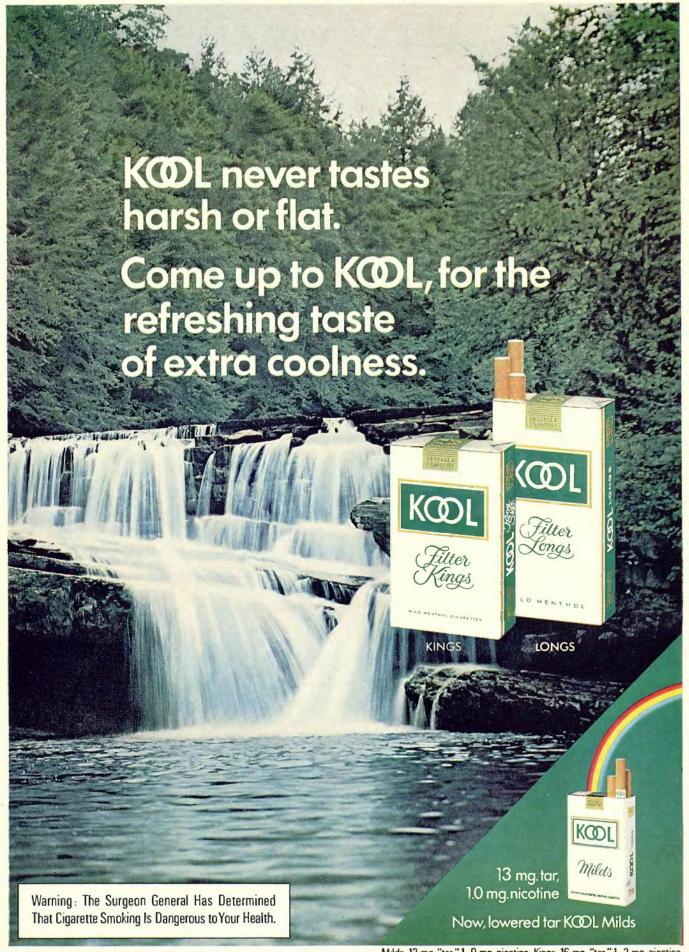
You will always have at least 10 days in which to make a decision. If for any reason you do not have 10 days in which to decide, you may return the Selection of the Month at our expense and receive full credit for it.

You'll be eligible for our bonus plan upon completing your enrollment agreement—
a plan which enables you to save at least 33% on all your future purchases.

it the application is missing, please write to: Columbia Record & Tape Club, Dept. 28H, Terre Haute, Indiana 47808







PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



Police in Fort Lauderdale, Florida, rushed to a suburban home and found a man and his wife handcuffed together in the nude, with the husband extremely angry at his dog. The couple explained to police they had been "fooling around" with a pair of handcuffs and had locked each other to a ceiling-high bookcase. The husband had dropped the handcuff key and his dog had picked it up and swallowed it. "I feel like kicking the hell out of that dog," the nude man remarked.

School children in Lyons, Kansas, have been playing a new game called TV tag. A kid yells out the name of the first TV show he can think of before he's tagged. One five-year-old who was about to be tagged could think of only one program and shouted, "Watergate!"

Also one of America's most observant poets: A promotional blurb on the back

of a children's album issued by Columbia Records notes: "Do you know who [Burl Ives] is? Well, he's one of the best-known folk singers in the whole wide world. Carl Sandburg, whom you may know as one of America's most famous poets, called him 'the mightiest balled singer of any century.'"

Another victory over the computer: Stan Mazanek, a University of Arizona student, decided to answer a junk-mail offer for cheap life insurance. He enrolled his 60-cent guppy for the one-dollar studentdiscount premium over a six-month period. The application blanks were properly filled out ("height: three centimeters; age: six months; no military service") and the Globe Life and Accident Insurance Company of Oklahoma sent the guppy a formal policy. When the guppy died-before the six months were up-Mazanek submitted a claim, but the company finally wised up and refused to pay. Mazanek threatened to sue, so the company settled for \$650 out of court. Mazanek says that he bought two more guppies with the money and took his wife out for a fish dinner.

Militant ladies didn't close this place down, but maybe they shoulda: A popular Toledo café known as Schuchman's was described in the *Toledo Blade* as "an old-fashioned saloon with a cigar counter... the rear of the establishment served as the dining room where menus were offered to fit the masculine testes."

What? No Joy of Vacuuming? The Minneapolis Morning Tribune reports that a local man gave some newlyweds two books for a wedding present: The Joy of Cooking and The Joy of Sex.

Next time, use the ashtray: A West Virginia man was acquitted of murder not long ago, when a jury determined that he was acting in self-defense. Robert Spears pumped Rocco Thompson full of

woman representation of the first of the fir

An Italian porn magazine included a packet of reddish powder inside the pages of a recent issue and billed it as a "tropical approdisiac" capable of leading the user to "fantastic sexual activities." Lab tests by the police showed that the powder was common red pepper.

bullets and tossed his body into a river. In one of the least savory indictments we've run across, the prosecuting attorney then charged that Spears "unlawfully placed, deposited and dumped . . . into the Ohio River the carcass of a dead animal, to wit, the dead body of one Rocco Wayne Thompson." In plain words, the charge was littering.

From the "Outline of Courses" of California's College of Marin: "All work submitted must meet the standards of literacy which have been approved by the facalty." We're in complete agrooment with that.

Political note of the month: The mayor of Bridgewater, New York, ran for re-election unopposed—and finished third. Two other town residents outpolled him with write-in votes.

Not if you do it right, it's not: A woman reporter for the school newspaper at California State University in Long Beach wrote a column on vegetarianism that her editors titled "Opinion—Beating Meat Is Torturous Task."

Honey, what's a three-letter word for "pissed-off"? A West German man was acquitted of murder on grounds of temporary insanity after explaining that his wife used to sit up in bed all night working crossword puzzles. One night she woke him up four times asking for help on a word, so he strangled her.

First there was streaking.... A woman in Eureka, California, was arrested for taking off her slacks in a store and attempting to hatch the eggs of some hen pheasants the owner kept penned on the premises. She not only sat on the nest the birds had built but also attempted to engage the pheasants in conversation.

Eat this candy bar or I'll kill you: One small reason we may have failed to win the hearts and minds of the locals in our recent adventure overseas may be found in the phrase books distributed to help GIs brush up on their Vietnamese. Typical of the genre is *Easy Vietnamese*, latest edition 1971, and here is most of page four:

Halt!
Don't move!
Surrender!
Throw down
your arms!
Raise your hands!
Don't try any
tricks!
Obey or I'll fire!

Dùng lai!
Dùng dung-dây!
Hàng di!
Vút súng
xuōng!
Gio tay lên!
Dùng có
gio' trò!
Tuần lênh không
tôi bần!

Some of our best friends are *chicanos*: Texas Metro magazine mentions the House of Mole under its Fort Worth restaurant listings and notes that the house specialty is Mexican mole sauce, "made with chocolates and rare spics."

Sounds too poised to be true, but we've checked our sources and it really happened: Obscene callers sometimes pick on night-shift reservations clerks at the airlines, and usually the girl is too surprised or flustered to reply. But one evening, a demented man called a young woman at Eastern Air Lines and announced, "Honey, I've got my cock in

PLAYBOY'S HALL
OF FLEETING FAME

Bill Farley of Phoenix, Arizona: For his contribution in the field of advanced weaponry. The 78-year-old former cutler singlehandedly built, over a period of 15 years, the largest jackknife in history. It measures ten feet from tip to handle when opened, weighs 27 pounds, has four blades and is completely useless.

my hand and I'm starting to come." The lady paused and said, "Why don't you call Delta? Delta is ready when you are."

A customer in a St. Louis restaurant told his waitress, "I think I ought to kill myself," and pointed a gun at his head. The waitress, Beatrice Hackworth, suggested that the man had a lot to live for. The would-be suicide apparently agreed, for he turned the gun around, pointed it at Miss Hackworth and left several minutes later with the contents of the cash register.

You just can't faze this ref: Chicago Today, reporting on a hockey game between the hometown Hawks and the Atlanta Flames, described this unusual move: "Then, a few seconds before Richard's goal, Jimmy Pappin caught a flying prick and threw it over the Chicago blue line without drawing as much as a raised eyebrow from [referce Ron] Wicks."

DINING-DRINKING

Jean Leon's La Scala Boutique at the corner of Beverly Drive and Santa Monica Boulevard is tantamount to a way of life in Beverly Hills. It's easy to get hooked on the intime deli-cum-dining-room atmosphere. Salamis and provolone cheeses hang from the ceiling, along with a glittering crystal chandelier. Wines and table delicacies from France and Italy crowd the tops of booths and jam the shelves. Caricatures of Streisand, Hepburn, Brando and Garland line the walls while hopeful thespians, models, designers and pretty local shopkeepers line the tables, occasionally dining next to Streisand, Candy Bergen, Diana Ross or Natalie Wood. Even the late Mike Romanoff loved to luncheon here and gallantly would sip a La Tâche 1959 and nibble a wedge of camembert with host Leon, who also owns La Scala restaurant next door. At noontime, diners devour the spectacular sandwiches made by Adolph Honig-creations of imported Genoa or German salami, Chicago pastrami, Nova Scotia salmon, caviar and cream cheese, ham and pâté de maison. The salads, which more and more appear to be a mainstay of the Southern Californian's midday world, are addictive-notably, the "gourmet" salad with julienne snippets of Genoa salami and mozzarella cheese, plus a medley of garbanzo beans, tomatoes, olives, peperoncini and lettuce, all finely chopped and mixed with a bright, herb-laced Italian dressing. Then there is the pasta. Only De Cecco pasta from Italy is served, and a first course of chef Emilio Nunez' vermicelli with tomato sauce can be a poetic experience. Fresh tomatoes and basil, a touch of shallots and olive oil—that's all Emilio uses in his sauce, which is a pale coral color, with a sweetly delicate taste, and not the fire-engine-red Neapolitan variety. A second course might well be Emilio's vitèllo tonnato. White Wisconsin veal is cooked, chilled and served with a creamy-thick tuna sauce, along



with several stalks of cold asparagus. Then a slice of imported brie and several leaves from the heart of romaine sprinkled with a gentle oil-and-lemon dressing. For dessert: Emilio's homemade vanilla ice cream with fresh raspberries or strawberries bathed in a hooker of Amaretto, that love potion of a liqueur made from almonds. Finally, an espresso-dark, rich, thick and settling. It might be noted that Leon's wine cellar is among the largest in the United States; in addition to collecting fine wines, he also owns 450 premium vineyard acres near Barcelona. Although the Boutique's wine selections are limited, Adolph, who manages the Boutique, and Pierrette, who heads the staff of waitresses, can be persuaded to find a prize wine or two from La Scala's cellar. La Scala's wine list runs to 25 pages and there are numerous California whites and reds, ranging from Beaulieu's Cabernet Sauvignon to Mondavi's Fumé Blanc. The Boutique is open from 11:30 A.M. to 9 P.M. No reservations; first come, first served. La Scala, at 9455 Santa Monica Boulevard, is open for lunch from 11 to 3; dinner from 5:30 to midnight. Reservations imperative (213-275-0579). Both are closed Sunday. Most credit cards accepted.

BOOKS

Hey, Lenny! Did you see the new book they did, Ladies and Gentlemen-Lenny Bruce!! (Random House)? Some professor wrote it. Albert Goldman—you remember the guy, lectured at Columbia, wrote for The Nation, Harper's, The New Republic, The New York Times Magazine. Used to hang around the Village with all those other writers who wanted to be

Rare Pleasure

We found a way to bottle it.

86 Proof Blended Scotch Whisky @ 1974 Paddington Corp., N.Y.

To end the day or to start the evening. To share with friends at a party or with a friend, alone. The joy of Scotland. Distilled and brought to perfection in every bottle of J & B Rare Scotch. So, you may enjoy this rare pleasure wherever in the world you may be.



JUSTERINI & BROOKS Founded 1749 225th. Anniversary comics. It was when you had your grief with the heat—every time you went in the slammer, those guys signed a petition. They were all on your side.

Remember how knocked out you were when Goldman did that heavy routine on your act in *Commentary* in 1963? Used professor words—"albeit," "sui generis," "nihilistic fury"—that sorta stuff. Here's a taste from the same bit:

The psychological mechanism of this kind of comedy is well enough known by now. It is a means of expressing hatred and contempt and still escaping punishment. But the matter is complicated by the fact that the comic's sensitivity to imperfection and ugliness is heightened by a conviction of his own inadequacy, vulgarity and hypocrisy, leading him to become doubly intolerant of these faults in others.

Then the prof goes into this weird stuff about demons exorcizing the comic confrontation. How about that? Says:



a persistent, ineradicable hatred of the self, and this is particularly striking in the case of Bruce. . . . "

Lenny, just out of interest, try to get hold of the prof's new book. The guy's really changed. Talks like you did, maybe 15 years ago. Dig it:

The cat couldn't make the gig. The owners flipped but they cooled out when Lenny told them that he would come back on the 17th of June. Yeah. . . . Only trouble was that poor Lenny was really hanging in the ropes. He was really dying in his chair. So John booked a flight back to L.A. that night. Lenny was popping Percodan pills like they were candy mints. . . . [He] flipped because their plane didn't have an in-flight movie. Can you imagine? So John had to book another flight, rewrite the tickets and everything. Finally they got off. . . . What with the pills and the booze he was sound asleep by the time they passed over the Mississippi River. Pushing his head way back into the pillow he really copped some zzzzzs. Poor cat, he never did get to see that movie!

Lenny, it's like the prof is trying to do your act!—him and the three guys who helped put his book together. Only the three others are like sidemen, dig? Al

Goldman gets his name on the marquee. It's his gig, right? He actually met you personally and he's even got this scene in the book with him and Philip Roth and Jules Feiffer doing a shtick after they've caught your act in court one day. The Government is trying to put you away and here's Roth saying how much funnier he is than you. Goldman agrees with that—you being semiliterate and all, using long words without a writer's license even. What did you know from a sui generis or a nihilistic fury? All you ever did was make people think.

But what the hell, you were a hot cause there for a while. People got off on your number like closet nuns at the Crucifixion, right? And the prof tells all. How you were a junkie, convict, hustler, performer, police fink, sex maniac—guys or chicks, made no difference, right?—any hole in a hurricane. Sure, you bet your ass people got off.

Well, you're in the big time now, baby. No more toilets for Lenny Bruce. They put you on Broadway, Dustin Hoffman's doing you in a big movie and now it's Al Goldman and the Trio—at ten bucks a cover, yet! Read the book, Lenny, it'll kill you.

There are writers in America who work to the highest level of achievement and yet escape, year after year, the major attention they deserve. Thomas Williams, whose latest novel is The Hair of Harold Roux (Random House), is one of the best of them. In 1968, when Portnoy's Complaint was the Big Book, Williams published Whipple's Castle, a saga of a family living and dying through World War Two that was nothing less than a masterpiece, never far from the edges of life and death, always on the point of that agony of choice and accident we call the human condition and a book that trailed in its wake an alert but exuberant joy. Harold Roux is a lesser work, yet it, too, impresses. Williams, at mid-life and midcareer, takes a form the avant-garde likes to muck with-a novel about a novelist writing a novel-and turns it into a Farewell to Arms: a farewell to the postwar America when GIs old beyond their years roamed the campuses in fatigues, as students do today, but fatigues hung with unit patches and battle scars earned at places such as Iwo Jima and Normandy. They seduced and loved, and loved and seduced, girls whose experience with life seemed no match for theirs; and later, sometimes, they married them, having discovered that war is not the only school for scandal, or for growth. Along the way Williams gives us a writing class dissecting a short story that he published in Esquire several years ago; a novelist-narrator creating a bedtime story for his children that grips them to bedtime rebellion; Harold Roux himself, a character hanged by his toupee in Williams' novelist's novel, writing a novel in the old fashion

of fastidious high romance that seems so mawkish today but once moved hearts to tears; a retired Army colonel who has built a Lilliputian world that the worst of the GIs managed to destroy in one drunken Kristallnacht; and more, more of fiction and more of what Wallace Stevens called "fictive things." That such a montage doesn't end up nearly a smorgasbord is the least of tributes to Williams' craft. The Hair of Harold Roux, modest though it appears, is, in fact, a search for the sources of fiction and of lives, and a study of their interfaces. The genius of its author, as they say of great athletes, is that he makes it look easy.

When Paul Hemphill was writing a column for *The Atlanta Constitution*, he was known as a sort of Jimmy Breslin, Dixie branch. His daily effort was featured prominently on the second page and he was free to write about politics, Vietnam, sports, isolated mountaineers, stock-car drivers and dying Appalachian towns. Those who knew of his work were always amused at the comparison to Breslin, because Hemphill was quite good enough to make it on his own.

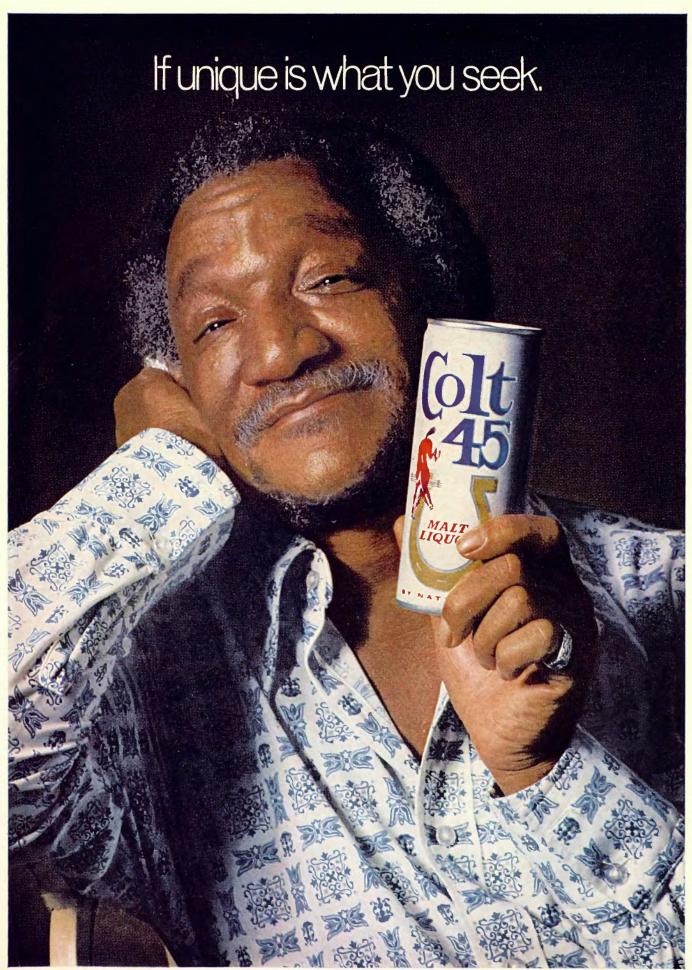
Now, in The Good Old Boys (Simon & Schuster), Hemphill has put together a collection of his thoughts on the South and what is happening to it. The book is a sleeper. Hemphill's portraits of people such as Lester Maddox, Kris Kristofferson, the old football hero Bob Suffridge and Merle Haggard are masterful.

Hemphill has devoted a section of this book to a two-month journey he took through the South upon returning to his paper from a Neiman fellowship at Harvard. During this period, he stopped off at places such as Crum, West Virginia, Celina, Tennessee, and Dawsonville, Georgia. Each day, he filed a piece on one of these places with his paper. They are truly magnificent miniatures.

But the most arresting and heartbreaking piece in the book is Hemphill's "Me

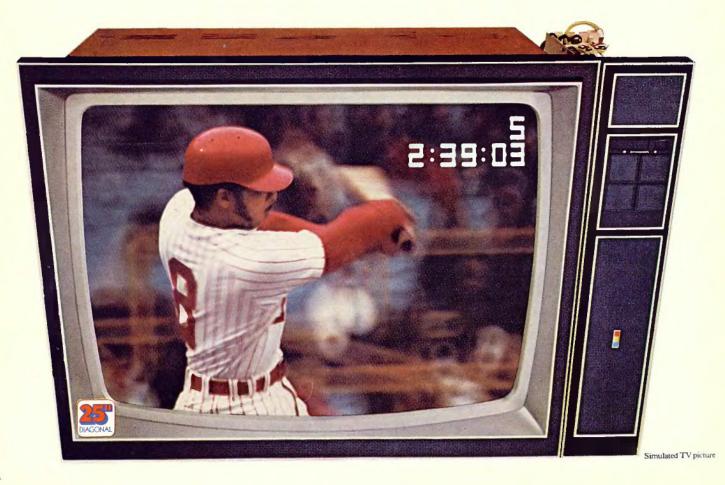


and My Old Man," a portrait of his truck-driver father realized with a rare sense of honesty and love. Having read it, you'll find it hard to forget the day that Hemphill comes upon his father



NOW FROM BELL & HOWELL SCHOOLS...

THE REVOLUTIONARY
25-INCH DIAGONAL
DIGITAL
COLOR TV
YOU ACTUALLY
BUILD YOURSELF!





"Electro-Lab" is a registered trademark of the Bell & Howell Company

Simulated TV pictur

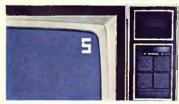
Build one of today's most advanced color TV's as part of a complete learn-at-home program! It's an enjoyable way to discover the exciting field of digital electronics!

Digital electronics is a fascinating world to explore! It's an expanding technology that's changing not only our clocks, wristwatches and pocket calculators, but now, color TV!

By building Bell & Howell's big-screen color TV with digital features, you'll learn about this exciting field first hand. And you'll take special pride in this remarkable TV because you built it yourself!

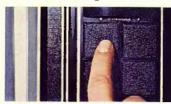
You work with a color TV that's ahead of its time... with revolutionary features like:

Channel numbers that flash on the screen



Wait until you see channel numbers that actually flash on the screen! You can even pre-set how long you want them to stay on before fading.

Automatic pre-set channel selector



With just the push of a button, your favorite channels come on in the sequence you pre-set. All "dead" channels are skipped over. You carr even intermix UHF and VHF channels!

Digital clock that flashes on screen



Imagine pushing a button and seeing the correct time on the TV screen! The hours, minutes and seconds appear in clear, easy-to-read digital numbers.

What's more, Bell & Howell's color TV has silent, allelectronic tuning, "state-of-the-art" integrated circuitry, the advanced Black Matrix picture tube for a brighter, sharper picture and a 100% solid-state chassis for longer life and dependability.

You need no prior electronics background!

We start you off with the basics. You'll receive a special Lab Starter Kit with your first lesson so that you can get immediate "hands on" experience to help you better understand newly-learned electronics principles. Later, you'll use your new knowledge and learn valuable skills as you build the color TV. You can take full advantage of our toll-free phone-in assistance service throughout the program and also our in-person "help sessions" held in 50 cities at various times throughout the year where you can "talk shop" with your instructors and fellow students.

You also build Bell & Howell's exclusive



Electro-Lab® electronics training system

Includes building the three professional instruments you'll need to test the TV and perform fascinating electronics experiments.

The digital multimeter (pictured here), solid-state "triggered sweep" oscilloscope and design console make up one of the very best sets of electronics training equipment available today.

The skills you learn could lead to part-time income — perhaps a business of your own!

Bell & Howell Schools' at-home training program could lead to new income opportunities, full or part time. No better or more practical at-home training in electronics is available anywhere! While many of our students do not ask for employment assistance, it is available. Of course, no assurance of income opportunities can be offered.

Mail the postage-free card today!

This Bell & Howell Schools' program is approved by the state approval agency for Veterans' Benefits. Please check the appropriate box on the card for free information.

If card has been removed, write: An Electronics Home Study School DEVRY INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY



656R1

drinking whiskey from a bottle in the cab of his semi. He is crying and alone.

"I'm not runnin' anywhere, son," he says. "There's a lot a boy don't know. I don't mean to make your mother cry, but sometime a man's, a man's...."

At this point, Hemphill realizes:

"It brought me to the first vague stirrings that life was not going to be easy or even fun; that life could be a bitch not above kicking you in the groin if you so much as winked at her."

Number One with a Bullet (Farrar, Straus & Giroux) is the pulp novel that's supposed to blow the lid off the record business (specifically, the rhythm-and-blues biz). Movie rights, the publishers inform us, were sold in advance to the producers of The Godfather. Author Elaine Jesmer, we are told, was a PR lady who worked with various Motown artists, etc. And, supposedly, the panjandrums at Motown have been debating whether or not to sue somebody over this book. Well, they better not-because no one with his mind in concert pitch ought to admit that he recognizes anything of himself in Finest Records or the fictional Vale family that runs same. The story begins with Daniel Stone, one of Finest's top record sellers, in flight from the tyranny of his brother-in-law Bob Vale, the power-crazed ghetto hustler who owns Finest. Vale, meanwhile, is trying to keep the white crime syndicate from taking



over his record company; trying to keep the authorities from finding out that it was one of his S/M sessions that turned a young singer named Cindy Dover into a vegetable; and trying to figure out how to fuck up Daniel's career, to teach him a lesson. Luke Kane, who owns half of Daniel's contract and all of a tune-Evil-which Daniel and he co-authored in a forgotten moment, is trying to figure out how to safeguard his own future now that his marriage to Bob's other sister is on the rocks. Well, Daniel finds true love with his (white) PR girl, who convinces him he's got the genius to make it on his own-without Finest Records; at the same time, Luke's production of *Evil* jumps on the charts. Given the situation, double cross leads inevitably to triple cross, and the plot keeps twisting like a \$100 callgirl, right down to the last cliché—which, not coincidentally, is in the last sentence: "The melody that was waiting to be born inside of him began to stir."

Jesmer was apparently thinking of the movies when she wrote the book, since the novel is organized in brief, cinematic encounters and the point of view hops around like a camera. The prose itself is a little on the short side of Thomas Hardy's, and one must point out that the book, while condemning the rip-off practices of the record biz, is itself an attempt to cash in on that situation. Nonetheless, it has its strong points: a clever if somewhat hackneyed plot (a white PR girl's fantasy of finding true love with a great soul singer and helping him save himself from the flesh eaters of the record business), snappy dialog (that's right, snappy dialog) and characters who really do come to life (a good trick for any author to pull off). And, unfortunately, what the book says about the record business is only too true: A friend of ours in the Chicago music scene tells us that just the other day, a trumpet player was pistolwhipped because his manager felt he was getting out of line. But, as he points out, things can get out of hand in any business.

"Have I no friend will rid me of this living fear?" If Nixon knew his Shakespeare, this line from Richard II might well have been the speech that launched a thousand slips and shook the towers of San Clemente. In short, l'affaire Ellsberg. In Test of Loyalty (Simon & Schuster), subtitled "Daniel Ellsberg and the Rituals of Secret Government," Peter Schrag, citing our Leader's paranoid need for "enemies to be protected from," tells us that he found in Ellsberg just such an enemy. Unlike Bolingbroke, Nixon couldn't suggest assassination, but he could suggest character assassination, and in Ehrlichman he had just the "friend." Thus was the plumbers' unit born and the Dr. Fielding bag job undertaken. How this finally demolished the prosecution in the Ellsberg-Russo trial is the climax of Schrag's meticulous account of that case, and its peripherae.

But Schrag (The End of the American Future et al.) is a social pundit as well as a journalist, and the key here is in the subtitle: He comes down hard on the Byzantine machinations of an Administration that "simply could not distinguish between the nation's interests and [its] own," which had exponentially expanded a system whereby the top dogs could piously profess ignorance of the dirty work at the crossroads—what Ellsberg called "immaculate deception."

But the bulk of Schrag's book exhaustively recounts the sequential story: Ellsberg's quasi-religious conversion from "the hawk of the think-tank" to his apocalyptic commitment to "loyalties long unconsulted," whence the publication of the papers (triggering Nixon's obsessive hatred); the vindictive prosecution; and the ultimate vindication when the "Watergate Connection" was reluctantly revealed. He touches all the bases, including personality profiles of the protagonists, the human-interest side bars, the sometimes subtle, sometimes raucous infighting, the "trial within the trial" as the prosecution tried to jack around the judge as well as the defense. Though he gets too bogged down in the day-to-day details of the courtroom and his dense, convoluted style is too seldom leavened with aphoristic flashes, Schrag has synthesized a mass of hitherto widely scattered data and produced an in-depth study of one of the most shameful episodes in our history-an exemplar of the Arnold Bennett dictum that might well be the watchword of Watergate: "The price of justice is eternal publicity."

Bob Thomas, one of the better Hollywood biographers (King Cohn and Selznick), and Marlon Brando are a natural combination. Thomas specializes in writing about tough, testy, difficult, rounded men, and that is who Morlon (Random House) is. Each is in his own way a person who gets the job done totally and to best effect once the direction is sound. And while this biography is not nearly as interesting as the books on Cohn and Selznick-because they were more in the Hollywood mainstream-it is eminently readable and thorough and has something that few biographies of Hollywood stars have: a real point of view. Yet when it is all over and done with, the reader understands that the subtitle shouldn't be "Portrait of the Rebel as an Artist" but rather "Portrait of the Actor as a Royal Pain in the Ass."

Recent and notable: Several centuries back, philosophers noticed that most pleasures are better in anticipation than in the act and, not being the sort to let any observation sit around without the proper label, they called it the hedonistic fallacy. Folks have been grumbling about it ever since. Take Calvin Trillin and his love affair with food, or, rather, with eating. Trillin, it seems, lives to eat and vice versa. You can imagine him sitting over the typewriter knocking out the chapters of American Fried: Adventures of a Happy Eater (Doubleday) and working himself into one of the world's most glorious appetites, an appetite that nothing will ever truly satisfy. Really. Trillin writes so well about food that only the most daring host would ever have the guy over for dinner. Better to



take him around to that place you know where they serve the very best (A) fried chicken. (B) barbecue, (C) bagels and lox, (D) hamburgers. Because, you see, Trillin likes real food. The kind you can order by name without needing a degree in French and a wallet full of \$50 bills. Of course, he'll say nice things about your place, but he knows the best hamburgers are sold in Kansas City. A delightful book.

Two first novels: The Wanderers (Houghton Mifflin) is Richard Price's story of a teenage gang in New York City in some unspecified year. The dialog is first-rate; Price hardly ever misses a note. The reviewers have all raved about the mature skills of this very young writer. Nobody seems to mind that there really isn't much of a story here and the characters are about as memorable as the last thugs who snapped the aerial off your car. They never really grow anything but older. But some of the scenes are riveting (as they say) and that dialog simply carries the book. Ernest Brawley, on the other hand, overwrites until he almost ruins The Rap (Atheneum), but he knows whereof he speaks. This novel is about the California prison system and the people who are either its guests or its employees. Brawley himself was a guard and he must have seen some things. The book is too long by a third and you wish the man had Price's gift for the short declarative sentence, but the job gets done just the same.

In just about any other year, Jack Newfield's investigation of the New York City judicial system would be the talk of . . . well, at least of New York. But the spectacle of former Cabinet officials on trial and facing possible prison sentences has diverted, to say the least, everyone's attention from the really raw and squalid deal most common criminals get handed by the courts and the jails. Cruel and Unusual Justice (Holt, Rinehart & Winston) is a fine piece of work that should make you sick or mad or both. It's a damn shame we've got so much else to think about that nothing serious will be done as a result of Newfield's efforts.

And, speaking of scandals, does anybody out there remember Spiro Agnew? Used to be Vice-President or something like that. Tall guy who was always talking about law and order. Well, before you let Mr. Agnew sink into a welldeserved obscurity of golf games and parties with Frank Sinatra and preparing outlines of novels, go out and buy A Heartbeat Away (Viking), by Jules Witcover and Richard M. Cohen. Then read it and get indignant all over again. Witcover and Cohen have put the whole sordid Agnew story together and it is worse than anything Elliot Richardson ever said. Not only was Agnew as guilty as sin, he was also unscrupulous enough to use his friends and supporters to keep him out of jail and to hold the entire country hostage for the same purpose. The Justice Department had his number for weeks before he finally copped his plea. Just imagine what the situation would have been like if some fine summer morning Agnew had suddenly become President. The book will convince you that the man was such a hypocrite that when he had the chance to exercise a little of the patriotism he talked about so much by simply getting out of the way, he gravely let that pass. For some reason, our luck held. Reading this book makes you think some god somewhere was looking out for us all during those months. It also drives you to the camp of those young Maryland prosecuting attorneys who wanted to hold out for a jail sentence for Agnew.

SPORTS

Demolition derbies are dumb. What's the point of paying to watch a couple of Chevys bang each other into heaps of scrap metal when you can see the same show for free on the expressway? Well, in Brazil, you might just get converted. There, both driving and soccer come under the heading of religion, not pastimes, and Brazilians have managed to combine the two into something they call <code>Autobol</code>—soccer played by cardriving maniacs.

The rites of driving in Brazil include a highway death toll that many proudly claim to be the world's highest; city driving can be so dangerous that car owners



often have their vehicles sprinkled with holy water—although some priests refuse to guarantee benediction at speeds over 65 mph. The rites of soccer in Brazil include three world-cup championships and almost weekly pandemonium at the stadiums, with fans going berserk in the best South American style. So it's not surprising that the new sport of autobol is becoming more and more popular.

Games are loosely organized. Twice a month, on Saturday afternoons, two teams of up to five cars each—the number depending on how much money has been collected for repairs since the last match—face off against each other. Stripped down Gordinis (a Renault no longer manufactured in Brazil) are used, the cars painted brightly in the colors of one of Rio's famous soccer teams. A 26-and-a-half-pound hard-rubber ball, nearly 11 feet in circumference and covered with buffalohide, is the center of attention, and as the cars smash into it, the ball bounces weirdly about the field.

Theoretically, a team positions two cars on offense, two on defense and one as goalie. This strategy crumbles an instant after the referee's whistle as drivers gun their cars across the field, flying into pinwheel turns, smashing opponents' cars against the retaining walls and, not infrequently, seeking out head-on crashes with opponents whose attitudes a driver may find insolent. Somehow, eight or ten goals get scored during an average game.

Since the fanatics in the stands demand a certain amount of meanness from their players, each team selects a player who will become a cangaceiroroughly translated, a bad-assed bandit. The current favorite is Walter Lacet-in real life, a TV-soap-opera director-who wears a black jump suit zipped down to show off his chest hair. If things get a little dull down on the field, Lacet may give the ball a nudge toward the goal, then wheel down to one end of the stands, spin around and head his bluntnosed heap straight into the nearest traffic jam at 60 miles an hour. The fans scream.

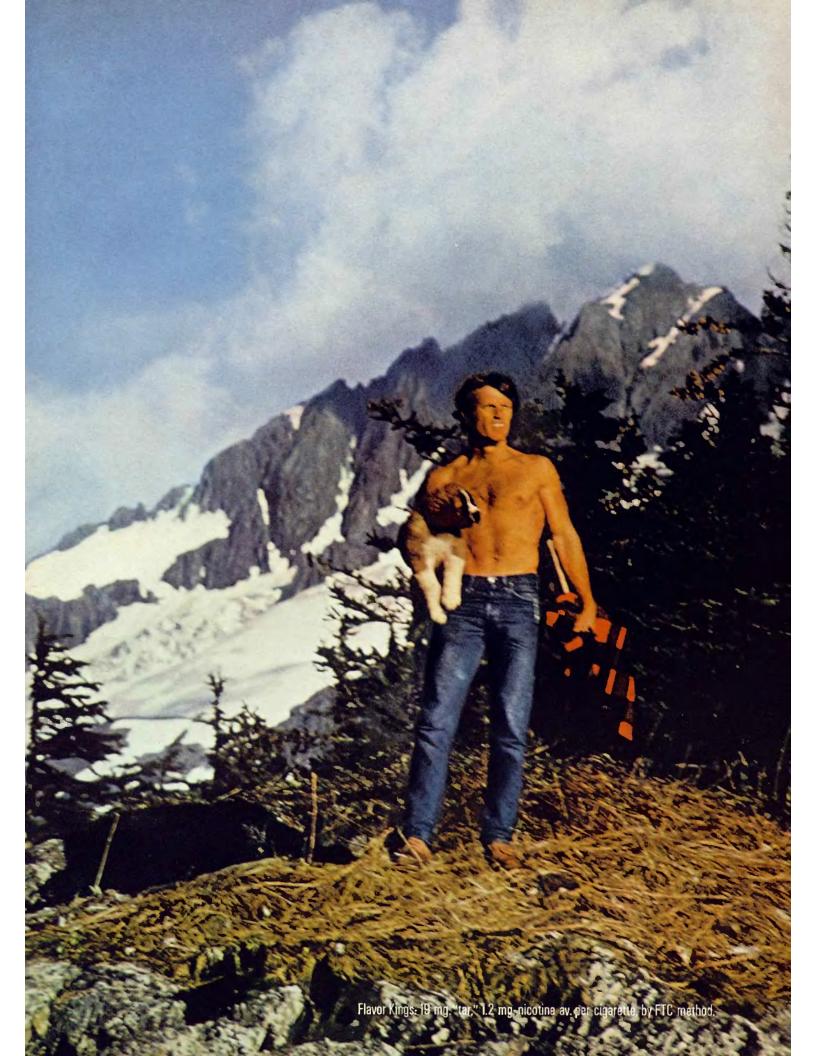
Organizers claim that gate receipts (at \$1.60 a head) don't cover the substantial cost of bodywork, but players are so enthusiastic about the sport that many of them donate money to get cars repaired for the next match. Referees, by the way, are the only ones on the field without cars. Their duties consist of running up and down the side lines blowing whistles that no one pays the least attention to, and occasionally dislodging the ball from a mass of twisted iron. Although at least one ref has been run over, they generally lose no more than a couple of teeth during a game. So far, we've heard of no plans to export autobol to the United States, but if such a scheme is announced, take a tip from us: Invest in a body-and-fender shop-or enroll in dental school.

MOVIES

Turkish Delight isn't the kind of movie they used to nominate for an Oscar, yet this lusty Dutch-made love story was in the running as Best Foreign Language Film for 1973, and deserved to be. Based on a European best seller by Jan Wolkers, and already a smash hit in its native land—publicity flacks claim the screen version has been seen by more than half the adult male population of the Netherlands—Turkish Delight stacks







up as an imported Dutch treat that can be cited for its liberating impact in the same breath with Last Tango in Paris and La Grande Bouffe. Producer Rob Houwer and director Paul Verhoeven, a movie team firmly set against any inhibitions whatsoever, also acknowledge the debt they owe to outright sex films. "Today, at long last," says Houwer, "a director needn't wonder which flowerpot should be put in front of pubic hair." Here, a rose is placed between shapely buttocks simply to say good morning and improve the decor. Letting it all hang out is the rule from reel one, when Eric the artist meets Olga the shopkeeper's daughter while hitchhiking. Both freespirited enough to enjoy sex at first sight, they wheel off for a quick roadside bash but have to race to a nearby farmhouse for help when Eric gets his foreskin stuck in his zipper. Shortly after, there's a more serious accident, and in both cases Turkish Delight shows us the blood. The movie also graphically calls attention to maggots, shit and vomit, pushing a little hard sometimes to insist that such realities are no less a part of human experience than wall-to-wall sex, which seems at first to be all Eric and Olga ever want. But wait a while. As played by Rutger Hauer, a blond Nordic



stud with somewhat flabby thighs, and vivacious Monique van de Ven (who looks a little like Shirley MacLaine as Irma La Douce), this randy couple begins to show layers of unsuspected depth beneath the four-letter words and deeds. Their marriage is a disaster, their divorce even worse, and the script ultimately brings them to a "hospital ending" that seems an abrupt shift of gears and may remind you too much of Love Story. These two are easier to believe, however, and much, much easier to like. Away from their busy bed, Turkish Delight depicts a rat-race where most people would be better off if they spent more energy just getting it off.

If porno films have widened the range of possibilities for *Turkish Delight* and its kind, what are such explicit mainstream movies doing to hard-core sex?

One answer came and went with a whimper in *Deep Throat II*, which had Linda Lovelace doing *none* of her spectacular old tricks and proved for keeps that a smut movie without smut is dull beyond endurance. Back in business despite legal threats, porno pioneer Alex de Renzy tried to update *Sweet Agony* by introducing bondage, homosexuality and some militant lesbianism—yet the movie comes out looking like more of the same old f & s, subject to the immutable law of diminishing returns.

So far, Gerard Damiano of Deep Throat and Devil in Miss Jones has no serious rival on the hard-core sex scene. Damiano's latest, Memories Within Miss Aggie, is a sexual suspense melodrama built around the mad fantasies of a Miss Jonesy heroine (Deborah Ashira) who could be a kissin' cousin of Psycho. Ashira plays a lonely farm spinster conjuring up images of the girl she used to be, or wanted to be, except she was seldom let out of the house till her ma died. Sex is always performed with feeling in Damiano's films (in this case by three actresses who embody the heroine's diversified lusts), but Miss Aggie marks an intensified effort to bring out real characterization and story values. Tasteful music and fine photography (rural scenes in winter) also add to the aura of class, though it's a moot point whether dichard porno fans really give a damn for such niceties. If not, utter trash is still easy to find.

Writer-producer-director James Wood obviously saw Last Tango in Paris before he undertook A Game of Love, pairing Sheila Stuart and Fred Lincoln as a couple who meet and make it for a period of time in which Lincoln insists no names be given, no questions answered. Game's surprise ending is fairly flat, the music and photography almost stubbornly lyrical, the dialog more literate than usual in a flesh flick—also more long-winded. Wood is a Harvard graduate, which may explain why his hard-core turnabout of Tango looks closer in spirit to Erich Segal's Love Story.

Georgina Spelvin's stint in Fringe Benefits was actually filmed before The Devil in Miss Jones, but there's still no actress in porno equal to her. This slickly photographed, smoothly scored hard-core comedy looks like the best of breed since High Rise and provides Spelvin an above-average boychick in Eric Edwards, playing an impotent personnel manager who can no longer fulfill a firm commitment as chief stud for the stenographic pool. He has to consult Spelvin, who heads the Tighttwat Institute for Sexual Research. Lots of glistening gadgetry and prep school wit as usual-and comely office girls who seem to do everything but type.

Kinkiness is the key to Illusions of a Lady, covered during its location filming last year (in the August PLAYBOY'S Porno Chic) and no cop-out as a cornucopia of

forbidden fruit. Director Jonas Middleton's framework is more or less a lost weekend of encounter therapy presided over by porno's ever-ready Andrea True, archly playing a lady psychologist on a sex bender. Her guests are into transvestism (the boys dress up in sheer, frilly



black undies), fetishism, sadism and rape (hump the hostess, mainly). They also do odd things with bananas, cucumbers and religious music. Sacrilege seems big this year.

Hot debate has raged in print and on TV talk shows recently about the assumption that movies are more than ever a man's world, with few strong roles for women. There is some truth in the complaint. Right now, every movie mogul in the business would jump to finance Paul Newman and Robert Redford in a remake of Penrod and Sam-or even The Bluebird-since they appear to be the surest box-office duo since Harlow and Gable. Sex and money and feminist militancy aside, however, there are many striking exceptions to consider; and a handful of current films are as much dominated as decorated by women: The lady breathing life into The House on Chelouche Street-a 1973 Oscar nominee for Best Foreign Language Film-is magnificent Gila Almagor, Israel's top female star, with beauty and talent in the Sophia Loren-Anna Magnani class. As the widowed mother of a teenage lad who is coming of age in Tel Aviv during the British occupation of 1946 (one more bow to Summer of '42), Almagor projects the kind of fierce, passionate portrait of womanhood that would be a natural for acting awards in a big popular film. Unfortunately, writer-director Moshe Mizrahi (who made I Love You, Rosa) keeps thumping around but can't find the right key to disclose this familiar wartime tale that's ostensibly about a quiet boy's first affair with an experienced older girl (played fetchingly by Michal Bat-Adam, also of Rosa).

Without giving away the whole plot of The Midnight Man, let's just say that Susan Clark makes the film's bad guys look

Would Your Banker Make You a Dandy Offer Like This?

BANKERS WILL!

Suppose a banker made the following offer to a 35-year-old man...

"We will set aside \$25,000 in a special fund for you.

"If you die tomorrow, or any time before age 65, we will immediately pay this \$25,000 to your family.

"If you live to 65, we guarantee to pay you \$13,450 in cash. What's more, while we can't guarantee the exact amount, we should also be able to pay you an additional \$15,586 in dividends, based on our current dividend scale-for a total cash payment to you of \$29,036.

"Or, instead of the \$29,036 in cash—if you prefer, we will pay you \$202.38 a month—in addition to what you collect from Social Security-starting at 65 and continuing for every single month for the rest of your life. Even if you live to be 125!

"What do we ask in return for all this? Only that you pay a little over 2% interest a year on the \$25,000."

We doubt that any banker would ever make you such an offer. But we will!

Because that's exactly the kind of dandy financial arrangement you get with our Whole Life insurance policy L-198.

Instead of "interest", of course, you pay a premium. A premium that, based on the values your policy builds up, works out to be one of the very lowest in America for participating Whole Life insurance. For our 35year-old man, an easy-to-afford \$53.68 a month for his \$25,000 protection.

For the knowledgeable "comparison shopper", that means his policy has a 10-year "Interest-Adjusted Cost Index" of only

\$4.24, and a 20-year "Interest-Adjusted Cost Index" of only \$3.65. If you can find a similar policy with lower cost comparison figures than that, you'd better grab it!

And, after two years, the policy starts to build cash values, which you can borrow on at guaranteed low interest rates. For emergencies. For college expenses. For business opportunities. For that home of your dreams.

Our 35-year-old man would, for example, accumulate guaranteed policy cash or loan values of \$4,300 after 10 years, and \$8,900 after 20 years-exclusive of any refund of the premiums in the form of dividends.

Financial experts say that most folks urgently need a lot more life insurance—both to protect their family's security now, and to provide more income dollars so that they won't have to go through the agony of pinching every penny after they retire.

If you agree, and cost is important to you, we invite you to find out more.

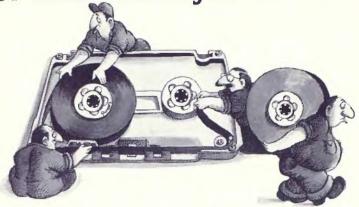
Send the postage-free card next to this page for our free "Money Book". Get the full story of policy L-198, plus the easy-toafford rates for your age. It's available to folks through age 70. There's no cost or obligation for this service.

We've dedicated this policy to the president of our company. You know we wouldn't do that if we weren't awfully proud of it. And if we didn't think it was a good deal for you!

and Casualty Company Chicago, Illinois 606 30 Bankers Life

Available from affiliated companies in NY, NJ, CA, Not available in CT, WI, Protecting more than 7,000,000 Americans.

We put more into it, so you can get more out of it. The Maxell Ultra Dynamic Cassette.



Dangers lurk inside ordinary cassettes that can ruin your sound enjoyment. Dangers like welded plastic shells popping open. Or plastic rollers jamming.

Maxell Ultra Dynamic cassettes eliminate these risks. We use tough machine screws to

hold our shells together. Steel grips to keep our pressure pads in place. And steel pins to guide smooth roller action.

Plus five seconds of measured, head-cleaning leader to begin every cassette.

The tape in Maxell UDC cassettes is the best made. It brings out all the sound your equipment can produce up to 22,000Hz high.

Our UDC-46 is exactly as long as the average L.p. No more blank ends. Our other UDC cassettes are 60, 90 and

120 minutes long. And you can find them at better audio shops now.

The answer to all your tape needs. Maxell Corporation of America, 130 West Commercial Avenue, Moonachie, N.J. 07074

Here's a pretty sharp offer from Union Carbide.



with these "Union Carbide "Tune-Up products...get this sharp "Camillus" Hunting Knife with Sheath.

> A \$14.25 Retail Value for only \$6.95 plus \$1.00 for postage and handling and a

tracing of the "Minotaur" emblem (in the tear drop) from any one of these "Union Carbide" performance sharpeners.

Please send me a "Camillus" Knife. I enclose \$6.95 plus \$1.00 for postage and handling and a tracing of the "Minotaur" emblem (in the tear drop) from any one of these Union Carbide products:

□ Oil Treatment □ Transmission Stop Leak □ Gas Treatment □ Carburetor & Fuel System Cleaner □ Carb & Choke Cleaner

Mail to: Knife Offer, Union Carbide Corp. Marketing Services Department 47-36 36th St., Long Island City, N.Y. 11101

1/2	
STATE	ZIP
	STATE

Offer void where prohibited, taxed or otherwise restricted. Offer expires December 31, 1974. Please allow 4 to 6 weeks

relatively innocuous. The scheming-bitch role is pretty standard in detective fiction. but lately there hasn't been a bitch with a fraction of Clark's chutzpah and almost likable treachery. Burt Lancaster coauthored, coproduced and codirected the screenplay of Midnight Man (collaborating with Roland Kibbee on all counts) and plays the title role-as a former cop who has served time for shooting his wife's lover and is trying to go straight with a night watchman's job in a malevolent college town down South. Altogether, a perfectly passable time killer and companion piece to a dozen other movies you won't remember very well.

A Uher 5000 tape recorder plays a prominent role in The Conversation, written, produced and directed by Francis Ford (The Godfather) Coppola and initiated in his fertile imagination long before Watergate's plumbers became the new American bad guys. The film is a chilling and fully loaded topical thriller starring Gene Hackman as a furtive, selfdeluded San Francisco wire tapper who pretends that his brilliant surveillance techniques are an end in themselves, that he shares no responsibility for the ultimate uses of them. His crisis of conscience creeps up on him, a colleague reveals, because of a job he once did back East for a scandal-ridden labor unionafter which several innocent people were murdered. Now he's taping and photographing conversations held in a public park at lunchtime by an attractive young couple (Cindy Williams and Frederic Forrest) who sound as though they may be in imminent danger-particularly if the wire tapper delivers the evidence and collects his \$15,000 fee from the director (a cameo role by Robert Duvall) of a huge firm that looks like the command post for all kinds of high-level corporate conspiracy. Coppola conducts The Conversation in a cool tone that wrings maximum suspense from minimal twists of plot, yet he's mainly concerned with his diabolical character sketch of Harry, the privacy plumber played by Hackman. Harry's gradual surrender to doubt, fear and outright terror, which becomes almost Kafkaesque, is apt to send countless moviegoers home to search through coat closets and suit pockets for hidden minimikes. Plugged in on a squirmingly live subject, Coppola keeps the technical aspects of bugging simple enough for fast comprehension and answers leftover questions in a rather contrived-or at least goddamn convenient-sequence set at a San Francisco conference of surveillance-equipment experts, where the world of professional snooping is placed on an ethical par with indecent exposure. Allen Garfield and John Cazale (Godfather's weakest son) lead a supporting cast that's covered with subtle skill from first to last by cinematographer Bill

Butler, who somehow suggests that he's done the whole job surreptitiously—as a cruelly candid camera study of a bugger getting bugged while bugging buggers.

Charlotte Rampling portrays an aristocratic medieval beauty with an incestuous fix on her brother (Oliver Tobias) in Tis Pity She's a Whore, based on the classic tragedy by Elizabethan playwright John Ford. Made in Italy, with elegant photography by Vittorio Storaro (usually Bertolucci's man) heightening Rampling's beauty to that of a Renaissance oil painting, Whore nevertheless looks disadvantaged and bowdlerized-as if director Giuseppe Patroni Griffi could not easily distinguish between Elizabethan violence and the standard brand displayed in Italy's spaghetti Westerns. Must have been thinking of the other John Ford.

Thomasine & Bushrod are a black outlaw couple played by Vonetta McGee and Max Julien, under the direction of Gordon Parks, Jr. (of Super Fly). Julien also wrote the original screenplay, said to be based on the true exploits of some of his forebears, who tore through the Southwest in vintage jalopies during the early 1900s, looting and laughing and making life hell for Whitey until they came to the usual bad end-though they managed to take a red-neck sheriff (George Murdock) along with them. Unfortunately, the movie is heavy on empty swagger and the kind of calculated arrogance that insults audiences of any color. There must be a rich lode of black history buried in the American frontier past, almost certainly something somewhere more meaningful than another fumbling imitation of Bonnie and Clyde.

Since the golden age of the silents, the jauntiest feather in the cap of the American film industry has been the movie musical. Sitting dumb struck, or star struck, in front of a lengthy, selfcongratulatory MGM Fiftieth Anniversary Collection of Great Moments called That's Entertainment!, dedicated musical buffs will note that the newest item in MGM's gilded treasury is Gigi, made in 1958-16 years ago. So the grand old song-and-dance epics are gone, and MGM itself is virtually a thing of the past as a major movie studio. Oh, well, might as well sit back and enjoy that 50th-anniversary cornucopia of showstoppers-beginning with The Broadway Melody of 1929, a chintzy art-deco spectacle that won an Oscar simply because it was the first All Talking All Singing All Dancing wonder of the world. To list high points would be superfluous amid the alpine peaks touched here. Just a reminder, though, that the MGM backlog includes Gene Kelly's wild and wet specialty from Singin' in the Rain, plus



Crow Light is real, 4-year-old whiskey, all right. But it's distilled and aged a very special way. Result: Lightness no other kind of whiskey can touch. Some whiskeys growl. But Crow Light Whiskey whispers. And you can get a lot farther

with a whisper than a growl.

Crow Light.
The whiskey that whispers.

the best of Fred Astaire, Judy Garland, Eleanor Powell, and everything from A (for Anchors Aweigh) to Z (for Ziegfeld Follies). Written, produced and directed by Jack Haley, Jr., with dogged respect for management, the movie enlists Astaire, Crosby, Sinatra, Liza Minnelli, James Stewart and even Liz Taylor to blow MGM's horn as guest narrators. In truth, there was nothing quite like an MGM musical for gloss and verve and sky's-the-limit splendor-even when the art director went overboard with Esther Williams and a hundred gorgeous naiads who appear to be splashing around brainlessly in the vicinity of the Chicago Fire. There's no denying a lot of it looks corny as hell today. But it's pure magic.

RECORDINGS

One rock-'n'-roll slang word for woman is lady, so in that context, what follows is a few words on six ladies, each stunningly individual and gifted in special ways. By dictionary definition, none is a lady; all are women who have ripped through the ladylike barrier to become real musicians—a most hopeful sign that music has started along new paths. Since these albums in no way fit a single, recognizable genre, they are simply a listing of what has been surfacing in recent months from women who write, sing, play instruments, produce, etc.

Suzi Quatro (Bell). Quatro had a band in Detroit called Cradle until Mickie Most lured her away to London with promises of stardom. If that hasn't been delivered yet, she still has a large international following and four hit singles. For good reason. She plays furious and fine bass, sings in that peculiarly androgynous rock voice that allows her to do I Wanna Be Your Man as written without sounding strained and, along with her lead guitarist. Len Tuckey, is starting to write some nifty/nasty rockers, such as Glycerine Queen. It all owes a lot more to Detroit gut-punching decibels than to English experimentation, pure Neanderthal rock that will carry you back to the golden years of the Pleistocene. So if you can get the neighbors to leave town for the weekend, this is the record to put on the turntable with the volume at ten and let the sound club you on the head. It's good for you.

Allee Willis, Childstar (Epic) is another refugee from Detroit, but one who prefers black music. That shows in her melodies, but her words are something else again. Willis' songs are almost compulsively honest, so a close listening to the lyrics can be disturbing. She has the capacity to articulate unspoken fantasies and then show how they shape the reality of the situation. At her best, in the title song and If You Were Only Robert Young, she zeroes in on subjects that

have rarely been expressed in popular songs. The voice is distinctively odd, a little raspy, but right for the songs. A word of caution—there is no middle ground with Willis: It's love or hate all the way. She's going to be the biggest star or the biggest disaster in pop music. A year should tell which.

Betty Davis: They Say I'm Different (Just Sunshine). She sure is, If there isn't a category called avant-garde soul, Davis just invented it. Produced by herself (possibly the first black woman to do so), the record spotlights a voice that can suddenly swerve into all manner of shrieks, growls and howls, which maybe only Sly Stone could equal. She uses that voice to convey emotion rather than words,

just as if it were any other musical instrument. And the songs she writes are really whacked out. Our favorite is He Was a Big Freak ("He was a big freak / I used to beat him with a turquoise chain"), a bizarre catalog of the roles a woman

plays for the man she loves. She sure

is charting new territory.

Ann Peebles: I Can't Stand the Rain (Hi). The first line of this album is fair warning to fasten your seat belts. Peebles sings "I can't stand the rain" and instantly conveys the physical pain of emotional loss. The ten songs here represent a spectrum of love and loss-mostly loss; and if some are reasonably quiet, it is the quiet of pent-up energy that could explode at any moment. If Until You Came into My Life is sweetly soulful, I'm Gonna Tear Your Playhouse Down is hard-edged and vicious. Seven of the ten songs were written by Peebles and her husband, Donald Bryant, and they and the way she sings them make her the leading contender to take up where Aretha left off. It has been well produced by Willie Mitchell with the aid of some of the best musicians in Memphis.

Buffy Sainte-Marie: Buffy (MCA). This little trip to Nashville is an all-round happy shock. Buffy's vibrato has been reduced to manageable proportions, the production by Norbert Putnam is clean and appropriate to a collection of upbeat tunes about love and related matters. This is Buffy's big leap into rocking, nonpolitical (with one exception) writing, and damned if it doesn't work.

Melissa Manchester: Bright Eyes (Bell). Manchester's voice is highly reminiscent of somebody's, but whose? It seems more a matter of attitude than of vocal quality, the attitude of Broadway musicals, which

also shapes her music. Everything filters through that—the Gospel song, rockers and ballads (nicely torchy, those). Around the second listening, the derivation matters less than the loveliness of the overall work. Manchester is a decent enough piano player but is rapidly developing into a good singer and writer whose music can fit comfortably into either folk or night clubs. Of all the albums covered here, this is the most conventional, but also the prettiest.

With just a slightly sneaky smirk on his face, the good captain stares out from the cover, holding a few wadded-up dollar bills in each fist. Yes, he's trying to tell us something: Captain Beefheart has sold out-but only about four or five bucks' worth. The man who first brought hebephrenia to the blues is apparently tired of eating guitar cases and wants to move up with the rest of us to proteinlike matter. And Unconditionally Guaranteed (Mercury) should do it. It's his version of regular rock 'n' roll, and it's damn good. He mostly abandons the Howlin'-Wolf-on-acid vocal style he's used so much and, instead, sings in a bluesy voice touched with gentle melancholy on Lazy Music and a California-accented whiskey rasp on New Electric Ride and Full Moon, Hot Sun. People who had multiple religious experiences listening to Trout Mask Replica will have problems with Unconditionally Guaranteedbut the album is just that.

In person. Belfast-born Van Morrison and Queens' own Paul Simon are just about the most accomplished solo performers rock has to offer; and both have now come out with concert albums that capture them at their peak. On his tworecord set titled It's Too Late to Stop Now (Warner Bros.), Morrison pays homage to his r&b mentors-purring his way through Sam Cooke's soulful Bring It On Home and growling Sonny Boy Williamson's classic blues Help Me-but most of the tunes are his own, from a rousing version of Gloria (one of his first big hits as lead singer with Them, nearly ten years ago) to a melancholy anthem for his generation called Wild Children. Morrison relies on an 11-piece backup band, but on Live Rhymin' (Columbia). Paul Simon is at his best accompanying himself on guitar in folk-accented renditions of the wistful Homeward Bound and the bouncy Me and Julio Down by the Schoolyard. Joined by the Jessy Dixon Singers, he transforms his most famous compositions. Bridge over Troubled Water and Mother and Child Reunion, into stirring Gospel hymns. And with a little help from Urubamba, a four-man Peruvian group, he does The Boxer, a standard from his Simon and Garfunkel days, with a new verse for

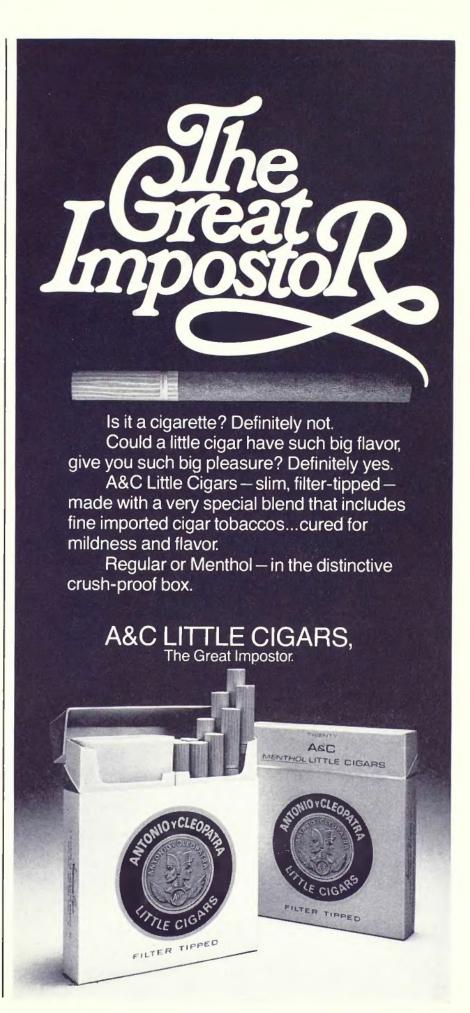
the Seventies. "After changes upon changes," he sings, "we are more or less the same." Indeed.

Cleo Laine Live!!! at Carnegie Hall (RCA) is the perfect follow-up album to her blockbuster LP I Am a Song. If anything, Laine is more electric in person. The crowd goes bananas over her—with good reason. With her music under the tight control of husband John Dankworth, she gives the audience a remarkable demonstration of her range (octaves are leaped in a single bound) and versatility. From the gully-low Gimme a Pig Foot to Perdido to the Kern-Hammerstein classic Bill to the traditional I Know Where I'm Going, the Laine pipes know no limits.

Thunderbox (A&M), the group's third album since the unfortunate loss of guitarist-vocalist Peter Frampton, finds England's Humble Pie still locked in a battle of directions. Pie main man, ex-Small Face Steve Marriott, appears hopelessly unable to decide between soul and rock. The result is a confused, yet still surprisingly listenable, mishmash of the two styles. The LP's finest moment, a gritty reworking of Ann Peebles' already classic I Can't Stand the Rain, proves that a successful common ground is within reach . . . but hardly worth the price of an entire album. Nice cover, though.

What a blast! Pat Williams' Threshold (Capitol) is the best big-band album to come down the pike in ages. It is filled with exquisite ensemble work and solos by the likes of Tom Scott, Marvin Stamm, Buddy Childers and Larry Bunker. But the thing that sets it apart from the run-of-the-vinyl recordings of jazzoriented orchestras is Williams. His tunes and charts grab you by your intellect and your soul (and we're sure they increased our pulse beat); there isn't a clinker anywhere along the line. Tune in to Mr. Williams, kiddies, and get your juices flowing.

They call the record Open Our Eyes (Columbia); but the proof is in the hearing, and your ears will probably confirm what ours told us-namely, that Earth, Wind & Fire is a monster group (it would have to be, of course, with such fine veteran musicians as Maurice White and Charles Stepney involved). Amazingly versatile, they can sing tight, velvet harmonies, as they do on Devotion and the rhythmically tricky Caribou; they not only cook as well instrumentally as any r&b group around but get into a jazz groove that's anything but patronizing on the all-too-short Spasmodic Mood; they can rap some of the baddest ghetto shit you ever heard (Tee Nine Chee Bit); and they can invoke



Anatomy of a legend:

Introducing Datsun 260-Z for 1974.
A product of four years of exhaustive development in Japan, and four in America. Eight years of in-depth scrutiny resulting in numerous design and engineering refinements to give America what it wants: gran-turismo motoring as faultless as modern automotive technology can provide. And, at a reasonable price.

The legacy of "Z".

Americans got their first look at the Z-Car late in 1969. It was love at first sight. Here was a car fired by an overhead cam six with all the power and response of a domestic V-8. A flat out performer with nice manners, an impressive list of standard creature comforts, and economy to the tune of around 20 miles per gallon.

Indeed, it looked as if the Z had found a new happy home. Road & Track called it "the most exciting GT car of the decade." In '72, Car and Driver readers selected the 240-Z as "Car of the Year." And in '71 and '73 they voted it "Best GT" over Porsche, Lotus Europa, and the like. Later a Road & Track owner survey published in 1972, showed that "91% of all Z-Car owners polled said they would buy another one."

The driver's machine.

Whatever else the Z-Car is, it's a driver's machine. One that has taken the measure of its peers on the track as three-time SCCA C-Production National Champion, and three-time winner of the treacherous East African Safari. A car that has done a

standing quarter mile in about 17 seconds, at nearly 85 MPH. A car that has moved from 0-60 in about 9 seconds. A car that can transport two people from point A to point B with a minimum of fuss, a maximum of fun, and do it economically. But now it's even better. Now there's 260-Z.

The picking of nits.

Up front the six-cylinder overhead cam engine has gone from 2.4 liters to 2.6 liters, to prevent loss of power as a result of complying with 1974 emission regulations. Heat dissipation and fuel delivery have been improved by a new transistorized fuel pump, larger fuel lines, a larger radiator and fan, and better carburetor cooling. To the rear there's a redesigned taillight panel. And a new stabilizer for even better cornering ability. Spring rates have been altered and the frame,

DATSUN 260-Z SPECIFICATIONS: Engine: 6-cylinder, in-line SOHC, water cooled. Bore & stroke; 3,27 in. x 3.11 in.; Displacement (2565cc) 156.8 cu. in.; Compression ratio: 8.8:1; Carburetion: 2 Hitachi. Transmission: All-synchromesh 4-speed or optional 3-speed automatic. Dimensions: Length: 169.1 in.; Width: 64.1 in.; Height: 50.6 in.; Wheelbase: 90.7 in.; Tread,(front) 53.3 in.; (rear) 53.0 in.;

new Datsun 260-Z.

engine mounts and suspension all have been beefed up. Add those refinements to an all-synchromesh 4-speed transmission that puts crisp, positive shifts in the palm of your hand—and you have an automobile the likes of which could sell anywhere from \$9,000 to \$25,000.

The affordable legend.

The 260-Z is the affordable result of Datsun-pioneered advancements in computer design and one of the most modern mass production facilities in the world.

Space-age technology also makes it economically feasible to power the Z with a sophisticated overhead cam engine. Fewer moving parts, lower inertia and less friction produce higher revs, more efficient use of fuel, and longer engine life than a cheaper pushrod engine.

The 260-Z's superb cornering and remarkable ride are also products of superior technology. Its strut type fully independent system is usually found only on exotic racing machines, and is normally considered far too expensive to be practical on a production automobile.

The luxury of it all.

The spacious interior accommodates two 6'6" adults in unadulterated comfort.

Everything is at your fingertips. Map light, overhead light, heater/defroster, standard AM/FM radio, and optional factory-installed air conditioning.

Deep cushioned high-back bucket seats recline 20 degrees and fold

forward for easy access to the spacious rear deck. Non-purists can even order an optional 3-speed automatic transmission. But for all that, one of the nicest luxuries of owning a 260-Z

is being able to
get the same parts and service you'd
get if you owned a Datsun economy
sedan—from nearly 1000 Datsun
dealers, nationwide.

What it all comes down to is this: The Datsun 260-Z for 1974 epitomizes everything pride and technology can provide. These are the makings of an automotive legend. But don't just take our word, drive a Datsun...then decide.



Min. road clearance: 5.7 in. Weight: 4-speed: 2580 lbs.; Automatic: 2590 lbs. Seating capacity: 2 persons. Min. turning diameter: 31.4 ft. Suspension and Axle: Front: independent strut type with coil springs, telescopic shock absorbers, stabilizer barand compression link. Rear: Fully independent strut type with coil springs, telescopic shock absorbers and stabilizer bar. Steering: Rack & Pinion 18.0:1 ratio, 2.7 turns lock-to-lock. Brakes: Power assisted, all 4 wheels, hydraulically operated. Front: Disc brake 10.7 in.; Rear: 9 in. drum brake (leading and trailing shoes).

the Lord with conviction, as they do on the title tune—a prayer that combines echoes of vintage Ray Charles with an ominously modern tonality.

More years ago than we care to remember, we heard Blossom Dearie on an LP titled Give Him the Oo-La-La and we were hooked. The problem was that over the ensuing years, there was precious little Dearie to feed our habit. Well, there appears to be a Dearie renaissance, praise God; she seems to be getting steady club work in New York and she's got her own record label. Her first LP as entrepreneur, Blossom Dearie Sings-Volume I (Daffodil), is now available to one and all, so something's right with the world. For the as yet uninitiated. Blossom Dearie is a vocalist whose voice is hardly a decibel above a whisper, a pianist of tasteful simplicity and a composer of extraordinary talent. The tunes are all hers, with lyrics supplied by a variety of gentlemen, including Johnny Mercer. One we'd like to single out for special commendation is Baby, You're My Kind (lyrics by Arthur King), on which Dearie gets vocal support from bassist Pete Morgan, who has a firstrate voice that reminds us of Nat Cole's. Anyway, welcome back, Blossom, we've missed you. (The album can be obtained by mail order for \$5.98 from Blossom Dearie Enterprises, P. O. Box 522, Radio City Station, New York, New York 10019.)

Elvis Presley's latest offering. Good Times (RCA), might have been more aptly titled The King Meets Muzah or Elvis Sings Mantovani for the Silent Majority. Here the trend-setting vocal stylist of his era seems pitted against the heavy odds of gross overproduction and arrangements that might have been left over from the late Mario Lanza. Even the supermarket classic La Golondrina is resurrected on this album as a pseudocountry ballad called She Wears My Ring. Listening to this album can be a very frustrating experience for Presley fans who grew up with the solid, downto-earth music of his heyday, especially since, on several of these tunes. Elvis comes out swinging, only to be crushed midway through by the predictable crescendos of deadly woodwinds and saccharine strings, not to mention overblown choral arrangements that suggest a Cecil B. De Mille cast of thousands. The king is alive and well and singing as magnificently as ever. But the thrill is gone; ain't that a shame?

We wish to hell they had let Aretha Franklin alone and hadn't filled the background of her Let Me in Your Life (Atlantic) LP with all that sawing-strings garbage. Every time those violins come on the scene, something turns off in our

brain. Franklin would be fabulous with a buzz saw behind her, but overproduced, overorchestrated sessions such as this help her not at all. Please, fellas, keep it simple from here on in.

The great ragtime revival keeps rolling along, nourished by the record companies, fed by the film success of The Sting, with its background score, and fathered, if you will, by The Red Back Book, Gunther Schuller's award-winning Scott Joplin album that started it all. The successor to that disc is Polm Leaf Rog (Angel), recorded by pianist Ralph Grierson and a group of top Los Angeles musicians calling themselves the Southland Stingers. George Sponhaltz arranged and conducted this happy foray into some of the lesser-known Joplin tunes, such as the Mexican-tinged Solace. Max Morath knows and plays ragtime as well as anyone today. So it is no surprise that his piano album The World of Scott Joplin (Vanguard) is as good an introduction as you would want to this world of slow drags, stop times and two-steps. What is surprising is that Morath's own compositions, two of which he plays here, are so fine: Golden Hours, for instance, has a lovely syncopated figure and nice shifts of theme. Max includes compositions by other ragtime kingpins, such as James Scott and Joseph Lamb, and they stand up surprisingly well to Joplin's work. Paul Hersh and David Montgomery have made a marvelous disc for piano, four hands, in The Great Ragtime Classics (RCA). featuring the music of Joplin, Lamb, James Reese Europe, "Luckey" Roberts and Jelly Roll Morton. Hersh and Montgomery don't play Morton's jazz stomps as well as they do the rags (Shreveport is taken much too fast), but all their renditions have great zest and charm. Joplin's classic The Entertainer is beautifully played in its original two-hand scoring; and Wall Street Rag has a great accelerando finish. That section of the piece, incidentally. Joplin captioned thus: "Listening to the strains of genuine Negro ragtime, Brokers forget their cares." Let's all keep listening.

THEATER

Straight from prison comes Short Eyes, a strong, sobering look at the airless world of inmates. Written by Miguel Piñero, an ex-con turned playwright, it is a damning indictment of the prison system. That dehumanizing system, with all its multiethnic levels of discrimination, is scrutinized with mordant (and ribald) humor by the playwright (and Piñero is a real playwright). The title is prison slang for a child molester—an outcast among outcasts. An accused short eyes is placed in a house of detention (where inmates

pass years awaiting sentencing). He is shunned, abused and finally murdered. The killing of the sex offender is the basic plot, but the play is about the prisoners themselves and the steel-sealed world they are locked in. The characters and the dialog hum with authenticity. The per-



formers, most of them ex-cons and members of The Family (a theater group of former inmates), making their professional acting debuts, are refreshingly unmannered and absolutely convincing. The direction by Marvin Felix Camillo excitingly evokes the shifting rhythms of the harsh environment-from mocking sex banter (most exuberant is a masturbatory ode to Jane Fonda) to savage violence. The play was first presented for a limited run at the Theater of the Riverside Church, then, wisely, transferred by producer Joseph Papp to his off-Broadway Public Theater. Then, after a run in Philadelphia, Papp installed Short Eyes on the large main stage of the Vivian Beaumont Theater at Lincoln Center. This unusual venture turns out to be the single dramatic hit of Papp's current season-the first in which he covered New York with his various establishments. This hyperprolific producer began his Lincoln Center series with the world premiere of David Rabe's Boom Boom Room, a premiere that was premature; the play (about the American dream as seen through the eyes of a Philadelphia go-go dancer) should have gestated longer in the author's typewriter. The next Papp offering, Au Pair Man, a twocharacter fluff by Irish playwright Hugh Leonard, should have been grounded in Great Britain. Next was What the Wine-Sellers Buy, an interesting, traditional naturalistic drama by promising black playwright Ron Milner. Fourth was a heavy revival of Strindberg's The Dance of Death, partially retrieved by a powerhouse performance by Robert Shaw. Then Short Eyes charged into Lincoln Center, filling the Beaumont (150 West 65th Street) with the pain and rancor of prison life.

FREE-FOR-ALL"

Pick Any Five of these Famous Products Free.

Nothing to buy. You will get five products of your choice, Free. Just fill in the coupon, and ENCLOSE 50¢ FOR POSTAGE & HANDLING—give the extra coupon to a friend.

FORD CAR BUYING BOOK

Full Size? Mid-Size? Small Size? Timely help from Ford Motor Company to help you choose the right car for your needs. (160 pages)



DRY LOOK®

Dry Control For Hair. America's leading aerosol for men ... from Gillette.



SINE-AID®

works directly on the sinuses to help relieve both the pressure and pain of sinus headache.



JOHNSON'S BABY SHAMPOO

Gentle enough to use every day.



White Owl

5A

WHITE OWL MINIATURES

Who gives you a cigar mild as a breeze? White Owl. That's Whooo!!



MICRIN™

A brand new good-tasting formula which helps provide effective Breath Protection for hours.



5B

NEW SCHICK®INJECTOR TWIN SHAVING SYSTEM!

Twin edges, coated with TEFLON through an exclusive Schick "smooth-shave" process, plus the famous locked-in-safe Schick Injector® razor!



7

ENGLISH LEATHER®

Soft After Shave. A cream conditioner for sensitive or dry skin.



SPECIAL **EDGE**

"Introducing Special Edge Shaving Gel for men with sensitive/tender skin." 10¢ introductory coupon.



FREE BONUS SELECTION

FREE-FOR-ALL, BOX		FOR A FR	IEND
	five free samples I ha	ve checked:	Do n
	3 🗌	4 🗆	to coup
5A 🗌 or 5E	3 🛮 6 🖂	7	8 🗆
I'd also like free SPI	ECIAL EDGE Bonus	A []	
Enclosed is 50¢ for	postage and handling	g.	
Name			Age
Address			
	State	Zip	
City Limit one per person.	Allow 4 to 6 weeks for d	lelivery, Offer	good only
City		lelivery, Offer n orders. Offe	good only r limited,

FREE-FOR-ALL, BOX 2 MAPLE PLAIN, MINNE		FOR YO	_
Please send me the fir	e free samples I h		Do not tape money
1 🗆 2 🖸	3 🔲	4 🗆	to coupon.
1	6 🗆	7 🗆	8 🗆
Enclosed is 50¢ for p	IAL EDGE Bonus	<u> </u>	
	ustage and nandin	ig.	geF
Name			geF
Address			
City	State	Zip	
Limit one per person. All			
in the United States. Se first come, first serve. O			
sented are brands you			
9 1974 SAMPLING CO			



PLAYBOY ADVISOR

Finally, after two years of fighting, I broke up with my girlfriend. Apparently, she has taken the split quite hard, missing work for several days, etc. I am worried and have considered suggesting that she see a psychiatrist, possibly at my expense. Would this be appropriate?-

C. M., Hartford, Connecticut.

You might find wisdom in the following anecdote on the need for professional help in everyday crises: The owner of a cat was distressed to find his pet in a tree. He called the fire department and asked them to send a hook and ladder around to fetch the cat. The fireman told the man to wait an hour, that the cat would come down of its own accord. The man called back 15 minutes later, convinced that the cat would never come down. "Excuse me, sir," said the fireman, "but have you ever seen a cat skeleton in a tree?" If you want to see a psychiatrist to work out your own feelings of guilt and responsibility, fine, but don't patronize your ex-girlfriend, Emotional Marshall Plans are seldom appropriate and are never appreciated.

Since the CAB abolished youth fares on international flights, I've been trying to find a cheap way to travel to Europe, South America or the Caribbean islands. Some friends claim that it is possible to hitchhike on private airplanes. Is this true and, if so, is it safe for a girl to try it alone?-Miss R. M., Bronx, New York.

It used to be possible to hitch rides from private pilots at small airports. As long as you had no particular destination in mind, the method was fun and relatively safe. (We never heard of anyone trying the "put-out-or-get-out" routine at 10,000 feet.) Unfortunately, the corporations that handle flight insurance couldn't handle the risk of extra passengers and nowadays, most airports won't allow thumb trippers to hang out near the hangars. However, there are still youth fares on several foreign carriers. A roundtrip ticket from Montreal to Paris costs \$321 on Air Canada as compared with \$568 for a 14-to-21-day round-trip excursion fare from New York to Paris on an American carrier. Of course, these prices may change between the time we write this and the time you read it, or, for that matter, between the time you read this and the time you call the airport. But that's probably one of the reasons you want to travel, right?

while ago, you mentioned karezza the discipline by which the male postpones orgasm for hours. Is this technique effective under constant stimulation, such as thrusting, or does it require one to take breathers? I would benefit by any information on this subject, as would my fiancée.-D. S., Portland, Oregon.

Philip Rawson, in "The Art of Tantra," describes the philosophy behind karezza as follows: "Orgasm is in a sense an irrelevance, lost in the sustained and vastly enhanced inward condition of nervous vibration in which the energies of man and world are felt to be consummated, their infinite possibilities realized virtually on the astronomical scale of time and space." Somehow we don't think that's what you had in mind. Karezza is neither a cure for premature ejaculation nor a secret of the Orient leading to extended sexual play; it is the very opposite of the Western style of athletic, thrusting interaction. Many Americans who try karezza experience those nervous vibrations as impatience or frustration. The technique is part of a religious doctrine in which the sexual energy is first aroused, then channeled in consciousness-raising meditation. Lovers couple, then contemplate the malefemale creative aspects of the universe. We've heard of folks who try to increase duration by thinking about other things-the Dow-Jones stock index-or by chanting mantras such as "Gene Autry doing deep knee bends in a field of dead bats" or "Frenzied springboks capering their exasperations against the frogs that tickled them." We think they missed the point. If you want to try karezza or something like it, enter your partner, then sit facing her, comfortably. Forget your genitals. (Don't worry if you lose your erection; you don't need it if you aren't active, and you'll still enjoy yourself.) Study her face and body while she studies yours. When you realize that you are part of the same whole, you may have achieved your purpose.

My Aikido partner and I have been having a long-standing argument about something called Mexican overdrive. He claims it's a drink. I say it's some kind of marijuana. Can you set us straight? He says if I'm wrong, he's going to demolish me.-B. M., El Paso, Texas,

Yes, well, ahem-kaf, kaf. . . . We've heard three definitions of Mexican overdrive: (1) Blend one egg white with three ounces of mescal, pour over a little crushed ice and you have the Mexicanoverdrive drink. (2) While it isn't a kind of marijuana, it is a technique for smoking grass with a water pipe. Instead of water, you put in iced mescal and smoke through that (which is not for those with weak hearts or meek psyches). And (3) the most common definition of

Take

The fresh picked scent of English Leather Lime.

So you love English Leather Lime. Then why not love it all over your body?

We have lots of ways to keep you feeling lime fresh from head to toe. Each with so much lime, it's like picking fresh limes off a tree. Here are four you can pick:



Mexican overdrive is one used by the drivers of big diesel semis. It's the neutral gear, an invaluable aid in taking the tortuous downgrade curves of mountain highways.

Putting new bronze- or nickel-wound strings on an acoustic guitar is an incredible rush—the brightness of tone and improved response have a corresponding effect on my spirit. I play several hours a day and it takes only a few weeks for the strings to lose their life. The cost of a new set is getting higher every day, but then, so am I. I've heard that you can restore the tone by boiling old strings. Is this true?—B. G., Chicago, Illinois.

Yes, and would you believe that the broth makes a great soup? Boiling removes the built-up dirt and oil that deaden the resonance of metal-wound strings. Take the strings off the guitar before you try this, though.

When I complained to my roommate about my lack of success with a certain lady, he replied that by the time I made it with her, she would have gray pubic hair. Since then, I have been trying to find out whether or not pubic hair turns gray with age. No one in the dorm knows or has the nerve to find out. Can you tell me?—D. T., Sterling, Colorado.

Yes; pubic hair does turn gray. We hope that she is worth the wait.

Susiness trips take me away from home for extended periods of time. Consequently, I urged my wife to have an affair while I was gone. She has always had a healthy sexual appetite and I did not feel it was fair to keep her inactive during my absences. For a few months, she said that she wasn't interested in anyone else. but then she confessed that she had had an affair with one of my friends. My reaction surprised me; I was aroused by thoughts of her enjoying intercourse, fellatio and cunnilingus with another man. Now I become excited whenever she tells me of the affair. In fact, I am unable to achieve an erection unless she talks about it. My wife has become disgusted with me and finally has told me to have an affair so that we will be even. I love her very much and I don't want to be with someone else. How do I go about getting an erection without her telling me about the affair?-C. H., San Francisco, California.

It's not unusual for a man to become aroused at the thought of his wife in bed with someone else; the idea that she might be desirable to others increases her value to him. If it's the fantasy that interests you, tell your wife. Perhaps she will tape-record a "confession" that you can play occasionally through headphones when you make love. It may cramp your style; don't do it in the bath

and take care that you don't choke yourself with the cord. Most people are able to respond to a variety of sexual stimuli; your obsession with the details is probably transitory. One thing puzzles us: If you do not feel compelled to satisfy your own sexual appetite on long trips, why assume that your wife wants to? Occasionally, when a husband feels insecure about his spouse and believes that adultery is inevitable, he will encourage infidelity to maintain an illusion of control. It's not your choice. The golden rule now reads: You're free and nobody belongs to you.

Our lease is up, and my roommate and I are moving to a new apartment across town. Besides furniture and the normal possessions, we're also taking a sizable record collection. What's the best way to move albums with a minimum of warping and damage?—R. T., Athens, Georgia.

Pack your records in the same-size cartons used for books (about 153/4" x 13"). Place the records upright, as if you were storing them on a shelf. Fill all the space across the carton and then stuff soft things (towels, etc.) across the top to fill the remaining space. Do not travel with these cartons in the trunk of your car, since the heat can damage the records. Avoid exposing the cartons to sunlight; cover them with a porous, lightweight cloth (such as a summer blanket). Your records should be the last things to leave the old apartment and the first things to enter the new one. Keep on trucking.

I've always heard that if an athlete engages in sex the night before a big game, he may perform poorly the next day. Coaches always seem to equate celibacy with increased drive and concentration. My wife and I have entered a mixed-doubles tournament at the local tennis club and we're wondering if we should abstain from sex for a few days before the competition.—R. H., Lansing, Michigan.

For some athletes, celibacy is superstitiously linked to victory; it's like never washing a pair of socks that once brought good luck. (We can see how the latter might lead involuntarily to the former, but neither is a guarantee of high performance.) There is no biological reason to remain chaste before a big game. A West German professor named Manfred Steinbach questioned 4000 Olympic athletes and found that they make love an average of four to five times a week. He concluded that if an athlete does feel substandard after a night on the town "it is not sex that has sapped his strength. It is the attendant frivolities such as drinking, dancing and dashing around until the early hours of the morning." Knowing the psychology of most mixed-doubles teams, it's our guess that if you abstain and one of you performs poorly anyway, you won't talk to each other for weeks, let alone make love. Enjoy yourselves while you can.

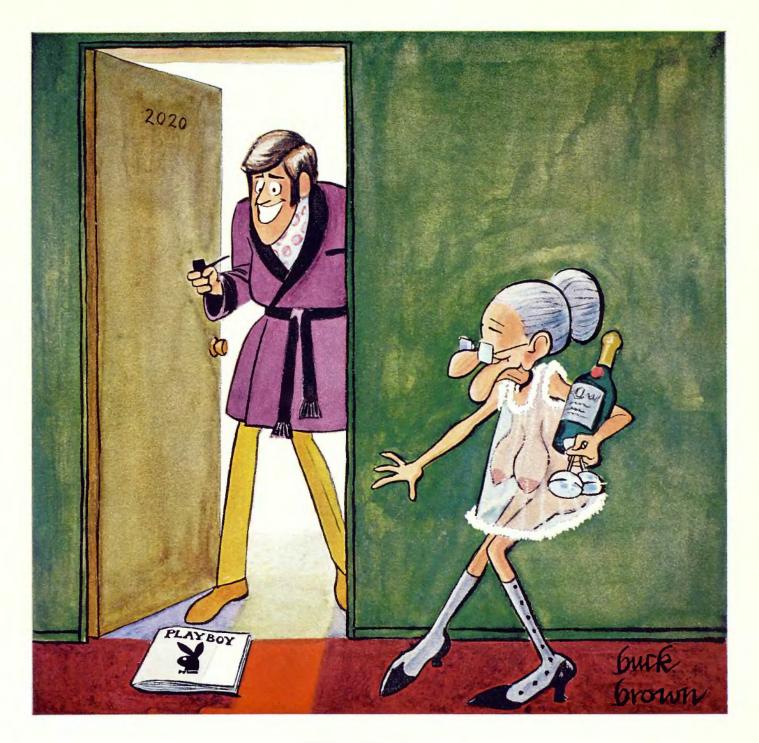
recent issue of PLAYBOY contained an ad for Figa International, a company that sells gold, silver and ivory amulets. According to the copy, Brazilian natives believe that "when a child is born with his thumb clinched between his middle and forefinger he will have happiness and good luck for life. If not born that way, the child is given a handmade charm called the Figa." My grandparents worked in Brazil many years ago and they gave me a gold figa when I was born. They explained that the Brazilian natives, who had never seen a black man until Portuguese traders imported them as slaves, introduced the clenched-fist amulet as a form of magical protection against the strangers. Can you tell me which story is correct?-J. C., Atchison,

Actually, the figa is several thousand years old and stems from ancient religions that worshiped the sexual organs. The figa represents the vulva and the penis in the act of copulation. The word is derived from the Latin noun for fig and also is used as a euphemism for the female genitals in Italian. (It was thought that the vulva resembled a half-open fig.) We suspect that the practice of cloaking male genitals with fig leaves in medieval paintings and statuary was a visual pun. Remember, you read it here first. Also, in some European countries, fingers clenched around the thumb serve the same purpose as the upraised-middlefinger gesture in America. Should someone recognize the symbol and take it as an insult, you may need all the luck the amulet is supposed to possess.

better. Needless to say, she is a little insecure, which in turn makes me insecure, because I feel that I don't provide her with a sense of security. The people I have talked to, including my doctor, have told me not to worry, that the habit is harmless. So I no longer worry, but I do wonder about it. What should I do?—B. T., Des Moines, Iowa.

Offer her a substitute.

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.



We Deliver...

... entertainment made to order for today's urbane man.
Riotous humor . . . intoxicating females . . . explosive fact, fiction, interviews . . . plus much more! For delivered-to-your-door convenience and savings, too . . . subscribe to PLAYBOY today!

PLAYBOY , Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois 60611	name(please print)
Please enter my subscription for 1 year \$10 (save \$3.00 off \$13 single-copy price)	address
☐ 2 years \$18 (save \$8.00 off \$26 single-copy price) ☐ 3 years \$24 (save \$15.00 off \$39 single-copy price) ☐ payment enclosed ☐ new subscription	Charge to my Playboy Club credit Key no.
☐ bill me later ☐ renewal 7411	Rates apply to U.S., U.S. Poss., Canada, APO-FPO addresses only, Credit extended in U.S., U.S. Poss., Canada, APO-FPO only.

Nothing runs like the sleek, crafty Fox. Surefooted on starts thanks to front-wheel drive, and arrow straight on stops thanks to a special braking/steering system

Sprung like a sports car, the Fox corners nimbly. Always hungry for action, but rarely hungry for gas (25 mpg), our foxy sedan trots to 50 in 8.4 seconds. Catch one for \$3,975.

if price, East Coast POE. West Coast slightly higher Price subject to change without notice. Local taxes and other dealer delivery charges, if any, additional

THE PLAYBOY FORUM

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

DEMON-HAUNTED OBJECTS

I'm tired of the argument advanced by defenders of pornography that each individual has a right to decide for himself what is obscene—as if obscenity were a purely subjective matter. This is utterly false. Hard-core pornography is evil, and to refuse to recognize this is to deny that evil exists. There is such a thing as objective evil. It exists not merely in the minds of the beholders of pornographic pictures and obscene books but in the pictures and books themselves.

William Weber Cleveland, Ohio

You'd best not go see "The Exorcist."

THE COURT AND OBSCENITY

Some years ago, the late John M. Harlan the younger, a Justice of the U. S. Supreme Court, referred to the obscenity problem as "intractable." Now it's screwed up beyond repair. I am a state's attorney and I am presently involved in six obscenity cases in all stages of litigation in state and Federal courts. There has never been a more hopeless and frustrating experience in my career than trying to understand what the Court was trying to say in its 1973 obscenity opinions, which are inconsistent, irrational and not at all lucid.

Obscenity law is now so hopelessly confusing that the Court undoubtedly will be forced to change its interpretation of the law again within the next few years. To protect the cases I am working on, I must ask that my name and address remain confidential.

(Name and address withheld by request)

THE SAME OLD IN AND OUT

Having seen the current big three porno films—Behind the Green Door, Deep Throat and The Devil in Miss Jones and a couple of lesser works, I'd like to offer a few comments.

First, I was not offended by anything I saw. In fact, I must admit to a certain admiration for people such as Linda Lovelace, who accept any kind of sexual experience as natural. But while I wasn't offended, I wasn't turned on, either. Mostly, I was bored, because boredom is inherent in the attempt to focus graphically on the sex act, which consists of a penis sliding in and out of a vagina. Or whatever. No matter how many positions are used, whether it's done with a dog or

a Shetland pony, the act is essentially a repetition of the same old in and out, demonstrating the principle of friction.

Also, the films portray a rather dreary and unrealistic sameness. They're peopled not with real characters but with bodies performing in a stereotyped manner. They meet, take off their clothes, go into a little oral-genital stimulation, slide in the old penis, change positions a few times and end with the guy pulling out so he can come all over some part of the girl's body. Dialog, for the most part, consists of moaning and heavy breathing. The attitude communicated is that the only thing anyone is interested in is sex, that sex is an irresistible force, that it's always good, that people always reach orgasms together, that no one ever has to worry about such details as V. D., pregnancy or impotence, and that the only function of women is to accept, and be turned on by, anything a man takes it into his head to try (which also renders these films extraordinarily sexist, I might add). The apparent premise that people relate to the world primarily through their genitals and that they are virtually obliged to screw whenever and however possible-is at least as absurd as the puritanical notion that sex is dirty and should be tolerated only for making babies.

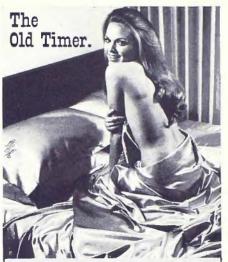
In conclusion, it seems to me that films such as these can't be truly interesting or erotic so long as they concentrate on human plumbing. That can be changed by focusing on sex as something that people with minds and feelings do, rather than by presenting it as pure physical activity. Emphasizing what goes on in a person's mind and heart rather than what goes on between his legs would make porn flicks both more enjoyable and far more erotically stimulating.

Mike Martindale Brownstown, Indiana

GOD'S X RATING

God must be pretty thoroughly ashamed of Himself if He's been reading about events in Santa Barbara, California. According to the Bible, He made man in His own image, male and female, and was quite pleased with the results; but the good people of Santa Barbara have decided He is guilty of creating an obscene object.

You see, nude bathing finally invaded the beaches of Southern California, after being acceptable in Europe (and even in



When you've been making satin sheets for over 20 years, like we have, you use only the softest acetate satin . . . 225 x 78 thread count. (Some people don't!) Your sheets are MACHINE WASHABLE, and you give people a choice of 12 colors for regular or ROUND beds! Avocado, Tangerine, Gold, Red, Black, Bronze, Blue, Silver, Pink, White, Mint or Orchid. (After 20 years, we know what we're doing in bed!)

 SHEET SETS (2 straight sheets, 2 cases)

 Double Set
 \$20.50
 Queen Set
 \$23.50

 Twin Set
 19.98
 King Set
 27.50

 Round 84" Set
 43.50
 Round 96" Set
 49.95

3 letter monogram on 2 cases—\$2.00
For fitted bottom sheet, add \$2.00 to double or twin price; \$2.50 to queen; \$3.00 to king price. Round sets are fitted. Odd sizes on request. Send cbeck or m.o. 50% deposit on C.O.D.'s.

SCINTILLA, BINC. 4802 N. Broadway
P-7

SCINTILLA, BINC. Chicago, III. 60640

Free 40-Page Color Catalog of our Satin Fashions With Every Order!

At last... contraceptives through the privacy of the mail.

Obtaining contraceptives conveniently and without embarrassment can be a problem. Now. Population Planning has solved that problem. We offer a complete line of famous brand contraceptives including "the pill," condoms foams and gels.

For the first time, you can get birth control pills conveniently and regularly by mail—a prescription is required, of course. Or you can choose from a wide variety of condom brands, and learn what the differences really are. We offer the famous Trojan, the exciting green-tinted Jade (available only from PPA) and 25 other carefully selected top-quality brands. All meet strict government standards of reliability.

Find out why PPA has become America's fastest growing birth control service. Send for our illustrated catalogue which describes our complete line of contraceptives and books on birth control and sexuality. Send just \$3 for a sample pack of 12 assorted condoms or \$5 for our deluxe sampler of 19 condoms. Catalogue free with every order. You must be completely satisfied with our products and prompt service or your money will be refunded in full.

AMERICA'S LARGEST RETAILER OF

CONTRACEPTIVE PRODUCTS	0
POPULATION PLANNING, 105 N Columbia Dept. PBZ-1, Chapel Hill, N C 27514	St
Gentlemen: Please send me	
\$3 sampler (12 condoms) \$5 deluxe sampler (19 condoms) Catalogue alone: 25¢	
NAME	

MORE THAN 50,000 SATISFIED CUSTOMERS

STATE

ADDRESS

Northern California) for several years. The locals were incredulous, indignant and intransigent. During the summer of 1973, Santa Barbara's sheriff's deputies crouched in the tall grass above the beach, playing Peeping Toms at public expense, and photographed nude bathers. They arrested over 100 people, including a priest, two schoolteachers, an airline vice-president and a deputy district attorney from Los Angeles. The charges were subsequently dropped amid heated controversy, but, after lying low for a few months, the deputies started making arrests again in late fall.

The debate grew more furious. One of the native philosophers wrote to the local paper with a really refreshing contempt for highbrow notions of grammar and history, "Why should a thing which has always, in civilized countries, been considered immoral and unlawful be changed to lawful?" (Take that, you barbaric Greeks and Romans, and you uncivilized Swedes, Danes, Germans, English, French and Northern Californians.)

The uproar finally went before the county commissioners and they voted three to two to outlaw the unclothed human body. Various groups are currently planning test cases to challenge the new law—including women's liberationists, who object that the statute allows men, but not women, to be nude from the waist up. Obviously, the legal squabbles will drag on for quite a while. Meanwhile, if God hears about this, let us hope He will have the good grace to write to the Santa Barbara citizenry and apologize for the obscenity of His image.

Harold Peters Los Angeles, California

EDUCATION FOR HEALTHY SEX

Opponents of public sex education constantly inveigh against putting ideas in children's heads, as though sex would never occur to kids unless some adult mentioned the subject. Well, without sex education, one girl in my neighborhood started having sex at the age of ten, was pregnant by the time she was 13, had an abortion and has been on the pill ever since. And currently the most fashionable form of blackmail in this area involves young girl hitchhikers who threaten male drivers that they'll yell rape if the guys don't hand over \$20.

Sex education can't determine whether or not kids will think about sex, but it can have a lot to do with how they think about it. As for the youthful extortionists (who, it appears to me, are perhaps as likely to get into trouble as the men they try to rip off), sex has obviously occurred to them, but mainly as a shadowy, shameful act that can be exploited for personal gain.

No matter what the hysterical faction thinks, kids don't remain innocent if they're told nothing; sex is not something that can be hidden. Let's admit

FORUM NEWSFRONT

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

HERE COME DE JUDGE

HUNTSVILLE, ALABAMA—A Madison County judge has been sentenced to three years in prison after being convicted of trading judicial leniency for women's sexual favors. One witness testified that she had sex with the judge to escape prosecution on bad-check charges and another said she yielded to him in an agreement to stop criminal prosecution of her brother. The judge faces four more trials on similar charges.

MAIL-ORDER DIVORCE

LONDON—Appearance in court is no longer required of British citizens seeking divorce. Under new and much simplified rules, couples who have no children under 16 and have been separated at least two years can submit a mutually agreed upon divorce application to a judge and, in most cases, receive their decree by return mail.

STRICT ON STREAKERS

NAIROBI, KENYA—After two streaking incidents by Europeans during one weekend, the vice-president of Kenya announced a crackdown: Any foreign streaker will be arrested, escorted directly to the airport in the nude and put aboard the first available aircraft to his country of origin.

NEW PREGNANCY TEST

NEW YORK—An early pregnancy test that appears to be 100 percent accurate has been announced by researchers at the New York Hospital Cornell Medical Center. The procedure—called the radio-receptorassay pregnancy test—requires only a few drops of blood, can be performed in an hour and has been used to detect pregnancies as early as six days after egg fertilization or one day after a missed menstrual period. Present tests cannot be used until eight to 15 days after a missed period and even then are 20 to 40 percent inaccurate.

NO ABORTION TRAUMA

BALTIMORE—Women who have had abortions show no greater tendency to suffer depression or emotional stress than women who have experienced childbirth, according to a Johns Hopkins Hospital study. The Johns Hopkins group interviewed 373 women who went to the hospital between late 1970 and early 1972 for either abortion or delivery and matched them for race, age, number of children and economic status. The findings contradict the widespread belief that abortion frequently causes psychological

trauma and they also tend to refute contentions that women are using abortion in place of contraceptives.

WHO'S COMPLAINING?

washington, b.c.—Either fewer people are receiving "smut" in their mailboxes or fewer people are complaining about



it. The U.S. Postal Service reports that as of last summer, complaints about unsolicited sexually oriented mail were down to 45,000—38.4 percent below the previous year.

POT LAWS CHANGED

A five-dollar fine has been adopted by voters in Ypsilanti, Michigan, and reinstituted in Ann Arbor as the noncriminal penalty for marijuana possession. In Ypsilanti, the measure passed by only 98 votes, 1355 to 1257; in Ann Arbor, where a similar ordinance was repealed by the city council in July 1973 after being on the books more than a year, the measure was approved 16,017 to 14,809. In both cities, people arrested by other than municipal police would still be subject to the state penalty of a \$100 fine and/or 90 days in jail.

Meanwhile, the Idaho legislature has stiffened the pot law in that state by making possession or sale of more than three ounces of marijuana a felony punishable by up to five years and \$15,000. The penalty for less than three ounces is up to one year and \$1000.

LETTER OF THE LAW

washington, b.c.—A Federal court has ruled that the District of Columbia marijuana law applies to only one of five possible species of the plant, which cannot be differentiated after cutting and processing. D.C. superior court judge Charles W. Halleck acquitted a 38-year-old man of pot charges because the evidence could not be identified as the one

species, Cannabis sativa L., that is specified in the statute. Many state laws are likewise specific and a similar defense was successful before a Florida state court jury in April 1973; it has failed, however, in a number of other cases where the prosecution argued that legislative intent was to include all marijuana.

SURPRISE!

SMITHTOWN, NEW YORK-To the consternation of police who arrested a wellendowed topless dancer for public nudity, their go-go girl turned out to be legally a guy-and, therefore, not covered by the local indecency ordinance, which prohibits only female dancers from exposing their breasts. The 23-year-old performer went back to work after a medical examination verified that the sex-change treatments he is undergoing have not yet made him a woman under the law. A civic official called the incident "an attempt to embarrass the town administration" and said, "If this [using transsexual dancers] is something that isn't just going to pass, I'm sure the town board will explore the situation."

JAPANESE BRUSH STROKES

TOKYO—The Japanese censors of sexy foreign magazines have required importers to black out, with ink, those parts of pictures deemed offensive—and Japanese purchasers of such magazines have been removing the ink with a dab of paint solvent. To cope with this ploy, the



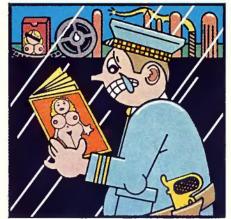
Yokohama customs office has now decreed that no publication shall pass unless the censoring ink is indelible.

NO SWEAT

INDIANAPOLIS—The Indiana senate has passed an anti-pornography bill that outlaws the depiction of, among other things, all "excretory functions." The majority of the lawmakers chose to ignore the warning of one senator, a veterinarian, who noted that such functions would include "spitting, coughing, sweating and blowing one's nose."

COPS KICKED OUT

WASHINGTON, D.C.—District of Columbia policemen have been ordered to stop going into adult bookstores, because their presence intimidates customers. After hearing the complaint of a bookshop proprietor that cops were asking customers for identification, tearing plastic wrappers off magazines and otherwise making a nuisance of themselves, a U.S. district court judge ruled that the police were entering the shops without prob-



able cause to believe crimes were being committed and that their conspicuous presence had a "chilling effect" on the operation of the business.

BLUES IN THE NIGHT

PITTSBURGH—A cable television employee has been arrested and charged with intentionally broadcasting stag movies late one night to CTV subscribers. A local magistrate ordered the 21-year-old man held for trial despite arguments of his attorney that he was drunk at the time and that the films were seen by adults only.

POLICE 4, CITIZENS 0

WASHINGTON, D.C.—A series of U.S. Supreme Court decisions have significantly limited citizens' rights under the Fourth Amendment and have strengthened police authority in matters of search and seizure. The Court has held that:

- Police do not need a warrant to search any person they legally arrest or take into custody for any reason, even a traffic violation, and if the search turns up evidence of some unrelated crime, it may be used in court.
- Even after an arrested person has been released, police need no warrant to conduct search or seizure within the next several hours.
- Where no arrest is involved, police need not tell a suspect he has the right to refuse them permission for a warrantless search.
- Grand puries may indict a person on the basis of evidence obtained illegally by police even though s:ch evidence still is inadmissible in trial courts.

that and get on with the business of trying to help children understand sex as a healthy and joyous part of life.

James Nelson Tucson, Arizona

STREAKING AND FLASHING

The emergence of streaking as a tacitly acceptable form of social behavior could present serious problems for those legal and psychiatric authorities who may be called upon to distinguish this new phenomenon from flashing. Yet there's an obvious criterion for differentiating one from the other: movement.

The flasher, in his long coat and cutdown trousers, seldom moves. Rather, he stands quietly and unobtrusively in a doorway or subway corridor waiting to expose himself to an unsuspecting female. If reported and apprehended, he is usually charged with indecent exposure and may get compulsory psychiatric treatment for his sexual aberration; society is not amused by his actions. The streaker, on the other hand, runs like hell, is usually ignored by the law and is considered amusingly eccentric rather than disturbed.

The conclusion is simple: Exposing oneself while standing still is illegal, immoral and sick; racing naked through the streets is a healthy exercise of muscle and mischievousness. Freud, Krafft-Ebing and Blackstone must be spinning in their graves.

Jerry Fields New York, New York

CAVETT'S COMPROMISE

I watched the postponed Dick Cavett Show with Abbie Hoffman, Jerry Rubin, Rennie Davis and Tom Hayden and was disgusted by the timidity of the ABC network's handling of the four radicals. First, the show was canceled. Then, in what Cavett called a compromise, it was reinstated with a tacked-on segment in which a couple of right-wingers presented a stupid rebuttal. Finally, the discussion itself was censored. When Cavett asked what any of them would do if someone told them he was going to blow up a munitions factory, Hoffman's answer was completely bleeped. I learned later that Hoffman said it might be more useful nowadays to blow up an oilrefinery office. Big deal. I think we have much more to fear from media selfcensorship than from anything Abbie Hoffman has to say.

> Walter Bryant Washington, D.C.

THE HAIR HATERS

Five-year-old Billy Epperson of Pasadena, Texas, was expelled from kindergarten because his hair did not meet the Golden Acres Elementary School's dress and grooming code. Billy's head is malformed and his parents insist that his longish hair, trimmed by a stylist, is necessary to spare him embarrassment. The school officials are adamant: Billy must be shorn like the other sheep or get out.

I'd suspected that the tendency to harass long-haired males is a pathological phobic reaction, but now I'm convinced. It's obvious that the people responsible for keeping Billy Epperson out of kindergarten are not in all respects rational men. How do these dingdongs get into positions of power?

> Andrew Crawford Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

KILLER WEED RETURNS

I am a graduate student in microbiology, with special interests in bacteriology, biochemistry and immunobiology, which prompts me to write this letter.

In the March Forum Newsfront, you describe the Jamaica study in which researchers found no evidence that marijuana caused significant physiological, psychological or neurological changes in men who have used it regularly for periods of seven to 37 years. The researchers also specifically claim that Cannabis use produced no damage to chromosomes.

I refer you to a more recent study by Dr. Gabriel Nahas and his associates who now find that when used at least once a week for a period of at least a year, with no other drugs taken, marijuana impairs the ability of certain white blood cells to reproduce and thereby weakens the body's immunological defenses. They also found an increased incidence of chromosome breakage. Thanks to Dr. Nahas it should be obvious now that marijuana use has far more implications than any of us imagined.

I have always believed in the conservative approach to drugs-assume they are dangerous until their safety is scientifically established. As responsible journalists, I sincerely hope that you will give equal space to this point of view, which is vindicated by the Nahas study.

> K. V. Benson Department of Biological Sciences Illinois State University Normal, Illinois

Because all drugs affect the body's chemistry, and because no research to date conclusively proves that smoking pot is harmless, a cautious approach to marijuana certainly makes sense. Unfortunately, Dr. Nahas is not the best source to cite in proof of anything: For years, he has crusaded against marijuana as a killer weed whose toxic effects simply have eluded other researchers, and he has tended to accept uncritically almost any anti-marijuana claim that supports the position that persons who use it should go to jail. His 1973 book, "Marijuana, the Deceptive Weed," has been denounced in the scientific community as distorted, inaccurate propaganda.

The Nahas report received the

A "Playboy Forum" Report

SETTING THE FACTS FREE

By RALPH NADER

The Freedom of Information Act exists to give the public and the press greater access to Government information. It hasn't worked well because of bureaucratic resistance and resulting public apathy. To compel Washington agencies to comply with the act, Ralph Nader set up the Freedom of Information Clearinghouse, funded partly by the Playboy Foundation. In this report, Nader tells how to get more bureaucrats to part with more useful facts.

In Washington, information is the currency of power. Further, it is not merely information that nourishes our political system but timely information. It hardly benefits an interested group to find too late that a Government agency has set up a harmful policy based on faulty data. "There are no secrets in Washington," said one Washington lawver, "but there is such a thing as a

three-hour head start."

Like the church and the military, the bureaucracy assumes that its power depends upon secrecy. Often, special interests with special access get special information. But in a city where "Who are you with?" is as common a salutation as "Hello," the ordinary citizen is frequently left out in the cold. Washington agencies simply do not like to expose their procedures and their thinking to outsiders. To counter official secrecy, the Freedom of Information Act requires agencies to provide requested material unless it falls into an exempt category, such as national security. The law was launched in a spirit of high purpose and with a flurry of matching rhetoric. Upon signing it on July 4, 1966, Lyndon Johnson said, "The United States is an open society in which the people's right to know is cherished and guarded." Unfortunately, however, the Federal agencies themselves are supposed to enforce this law, and they regard it as a Victorian mother would a nudist colony. For example, a colleague of mine called the Office of Economic Opportunity in 1973 and asked for its annual report. It refused. The report was withheld because it made the OEO look pretty good at a time when the Administration had appointed new OEO officials to dismantle the agency, claiming that it was not serving any purpose. The case is still being fought in court.

While this incident burlesques the official fetish for withholding data, it is, unfortunately, not exceptional. A House of Representatives subcommittee investigated 99 cases in which Government turndowns of information requests were challenged in court. The Government's arguments frequently were so flimsy that they were upheld in only 23 of the cases. When you look at the specifics, it's easy to understand this poor record:

· The editor of a magazine for hospital professionals brought suit to obtain a number of nursing-home-inspection reports from the Social Security Administration, and won. But when he asked for additional related documents, he

had to go to court again.

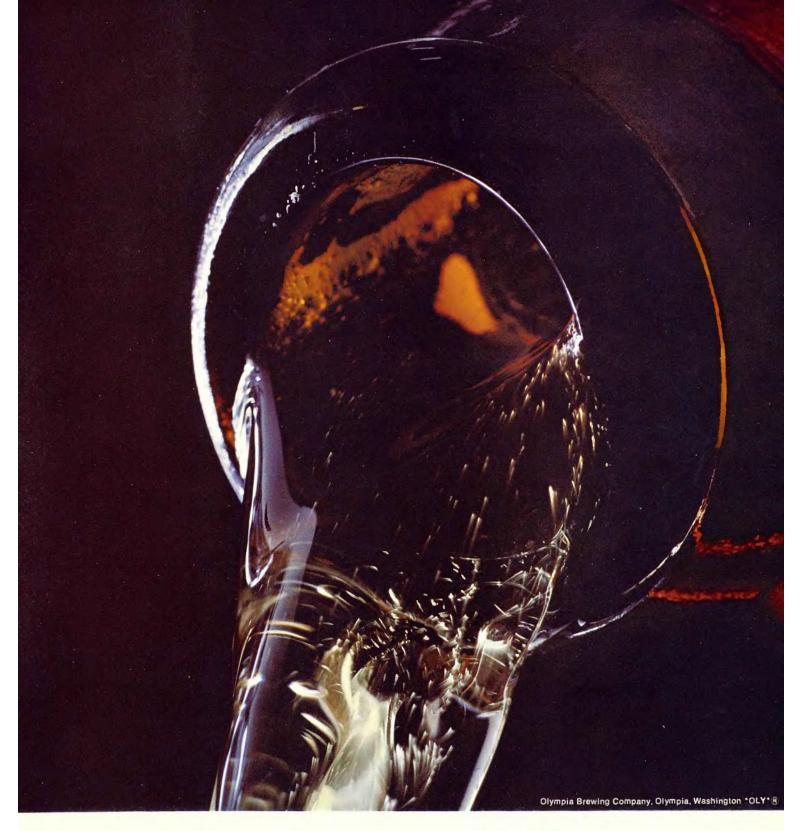
· In three separate court cases, it was conclusively held that administrativestaff manuals such as the Internal Revenue Service agents' handbook are to be made public. In spite of these rulings, the Federal Trade Commission later ordered that its administrative-staff manuals be kept confidential.

· In 1972, my associate Ron Plesser successfully sued the Department of Agriculture to obtain reports on the sanitary conditions in meat-packing plants. A year and a half later, another associate asked for similar meat-inspection reports and was initially refused.

· The Department of Transportation keeps a clipping file for its officials. It turned down a recent request for such clippings, claiming they were in an exempt category, even though all the material in the file had been published

in newspapers.

Clearly, the Freedom of Information Act is a first step, but only a first step, toward more Governmental disclosure. Congress is currently considering amending the law to require an agency to respond to an information request within 15 days; too often, delays have become de facto denials. Also, there are no sanctions now against Government agents who violate the act-which is truly an absurd oversight. Congress is also considering penalties to be enforced against those officials who unlawfully refuse to disclose information, reports or other material. We've seen lately how easily lawmakers can become lawbreakers. Finally, more people should be willing to sue under the law to demand their rights. At present, there are only two full-time lawyers doing this kind of work, both of whom work for the Freedom of Information Clearinghouse. The news media especially should provide legal support for their reporters when they are denied pertinent information. With more teeth and with more energy behind it, the Freedom of Information Act might yet fulfill that lofty expectation of creating an informed citizenry.



This is an ice cold Oly. The taste is crisp, clean, light and refreshing. And it's the best

reason in the world for being thirsty.

Because when you're really hot and dry, ice cold Oly makes it worth getting thirsty in the first place.

Olympia. You owe it to yourself.

All Olympia cans and bottles are recyclable



Last year, 73,000 Californians were arrested for smoking an herb that Queen Victoria used regularly for menstrual cramps.



It's a fact.

The herb, of course, is cannabis sativa. Otherwise known as marijuana, pot, grass, hemp, boo, mary-jane, ganja—the nicknames are legion.

So are the people who smoke it.

By all reckoning, it's fast becoming the new national pastime. Twenty-six million smokers, by some accounts—lots more by others. Whatever the estimate, a staggeringly high percentage of the population become potential criminals simply by being in possession of it. And the numbers are increasing.

For years, we've been told that marijuana leads to madness, sex crimes, hard-drug usage and even occasional warts.

Pure Victorian poppycock.

In 1894. The Indian Hemp Commission reported marijuana to be relatively harmless. A fact that has been substantiated time and again in study after study.

Including, most recently, by the President's own Commission. This report stands as an indictment of the pot laws themselves.

And that's why more and more legislators are turning on to the fact that the present marijuana laws are as archaic as dear old Victoria's code of morality. And that they must be changed. Recently, the state of Oregon did, in fact, decriminalize marijuana. Successfully.

Other states are beginning to move in that direction. They must be encouraged.

NORML has been and is educating the legislators, working in the courts and with the law-makers to change the laws. We're doing our best, but still, we need help. Yours.

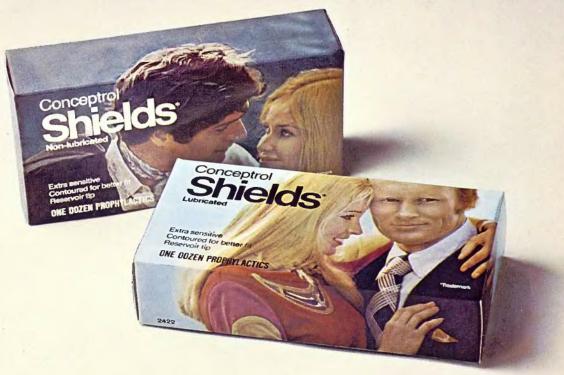
YORM	OF MARIJUANA LAW	L. 2073 GREENWICH ST.
		ents and Military \$10.00) help with a contribution.
Send along the foll- sale go toward furt		All the proceeds from their
# W #	KERS @ 3 for \$1.00	_STAMPS @ \$1.00 per Sheet
4 M. Jack 1 1 1	T-SHIRTS @ \$4.50 cachXL	GOLD MARIJUANA LEAF PINS @ \$1.00 each
Send along addition	nal information.	
NAME		
ADDRESS		

You can tell a lot about an individual by what he pours into his glass.



A blend of 100% Irish Whiskies, 86 Proof, Bottled in Ireland, The Jos, Gameau Co., New York, NY @1974

New Conceptrol Shields. A prophylactic created to make you feel like you're not wearing anything.



The whole idea behind Conceptrol Shields is to allow two people sensitivity when using a prophylactic.

To do this, we had to make a change: we changed the basic shape of the prophylactic so it would fit you better. **Sensitivity:** The change wasn't drastic, but from the shape you know to a slightly contoured shape at the head. We feel this slight change will make

Conceptrol Shields conform easier to you, and give you a fit you're not getting from an ordinary prophylactic.

Strength: Conceptrol Shields are made from very thin latex. The thinnest we can possibly use and still maintain our quality control standards.

Comfort: They have a reservoir tip—a receptacle at the tip of the prophylactic. It allows you greater comfort.

Lubrication: They have a special dry lubricant which makes them neater than prophylactics with wet lubricants. They're also available non-lubricated.

Conceptrol Shields. Comfortable, strong and allow sensitivity.

We believe they're going to change your attitude about using prophylactics. Available nowat your local pharmacy.



attention it did chiefly because he misleadingly billed it as a "Columbia University study" in what appeared to be an official Columbia University news release dramatically announcing "the first direct evidence of cellular damage from marijuana in man." This pleased neither Columbia (which grants its faculty academic freedom but does not endorse their private projects) nor other scientists (who consider it unethical and unprofessional to hold press conferences on studies before they are published and available for examination).

We asked several biologists, pharmacologists and drug experts their opinions of the Nahas study. They all faulted it on a number of points, but mainly on these four:

 The conclusions Dr. Nahas draws from his in vitro (test tube) study are not supported by the extensive in vivo (live subjects) research and laboratory studies sponsored by the U.S. or other governments.

• There is no epidemiological evidence of increased infection rates resulting from marijuana use, even from college health authorities on campuses where pot smoking has been chronic for many years.

• While the Nahas study controlled for mind-altering drugs such as LSD and amphetamines, both the test subjects and the older control group apparently used other drugs (alcohol, nicotine, caffeine and aspirin) that are known to affect blood chemistry, especially in test-tube experiments.

 The Nahas study supplies too little information to permit any independent analysis of its data or its methodology.

Each of these critics stated that such flaws do not mean the Nahas study should be rejected out of hand; they simply believe that it should be greeted with cautious skepticism until it can be replicated by researchers whose personal commitments are less likely to influence the outcome of their experiments. Marijuana should be considered possibly harmful, but those who use it should not be subjected to criminal penalties. Prison is a proven health hazard.

THE BULGARIAN CONNECTION

For many couples, the years between 45 and 60 are a time of sexual experimentation, and those who have enjoyed most other kinds of fun turn, for a final fillip, to what some people call Greek sex, others buggery, others anal eroticism. The term Greek sex, I believe, derives from classical times, when the gentlemen of the Hellenic city-states were wont to have anal intercourse with young boys. In the Middle Ages, the Albigensian heretics of southern France were accused of practicing anal coition. Their religion was supposed to have originated in (continued on page 160)



West: 13300 S. Estrella, Los Angeles 90248 / Midwest: 1500 Greenleaf, Elk Grove Village, III. 60007 / Canada: S. H. Parker Co.

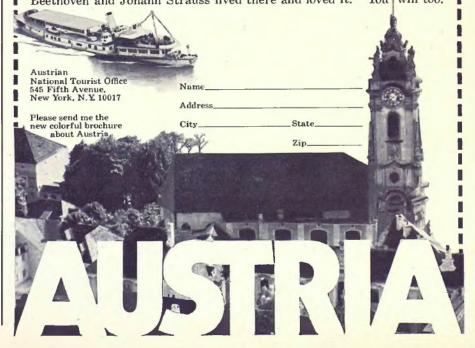
If you long for the good life, come to Austria, the most European country. In this jewel of a vacationland, two thirds the size of New York State, you can find all the marvelous experiences you came to Europe for.

State, you can find all the marvelous experiences you came to Europe for.
There is history. Austria has more castles and palaces to visit than any comparable area in Europe.

There are ballets, operas and concerts—a cultural season that goes full tilt 12 months a year.

There is scenery. Snow-covered Alps. Mountain lakes. Lush forests and medieval cities—citadels of the arts.

There is good eating. Austria's gracious restaurants are known the world over. The elegant and the rustic. Come to Austria. Mozart, Beethoven and Johann Strauss lived there and loved it. You will too.



THE GREAT GATSBY SOUNOTRACK. 2 LPS ROY CLARK: 68582 The Entertainer

STEELY DAN: Pretzel Logic

68578 BACHMAN-TURNER **OVERDRIVE II** ANNE MURRAY: Love Song 48831 JIM CROCE: Don't Mess Around With Jim

STEVIE WONDER: 31411 Innervisions POINTER SISTERS: 68539 That's A Plenty Blue Thumb 33142 LEO KOTTKE:

Ice Water

STEVE MILLER BAND: The Joker Capitol 68337 STEVIE WONDER: Tamla Talking Book 31207 JOHN DAVIDSON: 31347 Well Here I Am



AT LAST A RECORD & TAPE CLUB WITH NO "OBLIGATIONS"—ONLY BENEFITS

Yes! Take as many TAPES (cartridge or cassette) or Stereo LPs as you want-they're only 1.00 each when you join Record Club of America for low \$5 Lifetime Membership fee. Absolutely NO OBLIGA-TION to buy anthing ever! This is JUST AN INTRODUCTION to the kind of GIANT SAVINGS you can enjoy every day FROM THE INSTANT YOU JOIN. Because we are not OWNED...NOT CONTROLLED...NOT SUBSIDIZED by any record or tape manufacturer anywhere, you always get the world's lowest prices-GUARANTEED DISCOUNTS UP TO 81%—on records and tapes of ALL LABELS!

See Why 4,500,000 Record and Tape Buyers Paid a Lifetime Membership Fee to Join Record Club of America when Other Clubs Would Have Accepted Them FREE!

Compare and see!	RECORD CLUB OF AMERICA	Club A (as advertised in TV Guide, July '73:	Club B (as advertised in Oui, Aug. '73)	Club C (as advertised in TV Guide. May '73)	Club D ias advertised in TV Guide. Dec. '73)
CAN YOU CHOOSE FROM ALL LABELS?	YES! Choose recordings on any label. No exceptions! Over 300 different manufacturers including Capitol, Columbia, RCA, Angel, London, etc.	NO	NO	NO	NO
CAN YOU PICK LPS AND TAPES, INCLUDING CARTRIDGE AND CASSETTE TAPES?	YES! Pick LPs OR 8-track tape cartridges OR tape cassettes. No restrictions. No additional membership fee or separate "division" to join!	NO	NO	NO	NO
MUST YOU BUY A "MINIMUM" NUMBER OF LPS OR TAPES? HOW MANY?	NONE! No obligations! No yearly quota! Take as many, as few, or nothing at all if you so decide.	11 LPs/ 8 Tapes	12 LPs/ 12 Tapes	12 LPs/ 12 Tapes	12 LPs/ 12 Tapes
HOW MUCH MUST TOU SPEND TO FULFILL YOUR LEGAL OBLIGATION?	ZERO DOLLARS! You don't have to spend a penny-because you're not "legally obligated" to buy even a single record or tape!	\$58.42 to \$80.69	\$73.87 to \$97.87	\$97.36 to \$111.36	\$71.76 to \$83.76
CAN YOU BUY ANY LP OR TAPE YOU WANT AT A DISCOUNT?	ALWAYS! Guaranteed dis- counts up to 81% on LPs and tapes of ALL LABELS!	NO	NO	NO	NO
DO YOU EVER RECEIVE UNORDEREO LP: OR TAPES?	NEVER! There are no cards which you must return. Only the records and tapes you want are sent — and only when you ask us to send them.	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes

Record Club of America —

The World's Largest and Lowest Priced

Record And Tape Club

BACHMAN-TURNER OVERORIVE 32774 Mercu COMMANDER COOY & HIS LOST PLANET AIRMEN ive From Deep In The Heart Of Texas LINDA RONSTADT: Different Drum 33145 THE CRUSADERS: Scratch Blue Thumb 68581 MOCEDADES: 685 Eres Tu (Touch The Wind) Tara 68552 JAMES TAYLOR & Eupho THE FLYING MACHINE DIANA ROSS: M Last Time I Saw Him **B.J. THOMAS:** Longhorns& Londonbridges TOM T. HALL: 68561 Mercu For The People in The Last Hard Town **OIANA ROSS** 20842 Lady Sings The Blues Motown DIANA ROSS: Motow Touch Me In The Morning JOHN DENVER WITH 68564 THE MITCHELL TRIO DONNA FARGO: 68584 All About A Feeling BREWER & SHIPLEY: Shake Off The Demon 65827 SMOKEY ROBINSON & THE MIRACLES GREATEST HITS 2LPs & 2 Tapes Tamia 30487 30487 SMOKEY ROBINSON & THE MIRACLES 31300 68585 Neigh MELANIE: Madrugada JIMMY BUFFET: 68563 Living & Dying In 1/4 Time ABC/Ount SERGIO MENDES **32144** Bell **BRAZIL 77:**

JOHNNY TAYLOR: Taylored In Silk 32747 RICK OERRINGER & 68567 THE McCOYS: Outside Stuff 2 LPs & 2 Tapes Mercu SERGIO MENOES/BRAZIL 77: Vintage 74 Rell 68565 Bell 68565 **EOOIE KENDRICKS:** 68577 FARON YOUNG: 33147 Some Kind Of Woman 68568 Mercu STATLER BROTHERS: Thank You World **BEST OF THE BEACH BOYS** 35738 **VOLUME II** JOHNNY RODRIGUEZ: 33148 My Third Album Mercu SMOKEY ROBINSON: **Pure Smokey 68574** Tamla 68436 JIM CROCE: I've Got A Name 32806 Capitol **HELEN REDDY:** Long Hard Climb JIM CROCE: 31306 Life & Times 43920 URIAH HEEP: Mercu Demons & Wizards **GRAND FUNK:** 32805 We're An American Band Capitol 32689 JOE WALSH: The Smoker You Drink The Player ABC/Dunhi You Get GLADYS KNIGHT & THE PIPS: Budda 68212 LETTERMEN: Capito Alive Again Naturally HISTORY OF THE RIGHTEOUS BROTHERS **B.J. THOMAS GREATEST HITS** 33134 **VOLUME I**

THREE DOG NIGHT:

Cyan



Love Music

GLADYS KNIGHT &

At Last! A Record & Tape Club With No "Obligations" -Only Benefits

68562



ABC/Dunhi 68356

THE BEST OF ABC THE JAMES GANG LEO KOTTKE: 3 My Feet Are Smiling Capitol 32045

THE HISTORY OF THE NEW SEEKERS 31366 MGM

31260 URIAH HEEP: The Magician's Birthday

> 43898 URIAH HEEP: Look At Yourself

31359 Polydor ERIC CLAPTON: Clapton

K. KRISTOFFERSON: Silver Tongued Devil & I Monum 31496

BUFFY SAINT MARIE: She Used To Wanna Be A Ballerina

JOAN BAEZ GREATEST HITS AND OTHERS

ALLMAN JOYS: 68382 Dial Early Allman

BEETHOVEN 21551 Yorks PIANO SONATAS

31308 Pride HISTORY OF THE GRATEFUL DEAD

To Buy Anything Ever!



STEPPENWOLF 16 GREATEST HITS HELEN REDDY: Capitol Don't Know How To Love Him **ARTHUR FIEDLER &** THE BOSTON POPS Polydor 31271 VICKI LAWRENCE: The Night The Lights Went Out In Georgia Bell 32012 Bell 32012 AROUNO THE WORLD WITH THREE DOG NIGHT 2 LPS & 2 Tapes ABC/Dunhi 31333 68210 New Ragtime Follies DONOVAN: 68420 Early Treasures K. KRISTOFFERSON: 30168 Jesus Was A Capricorn A TRIBUTE TO BURT BACHARACH Scept 33194 STATLER BROTHERS: 32022 DOCTOR ZHIVAGO: ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK STEREO SYSTEMS 27012 * MARIE OSMOND: 31448 Paper Roses **OSCAR PETERSON** 5TH DIMENSION: Greatest Hits On Earth 61879 Rell

TCHAIKOVSKY VIOLIN
CONCERTO IN D MAJOR

11408
Meladiy

DIANA ROSS & MARVIN GAYE

KENNY ROGERS & THE FIRST EDITION:

BURT REYNOLDS: Ask Me What I Am

PROKOFIEV:

Alexander Nevsky

JUD STRUNK:

Daisy A Day

11406 Melodiya

68404 Motown

31386

68369 Mercu

32052 MGM

136Y

4

Record Club of America

GREATEST NEW MEMBER OFFER IN RECORD AND TAPE HISTORY

Other record and tape clubs make you choose from just a few labels. They make you buy up to 12 records and tapes a year. And if you don't return their monthly IBM cards, they send you an item you don't want and a bill for up to \$8.38. At Record Club of America we've BANISHED AUTOMATIC SHIPMENTS FOREVER! You NEVER receive an unordered recording. NEVER have to return any cards. You get only WHAT YOU WANT . . . WHEN YOU WANT IT. And always at the WORLD'S LOWEST PRICES!

GET LPs ON ALL LABELS FOR \$1.69 ORLESS ... TAPES \$1.99

We're the WORLD'S LARGEST record and tape club, so we can give you the WORLO'S LOWEST PRICES on all records and tapes made. Guranteed discounts up to 81% on records and tapes of ALL LABELS! Imagine paying only \$1.69 average price for Top Hit \$5.98 Stereo LPs...including the very latest New releases. \$1.99 for \$6.98 Stereo Tape Cartridges and Cassettes. Yet that's exactly the Sale Offer mailing now to members even as you read this! YOU CAN CASH IN ON THESE SAME GIANT SAVINGS TOO—the instant you join-not after fulfilling some annoying "obligation" like other clubs

SAVE ON THIS SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER

Join Record Club of America today and you GET UNLIMITED LPs OR TAPES SHOWN HERE FOR ONLY

with check or money order for low \$5 Lifetime Membership Fee, plus 1.00 for EACH recording (a bill for the Club's standard mailing and handling fee will be sent later). Receive by return mail recordings plus incredible "BUY 1, GET 2 FREE" offer on 100's of Top Hit LPs and Tapes. New superdiscount FREE or Dividend offer every 28 days. Remember, you receive LIFETIME MEMBER-SHIP (never pay another Club fee for the rest of your life) with absolutely NO OBLIGATION to buy anything ever!

ACT NOW AND YOU GET FREE

FREE—All-Label Lifetime Oiscount Membership Card. FREE—Giant Master Discount Catalog of all readily available records and tapes. FREE— subscription to Oisc & Tape Guide Magazine. YOUR OROER COMPUTER PROCESSED FOR EXPRESS SER-VICE DELIVERY—no shipping on cycle! 100% money-back guarantee

Membership Discount	any Tapes or LPs at Card, Giant All-La			
nus in nist or rahe	Guide Magazine and	the Giant	nt Catalog plus su	bscrip-
ny 5.00 Lifetime Me tandard mailing & I	mbership fee plus 1 handling fee will be	1.00 for each recor	ding (a bill for the not obligated to bi	Club's
ecords or tapes even BOVE ITEMS WITHIN	er—no yearly quota I 10 days for an imr	 If not completely mediate refund. 	delighted, I may	return
MPORTANT: Selection:	s marked * are not a	available on tape		
	OR TAPE NUMBER		, No Mixing P	Pl
	U MUST CHECK O			SETTE
Atta	ech additional she	et if more space i	s needed.	
Mr Mrs Miss				_
RT RR RD SR			Box or P O 8	OX

by Record Club of Canada. Prices and listings may vary slightly.

*These Selections Not Available In Tape

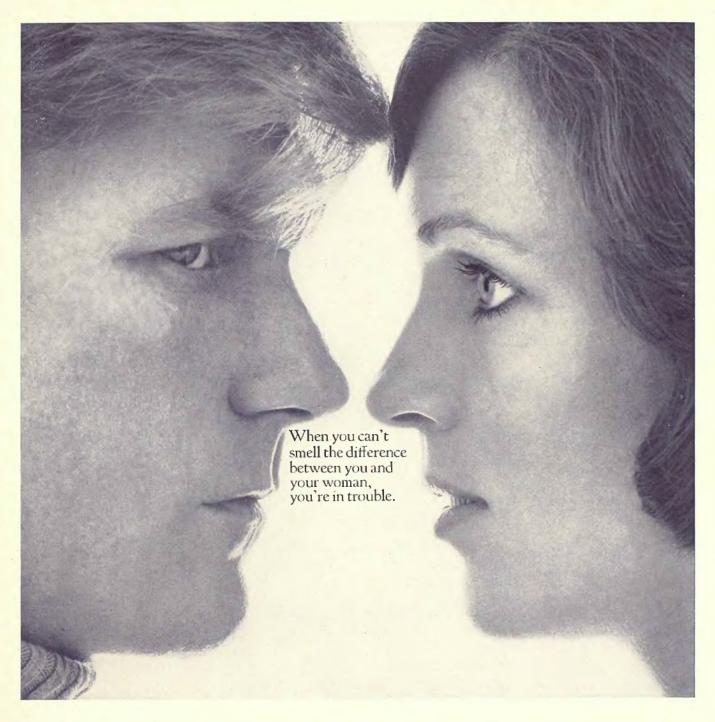
STEELY DAN: ABC 32687

Countdown To Ecstacy

21555

2 LPs & 2 Tapes HANDEL:

Water Music



Many men's fragrances smell like they're made for a woman. Either too flowery or too fruity.

Yardley makes scents for a man. After Shave and Cologne.

Sophisticated blends of unusual and costly herbs and spices that underscore who you are. And what you are.

Clean. Fresh. Masculine. Yardley. For men. Original and Black Label. We make a difference.





PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: BARRY COMMONER

a candid conversation with the crusading environmentalist

"OIL CRISIS ABATES," read the headline in The New York Times. In the adjacent column, a dispatch from Dallas reported news of a scientific gathering at which expert after expert had warned of some ecological doomsday to come. Said one: "I believe that unless we begin to match our technological power with a deeper understanding of the environment, we run the risk of destroying this planet as a suitable place for human habitation." It all sounds like a typical front page from the early months of 1974—but the date line was December 29, 1968; the oil crisis cited was caused by a truck drivers' strike rather than an Arab embargo; and its juxtaposition with the environmental story was fortuitous. Not many Americans in 1968 considered the possibility of either an energy crisis or an environmental crisis-let alone the fact that the two might be interrelated. One American who did was the scientist quoted above: Barry Commoner, director of the Center for the Biology of Natural Systems at Washington University in St. Louis.

In the years since then, Commoner has crisscrossed the country making speeches, appearing on dozens of talk shows, writing magazine articles and books—most recently his best-selling 1971 work, "The Closing Circle"—all sounding the same alarm. Air-pollution expert Lewis Green

once called Commoner "a Paul Revere waking the country to environmental dangers"; Time labeled him "the uncommon spokesman for the common man." Perhaps no other scientist today possesses so broad a grasp of the modern technological dilemma, with our insatiable demand for energy pitted against the inescapable necessity to reduce environmental pollution. So indefatigable is he in getting that message before the public that it's difficult to believe he's the same Barry Commoner who, as an adolescent, was sentenced to a corrective speech class—to overcome shyness.

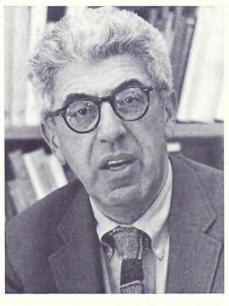
Commoner, 57, was born and raised in Brooklyn, where his father, a tailor, had immigrated from Russia. The streets were his playground as a child, but he escaped as often as possible to Brooklyn's parks, where he roamed about collecting biological specimens. An honors graduate of Columbia University, he went on to receive M.A. and Ph.D. degrees from Harvard before getting caught up in World War Two, during which he served as a lieutenant in naval aviation. In 1947, he joined the faculty of Washington University in St. Louis, where he has remained since, developing an everbroadening range of interests-and concomitant clout. He began as a biologist, and his work with the tobacco mosaic virus and its relationship to genetics led eventually to the isolation of RNA (ribonucleic acid) and the discovery of free radicals (molecules with unpaired electrons), which play a vital role in cell metabolism and photosynthesis. This, in turn, pointed the way to new methods of detecting cancer.

No ivory-tower research specialist, Commoner has long believed in the scientist's need to see the whole pictureand his obligation to speak out about what he sees. Back when the word ecology was merely an obscure dictionary entry, Commoner was warning about technology's deleterious effects on the environment. In the Fifties, alarmed about officialdom's failure to alert the citizenry about the dangers of strontium 90, he helped found the St. Louis Committee for Nuclear Information (later to become the Committee for Environmental Information) and barnstormed the country. His efforts bore fruit in 1963 with the adoption of the nuclear-test-ban treaty, but he has gone on to speak out against other menaces; notably, the pollution of air, soil and water by the excessive use of detergents, insecticides, herbicides and other chemicals.

Commoner's St. Louis center, which he has directed since 1966, is an eclectic institution through which he and his



"The current energy crunch is simply the result of oil-industry policies that have used the legitimate idea of real shortages in the future as a smoke screen for creating phony ones today."



"Nixon appointed Dixy Lee Ray, head of the AEC, to lead the task force drawing up a plan for our energy future. That's like asking the chief fox to work out a research program in the chicken house."



HERB WEITMAN

"Failure to understand—and act upon the ecological, economic and political imperatives that push us toward developing solar energy will end in disaster. It's as simple—and as crucial—as that." researchers can draw upon multiple disciplines to conduct basic studies on the complex relationships between man and his natural environment—and the ways in which the former has been poisoning the latter. To see if he has come up with any answers to the twin problems of energy and environment, playboy sent writer Larry DuBois to St. Louis to interview Commoner on his home ground. His report:

"I knew that Commoner was considered a moving force behind the environmental movement, but since I hadn't read or heard much about him in the press, it wasn't until I saw him on a Dick Cavett show last fall that I realized why. He's an impressive man: formidably intelligent and encyclopedically articulate, but in a way that communicates his wide-ranging knowledge as clearly and concisely to laymen as to his scientific colleagues. You'd never guess it, however, by looking at his office-a big old nondescript room cluttered with thousands of books on every imaginable subject and piled high with hand- and typewritten papers in seemingly chaotic disarray. But perhaps he's memorized them all, for he didn't need to consult any sources when his phone rang-as it did frequently during our taping sessions-with questions from associates working on projects ranging from utilization of agricultural chemicals to the study of carcinogens.

"I found Commoner to be not only amazingly well informed but a warm, engaging, high-spirited man who obviously enjoys his work as much as his weekend leisure time, which he likes to spend, when he can, with his psychologist wife, Gloria, on their farm in the Ozarks. Despite his congested schedule, he kept to our agreement of two or three hours in conversation every afternoon for most of a week. At the time, the energy crisis was just beginning to usurp headline attention and the public was disturbed, confused, annoyed-and slightly cynical about it. I figured that if anybody would have any answers, Commoner would. So that's how we started-with a skeptical question about the reality of the crisis."

PLAYBOY: Is there really an energy crisis? COMMONER: There certainly is, but it isn't the one the oil companies would have us believe. They've spent millions of dollars in an advertising blitz aimed at persuading the public that because the U.S. is running out of its own fuel reserves, we've been forced into increasing dependence on foreign oil importsespecially from the Middle East-and that largely because of the Arab embargo, we suddenly got in trouble. They've portrayed their own role as that of blameless public servants, just doing the best they can in a bad situation that they played no selfish part in creating. In my mind, one of the bright sides of the last few months is how quickly people saw through the flimflam the oil companies were putting out, asking us to believe that it's only an amazing coincidence that at precisely the time the public is being asked to make tremendous sacrifices, their companies are racking up the greatest multibillion-dollar profits in history. Well, it's no coincidence.

PLAYBOY: How do you know?

COMMONER: There are a lot of interrelated reasons that lead to the conclusion that it was the oil companies' drive for maximized profits that got us into the situation we're in. To begin with, there's absolutely no reason why, in 1974, the U. S. should be suffering from a shortage of the fossil fuels-oil, coal and natural gas-whether or not there had been an Arab embargo. There is enough recoverable oil under the ground in this country today-and I'm not counting the Alaskan fields that the companies are so anxious to exploit—to supply our needs. even at the rate at which we now use oil, for probably 20 to 25 years, and maybe even longer.

But let me put this very bluntly: The present dependence of all industrial societies on fossil fuels cannot go on indefinitely. There are limited amounts of such fuels on the earth, laid down once and once only over millions of years, and we are engaged in burning them up during a relatively short span of human history. We have based what we hope to be an ongoing civilization on the suicidal concept of supplying our energy needs by using nonrenewable resources that won't last, and it won't wash. It's as simple as that. The real energy crisis lies in our need to develop indefinitely lasting, ecologically sound sources of energy. The current crunch is simply the result of oil-industry policies that have used the legitimate idea of real shortages in the future as a smoke screen for creating phony ones today.

PLAYBOY: How did that happen?

COMMONER: The entire pattern of oil exploration during the last 17 years has shifted overseas. Most of the big U.S. oil firms' exploration is now taking place abroad, to the point where the amount of oil being found in the U.S. each year is insufficient to take care of our annual needs. As far as I'm concerned, our vulnerability to the Arab embargo was solely the consequence of the operating philosophy of the U.S. oil companies, who realized years ago they could get a higher rate of return on their investment by producing and refining oil abroad, and they simply walked away from exploration in the U.S. That's what made us dependent on foreign oil.

PLAYBOY: But aren't the oil companies conducting so much of their exploration overseas because, as they claim, it's too difficult to strike oil here anymore?

COMMONER: They can strike oil if they look for it. Since 1957, the number of exploratory wells drilled in the U.S., and the number of crew months worked by

geophysical exploration units in the field, has dropped by more than 50 percent. But the ratio of oil found per exploratory well drilled is constant. The conclusion one must draw from this is not that oil is becoming harder to find in the U.S. but that less effort is being put into finding it. The crews are being shipped overseas, particularly to Saudi Arabia.

PLAYBOY: Why Saudi Arabia?

COMMONER: You might well ask that, since there is also plenty of oil in Iran, which has a foreign policy much friendlier to the United States. But the U.S. oil companies chose to concentrate their exploration in the Saudi Arabian oil fields because they could get the oil out of the ground and into the tankers more cheaply from there than from the Iranian fields. So I think it's a hard fact that Saudi Arabia's ability to put the screws on us was virtually handed to King Faisal by the oil companies. The major company handling production of oil from Saudi Arabian fields is Aramco, the Arabian-American Oil Company, which is roughly 75 percent owned by four major U.S. companies; which means, as has been pointed out in the press, that the embargo against the United States was largely administered by U.S. firms. Another reason the oil companies are producing in Saudi Arabia rather than in the United States is that they've worked out sweetheart deals with both the U.S. Government and the Saudi Arabian government that allow them to escape paying income taxes in the U.S. at the same rate that other U.S. industries do. This was done under the cover of a foreign-policy decision, supposedly using oil investment as a means of supporting countries in the Middle East whose friendship the U.S. wished to court. But the main point is that it has yielded much bigger profits for the oil companies than their U.S. operations. According to testimony before Senator Church's subcommittee on multinational corporations, they paid no taxes on their overseas profits in 1972. They don't have that good a deal on the production of oil at home, so the economic incentive to produce abroad isn't hard to understand.

There is an enormous amount of hocus-pocus in the economics of how foreign oil is bought, paid for and sold by these U. S. companies, but the way the game works out, they make more of a profit by being tax collectors for Saudi Arabia than they would as energyproducing entities for the United States. Those taxes, by the way, are based upon an artificially inflated, mutually agreed upon price per barrel of oil. After the tax is collected, the oil is actually sold at a lower price.

There is another way that the Arab embargo proved a major boon to these U.S. companies. If you, as a part owner of Aramco, own underground reserves of oil in Saudi Arabia and the Arabs double or triple the price at which they sell the oil, the value of your reserves has doubled or tripled, too. That's a quick way to make money.

PLAYBOY: Are you suggesting a conspiracy between the American companies and

the Arab governments?

COMMONER: I think most people in this country are convinced that the oil companies have worked out some sort of deal-and so am I. It doesn't take much more than an elementary understanding of the basic economics of supply and demand for the Arabs to realize that the American companies wouldn't resist seeing their reserves doubling or tripling in value. So here we have the oil companies collecting taxes for Saudi Arabia, administering anti-American embargoes, trying to run our foreign policy in the Middle East-remember the oil executive who suggested, in the midst of the latest Arab-Israeli war, that we should look more favorably on the Arab side?and developing energy supplies elsewhere in the world when we need more energy developed here at home. It's a ridiculous situation, or it would be if it weren't so serious.

PLAYBOY: And all of this has been building up over the past 17 years?

COMMONER: Yes, but it's been happening even faster since 1969. Overseas oil exploitation became even more attractive after our domestic oil-depletion allowance was reduced from 27 percent to 22 percent. Before that, we used to have gas wars. Remember them?

PLAYBOY: Sure, and fairly recently we still had gasoline trading stamps, contests, free glasses. You could even get your

windshield wiped.

COMMONER: There was a service station on every corner and a battle just to keep pouring gasoline out of the pump, because the best opportunity for the oil companies to earn profits was simply by pumping the oil out of the ground. I'm told by people who know the business that there was a time in the Sixties when many of the big companies were making little or no profit on the sale of gasoline-but it paid them to get rid of it because they were making money from Uncle Sam, who handed them some of their taxes back every time they pumped a barrel of oil out of the ground. In a sense, the entire oil industry consisted of a kind of complicated pipeline that ended up in the motorist's gasoline tank solely for the purpose of sucking the oil out of the ground at the other end.

Well, when the depletion allowance was cut, they couldn't make so much at the oil-well end, so they had to look elsewhere. One solution, as I've just pointed out, was overseas exploitation. The other was to get more from the consumer—by raising prices. In order to do that, they have treated us to the spectacle of pro-

gramed shortages. We had them on a smaller scale, you'll remember, even in 1971 and 1972—long before there was any hint of an Arab oil embargo.

PLAYBOY: What kind of men are these oilcompany executives? Are they some sort

of buccaneers?

COMMONER: Well, they're certainly in business to make a buck, and they do a very good job of it. I know only one of them personally, and he's a bird watcher who gets involved in conservation and is widely regarded as a nice guy. I don't think he wants to hurt anybody. On the other hand, it's possible that he doesn't really understand what's happening. Some industry people maintain that they underestimated the demand for energy in the United States and therefore didn't build enough refineries to provide for the demand for oil products in the United States-or enough pipelines to move it around to where it was needed. They're saying they were caught by surprise. But it takes three to five years to build a refinery, and there must be hundreds of experts in the oil industry whose job it is to forecast such things.

PLAYBOY: And they didn't?

COMMONER: Well, it's an interesting thing, but Ken Jamieson, the head of Exxon, gave a speech to the Economic Club in Detroit on January 28, and he simply claimed the oil industry had made a mistake. They didn't expect domestic demand to match supply by 1973, he said. The same day, a former Shell Oil Company vice-president, in an interview in The New York Times. recalled having attended an energy-forecast meeting in 1968 at which it was predicted that the demand for petroleum products would exceed supply sometime between 1972 and 1974. I find it difficult to believe that Exxon was less competent. than Shell to make that prediction, but that's what Jamieson in his Detroit speech would have us believe.

And there was something even more interesting in that interview with the former Shell executive, something we have also substantiated through the petroleum industry's own figures. Our center here at Washington University is now doing something that, amazingly, not even the Government has done before-compiling petroleum-industry data. In the interview I mentioned, the ex-Shell man pointed out that the refineries in this country are still not operating at full capacity, and they've been fluctuating. In 1972, the refineries east of the Rocky Mountains operated at 87.5 percent of their capacity. Last October, refinery utilization hit 95.4 percent, but last March it was down to 84.4.

PLAYBOY: Why would production go down when gas is needed so desperately? COMMONER: Well, there are various reasons. One important reason is that an apparent shortage in supply is a good excuse for raising prices. At a recent Sen-

ate hearing, a memorandum from oilcompany economists recommending that supplies be reduced in order to raise prices was read into the record. And, of course, that's just what has happened since last summer-a sharp increase in fuel prices, just on the basis of a scare about shortages. And sometimes it behooves the major refineries to withhold gasoline from independent merchants in order to drive them out of the market. A number of people have said the reason for the difficulties we had in 1972 and early 1973, when there were minor shortages-again, long before the Arab embargo-may well have been the result of efforts to squeeze independents out of the market; there have been some Congressional hearings about that.

Another reason is that the balance between gasoline and fuel-oil refining, or the diversion of crude oil into petrochemical manufacturing, is entirely in the hands of the oil companies. They can decide how much of a barrel of crude oil will be made into gasoline, or home heating oil, or the chemicals that make plastics. The big oil companies are called vertically integrated industries because they do everything from getting the oil out of the ground to refining it into different chemicals and in some cases even manufacturing end products such as plastics. They decide how much of the various products to make, and they manipulate the balance solely to suit themselves-with regard only to maximizing the profits of the oil industry.

As a result of all these manipulations, the auto industry is suffering; the public is paying exorbitant prices for a gallon of gasoline-until recently, after enduring long waits in line just to get it; the poor face rent increases because the landlords say they have to pay more for fuel oil; the truck drivers go on strike because they can't afford to absorb the increase in price of diesel fuel. We're in trouble, and because of that very trouble, the oil companies are making more money than they've ever made before. And we find ourselves stampeded into acts of environmental lunacy like Congressional approval for the Alaskan pipelinealthough I think now that many Congressmen realize they've been had.

PLAYBOY: We haven't seen any evidence of that.

COMMONER: Well, they should feel had, because it's now clear that the shortages haven't been that severe and, in any case, there's lots of oil available that the oil companies have been unwilling to look for. It's been estimated that the oil on Alaska's North Slope may provide the U. S. with a two-or-three-year supply. So we've extended the country's oil resources from, say, 20 years to 23 years. For that, we may permanently wreck the ecosystem in Alaska. Is it worth it? I don't think so. Since the recent Congressional hearings, everyone knows that we

don't need to get into this dubious ecological risk in Alaska, that a relatively simple way to increase our oil supply would be to take more oil out of Texas and Oklahoma.

PLAYBOY: Why are the companies so anxious to build the pipeline in Alaska if they can get oil out of Texas and Oklahoma?

COMMONER: Because they're going to make a lot of money out of it; they got the Alaskan oil rights at bargain rates. I've seen figures on the earnings expected, and they're something in the neighborhood of 50 billion dollars.

PLAYBOY: Isn't the Alaska-pipeline controversy, during which the oil companies and President Nixon attempted to pin much of the blame for oil shortages on environmentalists, an example of the danger the energy crisis poses for environmental causes? Won't the environment, in the long run, be the big loser? COMMONER: I think the public has better sense than that. Have environmentalists been the target of the outraged American taxicab driver? The answer is no. It's the oil-company executives who have been getting it in the neck. There's been a clear-cut test case in New Hampshire. Aristotle Onassis tried to pressure the state into allowing him to build a halfbillion-dollar refinery on the seacoast. The governor supported him, and Mr. Simon, the energy czar, told the people of New Hampshire that if the refinery were built, they could be sure of plenty of cheap gasoline. But the people were unwilling to sacrifice environmental quality and they turned the proposition down. I think it's simply marvelous to see how capable people have become of dealing with these issues. I think, for one thing, they'll soon see through the phoniness of Nixon's proposals for solving the energy crisis.

PLAYBOY: In what way are they phony?

COMMONER: Take them one by one. First, the need to relax standards for the siting of nuclear plants is a total hoax, because no nuclear power plant now being planned is going to help the energy crisis for the next eight to ten years; but according to Nixon himself, there won't be an energy crisis by 1980. In fact, he says there isn't any crisis now-only a "problem." So that's simply a way of using hysteria over energy shortages to get that particular camel into the tent. Then take the business of relaxing air-pollution standards, allowing industry to use high-sulphur coal because of a shortage of fuel oil. We now know there is no country-wide shortage of fuel oil; it's simply a question of working out an effective way of getting oil from one part of the country to another, and if the Government can't organize that, they ought to turn in their buttons. And the business of relaxing automobile-emission standards is totally ridiculous, because the present exhaust devices are already inadequate for controlling pollution.

PLAYBOY: How so?

COMMONER: All they do is hold back waste hydrocarbons, which react with nitrogen oxide to form smog. Since the introduction of emission devices, Los Angeles has less smog, but the concentration of poisonous nitrogen oxide in Los Angeles' air has shot up, because it has nothing to react with. The real answer is to force Detroit to build small, properly designed engines; that will simultaneously solve both the energy question and the environmental question. But Nixon's not asking for that.

PLAYBOY: What you say may be true—that the public won't buy Nixon's arguments or those of the oil companies. But isn't it also true that there is less public concern today about ecology than there was, say, two years ago? Hasn't the furor died down?

COMMONER: It's pretty clear that environmentalism hasn't suffered a real decline in public interest. Inflation and the price of fuel are obviously concerning more people at the moment; even I am more concerned about inflation at this point than I am about air pollution, because I think inflation is a sign of very serious failures in our economic system that make it impossible to solve any problem, including that of air pollution. But people have come to realize that the very things they'd heard praised over and over again on television-big cars. detergents, synthetic fibers, all these things that were being touted as the pinnacle of civilization-are the very things that have been wreaking havoc with the environment. Concern with environmental problems has become firmly embedded in the social and political processes. There's a tremendous increase in the frequency with which bond issues and similar referendums on environmental issues win. And notice how Congress votes. An awful lot of Congressmen have been turned into environmentalists by their constituents.

PLAYBOY: And you think they'll stay that way, despite the energy crisis?

COMMONER: Because of it. Energy problems are going to be the cutting edge for environmental problems. They are inextricably linked. Most of our environmental problems come from the use of energy. To me, the striking thing about the environmental crisis is that it was produced during my lifetime as a scientist; it happened right before our eyes through a transformation of our productive technology; and the most fundamental facet of that transformation was the displacement of natural products by synthetic ones. Let me put it this way: If we could bring the U.S. environment back to where it was at the end of World War Two, I think everybody would be happy. Things were pretty good then. I was in naval aviation in

those days, and when I flew across the country, I could see the countryside, not thick brown clouds. The skies were clear in 1946. But shortly thereafter, the amount of pollution emitted each year started jumping—by ten- and twentyfold. PLAYBOY: Why?

COMMONER: Well, some of us wondered the same thing when we began back in the Fifties to track back the causes of these problems. At first we were interested in radioactive fallout, but other things kept turning up. The scientific research became as exciting as any mystery story. It was like facing a bunch of those Chinese boxes; you start opening them. always hoping to find the explanation. but there are always more boxes inside. What we discovered was that the basic cause of this increased pollution was a series of drastic changes in the technology of industry and agriculture. It's amazing how many changes took place. We accept these things now, hardly notice them, but in 1946 there were practically no plastics on the market. You didn't have all this Saran Wrap and all those plastic olive stabbers, and buttons were made of shell, not plastic. The clothes you wore were of cotton and wool, some silk. People and freight rode on trains, not planes and trucks. It takes five times as much fuel to move a ton-mile of freight by truck as it does by railroad. Yet trucking has taken over a great deal of freight hauling from railroads in the last 20 years. A returnable beer bottle in 1946 made an average of 40 round trips before it was discarded; but today every time you drink a bottle of beer. it's instant waste. Even counting the energy needed to wash and refill a returnable bottle, the cost of creating and discarding today's bottle, in terms of energy use and environmental impact, is much larger than it used to be.

You go down the line and you get the same kind of pattern. Take the automobile. Prewar cars caused no smog whatsoever, for a simple reason: Their engines ran at a temperature less than that required to produce the chemicals in exhaust that lead to smog. By raising the compression ratio, and therefore the temperature, in engines, for the sake of higher power, Detroit's engineers made smog generators-and gas guzzlers-out of the American automobile. Detergents are probably the classic case. Before World War Two, we washed with soap. Synthetic detergents now represent something like 80 percent of the cleaning agents sold, and they're made from petroleum and natural gas. So you're using fossil fuels instead of natural fats as a raw material; you're burning energy from fossil fuels to turn that raw material into detergent molecules; and your finished products, the detergents, are terrible polluters. Today, when you wash a shirt, 19 times more phosphate goes down the drain than did in 1946. So

you're expending more energy to create a given amount of cleaning substance, and you're taking a heavier toll on the environment.

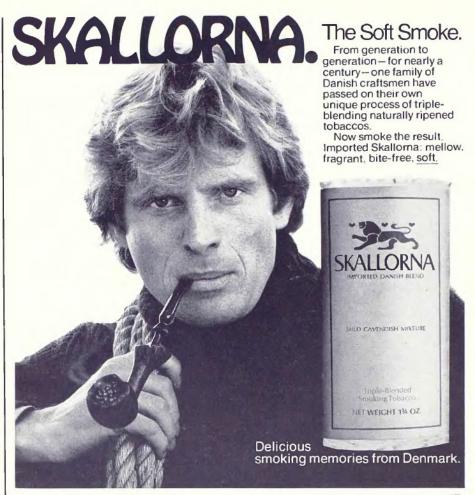
The whole petrochemical industry that has sprung up since the war has had this kind of effect. I have one of their ads that shows a woman wearing all their products-nylons, vinyl boots, and so on. The whole argument of the ad is that if we stopped producing these synthetics, we'd have nothing to wear. Well, we used to wear cotton and wool, and they covered us quite well. It reminds me of the science official in Washington I once had dinner with. We were talking about the possibility of banning DDT, and he was very much opposed to it, because he said there'd be no way to cope with insects. I asked him how he thought we were able to grow food before World War Two, when DDT was introduced. This was a novel idea that he hadn't thought of before. If you go right down the line, you find that technological changes have brought into play environmentally and energetically more senseless means of production than the things they've displaced.

PLAYBOY: In a 1970 cover story on the environmental crisis, *Time* quoted you as saying: "Once you understand the problem, you find that it's worse than you ever expected." Do you still feel that's

true? COMMONER: Well, one of the things I meant was that new problems are always coming up, and they still are. Did you read about the workers in a number of polyvinyl-chloride plants who have developed a very unusual type of liver cancer, and that it's now generally admitted that the disease is the result of exposure to materials in the plants? There is evidence that the cancer-producing agent is vinyl chloride, the raw material that's used to make polyvinyl chloride, and it's possible that some of the vinyl chloride is left in the finished product and leaks out of it when it's first used That's frightening, because polyvinyl chloride is everywhere. Most tile floors are made of it, automobile upholstery is made of it, wallpaper is made of it, clothing is made of it, and I wish we knew where the wastes are really going. We've galloped ahead to produce this stuff in enormous amounts without this problem's ever having been sensed. The environment of the workplace has been terribly neglected, and we are all paying the price with our health-the workers most of all.

PLAYBOY: Wasn't there something similar recently in reports about lung diseases among asbestos workers?

COMMONER: Yes, and not only in asbestos workers but also in people who had ever worked, even briefly, with insulating materials, or played as a child on a city dump where there was asbestos dust. And remember the women in a



BETTE DAVIS: Winner of two Academy Awards.



watch-dial factory in New Jersey who developed bone cancer from working with glow-in-the-dark watch dials? Many of these diseases don't show up until years later, and it becomes difficult to connect them with the occupational hazards that caused them.

PLAYBOY: If all you say is true, why have we, as a society, employed such foolish, wasteful and sometimes even dangerous means of production? Why were soap companies so eager to replace their relatively harmless product with detergents, which have polluted our waters and clogged our sewage systems? Why did Detroit build such big cars? Why did we substitute synthetics for cotton and wool? Why did trucks take over from railroads as the dominant freight haulers?

COMMONER: The answer lies in economics. Nearly all these changes in the character of production in the U.S. have come about because of corporate decisions. Corporations decided to set up truck lines instead of investing in railroads. Corporations decided to build those powerful auto engines and then spend hundreds of millions of dollars in advertising over the years to persuade the public that's what they needed.

A good test case involves soap and detergents, because the same companies that once made soap now make detergents. Imagine this scenario at a soap company making soap flakes. The engineer comes in from the researchand-development division and says, "Gentlemen, we have a new product; it's called a detergent. It'll wash very well and it's easy on the hands. It's made out of petroleum instead of palm oil. That means the price we pay for the raw material won't fluctuate with the agricultural market. Furthermore, we've done a cost accounting on the manufacture of soap and detergents and the profit margin is significantly bigger with detergents." I didn't sit in on any such discussion. but it has to be what happened. Corporate decisions are naturally based on the goal of increasing profit. That's what corporations have been expected to do, and they usually succeed-or go out of business. Synthetics have proved more profitable than cotton and wool, beer in pull-top cans more profitable than beer in returnable bottles, and so on.

PLAYBOY: Why are they more profitable? COMMONER: The case of throwaway bottles and cans is a special, and rather interesting, one. Their use came about because of the efforts of large-scale bottlers to take over the industry from the small, independent operations we used to see in most towns. As the small-town bottlers were wiped out, the stuff had to be shipped longer and longer distances, and it obviously became uneconomical to ship empties all the way back to the big plants.

The fascinating thing is that the whole process has been reversed in Ore-

gon, where—as a result of legislative action—throwaways have been abolished. There have been two results: a large reduction in roadside litter and significant losses of revenue to out-of-state bottlers—with the slack being taken up in increased sales by local bottlers. The Oregon law has certainly hurt out-of-state bottlers, but it has benefited both the local environment and the local economy.

In most instances, synthetic products are more profitable because they substitute energy for human labor: in a café, for instance, serving coffee in a Styrofoam cup rather than hiring a dishwasher. Energy has been far cheaper than human labor, and it solves a lot of other problems. Those electrons come to work every Monday, they don't talk back, they don't go on strike, they don't complain about bad working conditions. But what nobody noticed until recently was that this was accompanied by a decrease in the efficiency of power utilization. For instance, those manufacturing sectors which are particularly inefficient in their use of electricity—chemicals. petroleum refining, paper and pulp, some primary metals-have grown more rapidly than the more efficient industrial sectors. It's significant that those industries at the bottom of the list, in terms of productive value and jobs created per unit of fuel consumed, recorded the highest gains in profits in 1973, as compared with 1972, of any sector of the economy. PLAYBOY: But hasn't American industry switched to using more energy and less labor because wages are so high? Would you propose lowering wages in order to replace those electrons with human

COMMONER: Of course not. Work is both an important aspect of human experience and the basic source of all wealth. But increasing the use of energy, especially through automation, often reduces work to meaningless, routine motion and, at the same time, takes work away from people. I think it's degrading to force people to compete with energy for either the experience of meaningful work or for its rewards. I would pretty much turn things around: The wealth created by the work that people do should be divided among them equitably, regardless of the cost of energy. In a number of new technologies, of course, energy has had the effect of reducing what we might term undesirable human labor. On construction jobs, for example, you don't see people getting bad backs pushing wheelbarrows full of concrete around anymore. What you see instead is a concrete mixer or truck come up and pump concrete where you want it. I don't think anyone would want to turn that particular part of the clock back.

On the other hand, there have been ways in which energy has displaced human labor that seem to make no sense at all in terms of human values. An example of that would be the introduction of plastic packaging. Ten years ago. if you went to a hardware store to buy an electric plug, you would walk up to the counter and tell the guy behind it that you'd like to have a plug. And he would go to the wall, pull out a drawer, take out a plug, put it in a paper bag and off you'd go. If you want to buy that plug now, you have to find it yourself and you get it encased in plastic that you can't unwrap without a knife. I don't think that change has very much to do with increasing the dignity of human labor. People enjoyed the exchange with the clerk, and his wasn't a very onerous task; it wasn't hurting his health. So here is a case where plastic, which is energyintensive, has been used not for humanistic reasons but because it reduces labor costs and enhances profitability-and because it was to the interest of some petrochemical company to push everincreasing uses for new plastics.

PLAYBOY: Why has the petrochemical industry placed so great an emphasis on plastics?

COMMONER: It's a little bit like science fiction. You get the feeling that there is some self-duplicating plastic machine somewhere pushing all this stuff outthe little gadget you seal up your bread with, the rings around the six-pack of beer. I did an analysis of the petrochemical industry to find out why, and the reason is that by far the biggest cost in producing plastic or detergent or any other petrochemical product is that of raw material. Labor usually represents one percent or so of the manufacturing cost. If you can reduce the cost of making the raw material from its petroleum bases, you can increase your profit a great deal, and one way to do this is by utilizing the by-products created in the manufacturing process. The logic of this has led the industry to invent new products regardless of whether or not they're really needed by society-and then to create a market for these products.

Let's say that a committee of chemical engineers for a petrochemical company is designing a plant to produce ethylene, which they know can sell at a certain price. They know that one of the byproducts of ethylene production is propylene, and one thing they can do with this propylene is pipe it back and burn it in a reactor, which will save them the cost of natural gas, and they figure out the economic gain involved in burning the propylene. Then along comes some up-and-coming engineer who describes a chemical reaction that has just been reported in which you can convert propylene to acrylonitrile and make acrylic fibers. They don't even need computers to tell them they can make much more money by converting that propylene into acrylic fibers than they can by burning it. And so, in order to make ethylene at

\$5995
NATIONAL INTRODUCTORY PRICE Sug. Retail \$79.95

A new memory calculator breakthrough means the end of the AC adapter, rechargeable battery and small display and the introduction of a new memory system.





The world's first ambient light liquid crystal memory pocket calculator—the DataKing 800 manufactured by Rockwell International, can operate for one year on the same set of disposable batteries.

If you've been waiting for the world's most advanced memory calculator—your timing is perfect.

Powered by two inexpensive 9 volt batteries, the 800 will last almost one year on the same set of batteries or ten times longer than even the lowest drain pocket calculators. But there are several other very exciting new feature breakthroughs.

RECHARGEABLE VS DISPOSABLE BATTERIES

It all boils down to convenience vs savings. Rechargeable batteries cost roughly S3.00 per year to power the average pocket calculator. That isn't very expensive. But the calculator owner who wishes to recharge his batteries is always at the mercy of his AC adapter/charger. And the adapter 1) is always subject to malfunction, 2) is often heavier than the calculator and 3) requires AC power to drive it.

If you've ever been on an airplane when your calculator pooped out or if you have been unable to use your calculator because your AC adapter didn't work, you can appreciate the convenience of the disposable battery. But disposable batteries are more expensive—an average of about S4 to S7 to operate the average calculator per year.

The DataKing 800 costs roughly \$1.00 per year to operate using readily available 9 volt batteries. Therefore no AC adapter is required nor is one provided.

BIG DISPLAYS VS SMALL DISPLAYS

The display is the biggest consumer of battery power in a calculator. The bigger the display, the more power required to light it. Sunlight can easily overpower the display's light-emitting elements making legibility impossible.

The DataKing 800 has a large easy-to-read liquid crystal display. When small electrodes, arranged to form digits, are charged by micro-currents of electricity, the liquid crystal turns opaque. The resulting numbers must then be illuminated by a light source to provide the contrast needed to read the display. The 800 employs a light-gathering prism that eliminates any need for an internal lighting system and consequently uses a mere fraction of the power required by other conventional calculators. And the brighter the room light, the easier it is to read—even in sunlight.

NEW CLICK-THRUST KEYBOARD

The DataKing 800 has taken the full-thrust keyboard feel and added a click to provide the world's first "click-thrust" keyboard. Not only do you get a very positive data entry feel, but your chance of false entry is greatly minimized by the unique widely-spaced keys.

NEW ACCESS MEMORY SYSTEM

Memory on a calculator is such an important feature that units without it are practically outdated. Memory permits you to store individual numbers or answers to calculations in a memory bank and then recall the total of those numbers directly onto your display without erasing the total in your memory.

The DataKing 800 has the new access memory. You can now take any number on your display and divide or multiply your memory total by that number—all while retaining that same number on your display. No other calculator has this feature. For example, to add a number to memory, press "M" and the plus key. To divide a number into memory, press "M" and the divide key.

MANY OTHER FEATURES

Now that we've told you all about those revolutionary features, here are some additional qualities that make the DataKing the nation's unquestioned memory leader.

1) Easiest to use Even if the 800 is your first pocket calculator, you'll find it a snap to learn. The algebraic logic (you perform the functions as you think) makes it easy to perform chain calculations. The automatic constants on all six functions require no separate switch to turn on, and there's a separate memory-plus and memory-minus entry system.

TEXAS INSTRUMENTS

America's leading brand-name calculator is Texas Instruments. TI recently announced their new TI 2550 memory unit for \$99.95. That same calculator is now outdated by the introduction of the 800. The TI 2550 uses rechargeable batteries and has a small display and the older chain memory system. Compare price, features, performance and dependability, and you can easily see why the DataKing is America's greatest memory calculator value.

2) The best percentage system To add 5% to a S50 purchase, simply enter S50, then press the plus key, the 5 key and then the percent key. The percentage amount of \$2.50 is displayed. Then press the equal key—\$52.50 is displayed. In short, you perform percentage problems exactly as you think for both addition, subtraction, multiplication and division.

3) The finest display The large 8-digit liquid crystal display with floating decimal has negative balance and overflow indicators. You can also clear any overflow condition and continue your calculations.

4) Shock resistant The calculator enclosure also eliminates the need for a carrying case and provides a high degree of shock resistance. The display and prism are recessed and thus protected by its rugged high impact resistant case even when accidentally dropped.

5) Handsome styling Rarely do you find so many outstanding features in a highly-styled calculator. The DataKing 800 measures only 1½" x 3½" x 6" and weighs only 10½ ounces. Other features include a clear entry system for memory or mistaken entries, zero suppression, and a full floating decimal.

You are no doubt familiar with Rockwell International and their approach to quality. The DataKing 800 is no exception. Although the 800 was designed to be service-free, your unit is backed by a one year warranty and DataKing's national service-by-mail facility. DataKing, Inc. is a well financed and established company and a leading consumer electronics firm—further assurance that your modest investment is fully protected.

JS&A is so convinced that the 800 is the best memory unit you can buy that we are making the following offer: try the DataKing 800 for a full month. Compare it with every other calculator on the market for features, value, keyboard—whatever. If you are not absolutely convinced that it is the finest calculator value ever offered, return it anytime within that month for a prompt and courteous refund. Truly an unprecedented offer.

EXCHANGE YOUR PRESENT UNIT

Want to exchange your old, outdated calculator for the DataKing 800 without losing too much money? We've got a way. After you are absolutely satisfied with your Data-King 800, send us your outdated unit. JS&A will then send it to a deserving school, non-profit organization, or charitable institution who in turn will send you a letter of appreciation and a certificate acknowledging your contribution. Then use that contribution as a legitimate deduction on your income tax return. You'll be helping somebody in need, while justifying the purchase of the latest calculator technology.

TO ORDER BY MAIL

Each unit is supplied with batteries, warranty card and a thorough instruction booklet. To order the 800 simply send your check for \$62.45 (\$59.95 plus \$2.50 postage and handling Illinois residents add \$3.00 sales tax) with your name, address, city, state, and zip code to the address shown below. If you wish to charge the 800 to your Master Charge, 8ankAmericard, Diners Club, or American Express credit card account, call our toll-free number or send us a brief note listing all numbers on your credit card, expiration date, signature and telephone number. Pick up the phone and order your DataKing 800 at no obligation today.

CREDIT CARD BUYERS CALL:

(800) 323-5880

IN ILLINOIS CALL (312) 498-6900 Lines open until 11pm (C.S.T.)



4200 Dundee Rd. Northbrook, Illinois 60062 a high profit, they *create* a market for another petrochemical product, and the public has a new synthetic kind of rug that is advertised as progress.

PLAYBOY: And the petrochemical company is using still more fossil fuels, because now it's buying the natural gas it wouldn't have had to purchase if it had burned the propylene.

COMMONER: Yes. The petrochemical industry is a powerful parasite on the energy industry and the environment; it competes with farmers for fuels such as propane and drives that price up, which we finally pay for in higher food prices. The petrochemical people say they use only five percent of the energy in the country, but it's really more like ten percent, because they also use fuel as raw material. But it's very profitable. Let's face it: Production of synthetic products is more profitable than production of natural ones. And what all this means is that over the last 25 years, the economic system of the U.S. has traded long-term stability for enhanced short-term gains in profitability. And I think this raises some crucial political questions-most profoundly, the question of whether or not it makes sense to continue to govern the use of fossil fuels and other resources in this country the way we have in the past. Are we willing to allow the development and availability of a resource as absolutely essential as energy to be governed by decisions based on the profitability of a single company or a single industry?

PLAYBOY: What would your answer be? COMMONER: This is a political question, and my role as a scientist is to provide the information we need to answer it. Political questions have to be decided by everyone. But knowing what I now know about (A) the importance of energy in our productive system, (B) the policy of energy development and use that has been generated as a result of private enterprise and (C) the problems that have arisen as a result, I thinkspeaking as just one voter-that we should govern the use of energy in the United States according to public welfare rather than private profit. What that means is that the energy industry needs to be owned and operated for and by the public.

PLAYBOY: Are you advocating nationalization of, say, the oil companies?

commoner: We have to face that alternative. Let me put it this way: For the last generation, we've allowed oil executives to make their decisions—thousands of separate decisions about looking for oil, what products to make, where and when to build refineries, and so on—based solely on the criterion of what was good for their stockholders. All these decisions have been made by a small handful of executives and industry committees. And they made some very smart decisions, given their criterion: profit. Exxon

made 2.4 billion dollars in profits last year. But it would have been a miracle if by accident all those decisions based on profitability had turned out to give the U. S. the kind of energy it needed, without polluting the environment, at a price people could afford to pay, where and when they wanted it. And the miracle didn't happen. On the contrary, what we're learning now is that there are very serious contradictions between those decisions and the well-being of the country. You could go so far as to say the American oil companies have put themselves in an antinational position.

PLAYBOY: Nationalization of an industry has always been a dreaded specter to American businessmen, politicians and most voters. Do you think that even something as dramatic as the energy crisis could change attitudes enough to make nationalization a realistic possibility?

COMMONER: I think that if we can keep our wits about us, and if Mr. Nixon and his janissaries don't succeed in orchestrating any new panies over the energy situation, we'll see at least some discussion of this in the next Presidential campaign. Several Senators have already advocated some type of Federal control over the energy industry and perhaps over the transportation system. I mean, our transportation system is sick, and it's causing a large part of our energy and environmental problems. Look at the airlines. Sixteen 747s have been in moth balls because they were too expensive to fuel. Imagine the enormous capital and human resources that went into building those 747s. And because there was no planning about energy, they were sitting idle in a country where many people are still hungry and poorly housed. What that says is that the organization of our transportation industry doesn't make sense

And the biggest railroad in the country is bankrupt. So it's safe to say that private industry hasn't done a good job of organizing the railroad system. Do you realize that the U.S. railroads, and one in Canada, are the only major railroads in the world that are not nationalized? It's well known that nationalized railroads are unprofitable and, indeed, the railroads in Europe and Japan lose money; the reason is that they carry passengers, which is not profitable. In this country, we might not have any passenger service at all if it weren't for Amtrak. which is actually a subsidization rather than a nationalization of the railroads. But these countries have decided that they're willing to sacrifice the access of private industry to railroads in return for carrying passengers and freight in a way that is energetically more efficient and saves on environmental impact. I think that's a reasonable trade-off.

PLAYBOY: But would nationalization really help matters? Any opponent of yours would merely point to the U.S. Postal

Service as an example of the inefficiency of Government-controlled industry.

COMMONER: I do admit that at the present time we haven't got a shining example of a better alternative. I hear that accusation-that Government bureaucracy is inherently inefficient-every time I mention nationalization. A couple of years ago, when I first raised the issue of the inefficiency of trucks versus the efficiency of railroads and pointed out that we were letting our railroads go to the dogs, a Senator said to me, "But we don't know how to run railroads in this country." For a moment, you know. I sort of sat there stunned. Here I was in the New Senate Office Building, sitting in the august presence of a group of United States Senators, in the most powerful, technically advanced country in the history of man, and a Senator tells me that we can't run railroads. What I finally said to him was, "Isn't it time we learned?" But that's what it comes down to; it's impossible for me to believe that there is no way of setting up a social enterprise, let's say to run railroads, or to move mail, or to provide energy, that is both efficient and publicly owned and

PLAYBOY: Aren't you really raising the larger question of whether profit-making enterprises under private ownership can operate in the public interest—whether, in the final analysis, capitalism can still back it?

COMMONER: Yes, I am. But I think the time has passed when people are going to be frightened by the idea of examining the assumptions under which our productive system operates. You know, the design of the American economic system wasn't handed down on golden tablets. It's nowhere written into the Constitution, as far as I know. There is no religious reason that it should be protected from examination. Can we really meet our basic needs, protect the environment and use our energy efficiently under a capitalist organization of the economic system? It's time for us to examine that question without having any preconceived notions as to what the answer is going to be.

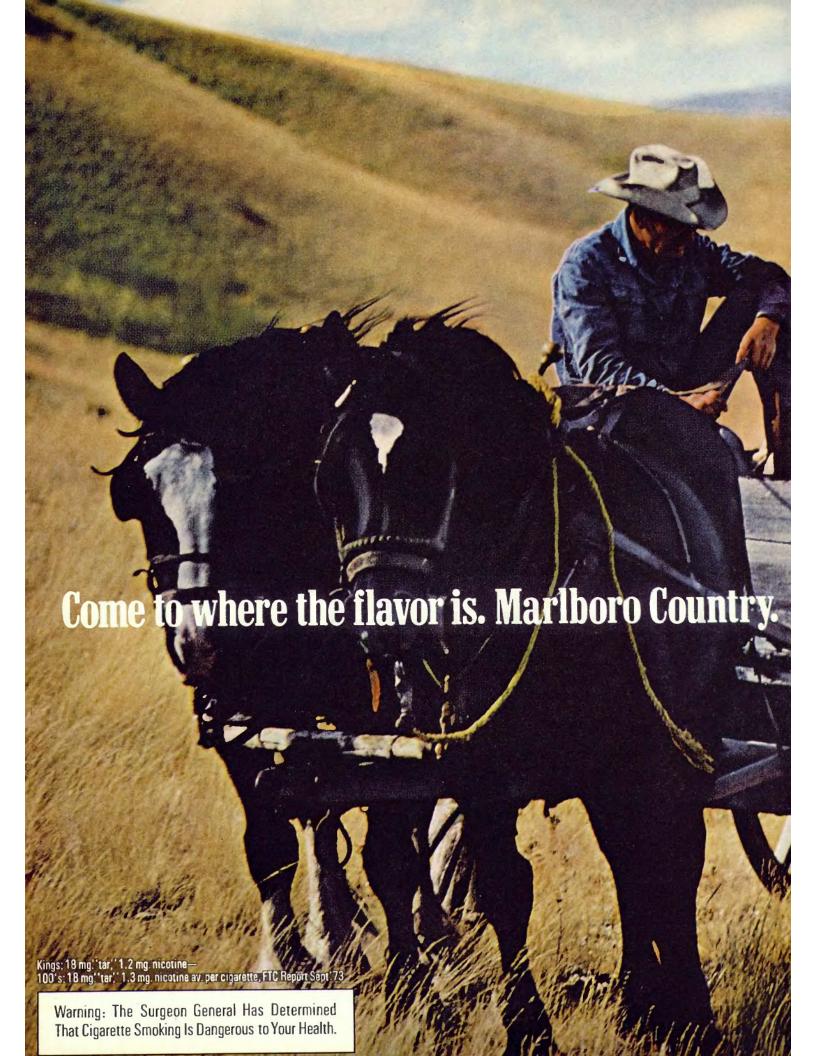
PLAYBOY: Without any preconceived notions, what do you think the answer is? COMMONER: It seems to me that if everything I've been talking about is true. then what we have to conclude is that the capitalist system has caused chaos. What do you call the energy crisis, if not chaos in the whole mechanism of production? You've got hundreds of thousands of people thrown out of work because of the energy crisis and its phony shortages: you've got such high prices for gasoline and fertilizer that auto plants are closed down and farmers can't plan their planting. Householders are told to conserve electricity, and when they do, the power companies want to

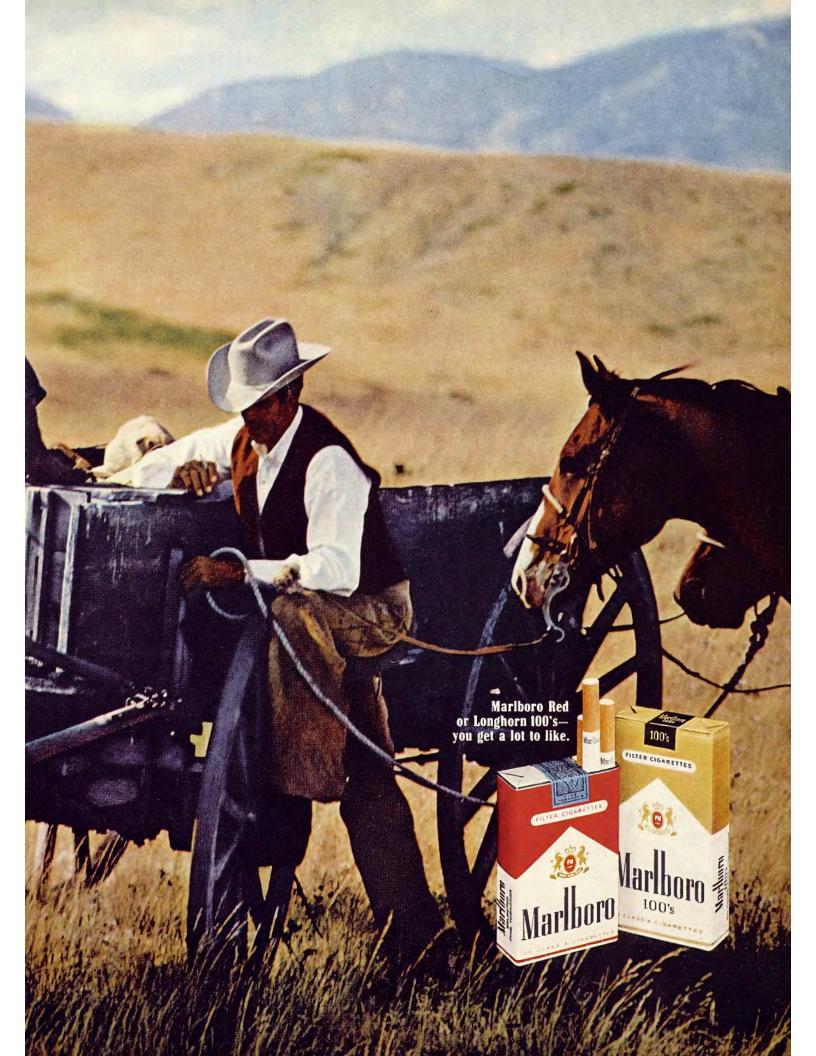
How the English keep dry.



Gordon's Gin. Largest seller in England, America, the world.

PRODUCT OF U.S.A. 100% NEUTRAL SPIRITS DISTILLED FROM GRAIN. 86 PROOF, CORDON'S DRY CIN CO., LTD., LINDEN, M.J.





raise their rates because they're selling less electricity. Then we're told that we have to stand for more air pollution from cars and power plants because low-sulphur oil has become too expensive. I read an article in *The New York Times* financial section the other day which said that the energy crisis may bring several countries to the point of bank-ruptcy. Now, *that's* chaos. I don't think anybody can escape the fact that the energy crisis is a child of capitalism.

PLAYBOY: But is there any less of an energy crisis, and environmental crisis, in socialistic countries such as those in Scandinavia, or in a Marxist society like Russia's?

COMMONER: Every time I lecture on campus, there is at least one student who asks whether we can solve the problem under capitalism and another who points out that the Soviet Union is having pollution problems, too. I think the answer is that there doesn't yet seem to be in existence a model of an economic, social and political organization that will do just what we're looking for. It seems to me that the Soviet Union has thus far fallen into the pollution trap in almost the same way that the United States has, because there you win the Order of Lenin by producing cars, not by keeping the water clean downstream from the factory.

At least that's the way it's been until now; but there are signs that this attitude may be changing. I think the basic solution is to organize society to produce goods in ways that benefit society as a whole. In theory, at least, that ought to be more in keeping with the design of a socialist system than a capitalist one. All I say is that we have to find a way to do that, and find it soon. Neither the capitalist firm of United States Steel nor its Russian equivalent can make steel unless there is enough oxygen in the air for the steelworkers to breathe and the fires to burn in the furnaces.

PLAYBOY: But isn't there an alternative to substituting public ownership for private enterprise? Couldn't the profit incentive be retained but altered in some way—for instance, by granting tax credits for developing ecologically sound products or environmentally sane manufacturing processes, so that it would be more profitable, as well as more socially desirable, to make good products? Or combine the carrot and stick approaches by imposition of criminal penalties on the executives of companies that pollute?

COMMONER: A number of economists are working hard to develop some techniques for dealing with environmental pollution and energy problems within the framework of the private-enterprise system. I think they aren't likely to succeed very easily, because all the solutions I know of only cause new problems. For example, a tax placed on polluters will only raise the price of their product, and

higher prices always place a heavier burden on the poor, widening economic inequalities. A subsidy for doing the right thing would be somewhat better, but the resulting over-all increase in taxes would also hurt the poor.

A basic thing to think about is this: In a private-enterprise system, no productive action is undertaken unless the expected return is greater than the bank interest rate. In the natural world, however, not all parts of the environmental system can produce at equal rates without breaking down. For example, an acre of Ozark pasture, kept in ecological balance, can produce much less food than an acre of good Illinois cornlandin fact, usually not enough to warrant investment. The result is that by not using such "marginal lands," we reduce the country's over-all capability to produce food. I think that an ecologically sound economic system would have to allow for the operation of different productive enterprises at very different rates of return. No one has explained how that could be done under a privateenterprise system, except by means of subsidies-which would require, in my opinion, parallel action to sharply reduce economic inequalities.

PLAYBOY: In dealing with all these problems, you stress the importance of the organization of the economic system. But many experts—perhaps most notably Paul Ehrlich, in the August 1970 Playboy Interview and in his best-selling book The Population Bomb—have stated the only solution to the problems of pollution and energy shortage lies in population control. You, however, have gone on record—both in speeches and in your book The Closing Circle—against this position. Why?

COMMONER: The argument between me and the populationists is partly one of political approach. Take the situation in the United States, which is quite different from the situation in the rest of the world. Clearly, if we could return to the density of population at the time the Indians had the country to themselves, I doubt that there would be any energy problems. All our productive activities are related to satisfying the needs of human beings; there really isn't anything that we produce to not use, except maybe nuclear bombs-I hope. It's entirely possible to take the position that one way to reduce the use of energy and the environmental impact is simply to have fewer people around. I just don't believe that's the simplest way or the best. PLAYBOY: Why not?

COMMONER: Because we can maintain the population at the present level and change technology to reduce pollution and energy consumption. I made a series of computations, summarized in *The Closing Circle*, which run more or less along these lines: Suppose we had let the

population grow as it has since 1946—which would mean an increase of nearly 50 percent—but had improved the technology of production sufficiently to keep pollution levels down to where they were in 1946, instead of rising tenfold or so, as they have actually done.

PLAYBOY: And how would you have done that?

COMMONER: In some of the ways we've been talking about-for example, moving freight and passenger traffic back onto trains, away from cars and trucks and planes; getting rid of one-way pop bottles and ring-top cans; washing shirts in soap instead of detergents. At any rate, I calculated that to keep pollution at 1946 levels with a 50 percent increase in population, we would have to improve the efficiency of technology roughly 30 percent. By efficiency I mean a measure of the amount of goods produced per unit of pollution or per unit of energy consumed. That's an effort that could be made—a 30 percent improvement.

Now, if you approach it from the opposite direction-that we accept the technological changes that have actually occurred since 1946 but keep the pollution level down by cutting back the population-we would have had to reduce the population by 86 percent. Now we've come to the end of the science; from here on, it's a political choice. There is no scientific ground on which I can say it's better to undertake a 30 percent improvement in technology than an 86 percent reduction in population. My own political choice is the first route. Pollution has been created by the people who govern our productive enterprises, and I am unwilling to let them off the hook and saddle everyone in the country with the job of solving this problem by means of birth control.

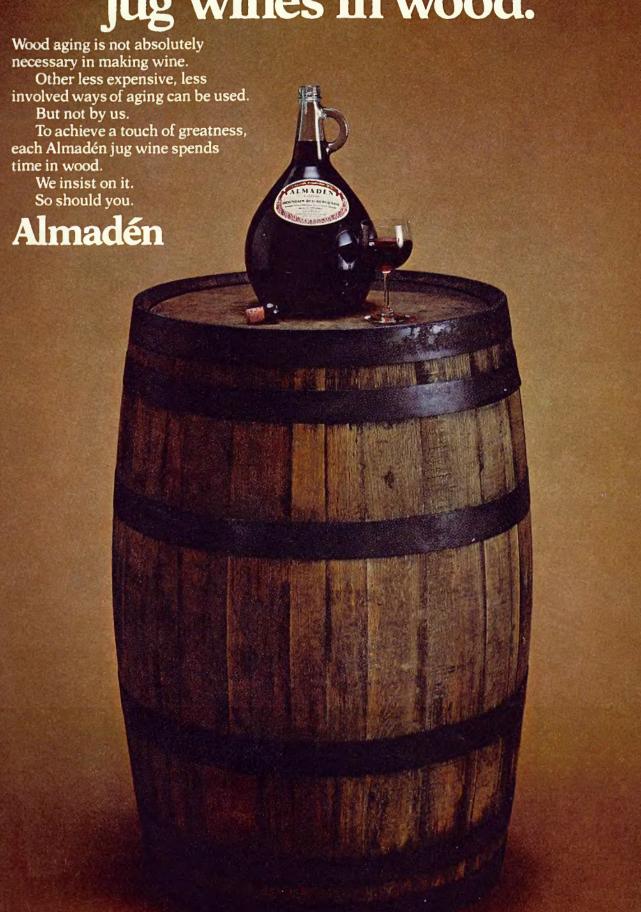
PLAYBOY: But isn't the country overpopulated now?

COMMONER: I know one ecologist who has concluded that the country is overpopulated because every time he goes on his favorite trail in the Rockies, he sees somebody. On the other hand, I know people who live in New York who *enjoy* the density of the population. They would enjoy it a lot more if conditions were more congenial; but people enjoy themselves a great deal in countries that are much more densely populated than our own—Holland, for instance.

PLAYBOY: It's apparent, at any rate, that the population growth rate in this country is declining dramatically—that the population is beginning to stabilize. Even so, doesn't what you're suggesting in the way of technological improvements to conserve energy imply a need for some rather basic changes in the American lifestyle?

COMMONER: Oh, certainly. A friend of mine recently did a study on communes

We care enough to age our jug wines in wood.



and concluded that communal living reduced energy consumption-as a result of the members' desire to de-emphasize the materialistic aspects of life. For example, instead of each household's buying its own washer and drier, the commune members used laundromats. The laundromat doesn't save on the energy used to operate the equipment; a certain number of people's clothes will fill so many loads in a washer, wherever the machine is located. But it does save on the energy needed to produce that number of machines. Of course, there are always some superfastidious persons who don't want somebody else's dirty clothes in their washer. But how about lawn mowers?

PLAYBOY: How about lawn mowers?

COMMONER: It has always struck me as a sign not of affluence but of stupidity for us to organize our society in such a way that you have to have your own private lawn mower as you have your own private toothbrush. Why not a lawn-mower station in the neighborhood with, say, 25 lawn mowers available? It doesn't even have to be that formal; several families could simply go in together and buy a lawn mower. They'd save a lot of money, as well as the energy required to build all those mowers-production of which is going up something like 15 percent annually. Some families I know have done something like that with a station wagon. What you often need in a second car is something that will lug junk around, but you don't need it very often. So these people went together and bought a communal station wagon.

PLAYBOY: Which they could also use in a car pool for trips to the supermarket?

COMMONER: Sure. Shopping is a very important factor in energy use. When I was a kid in Brooklyn, you could buy any daily need-food, drinks, clothes, lollipops-within easy walking distance, five blocks or so. Nobody needed a car to take care of all of these things. Well, today, people live farther away from stores; you can have all the good will and mother-earthy attitude in the world, but if the nearest grocery is five miles away, you drive there. A great deal of gasoline is burned simply to enable people to get the food they need from day to day. One answer to that problem, incidentally, is another communal venture-the food cooperative. People usually set them up to save money rather than energy, but they conserve that, too. Once or twice a week, some member of the cooperative takes a station wagon or a truck and goes down to the wholesale markets to buy staples, fruits, vegetables and meats, and then returns them to a neighborhood distribution point. You just go in and pick up your order. You could adapt that system to other things, too.

COMMONER: Well, for instance, one of the oldest dairies in St. Louis recently announced that in the interest of energy conservation, it was giving up its last milk-delivery routes. Milk delivery to private homes may be wasteful, but so is sending a truckload of milk to the supermarket and then having everybody get into his or her private car and drive to the supermarket to pick up one container of milk. A much better system would be to set up on every fourth or sixth corner a refrigerated vending machine to which a milk truck would deliver containers of milk every other day. All the people in the neighborhood could trot over there and pick up their milk. You'd have to figure out the exact density of distribution points, to minimize the trips for the delivery truck but at the same time make it possible for people to pick up the milk on foot.

PLAYBOY: Which, in the old urban neighborhoods, is what they used to do—at the corner store.

COMMONER: I think it may turn out that an important way to save energy would be, insofar as possible, to re-create neighborhoods, with the local store and the local laundromat and the local tavern.

PLAYBOY: Taverns save energy?

COMMONER: Certainly. You could get rid of the whole beer-can-and-bottle-production-and-disposal problem by having people drink at the corner tavern, as they do in Britain. I rather imagine their trash problem is less severe than ours, and I wouldn't argue that the British enjoy beer drinking less than we do. Another interesting side light is that one researcher has come out with a statement that one cause of alcohol problems in this country is the fact that people drink at cocktail parties or at home instead of in taverns, where there is a certain sense of community. But that's another problem. Just sticking to the energy part of it, there are many things people can do at home. Bathing Japanese style, for example, was apparently designed as a way to save the fuel required to warm water. The youngest and cleanest goes in the water first, and on up the line, using the same tub. People used to do that in this country, too, in the old days of the Saturday-night bath-before we had hot running water. When you had to heat the water on a wood stove, you were much more conscious of the energy required. But whatever means of conservation we adopt, we'll need some form of energy to heat that bath water-energy that someday we won't be able to get from petroleum or even coal, because they just won't be available anymore.

PLAYBOY: What's the solution, then? Is it further development of nuclear power, as the Atomic Energy Commission seems to be telling us?

COMMONER: The AEC people say that, but I think they're wrong. In the first

place, there isn't enough fuel to run the present types of reactors for more than 25 or 30 years, so their resource lifetime is no greater than that for petroleum. In fact, I think that petroleum, considered world-wide, would probably last longer than the uranium used to run nuclear plants. So the nuclear-power advocates say that we'll develop breeder reactors—in which there's a regeneration of fuel. That would stretch the resources very considerably; but there are serious problems with breeder reactors.

PLAYBOY: Such as?

COMMONER: The first such reactor in the United States, the Fermi reactor, was a dismal failure; it broke down and hasn't operated since. We are only now in the process of designing a prototype breeder reactor, and when you look at the track record of technical difficulties and down time compiled by the present reactors, the chance of a breeder reactor's becoming a reliable source of energy in the next 50 years is slim. And reliability, to my mind, is an absolutely essential attribute of any energy system.

Look at it this way: If your furnace at home breaks down because of some flaw, you can probably put on more sweaters or move into a motel until it gets fixed. But consider what the unreliability of fuel supply can do, for example, to corn production in the Midwest. The oldfashioned way of harvesting corn was to let it dry on the ear; the sun did the work, without using any artificial energy supply. Then it was picked and placed, still on the ear, where the air could get at each kernel, in an open-air crib to complete drying. One of the recent developments in corn production, though, has been the introduction of combines that pick, husk and strip the kernels from the ears in one operation. In other words, the combine produces a big bin of moist grain that you have to dry artificially if it isn't going to rot. So you put it in a hot-air drier fueled with propane gas, and the result is that corn production in the Midwest in recent years has become totally vulnerable to having a sufficient supply of propane gas available during the right week, in the right place and at a price the farmer can afford. If he's uncertain about being able to get it, or to pay for it-the price, remember, has tripled this past year-he just may decide this is the year to retire, or to take his land out of production for a while, or to plant some other crop. All because the supply of energy he requires is not reliable. If the future farmer is told to rely on electricity from a nuclear reactor to dry his corn, and that blacks out at the wrong time, there goes the crop.

PLAYBOY: What about the safety of nuclear power plants?

COMMONER: There are very serious environmental problems with present nuclear reactors, and those with breeder reactors will be far worse. No one really knows what to do with high levels of radioactive waste, and the problems we have now would be many times multiplied if we got to the point where we were depending on nuclear reactors for power. I think that would be intolerable. More than that, breeder reactors involve the use of plutonium, which is the most dangerous radioactive pollutant there is; for various technical reasons, it raises horrifying problems of control.

PLAYBOY: Then why is the AEC pushing so hard for nuclear power?

COMMONER: You have to remember the origins of the AEC. Our entire atomicenergy program, on which billions of dollars have been spent, was developed not because of any real concern about energy but as a way of putting a peaceable cloak on the development of nuclear weapons. People have forgotten that the first power reactor in the United States was built as a prototype for a power plant to go into submarines. In fact, the Government was unable to convince private industry to build nuclear power plants until it horsed around with the subsidies enough, and until the price of other fuels rose enough, to make it economically worth while.

You know, one of the significant things in this field is that when the private power companies were being persuaded by the Government to build nuclear power plants, they naturally turned to their insurance companies for liability coverage in case of accidentand no group of private insurance companies was willing to underwrite the risk. As a result, the Price-Anderson Actwhich in effect gave them the insurance free as a subsidy from the Government-was passed. The Government, so to speak, put the safety of its own citizens on the line and guaranteed that whatever happened, it would pay the bill. Nuclear power plants were an item the AEC wanted to sell, and it did everything it could in terms of Government subsidies, pressures and persuasion. The people who are pushing nuclear power, who say we're going to be able to rely on it, are walking blind into a cave full of tigers. No, that's the wrong image: They're leading us blind into a cave full of tigers, and I think it's totally irresponsible.

PLAYBOY: Well, then, what is the answer or is there one?

commoner: Yes, there is. Any sensible examination of the facts about global energy supplies, and of the laws of biology and physics, tells us that the only logical way in which to develop our energy system in the United States is to make it nearly entirely dependent upon solar energy, in various ways. All the energy on the earth comes from the sun—most of it as visible light and some as ultraviolet and infrared radiation. There are

several natural means of trapping solar energy: in organic materials through photosynthesis, for example. We have used photosynthetic products, such as wood, as fuels for years, but that process can be made more efficient by, for example, producing charcoal from the wood and using it in powdered form to operate high-pressure boilers.

Wind is a form of solar energy, too-a hurricane has more energy in it than most atomic bombs-and windmills can be very useful. In many places, a windmill can produce enough energy to take care of a farm; a generation or so ago in this country, they did. You might say the windmill has become a victim of the overcentralization of our economy; for a time, it was simply impossible to buy one in the United States. Now, though, there are two or three companies either building or importing them. You can use a windmill to generate electricity and store it in batteries or to pump water uphill and then have it run downhill to produce electricity. Hydroelectric power comes from solar energy, too, you see. You get water power by using the force of falling water to turn a generator. In order to fall, the water has to be first lifted, and it's lifted naturally by being evaporated by the sun, condensed in clouds, and then raining down the mountainside. In other words, the sun raises the water, and when you lower it from the mountain, you run it over a dam and produce power.

PLAYBOY: But aren't most potential dam sites already in use? Isn't there a limit to the new hydroelectric power that can be produced?

COMMONER: There is a limit to sites that are suitable for large-scale, centralized operations. The power companies have simply built bigger and bigger power plants, looking for big rivers between high mountains that you could dam up to get a high water drop. You need that to produce large, commercially profitable amounts of electricity. But there is falling water all over the country; falling slightly, but enough to generate electricity. I haven't seen it, but I'm told that the West Germans have developed a generator that can be driven by the water moving in a swift stream and will produce enough electricity for a farmhouse without the need for a dam at all.

PLAYBOY: But all of this—windmills, charcoal burners, water wheels—sounds rather quaint, not the sort of thing one would think of in developing any technology on a wide enough scale to combat the energy crisis.

COMMONER: We all have this mind-set that technology requires some huge shiny apparatus presided over by a man in a white coat, because we've artificially equated technology with bigness and complexity. But you know, a lever is an example of technology; so is a knife. I consider a windmill that pumps water up to a farm pond on a hill, connected to a pipe running down past a little generator to a lower pond, a perfectly decent piece of technology. It will do a job just as well as hooking into a power line with a nuclear reactor at the other end will, if the ponds are big enough to provide a reservoir to account for the intermittency of the wind.

The electrons that go into a washing machine don't know if they've come from a shiny nuclear-power reactor or some creaky old windmill; they're the same electrons. And that windmill is being fed by a natural energy pool, the wind, and isn't going to disturb the ecology one whit. Some of the energy in the wind will end up in your toaster, but then the heat from the toaster will go out into the air and eventually dissipate into space. All you're doing is interacting with the energy system that comprises the weather. Solar energy can be captured on this scale without any noticeable ecological disturbance.

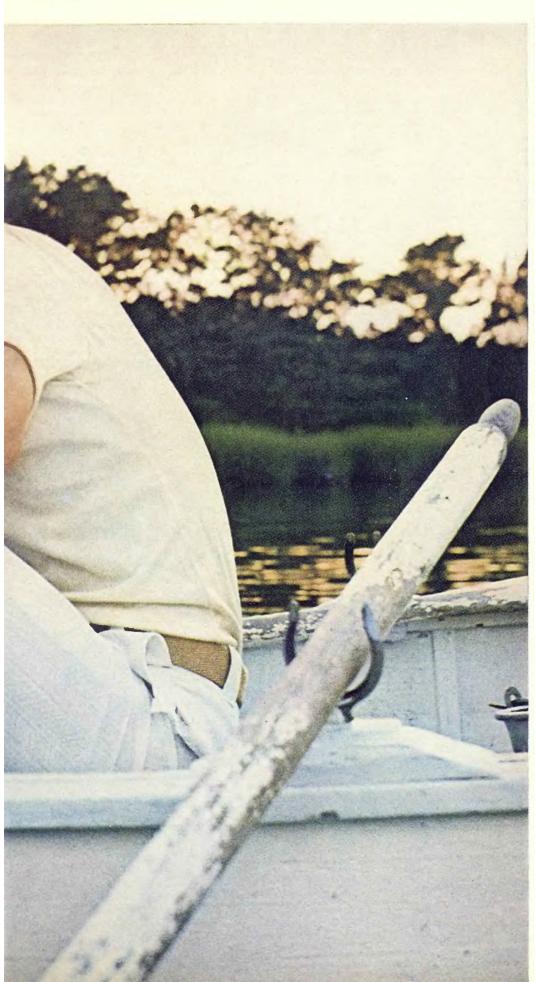
PLAYBOY: Still, all the things you've mentioned are basically old forms of technology. Are there no new ways to utilize solar energy?

COMMONER: Yes, of course. One particularly interesting proposal has been made by Clarence Zener, a very good physicist, using the temperature differential in the tropical oceans. You can get power when you have a high temperature and a low temperature, through thermoelectric effect. Zener would float devices in tropical oceans, where the natural temperature differential is greatest, which would produce, he estimates, about 60 billion kilowatts-or about 30 times the energy consumed by the U.S. in 1970. Now, of course, there are things like airplanes that don't run on electricity. So Zener would use some of that electric power to electrolyze salt water, yielding hydrogen and oxygen. Hydrogen burned with pure oxygen is, of course, an ecologically perfect fuel, yielding only water on combustion. The ecological impact of all this, Zener thinks, would be to lower the temperature of the surrounding ocean by one degree centigrade. That might have some ecological effects, but they should be minor ones. At any rate, there'd be no fuss, no fumes,

There are also ways of concentrating solar energy. Normally, after all, the sun doesn't set fire to the earth. But remember your childhood experiments with magnifying glasses? If you can collect light through a glass and concentrate it down to a much smaller area, you get enough heat to burn a hole in a piece of wood. There's a big curved mirror up in the Pyrenees that takes advantage of that principle to achieve temperatures high enough to melt steel. And a number of years ago, the Russians built a steam engine in which steam was



White rum. Puerto Rican rum. Something you can stay with.





It's only a rowboat. But it seems like more. Especially with the rest of the world still back on shore.

Now it's just the two of you
— and white rum. White rum
belongs. It's as smooth and calm
as the water. But never dull.
White rum brings alive all your
favorite beverages—tonic,
orange juice, club soda, you
name it.

Aging makes the difference. All white rum from Puerto Rico must be aged for no less than one year — by law.

White rum will always be something worth staying with. Even when you're not too sure about the rest of the world.

PUERTO RICAN RUMS

© 1974 Commonwealth of Puerto Rico

generated simply by mounting a movable mirror that followed the sun's daily path and concentrated its rays on the boiler. There's a project being developed in Texas that does the same thing in a different way, and some scientists in Arizona are working on a project using solar energy to melt sodium and get high-pressure steam. Their proposal is to cover some number of square miles in Arizona with sodium-filled pipes that will generate enough electric power to take care of a good part of the country.

But we haven't talked about all the solar-energy devices for which the technology now exists. like the windmill. There are certain major uses of energy in this country that could be taken care of within three to five years with no technical hoo-haw at all. I'm referring to residential heat. Solar devices to heat houses have been on the market since the Twenties. Not long ago, I drove from Miami Beach to Miami International Airport, and along the road, every third house-they were older homeshad a solar hot-water heater mounted on the roof. They consisted of a glass panel. usually four by nine feet, connected to a water tank. They work by the greenhouse principle: the radiant energy is trapped by the glass and absorbed by black-painted metal pipes full of water, and the hot water is stored in the tank, and that's that. Devices of that sort could probably be built for a few thousand dollars to provide all-or let's say 90 percent-of the space heating and hot-water heating for a home, even as far north as Boston. If you had a snowstorm, of course, you'd be in trouble for a while: you'd have to use an auxiliary energy source.

PLAYBOY: What about maintenance?

COMMONER: Such a device, with no moving parts, might last the entire life of the house with only periodic cleaning. Incidentally, about a quarter of the energy used in this country is for residential consumption of this sort, so this could make an enormous contribution. My own very small contribution is that I've built a solar heater on our farm. It's a very simple idea-I'd read about it someplace, about a device built once in Argentina that not only produces the energy but stores it right in the solar device itself. It's a box filled with black wax that melts in the heat of the sun, so that all you do is run in cold water, circulate it through copper tubing laid in the wax and it comes out hot.

PLAYBOY: As a dramatic demonstration, would it be possible, say, to heat the White House with solar energy?

commoner: Yes, I think so. That would be a very interesting idea. But, come to think about it, considering the present occupant of the White House, if any solar device were put in there, he might begin to call himself the Sun King. You always have to look at the political sequelae of these technical developments. Perhaps we'd better wait on that one.

PLAYBOY: Some kind of dramatic demonstration may be needed, though. Why is it that the public hasn't heard about the possibilities of developing solar energy? COMMONER: It's a scandal. Ralph Nader likes to make the crack that if we put a depletion allowance on the sun, then let somebody own it, solar energy would be developed. And there's something to that, although I'm not sure it's the whole answer. One factor, as I've already shown you, is that a very important way to use solar power is to do it on a small scale, and that flies in the face of our concept of technology. It's not highly profitable, either, because I rather doubt you would sell a homeowner a new model of solar heater every year. There's no planned obsolescence in it, so it won't become economically valuable except insofar as the cost of fuel becomes high. I'm sure that's why solar heaters went out of style in California and Florida: because fuel was so cheap.

PLAYBOY: But fuel isn't so cheap anymore. COMMONER: True, but if we simply use the economic weapon to force a shift from fossil fuels to solar heaters, it's the poor who will get it in the neck. Because as long as you can't afford to buy the solar heater to warm your house, then you have to buy fuel—at ever higher prices. What I'm afraid of is that solar energy is going to be exploited insofar as it is profitable, and we'll be backing into it without developing a comprehensive program. That would be better than the situation we're in now, but a far cry from what needs to be done.

PLAYBOY: How can you be so sure that solar energy is the right path to pursue when many students of the problem seem to disagree with you? A five-year research program voted by our own House of Representatives, for example, has been attacked as unwarranted.

COMMONER: I don't see how anyone can conclude that solar energy isn't worth developing when every one of the techniques that can be used has already been demonstrated on a small scale. All that's needed is economic development. As for opposition, you have to notice who's doing the opposing: the home builders, the energy industry, the Nixon Administration and the Atomic Energy Commission. Don't forget that in plumping for solar energy we're bucking an enormously powerful, well-heeled atomicenergy machine. Don't forget that the oil companies now own not the sun but uranium supplies. Don't forget that when the energy crisis surfaced to the point where even Mr. Nixon noticed it, he appointed Dixy Lee Ray, head of the Atomic Energy Commission, to lead the task force drawing up a research plan for the energy future of the United States. That's like asking the chief fox to work out a

research program in the chicken house. The outcome, not surprisingly, was that the report proposed that the future of the United States lies in the development of nuclear energy. What is even more disturbing is that the AEC had in its hands the report of a subpanel on solar energy which concluded that solar power could easily compete with nuclear reactors as a source of electricity. When I tried to get a copy of that report, through the good offices of Senator James Abourezk of South Dakota, it turned out to be quite a job. Neither his staff nor Senator Jackson's staff nor Peter Flanigan, a Presidential assistant, could get the report from the AEC. It was finally produced when Senator Abourezk wrote the AEC a letter citing the Freedom of Information Act.

PLAYBOY: You mean the AEC tried to

suppress the report?

COMMONER: Apparently. That sort of thing happens all the time. When the AEC or any other agency wants to do a report on anything complicated, it asks some of its staff or a group of outside experts to break down the project into different topics. Each of these subcommittees turns in a report, which then becomes the property of the AEC, or whatever agency we're talking about, and the agency can usually do with it what it wishes. Or the agency can turn over a complete report and the President can ignore it or suppress it himself.

PLAYBOY: As he did with the reports of the commissions on marijuana, pornog-

raphy and population?

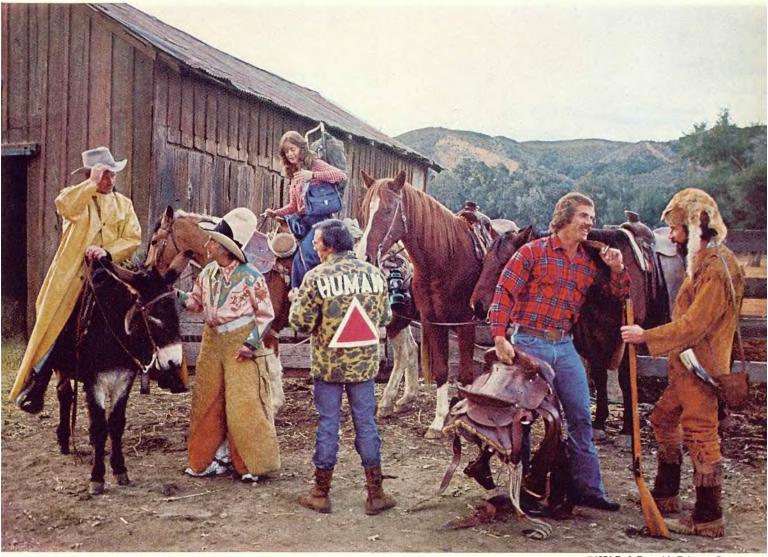
commoner: At least that information got out to the public. But in September of 1972, a Presidential commission established by Mr. Nixon to make recommendations about what should be done about the nation's number-one health problem—heart disease—turned in a long and detailed report outlining steps to be taken to improve research and treatment, and the President refused to issue that report.

PLAYBOY: Why?

COMMONER: Probably because it recommended a fairly expensive heart-disease-prevention program. But the Scientists' Institute for Public Information—I served as chairman of its board—wrote to the President and requested that the report be published. We just heard from the White House that, a year and a half late, the report is going to be published. That is one of the scientific community's main responsibilities to society—to pry information loose and see that it gets to the people who need it.

The whole thing gives me a sense of $d\acute{e}j\grave{a}$ vu. Way back during the fallout flap of the Fifties, when the Atomic Energy Commission was hatching a lot of crackpot schemes to get peaceful uses out of nuclear bombs, there was a thing called Project Chariot, a proposal to

Can you spot the Camel Filters smoker?



1974 R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.



Almost everyone at the corral today has a gimmick. Find the one who doesn't.

1. No. He's Brandon Kowz. Gimmick: Rides tall in the

saddle (ever since he sat on a branding iron). Smokes "Quick Draw" cigarettes—one draw and the taste is shot. 2. No. He's Sid E. Slicker. Outfit is his gimmick: He looks like something that fell off a wedding cake. 3. No. She's May Aiken Bach, Buys every camping gimmick made. Even her horse opens up into

a sofa. Tried an orange-flavor cigarette, but didn't know whether to smoke it—or squeeze it into her drink. **4.** Nope. He's Harry Decamp Kunsler. Wears gimmick on back, especially during hunting season. Was later attacked by a moose—who couldn't read. **5.** Right. He goes back to nature to get away from the fads and gimmicks. Likes his cigarettes natural and honest, too. Camel Filters. No nonsense. All flavor. **6.** No. He's Tim Berwulf. Gimmick:

"Expert" tracker. He once followed tracks into a cave—and shot a train.

Camel Filters. They're not for everybody (but they could be for you).

Famous Carnel Quality!

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

blast a harbor on the Alaskan coast. Someone tapped the AEC on the shoulder and said, you know, there might be ecological problems; there might be Eskimos around there, caribou, and so forth. So the AEC arranged with the University of Alaska and a couple of other institutions for a series of investigations that were done by some very good ecologists. About a year later, we here in the St. Louis unit of the Scientists' Institute for Public Information became interested in the status of the thing and we wrote to the AEC for information. They answered that they had a report on it but they couldn't release it. So we said, well, tell us who worked on it, and they sent us the names and addresses of the ecologists. We wrote to them and asked for copies of their reports, which were literally being suppressed by the AEC. Well, the reports showed that there were completely unanticipated and very serious ecological effects involved in the carrying out of Project Chariot. So we summarized those reports in our magazine. Environment, and really spilled the beans on the AEC. To make a long story short, the whole project was killed. But today, they still seem to be doing itstill suppressing reports.

PLAYBOY: If Government agencies, even the President, are suppressing information, and private industry has no incentive to support the development of solar energy, do you think we'll ever see it fully exploited in this country?

COMMONER: Oh. yes. I'm optimistic. We have to develop it. And it's just the kind of experience I've had with the Atomic Energy Commission in the past that makes me hopeful. One way political power has been maintained in this country is by keeping things secret; that's the lesson of the Pentagon papers and of Watergate. And the way in which those of us in the scientific community have had an impact on public policy is by destroving that secrecy, by destroving that exclusivity of knowledge. That's exactly what happened with the test-ban treaty. The AEC, the people in the military, knew damn well that nuclear war was an impossible risk. Either that or they were unbelievably incompetent. But they were free to act as though building up nuclear weapons were possible because that secret was theirs exclusively. When those of us in the scientific community sniffed out the facts about strontium 90 and other forms of radioactive pollution, broke through the secrecy and got those facts through to the public, all that changed. It was an aroused public opinion that led to the test-ban treaty, and I think that will happen again with solar energy. The people of this country are able to see where problems originate, once they have enough information to understand them.

My mind always goes back to an expe-

rience I had during the fight against fallout, when I used to turn up every other night, it seemed, in some church lecturing about the dangers of strontium 90. Often enough, halfway through the talk, somebody would say, "You mean we're poisoning our neighbor's well?" Once the people understood that, there was no need for an injection of morality to spur them to action. The conscience was already there, the moral conviction that you do not poison your neighbor's well. It's the same thing now with the energy crisis. People don't believe it's fair for a few individuals or companies to make money while the whole country is suffering. You may be surprised in the future, as the facts become clear, to see what good people Americans are.

PLAYBOY: You don't, then, see us racing against some inevitable doom?

COMMONER: No. I don't. Obviously. you've got to be an optimist if you've had the experience, as many of us have, of taking on the AEC and winning. As long as you share what you learn in scientific investigation, there are millions of people who, given the truth, have the conscience and the conviction to take the necessary action. I consider myself enormously lucky to have been able to use my scientific and technical knowledge as a tool with which to inform the public. To me that has been a very rewarding experience, because, in fact, people listen. Twenty years ago, when I and a few others began talking about environmental problems, we were considered ridiculous kooks, modern Jeremiahs. But we kept at it, and now people understand.

PLAYBOY: How long do you think it will take us to get on the right energy track?

COMMONER: Let's say, just for the sake of argument, that in the next election we choose a President committed to a national effort to shift from fossil fuels to solar energy, so that in 1976 we're ready to launch this shift. I'm no expert on this, but I know a little bit about how these engineering things go, and it seems to me that in 20 to 25 years, we could be three quarters of the way there. In the meantime, we know we have enough fossil fuels to keep us going while we're building up this new energy system. We could easily supply all of our fuel needs for that period by taking oil from the continental United States and mining coal in reasonable ways. At the same time, we could be cutting back on the demand for energy by improving the efficiency with which we use it: shifting traffic from cars and trucks to railroads, using natural materials instead of synthetic ones wherever possible. In other words, part of the national program would be a planned use of fossil fuels to tide us over.

The most important thing, overall, is the need to re-examine all the assumptions that we've kept hidden about the character of our productive and political systems. Isn't there some way of having both economic and political democracy in the same society? I'm not willing to accept the notion that it can't be done because it hasn't been done. With that attitude, we wouldn't have had the American Revolution. We're really in the same situation today, where we have to think openly about the ways in which we want to govern the resources we've got, so that there will be no need for crises, for shortages, for high prices—and for imposing heavier burdens on the poor.

PLAYBOY: Are you advocating a kind of fortress America in the energy sphere—a return to self-reliance on our own natural resources, with less emphasis on trade with the rest of the world?

COMMONER: By no means. I'm advocating that we be less dependent on Arab oil. because we absolutely must shift over to solar energy. But trade with other nations can be very useful both for them and for us. Take the implementation of solar energy, for example. There is no reason why the crash program to develop every aspect of it has to take place only in the United States; there's no reason why good solar heaters developed in Nigeria shouldn't be used here. As a matter of fact, one of the intriguing things about solar energy is, as I've said, that it can be exploited on a small scale. Therefore, it's highly applicable to developing countries. It's my hope that they will, in fact, lead the way, exert technological leadership. It's a great opportunity for nations that are behind in the race toward the wrong technological goalscountries whose economies are not dependent on energy-wasteful factories producing energy-wasteful products-to get ahead, to get on another track. I hope they move in that direction and show us the error of our ways. Somebody

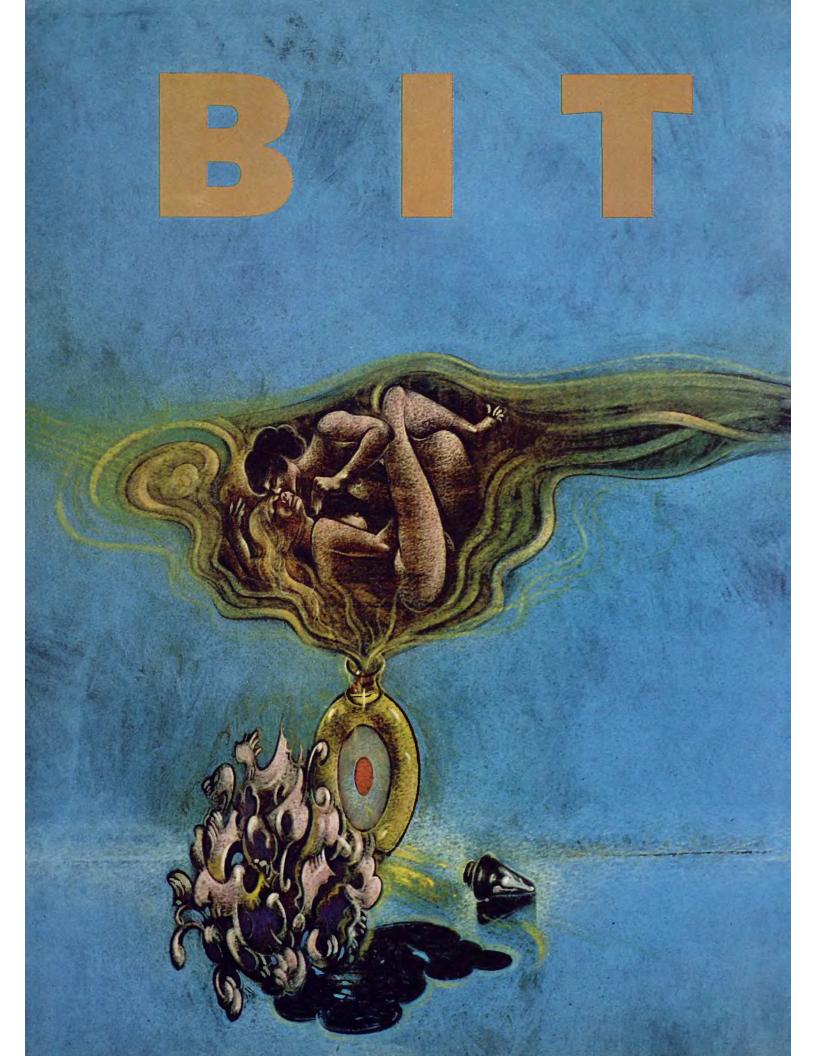
PLAYBOY: Isn't that what you're trying to do yourself?

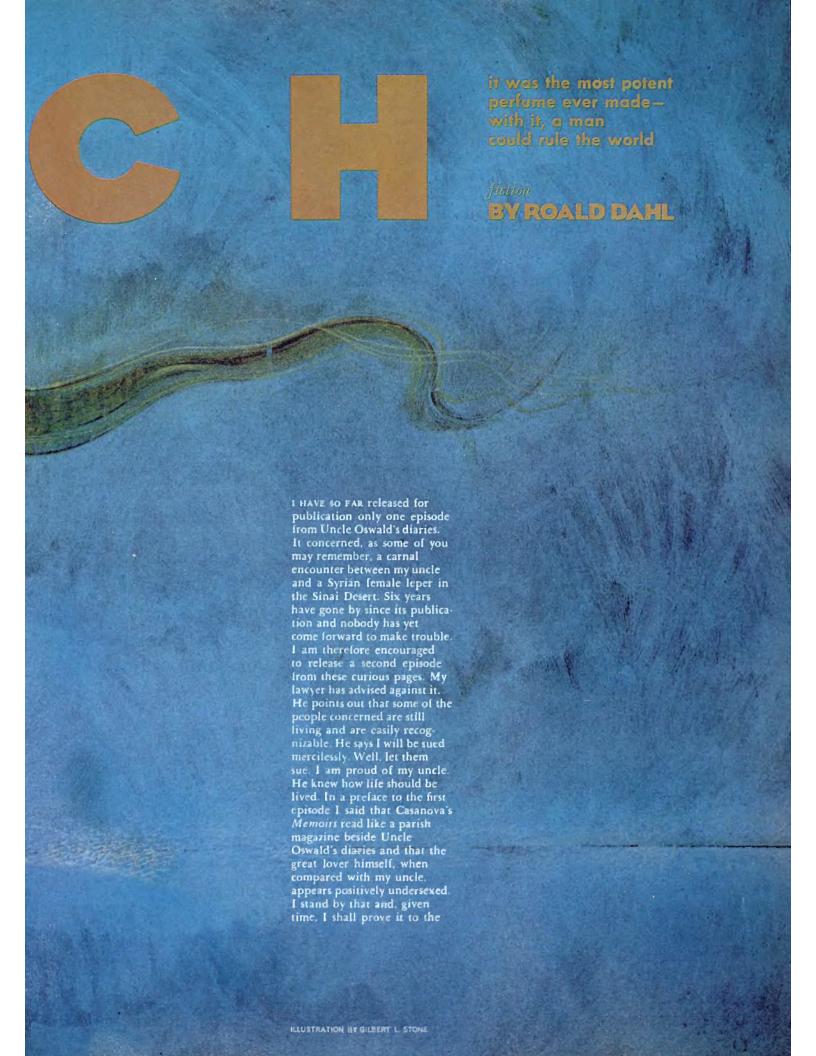
COMMONER: Sure. That's why I'm doing this interview. It's absolutely imperative that the people of the United Statesand the whole world-understand that the only rational way to assure future energy supplies and, at the same time. end our suicidal assault on the environment is to undertake a massive development of solar energy. Any other alternative would enormously worsen our environmental problems, create dangers such as plutonium radiation and potential nuclear-power-plant explosion, even risk wars over foreign oil supplies. In other words, failure to understandand act upon-the ecological, economic and political imperatives that push us toward developing solar energy will end in disaster. It's as simple-and as crucial—as that.



WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

A young man whose zestful drive puts him on the green early in the game. His approach to life? Work plus play in equal parts. Charting a success course in business or a profession, or accepting the challenge of a famous golf course, he plays to win. And he wins often. Fact: PLAYBOY is read by 51% of all men 18 to 34 who belong to a country club with a golf course. Want to get a better grip on the young leisure market? Let PLAYBOY show you how. (Source: 1973 Simmons.)





world. Here, then, is a little episode from volume XXIII, precisely as Uncle Oswald wrote it.

> Paris Wednesday

Breakfast at ten. I tried the new honey. It was delivered yesterday in an early Sèvres sucrier that had that lovely canarycolored ground known as jaune jonquille. "From Suzie," the note said, "and thank you." It is nice to be appreciated. And the honey was interesting. Suzie Jolibois had, among other things, a small farm south of Casablanca, and was fond of bees. Her hives were set in the midst of a plantation of cannabis indica, and the bees drew their nectar exclusively from this source. They lived, those bees, in a state of perpetual euphoria and were disinclined to work. The honey was therefore very scarce. I spread a third piece of toast. The stuff was almost black. It had a pungent aroma. The telephone rang. I put the receiver to my ear and waited. I never speak first when called. After all, I'm not phoning them. They're phoning me.

"Oswald! Are you there?"

I knew the voice, "Yes, Henri," I said. "Good morning."

"Listen!" he said, speaking fast and sounding excited. "I think I've got it! I'm almost certain I've got it! Forgive me if I'm out of breath, but I've just had a rather fantastic experience. It's all right now. Everything's fine. Will you come over?"

"Yes," I said. "I'll come over." I replaced the receiver and poured myself another cup of coffee. Had Henri really done it at last? If he had, then I wanted to be around to share the fun.

I must pause here to tell you how I met Henri Biotte. Some three years ago, I drove down to Provence to spend a summer weekend with a lady who was interesting to me simply because she possessed an extraordinarily powerful muscle in a region where other women seem to have no muscles at all. An hour after my arrival, I was strolling alone on the lawn beside the river when a small dark man approached me. He had black hairs on the backs of his hands and he made me a little bow and said, "Henri Biotte, a fellow guest."

"Oswald Cornelius," I said.

Henri Biotte was clean-shaven, but that only accentuated his hairiness. There were tufts of black hair sprouting like grass from his ears and more of it was growing out of his nostrils. "May I join you?" he said, falling into step beside me and starting immediately to talk. And what a talker he was! How Gallic, how excitable. He walked with a mad little hop and his fingers flew as if he wanted to scatter them to the four winds of heaven, and his words went off like firecrackers, with terrific speed. He was a Belgian chemist, he said, working in Paris.

He was an olfactory chemist. He had devoted his life to the study of olfaction.

"You mean smell?" I said.

"Yes, yes!" he cried. "Exactly! I am an expert on smells. I know more about smells than anyone else in the world!"

"Good smells or bad?" I asked, trying to slow him down.

"Good smells, lovely smells, glorious smells!" he said. "I make them! I can make any smell you want!"

He went on to tell me he was the chief perfume blender to one of the great conturières in the city. And his nose, he said, placing a hairy finger on the tip of his hairy proboscis, probably looked just like any other nose, did it not? I wanted to tell him it had more hairs sprouting from the noseholes than wheat from the prairies and why didn't he get his barber to snip them out, but instead I confessed politely that I could see nothing unusual about it.

"Quite so," he said. "But in actual fact, it is a smelling organ of phenomenal sensitivity. With two sniffs it can detect the presence of a single drop of macrocyclic musk in a gallon of geranium oil."

"Extraordinary," I said.

"On the Champs Elysées," he went on, "which is a wide thoroughfare, my nose can identify the precise perfume being used by a woman walking on the other side of the street."

"With the traffic in between?"

"With heavy traffic in between," he said.

He went on to name two of the most famous perfumes in the world, both of them made by the fashion house he worked for. "Those are my personal creations," he said modestly. "I blended them myself. They have made a fortune for the celebrated old bitch who runs the business."

"But not for you?"

"Me! I am but a poor miserable employee on a salary," he said, spreading his palms and hunching his shoulders so high they touched his ear lobes. "One day, though, I shall break away and pursue my dream."

"You have a dream?"

"I have a glorious, tremendous, exciting dream, my dear sir!"

"Then why don't you pursue it?"

"Because first I must find a man farsighted enough and wealthy enough to back me."

Aha, I thought, so that's what it's all about. "With a reputation like yours, that shouldn't be too difficult," I said.

"The sort of rich man I seek is hard to find," he said. "He must be a sporty gambler with a very keen appetite for the bizarre."

That's me, you clever little bugger, I thought. "What is this dream you wish to pursue?" I asked him. "Is it making perfumes?"

"My dear fellow!" he cried. "Anyone can make perfumes! I'm talking about

the perfume! The only one that counts!"

"Which would that be?"

"Why, the dangerous one, of course! And when I have made it, I shall rule the world!"

"Good for you," I said,

"I am not joking, Monsieur Cornelius. Would you permit me to explain what I am driving at?"

"Go ahead."

"Forgive me if I sit down," he said, moving toward a bench. "I had a heart attack last April and I have to be careful."

"I'm sorry to hear that."

"Oh, don't be sorry. All will be well as long as I don't overdo things."

It was a lovely afternoon and the bench was on the lawn near the riverbank and we sat down on it. Beside us, the river flowed slow and smooth and deep, and there were little clouds of water flies hovering over the surface. Across the river there were willows along the bank and beyond the willows an emerald-green meadow, yellow with buttercups, and a single cow grazing. The cow was brown and white.

"I will tell you what kind of perfume I wish to make," he said. "But it is essential I explain a few other things to you on the way or you will not fully understand. So please bear with me awhile." One hand lay limp upon his lap, the hairy part upward. It looked like a black rat. He was stroking it gently with the fingers of the other hand.

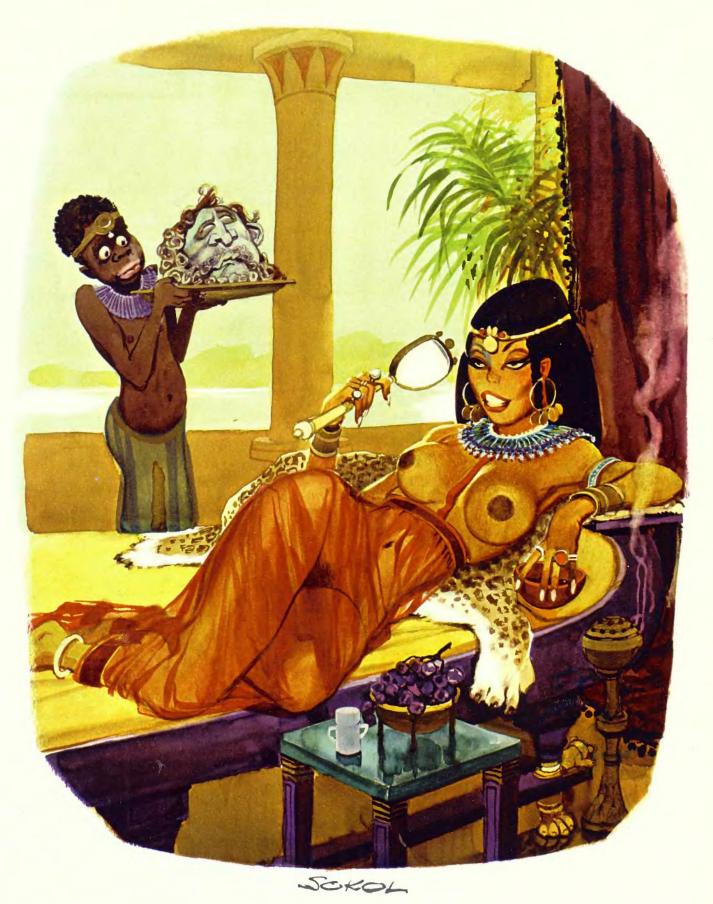
"Let us consider first," he said, "the phenomenon that occurs when a dog meets a bitch in heat. The dog's sexual drive is tremendous. All self-control disappears. He has only one thought in his head, which is to fornicate on the spot, and unless he is prevented by force, he will do so. But do you know what it is that causes this tremendous sex drive in a dog?"

"Smell." I said.

"Precisely, Monsieur Cornelius. Odorous molecules of a special conformation enter the dog's nostrils and stimulate his olfactory nerve endings. This causes urgent signals to be sent to the olfactory bulb and thence to the higher brain centers. It is all done by smell. If you sever a dog's olfactory nerve, he will lose interest in sex. This is also true of many other mammals, but it is not true of man. Smell has nothing to do with the sexual appetite of the human male. He is stimulated in this respect by sight, by tactility and by his lively imagination. Never by smell."

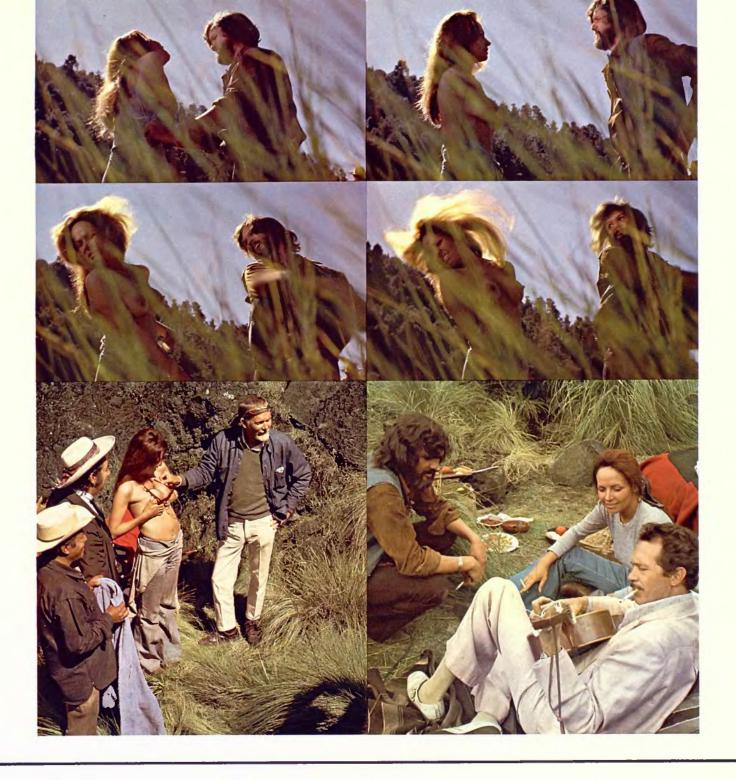
"What about perfume?" I said.

"It's all rubbish!" he answered. "All those expensive scents in small bottles, the ones I make, they have no aphrodisiac effect at all upon a man. Perfume was never intended for that purpose. In the old days, women used it to conceal the fact that they stank. Today, when they (continued on page 84)

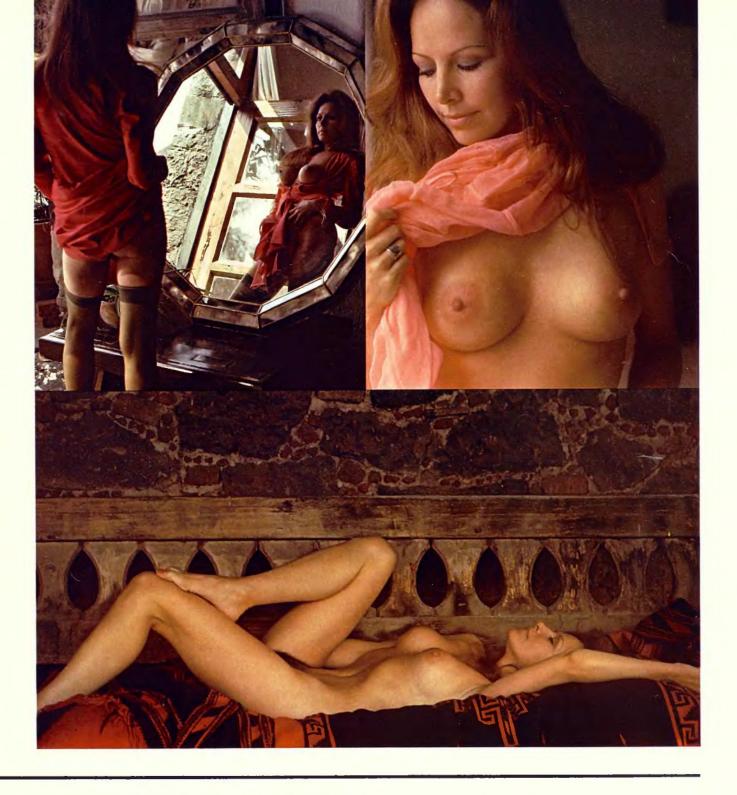


"Tell your master that's not the kind of head I had in mind."





STRAIGHT-TALKING Isela (Ee-seh-luh) Vega, a well-seasoned native of Sonora, is the top female film star in Mexico, where she's made about 25 pictures. Before she became an actress, she was a night-club singer in Mexico City; prior to that she lived for a while in L.A. and tried a variety of jobs, from factory work to cosmetology. She also writes her "own stuff" and, over the phone, she read to us little parables and observations, some in verse, on a variety of subjects. "Play violent," she cautioned, "and only them that really need you will stay. Play the beggar; you will have coins coming your way. Play the fool-let them show you what to do. Play it cool; they will say that you pretend. Play it humble-they'll stick it up your ass." Hmm. "Well," she told us, "if you want to see me from the outside, you might as well see me from the inside a little. I might be very cruel sometimes. I don't know . . . I don't have any objective way of looking at myself." For more of la señorita's observations on life and love, turn the page. Scorpio's the sex-and-violence sign; and tough Isela Vega—who calls herself "a Mexican Scorpio son of a bitch"—gets plenty of both in her first Yankee flick, Bring Me the Head of Alfredo Garcia. On location, above, la señorita plays a brutal scene with Kris Kristofferson, gets words of wisdom and the professionol touch from director Sam Peckinpah ("on octor's director; he puts you in the mood and gives you freedom"), relaxes with Kris and Worren Oates. She plays "an anguished character of o woman" who "comes from the slums and works in a very expensive . . . whorehouse, I would call it. She wants to retire from her violent life and settle down with this guy, this gringo who lives in Mexico and works there. It's her last chance. So she proposes to him. . . . I gave it all, you know, and whotever happens, I won't die of shome; I told the truth in the film."

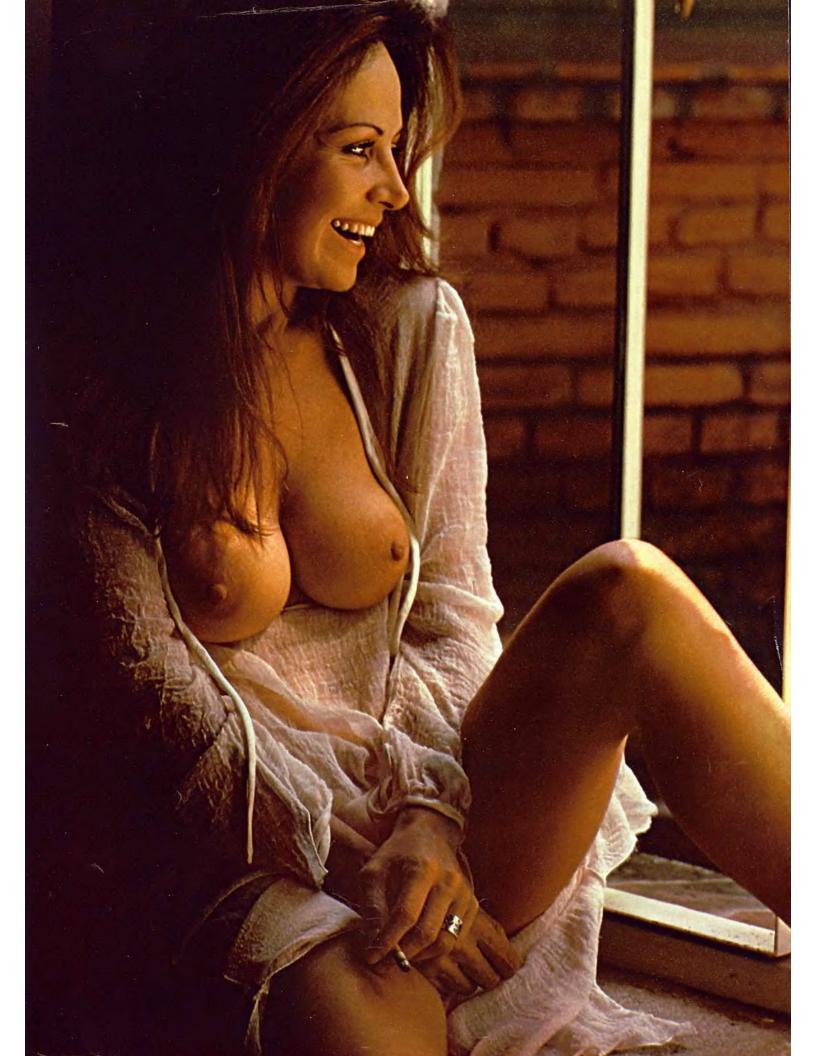




Isela on sex: "Mankind seems to want to tie up the mating game; they want to spoil it. We have invented laws to keep the family where it doesn't want to be. Children belong with children—and man belongs with me." On time: "I don't like looking back in the past; I'm still looking forward.

And I don't like the thought of turning into o solt statue. . . .

Life doesn't have a past, a present, a future: It just goes. It is three in one." On society: "Freedom, I dig—and I hote to see people struggling, when man should be happy, and have it all free—free hand, my friend; free of charge, Sarge; free lunch, bunch; free and easy piece-y; free layaway. Free fool?—thot's cool. And let there be no violence—but silence, please. . . ." On Lotin America: "The reoson we're so fucked up is thot we hove too mony fiestas—the sneaky ones always act while the fools ore distracted."



BITCH

(continued from page 78)

no longer stink, they use it purely for narcissistic reasons. They enjoy putting it on and smelling their own good smells. Men hardly notice the stuff. I promise you that."

"I do," I said.

"Does it stir you physically?"

"No, not physically. Aesthetically, yes."

"You enjoy the smell. So do I. But there are plenty of other smells I enjoy more—the bouquet of a good Lafite, the scent of a fresh Comice pear or the smell of the air blowing in from the sea on the Brittany coast."

A trout jumped high in midstream and the sunlight flashed on its body. "You must forget," said Monsieur Biotte, "all the nonsense about musk and ambergris and the perineal glands' secretions of the civet cat. We make our perfumes from chemicals these days. If I want a musky odor, I will use ethylene brassylate. Paracresyl caprylate will give me civet and benzaldehyde will provide the smell of almonds. No, sir, I am no longer interested in mixing up chemicals to make pretty smells."

For some minutes his nose had been running slightly, wetting the black hairs in his nostrils. He noticed it and produced a handkerchief and gave it a blow and a wipe. "What I intend to do," he said, "is to produce a perfume that will have the same electrifying effect upon a man as the scent of a bitch in heat has upon a dog! One whiff and that'll be it! The man will lose all control. He'll rip off his pants and ravish the lady on the spot!"

"We could have some fun with that," I said.

"We could rule the world!" he cried.
"Yes, but you told me just now that
smell has nothing to do with the sexual
appetite of the human male."

'It doesn't," he said, "But it used to. I have evidence that in the period of the glacial drift, when primitive man was far more closely related to the ape than he is now, he retained the apelike characteristic of jumping on any right-smelling female he ran across. And later in the Paleolithic, and in the Neolithic period, he continued to become sexually animated by smell, but to a lesser and lesser degree. By the time the higher civilizations had come along in Mesopotamia around 7000 B.C., evolution had played its part and had completely suppressed man's ability to be stimulated sexually by smell. Am I boring you?"

"Not at all. But tell me, does that mean an actual physical change had taken place in man's smelling apparatus?"

"Absolutely not," he said. "Otherwise, there'd be nothing we could do about it. The little mechanism that enabled our ancestors to smell these subtle odors is still there. I happen to know it is. Listen, you've seen how some people can make

their ears move a tiny bit?"

"I can do it myself," I said, doing it.
"You see," he said, "the ear-moving
muscle is still there. It's a leftover from
the time when man used to be able to
cock his ears forward for better hearing,
like a dog. He lost that ability over a
hundred thousand years ago, but the muscle remains. And the same applies to our
smelling apparatus. The mechanism for
smelling those secret smells is still there,
but we have lost the ability to use it."

"How can you be so certain it's still there?" I asked.

"Do you know how our smelling system works?" he said.

"Not really."

"Then I shall tell you; otherwise, I cannot answer your question. Attend closely, please. Air is sucked in through the nostrils and passes the three baffleshaped turbinate bones in the upper part of the nose. There it gets warmed and filtered. This warm air now travels up and over two clefts that contain the smelling organs. These organs are patches of yellowish tissue, each about an inch square. In this tissue are embedded the nerve fibers and nerve endings of the olfactory nerve. Every nerve ending consists of an olfactory cell bearing a cluster of tiny hairlike filaments. These filaments act as receivers. 'Receptors' is a better word. And when the receptors are tickled or stimulated by odorous molecules, they send signals to the brain. If, as you come downstairs in the morning, you sniff into your nostrils the odorous molecules of frying bacon, these will stimulate your receptors, the receptors will flash a signal along the olfactory nerve to the brain and the brain will interpret it in terms of the character and intensity of the odor. And that is when you cry out, 'Aha, bacon for breakfast!"

"I never eat bacon for breakfast," I said.

He ignored this.

"These receptors," he went on, "these tiny hairlike filaments are what concern us. And now you are going to ask me how on earth they can tell the difference between one odorous molecule and another, between, say, peppermint and camphor."

"How can they?" I said, I was interested in this.

"Attend more closely than ever now, please," he said. "At the end of each receptor is an indentation, a sort of cup, except that it isn't round. This is the 'receptor site.' Imagine now thousands of these little hairlike filaments with tiny cups at their extremities, all waving about like the tentacles of sea anemones and waiting to catch in their cups any odorous molecules that pass by. That, you see, is what actually happens. When you sniff a certain smell, the odorous molecules of the substance that made that smell go

rushing around inside your nostrils and get caught by the little cups, the receptor sites. Now, the important thing to remember is this: Molecules come in all shapes and sizes. The little cups or receptor sites are also differently shaped. Thus, the molecules lodge only in the receptor sites that fit them. Pepperminty molecules go only into special pepperminty receptor sites. Camphor molecules. which have a quite different shape, will fit only into the special camphor receptor sites, and so on. It's rather like those toys for small children where they have to fit variously shaped pieces into the right holes."

"Let me see if I understand you," I said. "Are you saying that my brain will know it is a pepperminty smell simply because the molecule has lodged in a pepperminty receptor site?"

"Precisely."

"But you are surely not suggesting there are differently shaped receptor sites for every smell in the world?"

"No," he said. "As a matter of fact, man has only seven differently shaped sites."

"Why only seven?"

Because our sense of smell recognizes only seven 'pure primary odors.' All the rest are 'complex odors' made up by mixing the primaries."

"Are you sure of that?"

"Positive. Our sense of taste has even fewer. It recognizes only four primaries sweet, sour, salt and bitter! All other tastes are mixtures of these."

"What are the seven pure primary odors?" I asked him.

"Their names are of no importance to us," he said. "Why confuse the issue?"

"I'd like to hear them."

"All right," he said. "They are camphoraceous, pungent, musky, ethereal, floral, pepperminty and putrid. Don't look so skeptical, please. This isn't my discovery. Very learned scientists have worked on it for years. And their conclusions are quite accurate, except in one respect."

"What's that?"

"There is an eighth pure primary odor that they don't know about, and an eighth receptor site to receive the curiously shaped molecules of that odor!"

"Ah-ha-ha!" I said. "I see what you're driving at."

"Yes," he said, "the eighth pure primary odor is the sexual stimulant that caused primitive man to behave like a dog thousands of years ago. It has a very peculiar molecular structure."

"Then you know what it is?"

"Of course I know what it is."

"And you say we still retain the receptor sites for these peculiar molecules to fit into?"

"Absolutely."

"This mysterious smell." I said, "does (continued on page 88)







(continued from page 84)

it ever reach our own nostrils nowadays?" "Frequently."

"Do we smell it? I mean, are we aware of it?"

"No."

"You mean the molecules don't get

caught in the receptor sites?"

"They do, my dear fellow, they do. But nothing happens. No signal is sent off to the brain. The telephone line is out of action. It's like that ear muscle. The mechanism is still there, but we've lost the ability to use it properly."

"And what do you propose to do about that?" I asked.

"I shall reactivate it," he said. "We are dealing with nerves here, not muscles. And these nerves are not dead or injured, they're merely dormant. I shall probably increase the intensity of the smell a thousandfold and add a catalyst."

"Go on," I said. "That's enough."

"I should like to hear more," I said.

"Forgive me for saying so, Monsieur Cornelius, but I don't think you know enough about organoleptic quality to follow me any further. The lecture is over."

Henri Biotte sat smug and quiet on the bench beside the river stroking the back of one hand with the fingers of the other. The tufts of hair sprouting from his ears gave him a pixy look, but that was camouflage. He struck me rather as a dangerous and dainty little creature, someone who lurked behind stones with a sharp eye and a sting in his tail, waiting for the lone traveler to come by. Surreptitiously, I searched his face. The mouth interested me. The lips had a magenta tinge, possibly something to do with his heart trouble. The lower lip was caruncular and pendulous. It bulged out in the middle like a purse and could easily have served as a receptacle for small coins. The skin of the lip seemed to be blown up very tight, as though by air, and it was constantly wet, not from licking but from an excess of saliva in the mouth.

And there he sat, this Monsieur Henri Biotte, smiling a wicked little smile and waiting patiently for me to react. He was a totally unmoral man, that much was clear, but then so was I. He was also a wicked man, and although I cannot in all honesty claim wickedness as one of my own virtues. I find it irresistible in others. A wicked man has a luster all his own. Then again, there was something diabolically splendid about a person who wished to set back the sex habits of civilized man half a million years.

Yes, he had me hooked. So there and then, sitting beside the river in the garden of the lady from Provence, I made an offer to Henri. I suggested he should leave his present employment forthwith and set himself up in a small laboratory. I would pay all the bills for this little venture as well as make good his salary. It would be a five-year contract, and we would go 50-50 on anything that came out of it.

Henri was ecstatic. "You mean it?" he cried. "You are serious?"

I held out my hand. He grasped it in both of his and shook it vigorously. It was like shaking hands with a goat. "We shall control mankind!" he said. "We'll be the gods of the earth!" He flung his arms around me and embraced me and kissed me first on one cheek, then on the other. Oh, this awful Gallic kissing. Henri's lower lip felt like the wet underbelly of a toad against my skin.

"Let's keep the celebrations until later," I said, wiping myself dry with a linen handkerchief.

Henri Biotte made apologies and excuses to his hostess and rushed back to Paris that night. Within a week he had given up his old job and had rented three rooms to serve as a laboratory. These were on the third floor of a house on the Left Bank, in the Rue Cassette, just off the Rue de Rennes. He spent a great deal of my money equipping the place with complicated apparatus, and he even installed a large cage into which he put two apes, a male and a female. He also took on an assistant, a clever and moderately presentable young lady called Jeanette. And with all that, he set to

You should understand that for me this little venture was of no great importance. I had plenty of other things to amuse me. I used to drop in on Henri maybe a couple of times a month to see how things were going, but otherwise I left him entirely to himself. My mind wasn't on his job. I hadn't the patience for that kind of research. And when results failed to come quickly, I began to lose all interest. Even the pair of oversexed apes ceased to amuse me after a while.

Only once did I derive any pleasure from my visits to his laboratory. As you must know by now, I can seldom resist even a moderately presentable woman. And so, on a certain rainy Thursday afternoon, while Henri was busy applying electrodes to the olfactory organs of a frog in one room, I found myself applying something infinitely more agreeable to Jeanette in the other room. I had not, of course, expected anything out of the ordinary from this little frolic. I was acting more out of habit than anything else. But my goodness me, what a surprise I got! Beneath her white overall, this rather austere research chemist turned out to be a sinewy and flexible female of immense dexterity. The experiments she performed, first with the oscillator, then with the high-speed centrifuge, were absolutely breath-taking. In fact, not since that Turkish tightrope walker in Ankara (see volume XXI) had

I experienced anything quite like it. Which all goes to show for the thousandth time that women are as inscrutable as the ocean. You never know what you have under your keel, deep water or shallow, until you have heaved the lead.

I did not bother to visit the laboratory again after that. You know my rule. I never return to a female a second time. With me, at any rate, women invariably pull out all the stops during the first encounter, and a second meeting can therefore be nothing more than the same old tune on the same old fiddle. Who wants that? Not me. So when I suddenly heard Henri's voice calling urgently to me over the telephone that morning at breakfast, I had almost forgotten his existence.

I drove through the fiendish Paris traffic to the Rue Cassette. I parked the car and took the tiny elevator to the third floor. Henri opened the door of the laboratory. "Don't move!" he cried. "Stay right where you are!" He scuttled away and returned in a few seconds holding a little tray upon which lay two greasylooking red rubber objects. "Nose plugs," he said. "Put them in, please. Like me. Keep out the molecules. Go on, ram them in tight. You'll have to breathe through your mouth, but who cares?"

Each nose plug had a short length of blue string attached to its blunt lower end, presumably for pulling it back out of the nostril. I could see the two bits of blue string dangling from Henri's nostrils. I inserted my own nose plugs. Henri inspected them. He rammed them in tighter with his thumb. Then he went dancing back into the lab, waving his hairy hands and crying out. "Come in now, my dear Oswald! Come in, come in! Forgive my excitement, but this is a great day for me!" The plugs in his nose made him speak as though he had a bad cold. He hopped over to a cupboard and reached inside. He brought out one of those small square bottles made of very thick glass that hold about an ounce of perfume. He carried it over to where I stood, cupping his hands around it as though it were a tiny bird. "Look! Here it is! The most precious fluid in the entire world!"

This is the sort of rubbishy overstatement I dislike intensely. "So you think you've done it?" I said.

"I know I've done it, Oswald! I am certain I've done it!'

"Tell me what happened."

"That's not so easy," he said. "But I can try." He placed the little bottle carefully on the bench. "I had left this particular blend, number 1076, to distill overnight," he went on. "That was because only one drop of distillate is produced every half hour. I had it dripping into a sealed beaker to prevent evaporation. All these fluids are extremely volatile. And so, soon after I arrived at eight-thirty this morning, I went over to

(continued on page 170)





article By MORDECHI RICKER it was just like any other minneapolis convention, except for the wizards, the astrologers and the reborn queen of camelot

VERYBODY, except for the nefarious Eli, was going to be there. The astral jet setters. Riders incomparable of the inner planes. In a word, the flower of American witchery. Say, Philip Emmons Isaac Bonewits, a reconstructionist Druid with a B.A. in magic from the University of California, endorsed by no less than Ronnie Reagan. Bonewits, a mere 22-year-old, his hair worn in a pigtail, his beard wispy, sucking on a calabash pipe and adorned in Moroccan robes, his leather belt slung low, an athame (a black-handled knife made or inherited by a witch) riding one hip and a hammer of Thor, the other. P. E. I. Bonewits is the sole begetter of Real Magic. "Learn how to cast spells or heal a friend. Discover clairsentience [vibes], clairvoyance,

telepathy, astral projection, as magic leaves the Dark Ages and enters the age of reason." Gavin of Boskednan and Yvonne were also going. They are codirectors of the Church and School of Wicca (Route 2, Salem, Missouri), the craft's first mail-order college. "Introduction: Some people would call me a wizard. They would call my mate a witch. We call ourselves flamens of the Wicca faith. Wicca is the old word meaning 'wise' or 'wisdom,' which is now pronounced 'witch.' To our be-

lievers, Wicca is the oldest religion."

Eighty-five-year-old Marc Edmund Jones, founder of the Sabian Assembly, author of Astrology: How & Why It Works, had promised to appear. So had Tim Zell, of the Church of All Worlds (CAW), and his high priestess, Ms. Carolyn Clark, who was scheduled to pronounce on "The Great Mother vs. the Great Motherfucker." The fabled Lady Sheba, queen of American witches was going. So, for that matter, was Lady Cybele, hereditary witch and professional palmist, pastor of the Church of the Wiccan Rede and sole prop. of Lady Cybele's Caldron, Madison, Wisconsin. Russ Michael, who had died at the age of 17 and returned to his physical body to finish the work he had started in two former lifetimes, would also be there, as would the inscrutable Quantz Crawford, master of the mind-blowing art of the supernatural orgasm.



There would be not only 25 lectures daily—seminars, workshops—but, every night, in the basement of the Gnostica Bookshop, actually a converted mortuary, a witchmeet. For initiated witches only. "It will be preferred that all attending wear either street clothing or robes. For obvious reasons, no one will be sky-clad"; that is to say, starkers.

On a Wednesday, flying out to the Third Annual Gnostic Aquarian Festival of Astrology, Mind Power, Occult Sciences & Witchcraft in the New Age, at Hyatt Lodge, Minneapolis, I had to confess to something like total ignorance. I went forearmed with a hastily acquired paperback library of the occult, a certain skepticism, but only the most commonplace knowledge of the craft. There was Snow White, of blessed memory, being proffered the poison apple by an old crone in the traditional black pointed hat and Judy Garland being pursued for her magical ruby slippers by another malevolent witch. I had read *Dracula*, *Grimm's Fairy Tales* and, of course, *Macbeth*:

Double, double toil and trouble; Fire burn and caldron bubble.

But, to come clean, I had never knowingly encountered a bona fide witch until—shortly after checking into the hotel, a drummers' stopover—I was joined for drinks by Vicki Zastrow, festival

director. An attractive witch, slender and black-haired, Vicki wore a low-cut white blouse and a black pants suit with white trim, rather like an inverted condolence card. Vicki had also come multiringed. With a blue sapphire for wisdom and speed and a topaz for tact and diplomacy. She also sported an ankh ring. The ankh, a T-shaped cross surmounted by a loop, is Egyptian, and symbolizes life. "Most people," Vicki said, "wear it with the point facing out to protect themselves against negative forces, but I've got a strong psychic shield. I've surrounded myself with good influences. So I wear it with the point inward."

I asked Vicki how old she was.

"You mean my chronological age?"

"Yes, indeed."

"Twenty-six. But yesterday I was with an older man, he was in his forties, and I was thirty-two. This morning I was with a younger man and I was eighteen."

Vicki drove me to the Gnostica Bookshop. Inside, Philip Roth rode the same shelves as Aleister Crowley and Edgar Cayce. Another counter was choked with sabbat artifacts. Groovy Fruity Incense, magical pentagrams, brass bells and, for the deodorant-minded Wiccan, Chinese Wash. Powdered brimstone was also available, as was war water, in an economy-size bottle.

"I would like to make it clear," Vicki said, "that we don't practice black magic. Our credo is, 'And it hurt none. Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the law.'"

More Gnostic Aquarian celebrants were gathering in the lobby of the Hyatt Lodge.

"Merry witchmeet, honey."

"Blessed be."

Yvonne stood tippy-toe to kiss Russ on the forehead. "I'm aiming for your third

eye," she sang out.

Me, I was aiming for the party at Carl Weschcke's 24-room mansion, on Summit Avenue, in adjoining St. Paul. The amiable, gray-bearded Weschcke was sponsor of the festival and president of Llewellyn Publications, a thriving occult press. Everything in his opulent living room was done up in black or gold. Even the cutlery, when it appeared, was gold-plated; the dinner plates, black. The Wiccans, already gathered there, sipping wine, had come flamboyantly dressed. The wizards, many of them insuranceclaim adjusters, pharmacists or Government surveyors by day, favored medieval robes or black-velvet capes. Most of the witches, heavily made up, multiringed, were tricked out in long skirts slit to the thigh. There was even a black cat on the prowl. But the followers of the craft, just like your friendly Lion or Rotarian, wore lapel tags for easy identification: HELLO, MY NAME IS . . . LADY CIRCE.

Gavin of Boskednan told me his Church and School of Wicca had been registered with the IRS and was now taxdeductible. The traditional church, he argued, was now a nonparticipating sport, like basketball. "We participate. We do ESP, for instance." And, yes, he was something of a psychic reader.

"Can you tell me anything about myself?" I asked hungrily.

"You're very interested in swimming and gym."

"Sorry, no."

"Well, you win some, you lose some."

Yvonne, his witchmate, had enjoyed three previous incarnations. She had been a man in pre-Christian Britain and, another life out, an Arab mathematician. "In my last reincarnation in Wales," she said, "I used to ride out on horseback to meet my lover. Just like in Ryan's Daughter. It gave the neighbors something to talk about."

Gavin was not without a sense of responsibility about hexing people. "But if a cabby rooks me," he said, "I'm going to hex him."

"What would you do?"

"Make him drive off the road."

P. E. I. Bonewits confessed to even mightier powers. He could, he ventured, heal blood diseases. "I'm also developing a nice flair for weather control."

As we were joined by Kim Efel, the conversation turned to England, where I had been rooted for almost two decades. "Oh," I asked, "have you been to England?"

Kim smiled darkly. Yes, she allowed. "When?"

"In 1248. I was also here four thousand years ago. I was a king or a queen." "In England?"

"No. Egypt. In another life, I was buried alive."

The editor of *Gnostica News*, 27-yearold Ron Wright, was also a traveler. He had been to Vietnam. But in this life, as it were. "I used magic there. Creative visualization. To visualize myself out. Same as positive thinking, you know."

Which was when I espied Jose Feola, parapsychologist, sinking trancelike into a chair; Yvonne, her eyes squeezed shut, was stroking his neck with her hands of power. "He's got bad tonsils," she explained.

Russ Michael, the warlock, who had passed through death's door and back again, introduced himself. He is founder and publisher of the Aquarian ESP Herald and toured with the House of David basketball team for seven years. Michael had been reincarnated only twice so far. Once in India, another time in Egypt, where, as he put it, he had helped upgrade civilization. "I was the Pharaoh known as Ahmose," he said. "I drove the invaders out in 1600 B.C."

Enough. Back in my hotel room, I settled into my homework. I am, I should point out, a sucker for *outré* newspapers and magazines, turning to the ads first out of habit. *Gnostica News* (paid circulation 5000) offered witch haberdashery,

robes fully lined, with pointed hoods, from \$50 to \$100, and genuine rock-crystal balls, ranging from \$49.95 to \$6000 (Wisconsin tax extra). There was also an ad for a "beautiful scale replica of an authentic Spanish guillotine." The Warlock Shop, in Brooklyn, sold hooded robes for only \$15 and enjoined members of the craft to BOYCOTT WITCH CRAP BOOKS. A distressed reader of The Green Egg was in urgent need of a female boa constrictor, eight to ten feet, at a reasonable price. The Green Egg, published by CAW, also sought help for a St. Louis man who had been possessed by a demonic being. "We ask all of you to please get together and send him all the power you can afford so that this evil being will vanish." The same issue also included a controversial article on "The Craft and Homosexuality," the authors concluding that "the gender of the earthplane shell is not necessarily the gender of the spirit dwelling in that shell." On balance, the authors were against homosexuals' being allowed into a hetero magic circle. Makes for bad vibes. But they did feel homosexuals could form nifty covens of their own, provided polarities were balanced.

Finally, I curled up in bed with Louis T. Cullings' Manual of Sex Magick. The author, like many a skeptic before him, stands foursquare for "magickal congrex," heightened, in his case, by something he calls the Bud-Will Intelligence. As an illustration of how well it works, he tells the story of an exemplar who was driving home in California when he picked up a hitchhiker, "100 percent woman," who soon ended up in his cabin. "Kiss me, Lou," she said. "Ever since I had titties I have dreamed about being loved by a man like you."

And so to bed.

The next morning, Thursday, I descended into the hotel lobby to sniff incense rising from the registration desks and found witches, witches, everywhere, collecting their festival kits and badges.

"And what's your rising house?" somebody inquired of an ebullient matron.

"I have a stationary Mercury rising in Pisces."

"Oh-ho!" he said.

A young man, an apprentice astrologer out of Winnipeg, drove me into a corner. Standing inches from my face, he peered into my eyes. "I'm aiming for pupil-level contact," he explained.

Of all the simultaneous lectures being offered, I opted for P. E. I. Bonewits and his hammer of Thor, in the Regency West Room. "During World War Two," Bonewits declared, "occultists brought down numerous German aircraft. They also eliminated Gestapo cells. In fact, they played an unsung role in bringing down the greatest black magician of them all."

Tim Zell was holding forth in another (continued on page 120)

in chicago's federal court, where cops are robbers, judges are defendants and politicians go directly to jail for collecting \$100,000

IT IS JANUARY 8, 1975, and 400 registered voters from northern Illinois have been asked to the Everett Dirksen Federal Building, in the middle of Chicago's clangorous, soot-gray Loop, to listen to truths and lies. They are the year's first citizens to be called for jury duty in Federal Court. They live not only in Chicago but in its flat suburban trim and in surrounding small towns that take much of their commerce from the land, and whose people resist any meeting with the rude whines and vulgar geometry of the city. Of the 400 called, the Government knows from experience that half of them have suddenly become the victims of domestic chaos or fresh occupational responsibilities demanding their full and constant energies. Others simply know someone who knows

article By DOUGLAS BAUER

NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH... AND OTHER LIES



someone. So on January third, those without clout or excuse, 194 good citizens in all, have come to the building's ceremonial courtroom on the 25th floor.

They may serve one of a number of trials scheduled for January. Immediately, the jury of appellate court judge Otto Kerner and his friend, former state revenue director Theodore Isaacs, will be selected. Kerner is the first sitting Federal judge to be brought to trial and his employer, the United States of America, believes he accepted low-priced racing stock while he was governor of Illinois, hid his ownership and provided special favors for the track owner who sold him the stock. It believes his friend, Ted Isaacs, helped him. A couple of days later, former city alderman Fred Hubbard's trial begins. He was arrested in the middle of a poker game in Los Angeles in August 1972, after 15 months as a fugitive, and has been brought back to Chicago to explain where the money from a Federal job program he administered has gone. And four days after Hubbard's case starts, a Chicago policeman will be prosecuted for extortion and for perjury before a grand jury.

Mies van der Rohe designed the blocksquare Federal Building, and it's impossible to imagine that it looked newer ten years ago, when files and people began to fill it, than it does today; its glass, black steel and polished tile take weather splendidly, and uniformed guards at each entrance are strong ammonia against

treasonous graffiti.

The decor of the ceremonial courtroom is identical to that of others in the Federal Building, but the room is twice as wide as the others and longer; it looks like some new sanctuary, clean of idols. Rows of dark wooden benches fill the back half of the room and stop for two intersecting aisles of tasteful gray-brown carpet that also covers every other bit of floor that isn't jury box or judge's bench. Walnutbrown squares panel walls that run high, to a fluorescent-lit ceiling with a filtering

grid of tattersall checks.

At 9:33, Kerner and his lawyers enter the room, and 200 prospective jurors pause from knitting and place folded paperbacks aside to watch this slow processional make its way over the gray-brown carpet, past them, to the defendants' table. Kerner is short and square-faced and walks with quick, precise steps, as if he's marching. He sits in a chair, leans forward, his hands making steeples on the table in front of him. His facial expressions start at the eyes, as wrinkles spread out to begin them. Kerner coughs, then moves his lower jaw up and down without disturbing the rest of his face, like the wooden mouth of a ventriloquist's dummy. Reporters are scribbling first impressions in their notebooks, using words like patrician, impeccably dressed and silver-streaked hair to describe Kerner. A few moments later, Ted Isaacs and his lawyer, Warren Wolfson, make the same walk, anticlimactically. More minutes pass, enough time to let the room feel Kerner and Isaacs and for the mood to grow to take them in, and then the Government lawyers appear, moving down the opposite aisle; you get the feeling that the timing and placement of these entrances had been rehearsed the night before. Besides lawyers, the United States is represented by Internal Revenue Service agents and an accountant. Leading them into the room is James Thompson, the United States Attorney for the Northern District of Illinois. Thompson is 6'6" tall and weighs 230 pounds. He has a picture in his office, on the 15th floor of this building, taken when he weighed 30 pounds less and wore a short brush haircut. He was a young lawyer in the state's attorney general's office then and worked on a committee that rewrote Illinois' criminal laws. The picture shows Thompson in the back row, looking over shoulders, as the code was being signed into law by Governor Otto Kerner.

Thompson and his people arrange themselves around their table and Thompson turns his chair to face the defendants as a back door next to the judge's bench opens for Judge Robert Taylor of Knoxville, Tennessee, who has been hand-picked by Chief Justice Warren Burger to preside through these strange and fragile weeks, while the liberties of a fellow judge will be argued. Judge Taylor is small and bald, and when he settles into his high-backed chair, just his head can be seen above the bench, like a small moon hanging above the horizon. From any distance, his only features are black horn-rimmed glasses, so when he removes them, he effectively erases his face.

The clerk stands up behind a desk below Judge Taylor and says, "Seventyone C R ten eighty-six." (He is reading the case number, the C R denoting the classification "criminal.") "The United States of America versus Theodore J. Isaacs, et al. Case on trial."

This is Judge Taylor's cue and he begins to summarize the Government's indictment against Kerner and Isaacs. He pauses after he has finished, comfortable with the pace he's created, and turns to Kerner. "Judge Kerner, will you please stand so the people can see you?"

"Yes, sir," says Kerner as he gets quickly to his feet, then turns to the crowded room and finds some brave, primal sensibility that a politician saves for resisting crowds. His eyes meet theirs and don't back away, and his face is brilliant with evangelism.

On Saturday afternoon, January 6, 1973, Fred Hubbard sits in the living room of his South Side Chicago apartment, talking on the phone. Yesterday, Hubbard appeared before Judge Hubert Will in Federal Court, pleaded guilty to charges of embezzlement and was sentenced to two years in prison and four additional years of probation.

Hubbard was a prominent city alderman and administrator of the Chicago Plan, a Federally sponsored fund to get blacks jobs in the local construction industry. He won election in 1969, running against a machine candidate whose distant sins-a past life as a professional gambler and a narrowly escaped shakedown conviction-rose up to beat him. Hubbard seems to have lived all his life at some societal edge, has been persistently drawn to an elite, or dangerous, fringe. Harlem street kid. University of Chicago graduate. Counselor to black street gangs. Victim of a never-explained shooting. Reform candidate for city council from the black second ward. Political star and director of the Chicago Plan at a salary of \$25,000 a year. And then, at the top of his career, the flaunting incongruity: In the spring of 1971, he left Chicago one night with \$100,000 that belonged to the Chicago Plan and spent 15 months losing poker and crap games in Las Vegas and later in Southern California. Chicago papers pondered his whereabouts every few months during the time he was gone and the suspicion grew that he was dead. Then he was found late in the summer of 1972 seated at a poker table in a Gardena gambling club by Federal agents looking for a tall black man with his distinguishing elf-shaped ears.

'I'm anxious to come back to Chicago and prove my innocence," he said at his arrest. He was transported to Cook County Jail, where he spent almost four months and during that time-according to newspaper stories printed a few days ago-wrote the first draft of an autobiographical novel. He was released on

bond on December 23.

Hubbard's wife, Arnette, sips coffee at their kitchen table. She is an attorney with Hubbard's lawyer and has stayed with her husband since his return from that 15-month disappearance, when Hubbard sometimes kept the company not only of malignant luck but of a woman. Mrs. Hubbard is bubbling and friendly, hiding whatever bleak residue remains of the experience.

'There a paper in here?" she asks, coming into the living room. "I haven't seen

a paper for two days."

"Under the coffee table here," he says, and pulls out the morning edition. Its headline reads, "HUBBARD SENTENCE IS Two years"; next to it is a large picture of Hubbard at the Federal Building, smiling as he leans into the Probation Office doorway.

"Oh, so striking, so debonair!" laughs

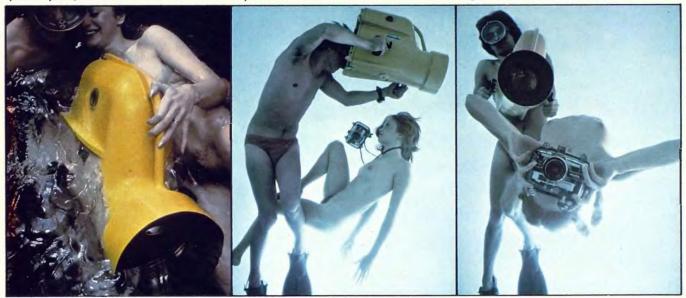
"Yeah, shit," says Hubbard.

They have a corner apartment on the (continued on page 98)





Above, you see Nikon housing 5520, an SLR unit, from Ikelite, \$149.95, that accommodates any Nikon finder system, including the standard eye-level prism, waist-level finder and the action sports finder that allows corner-to-corner viewing even with a face mask. And what a view!



Above left and center: A corrosion-resistant Aquaflex housing for a 16mm Arriflex, by Becker Engineering, \$2850 (not including camera). Above right and opposite page: A C35 polystyrene housing, \$79.95, for a full-frame C35 automatic camera, \$114.95, both by Konica.



For those camera buffs who wish to go down to the sea in an inexpensive but efficient style, there's a housing for the ever-popular Kodak Pocket Instamatic featuring controls for shutter release, etc., plus connectors for an optional flash unit, from Ikelite, \$29.95.



NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH...

(continued from page 94)

sixth story of a high-rise with floor-toceiling windows looking north toward downtown and the first strong streets of the Loop, and only when she considers this view does Mrs. Hubbard reveal deeper layers of mood. "I guess I do enjoy it. I really haven't looked out that window for so long, the whole Loop could've burned down and I wouldn't know it."

A white-flocked Christmas tree stands in the corner, drooping from long duty. Torn package wrappings, lidless boxes, discarded cards and ribbons—the pillage of the season—surround its base. One of the Hubbards' children, a small girl wearing glasses, walks through the living room past her father.

Hubbard hangs up the phone, moves forward to the edge of the chair, his long legs angling up like a grasshopper's, and smokes a cigarette. He remembers 15 or 16 embezzled checks, the largest one for \$20,000, drawn over the first five months of 1971. "The intention was always to pay it back. But I saw a way to take this Federal money and build it into an independent fund for black politicians in Chicago. It seemed to me the quickest way to do that was to win in Vegas. The only way blacks are gonna help themselves here is through politics and my idea was to get enough money so they wouldn't be dependin' on the white regulars. But I lost real big, and then I drifted on to L.A. By that time, I had no plan. Weather was nice. Big city. No plan. . . . I just ended up there."

He explains the idea with a calm sincerity, and you realize that to him it is not wildly improbable. He sees, somewhere in the middle of it, a teasing filament of possibility invisible to the rational eye. Hubbard believes if he had won, he would still be an alderman, the most powerful black in Chicago, holding segregated money for blacks' elections. His scheme was simply the latest malarial flight from an even, sensible character, and it's sending him to prison.

"I have always had this desire for power. Raw power. I saw it around me when I got into politics, and frankly, I wanted some for myself. And that," he says, suddenly reaching under the coffee table and pulling a manuscript from a manila envelope, "is what this book I wrote is about.

"This main character," he explains, "wants all the black aldermen to get together. They never have in this town. Blacks now have the biggest bloc in City Hall, but they've never put it together. Well, this guy does, and he realizes the machine is dying." Hubbard pauses and shifts his fix from his fictional political structure to the real one he rode so successfully for a time. "The machine is dyin'. I saw it years ago in the black

wards. The Democrats would be winnin' 150 to 10 in some wards and everybody was saying the machine was so powerful, but I could see that they should won the ward 200 to 5. The old ward heelers was just lazy, fat. And that's how I knew, when I ran for alderman, that I was gonna win against the machine's man."

Hubbard stops again and makes the shift back into his book. "Well, that's the situation in Chicago, and that's the situation in this book. This guy, Vonner Jordan I call him, figures a way to unite all the groups I was mentionin': the dope peddlers, the black gangs, the Mob, to achieve his dream for power." He waves the manuscript. "It's just a first draft. I wrote it in three months while I was sittin' in County. It's no more than just an outline, really. All dialog." He shuffles typewritten pages, then closes the envelope and lights a cigarette. "I don't have an agent or nothin'. But I always wanted to write a book and I figured bein' in jail was as good a time as any to do it."

He leans back now and, briefly, lets the dream have him again. "You see, I wanted to do this. I wanted to do what this man Vonner Jordan did. . . . But I guess I just didn't have enough heart, or maybe lack of heart."

The public is first allowed inside the Kerner-Isaacs trial at 3:40 p.m. on Monday, January eighth, after the jury has been chosen. But the "public," at this late hour in the first, sluggish days, are the regular Federal Building trial buffs—retired men, mostly—who each day search these halls for melodrama, sloughing in and out of courtrooms as events build, crest and fall away. There are about a dozen of them and they seem to move in teams, spreading out each morning to find the rooms of highest passion, then report to one another when they meet in the corridors.

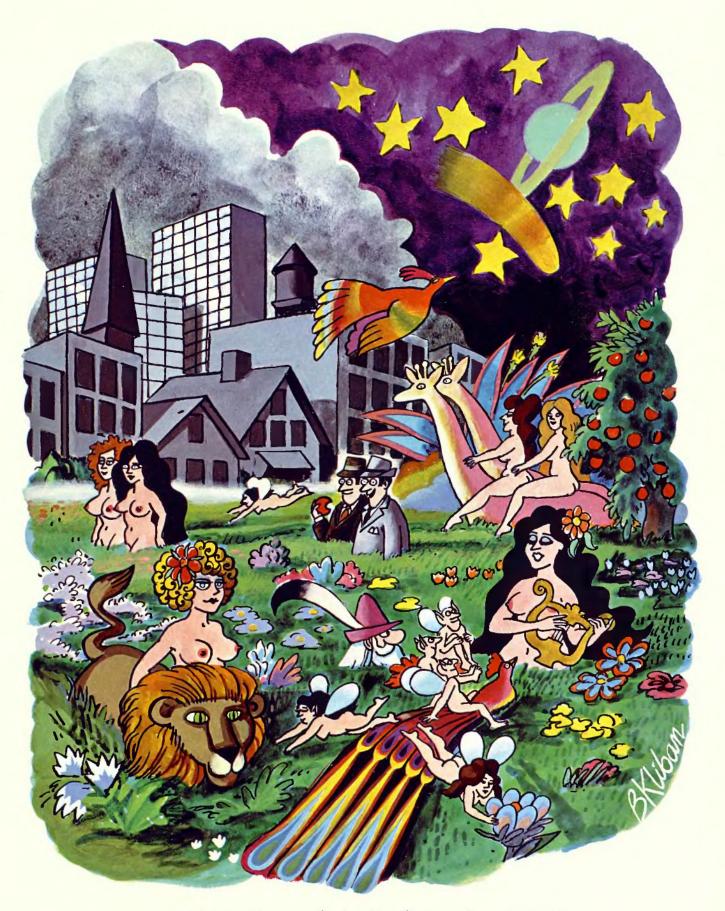
"There's a great plea for reduced sentence in front of McLaren," one will say, or, "Final argument goin' on in Decker's court. It's a good one."

During lunch hours and recesses, they gather in the halls and sit in new leather chairs grouped near a wall of windows, dressed in layers of dull wool. They elect a president and other officers every year and hold a Christmas party to which some judges come. When they don't talk with one another about trials, they usually complain about the meagerness of pensions and the mazes lurking in Medicare forms. Their real knowledge of law varies enormously ("That guy's a great lawyer," one might say, cupping his ear. "He talks real loud."), but that gives no one of them a more authoritative voice when they sit in the leather chairs, like old men in parks, and argue guilt and innocence.

There is also a lady, named Mary, one of them, treated equally but with no special deference; she walks with a lunging limp and, from the expression on her face, always seems about to break into a witch's cackle. Mary carries a small note pad and pen and takes notes on testimony. She alone has stayed by the door outside the Kerner-Isaacs courtroom since the first morning, watching and waiting, the Mrs. Miller of the trial.

"The next few weeks we spend together will be among the most important in your lives," says Jim Thompson to the jury as he begins his opening statement. setting a tone of gravity. He warns the members of the jury not to panic if they sense facts and statistics moving too swiftly. "In the end, this is a simple case," he says. "At the heart of the matter, it is a case of bribery and fraud and lies to evade that bribery and fraud." He tells the jury that Marjorie Everett, the largest horse-racing-track owner in Illinois, formed a new corporation in the early Sixties and, already much in debt, could manage only a large, precarious bank loan to finance it. Thompson continues, gesturing with his hands to italicize a word. "Marge Everett's friend and advisor was her late father's close friend, William Miller. . . . In November 1960, Otto Kerner was elected governor of Illinois. He announced that William Miller had been appointed chairman of the Illinois Racing Board." Thompson tells of Kerner's appointing Ted Isaacs the state's director of revenue, of Kerner's clearing all racing-board selections with Miller, of Miller and Everett's deciding that she should expand her business by running harness races at the tracks and of needing special state legislation to do so. Thompson builds his narrative, until it is ready for the crystallizing drop of information: "In November 1962, Marge Everett sent a memo to Bill Miller, outlining her agreement to set aside 25 shares of C.T.E. stock and 10,000 shares of W.P.T.A. stock for Otto Kerner, five shares of C.T.E. and 2000 shares of W.P.T.A. stock for Ted Isaacs, for the purpose of maintaining good will and retaining friends in the Kerner administration." The bribe. "On November 9, 1962, William Miller, Otto Kerner and Ted Isaacs met in the governor's office. . . . Miller told Kerner and Isaacs of her offer of stock to them as a token of her esteem for the governor. And Kerner told Miller to convey his thanks to Mrs. Everett." The acceptance of the bribe.

Thompson tells of the passage of unendorsed checks worth thousands of dollars, of furtive conversations spoken in codes the covering of trails by men's-club criminals. Then he stops for a moment, as one imagines the back cover of a book coming shut, and says, "The United States of America will request that you return verdicts finding that Otto Kerner



"You know, Ed, we really should walk to work more often!"

and Theodore Isaacs are guilty of the crimes charged in this indictment."

Paul Connolly rises slowly and walks to the jury box, smiling, to give his opening statement. All of the factors that make up presence have grown to powerful maturity in Connolly and his appearance makes you wonder if, when he was 20 years old and planning to study law at Georgetown and become a very successful trial lawyer, he knew that he would someday have this full white hair and that his face would flush to aesthetic contrast. To influence a courtroom requires the transmission of something finally physical and you can't imagine that Paul Connolly looked nearly so impressive when he was young. The elements of age have worked beneficially for him; it is as if they progressed methodically until they got it right, then quit.

"Ladies and gentlemen," says Connolly, "what you have heard from Mr. Thompson, spoken so eloquently and so partisanly, is not evidence. No opening statement is, and so what I'm about to say is not evidence, either." Connolly then begins to reconstruct the life of Otto Kerner, like a speaker introducing some celebrated guest. "He joined the National Guard as a private in 1934 and worked his way up to the rank of major general. After the war, he practiced law, was appointed U.S. Attorney for the Northern District of Illinois, became county judge and was elected governornot once but twice. He chaired the Kerner Commission and was appointed by President Lyndon B. Johnson to sit on the U.S. Court of Appeals, the second highest court in the land.

"And now, these gentlemen representing the Government say he's a liar, a fraud, the recipient of a bribe." Connolly has just introduced a central strategy of his defense: taking the prestige of his client's life, placing it next to the names he's been called and hoping that some immiscible chemistry will occur in the jury's judgment.

"Let me tell you what this case is not about. It is not about bargain stock. Neither stock owned by Otto Kerner was obtained by a bribe. . . . In 1960, Otto Kerner was visited by a longtime friend, Joseph Knight, who said, 'Governor, there's some race stock available. Would you like to have some?' Kerner said, 'Whose is it?' and Knight said, 'It's mine.'"

Now Connolly's indignation begins to rise, a source of heat to his face. "This indictment is lengthy. It is verbose." He distributes one copy of the indictment to each juror. "It is the most confusing, tortuous set of facts you've ever seen in your life." And he concludes that someone "is trying to get Otto Kerner, for motivations perhaps you'll hear before this trial is over."

After lunch, Warren Wolfson gives his

short opening statement for Ted Isaacs. Wolfson is a local lawyer who has worked his way up through the police and state courts and has felt his case load moving to the Federal Courts for the past few years. This is a direction he has neither planned nor especially welcomes. He says, "It's much more difficult to win in Federal Court than in state court. The Federal prosecutor is much more selective. In state courts, they indict just about everyone brought to them. In Federal Court, the cases are thoroughly investigated before they are taken to the grand jury. If they don't think it's enough to convict, they just don't indict."

Wolfson fears the verdict in this case, believing that "It's very difficult for jurors, or even lawyers, to understand what a conspiracy is. All you need is some kind of agreement to do something, you don't even have to violate any law. The Government claims in this case a mail fraud took place and a bribery took place. What possible reason could there be to charge a conspiracy also took place? Well, it's very clear: to bring in otherwise inadmissible evidence to make it easier to convict. The poor guy indicted by a Federal grand jury of a conspiracy charge is on his way to jail."

Wolfson is short, wears suits of cloths that shimmer and has crewcut hair that amplifies the pear shape of his head. As he approaches the jury, he seems perfectly cast for the role he will play in this trial. ("I want this case to be the Kerner case. I want to play the second-fiddle role, to sit by and keep Isaacs out of the limelight as much as possible," he has said.)

"Ladies and gentlemen of the jury, there is nothing wrong with buying stock at a bargain price and selling it at a profit. . . . And there is nothing wrong with using someone else's name on your stock certificates. That practice is called using a nominee and it is done every day in the business world." Wolfson finishes with a quick list of promised revelations, like a preview of coming attractions: "You'll see what happens . . . you'll hear about that evidence . . , you'll learn that this indictment is the work of an overly creative prosecutor."

In Judge Hubert Will's courtroom, on the 23rd floor of the Federal Building, the trial of Chicago policeman James Ross is getting under way. He is accused of extorting Armanetti's liquor store by threatening its loss of license. The Government says that one night during the third week in March 1970, one of Armanetti's clerks sold liquor to a young customer after seeing his identification. Moments later, Ross walked into the store holding the customer, informed the clerk that he'd made an illegal sale and received \$1500 to forget it had happened. The Government believes that Ross planted the underage customer.

Ross denies being in Armanetti's that night. He maintains that he was patrolling in another section of the district and has partners and records to prove it.

The Government's witness on the opening day of the trial is Herbert Beigel, who was a Justice Department attorney before leaving the Justice Department a few months before to enter private practice. Beigel is largely responsible for the recent indictments of Chicago policemen. His investigation began in the Austin district, in which Officer Ross worked, because a reporter for the neighborhood's newspaper told sources about a "\$100-amonth club" of police officers—a corrupt group that extorted roughly \$100 a month from the area's tayern owners.

Beigel and the U.S. Attorney in this case, Allan Lapidus, converse mechanically about details. From his bench, Judge Will takes an active role in the testimony, interrupting to ask questions in a tough, impatient city voice. He has the extra burden of deciding the verdict in this case, for policeman Ross has just this morning chosen to be tried before a judge, rather than by a jury of peers, some of them perhaps carrying a flourishing cynicism that would not stop to presume a policeman's innocence. ("It used to be that if you put a cop on the stand, the jury automatically believed him," says attorney Lapidus. "Now it's just the reverse. I was talking to a prosecutor at the state's attorney's office the other day and he told me about a case where he called a witness to the stand and when he asked him his occupation and the guy said he was a policeman, the entire jury started snickering.")

Lapidus is a short, dark young man who talks in aggressive bursts. He carries his head tilted back, as if he were watching a movie from the first row, and sights down his nose as he looks straight ahead. Lapidus wears a luxuriant black beard, which makes him a virtual freak in comparison with the other U. S. Attorneys, but he was prepared to shave if this trial were heard by a jury.

Beigel finishes his testimony, ending his role in a case he helped construct.

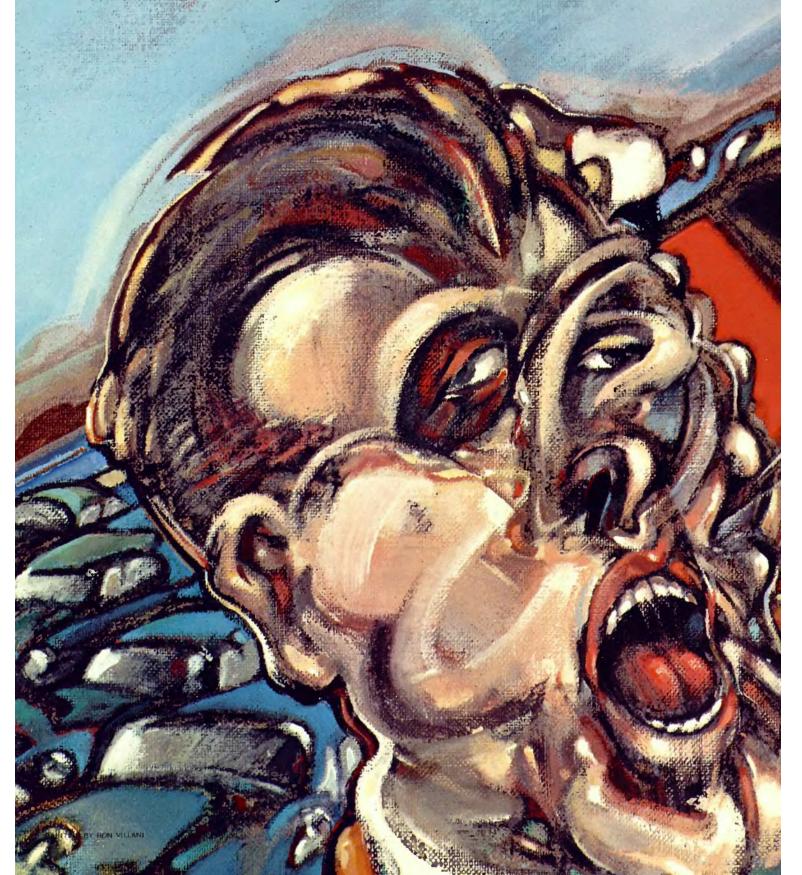
The next day, eating lunch in a Loop restaurant, Beigel thinks back over his career with the Justice Department. "I remember when the Chicago Police Department announced that it was conducting a parallel investigation, along with the Justice Department, into police corruption. Well, its investigation amounted to putting someone on the tail of the FBI investigators to see who they were investigating." He laughs.

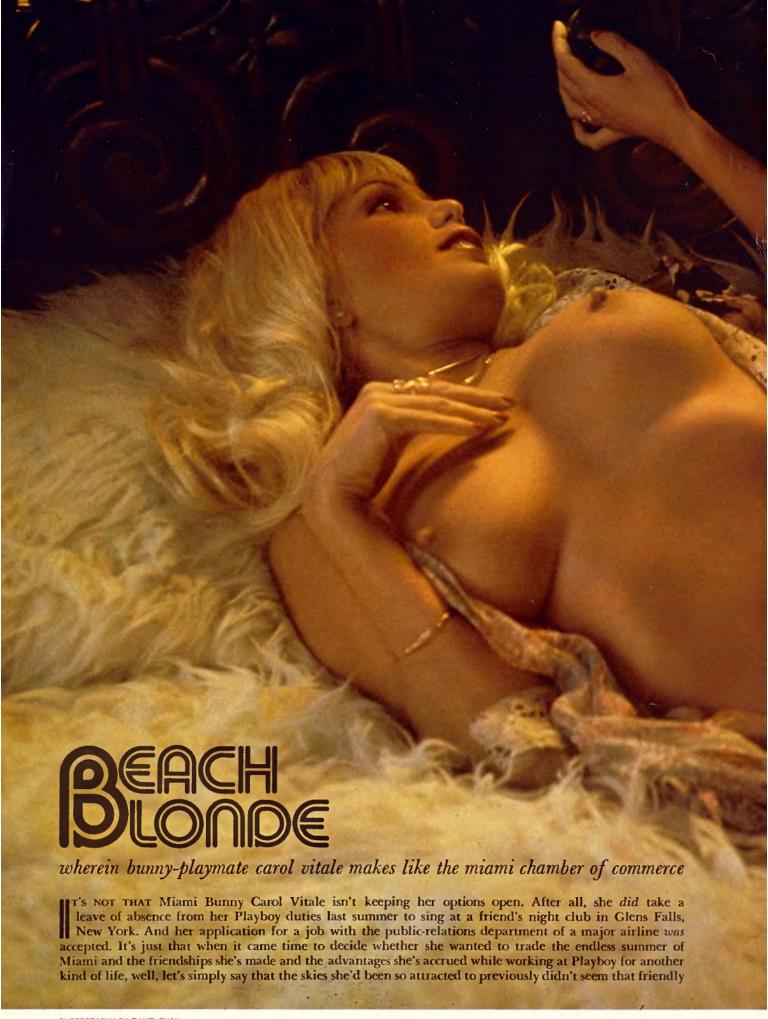
"But that was all right, because, contrary to myth, the FBI is not a good investigating agency. It especially dislikes new investigations, because they're time-consuming. Everybody's statistics-conscious. The FBI will make a deal with (continued on page 150)

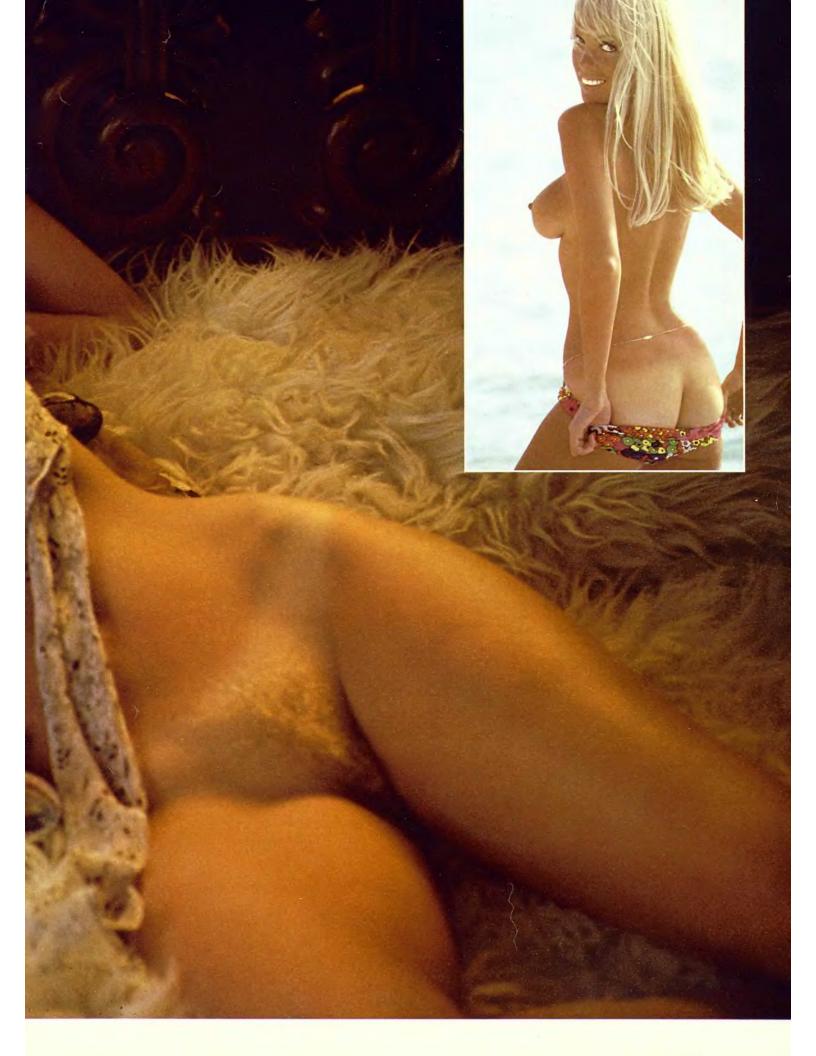
WINTER OF in jew—the insults ag all over van ness avenue that day

idiot, goddamn jew—the insults were flying all over van ness avenue that day

fiction By HERBERT GOLD It's cold up and down Van Ness Avenue in San Francisco, where they sell the cars. It's raining. There is never any snow, this is San Francisco, but the people are surprised to be shivering. The showrooms through the great plate windows look cold, despite the circus slogans painted on shimmering glass. It's also cold on Van Ness because they aren't selling many cars this year. The flow of oil has been tampered with, unclear exactly why. The Arabs say the oil users should take a turn as colonies, subject to cold winters. (continued on page 163)







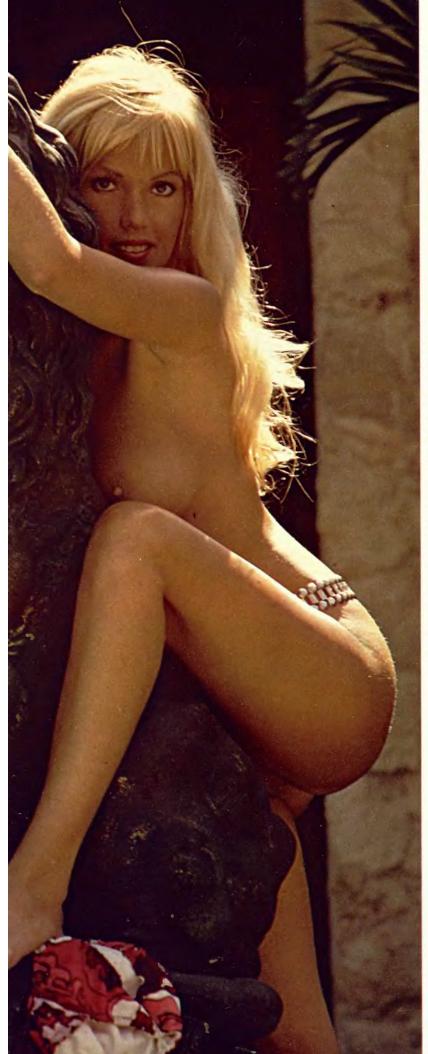








"I grew up in cold and gray Elizabeth, New Jersey," says Carol. "But in the five years I was in Miami, I think I must have made up for all the warmth and the sun I missed."



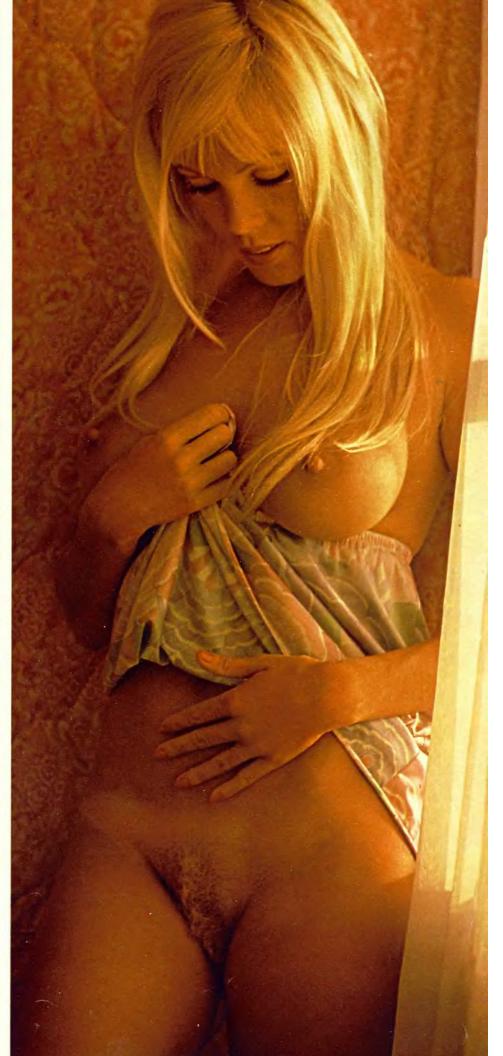


"I've always loved water. I'm like my dad. He's owned boats all his life and is Coast Guard—qualified to captain any size ship up to an ocean liner."





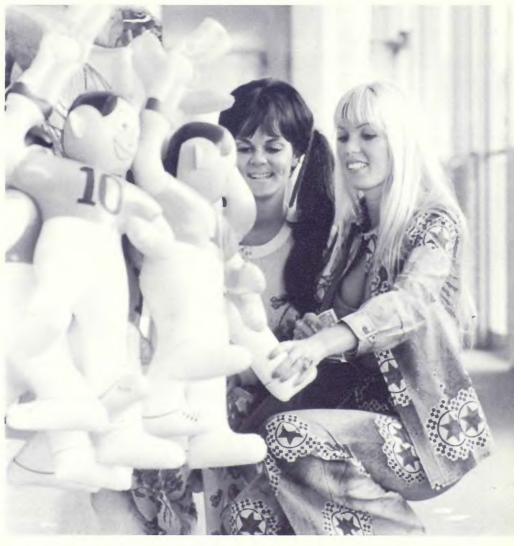
"I live by myself because my freedom means everything to me. But I know that tomorrow I could meet someone who could change my mind—permanently."



anymore. "I was all set," says Carol, "to take my first airline training class. But I couldn't take my mind off how much I'd miss Playboy and all my free time for modeling assignments, guitar lessons, water-skiing and the rest. For me, living in Miami is like being on vacation every day of the year, and I kept on thinking about how much I'd be away even if I were to be stationed here. So, a few days before I was to attend the class, I called the airline and said, 'Sorry.'" Which is what more than a few keyholders would have been had Miss Vitale decided otherwise; you see, she won the local Bunny of the Year contest in 1972. That hasn't been the only time Carol's been rewarded by her association with Playboy. Last October, she made her third appearance in four years of PLAYBOY's annual Bunny pictorials. Readers also may remember her as the girl with the red Rabbit-shaped life preserver featured on our August 1972 cover. And she even played a bit part as a Bunny ("Tough work," she quips) in a yetto-be-released movie, Sammy Somebody, that was shot, in part, at Playboy's Miami digs. More recently, Carol flew to Jamaica to be the star of a "Bunny on a Holiday" cover story for our Playboy Club magazine, vip. Even so, it would be inaccurate to imply that Playboy alone claims title to recognizing Miss Vitale's comelier qualities; in 1969, she served as Miss Gulfstream and was a finalist in the Miss Florida-World contest that same year. And Carol's modeling credits include a series of auto commercials. All this from a lady who says, "I had no idea, when I moved to Miami, of even applying for a job as a Bunny." As we all know now, she did get the job-and something more: "I've got lots of friends, lots to do, and I guess I'd say I'm happy all the time." Well, Carol, if you're happy, we're happy.

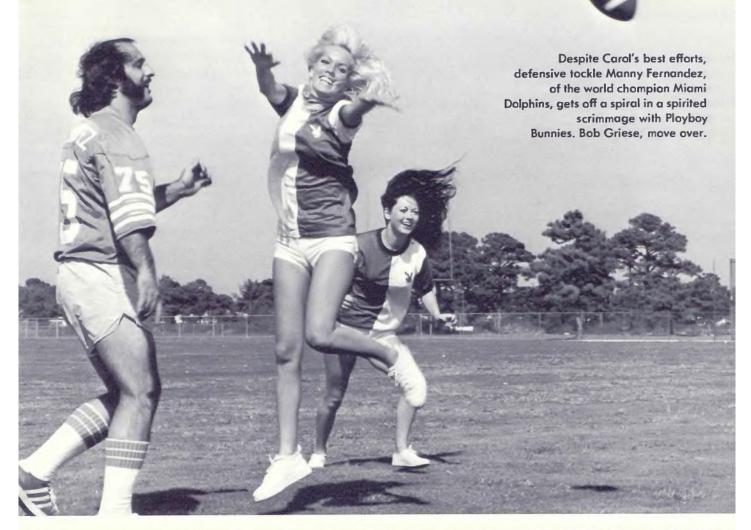






Above right: In Jamaica for a promotion shooting, Carol scampers along the Club-Hotel's beach front. Right: Back in Miami, she and a friend shop a concession at a jai-alai frontón.







PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

At the office shower, one of the gifts gigglingly presented to the bride-to-be by her sister stenographers was a pair of lace panties with two birds embroidered in the crotch. When she returned to work after her honeymoon, one of her coworkers asked smilingly, "And how did the little lovebirds make out?"

'Oh, the birds came through pretty well," sighed the girl. "but they sure got the hell torn

out of their nest!"

We've had it explained to us that a daisy chain is no stronger than its weakest dink.



I wo elderly park-benchers were discussing their sexual situation. "You know, Sam," said one, "I understand that eating oysters puts lead in your pencil. Why don't we try it?'

"I don't know about you," replied Sam. "but at my age, I don't have many women to

write to."

Our Unabashed Russian Dictionary gives "police raid on transvestites" as the definition of drag nyet.

Step into the bakery," said the pastry chef to his pretty new assistant. "I'd like to show you my special use of shortening."
"Shortening, hell!" snapped the young thing.

"All you want to show me is your lengthening!

Human reproduction, according to one women's lib dialectician, is a regressive process: It begins with coming to the point and ends with straddling the issue.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines orgasmic cry as a sperm wail.

When a virginal maiden named Hood Met a flashy young wolf in the wood, Though she'd said she would die Undefiled, ere comply, She gave in when she saw how things stood.

During ten years of marriage, Mike O'Casey and his wife had produced nine children. One day, their priest discussed with Mike the problem his growing family was beginning to create for the small parish school. "You must use restraint!" urged the man of the cloth.

But two more O'Caseys made their appearance pretty much on schedule, and the priest collared Mike again. "Haven't you been using restraint, man, as I counseled?" he demanded.

"That I have, Father," replied Mike, "ever since we had our talk. But tell me, what's a man to do when he wakes up in the middle of the night and finds the missus helping herself?"

The man lay naked on the grass in a secluded part of the park, a dazed but oddly happy expression on his face. "What happened?" asked the cop.

"I was-uh-minding my own business," mumbled the man, "when a gang of teenage girls came along and jumped me and-uh-

tore off my clothes. And then. . . .'

'And then what?"

"And then all heaven broke loose!"

An observant acquaintance of ours points out that female pubic hair may display marked variation in color, texture and abundance, but there is one unchanging characteristic: It's always parted in the middle.

Although the wealthy young man was crazy about a beautiful redhead, he wasn't getting to first base. He finally decided the only way he could have her was to marry her, so on their next date, after a champagne supper in his apartment, he said, "Darling, will you be my wife? I have enough money to get you anything your heart desires!

"No. John. I'm sorry, but you can't buy my love." replied the girl after a few moments' reflection. "However," she continued, "if the price is right. I might possibly rent you some."

We know a guy who was an incurable romantic until penicillin came along.



Our Unabashed Dictionary defines pasties as bumper stickers.

The shrewish wife phoned her husband at the club poker room, pointed out how late it was and ordered that he come right home.

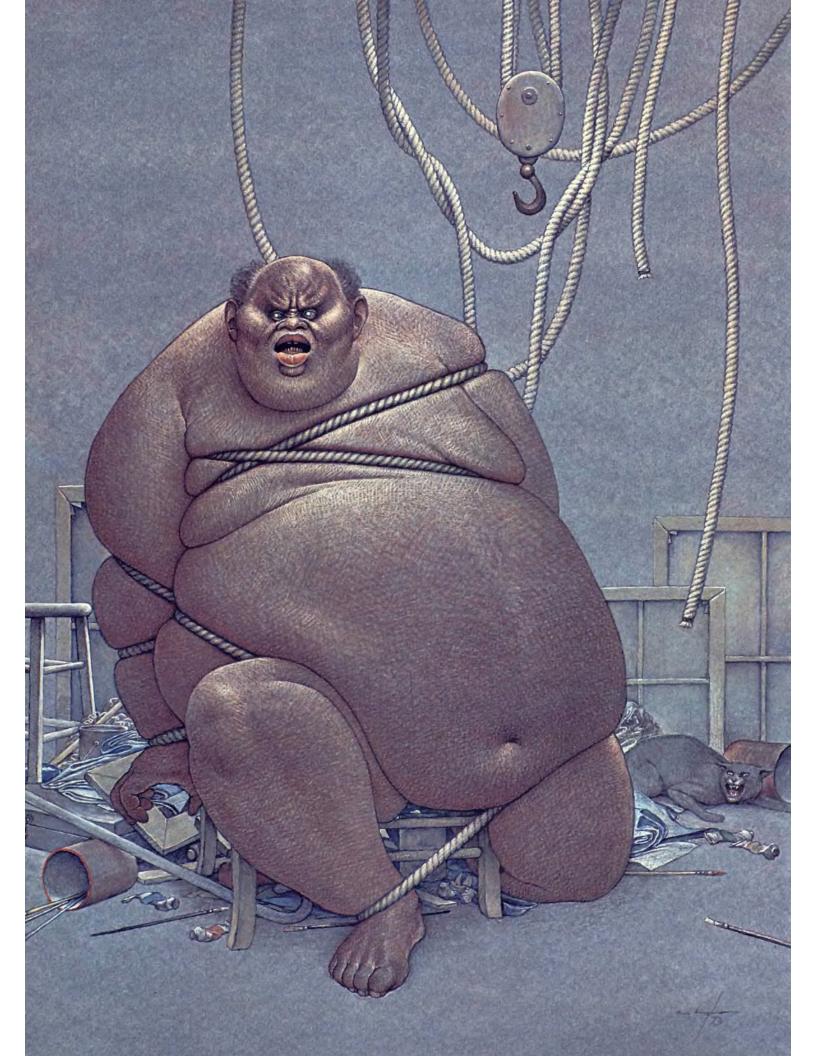
"But. Emma," pleaded the man, "I can't quit now. Why, I've got a stack of quarters here as long as my dong!"

'Henry," shot back Emma, "you mean all you've got left is a lousy two bucks?"

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.



"Be realistic, Angela—riding that contraption all over the countryside has probably ruined you already!"



ZAMP IS COMING. Fat and frantic. Pushing and shoving, jiggling and yelling, running foulmouthed with his aluminum

cane, here comes Zamp.

"Where the subway? Where the goddamn subway?" Holding tight, drawing the terrified white face close to his, nose to nose, Zamp wants the subway. Two bright lights burn in those dark woolly eyes.

Downtown, man, goddamn down-

The arm pulls him forward, Zamp is moving and the arm takes him to the subway entrance. Zamp can smell the subway, he can smell the heat and the bodies and the steel and the hot rush of popcorn-dead air that hits him in the face. It's got a downtown smell to it. Zamp knows.

"Thank you, Mr. Jim."

Zamp, the cocoa blimp begins his tapping down the stairs. He shoves, bumping bodies.

'Goddamn, man, downtown, downtown!" he yells to no one in particular. He keeps yelling until someone comes

she was tall, white and naked-and she wanted to paint him. so what's wrong with that?



by Thomat Gly!

and takes him by the arm and leads him right to the platform. Zamp reaches out with his cane and feels the edge of the platform and steps back two feet.

It is midday. There are only several people on the platform. Zamp rolls his head in all directions, eying everyone with dead eyes. He swaggers and dances, feeling his belly and leaning on his cane. His fly is open. His shoes is untied. But Zamp don't know and Zamp don't care. Zamp ain't looking. And if you're looking, he ain't looking at your looking.

Rumble of the train. Bet Zamp gets in first. Bet you ain't gonna get out first. Here comes Zamp.

Screech bump the doors fly open and Zamp bumps his way in. Tapping inside, he turns his fat ass to a seat and before he sits down a terrified man jumps up and Zamp sits, hopelessly wedged between two bodies. Zamp is happy when he's wedged, happy when he can feel wet flesh next to his, squirming to get free. But this time he's got them and they know it and now they've got to listen.

"Now, just what the hell do that say?" Zamp says, pointing to a subway poster. The man sitting next to him tells him and Zamp grunts.

"Uh-huh."

Zamp starts singing a little song. It is a tiny song, you can barely hear the words, and Zamp likes it that way. He sings in this tiny high little voice and he sings about Zamp 'cause there ain't no one else singing about Zamp. Not anyone in this whole world. Zamp got to sing, otherwise he just disappear.

Poof. Zamp know that.

"What the hell do that say?" And the man tells him.

'Now, ain't that a load of shit?" Zamp

says. The man agrees.

'Now, what the hell you agreein' with me for?" Zamp asks. The man don't know. Zamp don't know the man. He just a voice. They all a voice. That's all they ever be. Well, damn, they never going to know Zamp, so how Zamp going to know them?

"You get me off at Eighth Street," Zamp says. The man nods invisibly.

"Hey, you son of a bitchin' get me off at Eighth Street!" The man says he will and Zamp starts singing again. He feels good when he's singing and he likes to bob his head up and down and roll it side to side like he did when he was just a baby and was the same as the way he is now and as soon as his momma gave birth to him she gave birth to an aluminum cane 'cause she knew Zamp was going to need it and she knew that was all she could give Zamp, all she could ever give Zamp, because she would never see him, never again, and his father wouldn't even see him once. If he had tears he would cry, but Zamp swallows tears, did it ever since he was little, a trick he learned to help him get by, 'cause if they ever saw you with tears they come down on you hard. Oh, they beat you good, strap your back and put the latticework against your skin and then in the night you can run your finger back there and suck on your own blood until morning.

Zamp forgets to count the subway stops down from 59th.

"This Eighth Street?"

Someone pulls him up and Zamp rushes out. He stands on the platform with his arms stretched out, feeling which way the people are going and when he feels the direction of the bodies

brushing by his hands he follows them. He smiles and sings. He smells old shoes and moth balls and stale Baby Ruths gone black with time on the back of subway seats. He pushes toward the turnstiles and follows the thumping of the feet up the stairs, smelling air and dog shit, and he knows he's hitting the street and when he gets outside he walks over to a building and kneels down and prays for sight and then prays for getting out of the subway again and into the sun and then takes out his short stubby little member and urinates against the wall and shakes it dry and puts it back and this time remembers to zip his fly and starts walking down the street and

Zamp got downtown business. No basket weaving for Zamp, oh, no. They try to pull that shit on him at the Lighthouse and he say no, not Zamp. Zamp pat his belly. He got the business right in there. He giggle. Zamp and God going

the same way. Zamp know.

Now he knows every shop and street corner, every stop light and every moocher in this block. This Zamp's block. He know this block and this block know Zamp.

Zamp tapping past the Nedick's and the Afro shop and the electricity shop and all the clothes shops. Zamp smells the afternoon sun, smells it like he smelled it a thousand times before and will smell it a thousand times again, and wonders about the sun and looks up at it but can't see and thinks he knows why the sun is up there and thinks if I stop thinking about the sun, why that old sun is just going to disappear, like Zamp, and then where will I be?

He is about to cross the street when he feels a hand on his arm and it is a girl's hand and she is young and she smells white and she asks if she can help Zamp and Zamp says yes. Zamp follows the girl up to her loft. He will not stay long. Zamp has street business and that comes first. This is just a detour, but sometimes it's fun to take a little detour, especially if they don't last long and don't get in the way of business. The girl speaks softly and serves him tea and she sounds tall, she has a soft tall voice. She tells Zamp she is a painter and she would like to paint him and Zamp says some other time that now he's got business and he don't want to hinder her career or anything 'cause he's got a career of his own and he knows how important careers are but some other time.

They drink tea and there is other talk and a cat purrs across his leg and he can smell garbage and turpentine and plaster of Paris and hear a faucet leaking and the girl has to go to the toilet and when she comes back the water is still running, though the girl can't hear it but Zamp can.

"You're beautiful," the girl says. Zamp rubs his belly.

He can smell many cats, male cats, and

the heavy wet odor of spray fills the room. There is a breeze coming in from the window and Zamp can smell an old ashtray left on the window sill.

The girl gets up and he can hear her doing something. What she is doing is filled with soft sounds, like velvet rubbing against velvet and silk flowing gently over skin.

"Are you happy?" the girl asks.

"Me?" Zamp says. "You gotta be kiddin'. You gotta be outa your mother skull."

There is a silence. The wind blows and he can feel the girl moving. He can smell skin and the dark, dense, damp odor of hair. Zamp reaches out and she jumps away.

"Hey, what the fuck?" Zamp says.

There is an absurd silence in the room that curls around the walls like a gigantic white snake.

"What the hell is going on?" Zamp says.

It troubles him, this snake of silence, and Zamp stands up and waves his cane around. His belly shakes and his deep fat navel, looking like a hidden volcano, peers from his shirt. He bites his lower lip and swears. Then he sits down, exhausted.

He smells something sweet, incredibly sweet, something like wine but sweeter yet. Zamp remembers when he suckled at his mother's breast and the heavy lush milk odor that hung around her nipples. His eyes were in his mouth then, and he clung for dear life to the giant mountain of flesh that he kept trying to climb, clawing with his tiny little hands. He would grab and squeeze and his mother would yell and then that was the last he ever heard of her.

'Where you at, woman?" Zamp yelled. He could hear the hum of the refrigerator and the sound a cat made as it jumped up on some dishes and Zamp felt his belly and clutched the terror that was strapped to his giant waist. It was soft and warm and he could push his thumb against it because there was enough room in the plastic bag to move what was inside around. Zamp felt the edge of the table, wood, and the chair, wood and caned bottom, and listened to the sound of the room, his head tilted to the ceiling. He couldn't hear the girl so he tried to smell her, but the only thing he could smell was the cat spray. Every time he caught a whiff of her something else intruded, turpentine or wood or paints or something. He felt he was inside a clock and someone kept winding the clock spring tighter and tighter and Zamp wanted to yell to them to stop, but they couldn't hear him inside the case.

"I'm going, woman," Zamp said.

He got up, leaning forward on his cane. He could feel the uneven boards on the floor and hear the faucet drip and there seemed to be a whole new set of smells.

He could smell flesh and perspiration

and the dank odor of tightly compressed, wiry hair.

"Don't leave," the girl said.
"You bitch," Zamp said.

"Don't leave," the girl said. "I want to undress you. I want to paint you."

"Don't touch me," Zamp said.

He felt hands on his back and he turned around, but they were gone. The girl pleaded with him.

"Please let me undress you. I want to paint you."

"Ain't no one undressin' Zamp."

He could smell damp wool and blood and a peculiar vibration that seemed to be bouncing off the walls and turning the room into a sound chamber. It was as if the sounds were coming from farther back, maybe across the street, or maybe up the next block, or farther back in time, ten, 20 years ago. He didn't need this. He didn't want this. If she wanted to screw that was OK and he'd do it and if she didn't want to, then he would leave, but he didn't give a damn about this crap. He didn't give a damn about painting, about anybody painting, and he waved his cane around trying to find the cans of paint and knock them down, spill them all out and then step on them and grind them into the floor. It was like spilling someone's eyes out. He waved the cane furiously, hoping to strike cans, but he heard nothing, and the aluminum cane whistled through the air like a dead whip.

He stopped, breathing heavily, his belly sweating.

The cane was on the floor and Zamp leaned over to pick it up. He was pushed from behind and fell rolling on the floor. It seemed as if he were turning into a ball because he just kept rolling and the room seemed to pulsate, the walls vibrating in and out. When he came to a stop the girl was on him and he could feel her bare arms and bare skin and she tried to hold his arms down and was whispering or licking or doing something to his ear. He could smell the heavy odor of cat spray. It gagged his nostrils and turned his belly. He could smell sawdust and varnish and crankcase oil on the floor and it was like being back in the garage when he was a little kid. They used to let him hang around because no one else wanted him and they even let him put gearboxes back together by touch, but they couldn't resist doing something to him while he worked, such as pouring oil on his fingers or snipping big sections out of his shirt or taping signs to his back. They were nice to him but they did these other things to him too and Zamp could never figure them out until he found that most people were like that and that most people would help you and at the same time took pleasure in hurting you. He pushed the girl off, cursing.

"You m'f'in' ofay, you sloppy crack, (continued on page 182) humor

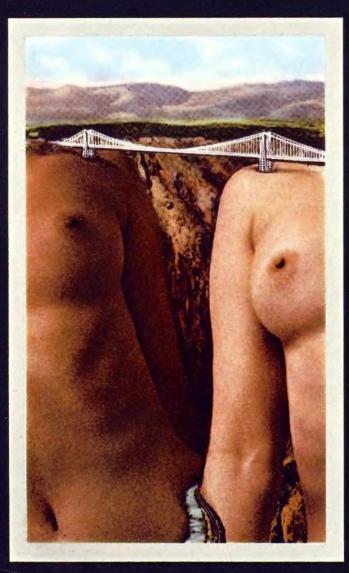
We felt the best thing we could do for artist John Craig was to suggest he take some time off. For several years, he'd been creating collages of pretty women and he recently began complaining of strange, recurring dreams he'd been having—all of them with sexual overtones (and the undertones were pretty snappy, too).



"In one dream," he recalled, "I was managing a little-league team. All my players were titties. Except for my second baseman, who looked like a vulva, which worked out OK because he was a terrific glove man."

terrific glove man."

A visit to a psychiatrist did no good. The doctor explained to Craig that such overtly sexual

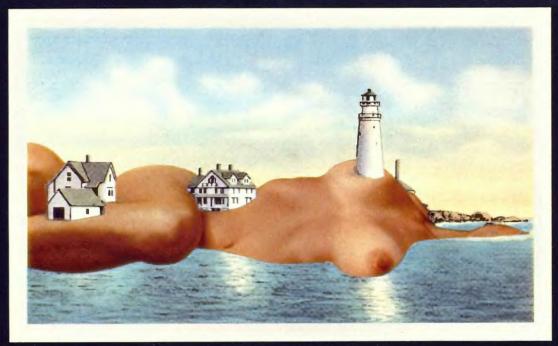


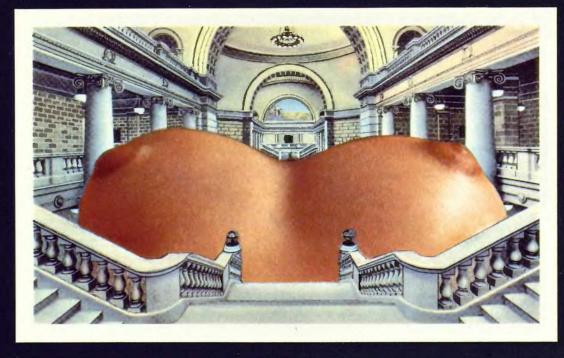


dreams had only one possible Freudian interpretation: He was really obsessed by round fruit and caves. But since he wasn't about to grow oranges at Lourdes, Craig's condition worsened. We decided he needed a long vacation far away from girls and sex. We then mapped out a scenic itinerary for him, asked

him to mail us a postcard from time to time and sent him on his way.

and sent him on his way.
The postcards herein bear mute testimony to the problem of a libido not properly kept in check.
"I don't know how it happened," he says today from his bed in the Blessed Rest Convalescent Home.
"I'd buy this postcard of a pretty lighthouse and be-



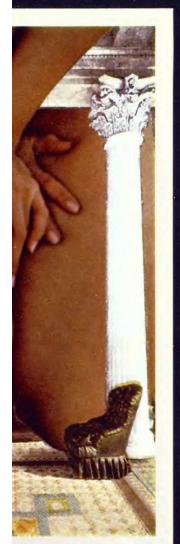




fore I knew what was happening, my scissors would be out and—snip, snip—more tits 'n' ass." He claims his dreams aren't bothering him anymore, but he can't even look at a picture without its going "funny." And it goes on all the time. "When my grandmother came to visit, I took a Polaroid of her for the family album. Sixty

seconds later—" Craig could not continue.

We have published John Craig's postcards in a gesture of public-spirited concern. Let the evidence serve as a reminder of the dangers of looking at too many ladies without clothes and as a warning to those who would make of womanhood . . . a sex object!







WICCHES' BREW

(continued from page 92)

room. Clad in a monk's robe, his hair worn in a pigtail, Zell explained to his audience of 20 that, as pagans, they were in the peculiar position of having a public image "created not by ourselves but by our prosecutors. It is much as if the Nazis had succeeded in eradicating Judaism to the extent that, generations later, the common opinion of what the Jewish faith was all about was derived solely from the anti-Semitic propaganda of the Third Reich." In Europe alone, he pointed out, 9,000,000 pagans were martyred by the Christian church during the Inquisition and witch trials. "Among Christians, a common accusation leveled at members of non-Jahvist religions is that they are Devil worshipers or Satanists. But Satan is a specifically Christian concept and no one outside Judaeo-Christianity recognizes him at all.

The time was ripe for a new religion, Zell felt, based on reverence for the earth and all the life that springs from it, but more than one member of his audience quarreled with his all-embracing endorsement of paganism.

"Look here, the fertility goddess of the Aztecs was a shit-eater. I mean, literally." Here a thoughtful lady interjected,

"So is the earth, if you think about it."

Zell and Carolyn Clark joined me for lunch. They were both rain makers. "Weather control," Tim said, "that's easy. Even my ten-year-old son can make blizzards in April. He has his own altar."

Outside, it was overcast. I invited Zell and Carolyn to have a shot at rain making and, sportingly, they agreed, sinking to the pavement to meditate for ten minutes. On rising, Zell said, "We'll have rain in an hour."

Alas, the rains didn't come in one hour, or even four, by which time I was ensconced in the bar with yet another witch couple, this pair out of Chicago. The male witch, a brooding young man with melancholy eyes, confided, "It's hard to be a Jewish witch. You'd understand."

"Sure."

"If my boss knew I was Jewish, there'd be trouble. If he found out I was a witch, I'd be fired."

His witchmate declared she was no mean rain maker herself.

"All right, then," I said. "Let's go outside and make some."

"I don't do parlor tricks," she replied sharply.

Possibly, there was more to it than that. A sense of ecological responsibility. Lecturing to an audience of more than 100 the same afternoon, Lady Cybele enjoined one and all not to use their powers frivolously. "I don't want any of you to raise the temperature to seventy-five degrees in St. Paul on January second, because, sure enough, if you do that, it

will be thirty-five degrees and snowing on May second. Nature has its own pendulum."

Plump, bejeweled Lady Cybele was actually lecturing on psychic self-defense to a rapt, largely middle-aged audience, many of whom were armed with tape recorders. When undergoing psychic attack, she advocated the construction of an instant psychic shield. Making negative static, or jamming, was also a good ploy. Vampires, she ventured, who suffer from a leaky aura, are particularly deadly. "They latch on to your aura, make a hore and suck out energy." Lady Cybele, a good housekeeper, suggested that selfrespecting witches ought to exorcise their homes once a month, just to keep them spiritually spick-and-span. If undergoing malevolent psychic attack, she said there was nothing for it but active self-defense. "Don't accept spells or nightmares, but send them back along the channels from whence they came. Go after your attacker with your astral sword. Rain fire and brimstone on him. Make it good." Finally, if nothing else worked, there was always the occult fuzz. "They have opted out of the reincarnation wheel," she explained, "but can always be summoned if you ask the Great White Brotherhood to come to your aid,"

Some 50 enthusiasts turned up in their finery for the first evening banquet at the Hyatt Lodge. Yankee pot roast. My dinner companions were the delightful Crescent Dragonwagon and Officer J. P. Little from Arden Hills, a Minneapolis suburb. Little was in uniform; he wore a gun. The year before, I was told, a band of Jesus freaks had crashed the festival, stirring things up. "Expecting trouble?" I asked.

"Naw. They seem like regular, ordinary people to me."

"But you are on duty here?"

Officer Little lowered his eyes. Toying with his fork, he said, "Well, helping out, sort of. My lieutenant's a witch. He has a coven of his own."

There were two more cops, plainclothesmen, on duty inside the Gnostica Bookshop, guarding the door to the basement witchmeet. Fortunately, Carl Weschcke had issued me a pass.

There was no magic circle. The witches sat in rows, like the P.T.A., rising now and then to pluck a Coke from a machine thoughtfully placed in a corner. Once more the ladies favored skirts slit to the thigh and many of the men wore hooded robes. Plump, middle-aged Lady Sheba rose to speak, flashing gold teeth. "There has been bickering among the people of the wise," she said, "because an evil man, you all know who I mean, some of his followers may even be here, has cast a spell on some of you, attaching elementals to your back. If any of his

innocent victims wish to come to me privately afterward, I will cleanse you in Carl's temple."

A young man, his face ashen, stood up to plead for the evil one, "He is sick. He means well."

Another witch shot defiantly out of his chair. "His name is Eli."

"I didn't mention his name," Lady Sheba shot back, "you did."

"I tried to return his elementals," a man began falteringly, "but he polarizes them."

"He left me with sores on the soles of my feet."

Lady Sheba's eyes widened. She held a hand to her cheek. "Oh, he's a vampire, then. You've got real trouble!"

Witches began to murmur among themselves.

"Why don't we do a return-to-sender?"
P. E. I. Bonewits suggested. "The curse of the mirrored light. Until he disintegrates."

But Tim Zell wouldn't have it. "Oh, fine. A splendid start! We're beginning with a witch-hunt. Paranoid pagans die of old age!"

"I am Sheba, queen of the witches. I published the *Book of Shadows* because the goddess so commanded me. I am meeting many of you here for the first time, but I tell you that she has asked me to gather all our rituals together——"

"Ours are secret---"

"Into revised temple books. The night I arrived here, the goddess took me into the astral to reveal to me that that the star of knowledge hangs over St. Paul. Carl wanted me to announce it to the world, but I didn't want the publicity. But we are going to build a temple here, because this is the source, this is the center."

"I've never seen you before. How do I know you are queen?"

"I am the queen and I will publish the temple books. Thus I have been commanded and thus I will do—"

Bonewits interrupted again. "This is the U. S. A. We don't want a monarchy but a congress of witches. We don't want a monarchy, regardless of your ancestry."

"The fact remains I am queen and there is nothing any human being can do about it."

Everybody began to talk at once.

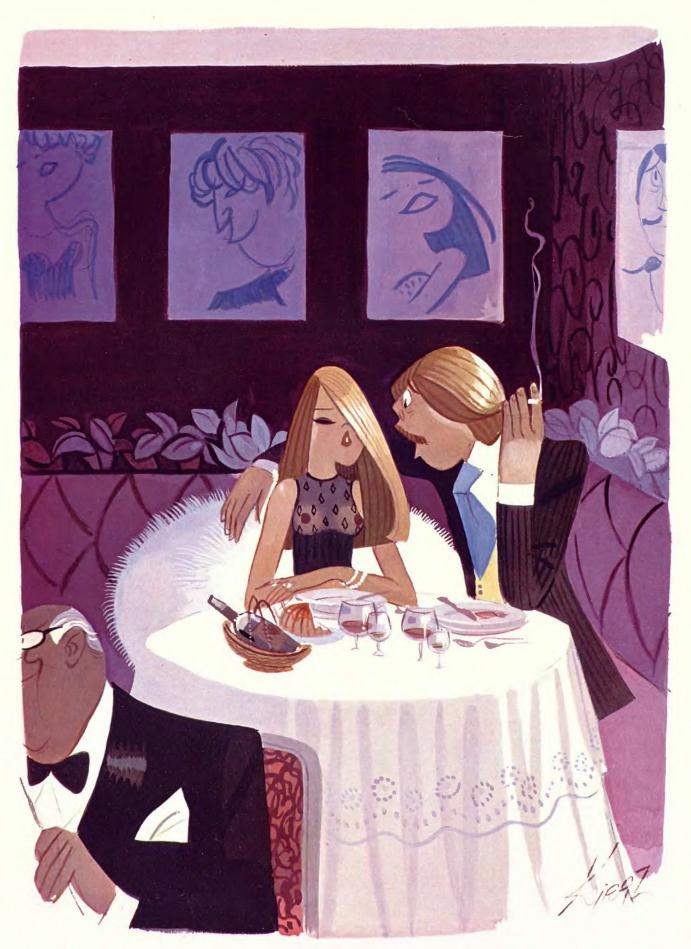
"If you won't follow me," Lady Sheba threatened, "there are thousands who is."

"Why don't we lay our quarrels aside," a witch interjected, "and find out those things we can agree on?"

"Yes," somebody else said. "How would we describe ourselves, for instance?"

A robed man, unheard from until now, rose slowly from his chair. "Let's say we are gods and goddesses in human form, and leave it at that."

Everybody clapped for the first noncontroversial remark of the witchmeet. And then suddenly, without warning,



"Of course, I wouldn't be asking you to go to bed after the first dinner if I could afford to pay for a second dinner."

George Lincoln, a lecturer and consultant on witchcraft clad in a black-velvet robe with a red-satin lining, stood up and pointed a stern, trembling finger at Lady Sheba. In a booming voice, he declaimed, "Lady Sheba, I challenge you! In the name of the Great White Brotherhood, do you stand in the light?"

Lady Sheba glared. She snickered. "You go into the astral," she said, "and the goddess will answer you thar." . . .

The next morning, I managed to corner Lincoln in the coffee shop. "I wouldn't have done it," he said, "but my contacts demanded it. I was commanded astrally."

"Did you at least get the answer you wanted?

"No. I saw the challenge go out astrally, but then she put up her shield, deflecting it."

Gavin of Boskednan pointed out there was rather a lot at stake. If Lady Sheba were recognized as queen, it could mean a fat publishing contract and a good deal of TV exposure. "It's a ticket to the network talk shows."

Finally, I caught up with Lady Sheba. "It's for goddamn sure," she said, "I don't stand in his light and I don't goddamn want him standing in mine. I don't need him in my aura. But they can't pick on me any more than they could on Moses."

In this life, Lady Sheba sprang from Knott County, Kentucky, and now lives in Florida. She's 53 years old and her legal name is Jessie Whicker Bell. Her husband works for General Motors. "Doing what?" I asked.

"Oh, he's a leader, or boss, or something. I have been queen of the witches since Camelot. You know, King Arthur's time," she said, allowing me to hold her moon-goddess necklace, evidence of her royal heritage. "I'm reincarnated into my family every seven generations. I'm part Jew, part gentile and part Cherokee. Oh, I have a beautiful memory of when I was queen of Camelot. Eleanora, you met her, she was my nurse then. She knowed it and I knowed it. And did I tell you that I was once a good Jewish mother, you know, when I saw the Crucifixion? To this day, you let somebody say something about Israel and it's a good thing I don't have the ultimate power, because I'd destroy all the Arabs."

There were other lives, of course. In India, Lady Sheba was once a great queen, tall and majestic, and so even now she returns to the River Ganges from time to time. On the inner plane, traveling astrally. "Did I tell you," she said, "that I have a hand of power?"

"Not yet."

"The great goddess-she's so beautiful, how can you describe her?-well, she took me into the astral and lifted my hand to the sky and it lit up like neon. 122 Look," she said, showing me her palm, "she cut a pentagram in here and the sign of the goddess thar."

Apologetically, I protested I couldn't make out either symbol.

"Why, of course not," she said, unperturbed. "But if you had psychic vision, you could see it."

Yes, I agreed.

"Anyway, it's thar. Nancy becomes queen in two years. I'm going to step down for my daughter. I want a movie made of her crowning. I want it shown to all the world." Rising, Lady Sheba smiled and said, "I was a magnetic child. People used to flock to me like bees to honey. I used to have beautiful blonde hair. Now my hair is Lady Clairol. Moongold."

Friday, I eschewed the public lectures in favor of private consultations with astrologers, palmists, graphologists and psychic and tarot readers. Before the day was done, I had everything but my toes

I was told, on the one hand, that I was untrustworthy and not particularly generous, but, on the other, that I was a big spender and absolutely incorruptible. One palmist proved her sagacity by confirming that I had royal blood, something she had detected on only two percent of the hands she read, and another endeared herself to me by saying I would live until 93 and, furthermore, could count on a creative revival at 80. My tarot reader, distressed, observed that for a writer I had a singularly uncreative disposition, but an astrologer swore I was due for a big literary breakthrough. I was informed that I was both a fast and a slow thinker. Within two years, depending on which advisor I credited, I would leave my home in Montreal to live in England, Connecticut or Brazil. I was also told that I was musical, which is nonsense, and that I was a fastidious dresser, which is also untrue. My finances were in both good and bad shape. I was diplomatic, yet a faultfinder. My next novel, an astrologer advised me, should be "energized." I ought to begin right now.

"No kidding?"

"Mars changed direction on September nineteenth," he said, clinching it.

But my tarot reader pleaded with me not to begin for another six months, if I wanted to make the New York Times best-seller list.

With all the evidence in, I could only conclude that I was, as I had always suspected, so large a personality as to be charged with contradictions.

My first consultation, at 9:30 A.M., was with Noel Tyl, 6'9" and a Capricorn. Tyl, a charmer born, holds a degree in psychology from Harvard and is an opera singer who has performed with the Vienna State and New York opera companies. He is writing a 12-volume series on the principles and practice of astrology. He greeted me with a magnetic, all-embracing smile. "I've been working on your chart since six o'clock this morning and, Mordecai, it's made my day. If I had never seen you and this chart had come in the mail from Iceland, I would have known immediately that here was a writer, indeed."

Mmmm.

"You're not the most brilliant of men, there are better minds-

Shit.

"But, Mordecai, Mordecai, you can hear the grass grow."

Maybe there's something in this, after all, I thought.

Consulting my chart, Tyl, his smile immense, told me, "You had a big sexual experience in 1947."

"You're damn right," I shot back.

"Nineteen seventy-two was a fine year."

"You've not yet come into your full creative powers-

Yes, yes.

"But it is about to happen. Nineteen seventy-six will be a very big year for you."

Tyl, to be fair, also made some shrewd character judgments, and I left him, floating, almost a convert. Alas, later in the day, I ran into a girl who had also consulted Tyl. "Isn't he wonderful?" she

"And perceptive," I added.

"Yes. You know what he told me? He told me I could hear the grass grow."

I got off to an unfortunate start with the next astrologer I consulted, the venerable Marc Edmund Jones, who told me, "You have an empty first house. Just like Richard Nixon."

Hey, hey there, I thought, but he also allowed that I was incisive, honest beyond compare and that 1977 was going to be a vintage year for me, which left me with a two-year streak.

After having my palm read twice and visiting a tarot reader, I hurried off, my head spinning, to meet with bouncy Prince L. Bokovoy, Jr., "a leader and innovator in Twin City graphology circles." Bokovoy, 58 and out of North Dakota, is a construction inspector when he isn't lecturing or entertaining at private parties. He told me I'd make a good detective, I hold grudges and think in bed a lot. Nudging me, he added, "You're a smooth lover and a smooth operator. More greedy for sex than money. You know I can tell if a guy's a homosexual?"

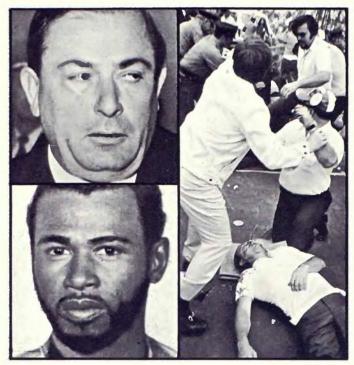
"How?"

"If a guy makes a g like this," he said, drawing a tangled letter for me, "he jacks off, he's a fag. But me, I'd just tell him he had 'unconventional sex desires.' Listen here, I can tell if a girl is oversexed or dry-sexed. That's useful, don't you think?"

"Sure."

"OK. You want a girl who's lots of (continued on page 164)





Joe Colombo, who managed to turn the Mafia into a civil-rights issue, was shot at an Italian-American Unity Day rally by one Jerome Johnson, who was instantly silenced by Colambo's angry bodyguards.



Heroin became the specialty of the minority mobsters once Government heat persuaded the Syndicate to bock away from dope.

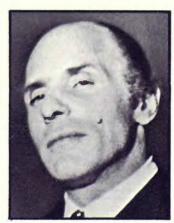


James A. "Turk" Scott, a Maryland legislator indicted for transporting heroin, was gunned down when rumors spread that he was squealing. Frank Matthews (upper right) allegedly was the Maryland narcotics kingpin who employed the representative as a courier.

ITH CONSIDERABLE justification, Italian-Americans were seething by the beginning of the Seventies. In the previous 20 years-since the Kefauver hearings and on through the McClellan investigation and the disclosures of Joe Valachi-Italians and gangsters had become almost synonymous. The American public was devouring Mario Puzo's The Godfather, first as a book and then as a movie, and was generally agreed that this must be the real inside story of the strange world inhabited by the sons of Italy, that everyone must be a Don Vito Corleone, his son Michael or someone owing allegiance to them. These suspicions were only reinforced by Gay Talese's Honor Thy Father, the tale of the family of Joe Bonanno and his son Bill.

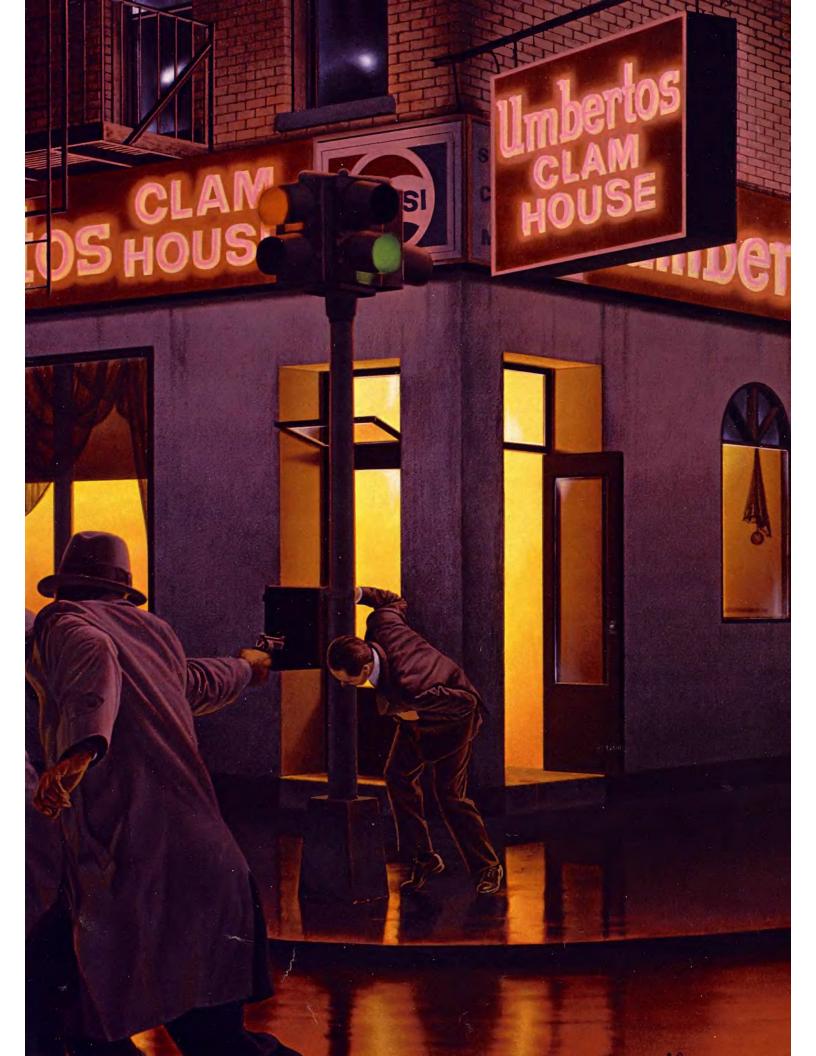
It seemed that everyone was talking about the Mafia and La Cosa Nostra, and it seemed to Italian-Americans that everyone with an Italian name was suspected of membership in the underworld. Forget about Arturo Toscanini and Gian-Carlo Menotti, about painter Joseph Stella and architect Pietro Belluschi, about John Volpe and Joseph Alioto, about Joe DiMaggio and all the rest. Remember only Lucky Luciano and Vito Genovese, Joe Profaci and Carlo Gambino, Al Capone and Albert Anastasia.

It was a sore point, and not only with the mass of honest Italian-Americans. The Mob, too, was distressed, for the



"Crazy Joe" Gallo bit the asphalt in 1972 when he was shot in a restaurant and then shot again as he staggered outside.





public preoccupation with hoods whose names ended in a vowel seemed to stir the authorities to greater efforts against them. No member of the underworld was angrier than Joseph Colombo. He might be the youngest ruler in the councils of organized crime, head of a major family since 1963, when he was only 40; he might have a voice in Syndicate policy decisions and power over hundreds of hoodlums; he might have riches from gambling in Brooklyn and Queens, loan-sharking in Manhattan, thievery at the airports around New York, cigarette smuggling from the South and a dozen other rackets-wealth enough to own a home in Brooklyn and a country estate, replete with tennis court, swimming pool and horse track for the stable he had lately acquired (all on the salary of a real-estate salesman). But he deeply resented being legally harassed and socially snubbed as a wop mobster; for Colombo was, in every way, upward mobile.

As the Seventies began, everywhere Colombo turned, he found his ambitions blocked. His underworld peers considered him only a puppet of Gambino, the man who had put him on the throne of the old Profaci family and who had emerged as the first real and virtually unchallenged capo di tutti capi in the Italian Syndicate since the days of Luciano. And the law had marked him after he was picked up in 1967 in company with Gambino and Philadelphia boss Angelo Bruno at the House of Chan restaurant in Manhattan. He could hardly take a step without stumbling over a New York cop, an agent of the FBI or a Justice Department attorney.

These were, of course, the tribulations that most underworld leaders had long since learned to live with. But most of those leaders were, by then, aging men who had matured during the great underworld wars of Prohibition days, and their stoic acceptance of this surveillance had been bred by necessity. Colombo was a new kind of leader-young, Americanborn, impatient and easily frustrated.

In the spring of 1970, Colombo's son, Joseph, Jr., was arrested by Federal authorities. The charge: that he had melted down U.S. coins into silver ingots, whose value was greater than the face value of the dimes, quarters and half dollars. Colombo was certain the arrest was only part of the Government's constant badgering of him, that it was a frame (which was not unlikely, in view of the fact that the charge was dismissed when the Government's chief witness admitted in open court that he had lied in accusing young Colombo).

But Colombo sensed something else. The arrest could provide him with the opportunity to break free of Gambino, to challenge the decades-old cautions and dictates of the Syndicate, to become a man of stature not just in the shadowy world of crime but in the larger world

of respectable society. With calculation born of frustration, he decided to parlay the arrest of his son into a major cause, to use it to play upon the legitimate grievances of all Italian-Americans over their universal Mafia image, and to seize the mantle of leadership in that cause.

Colombo, of course, was not the first Mob leader to sense that bitterness nor the first to exploit it. But in the past, the Mob had acted in its typically discreet way, as in the campaign against one of America's favorite television shows of the Sixties, The Untouchables, wherein Eliot Ness battled the Chicago mob in the days of Capone, wherein every hero was Anglo-Saxon and every villain Italian. With the covert backing of the Syndicate, an organization called the Federation of Italian-American Democratic Organizations was established under the leadership of Alfred Santangelo, a New York City congressman. The organization united the Italian-American community in a boycott of Chesterfield cigarettes, the program's sponsor; and in March 1961, Chesterfield bowed to the pressure and withdrew its backing of the show. The Untouchables died soon after, and so did the organization. In 1966 and 1967, another attempt was made to foster a better Italian-American image, this time with the formation of the American-Italian Anti-Defamation League, whose chairman was Frank Sinatra. But that project was aborted by the violent objections of the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith over the use of a name so close and by disclosures of Sinatra's underworld associations.

There was a general feeling among many that the Italian-American community was just too disparate and lethargic to be galvanized into any kind of concerted, long-term effort. But Colombo thought otherwise. During the previous decade, the country had been swept by demonstrations-peaceful and violentspreading from the civil-rights drives in the South to the ghettos of the cities, moving outward and encompassing the nation's youth in opposition to the Vietnam war and domestic social ills. The Italian community, basically conservative, had stood to one side, giving vent only to a kind of hard-hat opposition to radicalism. But Colombo had the feeling that the techniques and successes of the young rebels had not been lost on the Italians and that if they could be made to believe that their own self-image and social position were at stake, they could be mobilized and led into the streets.

The cause would be the blanket portrait of all Italians as gangsters and the harassment and prejudice of the authorities. And there was a most conspicuous target-the FBI. Under J. Edgar Hoover, the bureau had belatedly "discovered" the Mob and had been pouring out a flood of publicity about La Cosa Nostra and Italian thugs. Within days of

his son's arrest, Colombo and a small group of his friends, mainly members of his underworld family, showed up outside FBI headquarters on Manhattan's Upper East Side, picketing and chanting slogans. Pressure was put on Italian merchants and others to join the campaign. and soon nearly 5000 demonstrators were parading outside the FBI office almost every night, chanting, "Hi-dee-ho, the FBI has got to go." In a van was Colombo, stridently directing the chorus and giving loud orations to anyone who approached.

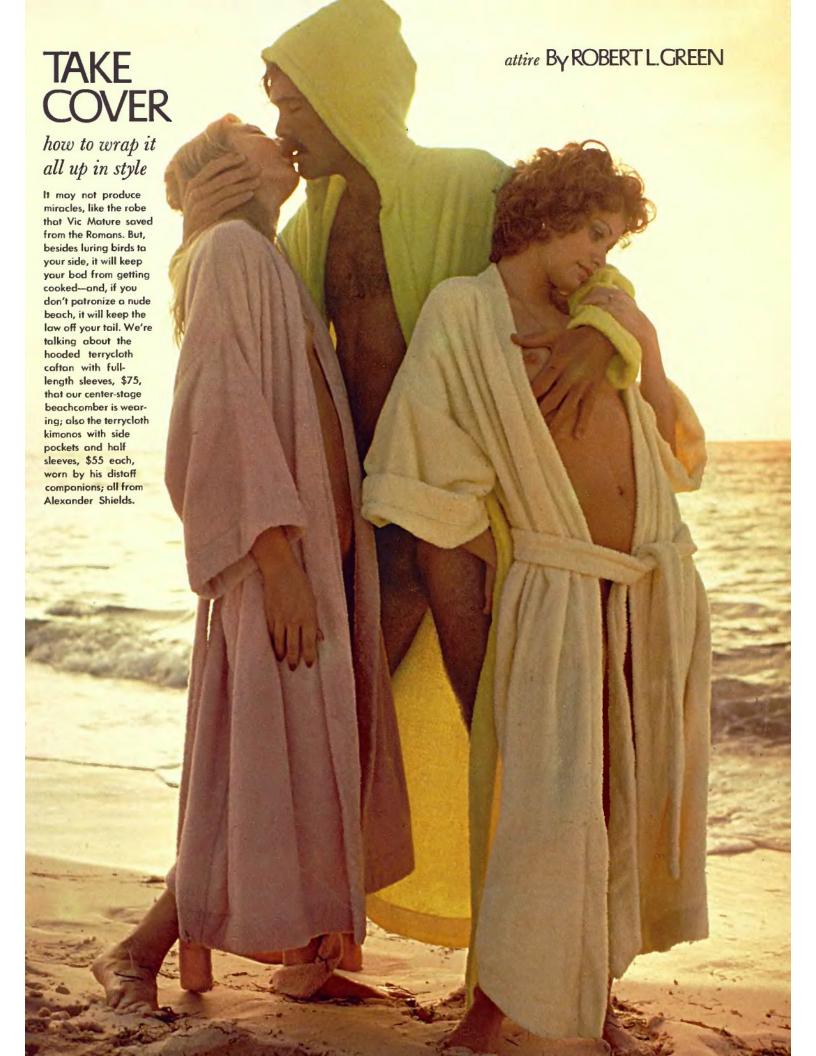
It was as though he had released a tightly coiled spring. Smiles greeted him as he walked through the Italian neighborhoods, unsolicited offers of help poured in. When the Government indicted Colombo for tax evasion, for perjury in lying about his criminal past when applying for a real-estate license, for contempt in refusing to answer questions under a grant of immunity before a grand jury, these actions seemed only to confirm his charges. Public support grew and Gambino and the other Mob leaders, watching from the side lines with some consternation, decided to give Colombo at least partial support.

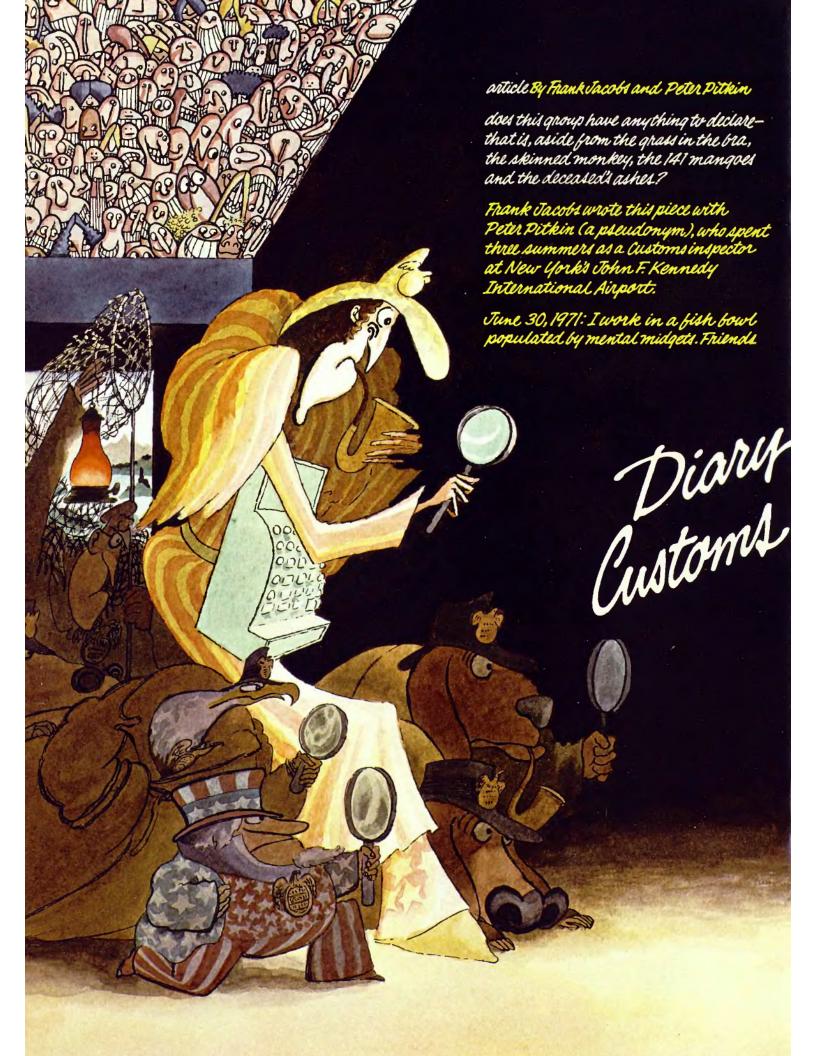
Late in the spring, Colombo announced the formation of the Italian-American Civil Rights League to rally Italian-Americans: They could be proud of their heritage and in unity they would have the strength to fight the authorities, to combat the Italian-gangster stereotype. The league, Colombo said, would demonstrate its strength and the strength of the community at an Italian-American Unity Day rally on June 29, 1970, at

New York's Columbus Circle. The strength was there. On the day of

the demonstration, Italian-owned stores and businesses all over New York closednot a few because of the suggestion of soldiers in the Colombo family who had dropped by during preceding weeks. More than 50,000 people mobbed Columbus Circle, waving small red, green and white Italian flags and roaring approval of Colombo as he stood on a flagdecked platform and shouted, "I say there is a conspiracy against me, against all Italian-Americans. . . . But you and Joe Colombo are together today under God's eye . . . and those who get in our way will feel His sting." For the politicians, it was an educative and unnerving experience. Italian-Americans were finally comporting themselves as an organized pressure group to be reckoned with and Colombo was emerging as a leader who could direct that pressure. Nearly every major politician in the city and the state sat, a little nervously, on the platform with him and spoke a few words of support. Within weeks, even Governor Nelson Rockefeller accepted honorary membership in the league. About the only politician of note to

(continued on page 148)







Customs. I have developed a special antipathy toward performers of the "exhibition dance"—the people in line who scream and point out what they've brought back for the folks at home and then say that they have nothing to declare when they get to me.

July 3: A Pan Am pilot told me some great stories while I checked his bags. It seems that a BOAC and a Lufthansa plane were coming in with their radios on the same frequency. The Lufthansa pilot told ground control that his head count was short by two passengers. The BOAC pilot cut in and suggested that the German plane check its ovens. The Lufthansa pilot was not amused and has lodged a complaint with the Federal Aviation Administration.

July 4: Conversation with a passenger:

INSPECTOR: Where have you been, sir?

PASSENGER: The Dominican Republic.

INSPECTOR: How long were you away?

PASSENGER: Twenty-four hours. INSPECTOR: Was it a business or a pleasure trip?

PASSENGER: I don't know. I got a divorce.

July 7: A man and wife with three kids came off a TWA flight. I noticed that the wife had both hands under her raincoat, so I asked to see her watch. It was a solid-gold Omega with an 18-kt.gold band. She said she had it about two years and that she wore it only on trips. I examined it with my loupe and saw a European goldmark. I also failed to detect any scratches that would have indicated wear. The man refused to answer where he got the watch but, instead, asked how much I thought he could bring in duty-free with a family of five.

I called a staff officer-we beltmen call them whenever there's an especially pesky problem-and he informed the man of the affidavit he would have to sign. Finally, the man admitted he'd bought the watch in Europe. But he had a flight to Pittsburgh to catch and he was going to leave the watch. The wife then started crying, begging, demanding the return of the watch. We informed her that the watch could be seized by the U.S. Government. The man took his suitcase and walked away, but not before berating us for letting marijuana, drugs and gangsters into the country while picking on him, a taxpaying U.S. citizen.

I really believe he was prepared to abandon the watch and his wife and go to Pittsburgh. He was in a rage and she was hysterical. The only one who kept his cool was their oldest kid, about 14, who ended the mess by reaching into his pocket and paying the \$3.90 duty.

July 8: "Duty-free." People don't realize that this means an item is free of duty when exiting the country of purchase for

use outside that country. It is not duty-free coming into the U. S. This is especially true with liquor. People are told in some European duty-free shops that they can bring in two quarts; generally they are allowed only one quart and must pay duty on the second. Many travelers can't believe that foreign merchants would deceive them. My response is to ask if they intend to go back and argue the point.

Or take antiques. (Antiques are free of duty if produced 100 years prior to their date of entry. Proof or evidence of antiquity must be furnished.) Most people rely on the dealer's word and fail to get certifying papers. But then, most people don't know a real antique from a phony.

A man asked if he had to pay duty on two antique medallions. I asked him for documentation. He said he didn't need documents, since both medallions were dated 400 B.C. I asked him how the people who struck the medallions knew it was B.C. He looked shocked, then sheepish, then asked me if he had been taken. Since the rules of procedure stress courtesy to the passenger, I invited him to draw his own conclusions.

July 9: There's a "smuggling type" that you get to know. Don't ask me to tell you what that type is. You just feel it. I search some people if they have a high declaration or show extreme nervousness; others I search if it is a slow day or the woman is good-looking. I generally do a secondary on a person with a dutiable declaration or one who has goods he didn't declare in his hand luggage. Invariably, when you do a secondary, everyone else in line opens his luggage, too.

July 13: When people throw their luggage open prior to talking to me, I'm not sure whether they're being helpful or deceitful. You have to play it by ear.

July 14: The El Al passengers act like they've been briefed on what to say to us. Everyone has bought "only a few little things" and they all suffer temporary amnesia when you ask for prices. Through persistent questioning, you can get them to raise their declaration to over \$100. I like to say that they have \$1000 and start to write it out. By the time I get to the second zero, they're usually shook up enough to give you a truthful figure.

It bugs me working the belt and having someone come up and say, as the sweat is pouring off, "Are you open?"

July 21: I examined a camera belonging to a Brooklyn College boy. He was waiting his turn and making anti-New York cracks. I therefore decided that he was going to get a secondary. He had a \$22 declaration but maintained that his Nikon FTN with a 55mm f/3.5 lens was purchased on the Lower East Side six months ago. My gut instinct was that the camera was new, so I decided to search for receipts in his luggage. After learning of the penalties involved in signing a false affidavit, he said he was still willing to sign one. In his three bags he had maps,

tour guides, booklets from everywhere he'd been. He also had the M2 adapter ring in the plastic case, as well as all the booklets that come with a new Nikon. But I couldn't find any receipts. I called in a staff officer, but the kid still stuck by his original story. Then the staff officer picked up the camera manual and the receipts fell out.

The kid said he didn't have the money to pay the normal duty, so he was going to try to smuggle the stuff in. The penalty was three times the duty, so the camera wound up costing him as much as it would have if he'd bought it here.

July 22: People don't like relinquishing their place in line. In one of the lines, a woman collapsed while going through. The people behind her stayed where they were. They wouldn't move to another line until the inspector gave the thumbs-down signal, meaning that the woman was dead.

July 23: Checked through a crew of Norwegian merchant seamen on their way to join a freighter in Portland, Maine. The radio officer was a good-looking blonde and she told me that many of the radio officers on Norwegian vessels are women. I wonder if this helps the Norwegian merchant marine with its recruiting.

July 26: A woman coming in from Israel had a Yemen dress that she claimed she had owned for five years. Said she had brought it from Israel to the U.S., never worn it, taken it back to Israel, never worn it there, tried to give it away and was unsuccessful, and now was bringing it back to the U.S. The story was so impossible that I believed her.

July 29: Many South Americans come to the U. S. with empty suitcases. It seems as though they do their shopping here.

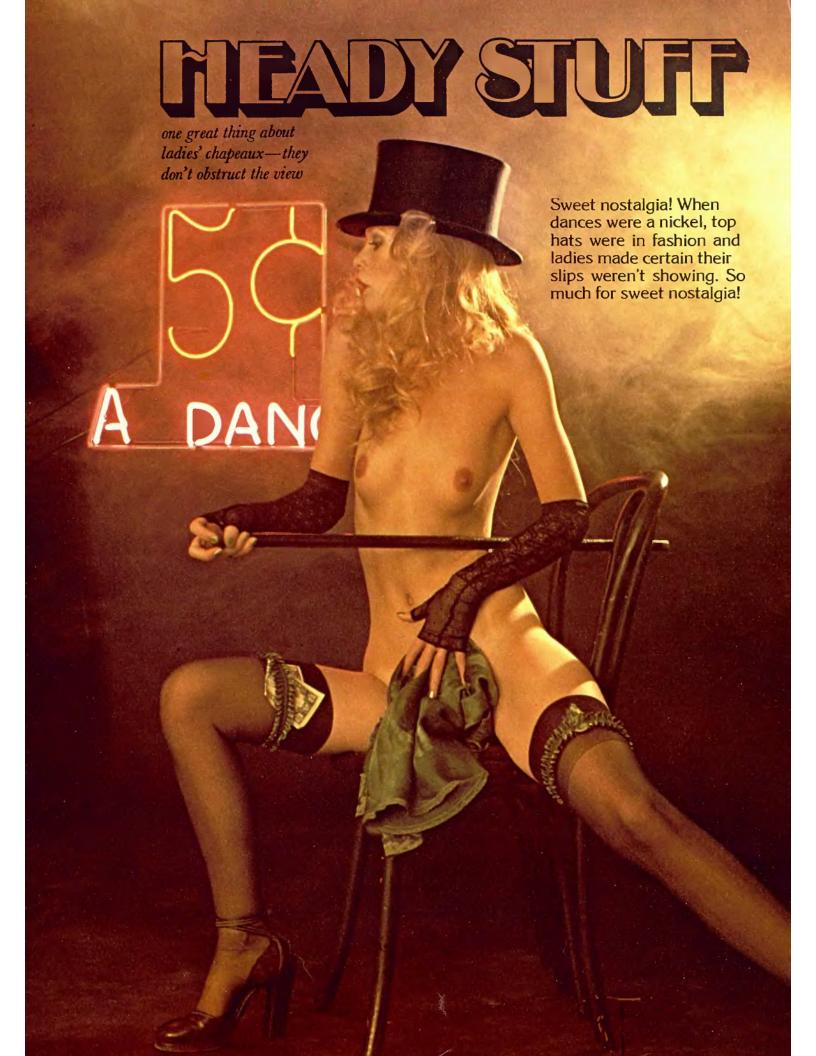
The toughest staff officers—those who dig the deepest for concealments—rarely get advanced. They step on too many toes.

August 4: A kid said he had an unusual item and pulled a German World War Two antipersonnel bomb out of a sock. It looked live. A woman behind him asked what would happen if it went off. The inspector told her it could kill everyone in the vicinity. The woman asked if she would lose her place in line if she left. She was told she would. The woman decided that she preferred to keep her place in line. A staff officer checked the bomb and said it was defused and harmless.

August 6: People keep on telling me they're getting discounts on Omega watches and show me the bills with the discounts on them. But my catalogs show they've paid list.

August 7: A charter TWA flight from Cairo. Chiselers all. Couldn't make them understand that gifts received overseas must be declared even if used as personal

(continued on page 166)



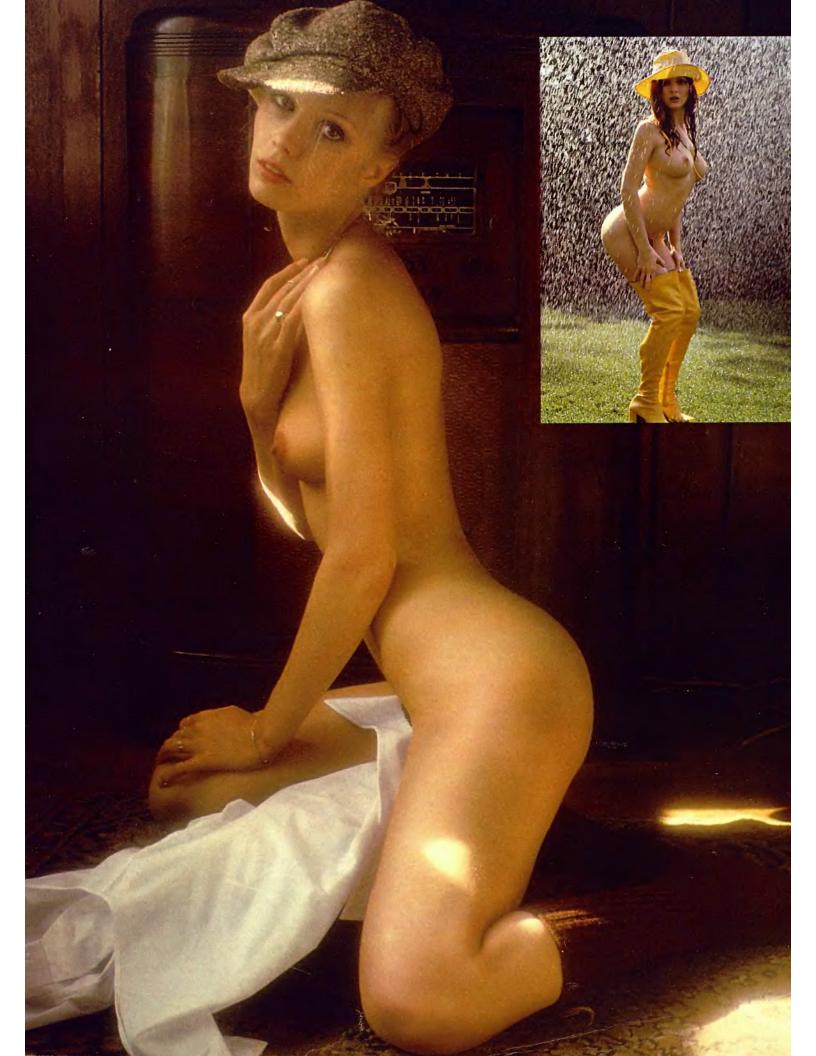


















the devil rides behind from Russkiya zavetniya skazki

YAKIM AND MAXIM, two young peasants who were friends, went off to the fair at Chistopol to buy seed for the sowing and Maxim got drunk. It seems that they separated at some point and Yakim, like an honest fellow, bought his rye seed and had a good night's sleep. Maxim got into bad company and God alone could have counted the glasses of vodka he put in

On the way home the next day, Yakim remarked that he was much pleased with his purchase and he inquired how Maxim had fared. "Well," said Maxim, "I may have done a foolish thing. Two or three bottles into the evening, I met this strange little old man with glittering eyes and a long red beard and it seems that I gave him all my money for a bag of seed he swore had magical properties.'

"And what sort of magic might it be?" asked Yakim.

"I confess that I was so drunk that now I'm ashamed even to mention the pack of lies he told me," Maxim answered.

So the two went home and Yakim sowed his good rye in his field and Maxim sowed his strange seed in the next field. The spring rains came and then the warm sun and Yakim's rye flourished. But when they went to inspect Maxim's crop, his heart sank. His whole desyatina of more than two acres seemed to be sprouting with something that looked like stout male pricks. With their red heads in the air, they looked like a field of poppies. Maxim wept and tore his hair and Yakim laughed. "You appear to have bought your seed from a warlock. Since this is a fairly common commodity, I think you may have some trouble in selling it, my friend."

But Maxim was stubborn and hated the thought of being ruined. When his field was ripe, 12 inches high on the average, he harvested it. He wrapped 50 of the best specimens in paper, put them into his cart, covered them with canvas and set off for town. He happened by the house of Marya Petrovna, a handsome young widow, crying-in a rather hopeless voice-"Fine pricks to sell. Who'll buy some fine pricks?"

Marya Petrovna could hardly believe her ears. She said to her servant girl, "Go at once and see if that muzhik is drunk. Find out what he's selling."

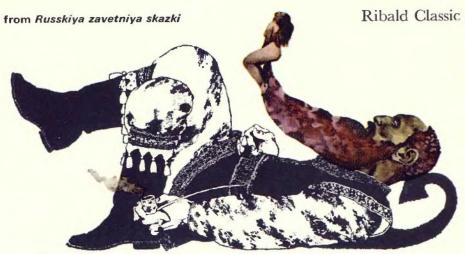
The girl came back with an astounded look on her face. "Well, what is it?" asked Marya.

Blushing, the girl said, "Madam, it's a sin to say it, but they do look very like. Long, stout, round-why, somehow they remind me exactly of Pyotr the butler. . . .'

"And how much do they cost?" asked the lady.

"The peasant wants one hundred rubles apiece."

"Go at once and buy two of them,"



Marya said. "The very best ones, mind." When the maid came back, Marya was in a great sweat to pull up her skirts and try one of the instruments in a place that had been empty so long, but it would not enter. In consternation, she said, "You foolish girl, you have forgotten to ask the instructions. Run back to the muzhik

and ask him."

The maid did so. "God save me," said Maxim, "but I seem to remember an old man with a red beard who said that one must shout 'No! No!' before the magic would work. In fact, I could tell you another magic word if there should be any further trouble, but that would cost an additional hundred rubles."

The maid came back with the information and Marya, delighted, lay down on her bed, cried "No, no!" and found that the insertion worked marvelously well.

In fact, both seemed to penetrate of their own volition and began to work so powerfully that she was soon exhausted. But no amount of tugging by herself or the maid could release them. "Go quickly," commanded the mistress, "and make that rogue of a peasant tell you the secret."

"He said something about another hundred rubles," said the maid.

"Well, take them, then."

When the maid returned, she found her mistress lying senseless with her tongue hanging out of her mouth and at once she uttered the magic word she had just bought. "Tprrou!" she shouted. The two organs emerged and the lady was cured. She was so grateful that she presented one of them to the maid and kept the other in a secret place.

Both maid and mistress lived happily for a long time, working the magic whenever it pleased them. One summer, however, Marya went to visit friends in the country and forgot to pack the little velvet-lined box that contained her pacifier.

She went to her host and explained that she had neglected to bring with her a certain therapeutic remedy required for her health. Her host insisted at once that he send the coachman, Yevgeny, to town to fetch it. And so it was done. The coachman saddled a horse, went off to Marya's house and gave the instructions to the maid. He put the wooden box in his saddlebag and took the road home-

By chance, when he came to a crossroad, the horse seemed bent on taking the wrong turn. "No, damn you," he said, pulling on the reins, "no! no!" The box and the saddlebag flew open and the coachman felt an astonishing sensation he could in no way explain. In a moment, it grew even more severe and the coachman concluded that he was going

Hearing the shouts and the hoofbeats, the peasants of the little village on the estate came crowding to the side of the road. They saw Yevgeny, mouth open, eyes bulging, whipping his horse into a dead run.

"Yevgeny," one of them called out, "something seems to be the trouble. Stop a bit and perhaps we can help."

"The Devil is mounted behind me!" roared the coachman. "I'm being buggered by the Devil!" and he shot past them.

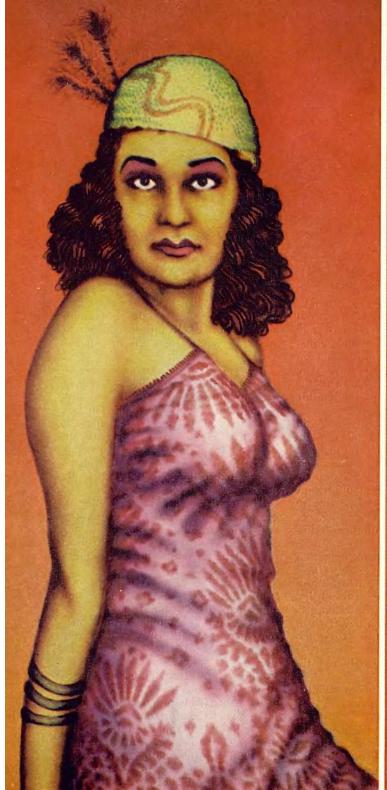
"Imagine the Devil taking a fancy to that ugly Yevgeny," said a woman.

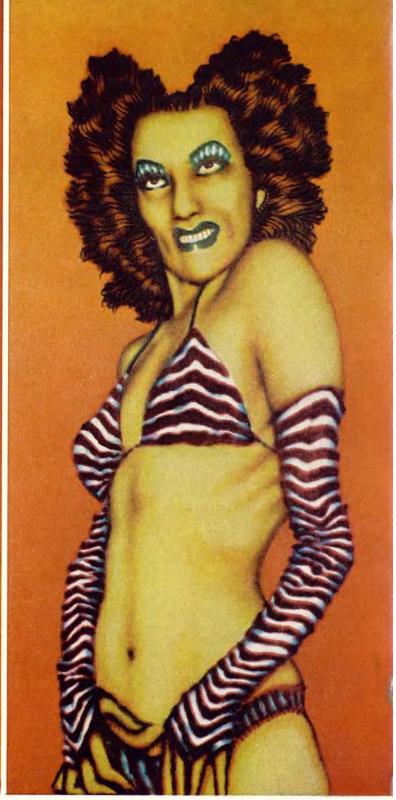
"It's more likely to have something to do with vodka," said an old man.

"Or possibly too much jolting around on these bad roads may have mixed up his brains," said another. "We really ought to make some repairs one day."

By this time, the horse was bolting and Yevgeny, terrified of being thrown, started to calm the beast by crying, "Tprrou! Tprrou!" All at once, things returned to normal. The organ popped back into its box, the horse slowed down and Yevgeny was relieved.

When at last he handed the box over to Marya, he shook his head and said, "My lady, I don't know how you managed to get the Devil into that little box, but, if you'll take a piece of advice from me, it would be a great deal safer for you if you managed to say 'Yes! Yes!' to the gentlemen you meet than 'No! No!' to the Devil." And before the box could open again, he ran like a madman out of the room.—Retold by Nicholas Gabyev 141





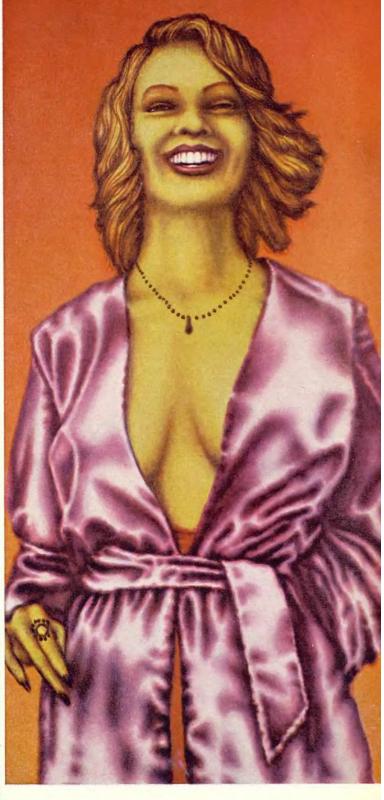
article By FREDERICK EXLEY

after wonderful gretchen
taught him the mysteries, and zita
the zebra woman let him refine
his technique, ms. steinem told him to
leave gabrielle the lesbian alone.
there are things women's
lib just doesn't understand

MY SECOND BOOK, Pages from a Cold Island, didn't work because it was so unrelievedly desolate that, despite its humor, I was sure the reader couldn't turn back the final page (allowing he got that far) without wondering whence I'd mustered the will to put together its 480 pages of type-script. And in Ms. Gloria Steinem—and I'd all but leapt from my bed in exaltation when the possibility began to form itself in my mind—I'd seen the metaphor to lift the pages from the gloom in which they wallowed. The book was a reminiscence; and the cold of the title, applied to Singer Island off Palm Beach, Florida, where 90-degree-plus temperatures are not uncommon, apostrophized my being, not the weather. In those pages I'd put down one American's journey through the Sixties and especially his reaction to what

SANT GLE RA





historians call "the great events." If I had entered the Sixties more given to dark derogation than to joyous celebration, I'd at least been an articulate, relatively hopeful creature. But I had crawled out of the period on my knees, a simpering, stuttering, drunken and mute mess. The obscene decade had begun with President John F. Kennedy's "Ask not what your country can do for you" and in the late summer and fall of 1969 had ended at Chappaquiddick. At that numbing moment succeeding the assassinations of the brothers Kennedy and Martin Luther King, Jr., when I'd at last come to accept that there existed no desecration left capable of unmanning me, Senator Edward M.

"Teddy" Kennedy had fooled me and for nine hours had left the body of Miss Mary Jo Kopechne to float about the back seat of a car among the currents beneath the now famous wooden span at Martha's Vineyard. I'd then gone back to bed, had pulled the sheet above my head, now and again had sneaked out to drink vodka and to put down bleak words and had come at last to lie there with swollen balls and cracked ribs, the results of a stomping I'd received in Nassau, reading about Gloria Steinem in the glossy magazines.

Struck with the parallels of our both having been Depression babies, having come from impoverished homes, having managed to get the semblance of an education, I was intrigued and baffled by what it was in her character that, having been shaped by the same events that had shaped me, had yet allowed her to come out of the putrid years so splendidly, refusing to lead a disappointed life. I wanted to know how she could rise mornings, erect, trim, courageous, unquestionably beautiful, not lacking a kind of nobility, and with an unswervable commitment go forth to do her duty as she saw it, while I'd come out of the years badly whipped, cravenly, running to a quitter's obesity, and had come finally to lie on that bed at the Seaview Hotel on Singer Island at the hot bottom of the world, drinking myself to death, my balls ballooned with life's hurt.

Two days before reading about Steinem I had almost, in fact, and for the second time in my life, committed suicide. Next door at the Beer Barrel I borrowed a buddy's .22 magnum pistol-on what pretext I don't recall. Then I telephoned the poet Jim Dickey in South Carolina and told him I was "taking the deep six." I apologized to Dickey because he had been instrumental in getting me \$10,000 from the Rockefeller Foundation and I thought I owed him the courtesy of knowing that neither he nor Mr. Rockefeller was going to see any manuscript for the monies. I said goodbye, so did Jim.

Jim said, "I'll be seein' yuh, boy, yuh heah?"

Then I stepped into my closetlike shower and for perhaps an hour let scalding water cascade over my body, as I did so slowly and painfully removing the tape still clinging to my ribs. When I'd dried myself, I wet the towel thoroughly and in it swaddled my head tightly with a view to making as little mess as possible. I picked up the magnum, stepped back into the shower and closed the glass door behind me. Whether I stood there five minutes or five hours I can't say. Like Charles Dickens, who later in life could never recall how long he'd been in a blacking factory when at 12 he'd been put there to work, I found the experience so traumatic I could not begin to estimate 144 the time.

I do know what saved me. At some point I began to laugh, riotously. Suicide presupposes that something is being eliminated. With a silver-inlaid shotgun, Hemingway blows away the back of his head, and when the world recovers, it finds itself able to remark, "What a man!" But what precisely was being eliminated in my case? Certainly not a man. Whatever I was eliminating was so inconsequential as to make the gesture one of trifling and contemptible ease and I began to think how much more felicitous the act would be if I sobered up, as best I could healed my mind and body, then erased some bone and tissue that at least conspired to resemble the human. Only then, I thought, might the gesture take on a certain flair or style. When I returned to the outer room and seated myself on the white Naugahyde couch, I understood for the first time how close I'd come. Still laughing, I found my hands shaking so severely that I could not for a long time unswaddle the towel and for the next two days I suffered fits of trembling compounded by alternating flashes of extreme heat and cold. Then in stricken absorption I read about Ms. Gloria Steinem in Esquire and in Newsweek.

With Ms. Steinem my overriding desire was to discover who she was apart from her cause. If she consented to talk with me at all, I knew that in my approach I'd have to feign embracing a concern for the movement and I cared not a jot, an iota for women's liberation. With Emerson I held that one speaks to public questions only as a result of a weary cowardice that has so debilitated his own energies he is no longer able to do his own work or rest easy with the painful prospect of articulating his own demons. Over the years I'd read the Mss. Friedan, Millett and Greer and had agreed with almost every tenet they had put forth. Nonetheless, in his Prisoner of Sex, Mailer had been right in taking Millett to task. Of all the women's writings and manifestoes, hers had resounded with a nasty vindictiveness, and though in reading her I hadn't known what had so distressed me until Mailer articulated my concern, he was right in implying that the Millett mentality was incapable of understanding D. H. Lawrence, Genet, Mailer himself and, most of all, Henry Miller, with his joyous, hilarious, rowdy and utter adoration of the cunt. But none of this bickering interested me in the least and I was concerned with nothing less than having Gloria save the manuscript of Pages from a Cold Island, or nothing less than having her help me refind myself. . . .

Although I'd fucked before, I had my first affair in the summer of 1950, when I was a sophomore at USC. I was 20, had contracted double pneumonia and, after ignoring it for days, was at last taken by ambulance to the Queen of Angels Hos-

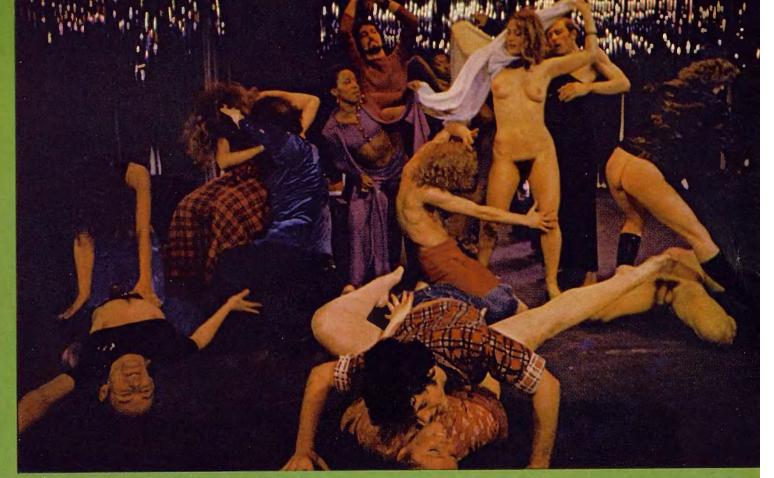
pital in Los Angeles. For 72 hours I recall hardly anything but being wakened every three hours to receive a shot in the buttocks, after which I'd roll over and go back into the feverish chatter that had become more or less my condition. When finally I began coming out of itand I remember having to be told where I was and how long I'd been there-I struck the acquaintance of the nurse on the graveyard shift who gave me my penicillin at midnight, three and six A.M. Her name was Gretchen, she was 30 and married to a top sergeant in the First Marine Division, then fighting in Korea.

I do not know how it started with Gretchen and me. I had been at the brink of the abyss, so to speak, I owned that peculiar and exaggerated affection for life people acquire having just looked into a tear in the heavens and seen nothing. nothing at all, and in brimming desperate gratitude to everything and everybody on earth, my hands started going unctuously out to Gretchen and I touched her on the hands and on the wrists and on the forearms and on the hips and on the waist-there was on my part this terrifying need to make human contact and I felt myself as helpless and cuddly as a piquant retardee. Presently, Gretchen and I were kissing. This led to a more refined and passionate kissing. One night Gretchen grew alarmed at the immediacy of my state and obliged me with a rather bored hand job. From that night on, without any discussion of the matter whatever, Gretchen began obliging me with fellatio, on some nights having to relieve me on the occasions of all three of her penicillin ministrations.

On the day I was discharged from the hospital, Gretchen began a week's vacation at her beach house, a quaint little dump on stilts at Malibu, and she asked me to come along, rest up and make sure I was OK before returning to classes. Gretchen was going to use the week trying to rent the beach house, getting her clothes in shape and packing. She had taken a job at the Tripler Army Hospital in Honolulu, and though she would still be thousands of miles from her Marine sergeant-she called him Dickey-she drew comfort from knowing she'd be at least that much closer to him and I recall her constantly dreaming aloud of being reunited with Dickey in idyllic Hawaii when finally he came back from Korea.

As I say, I'd fucked before, but my partners had invariably been my age and as inexperienced and as inept as I and hence neither the girl nor I had had anything against which to measure the worth of our performances. Worse, this was at the very top of that monstrously oppressive decade that for some reason has now become sentimentalized into the Quaint Fifties, and I remember that all my relations with girls up to this point

(continued on page 184)



SCREW

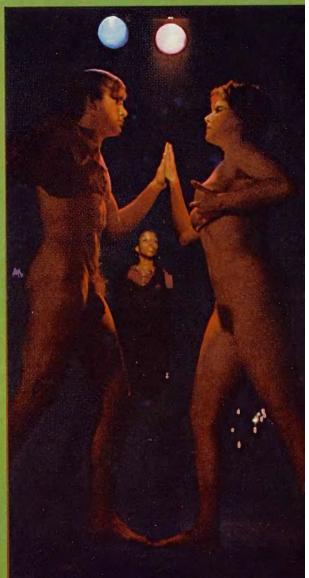
"I love to screw with you anywhere at all... every time we ball in the bedroom or the kitchen, in the bathroom or the hall, / grob my ass, step on the gas, screw me to the wall."

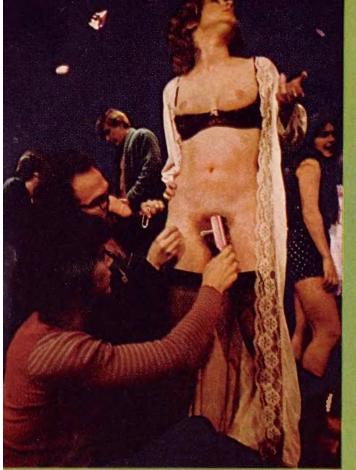
MIRROR

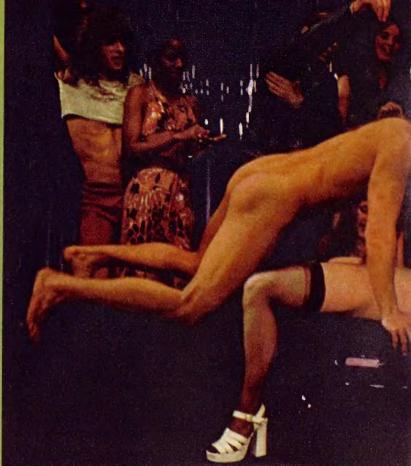
"Mirror, mirror on the wall, who's the fairest one of all / touch me, toke me, tell me who I am / mirror, mirror on the wall / won't you be my crystal ball see me, save me, show me what to da."

the last "dirty" word in musicals

FEW MONTHS AGO, the creator of what's been called the hottest new musical in New York was "just walking the streets as Earl Wilson, Junior." Wilson is, indeed, the son of the famed celebrity columnist, but since the opening of his show, Let My People Come, Junior's life hasn't been the same. The revue is a joyous celebration of sex, "the last of the dirty shows," says composer-lyricist Wilson, and with tunes such as Give It to Me and Come in My Mouth, the message gets across. Road companies scheduled to open in Toronto, San Francisco, Los Angeles and London—and an album in the works—will also get his words around, words so singular that we've included some of them here, which, along with scenes from the show, speak quite nicely for themselves.









FELLATIO 101

"Welcome ladies, to Fellatio 101, I'm Professor Niles, I'm glad that you could come . . . back and forth let nothing snag, once you learn how not to gog. . . ."

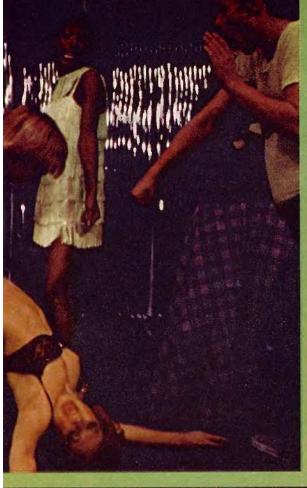
LET MY PEOPLE COME

"Laws are made by cold men,
who can't get it up no more.
Who are they to tell me,
what my body's for.
They treat us like we're children,
must think we are fools.
If you don't play the game, brather,
don't make up the rules."

DOESN'T ANYBODY LOVE ANY MORE

"Tonight I'm with you,
Tomorrow, who knows? . . .
No pramises to keep, that's how it goes. . . .
Two clinging shadows, etched on o wall,
Holding each other, so that they wan't
fall. . . . Doesn't anybody love any more . . .
And if not, then what are we here for?"

COPYRIGHT EARL WILSON, JR., PHIL OESTERMAN 1974



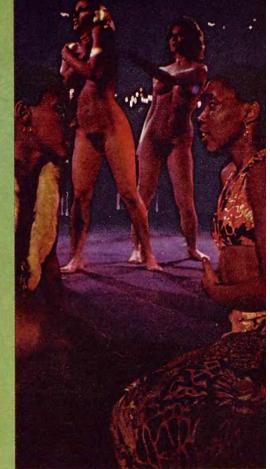
THE SHOW BUSINESS NOBODY KNOWS

"... Is the guy who plays opposite you He's obnoxious and coarse, but hung like a horse / He's there 'cause he can climax on cue....

Spread open your knees, action please, In the show business nobody knows."

AND SHE LOVED ME

"Then she kissed me, oh, And gently touched my breast, how long I tried, Then she hugged me, oh, My body opened up to her, so long denied."





AMERICAN NIGHTMARE

offer criticism was John Marchi, a conservative Staten Island Republican, himself of Italian descent. He was sure a Mob-backed betterment society was about the last thing needed, especially when it was offering the "preposterous theory that we can exorcise devils by reading them out of the English language. . . . I have only the feeling that the Italian-Americans as well as the larger community have been had."

Few paid much attention to Marchi's cautions or the cautions of The New York Times and other newspapers. Colombo had become a hero. He had emerged from the shadows and was glorying in adulation. Suddenly he was everywhere, giving interviews to reporters (though not to those with a background of investigating the Organization), appearing on television talk shows, attending public events. He was named man of the year by the Tri-Boro Post, a weekly newspaper; was guest of honor at a \$125-a-plate dinner attended by 1450 people. The league flourished-Colombo claiming more than 150,000 members, who anted up an average of ten dollars each in dues. New York's Felt Forum was the scene of a huge and starstudded benefit, with entertainment provided by Sinatra, Sammy Davis Jr. and others, for such unlikely guests as liberals Paul O'Dwyer and Richard Aurelio. The league reaped \$500,000 from that affair, supposedly earmarked for such charities as a hospital and a clinic.

The league and Colombo began to pick targets and apply pressure. It paid off. Television commercials plugging products with Italian-accented actors crying, "Mama mia, datsa somma spicy meatball," vanished. Movie producer Al Ruddy agreed to eliminate all references to Mafia and Cosa Nostra from his adaptation of The Godfather and to donate the proceeds from opening night to a league-sponsored charity-an agreement that won him sharp criticism from The New York Times and from Marchi but that won him, as well, the benevolent cooperation of a covey of hoodlums in the making of the movie.

Colombo could, perhaps, take his greatest satisfaction in the way he made the Federal Government crawl. Attorney General John N. Mitchell announced that the Justice Department would no longer talk about the Mafia or La Cosa Nostra but would use only the bland, though perhaps more accurate, terms such as Syndicate, and a number of state governors made the same announcement. Even the FBI caved in; it, too, would drop the old appellations, and its approved television series, The FBI, would no longer have underworld characters with Italian names.

All was high adventure and success for

(continued from page 126)

Colombo. But as time passed, there was no such corresponding euphoria within the underworld hierarchy. For more than half a century, the guiding principle had been secrecy; success was predicated on anonymity. But there was Colombo, luxuriating in the sunlight, and the reflected rays were striking the other bosses.

Initially, Gambino had been loath to intervene. Colombo was his protégé, and if his league's efforts could take some of the heat off gangsters, so much the better. But while the league ended the official use of the terms Mafia and Cosa Nostra, it seemed to antagonize the Government into greater efforts against the Mob. Just as distressing to the other leaders were the rumors that Colombo was pocketing a goodly share of the league's income and not splitting with them. By early 1971, disenchantment was widespread.

Almost at this moment, "Crazy Joe" Gallo walked out of prison and moved to pick up the reins of his shattered faction of the Colombo family. Within weeks, Gallo was complaining loudly and bitterly that all the agreements he had made to end the Gallo-Profaci war of the early Sixties had been forgotten and that his people were no better off under Colombo than they had been under Profaci, against whom he'd rebelled. He demanded reparations, specifically \$100,000 in damages and a fair split of the rackets. Colombo rejected the demands. Gallo began to mutter threats, and those threats found him some sympathetic allies. One was Carmine "The Snake" Persico, a major Colombo lieutenant, who had been fretfully watching the declining fortunes of the family as Colombo spent more and more time on league business. He would not be averse to using Gallo to unseat Colombo before dispensing with the unreliable killer.

Another sympathetic listener was Gambino. As the date for the second Unity Day, June 28, 1971, approached, signs were mounting that it would not be the happy event of the year before. Gambino's men began to withdraw from offices in the league, and so did the men of the other leaders. Tony Scotto, Tony Anastasia's son-in-law and himself now a major power on the waterfront, said he had no intention of showing up on the platform as he had in 1970 and, further, this year he was not going to give dockworkers the day off with pay. There were troubles in the Italian neighborhoods, too. Colombo soldiers telling shopkeepers to close for the day and post signs announcing the rally were followed by Gallo forces and those of other leaders warning the merchants to stay open and take the posters down. A number of Colombo canvassers were even beaten and chased out of the neighborhoods.

If Colombo was worried, he did not show it. On the morning of June 28, he turned up early with a crew of bodyguards and well-wishers, wandered through the noisy crowd—noticeably smaller than the year before—shaking hands and talking animatedly. Suddenly, a black man, Jerome A. Johnson, posing as a newspaper photographer, approached. A step away from Colombo, he stopped, pulled out a pistol and fired three shots directly at Colombo's head. The stunned bodyguards reacted after only a moment, firing directly at Johnson.

In the pools of blood where Johnson lay dead and Colombo critically wounded (he did not die, though his brain was so severely damaged that he became little more than a vegetable), Unity Day and the Italian-American Civil Rights League were shattered beyond repair.

Behind the attack on Colombo, both his friends and the authorities were sure, was Gallo, using the friendships he had cultivated with black convicts while in prison to recruit an assassin who would not be connected to him. Gallo was picked up, questioned and then released. For the next several months, he stayed inside his house in Brooklyn, refusing to show himself and so become a target.

But early in 1972, Gallo's life took a sudden turn. He divorced his wife and within months married a young hairdresser with a daughter of her own. And he began to cultivate a new circle of friends totally alien to the underworld, showbusiness celebrities such as Jerry and Marta Ohrbach (with whom he was considering collaboration on an autobiography), Neil Simon, producer-director Hal Prince, actress Joan Hackett and others. He spent much of his time at the Ohrbachs' home in Greenwich Village, went with them to Broadway shows, to Elaine's, the "in" watering hole of the literary establishment, to Sardi's. He played chess, talked about Camus, reflected on life. He provided, said one of his new friends, "refreshing insight and intelligence in a world of clichés."

Though Gallo protested to his new friends that he had left the old world behind, there were indications to the contrary. According to underworld rumors, while he was frequenting the intellectual salons, he was also trying to muscle his way into some of the rackets controlled by Persico now that Carmine "The Snake" had been sent away on a 14-year stretch for hijacking. In the underworld, and particularly in the remnants of the Colombo mob, it was open season on Crazy Joe. But all efforts to lure him into an ambush failed-until April 7, 1972. Only three weeks remarried, Gallo decided to celebrate his 43rd birthday by taking his new bride, her ten-year-old daughter, his sister and a bodyguard named Peter Diapoulas on the rounds,

(continued on page 204)

rising to the top of the cia - over other people's dead bodies

opinion By Robert Sherrill NOW LET US PRAISE an infamous man, the pale-eyed William Egan Colby, our

number-one spy.

Colby, more than any other celebrated public official, even Richard Nixon, has perfected the alchemy of turning program failures into personal successes.

Every major spy operation that he is known to have been part of has been a disparer. Especially in South Vietnam.

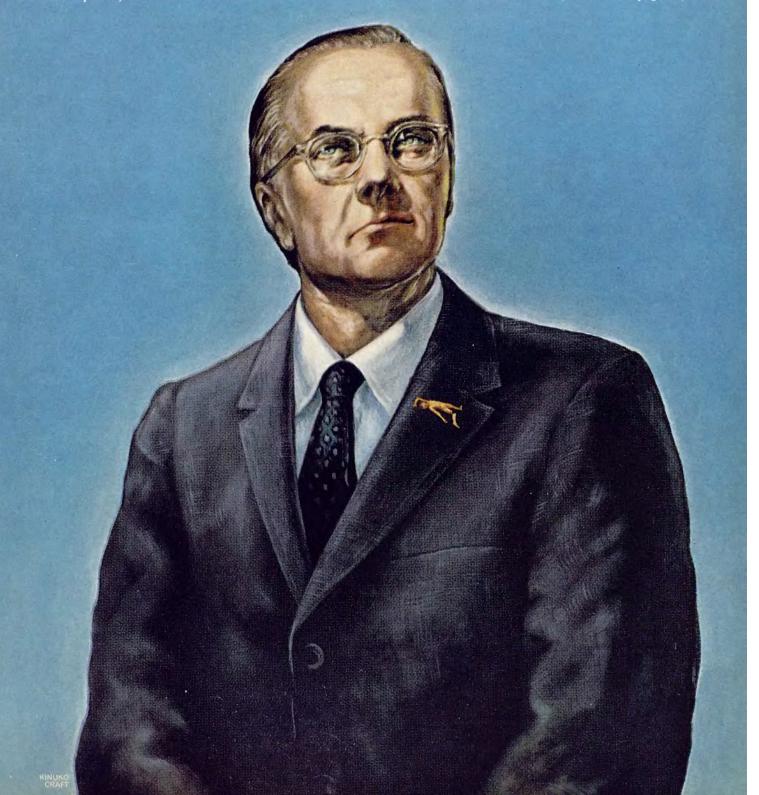
disaster. Especially in South Vietnam.

And yet recently he was made director of

the Central Intelligence Agency.

It was during the 1959–1962 period, when Colby was the CIA's top man in Saigon, that the spy agency began locking the United States into the Indochina war via a number of ingenious maneuvers, including the assassination of President Diem. dent Diem.

Colby again took up residence in South Vietnam in 1968 (continued on page 180)



NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH...

Justice and say, 'OK, we'll investigate corruption, but at the same time, we want you to return indictments,' let's say, 'on the Dyer Act, because we're down in Dyer Act convictions.'

"That's why the FBI has historically been so big on investigating illegal gambling: It gets them great statistics. They can get 30 arrests from one wire tap. You can't get convictions if you're out conducting police-corruption investigations. That gets you 15 indictments in two years. What kind of a statistic is that?"

Beigel is enjoying it now, as old, dormant anecdotes, guaranteed to shock and dazzle, spring up from his memory. "The reason small extortion is so prevalent is because a cop who asks for \$50 at the time of arrest is really saving the tavern owner money. Because if he refuses and an arrest takes place, it'll cost him more to get acquitted in court. His lawyer might say to him, It'll cost you \$1000 to have me represent you,' and the owner says, 'Why so much?' 'Because I've got a cop to pay,' says the lawyer. In fact, a cop's standard extortion pitch to an owner is, 'You'd better pay me now, 'cause it'll cost you more at the station.' "

Beigel sips coffee and smiles. "All this used to bother me a lot," he admits, "but not anymore. Now I'm just good for great stories at cocktail parties." He takes a long sip and sits back, and when he speaks again, there's a sudden soft charity in his voice. "You know, cops do so many great things. But they can't seem to resist being on the take. They come to expect it as part of the job. Take Ross. He's got an amazing record for bravery, has all sorts of awards. There's no question but that he would run into a burning building to save a child. . . . But he's also on the take."

On the afternoon of January ninth, following Warren Wolfson's ten-minute opening statement, the first witness in the Kerner-Isaacs trial is summoned to the stand.

"The Government calls Marjorie Everett," announces Sam Skinner. Thompson's chief assistant on this case, who, as head of the U.S. Attorney's Special Investigations Division, has devoted more than a year to it. He has been exclusively responsible for the preparation of Marjorie Everett, making extended trips to her Scottsdale home, discussing her facts and solving some mysteries of chronology, working beside her large pool, refusing Arizona indolence.

While working on the case, Skinner would often compare Mrs. Everett's version of the truth with William Miller's, who was being questioned by Thompson, and when inconsistencies stayed stubbornly between them, Skinner and Thompson would jokingly remind each

(continued from page 100)

other who was assigned to whom. "Well, obviously, your witness is lying." Thompson would say to Skinner.

"Oh, no. My witness is telling the truth. Your witness is the one who's lying."

The wide double doors at the back of the courtroom open and Everett walks through. Spectators on both sides of the aisle turn in their seats, like wedding guests watching a bride. She is tall, has short brown hair and a lined, mannish face. After being sworn in, she drinks water from a paper cup as Skinner prepares to question her. "Please state your full name, spelling the last name for the court reporters." Everett replies in a voice that wishes to stay in her throat and she is instantly asked by Skinner to speak louder.

Working through his list of questions, Skinner guides Everett smoothly and she remembers a contribution of \$45,000 to Kerner's first campaign for governor. "Fifteen thousand dollars from Washington Park, sir, \$15,000 from Arlington Park and, I believe, sir, either \$10,000 or \$15,000 on behalf of Balmoral Park, sir." These three groups were the racing associations that rented Everett's tracks.

"Why did you agree to make the stock available to Otto Kerner and Theodore Isaacs?" asks Skinner.

"Frankly, sir, I knew that I could be wiped out overnight, sir. We didn't have a term loan at the bank. It was callable at any point. And when Mr. Miller asked that the stock be made available to Governor Kerner and his aide, I didn't feel that I could cross him."

Judge Taylor recesses until 9:30 A.M.

On the third day of his trial, Officer Ross moves to the witness stand. His wife watches with her sister from the first row. Aside from his white shirt, he is dressed in black—black suit, black tie, black socks and shoes. He is six feet tall, weighs 200 pounds and is balding, altogether a "distinctive-looking man," in prosecutor Lapidus' opinion, one that eyewitnesses would remember indelibly. Ross is 46 years old and has been a policeman for the past 25 of them.

His attorney, Frank Whalen, introduces Defense Exhibit 13, Ross's pocket diary, which shows his partners and assignments. In it, Ross has written that he worked with Officer Paull from six P.M. until 2:30 A.M. on March 18.

"How do you dress for your work?" "Casual clothes. A shirt and pants."

"Do you wear a topcoat?"

"No, it's a cotton jacket. Kinda tan or khaki. I didn't like it too much when I first got it, my wife bought it for me." (A prosecution witness remembered Ross's stuffing \$1500 into a long, dark trench coat.)

Whalen finishes with the necessary

question: "Have you ever received any illegal money while you've served on the police force?"

"No."

U.S. Attorney Lapidus studies Ross's diary, thumbing it for lies.

"What months have you recorded partners for?" he asks.

Ross takes the diary. "March . . . May . . . there were a lot of one-man cars during the other months, so I didn't have a partner."

"In fact," says Lapidus, "you only recorded partners on every day for the month of March, isn't that right?"

"Because in other months, I was in one-man cars."

Lapidus moves to another area. "Have you ever investigated sale of liquor to a minor?"

Ross pauses. "Yes, I have."

"Have you ever used the telephone in Armanetti's?"

"No. sir."

"When you testified before a grand jury, you said you had."

"Well . . . I . . . possibly have."

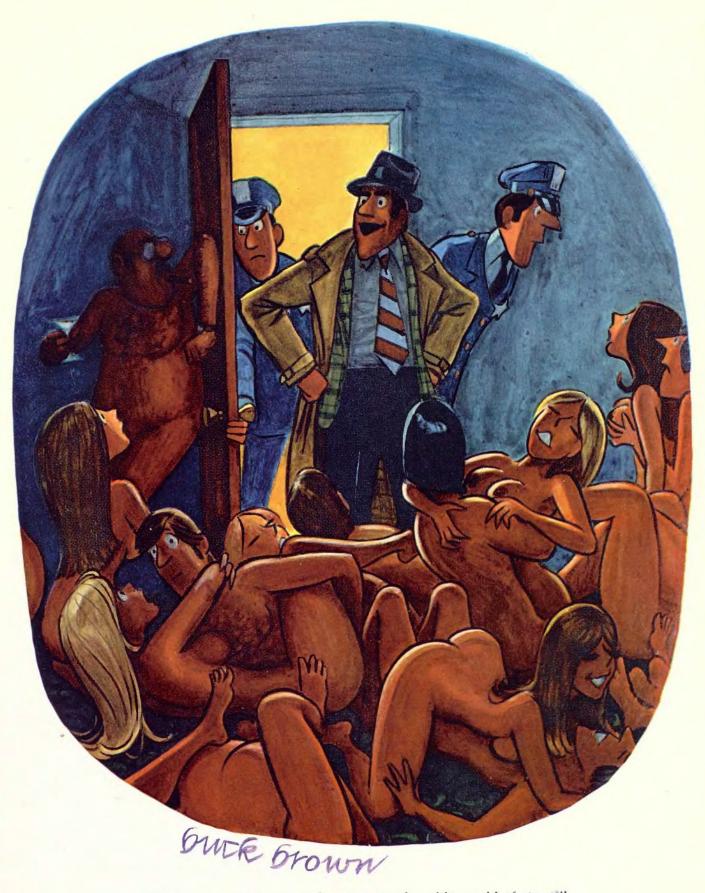
After lunch, both sides give closing arguments. When they've finished, Judge Will begins to deduce his verdict and you can sense his mind working through the clashing accounts, like a BB clicking down through a labyrinth.

"I share the concern you express for eyewitness identification, Mr. Whalen. So I try to look at other evidence. . . . Now, someone who said he was a police officer entered Armanetti's that night and received \$1500. It is difficult for me to believe that that man was not a police officer. If he was a police officer using Ross's name . . . I find that hard to believe. . . . There is no more than one officer who was assigned to the Fifteenth District at this time named Ross, that has been established. And I think the identifications are at best corroborative, although you can't rely exclusively on them. So, considering all that, I am satisfied, beyond a reasonable doubt, that it was James Ross who entered Armanetti's liquor store that night." The judge looks down at the defense table: "Mr. Ross, will you stand?"

"Yes. sir," says Ross and springs to his feet behind his lawyer.

"Officer James Ross, the court finds you guilty as charged in the indictment." Will pauses momentarily to sort out his reasoning. "That is, both counts, because the second follows the first. If, in fact, he was the man, then he committed perjury in saying that he wasn't."

Ross takes these words without physical reaction. His wife, unable to breathe the air of imminent verdict in the courtroom, stands outside, having peered through the glass in the door to see her sister begin to cry while the judge was making up his mind. Ross is a stone at attention, while his lawyer and the judge



"Isn't anyone going to welcome us to the wide world of sport?"

start to discuss legal matters.

"I will set the case for disposition on the twenty-first," says Judge Will.

"OK. Now, your Honor, I'd like to make a motion for a new trial, merely for the record."

There is inconsiderate movement in the room. Reporters leave to write the story. The regular spectators, having gathered for a verdict, now shuffle away from the tedium.

"I guess," says Judge Will, "that I should also deny your motion for a new trial, to scrub up the record."

A few nights before she appeared in court, the Government gave Marjorie Everett a dress rehearsal, placing her in the witness box to let her feel the cold surfaces of the room and respond to questions in a setting other than the grounds of her Scottsdale home. Lawyers working on the case, including Thompson, examined her, and so did another U. S. Attorney with no knowledge of this trial, in the hope that he might see new weaknesses. ("We went back and forth before she hit the stand on whether Connolly would be gentle or harsh with her." says Thompson, "and I think we finally decided he would be gentle, simply because she had no direct personal contact or relationship with Kerner. And we figured that so long as Connolly had that plus going for him, he wouldn't alienate her.")

Near the end of his cross-examination of Everett, Connolly questions her about lobbying activity in behalf of a senate bill, then asks: "Did you ever intend to bribe Otto Kerner?"

"When I made the stock available to Mr. Kerner," she says, "I have tried to testify to the court the tremendous pressures... the point of no return... the problem I had and the impossibility I felt in turning down Mr. William S. Miller as chairman."

Connolly is now finished and it's Warren Wolfson's turn. He begins aggressively, filling every Everett hesitation with sarcasm, and after the smooth, courteous hours of Connolly's cross-examination, Wolfson seems something of a Hun.

At the afternoon recess, Connolly hurries to Wolfson.

"Hey, look," he says, "don't be so rough on Marge. I worked with her for two days. You're ruining everything."

"All right," says Wolfson, "I'll take it easy."

Afterward, in his office, Wolfson says, "I'm sorry I moderated my cross-examination at all. I was trained to go for the jugular when you have an adverse witness. Juries are television trained, they're Perry Mason oriented, and while I can't make a witness confess to the crime during cross, if I can make him bleed a little. I think the jury's going to be happy about it. If you spend your time making

love during cross-examination, the way Connolly did, I think it supports the Government's case."

. . .

A tiny black man, walking with brisk purpose down a hallway in the Federal Building, stops at one of the courtrooms and peeks through the glass in its door for activity iuside. He wears a blue suit, precisely fitting his small body, a lighter blue shirt, and he moves and looks as if he were permanently pressed from head to toe. He is seen in the building almost daily, knows its halls and people, and one assumes at first that he's an employee of the Government—some judge's clerk or Congressman's assistant.

But he always carries his briefcase. suggesting that he has no office here in which to put it down, and often uses a public telephone. Indeed, he surely carries dollars of dimes in his blue-pants pockets. The man's name is Antonio M. Gassaway and he is not a Federal employee but a lawyer, and a lot of his dimes are spent for conversations with the U.S. Federal Defender's office on the 17th floor, a program that provides lawyers for those who need but can't afford one. Many of these people find themselves represented by Gassaway, to whom Government lawyers most often refer by a nickname.

"We call him 'Plead Away' Tony Gassaway," says an Assistant U. S. Attorney, "because of the way he usually works. He'll call the Federal Defender's office and if he gets the name of a client, he'll meet with him, and us, and suggest that the person plead guilty. Then he picks up his fee. Plead Away Tony Gassaway."

Comparatively, his clients do not fare badly, however, for something defiantly human happens when Tony Gassaway receives a case, something that works to warm the rules. "There's an understanding among Government lawyers," says the U. S. Attorney, "that since Tony is such a gentleman and has been around for such a long time, he's treated extremely well. So the sentences he gets for his clients are usually lighter than those given to clients represented by big-name lawyers who fight conviction all the way. He's such a nice man."

Gassaway moves toward an elevator, tidy and at home in the nearly empty building. It is 1:30 and the courts are lunching. "I'm fine. yes. I'm very fine." he says to a passer-by who stops to ask how he's doing. "You know, I've been very lucky," he says, adjusting his hearing aid, speaking out of the side of his mouth. "Almost all my practice is in Federal Court. My associates handle the state cases. Over the years, you build up a practice-you understand my point?-so I don't have to practice in the state courts. I remember the old Federal Building. I tried a lot of cases there. It was right next door, you know. Judge Campbell, he's still here, he was on the

bench in the old building. I remember I had a trial before him in '42 or '43." Gassaway stops to look at his watch. "I've got to be going. I have to see Mr. Fahner, he's a Government Attorney, at two o'clock for a 2.04 meeting. That's what they call it when the Government goes over its evidence with you and shows you what it plans to prove. It's a vote-fraud case. Fahner is the Government's main lawyer in vote-fraud cases." Gassaway is asked if he has decided what plea to recommend to his client.

"Oh, you never know how these things are gonna go. No, sir, you just never know. We'll just have to wait and see." He smiles. "It's hard to say right now, you understand my point?"

On Wednesday, January 17, the waiting line for the Kerner-Isaacs trial has returned. There was none during the past few days, when sessions were dull devotions to documentary evidence. But today, people are squeezed along the benches to see William S. Miller in court,

At 11:39, Miller is called and walks down the aisle. His physique makes him appear absolutely square and he leans forward as he walks. He looks like Colonel Sanders with no goatee. Jim Thompson smiles at Miller as he walks by. He will be the first Government witness questioned by Thompson, and the two of them have been preparing for months for the conversation they're about to have, working nights ever since the trial began.

Before Miller and Thompson came to the relationship that now exists between them, there were months of moves made slowly, patient explorations into knowledge that hid, until they began to communicate at that level of respect and affection found uniquely by shrewd men.

("He's a rogue," says Thompson, "but a lovable rogue. . . . His 'flipping,' as we call the turning of evidence by a defendant, was an extraordinarily complex thing. You must remember that he was a defendant in this case. I had indicted him, brought some ruination into his life. He had no real reason to like me or trust me. In fact, he denounced me. Well, you just can't take a man like that on Monday and on Tuesday turn him into your best buddy. It sure doesn't happen to a man who's as complex as Miller. Hell, I took 12 or 15 trips out to Crete, Illinois, and spent hours on end with the man. And the first ten trips were mostly get-acquainted trips. You sit down and talk with him for five hours. You have to sift through all his bullshit, drink with the guy. He has an amazing capacity for Scotch, which he'll drink any time, anyplace. I'm no mean drinker myself, but there's no way I could stay up with him, so I'd drink Scotch and water for the first hour of the interview. At first we had another one of our lawyers go down to interview him, but he's a teetotaler and



Spend a milder moment with Raleigh.

And discover really satisfying tobacco taste.



On target! These 7-power 35mm center focus Bushnell Binoculars bring everything closer. Field: 345' at 1000 yards. Yours with carrying case for free B&W coupons, the valuable extra on ... every pack of Raleigh.

To see over 1000 gifts, write for your free Gift Catalog: Box 12, Louisville, Ky. 40201.

Introducing Raleigh Extra Milds

Mild natural flavor Lowered tar

© BROWN & WILLIAMSON TOBACCO CORP.

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

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 a Mormon, and Miller didn't get along with him, so we pulled him off.

"We had to win his wife over, too. Mrs. Miller did not like us. She'd believed all the lies Bill had been feeding her over 25 years about the bad things the Government does, so she had no time for us. Then, one day, I got tired of interviewing Miller and so I left him with the IRS guy, Stufflebeam, and walked upstairs, where the family was all gathered around the kitchen table. Mrs. Miller was presiding and there were all kinds of grandchildren and other kids around. So I sat down and bounced babies on my knees and talked law with grandson Butch for an hour and a half, and really enjoyed myself, and slowly, after that, Mrs. Miller began to like us.")

Thompson now places Miller inside this case, with the people and events necessary to the Government's theory. "Directing your attention to late October, early November 1962, did you have a conversation with Mrs. Everett regarding stock?"

"Yes."

"What was said?"

"Mrs. Everett said, 'I've had a recent conference with Ted Isaacs and I've agreed to set aside 25 shares of C.T.E. stock for Governor Kerner and five shares for Mr. Isaacs. And I've also agreed to reserve 10,000 shares of W.P.T.A. stock for Governor Kerner and 2000 for Mr. Isaacs.'"

"What did you say to her?"

"I said, 'Marge, have you discussed this subject with your attorney, Senator Lynch?' She said, 'No.' I said, 'You should.'"

And now Miller narrates the day of November 9, 1962, and his meeting with Kerner in the executive office in Springfield, where he says he hoped to find the governor's willing weaknesses. Miller recalls his words to Kerner and Isaacs, first discussing matters unconnected to his purpose, spreading a vital, disguising coat over the conversation.

"I said to the governor that the publicity regarding a lawsuit filed by Mrs. Everett was not as bad as it seemed. Then I told him about an individual named Roth, who was going around stating that he was influential with the administration and that his statements were detrimental to the Illinois Racing Board and to Governor Kerner . . . and I told Governor Kerner that Mrs. Everett, in her desire to be kind, had set aside stock for he and Mr. Isaacs. He replied, 'That's very kind of Marge.'"

Thompson has heard Miller forget certain lines, although his most important ones have reached the jury. ("Miller left out some things he told us he said to Kerner. He left out any mention of a problem Marge was having with the health department. That was an intriguing one, too. When he told me about it, I thought to myself, 'OK, so big deal,' but then when he said that the governor replied,

'Marge will have to obey the law like everybody else.' I thought, 'fantastic!' The whole conversation was a setup. Miller gave the governor all this bullshit about Everett's concern because Otto Kerner is not the kind of guy you just slide money across the table to. But here, how perfect! You salt the governor of the state with some bullshit about a healthdepartment violation. The governor says, 'Marge will have to obey the law,' and everybody's satisfied. Isaacs has heard it. Miller has heard it, Kerner has said it. Obviously, nothing you say after that about a stock offer is going to have anything to do with a bribe, because Kerner has already established his position—that Mrs. Everett has to obey the law. So, when I figured that out, I thought to myself, 'Well son of a bitch, he was devilishly clever.' ")

Thompson now asks Miller, fiercely rigid in the witness box, "What was your intent in offering this stock to Otto Kerner and Theodore Isaacs?"

Miller waits and thinks, for all the months of knowing this question would finally be asked have cooled it not at all. "To cause them to . . . continue to look fondly on Mrs. Everett and her enterprises."

"Following this conversation, did you tell Marge Everett about it?"

"I did."

"What was her reaction?" "She was very pleased."

In a small hearing room in another wing of the Federal Building, separated from the courtrooms by a central hallway that bisects those floors devoted to law, the Justice Department is preparing to close case 69CR180, The United States of America versus David Dellinger, et al.,

of America versus David Dellinger, et al., or, more familiarly, the Chicago Seven conspiracy trial. It has been more than three years since those sad and brutal proceedings filled one of these same courtrooms and now the Government, after an appellate court reversed the decision, has decided to leave the case alone. The original defendants, and lawyers William Kunstler and Leonard Weinglass, still face contempt-of-court charges at some distant time, but there is no energy left for a new trial, so lawyers for the United States are present to formally dismiss the charges.

There are just a few spectators' benches, a single lawyers' table, scattered chairs and a judge's bench in the room, but they are identical to those in the large courtrooms and this small paneled den hasn't space for them, so it feels haphazardly jammed with someone's oversized furniture.

Chief Judge Edwin Robson enters and you can hear his robes swishing furiously with his smallest movement.

"Good morning, your Honor, Gary Starkman for the Government," says an attorney approaching the bench. Robson looks around the room before replying. "You haven't heard from any of them?"

"No, your Honor, we haven't. We sent a communication airmail special on Monday."

"This past Monday?"

"Yes."

"Well, they should have received it in plenty of time."

"Yes," says Starkman. "Your Honor, the Government would ask the court to enter an order of dismissal with prejudice."

Neither Robson nor the Government refers to the defendants as anything other than "they" or "them," and their absence at the Government's surrender seems a last mocking yawn.

"All right," says Robson. A dismissal with prejudice is entered and the Chicago conspiracy case is legally over.

Downstairs in their offices, several Government lawyers are reminiscing about the conspiracy trial. "We came up with a number of theories as to why the whole thing became a travesty, why the karma was so bad," laughs one of them. "First, there was the 'too many people in one room under five feet, eight' theory. Then there was the 'too many German Jews in one room' theory. And those two were merged into the 'too many German Jews under five feet, eight' theory."

At the same time the conspiracy dismissal is in progress, a case titled *The United States of America versus T. W. Allan, et al.* begins. It is a check-forgery trial, the Government having finally assembled a series of strong charges against an individual it's hoped to meet in court for a long time. Ironically, it won't. T. W. Allan has violated bond and fled, so his deeds are here without him.

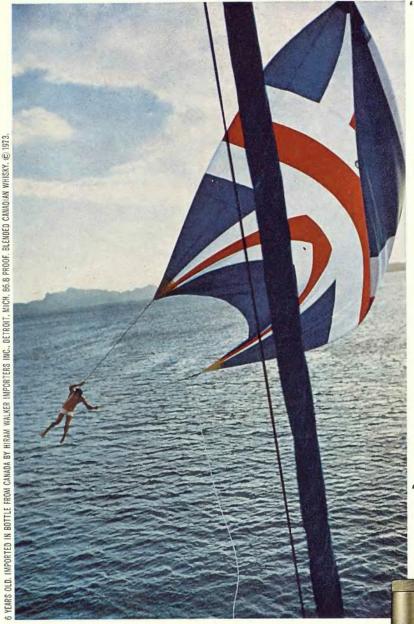
The court is completely empty of spectators, not even one old man to watch and doze in the back. And sitting quietly in his chair, his Magoolike globe of a head bobbing above the bench, Judge Julius J. Hoffman presides.

On the afternoon of Thursday the 18th, Paul Connolly begins to crossexamine William Miller, After minutes of opening politeness and easy conversation, Connolly begins to read from Miller's long statement of innocence given to the Government at the time he was indicted, and then takes up his answers to a list of questions the Justice Department gave him as litmus of his worth before granting immunity. Connolly sees discrepancies in Miller's various versions of facts, spoken and written over past months, and when he asks Miller whether or not he said these things, Miller changes on the stand, withdrawing into a full black sulk, and replies to each question:

"I can't remember."

Connolly is delighted by the mood he has found in Miller and irritates it further, asking more and more questions

"When you're Spinnaker Riding in the Grenadines, an ill wind can bode you no good."



'It's sort of like aerial surfing. Your 'surfboard' is a sail—attached to the mast by a long line—so it can float free of the mast. But the air currents you ride in the Tobago Cays are wilder than the waves at Makaha Beach. Almost as soon as Cheryl got onto her perch—a gust sent her soaring.



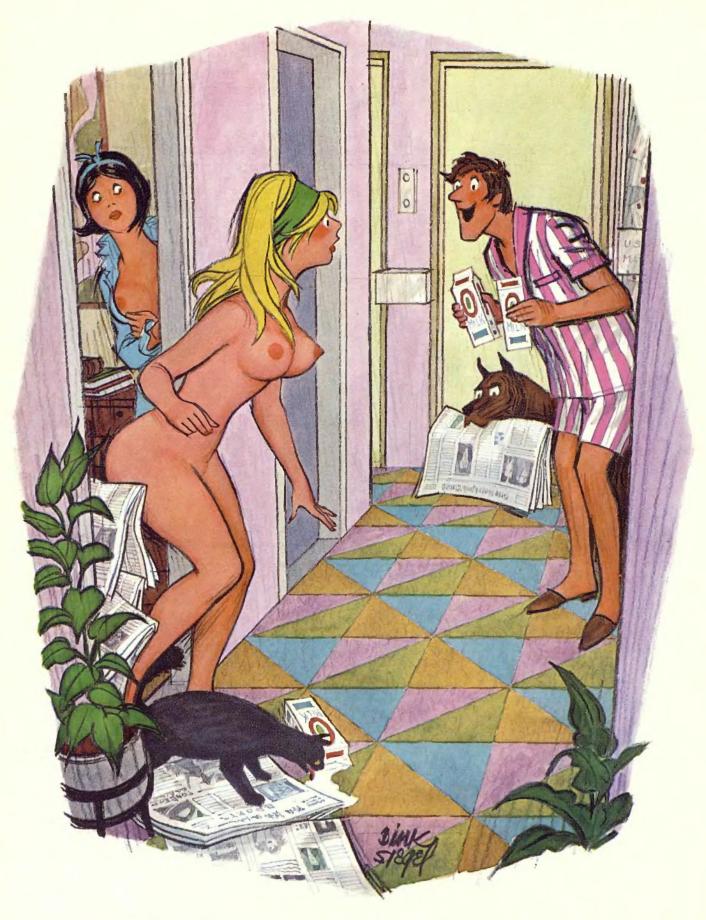
'Cheryl had all the luck that day.
Everything started out all right when I took flight. Then, just when I reached peak altitude of 50 feet...the spinnaker collapsed and I was wiped out. Kerplunk! Some devil of a wind had decided that

my next destination was the deep blue sea.

Canadian Chi

"Later, we toasted our adventure with Canadian Club at the Secret Harbour Hotel in Grenada." Wherever you go, C.C. welcomes you. More people appreciate its incomparable taste. A taste that never stops pleasing. It's the whisky that's perfect company all evening long. Canadian Club —"The Best In The House" in 87 lands.





"Wow! You look great without make-up, miss!"

about his previous statements.

"I can't remember. . . . I can't remember."

Thompson stares straight ahead, looking at the table. ("My darkest hour in the entire case was when Miller said he didn't remember, 47 times in a row. The impression on the jury was just horrible. I thought he was going to be destroyed as a witness. I said to myself, 'God, here goes

the whole case.'")
Then, Miller emerges from amnesia, answers a question and, after a time, Connolly says, "I want you to know, Mr. Miller, I have nothing personally against

Miller accepts the line. "Why. I have nothing but affection for you, Mr. Connolly," and his humor stays through the

The following morning, Connolly continues his questioning and as the session lengthens, again gets tough, keeps Miller's wit from getting out and introduces the basis of his defense. He believes that Miller tried to gain control of Everett's empire by persuading her to offer stocks, then exchange them for others in order to get the shares away from Everett and circulating rootlessly, making them easier for him to finally possess.

As Connolly nears his climactic question, he wanders to a place as far from Miller as the room allows. Standing by the back double doors, he looks down the aisle at his witness. "Didn't you," he shouts, "try to get shares of stock so you could control Balmoral Jockey Club?"

Miller seems to wait for the words to travel their distance. "I don't know why you have to be so dramatic about it," he says and the few reflexive snickers from the crowd ruin it for Connolly, leaving him looking foolish back there, far from where he should be.

Connolly walks forward to Miller and tries once more. He asks whether Miller would agree that "the side effect of your noble transaction, to get Kerner and Isaacs out of race-track stock for the good of the sport, was to give you control of Balmoral?"

Miller's ill humor returns. "I won't grant you even that."

On the morning of January 24, eight days after he first appeared, Miller is excused as a witness in the Kerner-Isaacs trial. He walks uncertainly from the stand, as if he's sat in that chair through nights and recesses for all eight days and is walking for the first time in a week. He waits for his lawyer to get their coats, then leaves the courtroom.

Otto Kerner has remained so motionless in his chair through five weeks that you begin to wonder if he is really hearing all the unkind mentions of his name. Only occasionally he has shaken his head with a sad smile, as certain witnesses have placed him in rooms he's denied ever visiting, quoted statements and orders at odds with his innocence. So there is that same surprise as seeing what you thought was a store-window mannequin move, when, late in the afternoon on Thursday, February eighth, he comes alive, pushes back from the table and walks quickly, concentrating on his feet, to be

Connolly leads him through a discussion of his past as a politician in Illinois. Kerner tells of campaigning before he was ten for his father, of his own early victories and of the people he met who went with him to each new office. Toward the end of the day, Connolly asks him about his election as governor of Illinois in 1960. "Were there charges of vote fraud made at the time of that election?"

"Yes," says Kerner. "There were great charges made of vote fraud in that election and they have been repeated. Those same charges have been repeated by the present President from time to time since that election."

Listening and making notes for crossexamination, Jim Thompson begins to perceive in Kerner the first sign of a hostility that has been kept beneath his dignity and is now escaping, like a slow, hissing leak. He watches for more, sees Kerner turn to the jury when the questioning has paused for a moment and make small asides about Republican-controlled legislatures. Thompson is thrilled by what he senses, believes he can use it when the right time comes and thinks, most of all, that Kerner is losing this

At the end of the session, Thompson walks from the courtroom with the other Government lawyers and they stand in the hallway, waiting for an elevator to take them to the 15th floor. They step on as a group and as the doors close, Thompson turns to his assistant, Sam Skinner, and says with a smile, "We've got his ass now."

Kerner finishes his direct testimony on Monday, the 12th, and prosecutor Thompson begins by asking him about a response he gave near the end of it. "Judge Kerner, going back to your 1960 campaign, I believe you said this morning that you actually knew very little about the financing and how money was raised, and who gave what; is that correct?"

"That is correct," says Kerner.

Thompson continues, "Of all the people who gave you money for the 1960 campaign, about what percent of the time did you know the amount of the gift?"

"I was rarely told the amount of cash." Kerner thinks again and modifies his answer. "I wouldn't say rarely. I was never told the amount of the gift. The committee would indicate to me that soand-so was in and made a generous contribution and asked would I write a letter of thank-you."

Thompson finds this puzzling. "I take it, then, that Mr. Isaacs, your campaign manager, never told you that Marge Everett had donated \$45,000 to the campaign?"

Kerner shows his irritation and seems to expand in size as he organizes his words into a stiff, clipped row. "I will tell you when he first told me, Mr. Thompson. It was a day or two after you filed your pleading and I asked Ted, I said, 'Is that true?' He said, 'Yes, it is.' That is the first time. Mr. Thompson, I knew of that amount!"

At the noon recess, Thompson moves to the center of the room and meets Ted Isaacs, this thin little man who has not said one word aloud in open court during the entire trial, and smiles down at him. "You were one helluva lousy campaign manager, Teddy," says Thompson.

Isaacs looks up. "What do you mean?" "All that campaign money coming in

and you never told your boss who his best contributors were!"

Isaacs smiles. "Don't rub it in." . . .

Kerner's final day of testimony lasts until early afternoon and after he has stepped down, his lawyer stands and says to Judge Taylor, "The defendant Kerner rests."

Theodore Isaacs offers no defense of his own, his lawyer feeling that he's already read everything important into the record and that his client would stammer and mumble into the carpet if placed on the stand. Wolfson also fears that since Isaacs had been indicted in the past, "the Government is probably laying for Ted." And so, without calling a witness, Warren Wolfson reads some final facts to the jury that have been agreed upon by both sides and says, "The defendant Isaacs rests."

Standing near the jury, neat and above nervousness, Paul Connolly is ready to give his closing argument. His wife and teenage daughter have flown in from Washington to hear him. They sit in the first row with others hoping for innocence-Kerner's two children, a close Kerner family friend, Connolly's secretary-and it seems as if Connolly is about to address a large auditorium on some high theme instead of asking 12 people not to send a man to prison.

The spectators are chatting excitedly with the anticipation of a real event. The one woman among the regular court buffs has given herself a snarled permanent for the occasion.

At ten o'clock, Connolly starts to talk about the importance of the case. "This is the most momentous point in my life," he tells the jury. He continues the tone all morning, never allowing the jury to forget who it is they're judging, sounding privileged to defend Otto Kerner.

Late in the day, Connolly begins to focus on the motives for this injustice and mentions the political dreams of the 157 district attorney, suggesting that winning this conviction would look fine on his resumé. Listeners familiar with Connolly's style after seven weeks sense that he's about to build, and the words he's speaking are on time. "If you convict Otto Kerner of one count in this indictment," he challenges, "you've destroyed him. You might as well convict him of all of them." But he seems unable to find real outrage and he is flat at the finish. "Weigh the life of Otto Kerner when you are in that jury room against the hard-charging. vigorous imagination of an ambitious prosecutor. . . . So when you come back through that door with your verdict"-he wheels around and points to it, his index finger two feet long, then turns back and aims the finger at Kerner, who sits stiff with dignity-"I want you to look Otto Kerner in the eyes." Connolly rotates another quarter circle toward the first row of spectators. "I want you to look his children, sitting here, in the eyes"-now he shouts, his face so red it looks lit from inside-"and say, 'Welcome back to a free society, Otto Kerner!' Jim Thompson has failed miserably to prove the charges of this case!"

He slams his palm on the wooden railing in front of the box and a puff of dust rises from it. The room is still as Connolly walks to his seat, not so much because of any stunning eloquence as from the startling effect of someone's behaving so rambunctiously in it. Judge Taylor speaks too quickly, before the silence can end on its own. "Ladies and gentlemen of the jury: Do not discuss this case among yourselves. What you've just heard is not evidence and you should not consider it as evidence. . . ."

The jury is excused and court is adjourned until ten o'clock tomorrow morning. Connolly's wife hugs and kisses him, and his daughter, near tears, waits for her turn. Connolly looks down at them, talking softly.

On the other side of the room, five reporters are trying to construct accurate quotes for their news stories. Each has written, as fast as he could, Connolly's closing remarks, and now they are pooling their notes, hoping that among the five of them they've got it all. "'The hard-charging ambition of a vigorous prosecutor'?" says one.

"No. He said, 'the vigorous imagination of an ambitious hard-charging prosecutor!"

"'Vigorous, hard-charging prosecutor'?"

"I've got 'hard-charging, ambition, vigorous prosecutor.' That's all I've got."

"OK, here's what he said: 'the hard-charging ambition of an imaginative . . . vigorous'?"

Jim Thompson's final argument is brief in comparison with Connolly's day of rhetoric, and he ends it by speaking to the charge that has loc ned above his case since the first day. "Ladies and gentlemen of the jury: Throughout this trial, you've heard suggestions that the case against Otto Kerner is the product of my own ambitions. Well, last night I visited a friend of mine, a judge in this building, who is, I think, wise beyond his years, and I said to him, 'Connolly says I'm out to get Otto Kerner because I'm ambitious.' The judge said to me, 'Ambitious prosecutors don't indict judges. That's too risky. They go for easy cases, so they can pile up a 95 percent conviction rate. In a political city like Chicago, ambitious prosecutors just try to get along.'"

At 10:19 Monday morning, after 16 hours of deliberation, foreman William Michael knocks on the jury-room door and a Federal marshal opens it and steps inside, "We've got a verdict," says Michael.

"OK," says the marshal. "Just relax. It'll take an hour or so to get everybody here." He leaves and hastens to his phone.

In his office, ten floors below the jury room, Thompson and his assistants have been waiting and discussing the testimony, having no real distance from it yet, relying on the deepest impressions of the moment for perspective. Thompson asks, "Who did you think our most beneficial witness was?" He listens silently to the answers and replies, "I think it was Otto Kerner." Each prosecutor has prophesied the verdict and there is a consensus that they will win some but not all the counts. Thompson, however, has predicted a decision of guilty on all counts and feels now, on Monday, that the Government has surely convicted Kerner and Isaacs of something, for, in his experience, the longer a jury takes to decide, the better its decision for the Government; he began to feel good after Saturday passed without event.

His phone rings and the marshal tells him that 16 hours has been time enough.

Warren Wolfson is at home on the Near North Side, just ten minutes from the Federal Building. He has wakened with the rolling pain that a long nervousness puts in stomachs and takes the phone call in his underwear. He tells the marshal he'll need 45 minutes. "Honey," he calls upstairs to his wife. "Let's go. We've got a verdict." He then calls Isaacs at his office in the Loop and tells him to meet them in the courtroom.

There are few lights on in the building today, the hallways in a weekend darkness. It is George Washington's birthday and the offices are closed. Not only are the workers gone but the legion of legal buffs, with no trials to watch, are also home and will miss, after all their faithful weeks, the end of the show.

Ted Isaacs arrives, wearing a sports jacket for the first time in the trial. He paces the hall, keeping a nervous little laugh going, and now his lawyer comes and together they enter the courtroom.

Isaacs goes immediately to his chair and Wolfson leans over to talk to his wife. "Our colleagues are on their way," he says. No sooner does he say it than they enter—Kerner, Connolly and his young associates, Tom Patton and Jim Hubbard. Kerner, too, takes his chair quickly, breathing heavily, and a paleness shows through his health-club tan. No one at the table looks healthy. Patton says to Wolfson, "Have a nice weekend?" then laughs and adds, "Silly question, huh?" Patton has been losing his breakfast for a week and Connolly's secretary has given him a Valium for the past few nights.

The room is still without anyone from the Government, just reporters and defendants and their lawyers gathered together. Kerner has assumed his familiar position, as if someone had told him to pose for a brochure and pretend he's signing historic legislation. You have to look carefully to see his suit jacket moving in and out faster than on other days. He wipes dried white specks from the corner of his mouth and talks in rumbles to Israes.

The sketch artists work maniacally, their felt-tip pens shricking on the paper. "I haven't been this nervous since I drew Bobby Seale bound and gagged," says one of them.

At last the prosecution walks in, at 11:25, having waited downstairs for an hour, as the marshal suggested when he called. Sam Skinner looks around the room, talking disrespectfully loud. "Hi, Verna," he says to an artist. "Hi, Fitz, how ya doing?" Harsh cheer in his high voice. Thompson moves to his place, sits and stares ahead at the judge's bench.

The jury door opens, but no, it's a marshal wheeling in the cart of evidence, dozens of boxes and folders; they look rumpled and thumbed through, a sign that, indeed, the jury has decided.

And now the jury is here, following the evidence like mourners after a casket, looking at the floor as they file past the tables. They are shown special courtesy today: Everyone in the room stands for their entrance. Not only lawyers and defendants, as has been the practice, but reporters and everybody else. Both sets of lawyers strain to make eye contact with any juror, Thompson almost bending down to look up into their faces, but none of them will raise his head. At the press table, Bill Mooney from the Daily News watches the cortege and scribbles on his note pad. He pokes another reporter and shows him that he has written, "Dead."

Procedure takes over to get above the tension. Jury foreman handing verdicts to clerk. Clerk opening first envelope. Clerk reading. "We, the jury, find the defendant Theodore Isaacs guilty as charged in the indictment." Absurd pause to open second envelope. Kerner breathing through it. Can it possibly be different? "We, the jury, find the defendant Otto

Kerner guilty as charged in the indictment." He's said it again and Connolly reaches for Kerner's arm and places his hand, gently, on it.

Judge Taylor is rude to the pervading shock, whisking it away with ritual. "Is that your verdict, Mr. Foreman?"

"Yes, it is."

Now Judge Taylor polls the jury-"Is that your verdict? Is that your verdict? Is that your verdict?"-12 times, then he raises his hand in some archaic gesture and says, "So say you one, so say you all." Immediately, postverdict motions are attended to, leaving Kerner and Isaacs comatose in their seats. Connolly shakes Thompson's hand. Thompson thanks the judge. The judge protests that he doesn't want to be thanked. Skinner wants to know when the sentencing will be. And after 15 minutes, the Kerner-Isaacs trial is through. One of Kerner's lawyers motions to the first row, where Kerner's children and friends are sitting, and they move out of the courtroom through the same door the jury entered, quickly and efficiently, as if they've drilled this exit just in case. In a moment they are gone, door closed, and they ride the judges' private elevator to Kerner's chambers. Kerner will remain there, with Connolly. until four o'clock, and tonight take his family to their home in Wisconsin, away from Chicago for a few days.

Isaacs is suddenly by himself in the courtroom. His lawyer is surrounded by reporters and Isaacs moves dazedly about. Newspaper columnists stare into his face and walk closely behind him, taking mental notes of any words and expressions for their impressionistic reportage of how it is to be alone with a guilty verdict. Isaacs is smiling hard and someone does ask him, "How do you feel?"

Isaacs chuckles without moving his face and says, "I'd have to write a book about it." He continues moving aimlessly around the room and when he stops for a moment, an instant cluster forms around him. Finally, it occurs to him that he can leave and he looks for his lawyer, who's telling reporters the jury could not possibly have considered all the evidence in the short time it deliberated, then gets his coat and walks down the hallway.

A TV reporter yells, "You leaving now, Ted?" and catches up with him. Together, they take the elevator down.

In the lobby, cameras begin to close in on him, clicking furiously, and he has to let them while he stops and signs out at the front desk. On the sheet, he enters, in a clear, firm hand: NAME: "T. J. Isaacs"; FLOOR VISITED: "2500"; TIME OUT: "12:35." There is no space on the form to write PURPOSE OF VISIT. Now Isaacs moves quickly away from photographers, out onto the sidewalk, and sprints for his law office on Washington Street.

Hitachi's cassette recorder with a"3-way" mike. Because one mike isn't right for everything.

For everyday recording, it's perfectly all right to use a mike with a cord or a built-in mike (1 and 2). But when you want to move around or use the recorder as a PA system, you can do better with the cordless mike (3).

Now you can get all mikes in one. Snap it in, snap it out or use the cord. It's your option in Hitachi's new TRK-1271 AM/FM cassette recorder.

You can even use it as a PA system and record at the same time. Your voice is amplified through the FM radio.

And if you're interested in automatic recording, you'll be interested in our optional 12-hour timer—the ET-10.

There are many other features of the TRK-1271. Like a tape counter, Auto Stop and Levelmatic recording control. Your Hitachi dealer will be happy to demonstrate.

Or for more information, write Dept. P-7, Hitachi Sales Corp. of America, 401 West Artesia Blvd., Compton, CA 90220.





PLAYBOY FORUM (continued from page 51)

Bulgaria, and the French word for Bulgar is *Bougre*, hence buggery.

Modern middle-aged couples like my wife and myself are likely to try this trick on Sunday mornings after sleeping late. Refreshed from the week's labors and more interested in sexual heresy than in attending the church of their choice (perhaps bed is the church of their choice) they say to each other, "Let's try it." Once they've done it they will have experienced the last word in copulation. Maybe that's why so many of my friends have waited until middle age to do this. They were saving the best till last. Anal intercourse is the finish line. The living end, as it were.

(Name withheld by request) Lexington, Kentucky

EXCESS BAGGAGE

I was entranced by C. Fletcher's letter asking why it is necessary to like the people one has sex with (*The Playboy Forum*, March). Why indeed? Why even see them? Why not meet in a darkened telephone booth, make the insertion and get out quick without so much as a hello, goodbye or thanks? For that matter, why be kind to the unfortunate? Why laugh at jokes, why weep at tragedies, why be encumbered by feelings at all?

Willie Franklin Houston, Texas

PENIS SIZE REVISITED

A large penis can have drawbacks, as when it distracts a woman from clito-

ral pleasure. One of my former lovers, who was proud of the enormity of his manhood, just couldn't understand it when his deeper thrusts made me flinch. I kept telling him it hurt and to take it easy, but he insisted that I was crazy and/or that there must be something wrong with me. A visit to my gynecologist proved that I am perfectly normal. The pain was caused by my lover's large penis hitting my cervix. The doctor told me to advise him not to penetrate so deeply. And that's the long and short of it.

(Name withheld by request) Columbia, Missouri

The debate about penis size and female response in *The Playboy Forum* seems rather miscalculated. My own guess is that few men (one in several million, possibly) are so truncated that it is literally impossible for them to fill a vagina satisfactorily. The other worriers are using penis size as a rationalization for anxieties that are harder to verbalize.

For example, what Freud called actual neurosis and Wilhelm Reich called stasis neurosis apparently is still a widespread problem. This is a vague, ill-defined sense that something is wrong somewhere, usually accompanied by notions that the problem is probably physical. Some people with this condition shift their worry from one subject to another: cancer this week, "Am I going crazy?" the next, and so forth. Others

focus on one chronic pseudo problem.

If I am right, somebody who discovers that his tool is one-half inch, or even a whole inch, shorter than some medical book's average and then broods about it has been *looking* for something to worry about. If he can be convinced that this isn't worth so much anxiety, he will not be any better off. He will simply find something else to stew about: oncoming baldness, overweight or hangnails.

The real solution is to realize that the sense of something wrong results from early training in the doctrine of original sin (the most common cause of all mental problems).

Hugh Crane New York, New York

Most discussions of the importance of penis size seem to assume, for some reason, that men with larger-than-average organs do not have any love-making skills, while men with small penises try harder to please their women. Obviously the question of whether organ size is important will never be settled if we continue to compare apples and oranges in this manner-or should I say bananas and pickles? The real question that must be asked is: Given equal ability to make love, is the man with the large penis more pleasing? As an experienced woman, I'd have to say yes and no. The bigger penis is more pleasing to look at and handle, and that can help me turn on, but when it comes to actual screwing, all penises feel the same inside me: marvelous.

> (Name withheld by request) Hollywood, California

The physiological importance of penis size varies from one individual to another, but it is a factor, albeit a minor one, in the enjoyment of sex. More important is the psychological aspect. If a female's fantasies are stimulated by a large penis, that may affect the total performance, as may a male's fears that his organ is inadequate. Men need only remember that performance with most women under most circumstances is not dependent to any great degree on the size of their penises. Like the very subtle differences between two fine wines, difference in size between two penises goes unnoticed by most women and is a factor only to the extent that both partners allow it to be.

Thomas J. Heafy West Concord, Massachusetts We'll drink to that.

THE CLITORAL TRUTH

I am a man who has talked to many women about their sexual problems, and I've read many articles on these problems written by women. Lately, women have



"No kidding? You mean she gets paid for it?"

Smoking. What are you going to do about it?

Many people are against cigarettes. You've heard their arguments.

And even though we're in the business of selling cigarettes, we're not going to advance arguments in favor of smoking.

We simply want to discuss one irrefutable fact.

A lot of people are still smoking cigarettes. In all likelihood, they'll continue to smoke cigarettes and nothing anybody has said or is likely to say

is going to change their minds.

Now, if you're one of these cigarette smokers, what are you going to do about it? You may continue to smoke your present brand. With all the enjoyment and pleasure you get from smoking it. Or, if 'tar' and nicotine has become a concern to you, you may consider changing to a cigarette like Vantage.

(Of course, there is no other cigarette quite like Vantage.)

Vantage has a unique filter that allows rich flavor to come through it and yet substantially cuts down on 'tar' and nicotine.

We want to be frank. Vantage is not the lowest 'tar' and nicotine cigarette you can buy. But it may well be the lowest 'tar' and nicotine

cigarette you will enjoy smoking.

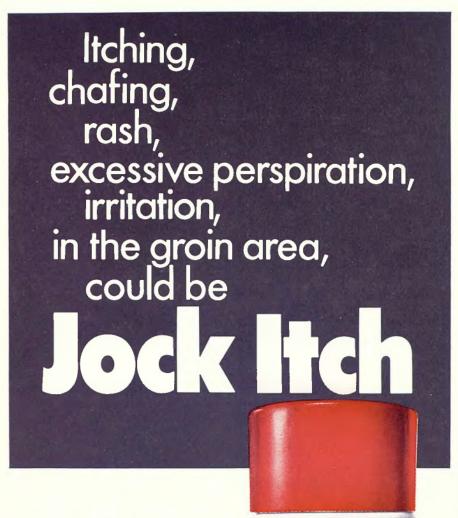
Vantage. It's the only cigarette that gives you so much taste with so little 'tar' and nicotine.

We suggest you try a pack.



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

Filter: 10 mg "tar," 0.8 mg nicotine, Menthol: 11 mg, "tar," 0.9 mg, nicotineav. per cigarette, FTC Report Sept '73.



Whether you're suffering from the bothersome symptoms, or Jock Itch (Tinea cruris), you should be using Cruex® Medicated Spray-On Powder.

Cruex provides fast relief. It soothes itchy, inflamed skin. Absorbs perspiration. Helps cushion against further irritation. And, because it's medicated, Cruex is strong enough to help prevent the fungous infection that can develop when these annoying symptoms are improperly treated.

Since Cruex is a spray-on powder: it penetrates into hard-to-reach places...you avoid the messiness of creams, ointments, and powders... and you eliminate the pain of rubbing, dabbing, or smearing on to sore, inflamed skin.

Get relief—fast. Avoid embarrassing itch, too. With Cruex. Soothing, cooling Cruex.



Guaranteed to work, or your money back from the manufacturer.



begun to state publicly that the normal way for a woman to have an orgasm is through direct clitoral stimulation. Feminist writer Alix Shulman, for example, in her article "Organs and Orgasms." praises Masters and Johnson for establishing that the clitoris is the focus of orgasm in women but criticizes them for directing women toward orgasm through intercourse. She adds, "Evidently for most women, intercourse by itself rarely results in orgasm, though vaginal stimulation may certainly make enjoyable foreplay or even afterplay."

A man must stimulate his partner to orgasm independently of his own orgasm to assure her sexual fulfillment. The most natural way for a woman to achieve orgasm is to have her clitoris stimulated by tongue or hand. Orgasm during intercourse is a supplementary form of sex for a woman, as is a hand job for a man. Many women fake orgasms during intercourse or insist that they have orgasms through intercourse because admitting the truth would be embarrassing. But we men owe it to women to make it possible, gently and easily, for them to stop this sham. If the truth is widely publicized, it will make the sexual revolution a reality for both women and men.

Ed Sears

Kerhonkson, New York

Of the wives surveyed in "Sexual Behavior in the 1970s" (Part III, December 1973), 53 percent said they nearly always enjoyed orgasm during coitus. We don't believe those women were faking. Only 15 percent said they'd never had an orgasm through intercourse.

The point is not that there is or isn't one technique that works best for most people, but that both men and women should search out and enjoy their own special sources of sexual pleasure, and they should not be made to feel inferior because their pleasure differs from someone else's. They should not have to fake anything. Many men and women are quite adaptable in this respect. As one woman told us, "If all you're going to get is cock, you'd better hurry up and turn on to cock." Others would consider this attitude counterrevolutionary. It's usually a mistake to impose or prescribe any uniform, external standard on what is essentially an individual, subjective experience.

"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.

WINTER OF '73 (continued from page 101)

My wife has invited a friend to have lunch with us. The other lady wants to discuss her recent separation from her husband. Since my wife has heard the story several times already, she thinks it only fair that I also hear it and give the lady-whom I like, since she is pretty and bright—the benefit of my useless advice.

It is raining. Or perhaps it is only a heavy winter fog. Sloppy shapeless droplets stain the debris along the curb. I drop the lady and my wife at The Haven. seminatural foods, and find a parking place on the street in front of an automobile agency.

As I get out, I am careful to lock all the doors of the car. I didn't always do this. A few years ago I began. Standing nearby in the rain, wearing a blue blazer and neat gray-flannel trousers, a tall, slender, almost-distinguished man-a golfer's looks-was ignoring the heavy fog seeping into his flannels as he shouted at a young man on the street, "Why don't you see a psychiatrist?"

"All right, I will," said the young man, turning.

"Right away!"

"You, too," shouted the young man.

Odd conversation early on a Saturday afternoon in the heavy fog of winter. The young man was wearing jeans and a leather vest over no shirt-probably a clammy feeling, unless you're doing it out of moral principle and a local sense of beauty. The conflict between him and the man from the automobile agency was loud but entirely verbal.

"Stoo-pid!" shouted the automobile man. (He wore a tag above the pocket of the blazer.)

"Idiot!" shouted the young fellow in the leather vest. He was moving backward away, and as I finished locking the doors of my station wagon, I thought to ask the salesman what this post-flower-child trouble might be.

"Goddamn Jew!" shouted the salesman at the hippie.

It took no particular thought or effort on my part quickly to substitute for my question about the source of the difficulty the following statement: "You asshole, shut your fucking mouth before I rip your tongue out."

The automobile salesman whirled toward me with something like real despair. "What'd I do to you?" Here he is, trying to make a living in a sick world, and strangers come to abuse him from everywhere. "What are you yelling at me for?"

"Because you called the man a goddamn Jew-

"But I don't like him," he wailed.

"Well, I'm a Jew and I don't like to hear you talking like that."

"But I think he's a goddamn Jew and

that's what he is." He was regrouping himself after my surprise attack.

"And you're an asshole."

He moved toward me, shouting, "You can't call me names." I waited. He paused nearby. He was genuinely puzzled at the sight of me. "Or I'll call the police."

Call. I'll wait, asshole."

Van Ness is well patroled, and it happened that a car-black and white, extinguished red Cyclops eye atop-was passing and the auto dealer shouted, "Police, police!" He looked proper and neat in his blue blazer, although his voice was a little anxious and hurried. Bearded, in corduroy jacket and jeans, I wondered how the police might respond to me as two of them came sauntering out of the car, measuring the situation in that wary, professional way. My car dealer started to sell his case to them. "I was just yelling at that Jew up the street when this one came along, I wasn't even talking to him, and he said something dirty to me, he won't apologize, I want him to apologize or put him under arrest-

The two police divided themselves up. "I don't like that word Jew used in that way," I said to the one who chose me.

The one who spoke with the car dealer said to him, "OK, OK, why don't you go back inside and sell some cars, OK?"

The one who spoke with me said, "Where were you headed?"

"To lunch."

"I don't blame you. I'm kind of hungry myself. Why don't you run along and have a good lunch?"

"I want an apology from that Jew!" the car dealer cried.

"Do you want me to wait around? Would you like my identification?" I asked the policeman.

"Actually, I'd prefer you just cross



"Occupant, apartment 5C: Congratulations—you may already have won the all-electric Colonial split-level house of your dreams. . . . "

the street now and go on to your sandwich and soup, it's getting kind of late," he said.

The other policeman had his arm around the car dealer's shoulders and was guiding him toward the door of his agency. He was asking him a question: "What'll you take for that '66 Rambler I saw back there in the lot?" I waited for the light to change and crossed the street.

Although the fog was heavy and chill, I felt hot and winded, as if I had been running; not jogging but running. I walked up the long block to The Haven, where my wife and our friend were waiting at a table.

"What's wrong?" my wife asked me.

"What's wrong," her friend answered, "is that marriage just can't work in this society, when women have to make their own place for themselves, they can't just say You're nice, you're great, you're a big strong hunk of man, if the slob is

doing nothing for them but bringing home six-packs of beer and the *TV Guide*, so I say out is what I say. My husband has bad habits."

"I'd like to hear your story from the beginning," I said.

"What's the matter?" my wife asked me again.

"There's a long winter starting out," our friend said, starting on her minestrone and sandwich on natural bread with sprouts. She looked up at me, knowing that I need to think about the meaning of things in order to keep interested, and wiped a piece of macaroni off her chin. "I sometimes think—don't you?—that war is the natural condition of things for settling disagreements. Too bad Phil and I have only marriage to go to war about. Since we don't get along, we have to go to war."





"Oh, Al! I just knew you were going to be a lot of fun in the sack."

WICCHES' BREW

(continued from page 122)

fun?" Without waiting for my reply, Bokovoy drew yet another g, this one with a generous oval tail. "If she makes that kind of g, she's hot stuff."

Committing Bokovoy's salacious g to memory, I entertained visions of myself going from bar to bar, cross-country, inviting girls to write "gang, gringo or garbage" and, if the g's tail were full-blown, taking matters from there.

But, first of all, there was the evening banquet. Butter-baked one half spring chicken. I sat with the Weschckes. Sandra, also a witch, turned to her husband: "After the witchmeet, remind me to go to Super Value to pick up some cat meat."

Friday night's witchmeet was poorly attended but much more convivial to begin with, possibly because this time we sat in a magic circle, invoking the power. Lady Sheba, her mood conciliatory, even refreshingly republican, referred to the meet as no less than the first council of American witches, and then she called on the Wiccans to identify themselves and their trads. The witches in the circle stood up one by one.

"I'm Avery, American Celtic. My training goes back many years in other lives."

A potbellied man in a white sweater declared, "I'm a wizard, unaffiliated with any trad."

"I'm Lady Cybele. I've been practicing in this life for twenty-four years."

"George Lincoln. American eclectic."

An attractive witch, slender, longlegged, with streaky blonde hair, who had practiced the craft in three previous lives, identified herself as Celine. "I am a solitary witch," she said.

"I'm Lady Circe, from Toledo."

Uneasily, I realized it would soon be my turn to stand up.

"My name is Charles Leach. We're Celtic reconstructionists. And I just want to say there seem to be very good vibes here tonight."

"I am Jehovah," another witch declared, his manner sour.

"I'm Morning Glory and I'm from Oregon, I was initiated in the Neo-Gardnerian fashion."

Now it was my turn and there was no evading it. "I am Mordecai," I said, "and my trad is Jewish."

Jehovah shot out of his seat, enraged. "We were only supposed to be initiated witches here. He's from playboy. And he described himself as a Jew. I used to be one and I know them and their ilk. If he's here tomorrow night, I'm not coming."

Well, now, unlike Russ Michael and other reincarnates, my suspicion was that if I didn't meet my deadlines in this lifetime, there would be no second chance (or, at best, a PLAYBOY check postdated for two centuries), so I did return the following night, and the witches, embarrassed, stood up as one to apologize for the self-styled Jehovah's thunderbolt. Jehovah, as advertised, did not show. But, on reflection, this was, after all, the seventh day and possibly, just possibly, he was resting "from all His work which He had made."

Sunday's unrivaled attraction, for which more than 100 of the curious turned up, was a demonstration of "hypnosis, regression and past-life memory" by Jack and Mary Rowan. Three subjects, or astral trippers, were on hand, having their auras cleansed, when I slipped into the lecture room—two youngsters (Tom and a plump blonde, Sharon) and a cross-eyed, middle-aged man called Jack. The only difference, incidentally, between dusting a person and cleansing the aura is that in the latter case, you do not actually touch the person.

Astral travel, Jack Rowan ventured, "is real fun and real easy." His first subject, Jack, was already seated in a chair onstage. "Sleep, sleep, sleep," Rowan whispered into his ear. "Go back into the depths of your mind... deeper

and deeper asleep. . . ."

Within seconds, Jack was snoozing. "Now we're going back to a life you

lived before. Where are you?"

"Germany.... My name is Heinrich."
"Hiya, Heinrich. He's in Germany,
folks. And what do you see?"

"Cathedral. . . . "

"He sees a cathedral. Describe it."

"Big, stones. . . ."

"It's big and made of stone. Who is your most famous friend?"

"Johann Sebastian Bach."

"Bach. Did he teach you to play the organ?"

"His son taught me. . . ."

"His son, huh? Now say something in German for us, Heinrich."

No answer.

"They can speak German. Now say something in German, Heinrich."

lack began to mutter softly.

"Heinrich, will you please say something in German?"

"Guten Tag. . . ."

"Guten Tag," Rowan said, beaming. "Did you hear? He said Guten Tag."

Next, Sharon was taken into the astral by Mary Rowan.

"We're going back to a life you had before. Way back in time. . . ."

Egypt, 1221 B.C. And Sharon is a boy in a house with many slaves. The son of Orpheus.

"And what does your dad do for a liv-

ing?" Mary asked.

"He's on the council, For the Pharaoh."

Sharon went on to describe the temple, with its immense white pillars, and,

my God, this skeptic recognized it! Yes, yes, I knew that temple. But, on second thought, it wasn't through a past life. It was undoubtedly the temple featured in Cecil B. De Mille's Ten Commandments.

In another life, one squandered in the Dakota Territory circa 1863, Sharon was a saloon singer called Lola, and, filling that office, she sang a ballad for us, very poorly, indeed. Afterward, Mary Rowan revealed, "In that life, you know, we found out Lola was my grand-daughter. I was her grandfather," she added, tittering.

Finally. Jack Rowan guided Tom back through time and space to a previous life in Ireland, 413 A.D., where he was Sean O'Donnell, the renowned Kerry wizard. "I can create or stop storms," Tom declared, his affected Irish accent unconvincing. "I can see into the future."

"He can create or stop storms and see into the future," Jack announced. "Anybody want to ask him something?"

"Make rain," some lout shouted-out.

"Not today. . . ."

"Not today, he says. Anybody else?"

"Can you see into the Twentieth Century?"

A hush fell over the assembly as Tom, his eyes closed, obviously in a trance, struggled with words. Rowan, solicitous, offered him a sip of water and the wizard tried again. He struggled, he winced. Finally, he said, "I see wars... many wars... trouble, trouble...."

"He sees wars and trouble. OK, that's it. Cleanse his aura for him, will you, Mary? Sean, you're going into the astral again. . . . You're dying, but it doesn't

hurt . . . into the astral . . . and when I snap my fingers three times, you will wake up in 1973, at the Hyatt Lodge, in Minneapolis. One, two, threel Wake up, Tom."

Only later did I discover that the intrusive ools and als from the next lecture room, even as the Rowans guided subjects through the astral, had been evoked by Gavin of Boskednan's practical demonstration of sex power to which couples only (preferably robed, for easier mutual access) were admitted. The foreplay, however, was all in the good name of healing. All the sexual energy, or horniness, evoked was to be dispatched to a nine-year-old boy who was going blind.

"Did it work?" I asked.

"I don't know yet."

"Something else, Gavin. If, as you say, nobody was allowed to come to a climax, weren't your subjects, um, frustrated?"

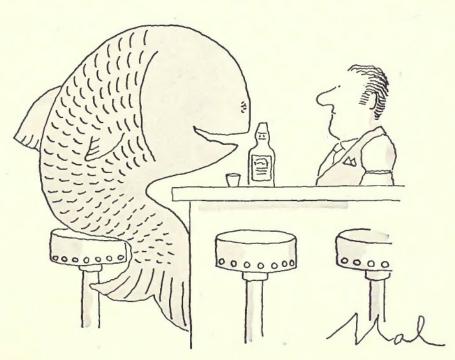
"Oh, once the energy was harnessed, we didn't care what they did with it in their rooms afterward."

At the closing, sparsely attended witchmeet on Sunday night, Lady Sheba sang out, "I'm going home the happiest woman in the world. I'm going home just glorified because of you."

I saw the queen of American witches once more later that night, in the lobby of Hyatt Lodge, as I was hurrying to catch a late flight to Chicago.

"I expect to be on NBC television on Halloween night," she called after me. "Don't forget to watch."





"You're right. I do drink like a fish."

Customs Inspector (continued from page 130)

effects. The smell of their mangoes (confiscated) was particularly sickeningly sweet.

Encountered a young lady whose residency was in question. She had a U.S. passport but claimed British residency. Her parents lived in Syracuse; she said she lived in Britain. The argument was settled by her use of the word bloody.

August 8: People in Europe think that Americans are starving. How else can you explain the amount of food brought into the U.S.? I had a lady with two dead fish in her pockets. Delicacies, she called them.

August 12: I spoiled a wife's surprise for her husband. I was on a pocketbook kick and found a pair of undeclared gold cuff links in her purse. Her husband told her to declare them. I felt terrible when I found out they were supposed to be a surprise gift for his birthday. I waved them through and wished him a happy birthday. What else could I do?

Pan Am 185 ("The African Queen" out of Lagos) is like a regent's exam for Plant Quarantine. Beetles, roaches, African snails, even rodents (some as pets). There's never any problem about roaches. no matter where they come from, since the U. S. is already infested with every species.

August 13: A Friday and the passenger count is way down. Could there be any relationship between the count and the date?

We always check Avianca 50 closely, because it is a junk flight. A merchant seaman had a solid-gold Rolex. Subsequent examination produced additional gold jewelry, all of which he had bills for. But the bills were low and the inspector thought them phony. A personal search produced \$7600 in cash, over \$2000 in traveler's checks and three bankbooks with large transactions. One of our Spanish-speaking nurses questioned him about some drug prescriptions and caught him lying. Staff wanted to wash their hands of him. It was even suggested that he might be legit. The inspector doubted this, based on the man's extreme nervousness and evasiveness. A check of the suspect file revealed nothing. There were no legal grounds on which to hold him. We let him go but took down his bank-account numbers, which will be turned over to Internal Revenue.

August 19: A little old lady and her obnoxious teenage grandson. The kid asked for a complete inspection in order to show the Dutch police who were tailing them that they weren't smugglers. I told him that I didn't think the Dutch police would want to spend the money to have a man tail them. After examination proved negative, the kid went to the KLM ground people and demanded seats on the next flight out. The flight was full and the kid was incensed. Then Customs 166 security took them both away.

Seems as though the little old lady and the kid fly to Amsterdam (first-class), wait in the airport, fly back to New York, then fly back to Amsterdam, etc. They've spent \$36,000 on tickets since July 19. The kid knows all the KLM pilots by their first names and observes all takeoffs and landings from the cockpit (one of the privileges of \$36,000). The little old lady had \$12,000 in traveler's checks and a bankbook with \$56,000. Said she had saved up all her life and just wanted to fly. It turns out they are being tailed by the Dutch police.

August 20: There was a grass seizure on a girl tonight. The grass was on the body and sewn into the bust of a corset strapped to the stomach and tied to the back. She was padded like an umpire. We suspected her because of the two-tone skin color of her bust. Part was tanned and part wasn't. The corset pushed more out of her dress than looked normal.

Had a girl with earrings made of polished lava, like my own Vesuvius cuff links. When she gave me her oral declaration, I asked her if she had anything further to declare besides the earrings she had gotten in the souvenir shop on the slopes of Mount Vesuvius. She gasped, "They know! They really know!" I collected duty from her and her friend.

I lost my second pen in a week.

August 21: South Americans, especially Colombians, get extremely thorough searches for narcotics. It even goes to the point of probing cans of food for false bottoms.

A Santo Domingo student had no clothes with him-just a suitcase full of bread and fried flying fish, chicken and beef. It's messy handling food like this, so you try to do the food first and then the clothes. But you still wind up having to wash your hands several times a shift. When the woman behind the student saw my greasy hands, she told me to wash them. She was right. I did.

The kid who was making all those KLM flights with his grandmother was seen getting off an El Al flight.

August 24: Trying to wear new clothes through Customs is kind of stupid, as new goods generally stand out like a sore thumb. There's also the lint test, in which you can determine if clothing's been used by the amount of lint in the pockets and cuffs. Today it paid off with a man's sports coat, fresh from London. This was followed by his wife and her size-46 pants suit. She claimed it was bought here, but she was no size 46 American. After I found the fourth undeclared item, he said, "I know it looks like I'm smuggling, but I'm really not."

August 27: Two kids with wearing apparel and gold jewelry. The loupe broke them on the jewelry and the lint test and lack of union label got them on the clothing. The fellow said he'd been told by his friends that it was easy to beat Customs. I asked him how many people he knew who'd admit being caught by Customs.

August 29: As I examine baggage, I'll suddenly look up and ask, "Where are the narcotics you're smuggling?" Most people just titter, but this offbeat question worked last year and someone made a grass seizure.

September 2: I read in the paper that the grandmother who made all those Dutch flights had a heart attack in the Amsterdam airport and died. She was from Cleveland and had taken her grandson out of school last spring in order to hide him from his father, whom she couldn't tolerate. The newspaper story said she'd spent \$140,000, all on firstclass tickets between New York and Amsterdam.

September 3: An Italian tried to pass me five dollars before I inspected his baggage. To cover myself, I sent him to another line. You really can't call this a bribe, as this is a common practice in Europe. As it was, his bags were clean.

Another pen walked away from me.

September 8: People who have been caught once before are generally superhonest and willing to tell all so they don't have to go through the interrogation again.

September 18: A couple returning from Denmark. I asked him if he was bringing back any books or magazines. He said he had a few. "What kind?" I asked. "None of your business," he replied. I opened his suitcase and found it filled with homosexual magazines. Evidently his wife was surprised, because she gave him the weirdest look in the world. I didn't confiscate the magazines, because they weren't really hard-core pornography. Also because I feel that explaining it all to his wife is going to be a lot worse than our taking the stuff away.

June 30, 1972: Farewell to the fish bowl. The International Arrivals Building has covered the glass of the observation deck with sheets of plastic. No more of those waiting relatives rapping on the glass and driving us nuts. I don't miss the noise, but I do miss being able to look up at people and guessing about them from their appearance. I also miss seeing the good-looking girls up there. As for the passengers, they don't like it. They look up, and suddenly the smiles disappear from their faces. They turn to me and say, "The windows are gone" or "I guess no one is meeting anybody" or "Is this J.F.K.?" Actually, it's for their own protection. Thieves and pickpockets no longer can look down and finger their next victim. And if a narcotics seizure is made, the confederates in the gallery don't have the opportunity to see the arrest and get away.

July 2: I always talk to the Americans

Lemon-aid for menthol.



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

who fly Aeroflot. Most of the time, the people say they went to Russia to visit relatives. But one man said he'd been going there since 1965 for medical care. He claimed the care there is better and cheaper than in the U.S.

A couple came back from a gambling junket to Freeport. They had split their funds and I asked them how they had done in the casinos. The wife wanted to answer, but the man glowered at her when she tried to speak. She called for a skycap, but he said he would carry the bags. I guessed aloud that she had won and that he had lost. He broke into a grin and said I was right. He didn't have enough money to tip the skycap.

July 11: We had an instant celebrity today. A summer temporary, second day on the job, found a false-bottom suitcase with 15 pounds of hash in it. Everyone wanted to know how he did it. Seems a girl came through his line claiming only \$3.90 worth of purchases after a month in Spain. He didn't believe her and went looking.

July 15: I have seen about \$15,000 worth of watches enter the United States this week without duty being collected. The staff officer did not want to make seizures. Customs is a civil-service job and some staff officers are afraid to stick their necks out with people bringing in highrated duty items. A man getting a secondary just might have influence with the men in Washington who control Customs

Some staff members are drunk on duty and you might as well talk to a wall as ask one of them to help you with a problem. Some, of course, are excellent in their jobs, and you wonder how they ever got advanced.

July 18: A dying man sent his son to Poland to bring back some earth with him. The son returned with three pounds of Polish soil, which is not admissible under law. Therefore, a dispute arose between Plant Quarantine regulations and a dying man's wishes. In a compromise, the soil was sterilized.

July 20: A woman was searched today when an inspector noticed that her bustline was composed of a series of angles and was otherwise distorted. Turns out the lady was flat-chested and had stuffed her bra with various items. At least she succeeded in drawing attention to herself.

July 22: We are having trouble with people who can speak English but claim they can't, in order to avoid a thorough examination. Especially troublesome are some of the returnees with Alien Registration cards from the Dominican Republic and Haiti. Among our methods of finding out if they really can speak English: One, tell them they are going to pay a \$100-per-year penalty for every year they've been here and still can't speak English. Two, ask them, while Plant Quarantine is examining whatever foods

they've brought in, "You mean people really eat this crap?" Then watch for a facial reaction.

People over 70 seem to receive a vicarious thrill when I go through their luggage. The idea that we might possibly consider them smugglers causes them to giggle.

July 24: When I asked a man if he had anything to declare, he said that he had an antique. I asked him where it was and he pointed to his wife. She was not amused.

A woman on a flight from Athens was heartbroken that a vase she had sent as baggage had been damaged. She had wrapped it carefully in a package marked FRAGILE. I wonder why she thought that Greek baggage handlers could read

A man back from Belfast related that his mother's home had been under attack by both the British and the I.R.A. for four days. I asked him why he didn't bring his mother to the U.S. He said that life here is too hectic and would probably kill her.

July 25: The word has yet to reach Europe that we are not starving. So far this week, I've seen a skinned rabbit, a skinned monkey and an octopus. Only the octopus, which was pickled, got through.

July 28: I asked an American couple if they had any KH-3 (an alleged aphrodisiac), which is not allowed entry. The wife said she had some at home but that she had stopped using it because she felt no difference. The husband nodded his head in agreement.

Contraceptive devices are no longer considered items to be confiscated. As one inspector put it, "Fucking is now legal in the United States."

August 6: A woman returning from Israel brought back a chip from the Wailing Wall. I asked her why she took it. She said because it was holy. I asked her to think about what she'd done, what would happen if everyone took a piece of the wall. She said. "So what?"

August 9: An Italian couple, When the inspector found salami, the wife became rude. Her husband slapped her twice across the face, then apologized to the inspector. On the way out, the wife began to talk again. She was slapped twice again.

All those young girls who come back from Europe wearing no bras usually have one tucked away in a corner of their suitcase. I've the feeling they won't bounce into their homes the way they bounce into the airport.

August 14: A young lady approached my belt. As I reached for her declaration. she said, "Please be nice. It's my first time." I didn't disappoint her.

August 15: I thought I had a drug seizure. A girl brought in some drums from North Africa. They were clay with skin covering. One set of drums was unusually

heavy, and because they were from North Africa, we figured a false bottom. The girl broke open the drums, but all we found was a very heavy clay bottom. I felt bad about damaging them, but how else could we have found out? The girl asked me what I was going to do after drugs became legal. I told her that we would most likely collect duty on them.

I haven't lost a pen this summer.

August 19: There's a story about an inspector who put his hand into a tote bag to remove what he thought was a salami. The thing was round and cold and began to wrap itself around the inspector's hand. It was a baby boa constrictor.

A doctor came through following a year's service in Nigeria. As payment, his patients had given him carvings, mats. bowls, etc. I asked him to place a value on them. "How can I?" he said. I passed him through and wished him good luck.

Checking for false bottoms, I asked a passenger returning from Portugal what was in the half-gallon plastic container he was carrying. He told me it was honey. I couldn't see through the plastic, so I cut into the bottom. Honey spilled out all over the place. I felt like a jerk.

August 25: Plant Quarantine seized two putrid-smelling, vile-looking objects that turned out to be sheep stomachs used in the manufacture of a kind of Italian cheese.

August 27: To be paid overtime, we are required to work at least one hour after our normal shift ends. Therefore, we sometimes deliberately and methodically search each passenger to make sure we get that hour in. This happened when a charter flight from Paradise Island arrived. Most of the passengers were black. As we went slowly, very slowly, through each passenger's luggage, a woman in line accused us of harassing the arrivals because they were black. At that moment, we finished our first overtime hour and began speeding everyone through. I remain convinced that the woman believes the speed-up was due to her complaint.

Heard that six pieces of Louis Vuitton luggage were seized because the couple didn't declare them. They had to stuff all their possessions into brown shopping bags. The highlight of the year will be someone's coming in with Louis Vuitton luggage tied up with rope.

An inspector found a sterling-silver vase in a woman's suitcase. He removed the stopper and found a grayish powder. "What's this?" he asked. "My husband," the woman said.

August 31: A Greek army officer en route to Washington on NATO orders showed me a statement to the effect that he'd passed an English-proficiency test and therefore had a comprehension level of 75 percent. I found this most interesting, since he didn't understand a word I said to him.

Working TWA, I examined a beautiful

Don't bring extra money to Club Méditerranée, you won't find much to spend it on.

Life goes on at Club Méditerranée with little regard for money. It can afford to here, for almost everything is free.

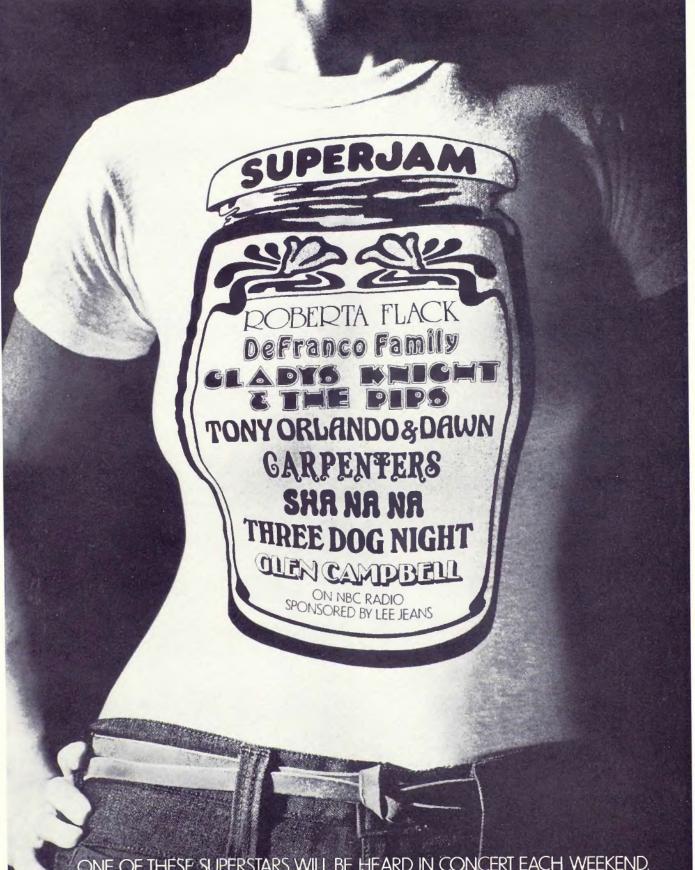
The three glorious French meals every day. And the wine that goes with them. The water skiing and the snorkeling. The scuba and the sailing. The tennis and the yoga.

Here you never tip or worry about the last name. Or concern yourself with what to wear to dinner. For the bathing suit will always do. Here you vacation the way man was intended to live, with abundance at your fingertips and no one to tell you what to do. Here you live free from the newspaper and the television. The radio and the telephone.

And dance all night under a canopy of stars. Here you live the life you always dreamed of and never have to reach into your pocket and spoil it all.







ONE OF THESE SUPERSTARS WILL BE HEARD IN CONCERT EACH WEEKEND.
JULY 7 thru AUGUST 25. ON THE NBC RADIO NETWORK.
SPONSORED BY THE LEE COMPANY M

Check your local NBC Radio Station listing for time in your area.

Introducing MCS. Male Comfort Spray for under your shorts.

There are all sorts of spray powders around today.

Some are for the feet. Some are for under the arms. There's even one for all over the body.

But nobody's ever told you about a product like MCS™ before. It's made just for a man, to do just one thing. To help keep a man's crotch comfortable.

You use it daily, oftener if you want. A couple of sprays is all it takes. It helps prevent perspiration discomfort, the kind only a man can get.

MCS is pleasantly cool when you first spray it on—a long-lasting, pure white aerosol powder that works to keep you free and easy. And it has a special ingredient that helps stop chafing, stickiness and irritation.

MCS—something new for a man. Get it today,

and get comfortable.



pearl-and-gold pendant. The man said he paid \$35 for it. I offered him \$50 on the spot. He declined the offer. I called over a staff officer, who said the pearls alone were worth \$35. The man then "found" his bill, indicating the piece had cost him close to \$100.

September 5: I felt as miserable as could be having to tell the El Al security men arriving that the Munich hostages were dead. Like everyone else, they'd heard they were safe. Many of the inspectors are making life difficult for passengers carrying Arab passports. We've no right to make or carry out foreign policy. And we know the passengers aren't responsible for what happened. But we feel we have to do something.

July 2, 1973: Another summer, another season of chasing mangoes and seizing salamis, another opportunity to be an actor. Yes, actor: How you ask your questions and how you react to the responses play a large part in determining how successful you are at your job.

July 5: A buddy of mine has won the Golden Mango award. No one else will ever come close. He asked a Pakistani couple if they had any food and they said no, only mangoes. In all, he confiscated 141.

July 7: There is something significant in the fact that the Japanese businessman visiting New York carried not only an American-made pocket calculator in his attaché case but also a well-worn abacus.

July 11: An inspector asked a girl of 16 where she had gotten her necklace. She said the U. S.; he said Israel. The inspector pointed at the necklace and said, "Take it off." The girl began to pull her blouse over her head. I wonder what was on her mind.

There was a bomb threat on a fully loaded 747 going to London. The plane was emptied before take-off and the passengers and their luggage were sent to the Customs area for examination. To me, this was the height of irresponsibility. It's pretty foolish grouping more than 350 people in an area where a bomb might go off. And why did we have to stay there? I don't want a memorial wing dedicated in my honor.

July 19: Eastern Europeans are so afraid of Customs that they whip out their passports as if they'd be shot if they hesitated. It's embarrassing. The J.F.K. plainclothesmen have a nasty habit of picking on these people, who never protest when they're yanked out of line and are thoroughly searched. Today an eastern European turned white with panic as he was led away. Welcome to the U. S.I.

July 20: Pan Am is guilty of gross discrimination. Flight number one is a luxury flight that goes around the world and carries diplomats and other VIPs. Flight 234 is from Santo Domingo, carrying mostly poor, non-English-speaking

people. The passengers from these two flights are never in the same lines. The 234 passengers are checked and rechecked. The number-one passengers breeze through in a few minutes. Obviously, Pan Am doesn't want to get letters from number-one people on how long it took them to get through Customs.

July 28: Because this was a Saturday, a woman inspector got a diamond seizure. A man came off Alitalia and, naturally, she began searching his luggage for salami. It was only after she found the empty ring boxes that she understood he'd been to Israel. One thing led to another and finally he produced three diamond rings. They were all undeclared and valued by staff at more than \$2000. The man paid through the nose. If he'd waited one more day, he could have flown El Al (which doesn't fly Saturdays from Israel) and probably would have escaped detection. El Al doesn't get the searches that Alitalia gets.

July 29: Feeling the way I do about people who shoot animals for sport, I wasn't too pleased to see this guy get in line with a set of kudu horns. He had his papers right, but the staff officer wanted to see the guns he'd used. The staff

officer was about to close the gun case when a beltman spotted maggots. Plant Quarantine was called and the fun began. The horns had been improperly treated and now there were maggots all over the horns, rifles, gun case, Customs belt and floor. Every time the Plant Quarantine man looked down the barrel of the rifle, maggots kept falling out. In the end, the horns, rifles and case were fumigated and returned. Swissair was a little unhappy, because they now had to fumigate the cargo hold of the plane where the gun case had been stored.

July 30: "What is the value of all the things you are bringing back to the U. S. that you didn't have with you when you left?" To this question, a woman indicated her pregnant condition and asked. "What value do you put on it?"

August 3: The ultimate drug seizure was made on an Avianca passenger tonight. She had one and one half pounds of cocaine in the most intimate of body cavities.

August 20: You can tell it's getting toward the end of the summer. A woman asked me why I did this kind of work and I told her I had a dirty-underwear fetish.







BITCH (continued from page 88)

number 1076 and lifted the scal from the beaker. I took a tiny sniff. Just one tiny little sniff. Then I replaced the seal."

"And then?"

"Oh, my God, Oswald, it was fantastic! I completely lost control of myself! I did things I would never in a million years have dreamed of doing!"

"Such as what?"

"My dear fellow, I went completely wild! I was like a wild beast, an animal! I was not human! The civilizing influences of centuries simply dropped away! I was Neolithic!"

"What did you do?"

"I can't remember the next bit very clearly. It was all so quick and violent. But I became overwhelmed by the most terrifying sensation of lust it is possible to imagine. Everything else was blotted out of my mind. All I wanted was a woman. I felt that if I didn't get hold of a woman immediately, I would explode."

"Lucky Jeanette," I said, glancing toward the next room, "How is she now?"

"Jeanette left me over a year ago." he said. "I replaced her with a brilliant young chemist called Simone Gautier."

"Lucky Simone, then."

"No, no!" Henri cried. "That was the awful thing! She hadn't arrived! Today, of all days, she was late for work! I began to go mad. I dashed out into the corridor and down the stairs. I was like a dangerous animal. I was hunting for a woman, any woman, and heaven help her when I found her!"

"And who did you find?"

"Nobody, thank God. Because suddenly, I regained my senses. The effect had worn off. It was very quick, and I was standing alone on the second-floor landing. I felt cold. But I knew at once exactly what had happened. I ran back upstairs and re-entered this room with my nostrils pinched tightly between finger and thumb. I went straight to the drawer where I stored the nose plugs. Ever since I started working on this project, I have kept a supply of nose plugs ready for just such an occasion. I rammed in the plugs. Now I was safe."

"Can't the molecules get up into the nose through the mouth?" I asked him.

"They can't reach the receptor sites," he said. "That's why you can't smell through your mouth. So I went over to the apparatus and switched off the heat. I then transferred the tiny quantity of precious fluid from the beaker to this very solid airtight bottle you see here. In it there are precisely eleven cubic centimeters of number 1076."

"Then you telephoned me."

"Not immediately, no. Because at that point, Simone arrived. She took one look at me and ran into the next room, screaming."

"Why did she do that?"

"My God, Oswald, I was standing

there stark-naked and I hadn't realized it. I must have ripped off all my clothes!"

"Then what?"

"I got dressed again. After that, I went and told Simone exactly what had happened. When she heard the truth, she became as excited as me. Don't forget, we've been working on this together for over a year now."

"Is she still here?"

"Yes. She's next door in the other lab."

It was quite a story Henri had told me. I picked up the little square bottle and held it against the light. Through the thick glass I could see about half an inch of fluid, pale and pinkish-gray, like the

juice of a ripe quince.

"Don't drop it," Henri said. "Better put it down." I put it down. "The next step," he went on, "will be to make an accurate test under scientific conditions. For that I shall have to spray a measured quantity onto a woman and then let a man approach her. It will be necessary for me to observe the operation at close range."

"You are a dirty old man," I said.

"I am an olfactory chemist," he said primly.

"Why don't I go out into the street with my nose plugs in," I said, "and spray some onto the first woman who comes along? You can watch from the window here. It ought to be fun."

"It would be fun, all right," Henri said. "But not very scientific. I must make the test indoors under controlled conditions."

"And I will play the male part," I said. "No, Oswald."

"What do you mean, no? I insist."

"Now, listen to me," Henri said. "We have not yet found out what will happen when a woman is present. This stuff is very powerful, I am certain of that. And you, my dear sir, are not exactly young. It could be extremely dangerous. It could drive you beyond the limit of your endurance."

I was stung. "There are no limits to my endurance," I said.

"Rubbish," Henri said. "I refuse to take chances. That is why I have engaged the fittest and strongest young man I could find."

"You mean you've already done this?"

"Certainly I have," Henri said. "I am excited and impatient. I want to get on. The boy will be here any minute."

"Who is he?"

"A professional boxer."

"Good God."

"His name is Pierre Lacaille. I am paying him one thousand francs for the job."

"How did you find him?"

"I know a lot more people than you think, Oswald. I am not a hermit."

"Does the man know what he's in

"I have told him only that he is to participate in a scientific experiment that has to do with the psychology of sex. The less he knows, the better."

"And the woman? Who will you use there?"

"Simone, of course," Henri said. "She is a scientist in her own right. She will be able to observe the reactions of the male even more closely than me."

"That she will," I said. "Does she realize what might happen to her?"

"Very much so. And I had one hell of a job persuading her to do it. I had to point out that she would be participating

point out that she would be participating in a demonstration that will go down in history. It will be talked about for hundreds of years."

"Nonsense," I said.

"My dear sir, through the centuries there are certain great epic moments of scientific discovery that are never forgotten. Like the time Dr. Horace Wells of Hartford, Connecticut, had a tooth pulled out in 1844."

"What was so historic about that?"

"Dr. Wells was a dentist who had been playing about with nitrous-oxide gas. One day, he got a terrible toothache. He knew the tooth would have to come out and he called in another dentist to do the job. But first he persuaded his colleague to put a mask over his face and turn on the nitrous oxide. He became unconscious and the tooth was extracted and he woke up again as fit as a flea. Now, that, Oswald, was the first operation ever performed in the world under general anesthesia. It started something big. We shall do the same."

At this point, the doorbell rang. Henri grabbed a pair of nose plugs and carried them with him to the door. And there stood Pierre, the boxer. But Henri would not allow him to enter until the plugs were rammed firmly up his nostrils. I believe the fellow came thinking he was going to act in a blue film, but the business with the plugs must have quickly disillusioned him. Pierre Lacaille was a bantamweight, small, muscular and wiry. He had a flat face and a bent nose. He was about 22 and not very bright.

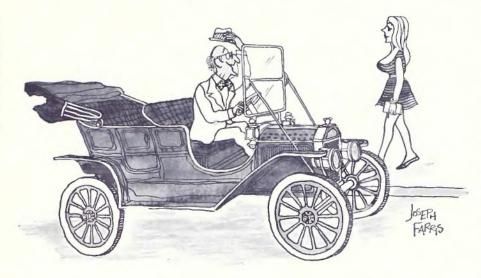
Henri introduced me, then ushered us straight into the adjoining laboratory, where Simone was working. She was standing by the lab bench in a white overall, writing something in a notebook. She looked up at us through thick glasses as we came in. The glasses had a whiteplastic frame.

"Simone," Henri said, "this is Pierre Lacaille." Simone looked at the boxer but said nothing. Henri didn't bother to introduce me.

Simone was a slim 30ish woman with a pleasant scrubbed face. Her hair was brushed back and bound into a bun. This, together with the white spectacles, the white overall and the white skin of her face, gave her a quaint, antiseptic air. She looked as though she had been



"When you're off duty, sergeant, who takes care of your privates?"



"What say, cookie? Care for a peek into yesteryear?"

sterilized for 30 minutes in an autoclave and should be handled with rubber gloves. She gazed at the boxer with large brown eyes.

"Let's get going," Henri said. "Are you ready?"

"I don't know what's going to happen," the boxer said. "But I'm ready." He did a little dance on his toes.

Henri was also ready. He had obviously worked the whole thing out before I arrived. "Simone will sit in that chair." he said, pointing to a plain wooden chair set in the middle of the laboratory. "And you, Pierre, will stand on the six-meter mark with your nose plugs still in."

There were chalk lines on the floor indicating various distances from the chair, from half a meter up to six meters.

"I shall begin by spraying a small quantity of liquid onto the lady's neck," Henri went on, addressing the boxer. "You will then remove your nose plugs and start walking slowly toward her." To me he said. "I wish first of all to discover the effective range, the exact distance he is from the subject when the molecules hit."

"Does he start with his clothes on?" I asked.

"Exactly as he is now."

"And is the lady expected to cooperate or to resist?"

"Neither. She must be a purely passive instrument in his hands."

Simone was still looking at the boxer. I saw her slide the end of her tongue slowly over her lips.

"This perfume," I said to Henri, "does it have any effect upon a woman?"

"None whatsoever," he said. "That is why I am sending Simone out now to prepare the spray." The girl went into the main laboratory, closing the door bebind her.

"So you spray something on the girl

and I walk toward her," the boxer said, "What happens then?"

"We shall have to wait and see," Henri said. "You are not worried, are you?"

"Me, worried?" the boxer said. "About a woman?"

"Good boy," Henri said. Henri was becoming very excited. He went hopping
from one end of the room to the other,
checking and rechecking the position of
the chair on its chalk mark and moving
all breakables such as glass beakers and
bottles and test tubes off the bench onto
a high shelf. "This isn't the ideal place,"
he said, "but we must make the best of
it." He tied a surgeon's mask over the
lower part of his face, then handed one
to me.

"Don't you trust the nose plugs?"

"It's just an extra precaution." he said. "Put it on."

The girl returned carrying a tiny stainless-steel spray gun. She gave the gun to Henri. Henri took a stop watch from his pocket. "Get ready, please," he said. "You, Pierre, stand over there on the sixmeter mark." Pierre did so. The girl seated herself in the chair. It was a chair without arms. She sat very prim and upright in her spotless white overall with her hands folded on her lap, her knees together. Henri stationed himself behind the girl. I stood to one side. "Are we ready?" Henri cried.

"Wait," said the girl. It was the first word she had spoken. She stood up, removed her spectacles, placed them on a high shelf, then returned to her seat. She smoothed the white overall along her thighs, then clasped her hands together and laid them again on her lap.

"Are we ready now?" Henri said.
"Let her have it," I said. "Shoot."

Henri aimed the little spray gun at an area of bare skin just below Simone's ear. He pulled the trigger. The gun made a soft hiss and a fine misty spray came out of its nozzle.

"Pull your nose plugs out!" Henri called to the boxer as he skipped quickly away from the girl and took up a position next to me. The boxer caught hold of the strings dangling from his nostrils and pulled. The lubricated rubber plugs slid out smoothly.

'Come on, come on!" Henri shouted. "Start moving! Drop the plugs on the floor and come forward slowly!" The boxer took a pace forward. "Not so fast!" Henri cried. "Slowly does it! That's better! Keep going! Keep going! Don't stop!" He was crazy with excitement, and I must admit I was getting a bit worked up myself. I glanced at the girl. She was crouching in the chair, just a few yards away from the boxer, tense, motionless. watching his every move, and I found myself thinking about a white female rat I had once seen in a cage with a huge python. The python was going to swallow the rat and the rat knew it, and the rat was crouching very low and still, hypnotized, transfixed, utterly fascinated by the slow advancing movements of the snake.

The boxer edged forward.

As he passed the five-meter mark, the girl unclasped her hands. She laid them palms downward on her thighs. Then she changed her mind and placed them more or less underneath her buttocks, gripping the seat of the chair on either side, bracing herself, as it were, against the coming onslaught.

The boxer had just passed the twometer mark when the smell hit him. He stopped dead. His eyes glazed and he swayed on his legs as though he had been tapped on the head with a mallet. I thought he was going to keel over, but he didn't. He stood there swaying gently from side to side like a drunk. Suddenly he started making noises through his nostrils, queer little snorts and grunts that reminded me of a pig sniffing around its trough. Then, without any warning at all, he sprang at the girl. He ripped off her white overall, her dress and her underclothes. After that, all hell broke loose.

There is little point in describing exactly what went on during the next few minutes. You can guess most of it, anyway. I do have to admit, though, that Henri had probably been right in choosing an exceptionally fit and healthy young man. I hate to say it, but I doubt my middle-aged body could have stood up to the incredibly violent gymnastics the boxer seemed driven to perform. I am not a voyeur. I hate that sort of thing. But in this case, I stood there absolutely transfixed. The sheer animal ferocity of the man was frightening. He was like a wild beast. And right in the middle of it all, Henri did an interesting thing. He

YOU DON'T HAVE TO WAIT FOR TOMORROW TO ENJOY A SUNRISE.

Until now, if you wanted a spectacular sunrise, you had to be in the right place at the right time. A bar. A restaurant. Or maybe a friend's house, if he had the tequila, orange juice

and grenadine needed to make one.

Now you can enjoy a sunrise anytime and anyplace. Because we've taken the original sunrise and put it in a can.

THE CLUB® Sunrise is a ½ pint of Jose Cuervo® Tequila and natural flavors. And you can find it wherever liquor is sold.

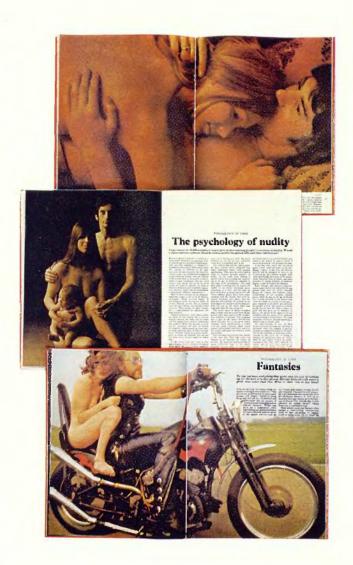
So why not enjoy The Club Sunrise soon. After all, it's the only sunrise you can take wherever you go.



CLUBS. ANYTIME, ANY PLACE, ANY REASON.

Introducing MAN&WOMAN

the most frank and revealing pictorial library of the sexual and psychological aspects of love and adult relationships.



Including ...

The Silent Language

Sexual attraction is communicated not by words but by "body language." What are these telltale signs?

Positions for the Adventurous

Here are beautifully illustrated ways to introduce a new excitement into love-making.

Must Friendship Lead to Sex?

Is there really such a thing as "platonic friendship" between the sexes? Does close friendship between a man and a woman always lead to bed? The answer may surprise you.

The Art of Kissing

A kiss can be many things, from a sign of affection to a highly erotic act. What is the art of kissing?

How Permissive is the Permissive Society?

Changing attitudes are calling for fresh approaches to moral problems. Sex before marriage is now common and accepted. But are other changes as great as we think?

The Psychology of Orgasm

Is orgasm a simple matter of physical stimulation—or is it more? How far do emotions control our orgasms?

Can a Man Love Two Women?

Is it possible for a man to be in love with two women at the same time, or must he be deceiving himself?

Sexual Capacity

No one has a "normal" sex life. Sexuality varies; near-abstinence for one may be satisfaction for another.

The Sensuous Lover

Imagination, initiative, and a sense of adventure are the most effective aphrodisiacs. How can a person acquire the skill that will make him or her a confident sensuous lover?

The Man Who Needs a Mistress

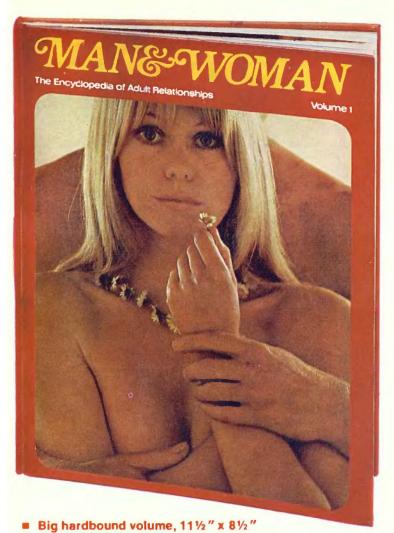
The dilemma of a man who feels compelled to seek escape in an extramarital

Girls Who Tease

Why do they do it? An eminent psychiatrist explains what motivates them and what teasing can lead to sexually and psychologically.

How to Cope with a Jealous Mate

A jealous person's fears may be irrational. Yet, if not allayed, they can destroy a relationship.



MAN&WOMAN

is a frank and sensitive work that deals with the complex and fascinating world of sex—and with hundreds of other important adult relationships.

To acquaint you with MAN&WOMAN accept

Volume 1 Tree

with a stop-when-you-please subscription that does not obligate you to buy even one volume.

Complete and mail postagepaid card today!

112 exciting pages; nearly 80,000 words

Over 120 superb illustrations, 60 in full color

Subscription Terms

Your subscription on the following terms to the twenty-six volume "Man & Woman: The Complete Encyclopedia of Adult Relationships" will be entered, subject to acceptance, if you complete and mail the accompanying order certificate:

1. Send me Volume 1—FREE!

2. If, after examining my free volume, I decide to cancel my subscription, my only obligation is to notify you within 7 days of receipt of the volume. I keep Volume 1 as a gift no matter what I decide.

3. If I do not cancel, send me 1 volume on approval each month for the next 3 months and the balance of the Encyclopedia, also on approval, the following month. I may cancel my order for any or all of the remaining volumes at any time within 7 days after receiving any shipment.

4. If I accept the entire 26-volume Encyclopedia, I will pay for it in 25 consecutive monthly installments of \$4.55 each (\$3.98 plus \$.57 for shipping and handling per book). The Cash Price of \$99.50 plus \$14.25 for shipping and handling charges is the Deferred Payment Price of \$113.75. There is no FINANCE CHARGE or down payment. If I fail to pay an installment within 1 month after the date it is due as shown in the payment book you will send me with the balance of the Encyclopedia, then you may declare the entire unpaid balance due and payable at your option. New York residents-4% tax plus any local tax will be added to each installment.

College Marketing and Research Corporation

What is "normal" in lovemaking? What are the secrets of a deeply satisfying relationship between a man and a woman? Is marriage obsolete? Is sex a physical necessity?

Today there is a new freedom in intimate relationships between men and women and in public discussion of love and sex. Adults of both sexes are demanding that the dark secrets of the past be opened up and exposed to the sunlight and fresh air of loving knowledge.

In recognition of this healthy new freedom in attitudes about love, sex, and human relationships - and available in America only in the last few months here is a complete set of 26 matched volumes about MAN & WOMAN.

And to acquaint you with the breathtaking scope and honesty of this landmark series — without obligating you to buy even one volume - the publishers would like to send you Volume One FREE.

Browsing through this free sample volume, you will discover for yourself how MAN & WOMAN examines in depth thousands of areas of adult human life-the joys, heartaches, ecstasy, and problems that arise when a man and woman live together closely and intimately.

Prepared by a team of experts in the fields of psychology, medicine, sociology,

and philosophy, MAN & WOMAN answers hundreds of provocative and highly personal questions that most people wonder about all their lives but are usually too embarrassed to ask.

Nearly 3000 beautiful, tasteful pictures, most photographed in full color, portray with sensitivity, yet utter frankness, all the intimate aspects of adult relationships.

The Editorial Advisory Board includes distinguished British physicians, university professors, and marriage counselors. And in addition to helpful insights into all the physical aspects of lovemaking, each volume deals with hundreds of important psychological problems in relationships. Can a man love two women? What causes a woman's "moods"? What breaks up marriages? How can jealousy be dealt with? Can a man or woman be single yet happy?

Find out for yourself how these books can help you achieve a richer, more ful-filled and contented life. Accept this special offer just by completing the accompanying order card. If card is

missing, write to:

MAN & WOMAN Dept. CMR 774 PB 225 Park Avenue South New York, New York 10003 produced a revolver and rushed up to the boxer and shouted, "Get away from that girl! Leave her alone or I'll shoot you!" The boxer ignored him, so Henri fired a shot just over the top of his head and yelled, "I mean it, Pierre! I shall kill you if you don't stop!" The boxer didn't even look up.

Henri was hopping and dancing about the room and shouting, "It's fantastic! It's magnificent! Unbelievable! It works! It works! We've done it, my dear Oswald! We've done it!"

The action stopped as quickly as it had begun. The boxer suddenly let go of the girl, stood up, blinked a few times and then said. "Where the hell am I? What happened?"

Simone, who seemed to have come through it all with no bones broken, jumped up, grabbed her clothes and ran into the next room. "Thank you, mademoiselle," said Henri as she flew past him.

The interesting thing was that the bemused boxer hadn't the faintest idea what he had been doing. He stood there naked and covered with sweat, gazing around the room and trying to figure out how in the world he came to be in that condition.

"What did I do?" he asked. "Where's the girl?"

"You were terrific!" Henri shouted, throwing him a towel. "Don't worry about a thing! The thousand francs is all yours!"

Just then the door flew open and Simone, still naked, ran back into the lab. "Spray me again!" she cried. "Oh, Monsieur Henri, spray me just one more time!" Her face was alight, her eyes shining like two stars.

"The experiment is over," Henri said.
"Go away and dress yourself." He took
her firmly by the shoulders and pushed
her back into the other room. Then he
locked the door.

Half an hour later, Henri and I sat celebrating our success in a small café down the street. We were drinking coffee and brandy. "How long did it go on?" I asked.

"Six minutes and thirty-two seconds," Henri said.

I sipped my brandy and watched the people strolling by on the sidewalk. "What's the next move?"

"First, I must write up my notes," Henri said. "Then we shall talk about the future."

"Does anyone else know the formula?"
"Nobody."

"What about Simone?"

"She doesn't know it."

"Have you written it down?"

"Not so anyone else could understand it. I shall do that tomorrow."

"Do it first thing," I said. "I'll want a copy. What shall we call the stuff? We need a name."

"What do you suggest?"

"Bitch," I said. "Let's call it Bitch."

Henri smiled and nodded his head slowly. I ordered more brandy. "It would be great stuff for stopping a riot," I said. "Much better than tear gas. Imagine the scene if you sprayed it on an angry mob."

"Nice," Henri said. "Very nice."

"Another thing we could do, we could sell it to very fat, very rich women at fantastic prices."

"We could do that," Henri answered.

"Do you think it would cure loss of virility in men?" I asked him.

"Of course," Henri said. "Impotence would go out the window."

"What about octogenarians?"

"Them, too," he said, "though it would kill them at the same time."

"And marriages on the rocks?"

"My dear fellow," Henri said, "the possibilities are legion."

At that precise moment, the seed of an idea came sneaking slowly into my mind. As you know, I have a passion for politics. And my strongest passion, although I am English, is for the politics of the United States of America. I have always thought it is over there, in that mighty and mixed-up nation, that the destinies of mankind must surely lie. And right now, there was a President in office whom I could not stand. He was an evil man who pursued evil policies. Worse than that, he was a humorless and unattractive creature. So why didn't I, Oswald Cornelius, remove him from office?

The idea appealed to me.

"How much Bitch have you got in the lab at the moment?" I asked.

"Exactly ten cubic centimeters," Henri said.

"And how much is one dose?"

"We used one c.c. for the test."

"That's all I want," I said. "One c.c. I'll take it home with me today. And a set of nose plugs."

"No," Henri said. "Let's not play around with it at this stage. It's too dangerous."

"It is my property," I said. "Half of it is mine. Don't forget our agreement."

In the end, he had to give in. But he hated doing it. We went back to the lab, inserted our nose plugs and Henri measured out precisely one c.c. of Bitch into a small scent bottle. He sealed the stopper with wax and gave me the bottle. "I implore you to be discreet," he said. "This is probably the most important scientific discovery of the century, and it must not be treated as a joke."

From Henri's place, I drove directly to the workshop of an old friend, Marcel Brossollet. Marcel was an inventor and manufacturer of tiny precise scientific gadgets. He did a lot of work for surgeons, devising new types of heart valves and pacemakers and those little one-way valves that reduce intracranial pressure in hydrocephalics.

"I want you to make me," I said to Marcel, "a capsule that will hold exactly one c.c. of liquid. To this little capsule, there must be attached a timing device that will split open the capsule and release the liquid at a predetermined moment. The entire thing must not be more than half an inch long and half an inch thick. The smaller the better. Can you manage that?"

"Very easily," Marcel said. "A thin plastic capsule, a tiny section of razor blade to split the capsule, a spring to flip the razor blade and the usual preset alarm system on a very small ladies' watch. Should the capsule be fillable?"

"Yes. Make it so I myself can fill it and seal it up. Can I have it in a week?"

"Why not?" Marcel said. "It is very simple."

The next morning brought dismal news. That lecherous little slut Simone had apparently sprayed herself with the entire remaining stock of Bitch, nine cubic centimeters of it, the moment she arrived at the lab! She had then sneaked up behind Henri, who was just settling himself at his desk to write up his notes.

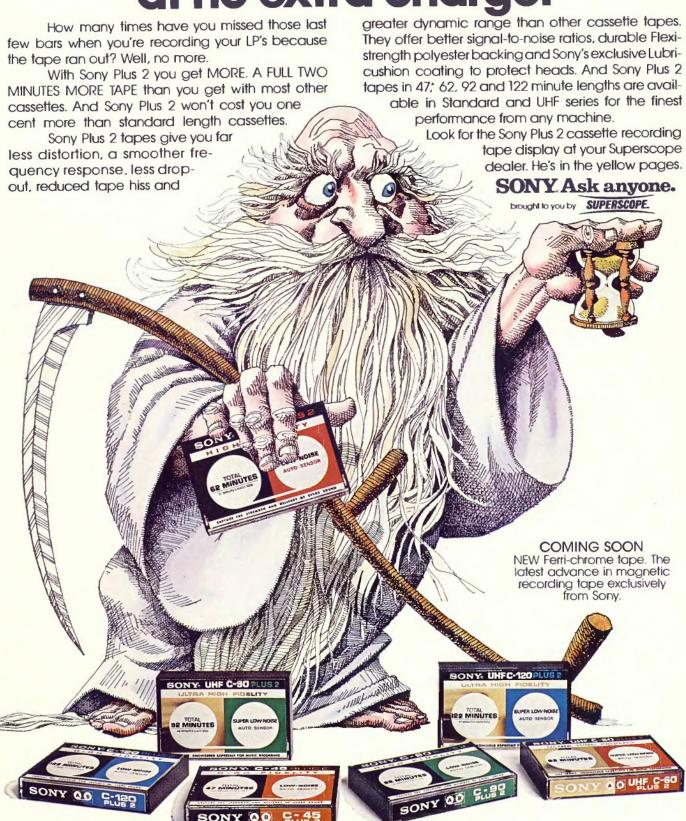
I don't have to tell you what happened next. And worst of all, the silly girl had forgotten that Henri had a serious heart condition. Damn it, he wasn't even allowed to climb a flight of stairs. So when the molecules hit him, the poor fellow didn't stand a chance. He was dead within a minute, killed in action, as they say, and that was that.

The infernal woman might at least have waited until he had written down the formula. As it was, Henri left not a single note. I searched the lab after they had taken away his body, but I found nothing. So now, more than ever, I was determined to make good use of the only remaining cubic centimeter of Bitch in the world.

A week later, I collected from Marcel Brossollet a beautiful little gadget. The timing device consisted of the smallest watch I had ever seen, and this, together with the capsule and all the other parts, had been secured to a tiny aluminum plate three eighths of an inch square. Marcel showed me how to fill and seal the capsule and set the timer. I thanked him and paid the bill.

As soon as possible, I traveled to New York. In Manhattan, I put up at the Plaza Hotel. I arrived there about three in the afternoon. I took a bath, had a shave and asked room service to send me up a bottle of Glenlivet and some ice. Feeling clean and comfortable in my dressing gown, I poured myself a good strong drink of the delicious malt whisky, then settled down in a deep chair with the morning's New York Times. My suite overlooked Central Park and through the open window I could hear the hum of traffic and the blaring of cabdrivers' horns on Central Park South, Suddenly, one of the smaller headlines on the front page of the paper caught my eye. It read: "PRESIDENT ON TV TONIGHT." I read on. "The President is expected to make an

Only Sony Plus 2 cassette tapes give you two extra minutes at no extra charge!



important foreign-policy statement when he speaks tonight at the dinner to be given in his honor by the Daughters of the American Revolution in the ballroom of the Waldorf Astoria. . . ."

My God, what a piece of luck!

I had been prepared to wait in New York for many weeks before I got a chance like this. The President of the United States does not often appear with a bunch of women on television. And that was exactly how I had to have him. He was an extraordinarily slippery customer. He had fallen into many a sewer and had always come out smelling of shit. Yet he managed every time to convince the nation that the smell was coming from someone else, not him. So the way I figured it was this: A man who rapes a woman in full sight of 20,000,000 viewers across the country would have a pretty hard time denying he ever did it.

I read on. "The President will speak for approximately 20 minutes, commencing at nine P.M., and all major TV networks will carry the speech. He will be introduced by Mrs. Elvira Ponsonby, the incumbent president of the Daughters of the American Revolution. When interviewed in her suite at the Waldorf Towers, Mrs. Ponsonby said. . . ."

It was perfect! Mrs. Ponsonby would be seated on the President's right. At ten past nine precisely, with the President well into his speech and half the population of the United States watching, a little capsule nestling secretly in the region of Mrs. Pousonby's bosom would be punctured and one c.c. of Bitch would come oozing out onto her gilt-lamé ball gown. The President's head would come up, he would sniff and sniff again, his eyes would bulge, his nostrils would flare and he would start snorting like a stallion. Then suddenly he would turn and grab hold of Mrs. Ponsonby. She would be flung across the dining table and the President would leap on top of her, with the pie à la mode and strawberry shortcake flying in all directions.

"I'm Frankie and this is Johnnie."

I leaned back and closed my eyes, savoring the delicious scene. I saw the headlines in the papers the next morning:

"PRESIDENT'S BEST PERFORMANCE TO

"PRESIDENTIAL SECRETS REVEALED TO NATION"

"PRESIDENT INAUGURATES BLUE TV"

and so on.

He would be impeached in due course and I would slip quietly out of New York and head back to Paris. Come to think of it, I would be leaving tomorrow!

I checked the time. It was nearly four o'clock. I dressed myself without hurrying. I took the elevator down to the main lobby and strolled across to Madison Avenue. Somewhere around 62nd Street, I found a good florist's shop. There I bought a corsage of three massive orchid blooms all fastened together. The orchids were cattleyas, white with mauve splotches on them. I had the shop pack them in a handsome box tied up with gold string. Then I strolled back to the Plaza, carrying the box, and went up to my suite.

I locked all doors leading to the corridor, in case the maid should come in to turn back the bed. I got out the nose plugs and lubricated them carefully. I inserted them in my nostrils, ramming them home very hard. I tied a surgeon's mask over my lower face as an extra precaution, just as Henri had done. I was ready now for the next step.

With an ordinary nose dropper, I transferred my precious cubic centimeter of Bitch from the scent bottle to the tiny capsule. The hand holding the dropper shook a little as I did this, but all went well. I sealed the capsule. After that, I wound up the tiny watch and set it to the correct time. It was three minutes after five o'clock. Lastly, I set the timer to go off and break the capsule at ten minutes past nine.

The stems of the three huge orchid blooms had been tied together by the florist with a broad white ribbon and it was a simple matter for me to remove the ribbon and secure my little capsule and timer to the orchid stems with cotton thread. When that was done, I wound the ribbon back around the stems and over my gadget. Then I retied the bow. It was a nice job.

Next, I telephoned the Waldorf and learned that the dinner was to begin at eight o'clock but that the guests must be assembled in the ballroom by 7:30, before the President arrived.

At ten minutes to seven, I paid off my cab outside the Waldorf Towers entrance and walked into the building. I crossed the small lobby and placed my orchid box on the reception desk. I leaned over the desk, getting as close as possible to the clerk. "I have to deliver

this package to Mrs. Elvira Ponsonby," I whispered, using a slight American accent. "It is a gift from the President."

The clerk looked at me suspiciously.

"Mrs. Ponsonby is introducing the President before he speaks tonight in the ballroom," I added. "The President wishes her to have this corsage right away."

"Leave it here and I'll have it sent up to her suite," the clerk said.

"No, you won't," I told him. "My orders are to deliver it in person. What's the number of her suite?

The man was impressed. "Mrs. Ponsonby is in five-o-one," he said.

I thanked him and went into the elevator. When I got out at the fifth floor and walked along the corridor, the elevator operator stayed and watched me. I rang the bell to 501.

The door was opened by the most enormous female I had ever seen in my life. I have seen giant women in circuses. I have seen lady wrestlers and weight lifters. I have seen the huge Masai women in the plains below Kilimanjaro. But never had I seen a female so tall and broad and thick as this one. Nor so thoroughly repugnant. She was groomed and dressed for the greatest occasion of her life, and in the two seconds that elapsed before either of us spoke, I was able to take most of it in-the metallic silver-blue hair with every strand glued into place, the brown pig eyes, the long sharp nose sniffing for trouble, the curled lip, the prognathous jaw, the powder, the mascara, the scarlet lipstick and, most shattering of all, the massive shored-up bosom that projected like a balcony in front of her. It stuck out so far it was a miracle she didn't topple forward with the weight of it all. And there she stood, this pneumatic giant, swathed from neck to ankles in the stars and stripes of the American flag.

"Mrs. Elvira Ponsonby?" I murmured.

"I am Mrs. Ponsonby," she boomed. "What do you want? I am extremely busy."

"Mrs. Ponsonby," I said, "The President has ordered me to deliver this to you in person."

She melted immediately. "The dear man!" she shouted. "How perfectly gorgeous of him!" Two massive hands reached out to grab the box. I let her

"My instructions are to make absolutely sure you open it before you go to the banquet," I said.

"Sure I'll open it," she said. "Do I have to do it in front of you?"

"If you wouldn't mind."

"OK. come on in. But I don't have much time."

I followed her into the living room of the suite. "I am to tell you," I said, "that it comes with all good wishes from one President to another."

'Ha!" she roared. "I like that! What a gorgeous man he is!" She untied the gold



"Pay no attention, Harry!"

string of the box and lifted the lid. "I guessed it!" she shouted. "Orchids! How splendid! They're far grander than this poor little thing I'm wearing!"

I had been so dazzled by the galaxy of stars across her bosom that I hadn't noticed the single orchid pinned to the

"I must change over at once," she said. "The President will be expecting me to wear his gift."

"He certainly will," I said.

Now, to give you an idea of how far her chest stuck out in front of her. I must tell you that when she reached forward to unpin the flower, she was only just able to touch it, even with her arms fully extended. She fiddled around with the pin for quite a while, but she couldn't really see what she was doing and it wouldn't come undone. "I'm terrified of tearing this gorgeous gown," she said. "Here, you do it." She swung around and thrust her mammoth bust in my face. I hesitated. "Go on!" she boomed. "I don't have all night!" I went to it, and in the end I managed to get the pin unhooked from her dress.

"Now. let's get the other one on." she said.

I put aside the single orchid and lifted my own flowers carefully from the box.

"Have they got a pin?" she asked.

"I don't believe they have," I said. That was something I'd forgotten.

"No matter," she said. "We'll use the old one." She removed the safety pin from the first orchid, and then, before I could stop her, she seized the three orchids I was holding and jabbed the pin hard into the white ribbon around the stems. She jabbed it almost exactly into the spot where my little capsule of Bitch was lying hidden. The pin struck something hard and wouldn't go through. She jabbed it again. Again it struck metal. "What the hell's under here?" she snorted.

"Let me do it!" I cried, but it was too late, because the wet stain of Bitch from the punctured capsule was already spreading over the white ribbon and one hundredth of a second later the smell hit me. It caught me smack under the nose and it wasn't actually like a smell at all, because a smell is something intangible. You cannot feel a smell. But this stuff was palpable. It was solid. It felt as though some kind of fiery liquid were being squirted up my nostrils under high pressure. It was exceedingly uncomfortable. I could feel it pushing higher and higher, penetrating far beyond the nasal passages, forcing its way up behind the forehead and reaching for the brain. Suddenly the stars and stripes on Mrs. Ponsonby's dress began to wobble and bobble about, and then the whole room started wobbling and I could hear my heart thumping in my head. It felt as though I were going under an anesthetic.

At that point, I must have blacked out completely, if only for a couple of seconds.

When I came round again. I was standing naked in a rosy room and there was a funny feeling in my groin. I looked down and saw that my beloved sexual organ was three feet long and thick to match. It was still growing. It was lengthening and swelling at a tremendous rate. At the same time, my body was shrinking. Smaller and smaller shrank my body. Bigger and bigger grew my astonishing organ, 179 and it went on growing, by God, until it had enveloped my entire body and absorbed it within itself. I was now a gigantic perpendicular penis, seven feet tall and as handsome as they come.

I did a little dance around the room to celebrate my splendid new condition. On the way I met a maiden in a star-spangled dress. She was very big as maidens go. I drew myself up to my full height and declaimed in a loud voice:

"The summer's flower is to the summer sweet,

It flourishes despite the summer's heat.

But tell me truly, did you ever see A sexual organ quite so grand as me?"

The maiden leaped up and flung her arms as far around me as she could. Then she cried out:

"Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?

Shall I. . . . Oh, dear, I know not what to say.

But all my life I've had an itch to hiss

A man who could erect himself like this."

A moment later, the two of us were millions of miles up in outer space, flying through the universe in a shower of meteorites all red and gold. I was riding her bareback, crouching forward and gripping her tightly between my thighs. "Faster!" I shouted, jabbing long spurs into her flanks, "Go faster!" Faster and still faster she flew, spurting and spinning around the rim of the sky, her mane streaming with sun and snow waving out of her tail. The sense of power I had was overwhelming. I was unassailable, supreme. I was the Lord of the Universe, scattering the planets and catching the stars in the palm of my hand and tossing them away as though they were pingpong balls.

Oh, ecstasy and ravishment! Oh, Jericho and Tyre and Sidon! The walls came tumbling down and the firmament disintegrated, and out of the smoke and fire of the explosion, the sitting room in the Waldorf Towers came swimming slowly back into my consciousness like a rainy day. The place was a shambles. A tornado would have done less damage, My clothes were on the floor. I started dressing myself very quickly. I did it in about 30 seconds flat. And as I ran toward the door, I heard a voice that seemed to be coming from somewhere behind an upturned table in the far corner of the room. "I don't know who you are, young man," it said. "But you've certainly done me a power of good."





"Sure, conjugal visits will be better than nothing, but I'll bet the finks won't allow wife swapping."

NO SUCCESS LIKE FAILURE

(continued from page 149)

and during the next three years headed an outfit called Civil Operations and Revolutionary Development Support (CORDS). By building a road here, an outdoor privy there, CORDS was supposed to "pacify" the angry South Vietnamese civilians who somehow had got the impression that Americans were there to destroy their country.

CORDS officials tried to starve the Viet Cong out of the back country by depleting the rice supply. Also, they uprooted entire villages and packed the inhabitants off to safer areas—safer, that is, from the U. S. soldiers and airmen who were devastating the countryside in their usually futile search for the hidden Viet Cong infiltrators. The result did not discourage the Viet Cong in the slightest, but it created a permanent flow of hungry refugees who still aimlessly wander the back roads of South Vietnam or crowd into towns that do not want them.

A special program created and directed by Colby was Operation Phoenix. Nothing rose from its ashes but more ashes. Theoretically, the objective was to ferret out Viet Cong sympathizers from among the South Vietnamese civilian population by undercover policework: but, in fact, Phoenix turned into a program of petty feuding, blackmail and perversion. Suspects who did not quickly pay off their captors, or confess to crimes of which they may not have been guilty, were often tortured (holes drilled in their heads, genitals mutilated, etc.) and just as often killed. Between 1968 and early 1971, agents operating directly or indirectly under Colby killed 20,587 civilians, including, of course, many innocent folks, without putting a dent in the Viet Cong operation.

With the bloody farce of CORDS and Phoenix to assist him up the bureaucratic ladder, Colby returned to Washington in 1971 and was given the job which included guiding the CIA's cover-up of its role in the Watergate scandal. He also helped White House aide John Ehrlichman cover up his part in the mess (by Colby's own admission, he "danced around" to avoid telling the Watergate prosecutors that it was Ehrlichman who had asked the CIA to suppress information about the burglary of Daniel Ellsberg's psychiatrist's office).

As a reward for his many mistakes of judgment and commission, Colby in 1973 was finally elevated to the highest CIA chair.

There was, however, contrary to surface evidence, a very powerful logic to his success. He represents, in a premier fashion, what have been the dominant forces of U. S. foreign policy during the past decade, at least—the forces of action, as opposed to the forces of thought.

The CIA itself has been divided traditionally along the action vs. thought lines. Its action arm is the clandestine service. This covert, 007-style division is nicknamed, correctly, the "department of dirty tricks." Colby, a courageous devotee of action—as he has proved ever since World War Two, when he made two jumps (most wartime spies were content with one) behind enemy lines to disrupt Nazi operations—has spent his CIA career in the clandestine service. It was this department that he directed after returning from his last tour in Vietnam and before becoming head of the entire agency.

It is very much to the point to note that the department of dirty tricks' record-or at least the record known to the public-is incredibly poor, an ill-kept graveyard full of open graves and of bones scattered over a quarter century: an airdrop of CIA agents into Albania to overthrow the government (failure). support of invasion forces against Sukarno (failure), attempted bribe of Singapore premier (failure). Gary Powers' U-2 flight over Russia (horrible failure), the Bay of Pigs (disaster), two attempts to rig Chilean elections against Allende (first time a successful embarrassment, second time an embarrassing failure), training and support of secret army in Laos (a \$300,000,000-per-year failure), support of right-wing George Papadopoulos in military overthrow of Greek government (a grotesque and pitiful success).

On the other hand, there is the CIA's intelligence division. These are the spies who pull in some solid and some wispy bits of information from all over the world, sit and ponder them, contemplate them, sift them and toss them in the wind to see which way they will fly—and whether or not our foreign policy should fly after them.

These are the thinkers, and they have had great success from time to time. If the CIA has in any generally known fashion been a blessing to this country since World War Two, it is because of this intelligence analysis. The key has been a reasonable objectivity. With no arms program to inflate and sell to Congress, the CIA, unlike the Pentagon, has felt no need to find crises where no crises existed. With no policy errors to cover up publicly (since its policy errors are seldom publicized), the CIA, unlike the State Department, need not concoct make-believe relationships with other countries in order to protect its bureaucratic ego.

When the Pentagon, a couple of years ago, disclosed that its spies had uncovered evidence that Russia was preparing a first-strike capability with its SS-9 missiles, the CIA's intelligence analysts said that this was not true—and they were right. When the Pentagon insisted that the Cambodian invasion would halt the infiltration of North Vietnamese, the CIA's analysts said no, no; they also dis-

puted Pentagon spies by arguing—again correctly—that the Lon Nol government in Cambodia would fail to hold the countryside and that the South Vietnamese army would perform wretchedly in Laos.

These correct advisories infuriated Pentagon officials and the White House, for the CIA information gatherers and appraisers were, in effect, often arguing against an expansion of the military budget and the military adventure. They were giving "bad" advice because it was accurate.

Colby, the action man, was just as unhappy with his own department's thinkers. One of his first official acts on becoming CIA director was to abolish the ten-man board that had been responsible for the intelligence analysis since 1950.

This was an act of religion. Colby has always been a Cold War zealot. To him the frenzied clash between East and West is as fresh and sanguine—and necessary—today as it was in the crimson dawn of the Cold War in the late Forties. For him this is a matter of faith. Which is to say, the intelligence-gathering forces of the CIA are of secondary importance to Colby—and they are an outright detriment to him when these agents bring

together information that indicates the Cold War is on the wane and that it is no longer sensible, if it ever was, to slaughter people of other countries in order to save their ideological souls.

Colby is brave, and loyal to his commander in chief (proved when he carried out illegal orders to conduct war in Laos), and patriotic in the extreme, and a selfless bureaucrat. But somewhere, something about him went sour. Congressman Paul McCloskey recently laid his hand delicately on the soft spot. McCloskey had visited Colby in Saigon and had cross-examined him in Congressional hearings, and he was puzzled. On the one hand he was impressed by Colby as a "sincere, dedicated public servant," and on the other he deplored him as the one who "is also the architect of the most vicious and shameful program [Phoenix] that the American Government has ever sponsored." How did it come about? asked McCloskey. "What happens to a guy when he falls within this institutional policy of evil?" The answer is, if he falls in the right way, he rises to the top.

X



"That's her and Roger, the boy next door, and his Norwegian elkhound, Rudi. Interested?"

KIRG SAMP

(continued from page 116)

gimme my cane and let me get outa here."

The cane rattled on the floor in front of him. He got up and walked toward it, stumbling into a table, cursing, throwing the table across the room.

"I love you," the girl said, "I want to keep you."

Zamp jumped at the sound. All he wanted to do now was get out of here. He was going to meet the man and sell some hash. It was still at his waist. He had to get out of here. He couldn't trust this crazy bitch, and even a quick lay wasn't worth the money he'd get for the hash. No woman was worth that. Ever. Ain't no way they would ever be, either.

He felt on the floor for his cane and the girl spoke again.

"I got your cane. You can't go until you do what I say."

Zamp rages, eating his tongue, feeling worms crawl across his dead eyes. He starts running and bumps into a chair, sprawling across some cans. Zamp picks up the cans and sends them flying across the room, paint fleeing like sleet sprayed on a wall. Some of the paint dribbles onto his face and he wipes it with his hand, smearing color across his cheeks. He can feel the color, the sticky grease of the color, and he takes his shirt and tries to wipe it off, but he can tell that it won't come off and so here is another mark against them, another stain he is going to remember and work into his gut.

"I'm going to tie you and then eat you up," the girl says, and Zamp jumps at the sound of her voice.

He stood still, trying to smell her,

trying to hear her, trying to feel her in the room, but the room was like a part of her, it turned the sounds and the smells into a jumble, the room was turning around and in turn spun like a centrifuge, spinning off all the impressions separately and flinging them at Zamp like garbage. All he needed was an arm or a leg, just something to grab hold of. Once he had that she would never get away and he could get anything he wanted. That was the way it was with Zamp. Power came through his hands, power that riveted, hypnotized, made people listen to him and do what he wanted them to do. But he had to touch them first and hold them. It didn't do any good just talking to them, because when he did that he was just another fat blind man, but when he could hold them he changed into a demon and he could feel souls shrivel at his touch and hearts quiver and Zamp knew then that he was cursed and had the Devil and that the only way he could ever get by was to use his Devil.

"Here comes the rope," the girl said.
"I'm gonna tie you up tight till your blubber hangs over the edge."

Zamp cocks his head to one side, straining for her presence. He can hear her breathing, a soft heavy rustling of air through the lungs. He tries to follow the breathing, but it seems to fill the room. Everywhere he turns there is the same, steady, bellowslike rush of air and then Zamp realizes it is his own breathing. He stops and reaches down for his cane. Hands grab the back of his shirt and before he can turn around he can hear and feel the fabric ripping and he turns,

twisting the two halves of shirt, still bent over, and the shirt is pulled off over his head. It is like a ballet, and Zamp stands belly heavy in the room, quivering, his rage sputtering at his finger tips. He never should have pushed her off. He should have held onto her arm and twisted it until he got what he wanted, twisted it behind her back and up her neck and even farther up to the base of her head until she was crying and the pain made her bite her eyes and then she would be willing to do anything he wanted. He knew. That was the way they used to twist his arm, turning beyond what he thought it could go and forcing tears out of his sightless eyes.

"Door's locked. You can't get out."
"Bullshit."

He always got out. He got out of everything they put him in and a lot of things they didn't. He got out of his momma's belly before he should have and he got out of school and got out of cars and got out of homes they tried to put him in. There wasn't nothing that could hold Zamp and there never would be anything that could hold him. Zamp had the power and Zamp had the means and when Zamp got his mojo working for him there was no power in the known solar system that could stop him. His belly radiated it, his cheeks were flushed with it, his arms exemplified it, his hands personified it, his face showed it and everybody knowed it.

"Zamp!"

How the hell did she know his name?
"Zamp!"

He could feel the rope brush against his forehead, feel every bristle and hair and smell the tar and hemp and wood that made up the rope and even doing all this he still had the presence to get the damn rope off him, but the girl pulled it back before he could grab it and pull her and the rope to him. He could hear the rope sliding across the floor and he scrambled after it, but it stopped, or the sound of it stopped, as soon as he started running for it and when he continued running to where it should have been it wasn't. He felt something stiff at his feet and he leaned down and there was his cane. It felt good to have the cane in his hands and he tapped the air around him with the cane, feeling for objects, and felt a chair. He picked up the chair and sat in it, sitting straight up, his belly on his legs, his arm stretched horizontally in front of him with his hand resting on the cane. Zamp was holding court, King Zamp.

Now he knew the girl was crazy. It made her harder to deal with because he was used to dealing with people who felt guilt. He could twist guilt and use it. He could bend it and stretch it and make it bounce back into people's faces, make it circle like a boomerang, make it lie like a cat waiting to pounce, make it strangle, turn it into a pool and make it drown, roll it out and make it crush. But



"He performs open-heart surgery."

the girl was crazy and that made it more difficult. He knew.

He waved his cane around, thinking he could feel her vibrations through the metal. But all he felt was the hum of the refrigerator, so he dropped his arms to his sides and as soon as he did he felt the rope around him and he tried to raise his arms, but the rope got tighter and then it came around again, only this time lower and it tightened and then again and his belly was pulled in and then his legs and hips were tied to the chair and Zamp felt like he was being spun around the chair, as if the chair were becoming a brace that he would have to wear for the rest of his life. The girl was quick and wound the rope tightly around him several more times and soon you could hardly distinguish Zamp from the chair. He and the chair looked all of a piece, he felt like his back and legs were in a brace and that somehow pipes and tubes hung over him, dripping various liquids into his veins.

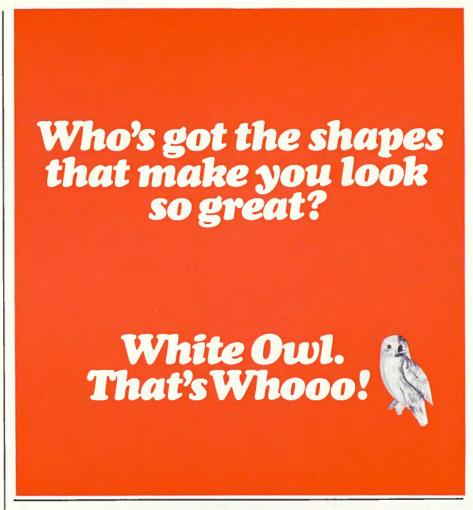
He could hear her working with something, something that creaked and sounded as if it ran along a trolley. He could smell oil and rust and old metal and he heard cats purr and the sound of the girl walking across the floor in bare feet. She was hot. He could smell the sweat on her body and hear the perspiration as it fell to the floor like rain and he kept thinking of the time he was kept by the fat lady who sweated all the time and smelled like cream cheese and liked to bundle Zamp in bed with her and later she liked to stick him with a needle and make him cry just so she could comfort him and he learned to take the needle without crying and that only made her mad and she started poking him harder with the needle. Yeah, they liked to do that. They dipped your fingers in glue and tied your shoelaces to the chair and little things like that and it was fun to watch you fall or stick your hands in paper or mess up your shirt. That was their fun. But Zamp got back. It might take years, but he had ways. The only thing to do was not show them anything, not give them anything they could take from you.

The girl came from behind and Zamp could smell under her arms and between her legs.

"Feel this," she said to Zamp.

It was a straight razor and she lay the side of it against his cheek, the edge resting between two rolls of fat, drawing a slight hairline of blood. He could feel her hand on his skin, her soft white small hand, and she gently drew the razor up the side of his face, barely drawing the hairline along with it. It felt like the edge of an explosion.

She took the razor away and began slicing away at his clothes, stripping the tattered pieces from the ropes. She cut his shoelaces and took off his shoes and Zamp was a big nude baby strapped to



Contraceptive scientists introduce a dramatic new shape.

Now from our research laboratories comes a distinctive—and effective—new shape in male contraceptives. Called NuForm® Sensi-Shape, it's scientifically designed for added freedom of movement inside the contraceptive...to provide better, more natural sensation for both partners. You'll see the difference in NuForm's flared shape and soft tint. And you'll both feel the difference.



Now you have an extra reason to try NuForm.

Pick up a specially marked bonus pack containing thirteen NuForms for the price of twelve, so you get one free.

Available in both lubricated and dry form. NuForm — a great contraceptive at a great buy. Available only in drugstores.

SCHMID LABORATORIES, INC. - Pioneers in Fomily Planning

the chair. A breeze blew in from the window and felt like cool water running over his body. The girl brushed against him, skin to skin, and Zamp shivered.

"Gonna paint you, Zamp, but first you go on a trip."

"Go where?"

She didn't answer. He could hear her pushing something across the floor, something heavy that was on rollers. She pushed it toward him and when she got it up to the chair she went behind Zamp and tipped him forward and then put something under the chair that tipped him backward, fright momentarily gripping his stomach and twisting it like a dishrag, and then he felt himself gliding forward and he could hear the girl humming to herself. When she got to the window she stopped. Zamp could feel a strong breeze coming in from the window and he could hear the traffic below. He didn't like the window. He didn't like being near it and he didn't like its being open and he didn't like being tied up by it and he felt uneasy, a twitch away from a scream. He felt like he might empty his bladder right there on the floor. He felt like his fingers and the parts of his body that were separated by the ropes were going to fly apart, that he was losing control and that unless he exerted tremendous will he would explode and scatter himself across the universe. He heard something creaking, as if it were on rollers, and he felt several strands of rope that were tied around him being pulled up and he felt cold metal against his skin.

"You know what's gonna happen, Zamp?"

Zamp didn't know. Zamp didn't want to know.

"Zamp, you a king. You a King of Kings. Don't you know that, Zamp?"

Sure he knew that.

"Zamp, I'm the Virgin Mary. But first I'm gonna paint you. You know how you paint the King of Kings? How would you paint the King of Kings?"

Zamp didn't know.

"Why, you paint Him on His throne, Zamp. You know where that is?"

No, he didn't.

"Only one place, Zamp. Only one place."

And he felt himself being lifted up, slowly, swinging, three legs of the chair off the floor and the fourth one a pivot around which the bulk of Zamp and the chair swung and then that too came up and he hung free. He felt as if he were on the end of some kind of gallows. The girl put her hands on him and pushed him, slowly, and Zamp swung around through the air and kept moving slowly until he could hear the traffic and feel the sunlight on his body and suddenly he knew he was hanging over the edge of the building, the traffic snarling below him and a stiff breeze coming in from the Hudson River, and he heard the voice of the girl inside saying:

"Now, don't move, Zamp. I'm going to paint you just like that."

He didn't dare move. Gods never move.





"Hey, Joe, if you aren't going to do anything with Mona, how about passing her over here?"

SAINTGLORIA

(continued from page 144) had been furtive, deceitful, disappointing and shoddy. It goes without saying that Gretchen was different. She'd been married to her Marine since she was 19 and still a student nurse. She had had all sorts of other men besides, affairs Dickey condoned when he was off on his various tours of duty. Dickey's only real condition was that he not be subjected to the details.

"Dickey said I could fuck anybody I wanted so long as the guy wasn't military and so long as I spared him the mush."

To say that in 1950, at 20, I wasn't shocked-utterly so-by the worldliness of Gretchen and Dickey's connubial arrangements would be so much nonsense, but as it was I who was now installed in that rickety stilted beach house and the legatee of Dickey's sophistication, copulating with the wonderful impunity of knowing Gretchen had been ordered by good old worldly and heroic Dickey not to bother him with anything as mundane as my name-especially my name!-I couldn't help accepting their relationship as an eminently sensible and fair one and for a week Gretchen and I took her dresses to the cleaners, her skivvies to the laundromat, interviewed people who wanted to rent the beach house, lay on the sand, ate, slept, showered and copulated. It was the first time I'd been to bed with a Woman, with a capital W, and as I badly needed assurance of my manhood and prowess and as Gretchen was wonderfully kind and sexually acute and loved the language of fucking-as opposed to the endearments of what we had in that long-ago time straight-facedly called love-she never ceased giving me that assurance.

To my initial horror, which I soon overcame, falling easily into the deliciously obscene and forbidden language of sex, Gretchen, doubtless having received her training at the hands of a Marine sergeant, said things like "Come back to the beach house and fuck my face" or "Forget about cooking those fucking hamburgers now; get into this bed and diddle my ass off."

Astride Gretchen, breathing like only a 20-year-old still in the drooling masturbatory state and trying to cleanse himself of his pus-infested pimples can breathe, which is to say like a wounded boar, uh, uh, uh, uh, among this awful, adolescent and embarrassing bleating I whistled out frightfully breathless things like "Am I OK?" and "Am all right?" and the wise and wonderful Gretchen assured me I had the most marvelous, unique, adorable prick in Christendom and was besides the greatest—oh, hyperbolically!—she'd ever had.

Alas. On the last night Gretchen and I spent together, we had a long, earnest talk and she set me straight not only as to her generous white lie about my bacchanalian expertise but as to all sorts of sexual matters from which I'd been sheltered. Cautioning me not to take what she had to say wrongly, least of all personally, Gretchen assured me that what she had to tell me would in time future hold me in good stead or post position. She then proceeded to tell me how childlike every man she'd ever had was in his asinine need invariably to seek verbal affidavits as to his genius in bed and how astonishingly little he understood that though atmosphere, penis size and performance all counted for something to a woman, compared with her need to be attracted to her partner all these things fell into some twilighted area out yonder in that land bordering on indifference.

Gretchen said that as a 15-year-old high school sophomore back in Grand Rapids, Michigan, she had lived next door to the star senior fullback. Because his mother had made him do so out of courtesy, he had at every high school dance asked her to dance once and once only, and though the jock had been as indifferent to her as if she'd been an ugly-bugly pain-in-the-ass cousin. Gretchen's attraction to him had been so overwhelming that that single dance had never failed to induce in her such profoundly embarrassing orgasms that she eventually began lining her panties with toilet paper before even starting out for the dance.

'Let me tell you something, Exley. My relationship with Dickey is such that he doesn't even have to touch me. Say, if I go down on him? He comes, I come. Sometimes repeatedly. That's attraction!"

I did not say, "Carrying your thesis to its logical conclusion, Miss Gretchen, I'd guess that if you just thought long enough and hard enough about such activity, the results would be the same." because at 20 I did not preface my remarks with portentousness like "carrying your thesis to its logical conclusion." But in my awkwardly ignorant way I did manage to make my way through to this

"But of course, Exley! You're marvelous! Not only could I do so, I have done so. Many times!"

Gretchen paused. Her voice took on an air of furtiveness. "Can I tell you something awful? The first three days you were out here with me, I didn't make love to you, I made love to Dickey. You know what changed all that? It was the day we did all the errands getting ready for my trip, how you did three baskets of laundry for me while I drove to the airport for my ticket, made arrangements to sell my car and picked up my dry cleaning and all. I mean, when we got home and I saw how neatly you'd folded up everything and all, I started thinking what a douche bag I was for using you in this way and from that mo-



ment on, I made love to you, not him. I mean, if a guy is nice enough to wash your crumby bloomers for you, you ought to be generous enough to fuck him and not somebody else. You know what I mean, Exley? Let's face it, Errol Flynn you're not, Exley. But that doesn't mean a goddamn thing to a woman. You know what I'm telling you, Exley?"

If at 20 I had had that week with Gretchen (and parenthetically I here must add not only that I wept profusely on putting Gretchen on the plane to Oahu and her Dickey but that in many ways my quarter century of life since that day has been a pilgrimage in search of some other, some unattached, some Dickeyless Gretchen) and had been the heir of her earthy wisdom, I did not 25 years after the fact need to be told by Masters and Johnson or the ladies of the movement the clitoral function or that a big prickleast of all my rather sorry specimenwas not in the least necessary to their well-being.

If Gretchen had given me nothing else. I was ready to concede a woman the right to employ the pharmaceutical equipage of the good doctors, to take into herself a huge rubberized and pimpled dildo strapped to the crotch of a broadshouldered bull dyke, to put her pet great Dane Hamlet to work if that's what turned her on or, like Gretchen herself, simply to define mentally the limits of her sexual paradise and by steadily envisioning that Elysium to think herself through to shuddering orgasms. As long as she did not try to tell me she was into something special, as long as she would allow Greichen and me the right to wet our pants at someone's being kind enough to do our laundry for us, I was buying everything she was telling me.

In my reading of Friedan, Millett. Greer, et al., I'd spent 90 percent of my time nodding my head in a vigorous accord that I was nothing less than the chauvinist pig and the scum to whom and to which they made constant and biting reference. Behind me someplace out there in the republic are two exwives-and I take this occasion to salute them both, wherever they are. Hi, Fran! Hi, Nan! How's it goin'?-who had left me for many of the reasons these women had so corrosively articulated; and for that reason, I bought not only the obvious, boring and neoproletarian tenets like equal pay for equal work and statesponsored day-care centers for the children of working mothers but even the trickier mental areas like a woman's right to abort herself any goddamn time 185 she chose or her right to eliminate her female function utterly by having her fetus nourished in a bell jar. At least women were thinking in a grandly bold and adventurous way, and though I was sure that it was this kind of boldness that sent men to an early grave, I'd be damned if I'd deny a woman the right to conquer or be vanquished on the epic scale, whether she croaked in the process or not.

No, though I'd have to approach Ms. Steinem as though I really cared a shit about the movement, I was, in fact, so in accord with her that I did not see any hope of getting a middlingly interesting dialog going on a subject that was not only as obvious as damn it to Gloria but equally obvious to me. What I wanted from Ms. Steinem was something quite different. We had, as I say, both been born to the Depression, had gone through the public school system under what one had used to call straitened circumstances, had managed to fake our way through to something resembling a "higher education" and, without any evidence to the contrary, I stood prepared to bet that 99.9 percent of our contemporaries who had managed to escape similar milieus had in reaction to those dark uncomfortable beginnings ended up in Old Greenwich, a member of the Round Hill Club and a devotee of P.T.A. meetings. Well, Steinem had not, and I had not, and other than the obviously metaphorical comparisons of female with male, beauty with beast, dutifulness with hedonism, courage with cravenness, sobriety with drunkenness. and so forth, I thought that if I could look right through that lovely placid mask and understand why Steinem so cared-and, as I've indicated, it made no difference to me whether her cause was women's liberation or the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, only that she cared-I might then introduce her into that pile of desolation I called Pages from a Cold Island and thereby lift the pages into those heady regions I'd feel worthy of offering to my peers.

On the phone, Steinem had suggested she'd like to know in some detail precisely what I had in mind, and my last gesture before going on the wagonbecause I was too drunk to put it in writing-was to talk my ideas onto a 30-minute cassette tape and mail the tape off to her. I was so smashed I don't vividly recall what I said into that recorder, but I remember enough so that even thinking of it in retrospect forces the blood to my face, causes some embarrassed awshucks gulping, and an incipient vertigo takes over. Steinem and Mailer were rumored to be friends. He claims it was she who planted the seeds of his political ambition by asking him to run for mayor of New York City (though how

she could reconcile this with her whole philosophical outlook escapes me), and for that reason I thought I'd pull a Norman (which ill behooves me, which ill behooves any of us!) and on the tape I came across almost as full of shit as he is. With great solemnity, I began by setting forth my portfolio (it consisted, after all, of one fucking book!). I gravely related the difficulties I was experiencing with Pages from a Cold Island, and I then really went as batshit as Norman talking about the Proustian-Tolstoyan-Joycean novel he is one day, one day, one day going to lay at the public's feet, leaving all his peers for dead, and told Steinem that the next time I came to Fun City, people would be pointing me out and breathlessly exclaiming, "See that fat gray-haired guy down at the end of the bar? He's one of the best writers in America!"

As it happened, the tape made no difference at all. Steinem was too busy to listen to it-she had one of her lackeys do so and report its contents to herand at last we agreed to meet on a morning in early December at the Miami airport. In league with Ms. Dorothy Pitman Hughes, a black advocate of state-sponsored children's day-care centers, she was the night before addressing the student body of some rinky-dinksounding college up in the red-neck country of northern Florida. The following morning she was coming on to Miami for a fund-raising dinner in George McGovern's behalf and she told me if I wanted to meet her plane, she'd give me the time between her arrival and the moment she'd have to take a nap and primp herself for the night's festivities. A. Ms. Joanne Edgar. Steinem's secretary, I gathered, assured me it'd be the longest interview Gloria had ever granted.

I said, "Golly."

By that time the dingbats on Beach Court, where I made my home at the Seaview Hotel, had got thoroughly caught up in my zealous yearning to engage Ms. Steinem. What little business I still had with the outside world was conducted over the phone on the back bar. These conversations were invariably overheard and known all over the Court by nightfall, and now that I was once again sober, swimming and taking the sun, and my demeanor had taken on a certain sad-eyed dopey earnestness, the gang, partly out of affection, partly out of lack of anything better to do, began planning the whole outing as though they were planning their prepubescent son's first journey to dancing school. Because she was sure I'd wear what she called my "foul fucking Bermudas," the hotel owner's wife went through some cardboard boxes in my closet and found some white shirts, a pair of gray-wool J. Press slacks and my black wing-tip Florsheims and had the shirts laundered, the

slacks pressed and the shoes reshod. Diane Rent-a-Car (we called her that to distinguish her from Diane the day barmaid), one of the cocktail-hour regulars. who managed an automobile-rental service, had read in Leonard Levitt's Esquire piece that Steinem owned all kinds of hang-ups as to what was and wasn't seemly and, in this regard, cited Levitt's saying that in order to receive some corny award or other at Harvard, Gloria had refused to arrive there in anything less than a great long limousine (Gloria later denied this, as well as every other contention of Levitt's) and, for that reason. Diane wouldn't hear of my meeting her in my lime-white beautiful Nova. Because it would take "a fucking week to clean the fucking empty Bud cans" from the car's interior and "the rusty fucking fenders" would doubtless fall off as I was suavely trying to tool Gloria from the airport's parking lot, Diane put at my disposal a chauffeurdriven electric-blue Buick Electra!

My drinking buddy McBride's reaction was the most touching of all. He spent days staring at me over his twitching bandido mustache, shaking his head with heartfelt rue at my abhorrent sobriety, and when he at last came to believe that my mission was what I said it was and was not, as he kept insisting, to show Gloria "the frightful hog," he began stuffing my shirt pockets with \$20 bills and telling me to buy Gloria a nice lunch poolside at the Sonesta Beach Hotel on Key Biscayne, where Gloria was putting up. McBride always summed up his notions of a nice lunch with the words: "Champagne, the whole motherfucking smear!

The night before the long-awaited meeting. I packed a little overnight bag, quite as solemnly as I'd done a little Gladstone when at 11 my father told me he'd had quite enough and to get ready, as he was taking me to reform school. In it I put my cassette recorder, a halfdozen virginal tapes, the questions I'd prepared neatly typed up on lined yellow paper, the various bibles of the movement I'd reread in preparation for Gloria and a handful of ballpoint pens. I had decided that McBride's poolside champagne lunch would take much too much of my time and in my refrigerator, wrapped snugly in cellophane against their morning's packing, were two of my favorite sandwiches I'd made for Gloria and me, tuna-fish, hard-boiled egg and chopped onion all whipped sumptuously up together with mayonnaise, a dab of mustard and salt and pepper. When I'd taken the ballpoints from my desk, I noticed that I still had the .22 magnum pistol and for a moment I thought of packing that. If my confrontation with Gloria turned into a nasty business (and I had no reason to suspect it might not), I thought I could remove it from the bag, level it at what Gloria herself calls her "old stone



Follow the sun to Playboy's place in Jamaica, where all summer long you can take advantage of amazingly low rates and special package offerings. Our Club-Hotel at Ocho Rios is every man's dream of an island paradise. It's settled into ten landscaped acres beside a quiet bay. You can stroll along an incredibly white sand beach, swim in a clear azure sea, scuba or snorkel. Lounge around an Olympic-size pool. Change pace with a fast game of tennis. Or a leisurely round of golf at a nearby course. And in the after-sun hours, enjoy all the amenities Playboy

has to offer, including incomparable cuisine and entertainment, both American and Jamaican. Then relax in the comfort of a luxurious air-conditioned room with a panoramic view. And of course, as a Playboy Club credit keyholder, you can charge your stay.

and the stars! Or follow the stars this summer to our

Club-Hotels at Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, and Great Gorge, McAfee, New Jersey. Keyholders will be entertained by some of the most exciting performers in the business! Joey Heatherton, George Kirby, Trini Lopez, Peggy Lee, Bobby Goldsboro, Al Martino, Dyan Cannon, Abbe Lane, Mel Torme and Frankie Laine are all in the line-up. And both the Lake Geneva and Great Gorge Club-Hotels offer keyholders every sport under the sun, from golf to tennis, swimming to horseback riding. Your Key will also be your welcome to Playboy Clubs all around this country, in Montreal and Great Britain-all for just \$25. And you'll have an opportunity to renew your Key for a second year for only \$10. Follow the sun and the stars to Playboy. To

apply for your own Playboy Club Key, simply complete and return the coupon.

Clip and mail today. TO: PLAYBOY CLUBS INTERNATIONAL, INC. Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, III. 60611 Gentlemen: Please send me an application for my personal

Name

(please print)

Address.

State_ Zip.

U.S. initial Key fee is \$25. Canadian initial Key fee is \$25 Canadian. Initial Key fee includes a year of VIP, the Club's quarterly magazine. You will be billed for the Annual Key Fee (currently \$10 U.S., \$10 Canadian) at the close of your first year as a keyholder. Minimum age for a credit Key

Bill me for \$25 on my keyholder statement.

Enclosed find check or money order for \$25 payable to Playboy Clubs International, Inc.

I wish only information about The Playboy Club.



AB4GA

Kansas City . Lake Geneva, Wisconsin (Club-Hotel) . London, England . Los Angeles . Manchester, England • Miami • Montreal • New Orleans . New York . Phoenix · Portsmouth, England . St. Louis . San Francisco

LOCATIONS: Atlanta • Baltimore • Boston (Playboy of Boston) • Chicago (Club and Playboy Towers Hotel) • Cincinnati • Denver • Detroit • Great Gorge, McAfee, New Jersey (Club-Hotel) • Jamaica (Club-Hotel) •

face," tell her to disrobe and pull a Henry Miller on her-say, use her for a wheelbarrow by walking her naked body around the suite on her hands while I gripped those creamy-white thighs as the barrow's handles.

The last thing I did before retiring was go down to Zita the Zebra Woman's room. Zita was currently the featured stripper downstairs in the Islander Room of the hotel. I'd known her intimately, as they say, for years, and I asked if before the show started, she wouldn't give me a little fuck to assure my getting a nice comfy sleep. Zita adamantly refused, saying I had spoken nary a word to her in the week she'd been back at the hotel and she could not abide me if this was what I was like when sober. Without any ado whatever, I reared back and with all my might gave Zita a resounding openhanded crack on her left cheek, and instantly we were sinking into the bedding and copulating like madmen.

Zita had once tried to get me to tie her to the bedpost and flail her with wet towels while she hung her weeping head and lisped, "Hurt me, Daddy, hurt me: Zita's been bad, bad girl."

Although I refuse to go that far in the service of anyone's fetish, I had come to see that the one piece of eloquence Zita understood was a fierce boot in the ass and right up until the time there came the knock on the door signifying 15 minutes until show time, Zita and I had a most exemplary, exhausting and animal-

I was, of course, testing my wounded balls. If Levitt's implication in Esquire that Gloria's sexual inclinations ran to the rich, the famous and the powerful were true. I thought that by the time we got done with the heady business of Pages from a Cold Island, she'd obviously be able to see that though I was totally unknown now, I'd one day be famous and that during the nap she told me she'd have to have in preparation for the night's festivities, she might be kind and invite me to lie with her, as they say in the Testaments. Who knows? Certainly my homemade sandwiches would show her how domesticated I was and perhaps afterward she'd want to take me back to her New York apartment to "make a nice home" for her, keep the place tidy, handwash her raspberry Levis and, when she came home from a hard day at the office, have ready for her a nice hot dish of lasagna. Better yet, one of the last things I'd done in preparation for Gloria was skim the inaugural issue of Ms., and if nothing were going to come of Pages from a Cold Island, I thought she could add me to the editorial staff and I could sit around on the office floor with the girls in their Levis as the weighty editorial decisions were made and play a sort of devil's advocate, swigging warm beer from the bottle, belching, scratching and 188 farting.

On the editorial page under "WHAT IS A MS.?" I'd read, "In practice, Ms. is used [only] with a woman's given name: Ms. Jane Jones, say, or Ms. Jane Wilson Jones. Obviously, it doesn't make sense to say Ms. John Jones: A woman identified only as her husband's wife must remain a Mrs.." and as I had laughingly read this and thought I could have prevented that kind of simplistic lunacy from slipping through, I'd skipped to the back of the magazine, come across a lengthy interview with a lesbian, and the first question and answer my eyes had fallen on were these: "When you first realized that you were possibly getting involved with a woman, were you afraid or upset? No. The strange thing is that the next morning, after I left, I felt a fantastic high. I was bouncing down the street and the sun was shining and I felt tremendously good. My mind was on a super high.

Certainly what was needed here was more than warm-beer swigging, scratching and farting, and in my role of scurvy advocate, I now heard myself saying, "Now, look, girls, let's not get carried away-let's not let this sneak through and make something of it it isn't. These broads are popping each other's nuts, pure and simple. You know what I mean, pure and simple? Look, let me illustrate by telling you the story of Zita the Zebra Woman and me."

It was while dozily daydreaming such heady dreams of glory, with the pungent odors of the Zebra Woman still upon me, that I fell asleep. Presently it was morning and, seated next to my fucking chauffeur, a bespectacled, bepimpled teenaged clod named Jack, I was in my electric-blue Buick Electra wheeling down the Sunshine State Parkway toward my ill-starred meeting with Ms. Gloria Steinem.

But listen: I fell totally, dizzyingly in love with Ms. Gloria Steinem almost immediately, when she had not been five minutes disembarked from the twinengine Aztec that had brought her down from those heady blue skies of southern Florida, and by the time we had reached the Sonesta Beach Hotel on Key Biscayne, in Tricky Dicky country. I'd settled down to the sad, graceless and pedestrian state of being once again severed from love.

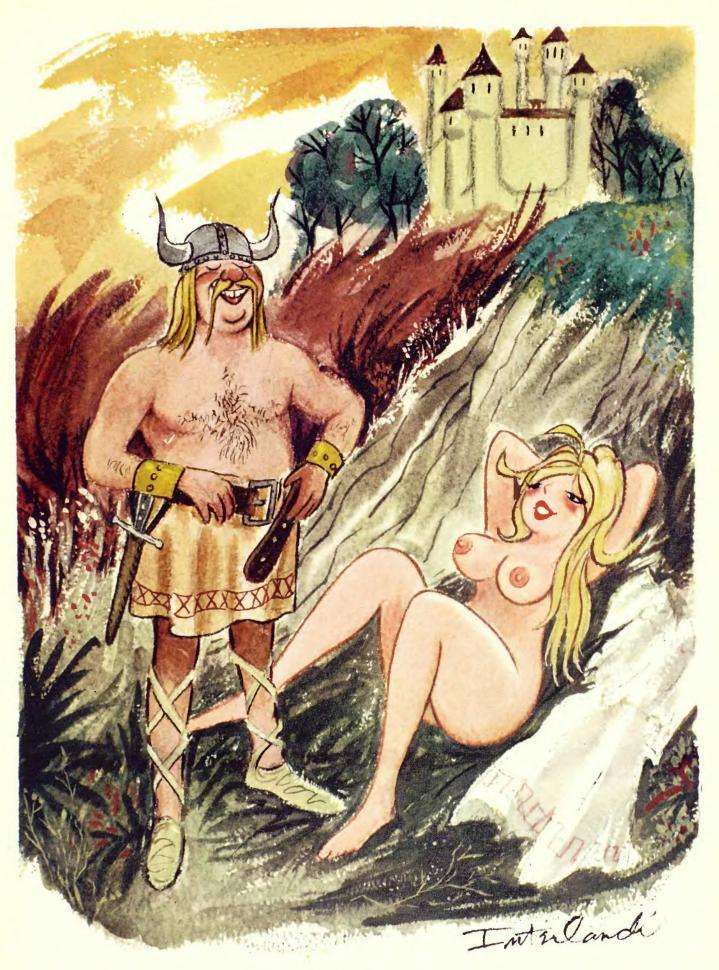
Gloria's hair was coifed in its usual way, flowing black-sepia with those blonde strands that fell over and triangularly framed her lovely cool brow; here were her big round raspberry aviatrix' spectacles resting on those great high cheekbones that seemed somehow so much more striking than other cheekbones; and when she offered her hand, said hello and smiled and I had a glimpse of those big even white teeth, I was visited by angels who whispered to me that something quite like heaven would be to

put my tongue in Gloria's mouth and just loll around on her back fillings for about a half hour before even moving up to those marvelous ivory monuments up front.

The gang's having attired me in J. Press slacks and Florsheims proved an egregious error, for Gloria had on a pair of crumby-looking raspberry-suede cyclist's boots, raspberry corduroy Levis and a short-sleeved navy-blue cotton sport shirt that laced up the front in little Xs, Kit Carson style. She carried a floppy old canvas-and-leather grocery bag, ballooning with correspondence and manuscripts, and this together with a somewhat anemic pallor, a real tiredness about the eyes and a sagging untoned thinness reminded me of how incredibly busy she must be. One of the articles had pointed out that Ms. Steinem's penchant for trimness bordered on the pathological in that her cupboards were forever bare and she seldom deigned to eat. As one given to a sloppy self-indulgence, I'd forgiven her that on the theory that any kind of dedicated commitment, which Gloria certainly owned in abundance, must begin with a commitment to one's own person; but looking at her now, I saw that her thinness lacked the toning of exercise, there was a kind of pinched droopiness about it, she looked as sway-backed as a weary but splendid race horse, so vulnerable my heart went immediately out to her and I could hardly wait to feed her one of my tuna-fish, hard-boiled egg and chopped onion sandwiches (later I tried to feed her both of them, but she politely and adamantly demurred, in her forceful way informing me that she'd discovered the war against fat was a war in which one had to be ever-vigilant, pretty much, I gathered, like the one against chauvinists, and though it may have been my paranoia, I thought at this point she gave my tum-tum a rather ironical and scrupulous going over, and I sucked in like a madman!). With some trepidation, I volunteered to carry her grocery bag and Gloria graciously handed it over and smiled wisely, her way of saying that her commitment to liberation did not extend to eliminating the petty little gestures we pigs felt necessary to maintain the lunatic tenor of our machismo.

When we started down to pick up Gloria's suitcase at the baggage station, I stepped onto the escalator first, attempting boldly to lead the way, stumbled rather badly, and when I at last managed to recover myself, I turned to find Gloria standing ramrod straight on the step behind and above me, a queen descending to the nether regions to view her fallen subjects. To account for my stumbling, I said to that incredibly lovely face up there above me, and I was as precious as a cherub at confession, "I'm sorry about my awkwardness. It's just-

(continued on page 192)



 $"I'm\ not\ a\ good\ Dane-I'm\ a\ great\ Dane!"$

PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement





TRANSPORTATION STOCK COLLAPSES

So you're parked by the side of a lonely road fixing a flat on your bike when up comes this vision of loveliness in a Dino Ferrari who offers you a lift. Alas, your \$300 whatever won't fit into her tiny trunk, so you're left holding your dérailleur. Now, if you'd been pedaling The Get-Away, Gitane's new collapsible \$220 ten-speed model, which folds into a car trunk quick as a wink, this story would have a happier ending—and you'd also have a bike that features multiple quick-release levers and a carrying case. Order from your local bike shop.



CALLING ALL SOPHISTICATES

Some events are merely fantastic. And then some are outasight. Like the Fourth International Spittin' Belchin' & Cussin' Triathlon to be held at the Belvidere Theater in Central City, Colorado, this September 13 at two P.M. The spittin' part is fairly standard: natural juices for the longest distance. The belchin' is judged by a trio from the Denver Symphony Orchestra. But the cussin' is the roughest part and is left, therefore, to a panel of journalists. And now you probably want to know what Harold "I Live for Filth" Fielden had to say to win last year, right? Sorry, we don't print that kind of pus-licking, syphilitic, shit-faced pygmy piss. . . .

CINEMA NAIVETE

Even though almost everybody with a camera nowadays thinks he's Cecil B. DeMille, not everybody gets noticed by a major film studio. Two 19-year-old film makers did, though, and by Universal, no less. The film called *Teenager*, by Don Coscarelli and Craig Mitchell, was financed by their parents and will be released soon. Now, if only their skin clears up.



A REAL DOWNER

Big-city rat-race got to you, bunky? Maybe you should contact Downward Mobility (86 S. Main Street, St. Albans, Vermont 05478). If you'd like to settle in rural Vermont, they'll help you find a suitable business opportunity (they've also got a Canadian branch); and for ten bucks, yet. We'd tell you more, but our call to St. Albans just got through.



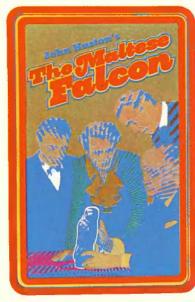


UGLIB

They're on their (ugh!) way-roamin' noses, warts, fat deposits and all. We're talking about the folks from (gasp!) Uglies Unlimited-Box 16501, Fort Worth, Texas-who are trying "to embrace the ill-made masses wallowing in self-pity." Two bucks gets one membership, some advice on "Living with Ugliness" ("If you have gun-boat feet, distract by wearing a feathered hat") and voting rights in the Ugly Stick contest. "Let your voices rise in unison," they say, "in the quest for Ugly Power." Awk ... awk ... awk

HERE'S LOOKING AT YOU, KID

Of course, we'd all like to have copies of our favorite old movies. And we'd all like to have our own screening rooms and girlfriends who look like Raquel Welch. We can't help you with the last two, but now you can have copies of your favorite old movies-in book form, anyway. Avon Books has begun publishing a Film Classics Library that will include The Maltese Falcon, Frankenstein and Casablanca. Using 1000 blowups and complete movie dialogs, each volume will present a faithful translation from celluloid to paper. It could be the beginning of a beautiful friendship.

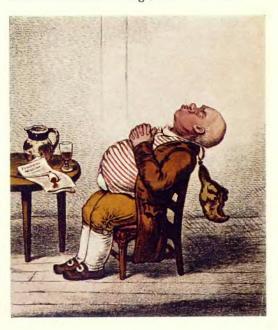


MORE BOUNCE IN YOUR BALLS

Do you suffer from the heartbreak of sluggish tennis balls? When orb strikes racket, is there no longer that healthy zzzing? If so, it's probably because your fuzzy little spheres have been out of the can too long and are depressurized. So put that fresh, zesty bounce back in your balls with the Bouncer by Simpson, Inc. (Box 954, Kermit, Texas; \$6.95, including postage). All you do is put balls into receptacle, seal tightly and pump. Sound like fun? What are yousome kind of a pervert?

THE BITTERS END

There may always be an England, but we're not quite sure about its pubs. As "progress" marches across Blighty, down come the cozy old corner establishments and guess where some of the fixtures end up? In The Source Enterprises Limited, a shop in Vancouver, British Columbia, at 929 Main Street, which specializes in everything bibbing and British from beer mats to full-length bars. First London Bridge, now this. Gad!



GETTING SMASHED

Ever feel like kicking your loved one's ass, but the only thing hanging you up is all that guilt? Then let loose with a pair of Batacas—22-inch-long cloth-covered foam bats designed for Gestalt therapy. They're available for \$20 a pair from Uniquity, a Venice, California, supply house of psychology aids (P. O. Box 990). The nice thing about them is that you can smash the bejesus out of someone (and vice versa) and it won't hurt. Much.



SAINTGLORIA

(continued from page 188)

you know, you know—that I'm so intimidated, you know, being with you and all."

Then, if possible, I became even more nauseating. I smiled with a weakness verging on illness, batted my big baby-brown eyes at her and gave her a help-lessly feeble shrug by way of eliciting her utmost in pity. Gloria looked straight down at me and with deadly serious and sympathetic earnestness said, "Don't be." And, oh, Lord, I score that as the moment I fell head over heels in love with Ms. Gloria Steinem!

What can I say of the simple eloquence of that "Don't be"? It said that though she could see how queasy I'd been rendered in the face of her beauty, her regality, her nobility, her grandeur, that though she could certainly appreciate I was one of life's jerk-offs where women were concerned, she was reassuring me she would do nothing immodest to set my blood aflame and send me back to the island, say, with the pimpled clod Jack tooling the electric-blue Buick Electra in the front seat and I doing a savage number on my weary and wounded genitalia in the back seat. For that assurance I gave her a shy smile of heartfelt thanks, then turned away from her. We descended in screaming silence. For some reason, all I could think of was what Gloria would have made of my "becoming male timidity" had she seen me 12 hours earlier knocking Zita the Zebra Woman ass over teakettle onto the bed, then mounting her among the ruined bedding.

By the time we reached the Sonesta Beach Hotel, I had long since given up hope of Gloria's relaxing her right-on posture and had turned to the books I had so diligently reread. Because Gloria and Mailer were said to be friends, I was surprised to learn she hadn't read his *Prisoner of Sex.* I said, "He does some job on Sister Kate Millett."

"I've heard," Gloria said. "Norman wouldn't have if he'd known her. She's really nice. I mean, Norman likes me and he'd never do anything like that to me."

This remarkable piece of naïveté really took me aback, and I was about to point out that if Mailer's book was without merit otherwise, he had brilliantly documented Millett's embarrassing misreadings, her shoddy scholarship, her facility for lifting lines from context to score points they were never made to score; I was going to say further that had Gloria written Sexual Politics, not only did I doubt that Mailer would have spared her but, friendship or no, she wouldn't have deserved sparing, when abruptly Gloria was laughing in a strangely unsettling and nerve-racking way.

Handeltoman

"In this great land of ours, anyone can grow up to be Vice-President."

"That's good! That's really good!" Gloria cried.

Turning uneasily to her, I said, "What's good?"

"The Prisoner of Sex! I mean, that title is so classically apt. I mean, Norman really is a prisoner of sex!"

There was something so oddly child-like and gleeful in her tone that I did not know what to say. Bewildered, I said, "Well. I guess we're all a little of that."

"But nobody," Gloria assured me, "to the extent that Norman is."

By then we were at the hotel and gathering our gear from the electric-blue Buick Electra to go up to Gloria's room for our "interview." For the life of me, I don't know why I didn't then and there profess illness, go back to my island, get drunk with Zita and have a ball. I guess I stayed partly out of courtesy, partly because I can't help being a creature of somewhat frayed hopes, partly because I believed my lifestyle with women was a shambles and thought I might yet take something from Gloria to abet me on my farcical journey in search of my destiny or salvation or whatever preposterous thing I imagined myself in search of.

I of course held no brief for Mailer, but one could see that in The Prisoner of Sex his reference to Steinem had been made as one to a friend, and I felt that whereas I was under no constraints to give Norman a few jolly verbal knocks on his pompous noggin, it didn't become Gloria to do so and I had wished her laughter in pointing out Norman's "enslavement" to sex hadn't been so-well, catty. Who the fuck wasn't a prisoner of sex? And once again I found myself thinking of toppling Zita the Zebra Woman onto the bed. Once again I remembered falling asleep to the heady dreams of "lying" with Gloria. And had I not, but a half hour before, been told by no less than the angels that I ought to shove my tougue in Gloria's appetizing mouth and loll around on her fillings for a while? Had my eager tongue got that far, it wouldn't have stayed itself in those acidic backwaters and certainly would have gone on to the more deliciously forbidden areas of that heavenly creature! Were Norman and I the only prisoners? If not certainly with the likes of me, did not Gloria move among other men with an appraising eye, thinking that that one might be OK, that this one was a real droof? Perhaps not, perhaps not, and by the time we got to the room and I'd solemnly set up my tape recorder. I was feeling somewhat catty, too, and with a wooden jollity said, "One of the articles I read about you said you had small boobs. You aren't too grand in the fucking jug department, are you?"

But I could not pursue this nastiness. Quite angry, Gloria tried to come back with the movement's cliché reply. She tried to say, "I wouldn't ask you how big your prick is, would I?" but, oh, Lord,

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

King: 17 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine. Extra Long: 18 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report (Aug. 73.)



Smoothness you can taste from a filter you can test.

Break open the filter of a smoked and unsmoked Lark. Smell the difference. This easy sniff test proves Lark's famous filter really works. Two outer portions of the filter help reduce "Tar" and Nicotine. Specially treated charcoal granules in the inner chamber smooth the taste to give you rich, mellow tobacco flavor in a way no other filter can.

That's why you can taste Lark's smoothness, pack after pack.





gentle reader, she couldn't bring it off, she stumbled on the word prick, delicately and stutteringly substituted penis, the blood rose becomingly in those lovely cheekbones, and I smiled apologetically and thought, and I was sincere, "I like this girl. I really do like this girl."

. . .

I have the tapes, three hours of them, and I take this opportunity to tell any surly insatiable masturbator out there that if he sends me \$500 in care of my publisher, I'll mail them off to him. To their erotic qualities I cannot attest, but my dopily unemotional voice can easily be erased from them and the dedicated joint whacker can use the wonderfully modulated tones of Ms. Gloria to help him, as the crooner says, "make it through the night." Because Gloria and I never finished the "interview," I have never bothered to listen to them. Of course, as I write this, it occurs to me that I have shamelessly teased and provoked the lustful-souled reader into believing there would be a confrontation on The Epic Scale between Gloria Wonderful and Monsieur Frederick.

Such was not the case. Nor do I blame Gloria. She wasn't much on her answers, but then, I was a dreadful interviewer. Confronting each other over a narrow table, weary and enchanted eye to raspberry aviatrix' spectacles, the intimidating hum of the tape recorder between us (something I later learned a trained reporter, realizing how much it discomfits his subject, would never use). Gloria and I were not a happy "mating"; and, in fairness to her, she had every right to expect I'd ask the moronic chauvinist's questions like whether she scorned the new butterscotch and strawberry douches in favor of good old Ivory soap and hot water. But I've already said I cared not a mouse's turd for this nitpicking and had been struck by the similarity of our backgrounds, how much she cared and how little I did. With all my heart I wanted to know why she did, and to understand that, it was essential I discover who she was.

In reading about her, one of the things that had hit me most jarringly was her remarking the similarity of her childhood to that of Augie March. As it happened, and as I have related in A Fan's Notes, Augie March had at a certain time in my life been a bible of mine, a volume I perused until the binding came off and the pages fell out, a novel I identified with to such a terrible and distressing degree that even now I remember everything about Augie's tyrannical Grandma "boarder" Lausch. sitting among her bric-a-brac, her fartblowing pooch Winnie at her feet; Grandma Lausch lording it over all, with great cunning teaching Augie's simple mama the grave art of conning the charity institutions out of free spectacles, 194 and so forth. And I remember Augie's

older brother Simon, even as a teenager secretive, crafty, ballsy, funny, hard as nails, handsome and utterly in thrall to, rhapsodized by The American Dream. And always there was the idiot brother Georgie, who, on reaching his manhood, was on Grandma Lausch's orders institutionalized, after which Grandma had refused to exit from her bedroom to say goodbye to him, to come out and witness what she had wrought." At the Army-Navy store, Augie bought a little Gladstone bag for Georgie and with the key taught him how to lock and unlock it, "that he might be a master of a little of his own, as he went from place to place" (I quote from fucking memory!). In damp snow Augie and Mania had taken Georgie to the idiot farm on streetcars, changing from car to car in the filthy and melting Chicago slush. At the institution Georgie, for the first time seeing himself among his own kind, "wagging their weak noodles," and realizing that Mama and Augie are leaving him, sets up this tremendous, this overwhelming, this heart-crippling wail until Mama "[took] the bristles of his special head between her hands"-I numbered that scene among the great scenes in American fiction!

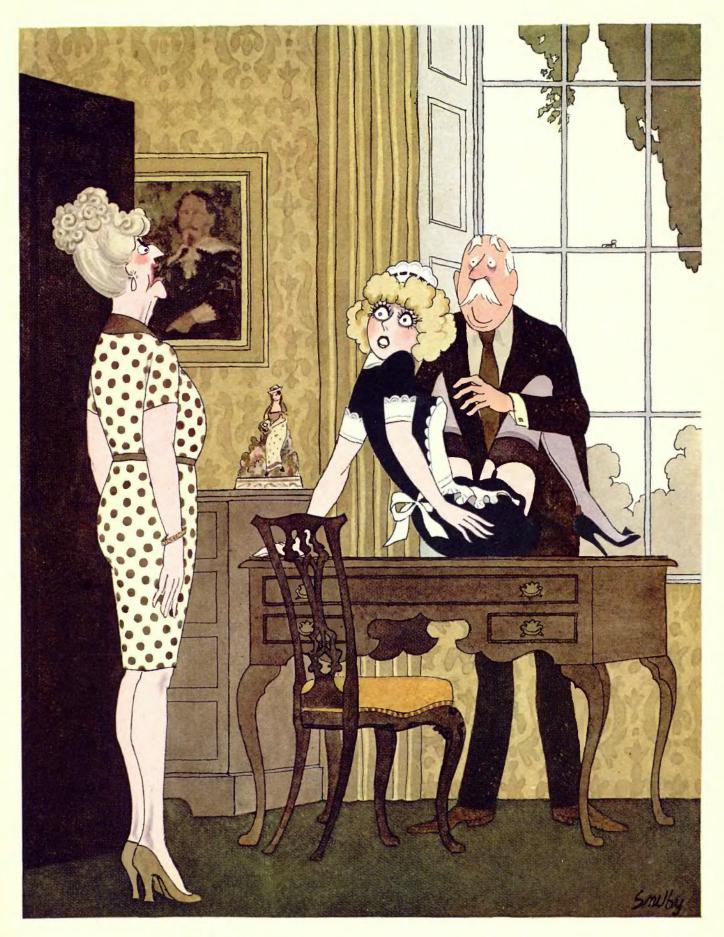
Thus it was that on the publication of Herzog, when in order to make "hamper space" for his new baby, Bellow committed infanticide on Augie in an interview in the Sunday Times by implying the book was a youthful and rhetorical indiscretion, I wrote him one of my "mad" letters, furious in composition it was, which, happily (for I regard Bellow as one of our genuine Nobel candidates), I never mailed.

Years later I at last got to meet Bellow at a cocktail party at a chic apartment on Chicago's North Side. As I knew he was going to be there, I was ready for him and was going to do it to him good for that "unforgivable" interview. But the apartment turned out to be on about the 190th floor and it had floor-to-ceiling spotless glass walls, making it seem as if one could take one petite step off the end of the rich wall-to-wall carpeting and come, whooosssssh, face to face with his Maker. An Upstate yokel, and a raving paranoiac into the bargain, I got instantly dizzy and I fled immediately to a couch, where I found myself seated next to Bellow's date. By the time I had a couple of vodkas and with them the courage to maneuver, other guests had begun to crowd Bellow. He looked distraught and uneasy, and when at length I got to him to do my "eloquent" number, I found that all I had to contribute was some idle and horseshit literary gossip.

Be that as it may, I asked Gloria to tell me about the similarity of her childhood to Augie's. I don't recall her answer specifically, but I'll try to suggest the substance of it by drawing an analogy. In my senior year at USC, I was summoned to some phony-baloney's office and told that as an English major, Pd failed to fulfill the second semester of a sophomore survey course covering the romantic poets through Auden and Dylan Thomas (the first semester had, of course, covered Beowulf to Pope). When I explained to the bureaucrat that, as a senior, I'd already had all the material on a considerably more complex and heady level, some of it in graduate-level courses, and that my taking the course would be an extreme waste of time and money, he said, as one always did in those long-dead, tyrannical and goodriddance days, that I either fulfill the university's "requirements" or fail to graduate.

I then went to the professor, an elderly woman who by the students was rumored to have got her Ph.D. by counting the thous and thees in Shakespeare, and asked her if I could, under the circumstances, circumvent the three-cutper-semester rule and come to her class for examinations only. She said no. So it was that I spent an entire term, on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at eight o' fucking clock in the morning, listening, dopily and dreamily, to this wan soul talk in ritualistic phrases about material I'd already had presented to me. (Not that I was a good student: I was terrible, taking what I wanted, leaving the rest, and getting my gentleman's Bs and Cs.) The one thing that made the semester memorable was falling madly, utterly, hopelessly in love with an absolutely stunning ash blonde who sat to my immediate left, Miss Diane Disney (for, if my younger reader will credit me, we were seated in alphabetical order, where we'd been seated since kindergarten!), the daughter of none other than the genius Walt! When I discovered this fact, I found that it utterly precluded the son of a lineman approaching her "romantically"; but when a couple of years later I read in the society pages of the New York newspapers that she had married a USC tight end, I smiled sadly and decided that "the poor little rich girl" had no doubt been more accessible than I and about 100 other "haunted" guys at USC had imagined. In any event, I wish now to tell her, across all these years, how much I worshipped her from "afar," notwithstanding that in our close-cramped seats our elbows and toes bumped one another three gloomy mornings a week.

Prior to discovering who Diane was, I had detected that the professor pandered shamelessly to her-And what does Diane think of this? And what does Diane think of this?-and one day, when we were discussing Byron's Prisoner of Chillon, I recall the exchange as something like this. That summer Diane had done her "grand tour" of Europe, the fact of which the professor was somehow aware, and she now asked Diane if she'd seen the castle at Chillon on which



"For God's sake, Roderick—not on the Chippendale."



"The forthcoming marriage of Brother Dominic has caused me much concern. Are we expected to take a date to the wedding?"

Byron had based descriptive aspects of his poem. Indeed Diane had. The professor then said something to the effect that in his poem Byron had given either a very scant or a very elaborate description (I always thought Byron an old fraud and hence don't remember the poem) of the castle and then asked Diane to give us her reminiscence of that structure as compared with Byron's. It was a stupid question, unfair to my adored Diane, assuming, as it did, that a stunning 19-year-old coed would run around Europe taking notes to check against the works of famous poets! Diane red-facedly pondered the question for many moments, trying to call back the castle at Chillon, then offered the line that has endeared her to me forever:

"Oh, it was a real castle, all right!"

Lord, dear reader, how I chuckled over and brooded on that line for days afterward, thinking that in fairness to my lovely Diane, and compared with those castles created by her genius daddy, wherein Snow White, Prince Charming, Grumpy, Dopey and all the other guys mucked about, the castle at Chillon had, indeed, been a real castle! And though, as I say, I don't precisely remember Steinem's response to my suggestion that she parallel her life to Augie's, and though I would continue to prompt her and learn that in the Steinem household there had been embarrassing "boxes of stuff" piled in the hallways or someplace, and that the Steinems had once had a welfare tenant upstairs or downstairs or someplace in their house, a guy who with charming regularity used to get smashed and beat the living shit out of his bride, for whatever reason, I vividly recall that Gloria's initial response to my query summoned up the long-ago Diane and it was as though Gloria had said:

"Oh, I had a real childhood, all right!"
Although we continued to talk and to laugh, to go through the motions, I'd guess that for me the interview ended with something Gloria said a few moments later. The breakups of both my

marriages had been dreadful affairs, none of those cool, suave, lightly ironical, New Yorker magazine partings for Exley; and though I get along jolly well with one of my exes now, the situation with the other is still and always will be horrendous, ghastly, man, ghastly, and probably a lot closer to my reader's predicament than that sophisticated horseshit novelists contrive! In reading about Gloria, I had sensed that no matter how much she "had it together" in most respects, like me she had had difficulties sustaining relationships with the opposite sex. Having been asked in interviews about some of her past partners, she had not been altogether kind. About the famous and brilliant director Mike Nichols she'd been quoted as saying she'd mistaken his "head for a heart," and she now admitted that she had, indeed, said that but that she and Mike were still "close" and that he had, in fact, called her up to sympathize with her over the "cruelty" of that particular piece (not likely, not at all likely, I later learned from a man who knew Nichols well enough to have spent days on his sets watching him make his movies!). I then went through the names of all the other "famous" men with whom Gloria had been "linked," as Louella used to say. There was old "Ken" Galbraith, and "Teddy" Sorensen, and the great altosax player Paul Desmond, and Herb Sargent, and Rafer Johnson, and-well, to Gloria they had all been merely "friends," which, it goes without saving, had me gritting my teeth, biting my tongue and repressing a terribly naughtyboy urge to ask Gloria if she fucked her friends.

I was saving one guy, Thomas Guinzburg, who seemed to me such an ideal mate for Queen Gloria and about whom I'd heard many nice things, until last. Guinzburg owned one of the halfdozen most prestigious publishing houses in America: he was wealthy: he was said to number among his friends and entertain at his town-house dinner table the rich and the famous from the theater, the movies, the literati, and so forth: and, above all, and for which one will forgive him, he had thought enough of Gloria to have allowed to be printed, under the Viking imprimatur, her Beach Book. I wanted to know what the problem with Guinzburg had been,

On the morning that President Kennedy had left on his trip to Dallas, Gloria had been in Sorensen's White House office and from the window had watched the President walk across the lawn and board the helicopter that would take him to the airport to Air Force One and to his eventual destiny. Two days later in New York, on learning of his assassination, Gloria apparently went into some kind of catatonic withdrawal, some epitome of grief beyond us lesser Americans.



What? Sip Bacardi before you mix it?

Sure. And what a pleasant surprise you're in for.

You'll see what Bacardi rum tastes like all by itself—very mild flavor, dry (which means not sweet), and delightfully smooth.

That's why a lot of people prefer their

Bacardi un-mixed—right out of the bottle over ice cubes.

It makes sense.

If Bacardi didn't taste good un-mixed, how could it taste good mixed?

Try it.

Get to know the light taste of BACARDI, rum. The mixable one.

and that was the day she knew she and Guinzburg couldn't hack it. Gloria thought Guinzburg took the assassination too cavalierly. Now Gloria raised her right eyebrow into an ironical arc above her raspberry aviatrix' spectacles, smiled tolerantly and with wry condescension said, "Tom Guinzburg should have been a sports reporter for the Daily News."

Ye fucking gads, dear reader, where could Gloria and I go from there? One must understand that the dream of my life-the dream of my fucking life!was to be a sports reporter for the Daily News. I'd have a lovely and loving wife named Corinne; three sons named Mike, Toby and Scott; two boxers, Killer and Duchess, with bulging muscles under their fawn coats, black, ferocious masks and, like all boxers, they'd be big drooling slobbering babies who couldn't even sleep when they were denied access to the boys' beds. I'd have a split-level home somewhere on the north shore of the island, say, at Northport; and just at that moment I was up to here with Corinne, the boys, Killer and Duchess, my boss at the sports desk would telephone me and cry, "Hey, Ex, don't forget you got to fly out to the Coast and cover the Mets' five-game stand with the Dodg-

ers." And off I'd wing, to stand in the press box, a paper cup of Coors beer in my hand, the klieg lights dissolving the faces of the crowd into one another, cheering like mad for Seaver and the guys; after which, renewed, I'd fly back to the loving Corinne, Mike, Toby and Scott, Killer and Duchess. A sports reporter for the Daily News? Had Gloria's humble beginnings in that crumby Polack section of East Toledo been just a dream on her part, and had she sprung full-blown out of the mists, sitting in her present eminence as she sat before me now, imagining that with all that armraised, fist-clenched, "right-on" horseshit she was up to something infinitely grander and more noble than my dream of Corinne, Mike, etc., etc.? From that moment on, though words continued to be spoken, the interview was over.

Gloria and I had a distinctly uneasy parting from the Sonesta Beach Hotel. We had been talking the better part of four hours into the tape recorder, and as time was running out and Gloria had to take her nap and primp herself for the night's festivities, I was quickly throwing the used questions onto the floor so as to be hurriedly prepared to ask the next

gether. We had, as I say, been talking and laughing a long time. The abrupt silence seemed embarrassingly charged, and to fill it I decided to relate something I'd been undergoing the past days. On the island I had made a friend I will here call Gabrielle. An astonishingly beautiful 22-year-old, Gabrielle was a re-

one. When she could go on no longer, we

rose and she kindly began helping me

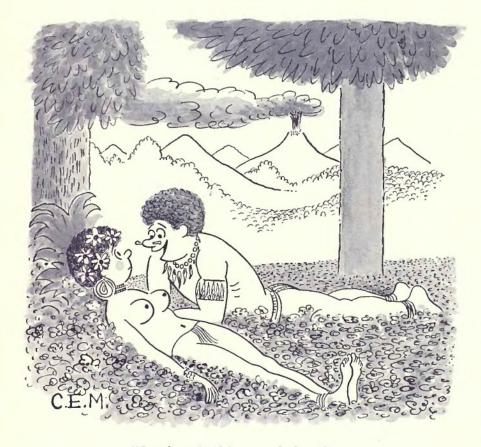
pick up my notes and get my gear to-

cent magna cum laude Stanford graduate and a lesbian who was being kept in one of the pads on the Court by a broad-shouldered bull dyke my age. As is the case with almost every homosexual I've known, Gabrielle was miserable and, when the dyke was out working days, had taken to hanging about my place, keeping me company, typing the questions I was preparing for Gloria, hustling us cheeseburgers and coffee and listening to my FM radio and playing my Brubeck collection on the stereo (though Gabrielle grew to love Brubeck, I can't describe how antiquated I felt when I learned that until then she'd never heard of him). Gabrielle came from a wealthy ranching family out in New Mexico or Idaho or Arizona or some such place, and her father's brother, "good old Uncle Harry," had introduced her to prepubescent sex, having induced her to an oral stimulation of his penis and to the packing of that penis with cow manure (one for Krafft-Ebing!). For motives neither Gabrielle nor I understood-fear, I'd guess-good old Uncle Harry had stopped molesting her when her menstrual cycles began, and though she'd never had anything to do with a man since that time, she found her present predicament every bit as oppressive and degrading as the one with good old Uncle Harry. What should she do? Without batting an eye, I suggested

she immediately move her gear into my closet and take one of the twin beds in my bedroom. I said as I was feeding her most of the day, anyway, I saw it as no extra hardship, and that at 22 she might do well to get her lovely ass into a bikini, lie on the beach for six months getting a tan and determine what direction she wanted her life to take.

"Christ," I said, "look at all the rinkydinks your age all over the Court. Many of them are as bright and as educated as you. They're just puffing a little of the evil weed, suckin' up some apple wine and waiting for some sign from this ludicrous world we've made for them to live in. You could make friends with them. It wouldn't hurt you a bit to do the same thing for a year, two, three if you're enjoying yourself. Shit, in that scurvy group you'd be queen of the Court."

Gabrielle laughed. "I know. Every time I go next door for breakfast, some of those apes are drooling in my scrambled eggs." Gabrielle then eyed me warily



"Look at it this way, baby. Once you're no longer a virgin, there's no danger of your being sacrificed to the gods."



Doral challenges your cigarette to a showdown, with a most unusual Filter System. The System that lowers "tar" without sacrificing "taste." Only Doral has Cellulon Fiber to reduce "tar" and nicotine, a unique Polyethylene Chamber and Smoke Baffles. Plus, Air Channels for easy draw. All this and good taste too. Doral: the low "tar" and nicotine cigarette with the high taste difference.

DORAL 20 FILTER CIGARETTES



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

FILTER, MENTHOL: 14 mg. "tar", 1.0 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAR. '74.

and said, "If I did move in, what about sex?"

To this I laughed, rather scornfully, I'm afraid, "Cut the shit, Gabrielle, My bed is a foot and a half from yours; if you decide you want to try, all you have to do is hop over. But don't let your hot little pussy get nervous worrying about my needs. Any time I pick up a piece of ass, I'll let you know in advance and you'll have to take the couch out here. Any time you want to grab Chick or one of his muscular lifeguards across the street, you let me know and I'll bunk down in here. But look, if you're genuinely serious, I'll be damned if I'll relinquish my bed to a broad, so don't ever bother to ask."

Gabrielle grew very solemn.

"I want it understood that I could never have sex with you."

Well, sir! I knew I had 20 years on Gabrielle, that I was getting gray, chubby and sloppy—but then, never is an awfully long time and I laughed and said, "Cmon, Gabrielle—it's you we're worryin' about! My frightful hog can take care of itself!"

"But that's what I mean," Gabrielle emphasized. "I didn't at all mean it the way it sounded. Seeing some of those girls or whatever they are you hang around with, I'd be afraid to do anything with you—afraid you'd give me some awful disease that'd make my eyebrows fall out."

This was on the evening before I was scheduled to meet Ms. Steinem. Gabrielle and I offered each other eager hands by way of agreement. I promised that the day following my return from the interview I'd help her move her gear and that, if necessary, I'd knock the dyke on her ass in the emotional scene that would almost certainly ensue. We shook hands again, Gabrielle left and I went downstairs to woo Zita the Zebra Woman.

Early the following morning. I was hurriedly shaving—pimply Jack was already leaning on the horn of the electric-blue Buick Electra in the courtyard below—in preparation for meeting Steinem when Gabrielle came in, made me a quick cup of instant coffee and said, "I've changed my mind. I'm going to stay with Sappho."

"I'm sorry," I said. "What happened?" Gabrielle then pointed out to me (in a Newsweek cover story, one I'd given her to read!) that no less than the girl I was going to interview accepted lesbianism, that our society was reaching the civilized stage where there wasn't going to be any stigma attached to it, and Gabrielle felt she ought to acknowledge being what she was and learn to live with it.

"That's nothing but that New York City liberal horseshit! Every noble soul accepts cancer as a part of life until he himself contracts it."

In very measured tones I pointed out

to Gabrielle that Steinem's acceptance did not constitute endorsement, that as far as I knew Steinem herself was quite wonderfully and healthily heterosexual.

"Look, Gabrielle, Steinem's got it all together and that makes it easy for her to be tolerant. People who are happily straight just don't worry about other people's sex life. I mean, I don't care if a guy wants to fuck the exhaust pipe on his Volkswagen, it's nothing to me. And I don't give a shit either if you want to continue in your life, but I don't think you do or you wouldn't have been laying it on me since the day we met. And, incidentally, you know, don't you, that all men don't force little girls to suck their cocks? I'd feel a hell of a lot better if you stuck to our agreement."

Gabrielle adamantly refused. We shook hands. Gabrielle asked if she could continue to hang around and be my pal. I said *sure*. What the fuck else could I say? Apparently not all that pleased with her own decision, Gabrielle then wept quietly. Then Gabrielle accompanied me down to the car.

When Steinem and I were getting my gear together in the hotel and I was trying to tell her something of this—and as I told her I attempted to put it on a kidding level by accusing her of very possibly beating me out of a luscious piece of ass—I pointed out that she'd reached an eminence and an influence where she ought to consider very carefully what she "accepts."

"But she's a lesbian," Gloria said.

It was terrifying. It was a good deal more unnerving than Steinem's apparently being unable to "see" what I was saying. In her tone there was an overwhelmingly nasty irritation with me that quite honestly made me somewhat afraid, an accusation and a rebuke that I was not man enough to accept aberrations for what they were-I who had spent three years of my life in and out of state mental institutions and knew I'd come to see and tolerate more aberrations than Steinem'll live to see!-and that under no circumstance did I own the sympathy or the necessary zeal either to comprehend or to be a part of her holy

By far the brightest, the most literate, the most articulate, the most tolerant (and the only one with a sense of humor) of these women is Ms. Germaine Greer, Reading the "Newsmakers" section of Newsweek, I laughed uproariously at her admission of having fallen quite hopelessly in love with a "very elegant" man "of some note" and her further admission that if at 33 she could make "a crass fool" of herself "over a tailor's dummy." the movement needed all the help it could get. As I read this, all I could do was entertain suspicions of what Greer would have said had I told her the same thing I tried to tell Gloria and I found myself

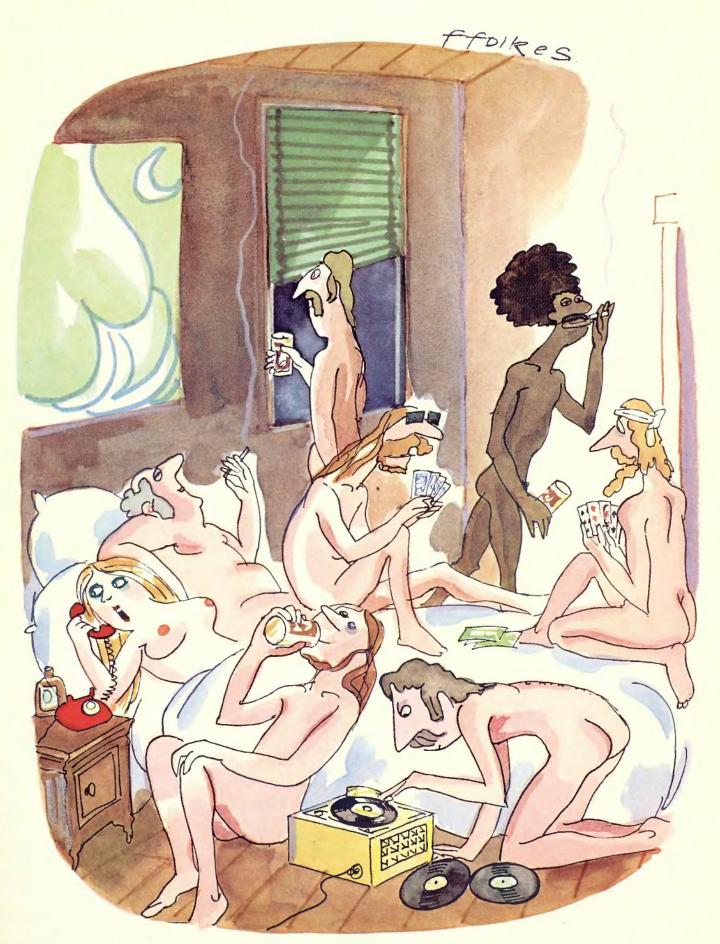
imagining, "But, my dear chap, you should have removed this Gabrielle's bloomers, given her a superlative fuck and had done with it." And, instead, and against any expectations whatever that it would turn out that way, I left the Sonesta Beach not only distraught at Steinem's pipe-backed stridency but sorry, sad, afraid, hurt.

I was to see Gloria twice again. As it happened, the first time was on a morning when Gabrielle and I were making love. For, as it turned out, Gabrielle did move in with me and we had a lovely. loving idyl for a time until, as I knew she would, she took up with those alienated youth on the hot bright streets beneath me, took up with people more appropriate to her age, her needs and the destiny I so wanted for her. There came an urgent knocking on the door. I called and asked who it was and was told by the kindly lady across the hall that on channel five at that very moment I could see "that women's lib gal you interviewed a few weeks back."

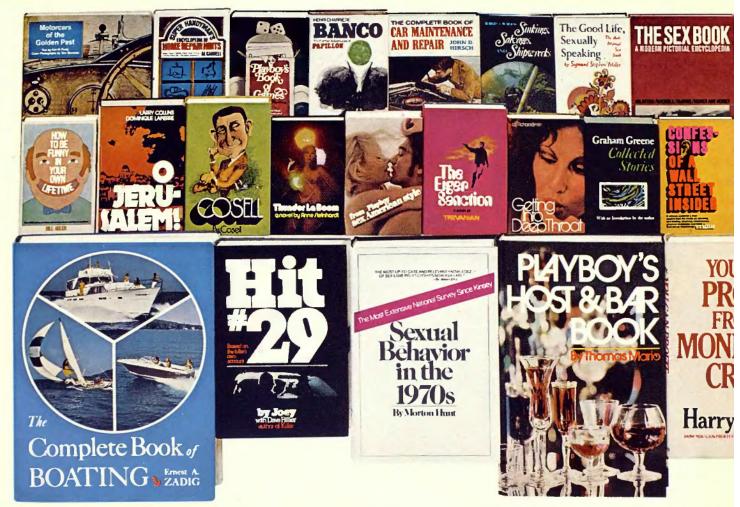
I dismounted, rose, flicked on the TV and, sure enough, there was Steinem with Dinah Shore, she of the chiffon undies and whose paramour is Burt Reynolds, Cosmopolitan's centerfold! Gloria proselytized women's liberation, plugged Ms., did a little soft shoe with Dinah, then stood about in a somewhat awkward sweat as Dinah whipped up a layered and sumptuous-looking ice-cream cake. Gloria was, I thought laughingly, right where she ought to be!

In exasperation, Gabrielle said, "Are you going to watch Steinem or are we going to finish what we started?" I laughed again, flicked off the tube and we finished what we had started.

The next time I saw her she was on Walter Cronkite, loftily excoriating the Democrats' platform and credentials committees, "Oh, dear, dear Gloria, relax, do relax," I thought. "They say your man McGovern is the most decent man in the Senate. I suspect he is, and yet every time you and those disaffected souls he's surrounded himself with open your mouths you bury the poor slob that much deeper. We yokels don't understand your smugness, your certitude, the militant, celerylike curves of your spines, and what we don't understand makes us afraid. turns us off and, worse, will end with that benighted yo-yo Nixon's getting into a position of power. What I'm imploring of you, dear, dear Gloria, is that you help me see your man McGovern as a man for whom I'd interrupt my lovemaking. You won't do so until you and his followers become a lot less brassily strident, until I detect in your demeanors at least a tacit admission that, like Ms. Germaine Greer, you, too, are becomingly vulnerable and might yet find yourselves the victims of love."



"Tell me, Sylvia, is it usual to have the stag party after the wedding?"



Playboy Book Club Offer Rare

971 THE COMPLETE BOOK OF BOATING Ernest A. Zadig (Pub. Price \$12.95) From stem to stern,

a giant, illustrated guide to happy cruising (Counts as two books)

973 HIT #29 Joey with Dave Fisher (Pub. Price \$7.95) Most intimate and appalling true account of a killer at work

975 SEXUAL BEHAVIOR IN THE 1970s Morton Hunt

(Pub. Price \$10.95) Where America is atsexually; most extensive report since Kinsey

809 PLAYBOY'S HOST & BAR BOOK Thomas Mario (Pub Price \$12.95)

For the superhost— Iliustrated (Counts as two books)

976 ALIVE Piers Paul Read (Pub. Price \$10.00) Heroes of the Andes crash; one of the great true survival stories of all time

863 THE ART OF SENSUAL MASSAGE Inkeles, Todris

& Foothorap (Pub Price \$7.95) Explicit photographic auide

970 JAWS Peter Benchley (Pub. Price \$6.95) Super-thriller novel of terror-spreading great white shark

963 YOU CAN PROFIT FROM A MONETARY

Harry Browne (Pub. Price \$8.95) Survival kit for economic storms; runaway bestseller

962 WAR A Photographic History Text by Albert R. Leventhal

(Pub. Price \$16.95) All the wars the camera has ever seen (Counts as two books)

875 I'M OK-YOU'RE OK Thomas A. Harris, M.D. (Pub. Price \$5.95) The great bestseller

967 THE COMPLETE BOOK OF CAR MAINTENANCE AND

REPAIR John D. Hirsch (Pub. Price \$10.00) For the amateur who wants to save money

842 AN AMERICAN DEATH Gerold Frank

(Pub. Price \$10.00) The killing and killer of Martin Luther King, Jr.-Shocking, true

757 SEX AMERICAN Frank Robinson and Nat Lehrman, eds. (Pub. Price \$7.50) From PLAYBOY

909 THE TRUE SOUND OF MUSIC Hans Fantel (Pub. Price \$7.95) Superb guide to sound equipment for the home

877 PLAYBOY'S BOOK OF GAMES (Pub. Price \$8.95) Handbook for the

sophisticated gambler 849 SCORING

Dan Greenburg (Pub. Price \$6.95) Frank and funny sexual memoir

978 THE BEST FROM PLAYBOY-NUMBER SIX (Pub. Price \$5.95) Greatest stories, girls articles, cartoons;

hardcover edition 944 SHOW BUSINESS LAID BARE

Earl Wilson (Pub. Price \$7.95) Sexual side of entertainment world; X-rated anecdotes

958 THUNDER

LA BOOM Anne Steinhardt (Pub. Price \$6.95) Mind-blowing, hilarious, erotic yet honest novel about bottomless dancer

956 BANCO Henri Charrière (Pub. Price \$7 95) Hair-raising further adventures of Papillon

928 THE SINGLE MAN'S INDISPENSABLE GUIDE & HANDBOOK Paul Gillette (Pub. Price \$8.50) Without it, you're just

853 COSMOPOLITAN'S LOVE BOOK (Pub. Price \$5.95)

not with it

A guide to ecstasy in bed

931 THE EIGER SANCTION Trevanian

(Pub. Price S6.95) Novel of intrigue, revenge, murder, sex

937 COLLECTED STORIES

Graham Greene (Pub. Price \$10.00) 40 superb stories of suspense, intrigue

868 CONFESSIONS OF A WALL STREET INSIDER C. C. Hazard (Pub. Price \$6.95) Startling revelations

969 SUPER HANDYMAN'S ENCYCLOPEDIA OF HOME REPAIR HINTS Al Carrell

(Pub. Price \$6.95) Hundreds of labor-saving, money-saving ideas

911 A TOUCH OF James Jones

(Pub. Price \$7.95) Spine-tingling novel about private eye 882 A SURGEON'S WORLD William A. Nolen, M.D.

(Pub. Price \$7.95) Frank, fascinating eye-opening account 814 THE LOVE

TREATMENT Martin Shepard, M.O. (Pub. Price \$5.95) Sexual therapy

784 THE SEX BOOK Goldstein, Haeberle & McBride

(Pub. Price \$9.95)
Pictorial encyclopedia—
"revolutionary" bestseller

941 THE GOOD LIFE SEXUALLY SPEAKING Sigmund Stephen Miller (Pub. Price \$6.95) How to be a sexually

765 SINKINGS SALVAGES, AND SHIPWRECKS Robert F. Burgess (Pub. Price \$6.95) Spellbinding, true sea sagas—Illustrated

persuasive man

917 O JERUSALEM! Larry Collins and Dominique Lapierre (Pub. Price \$10 00) The dramatic bestseller

about Israel-Arab war— Illustrated

959 GOLF MY WAY Jack Nicklaus with Ken Bowden (Pub. Price \$9,95) A-Z guide to improved golfing-Illustrated

979 DICTIONARY OF QUOTATIONS Bergen Evans, ed. (Pub. Price \$15.00) The definitive work

and a joy to read; over 2000 pages (Counts as two books)

940 COSELL Howard Cosell (Pub. Price \$8.95) Candid, explosive, entertaining as its subject"—Book World

900 THE DAWN'S EARLY LIGHT Watter Lord (Pub. Price \$8.50) Exciting, gripping story of War of 1812

901 TOTAL ORGASM Jack Lee Rosenberg Illustrations by

Joseph Jaqua (Pub. Price \$6.95) Illustrated guide to sexual fulfillment

919 GETTING INTO DEEP THROAT Richard Smith (Pub. Price S7 95) Complete story of controversial film

8 pages of photos 915 HOW TO BE FUNNY IN YOUR OWN LIFETIME Bill Adler (Pub. Price \$7.95) Over 1000 jokes;

wit sharpener for every occasion

706 MOTORCARS OF

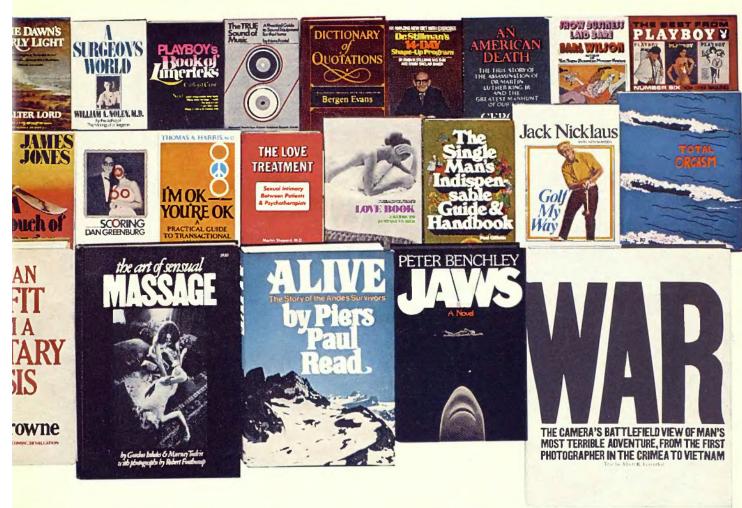
706 MOTORCARS OF THE GOLOEN PAST Text by Ken Purdy Photos by Tom Burnside (Pub. Price \$30.00) 100 rare and exciting vehicles in full color (Counts as two books)

968 OR, STILLMAN'S 968 OR. STILLMAN'S 14-DAY SHAPE-UP PROGRAM Dr. Irwin M. Stillman and Samm S. Baker (Pub. Price \$7.95)

New slimming diet, trimming exercises

856 PLAYBOY'S BOOK OF LIMERICKS Clifford Crist, ed. (Pub Price \$8.95)

Candid, complete the definitive collection



Reading Entertainment for Men Introductory offer: Choose any 4 books for only \$1.95

(Value up to \$50.95) when you agree to become a member of Playboy Book Club

Just as PLAYBOY is different from all other magazines, Playboy Book Club is different from all other book clubs. It is a book club designed by our editors to match your tastes, your life-style, your point of view.

In the pages of PLAYBOY we bring you the finest and most provocative articles and fiction by many of the world's most prominent writers. Now we will make available to you—at significant savings—what we consider the most candid, contemporary, swinging and thought-provoking books of permanent value published this year.

And we'll offer you a wide choice of books at savings up to 33 percent under retail prices. The best from the publishing world selected for you by PLAYBOY editors.

Playboy's Choice, an illustrated monthly bulletin, will describe our editors' selections. Your only obligation is to add as few as four Club Selections (or Alternates) to your library during the first year. (Sorry, but orders from outside the U.S. and Canada cannot be processed.)

Remember, if you enjoy PLAYBOY, you belong in Playboy Book Club. Fill in the application today—and embark with us on a reading adventure that knows no boundaries.

Bonus: PLAYBOY'S GIFT PACK of three provocative paperbacks (a \$2.85 value) yours FREE for prompt action.

*Deluxe volumes count as two selections, Publishers' prices quoted are U.S. prices; Canadian prices may be slightly higher.

PLAYBOY BOOK CLUB Playboy Building 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611	A804-07
Please enroll me as a member in the Playboy Book Club an me the books whose numbers I have listed below, billing in \$1.95. I understand that some deluxe volumes count as t lections.	ne only
I understand that for \$1.95 I may choose books worth as m \$50.95 and that you will also send <i>Playboy's Gift. Pack of</i> provocative paperbacks, a \$2.85 value, as my free bonus for action.	f three
I understand that you will send me Playboy's Choice, the cation describing the Selections and Alternates, at three week intervals, together with a dated Member's Instruction which I may mail back by the date shown on the card, to	to four n Card

I understand that you will send me Playboy's Choice, the publication describing the Selections and Alternates, at three to four week intervals, together with a dated Member's Instruction Card which I may mail back, by the date shown on the card, to reject the Selection or to choose any of the Alternates. I understand that if I wish to receive the Selection, I do nothing and it will be mailed to me automatically AFTER the date shown on the card. I understand that Playboy's Choice is mailed in time to allow me at least 10 days to decide if I want the coming Selection. If, because of late mail delivery of Playboy's Choice, I should ever receive a Selection without having had the 10-day consideration period, that Selection may be returned at Club expense for full credit.

My only obligation as a member is to accept four Selections or Alternates during the coming year from the many titles offered. My membership is cancelable any time after buying these four books. In all cases, I will receive books identical to the publishers' editions. A modest postage and handling charge is added to all shipments.

NAME		
ADDRESS		(Please Print)
CITY	STATE	ZIP

AMERICAN NIGHTMARE

touring the Copacabana and other night spots and winding up, about four in the morning, at Umbertos Clam House on Mulberry Street in Little Italy. Suddenly, the door burst open and four men entered with drawn pistols. Gallo looked up, snarled, "You son of a bitch," and received two slugs in reply. He stumbled out of his seat and out onto the street. Another slug hit him and he collapsed, dead.

At his funeral three days later, his sister stood over the coffin and vowed, "The streets are going to run red with blood, Joey!" They did. In the next weeks, a dozen bodies were found scattered around New York, victims of Gallo revenge and Colombo justice. Among them were two innocent victims. One gunman walked into a Manhattan restaurant, the Neopolitan Noodle, with a contract on Persico aides; but moments earlier, they had left their place at the bar, and when the killer fired, his victims were two merchants, Sheldon Epstein and Max Tekelch, who had dropped by for dinner with their wives.

To some observers, the murders of the

(continued from page 148)

innocents, even the murder of Gallo, were signs of just how far and into what a sorry state the Italian Syndicate had fallen. That it was still resorting to violence was bad enough; that innocents were victims was worse, and worse yet was the whole bungle of the Gallo affair. Within two weeks of Gallo's murder, Joseph Luparelli, a sometime bodyguard and chauffeur to Joseph Yacovelli—who, along with Vincent Aloi, had taken control of the Colombo family after the shooting of Colombo and the jailing of Persico—turned himself in to FBI agents in California and told the whole story.

It seems that he happened to be inside Umbertos when Gallo drove up. Immediately, he hurried to another restaurant up the street, a hangout for Colombo soldiers. There he found Carmine Di Biase. Philip Gambino (a nephew of Carlo's), Alphonse Indelicato, Dominic Trichera and Joseph Gorgone and told them of his discovery.

"What's he doing there?" Di Biase asked.

"I don't know," Luparelli replied.

"I got me one of them streakers, Chief!"

"They're starting to eat."

Di Biase made some calls and got a goahead from Yacovelli and Aloi. In the good old days, at that moment Luparelli would have been told to go home, turn on the television and otherwise occupy himself innocently. After all, he had fingered Gallo and he might have been spotted; and if he were sent home, he would have no useful knowledge of the events that later occurred. But Di Biase and his friends took Luparelli along with them, and they apparently realized their mistake almost as soon as they saw Gallo lying in his own blood. They drove Luparelli to a hide-out in Nyack, New York, to wait until the heat blew over; and, during the next few days, they conferred several times with Aloi. It gradually began to dawn on Luparelli that maybe his friends didn't trust him anymore, especially when his food began to taste funny. like arsenic, and he became violently ill. (The question, of course, is why the subtlety, why he wasn't simply disposed of in the traditional fashion.) Luparelli decided not to eat any more dinners in Nyack. He slipped away, fled to California, turned himself in and told the whole story. The results: a grand-jury investigation, the indictment of some of the killers, the jailing of Aloi for refusing to talk to the grand jury and the disappearance of Yacovelli. It also resulted in the shattering of the Colombo family.

But there were more serious consequences to the shootings that began with the attempt on Colombo's life. Violence inevitably causes trouble; informers surface, talking to protect their own lives; front-page headlines and editorials demand police action; investigations are stepped up. All conspire to interfere with the orderly conduct of Mob business. Thus, the result of the war between Gallo and Colombo was a marked increase in pressure on the Mob, and that, in combination with the natural inroads of age, began to decimate the leadership. A major vacuum was being created at the top of the Syndicate, one that would be hard to fill. The prison cells of the Federal penitentiaries were filling up with mafiosi, young and old, as the result of Federal efforts that had begun nearly a decade before under Attorney General Robert Kennedy. Those mobsters not incarcerated were deluged in a paper flood of indictments and subpoenas, were hounded by constant surveillance, wire taps and bugs, to the extent that many were afraid to even whisper anywhere but in the middle of a vacant lot. Still others discovered that their riches, power and influence were no shield against the ills of advancing age.

New Jersey mobsters such as Angelo "Gyp" DeCarlo, once boss of the state's loan-sharking and gambling, went up for 12 years (only to be freed after 33 months, when President Nixou granted



Daytona, Feb. 17—Richard Petty wins for the fifth time the race no other man ever won twice.

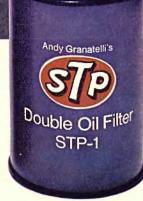
In each of his fantastic Daytona 500 victories, King Richard got the edge against friction and wear with STP® Oil Treatment.

And, we proudly add, since it came out two years

ago, Petty has run and won with the STP Double Oil Filter. That's back-to-back wins for the filter-in-a-filter.

Take it from Richard
Petty and get the same edge
for your car. STP Oil
Treatment. And the STP
Double Oil Filter.

You just can't argue with the King.



The racer's edge.

him Executive clemency. DeCarlo returned home on a stretcher, for a time picked up the rule and then, ten months later, died of cancer), and he was followed by such other Garden State mobsters as Sam "The Plumber" DeCavalcante, Phil Rastelli and "Bayonne Joe" Zicarelli. New England's Raymond Patriarca went to jail for a time, and so did Philadelphia's Bruno.

The Chicago organization, second only to the combined forces in New York, was in disarray. In the mid-Sixties, Sam Giancana had retired to Acapulco. The leadership passed to such old-timers as Anthony "Big Tuna" Accardo, Paul "The Waiter" Ricca and Felix "Milwaukee Phil" Alderisio, to such Giancana friends as Sam "Teetz" Battaglia, Fiore "Fifi" Buccieri and Jackie Cerone, to such now-aging onetime Young Turks as Joseph "Doves" Aiuppa, Charley "Chuck" Nicoletti, Gus "Slim" Alex and Sam De Stefano, the king of Chicago "juice" (loan-shark) men and a special pet of Ricca's.

Except for Accardo, who seems impervious to all efforts to nail him and who has remained at or near the top in Chicago since the days of Capone, the other leaders and would-be leaders have all suffered since Giancana's departure. Battaglia went to prison in 1967 on a 15year extortion rap; in 1973, he was granted clemency, but only because he was dying of cancer. By 1970, it looked as though Cerone was about to emerge as the city's strong man; but that year, he went to Federal prison on a five-year gambling conviction. A year later, Alderisio was dead and, in another year, so, too, was Ricca, of a heart attack at 74. "I lost the best friend a man could have," mourned Accardo.

Indeed, Big Tuna's good friends seemed to be falling all around him. Buccieri went from lung cancer in the summer of 1973. De Stefano went, too, only not of natural causes; for his imperious and violent ways (among the several murders credited to him was that of his brother; it was Sam's way of helping him kick a narcotics habit) had earned him some unforgiving enemies, especially among those close to Giancana. When De Stefano was indicted for murder and the rumor spread that he might write his memoirs, his time had come. One morning in April 1973, he was cleaning his garage when somebody walked in with a shotgun.

Even those who remained showed little stomach for the hard times that seemed to lie ahead. Aiuppa, ruler of the Cicero rackets, began telling everyone that he was past 65 and wanted only to retire. Alex began spending more and more time in Florida, insisting that he, too, was retiring. But, in light of all the troubles, he has been forced to pick up at least some of the reins in Chicago. 206 Only the younger Nicoletti seems, in

1974, anxious to succeed to the rule when Accardo, now nearing 70, goes; but he is only in his 40s and his elders consider him a little young for the top spot.

The pains of the Chicago mob, however, pale beside those suffered in New York. None of the five major crime families has escaped serious trouble and some have been shattered beyond repair, to the point where there have been serious internal discussions about merging all into one or, at most, two families.

Should that occur, three families are almost certain to disappear-those led in the glory days by Profaci, Bonanno and Tommy Lucchese-and a fourth, once the most powerful under Luciano, Genovese and Frank Costello, all now dead, may not survive much longer.

With Colombo incapacitated and such potential successors as Persico, Yacovelli and Aloi either in prison or vanished, the fortunes of that family are in sorry shape. As Dennis Dillon, head of the Federal Strike Force in New York, put it, "The Colombo family has not been put out of operation, but we see the end in

The old Bonanno family is little better off. When Bonanno finally retired to Tucson, Gambino assigned a onetime Lucchese lieutenant to restore order. Natale Evola had notable success, for a time. He reconciled the warring factions and expanded the family's control in the New York Garment District, both through the capture of more once-legitimate concerns and by organizing the Garment Truckers Association. But in the summer of 1973, the 66-year-old Evola died of cancer. No one else merited the respect that he had earned, and every time Gambino seemed about to tap somebody, such as Rastelli or Zicarelli, his potential nominee somehow wound up in prison.

In even more desperate condition is the old Lucchese outfit. On October 16, 1972, beaming Brooklyn district attorney Eugene Gold called in the press and announced, "We have pierced the veil of organized crime, stripping away the insulation that has hidden and protected many of the most important people in organized crime." Well, that was stretching things a little, but Gold had certainly done something. At the moment he was boasting, more than 1000 New York cops were sweeping through the city. handing out 677 subpoenas to such mobsters as Gambino, Carmine "Mr. Gribbs" Tramunti and Paul Vario, to more than 100 cops on the Mob's payroll and to a host of politicians. It was the result of one of the most successful clandestine operations in the war on

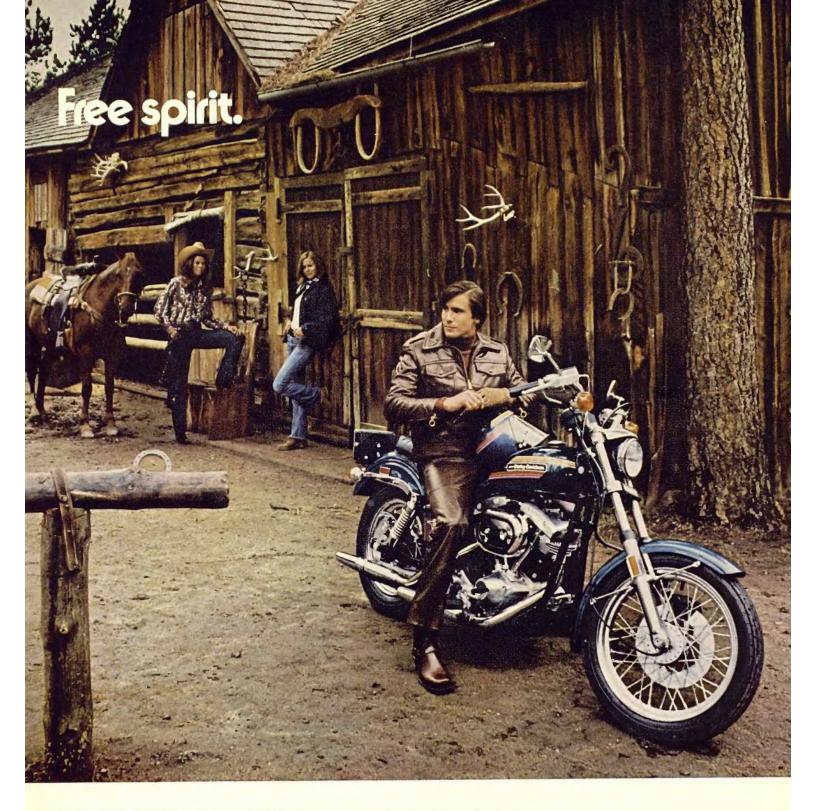
Almost a year earlier, Gold's office, in cooperation with police, had begun surveillance of a Mob hangout in Brooklyn, with police disguised as Christmastree salesmen setting up shop across the street (and making a tidy profit, too). That surveillance led to the discovery of a Mob command post, in a trailer parked in the center of the Bargain Auto Parts junk yard. The gray-and-blue trailer, ringed by a 14-foot chain-link fence, topped by barbed wire and guarded by watchmen and two attack dogs, was headquarters for Vario, consigliere in the old Lucchese outfit now run by Tramunti, himself one of Gambino's oldest and closest friends. In the ceiling of the trailer, Gold's experts installed a sophisticated miniature listening device. They also tapped the three phones and, from a building across the street, undercover agents trained motion-picture and still cameras on the trailer. During the next 11 months, they amassed 1,622,600 feet of tape (including 21,600 feet from courtordered wire taps) and took 36,000 feet of color film and 54,000 telephoto pictures. On that tape and film were the voices and photos of most of the important mobsters in the East, a number of policemen and detectives and a string of politicians and judges.

"We have learned," Gold declared, "of deals involving the sale of narcotics, extortion and loan-sharking, corruption, coercion, bookmaking, policy, assault and robbery, burglaries, counterfeiting, hijacking, receiving stolen property, forgery, possession and sale of weapons, labor racketeering, stolen-auto rings, untaxed cigarettes, insurance frauds, arson of businesses, the cutting up of autos and boats, prostitution and violation of alcohol-beverage-control laws." He had also discovered, he said, more than 200 previously legitimate businesses, running "the gamut of business activity in this city," into which the Mob had moved.

What Gold intended to do with all this was quickly apparent. A grand jury was impaneled to hear those subpoenaed.

There, under grants of immunity, they were asked to tell about the underworld. Gold, of course, expected few to talk. But under New York's stiff immunity law, if they didn't testify, they would go to jail. One way or another, Gold was going to send a lot of top hoods to prison. Which is just what he did. Tramunti went up for three years for contempt, to which was soon added another term for perjury growing out of a stock-fraud trial. Vario found himself buried under six indictments ranging from income-tax evasion to hijacking. And the old Lucchese family found itself virtually leaderless, more and more taking its orders from Gambino.

Then there was the old Luciano-Genovese-Costello outfit, once the most powerful. From the time Genovese went to prison, where he died, the outfit's fortunes and power steadily declined under the joint rule of Gerardo "Gerry" Catena and Tommy "Tommy Ryan" Eboli. For a time, there were indications of a renaissance as Anthony DiLorenzo seemed to



HARLEY-DAVIDSON FX-1200

It's in some guys from the day they're born.

Everything they do tells the world, "I'm my own man. Free in spirit." A lot of these dudes ride a Harley-Davidson FX-1200. An ego trip, dedicated to freedom and goodtime cycling.

It has a 1200cc V-twin geared for quickness and hours-on-end moving.

Plus a heavy-duty front fork, and exclusive fade resistant disc brakes, front and rear. Front brake is an all new racing-style brake. Speedometer, new electronic tachometer, engine safety cut-out rocker switch, turn signal button and hydraulic reservoir for disc brakes are also standard.

Adjustable load rear shocks soak up the rough riding. New Security System cycle alarm (standard equipment) warns you if someone is bothering your bike. A lot of guys have to learn what it's like to be their own man. When they do, some find out what it's like to own an FX-1200.

And really be a free spirit.

The Great American Freedom Machine.

Harley-Davidson

be moving toward the top. He was one of the new breed of mobsters, though at the beginning it looked as though he would never be much more than a thug (he had served one term in prison for assault with a baseball bat). But while behind bars, DiLorenzo devoted himself to books and emerged as a man with a cultivated manner and considerable sophistication; he had even learned to speak acceptable English. During the Sixties, he amassed power and riches as the ruler of the Metropolitan Import Truckmen's Association, which had a near monopoly on hauling air freight, gasoline and food to Kennedy Airport. By 1969, he was making motions to spread that monopoly across the country. and he might well have done just that in concert with his friends in the Teamsters Union. But DiLorenzo soon found himself in a lot of trouble. He was deeply enmeshed in one of the Syndicate's newer and most important rackets, stolen securities; the Government was able to tie him into a deal involving more than \$1,000,000 worth of purloined IBM stock and thereby send him away for ten years. In 1972, DiLorenzo was given permission by prison authorities to visit an outside dentist, without any guards along. He never returned and there has been no word on him since, though there have been plenty of rumors: that he was killed by rivals; that he has remained underground, helping guide the Mob in its deeper penetration of the securities markets and other rackets; that he has skipped to Europe.

With DiLorenzo gone, there were no immediate rivals to Catena and Eboli. Early in 1970, however, Catena was summoned before a New Jersey investigating committee, granted immunity and ordered to tell all he knew about the Organization. He refused and wound up in prison for contempt. At nearly 70 and in failing health, the chances for Catena to resume a major role appear slim.

Catena's imprisonment left the hottempered Eboli in command. It also made him the subject of intense scrutiny by half a dozen agencies, though by pleading a serious heart ailment, he was able to avoid testifying. But worse for him was the fact that he was falling into disfavor both with his own lieutenants and with Gambino. Though his own personal rackets-night clubs, Greenwich Village bars catering to homosexuals, music and records, jukeboxes and vending machines-prospered, he showed little inclination to share the profits or lead his troops with any vigor. The grumbling in the ranks grew louder and by the winter of 1972, the family's captains were just about ready to turn to Gambino for help, to seek the ouster of Eboli by one means or another and his replacement by Francesco "Funzi" Tieri, close friend to Gambino and himself a longtime power on the waterfront and in the Garment District.

Gambino favored deposing Eboli. With Tieri as head of the outfit, Gambino's influence would be vastly increased; the leaders of all the families in New York would be men who were his close friends, men who owed their positions and so their allegiance to him. At that moment, only Eboli remained independent of Gambino, and Eboli was sometimes heard saying loudly that, as heir to Luciano and Genovese, the right of command was his.

But there was another reason to topple Eboli. According to some Federal investigators, he had cost Gambino and other leaders close to \$4,000,000 in a botched narcotics deal.

At least since the mid-Sixties, narcotics had played a diminishing role in the Mob's activities. Common sense had led to a decision to heed the advice of men like Costello that the profits from junk were not worth the risks. The entrapment and imprisonment of Genovese, Big John Ormento, Carmine Galante, even Evcla and a number of other highranking mobsters, had driven that lesson home. Moreover, the base for sale of narcotics lay in the central cities, and by the mid-Sixties, that territory had become the bastion of minority-group hoodlums who thought they ought to control whatever rackets fed on their people. White narcotics distributors and pushers were regularly beaten, robbed and thrown out; white numbers runners and even the smaller policy banks were subjected to the same indignities. There were some in the Syndicate who wanted a war to put down the obstreperous minorities: wiser men like Gambino realized that this was a war that could not be won. Where possible, the minority racketeers were taken into partnership or were sold the business or, when it was the only recourse, were ceded it outright. These new racketeers quickly entrenched themselves, making their own connections for narcotics in Europe and in Latin America, setting up their own pipelines and dealerships and giving rise to what became known as the Cuban Mafia. Of course, they followed the same route in the numbers racket.

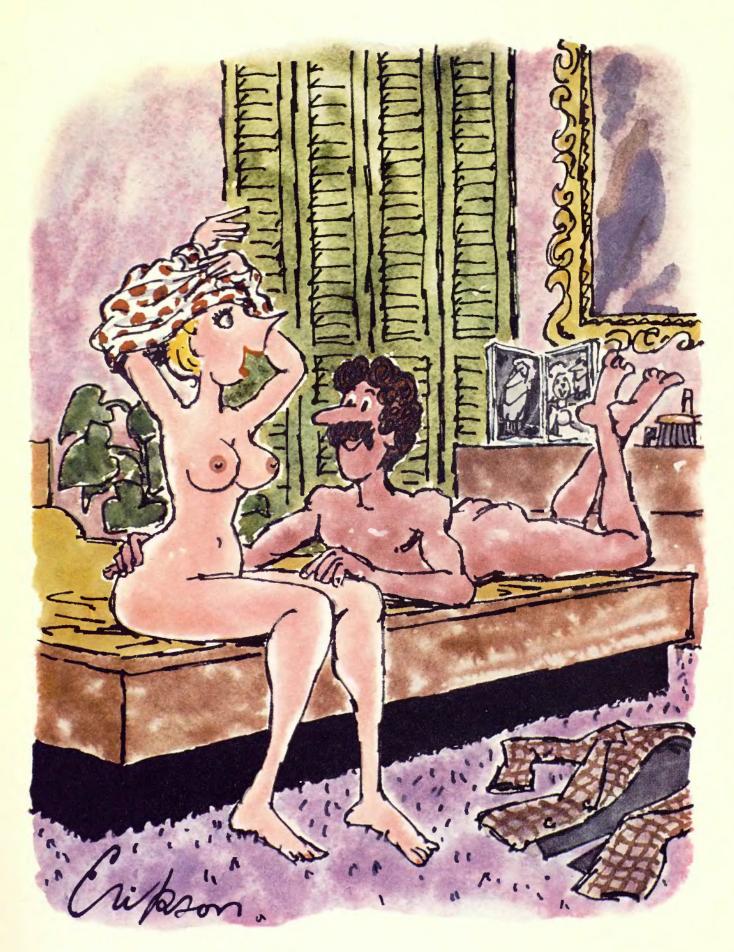
By late 1973, though there were rumors that the Mob had decided to move back in, the minorities were pretty solidly in control. On the lists of major narcotics dealers compiled by police departments, the number of Italian or Syndicate names declined and more and more blacks, Cubans and other minority independents appeared. They were men such as Maryland's Frank Matthews, who surfaced after the killing of one of his couriers, a black Maryland legislator named James A, "Turk" Scott, then under indictment for transporting \$10,000,000 worth of raw heroin and rumored to be talking:

Thomas "Fats" Burnside, a major cocaine distributor in Harlem; Charles Ashley, who ran a major cutting factory on Manhattan's West Side; and Leonides Suarez, one of the top junk men in Chicago. In numbers, the big names increasingly were those of men like "Spanish Raymond" Marquez in Harlem.

But for the Syndicate, retreat from the day-to-day narcotics business did not mean total withdrawal; the Mob continued to bank-roll major narcotics shipments, which were then turned over to the new distributors. It was just this kind of deal that Eboli took to Gambino and the other leaders in the summer of 1971. One of Eboli's friends, and a sometime ally of the old Lucchese family, was a Bronx bagel baker named Louis Cirillo. As it happened, according to Federal authorities, Cirillo was also the largest narcotics wholesaler in the United States, the American representative of an international syndicate that had poured heroin with a street value of more than \$300,000,000 into the States from France. In need of cash to pay for one massive shipment, Cirillo turned to Eboli for financing. The cash he needed amounted to about \$4,000,000, too much for Eboli to swing on his own, so he cut Gambino and the other leaders in on the deal. All went well until one of the smugglers, a Paris interior decorator named Roger Preiss, turned Federal informant. His testimony earned Cirillo a 25-year prison term and cost the Mob its entire investment. Narcotics agents found more than \$1,000,000 cached around Cirillo's home and there were rumors that millions more had been buried for safekeeping. Gambino and the other leaders blamed Eboli for their loss and asked him to make good. He refused.

Eboli, early in the summer of 1972, seemed unaware that he had fallen from grace. But that fact was driven home with finality in the early-morning hours of July 16. His bodyguard-chauffeur, Joseph Sternfeld, had driven him from his newly purchased \$150,000 mansion near Fort Lee, New Jersey, to spend the evening in Brooklyn with one of several mistresses. As Eboli emerged from her home at one in the morning, somebody was waiting in a red-and-yellow van. That somebody put five slugs in his face and neck from a distance of five feet. Sternfeld insisted that although he was there, opening the Cadillac's rear door for Eboli, he hit the pavement at the sound of the first shot and never saw who was doing the shooting. That tale was greeted with considerable skepticism and a perjury indictment.

With Eboli dead, Gambino's friend Tieri was in command. "He's a real class guy," one Federal agent said, "a real money-maker, one of the classiest gangsters in the New York City area." Maybe. But the move to the top put Tieri out in the open and, within a year, grand juries



"George doesn't like me to go to bed with his friends, but he's never said anything about friends of friends."



had twice indicted him-for extortion and loan-sharking conspiracy.

All of which left Gambino securely on the throne of the Italian Syndicate, at least in New York: but Gambino and his family had not escaped the official heat. In 1970, a New York grand jury indicted his chief aide, underboss and rumored successor. Anniello Dellacroce. for refusing to testify about gangster infiltration of businesses. He got a year for that and. before the sentence was up, five more years were tacked on for income-tax evasion. With Dellacroce away, it looked for a time as though Joe Manfredi might be moving up; but in 1972, Federal agents got him for heroin conspiracy and put him away for 30 years.

As for Gambino himself, the aging ruler, now past 70, might still give the orders and make the plans, but probably not for long. He has been stripped of his citizenship and ordered deported to his native Sicily. It is unlikely that the order will ever be carried out; he has been in and out of the hospital with a deteriorating heart condition, which, doctors say, leaves him very little time. Most of his days now are spent in bed in the safety of his tightly guarded home on Long Island.

So, much of the old leadership of the Italian-dominated section of the Syndicate is at the moment of its last hurrah. The same is true elsewhere. Meyer Lansky, so long the shadowy puppeteer of organized crime, has not escaped the ravages of age nor avoided discovery. After years of intensifying probes of the Syndicate, Federal authorities finally realized that the Organization was not a private club open only to Italians. 210 Wherever they turned, they stumbled

across Lansky, not as a hanger-on or mere associate but as the man whose fertile brain generated the most imaginative ideas and through whom was channeled much of the Mob's cash flow. This was especially true with gambling, the base for all the Organization's rackets. Gambling provided 20 to 30 billion dollars a year, perhaps half the gross income, and much of this was funneled through Lansky to other rackets, into legitimate business for take-overs and out of the country into Swiss bank accounts. where the Mob's fortune is estimated to exceed \$300,000,000

So pervasive was Lansky's influence that by 1970, the Justice Department had set up a special 70-man strike force. number 18, concerned only with him; as one agent put it, to "learn where his money is and who his successors will be." Initially. Lansky showed little concern with this sudden attention. He and his wife. Thelma, settled into a luxurious apartment on Collins Avenue in Miami Beach and nightly he took long walks with his little dog, certain that his own men and friendly police would protect him from any dangers. Clandestinely, he worked to legalize gambling in the resort city-an effort that looked as though it would succeed until his role was revealed and a voter rebellion defeated the proposition.

In February 1970, Lansky suddenly disappeared from Miami Beach, turning up a few days later in Acapulco, in room 993 of the Acapulco Hilton, next door to Moses Polakoff, for decades the legal advisor to Lansky, Luciano and other top leaders. In town was a host of other American and Canadian racketeers. They had come, they explained, to bask

in the warm Mexican sun and play a little golf. It was merely a coincidence that they were there at the same time, just as it was only a coincidence that a few years earlier, many of the same men had turned up simultaneously at La Costa Country Club outside San Diego, the resort community that is home and headquarters of gambling giant Moe Dalitz.

In Acapulco, the mobsters did more than enjoy the climate. They also enjoyed the hospitality of Leo Berkovitch. an old racketeer who had settled in the Mexican resort some years before; and who should drop by the Berkovitch home on occasion but Chicago's Giancana, another recently arrived resident. According to reports, they talked about expansion of gambling in Latin America and in Europe, especially Yugoslavia. where Marshal Tito was being urged to turn the resort coast into another Monaco, and about mounting campaigns to legalize gambling throughout Canada and the United States.

When the meetings ended early in March, Lansky flew back to Miami. His absence had been noted; authorities were waiting for him and in his luggage they found a bottle of phenobarbital for which he had no prescription. The pills, he explained, were medication for his ulcers. While no Federal law had been violated, a Florida law had been and Lansky was arrested and tried for illegal possession. The trial was a farce and he was acquitted.

But the mere fact of the trial, combined with major efforts to nail him on other charges, had an effect on Lansky. Within weeks of his acquittal, he and his wife boarded a plane for Israel and settled into the Dan Hotel in Tel Aviv. He then announced that he was claiming Israeli citizenship under the Law of Return, which grants citizenship to anyone born of a Jewish mother. Through the years. Lansky had tried to ensure his welcome with massive donations to Israel, to hospitals, to the university and to other institutions there, and with investments in a number of industries. Now he offered to plow millions more into the state. He did not, however, abandon his old interests in the United States: a regular courier run was set up, with messengers arriving with money and reports and departing with orders.

Lansky, however, was an embarrassment to Israel, especially as his troubles in the United States mounted. In March 1971, a Federal grand jury in Miami subpoenaed him. He ignored the summons and a warrant for his arrest was issued. Two weeks later, the grand jury indicted him and his friends Morris Landsburgh and Sam Cohen, owners of Eden Roc and other Miami Beach hotels, for skimming \$14,000,000 from the Flamingo in Las Vegas (the amount was eventually raised to \$36,000,000). A year later, in June 1972, Lansky was indicted once

more, this time along with his gambling associate Dino Cellini, for income-tax evasion. On the basis of evidence supplied by Mafia informant Vincent "Fat Vinnie" Teresa, the Government charged that Lansky and Cellini were really the men behind Colony Sporting Club in London, ostensibly run by onetime movie star George Raft. The Government also claimed they had established Travel and Resorts Enterprises, Inc., in Miami to organize gambling junkets to the Colony and other foreign casinos.

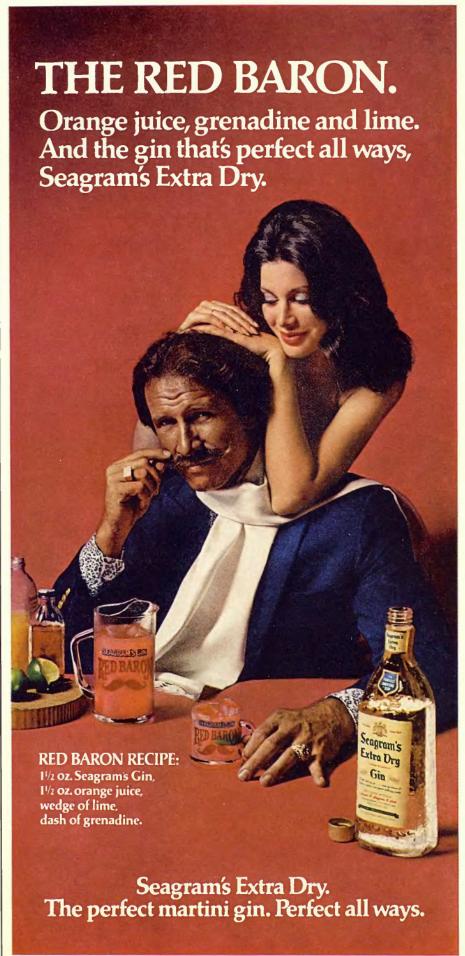
Lansky was not about to return to face the multiplying indictments. He stayed in Israel, seemingly relaxed, talking on occasion with visiting reporters and cultivating acquaintances in the American colony. Said one. "It seems that he is an avid buff of American history and, while he was not able to enter the American Cultural Center of the U.S. Embassy for fear of arrest, he asked me to take out books for him. That relationship had led me to speak with the man on several different occasions at great length. During one of our discussions, one of the facts that emerged was his desire to engage in acts of homosexuality, even though he was married."

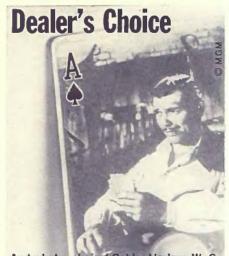
American authorities began pressing Israel for Lansky's expulsion and in 1972, the Israelis agreed to toss him out. But Lansky, citing the Law of Return, appealed all the way to the Israeli supreme court and his position won considerable backing from people who were determined that the Law of Return should remain inviolate. But the tide began to turn against him. Lansky offered \$1,000,000 to Israel if he were permitted to remain; the offer was rejected, the supreme court denied his appeal and he was ordered to leave.

On November 5, 1972, Lansky began his long voyage home, hoping that somewhere along the way, some country would accept his offer of a million-dollar contribution and grant him sanctuary. But after two days of jet travel that carried him from Tel Aviv to Switzerland to Buenos Aires and through South America, Lansky was back in Miami. There he was met and arrested by a small army of FBI agents, Treasury men and local police, and later released on bonds totaling \$650,000.

The Lansky who returned was not the Lansky who had departed more than two years before. Now he was an old and tired man past 70. He was also a very sick man, with a serious heart condition. Almost as soon as he was released, he checked into a hospital. In March 1973, his condition was critical enough to require open-heart surgery, and the Lansky who emerged was, physically at least, only a shadow of what he once had been.

And there were the charges pending against him. In June 1973, he was convicted and sentenced to a year and a day for refusing to answer the call of the





And what a choice! Gable, Harlow, W. C. Fields, Garbo, Grant, Astaire and many other greats of Hollywood. Take a cut of film history. Deal a round of nos-talgia. THAT'S ENTERTAINMENT is a standard size, durable plastic coated playing deck with 13 unforgettable scenes from the silver screen. A classic collection!

******** \$2.50 per deck; \$7.00 for three decks (California Residents Add 6% Sales Tax) Circle number of decks wanted 1 2 3 [

Address _

Apt

City_

State

Zip Enclose check or money order (no COD's). Mail to CREATIVE IMPRESSIONS Box 64217 L.A. Ca. 90064



FORSALE

All Back Issues of PLAYBOY

From first issue (Vol. 1, No. 1)

We also buy old Playboys, Playgirls, Penthouses, Gallery, Oui, National Lampoons atc. In excellent condition. Send list of what you have.

Clints Book Store, 3943-P Main, Kansas City, Mo. 64111



MICRO MINI MIKE
WIRELESS
Self contained, Picks up & transmits
slightest sound without wires up to
450 feet thru FM radio, Use as silent

and the time of the random use as single monitor, burg, alarm, music amplifier, intercom, baby sitter, hot line, etc. Compl. with batt, Money back guarantee. Bof A, M/C cds. or COD ok, Only \$14.95. Add 50¢ for pstge. & hdlg.

AMC Sales, Dept. P, Box 610, Downey Ca. 90241

IT'S ABOUT TIME! united-10 B Can Pull Our Nation Back Together

Send \$1.00 Learn How, Get Data, Gift, Help U.S. UNITED WEE / Box 82867 Lincoln, NE. 68501

PLAYBOY delivers the best. See page 45.

grand jury. A month later, he had a victory; a jury in Miami acquitted him of the income-tax-evasion charges. Ahead, however, still lies the often-postponed trial in Las Vegas for skimming and, when that is through, the Government promises to tie Lansky in legal knots for the rest of his life.

No matter the ultimate disposition of the legal tangles of Lansky, Gambino and other top mobsters, one thing is clear. They are old and sick men and they have little time left. But when they finally die, they will leave behind an organization or a group of cooperating organizations that, despite the severe pressures and successful inroads of the law, are still flourishing and, indeed, moving into new and even more lucrative businesses.

A natural target for Mob invasion has been pornography. In the early days, it promised more hassles than profits. It was a tiny business, mainly one of selling a few books and photographs under the counters of sleazy stores and peddling a few stag films for college-fraternity and social-club smokers. Unlike liquor, where even Prohibition could not kill public taste or demand, dirty books and films had never had more than a subterranean market. But several ambiguous Supreme Court decisions of the Sixties left local officials bewildered over just what, if anything, constituted pornography and what might have "redeeming social value." This meant that a long-suppressed commodity now had the virtues of being a forbidden fruit, technically illegal but difficult to prosecute, and in New York, Chicago, Los Angeles and other major cities, porno bookshops, peep shows and hard-core movies soon began to flourish on the edges of the law. The mobsters quickly saw the gold in paper and celluloid and moved in, and a lot of familiar names were soon bank-rolling the burgeoning porn industry. In the background, and sometimes even close to the front, were John Franzese, a captain in the Colombo family; Michael Zaffarano of the Evola family; Ettore Zappi, a nextdoor neighbor and close associate of Gambino's; and his son, Anthony Zappi, secretary-treasurer of a Long Island local of the Teamsters.

The racket was one that suited the Mob's needs. The business was high profit, quick turnover and strictly cash. A film might cost only \$100 or so to make but could be sold by the thousands for \$30 a reel; a deck of playing cards or a stack of photographs cost only a quarter or so to turn out but could be sold for five dollars; a publication costing less than 50 cents a copy to produce might sell for ten dollars. And this racket provided a means of hiding the income from other rackets merely by inflating the proceeds from the movie theaters and bookstores and the rest.

Only slightly less profitable has been cigarette bootlegging. It seemed a good idea back in 1964, when the U.S. Surgeon General started warning people about lung cancer, to give up cigarettes, to kill smoking by putting a heavy tax on the cigarettes; and if the smokers persisted, at least the states would have a new and vast source of revenue. That, at least, was the reasoning, particularly in the Northeast, where New York and other states began doubling the tax, By 1974, tax in New York City, for instance, had reached 26 cents a pack; which meant that the price of a pack was 60 cents or more, or over five dollars a carton.

But in North Carolina, the producing center, there was no state tax on cigarettes until 1969. It was a situation made to order for the Mob: Buy cigarettes by the truckload in North Carolina at two dollars or less a carton, haul them to New York by the back roads, there stock them in Mob-controlled warehouses, add counterfeit tax stamps and then peddle them cut-rate through such Mob-controlled outlets as Eboli's Trayan, Inc. With the average price of a carton \$3.99 from the Mob, there were plenty of customers

Despite stepped-up efforts by police, leading to dozens of arrests and the seizure of millions of untaxed bootleg butts, the business still rolls along, New York officials now estimate that as many as 400,000,000 packs of cigarettes, between a third and a half of all the cigarettes sold in the New York metropolitan area, are bootlegged. The cost to the city and the state: \$85,000,000 annually in lost taxes. The greatest danger for the bootleggers, it's turned out, is the same that was faced by Prohibition rumrunners-hijacking by rival mobs. But even that danger has receded since the Organization entrenched itself in the business and forced out most of the independents. And, as states across the country have followed the Eastern example in boosting cigarette taxes, the butt bootleggers have only expanded their operations nationwide.

In the main, though, pornography, cigarette bootlegging, even the infiltration of the entertainment business (through payola and control of night clubs, music publishing and bookings), are variations on the old-time rackets, using the same techniques and even some of the same personnel.

There are, however, other and more modern rackets that have tended to clude the old-time mobsters with their limited knowledge and sophistication. That violent breed is dying off and a new kind of gangster is now moving into power. Some are the sons and relatives of the old leaders; others have names that now mean nothing to law-enforcement agencies or the public. Some, like DiLorenzo, have gone to jail, but many have never held a gun, knocked over a

store, committed a violent crime or seen the inside of a cell. Almost all, like Puzo's fictionalized Michael Corleone, are American-born, raised in the middle class, often college educated and versed in modern business techniques. In speech, manner and outward appearance, they are indistinguishable from the sons of the respectable: they could be, and sometimes are, young lawyers, bankers, stockbrokers and junior executives climbing the ladder of corporate success. They leave a suburban home in the morning and commute to the office of a legitimate business. But that office is a front behind which they engage in highly sophisticated crime. Without them, it is doubtful that the plundering of the country's and the world's financial and investment markets over the past decade could have been contemplated or carried out so successfully.

Wall Street money has always appealed to the underworld. But Wall Street has always been the stronghold of the very rich, who might buy bootleg Scotch and visit casinos on vacation but, the mobsters were certain, would never do real business with racketeers. Except for a few bucket-shop operations designed to bilk gullible investors, Wall Street remained virgin territory. It took the new, young and sophisticated racketeers to deflower it. By the mid-Sixties, they had taught the entrenched rulers of the Organization that Wall Street cash was of little immediate importance. The real treasure was those pieces of parchment with the fancy engraved lettering-stock certificates, bonds, letters of credit, certificates of deposit and all the rest.

Securities, after all, could be used as collateral for large bank loans, thereby providing legitimate and tax-deductible funds for corporate take-overs or for countless other purposes. Thus, the \$195,000 loan obtained by one Charles L. Lewis of Atlanta from Charles "Bebe" Rebozo's Key Biscayne Bank in 1968, using 900 shares of IBM stock as collateral. When Rebozo went to sell the stock, it turned out to have been stolen. Indicted later for the theft were two Lansky gambling associates, Gilbert "The Brain" Beckley and Anthony "Fat Tony" Salerno, a New York hood, strong-arm man and major loan shark.

Securities, of course, can also provide the perfect cover for laundering cash deposited in Swiss banks, serving as collateral for obtaining that money in the form of loans. Or, by lending the securities to a financially desperate company, which can then use them to inflate its balance sheet and so lure new investment capital, the mobsters opened new doors to the executive suite.

As for acquiring securities, this was fairly simple. One way was to counterfeit them, and the Mob had plenty of engravers, sources of good paper and expert printers, some of whom got their



"You know women—they cry when they're happy."

experience turning out ration stamps during World War Two. Another, and perhaps easier way, was simply to steal them. It was not necessary to hold up a stock messenger. The denizens of Wall Street were just as corruptible as businessmen and politicians uptown, and by the late Sixties, loan sharks-not the venomous kind that infest the waterfront but an outwardly more genteel crew-were swarming through the financial district. getting brokerage-house clerks into their debt and their clutches. Given the option of a beating, financial or physical, or a little certificate looting. most chose the latter, and under the tutelage of the new mobsters, the recruited clerks learned how to steal with considerable sophistication.

The clerks were taught not only how to purloin stock certificates but also how to destroy the microfilm records of such stocks and bonds in their brokerage houses. Gerald Martin Zelmanowitz, a Mob courier and front man in the stock racket who later turned FBI informant, declared that at one point, Mob-controlled clerks made away with more than \$1,000,000 worth of securities from Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Smith, the nation's largest brokerage firm, and simultaneously destroyed the microfilms. Even when Merrill Lynch discovered that stock was missing, it couldn't determine which stock.

The low-paid clerks were not the only ones to fall into the Organization's web. In order to put stolen securities to use, to move them from the United States to Europe, it is necessary to fill out Internal Revenue forms showing prior ownership, the date the stock was sold and to whom and the price paid. If the transfer is made from an American owner to a foreigner, a tax of 18 percent is assessed. Circumventing all this was no problem. "I have," Zelmanowitz told a Senate subcommittee, "at various times received as much as 3000 such certificates under probably 20 different names and

have received the signature guarantees from commercial banks or blank certificates with no amount of securities, no purchase price, no date of purchase entered upon them."

Wherever he turned, Zelmanowitzand others working the same fieldfound willing collaborators. On his payroll, he said, at \$1000 a week were agents of the Internal Revenue Service who falsified documents for him. He had allies at First National City Bank and Chase Manhattan Bank, the country's second and third largest banks (after California's Bank of America), and all it cost him was an occasional \$50 or \$100 to "induce a bank vice-president to guarantee in blank any name you so desire to place on these certificates." The brokerage houses, too, assisted the Mob with the necessary forms, even helped trade the securities on the market. Executives at Hayden, Stone, at Bache and Co., at Eastman, Dillon and many others, according to Zelmanowitz, "close their eyes to the fact that we would engage in a

criminal activity. The inducement of great commissions being paid to them seems to have been the only motivating factor."

The vast bulk of the stolen and counterfeit securities eventually find their way across the Atlantic, where they form one of the bases for laundering funds from other rackets for return to America. "Banks in Basel, Geneva and Lausanne as well as brokerage firms and banks in Belgium were necessary for our manipulations," Zelmanowitz has said.

No one is certain just how much loot the Mob has stolen from the securities market. By the early Seventies, known thefts were running to more than \$45,000,000 annually; but the judgment of the experts is that this is a fraction of the total. A confidential report by investigators to Senator John McClellan and his committee estimates that there may be more than 25 billion dollars in stolen and counterfeit securities floating around the country and the world today; in public testimony, the amount was esti-

mated at 50 billion dollars. That amount would have the potential to shake the financial stability of more than a few countries.

The new brains in the Syndicate are, as shown by the invasion of the securities market, experts in the use of the most vital of modern business tools, the computer. One area of computer readouts that has been studied with great diligence is demography. The American middle class continues to shift West and South, from cities to suburbs, settling more and more in areas combining residence with leisure activities such as golf, boating, tennis and other recreation.

Where the population has flowed, the Mob has been right alongside, and often in front, paving the way. Tipped off by hirelings on the public payrolls, the Mob has often bought land early and cheaply and then either developed it itself or sold it to other developers at vastly inflated prices. It was Mob money, usually well concealed, that bought the land and financed the hotels along the Miami Beach Gold Coast and in Las Vegas, that financed the welter of condominiums that have sprung up in the Florida Everglades, the deserts of the Southwest, in Palm Springs and all across Southern California. It was the Mob, anticipating the future long before most Americans, that went on a landbuying spree in Valdez, Alaska. As it happens, that land at the water's edge is the site where the terminal of the Trans-Alaska pipeline will eventually be built.

On the face of it, much Mob investment seems legitimate. But soon zoning regulations are changed through bribes, scarce materials become available at cut prices, cheap and often nonunion labor is put to work. Even when the results are up to standard, the profit advantage far exceeds anything legitimate contractors can expect to make. And the underworld, if it so desires, can get away with shoddy workmanship that paid-off inspectors will pass and that buyers won't notice until long after they've moved in.

Big deals in real estate and building, of course, take a lot of money up front, and that is one thing the Syndicate does not lack. It has almost unlimited funds, from its own clandestine accounts and from the accounts of its old and traditional labor-union partners, especially the Teamsters. It was Teamster money guided by the Syndicate that financed Miami Beach hotels and Las Vegas casinos, condominiums in the Everglades and Palm Springs and numerous shopping centers and industrial parks in the Southwest. The money to purchase the swank Savannah Inn and Country Club in Savannah, Georgia, and the \$6,000,000 that went into its improvement came from the 1.4-billion-dollar Teamsters Central States, Southeast and Southwest Areas Pension Fund, a fund into which



"Have you been siphoning gas, Steve?"

Teamster members were feeding \$14 a week. Once the Teamsters had control of the club, the man chosen to administer it was Louis Rosanova. He was listed by Senate investigators as one of the top Chicago mobsters and has been indicted for mail fraud. For a time, he ran the Riverwoods Country Club outside Chicago, which he turned into the Midwest's favorite golf course for gangsters. Under Rosanova's direction, then, both Riverwoods and the Savannah Inn became favorite Mob resorts, which may not be exactly what reputable pension-fund advisors would consider safe places to invest retirement and welfare funds.

But then, gangster haunts have long been pet investments for the Teamsters. The union's pension fund has plowed more than \$40,000,000 into Southern California real estate, and among its choicer stakes has been Dalitz' La Costa. According to Federal investigators, La Costa has become the major rest-andrecuperation center for top mobsters from all across the country, the center for major meetings and the stopping-off place for hoods on the run. Others, too, have enjoyed the comfort and privacy of La Costa, including high officials in the Nixon Administration, who gathered there during the planning stages of the

1972 Presidential campaign.

Ralph Salerno, a former New York City detective and Mob specialist, once said, "Organized crime will put a man in the White House someday and he won't even know it until they hand him the bill." That time may not yet have arrived, but the alliance between the Syndicate and the Teamsters also involves some ties to the Oval Office. Whatever their record, the Teamsters are still the nation's largest and perhaps most powerful labor union. With their passionate hatred of the Kennedys, who toppled Teamster presidents Dave Beck and Jimmy Hoffa, the Teamster bosses were the natural font of labor support for Richard Nixon. Nor has Nixon been chary about cultivating that support.

By the middle of 1971, aside from some of the hard-hat construction workers, Nixon had no firmer friends in the union movement than the Teamsters and their new president, Frank Fitzsimmons. That June, Nixon turned up at a Teamster-executive-board meeting at the Playboy Plaza in Miami Beach, sat down next to Fitzsimmons and then, behind closed doors, wooed and was wooed by the labor leaders. Afterward, Nixon enthused, "My door is always open to President Fitzsimmons and that is the way it should be." Fitzsimmons was just as enthusiastic about his new friend.

Just how wide open Nixon's door was, and the price he paid for Teamster support, became increasingly apparent.

· For instance: Dave Beck was out of prison, but he owed the Government \$1,300,000 in back taxes, and a court order gave the Treasury Department the right to seize all Beck's assets to satisfy that debt. But then Nixon's Secretary of the Treasury, John B. Connally, approved a plan to grant Beck a moratorium on payment of that debt.

· For instance: Teamster racketeer Daniel F. Gagliardi, a long and close associate of most of New York's major hoods. was under investigation by the Justice Department for extortion, and his indictment was reported to be imminent. Gagliardi appealed directly to the White House for help so that he could be "gotten off the hook." The matter came before White House special counsel Charles W. Colson, who sent a memo to one of his aides, "Watch for this, Do all possible," with "all" underlined. Within weeks, the Justice Department dropped its investigation of Gagliardi, though the prosecutors denied that they had been subjected to any White House pressure.

· For instance: By the fall of 1970. Hoffa had served three years of his 13year prison sentence. He had already applied for parole and his application had been rejected by the United States Parole Board, which would also reject two further such applications. But in the White House there was Nixon confidant and close advisor John D. Ehrlichman, who was talking with aides about the possibility of Executive clemency for Hoffa. And two other high Administration voices soon were being raised in support of freedom for Hoffa-those of Attorney General Mitchell and Colson (when Colson resigned from his White House post to join a Washington law firm. Fitzsimmons handed Teamster legal affairs to that firm). Just before Christmas 1971, six months after his love fest with Fitzsimmons, a few months after Hoffa's third parole bid had been denied and just as the 1972 Presidential campaign was about to begin, Nixon announced that he was freeing Hoffa with a Presidential order of commutation.

Hoffa was justly grateful: "I would say President Nixon is the best-qualified man at the present time for the Presidency of the United States." Fitzsimmons and other Teamster officials shared Hoffa's view. Indeed, so enthusiastic was Fitzsimmons that when all the other labor-union members of the President's Pay Board quit in protest against the Administration's anti-inflation economic policies, Fitzsimmons alone remained. During the campaign, he served as a vice-chairman of Democrats for Nixon, threw the union's support solidly behind the President-the first time the Teamsters had ever backed a Republican Presidential candidate-and told all Teamster leaders to contribute generously to that campaign. There are estimates that more than \$250,000 was raised this way.

As Nixon's second term began, there

signature .

Send check or money order or use your credit card. we pay postage. Retail Sales 10-4, Mon. thru Fri

330 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y. 10001

Knual Ureations.



was no sign that the love affair had cooled off. The Justice Department decided not to prosecute Fitzsimmons' son Richard, a Detroit Teamster official, on charges growing out of alleged illegal use of a union credit card. Said one Federal attorney, "I wouldn't blame the press or the public for being skeptical about why the Justice Department decided not to prosecute."

Nixon and Fitzsimmons remained in frequent communication. In February 1973, the Teamster boss was in the West, ostensibly to play a little golf in the Bob Hope Desert Classic. When the tournament ended, he drove to El Toro Marine Air Station to meet the President, who had been vacationing at San Clemente. The two men boarded Air Force One for

a flight back to Washington.

Watching Fitzsimmons and Nixon that morning, a California investigator shook his head in dismay. "I can stand crooks," he said, "but it bothers the hell out of me when a guy meets with mobsters and then with the President." For in the days prior to the flight, in addition to playing golf, Fitzsimmons had attended a number of interesting meetings. At the Mission Hills Country Club and the Ambassador Hotel in Palm Springs, and then at La Costa, he had been joined in long and secret conversation by a host of California mobsters, including Sam Sciortino, Peter Milano, Joe Lamandri and Lloyd Pitzer, and a crew from Chicago that included Accardo, Marshall Caifano, Charles Greller and Lou Rosanova. At Fitzsimmons' side during all these meetings was Allen M. Dorfman, the union's pension-fund advisor, himself then under indictment for obtaining a \$55,000 kickback on a pension-fund loan to a North Carolina textile manufacturer (for which he was later convicted and sentenced to a year in prison).

According to informants, the main subject of discussion at Palm Springs and La Costa was Teamster health, dental and legal plans under which union members would be provided services by specialists, with the pension fund picking up the tab. The participation of Syndicate leaders in those meetings made Federal investigators suspect that another pension-fund raid was in progress, and wire taps and informers began to confirm this. Just how it would be accomplished was simple. The specialists given contracts to service union members would pay a ten percent "commission," or kickback, According to a Federal informant, the details of that kickback arrangement were discussed at length and a plan was approved to funnel the payments through a Mob-controlled Los Angeles firm called People's Industrial Consultants.

As the role of that company became clear, court-ordered wire taps were placed on its phones. Then the investiga-216 tion came to a sudden halt. The Justice

Department rejected a request to continue the wire taps after the courtapproved 40-day period had expired. According to reports, that request was denied after then-acting FBI director L. Patrick Gray III wrote a memo saying that the information emerging was potentially damaging and certainly embarrassing to the Teamsters and Fitzsimmons.

The whole thing of the Teamsters and the Mob and the White House," said one FBI agent involved in the investigation, "is one of the scariest things I've ever seen. It has demoralized the bureau. We don't know what to expect out of the Justice Department."

Organized crime has traveled a long way from the sleazy beginnings in the ghettos and back alleys of the nation's cities a century ago. It may be stronger today and more pernicious than ever, its influence reaching into every corner of the country and beyond its borders.

Wars against the Syndicate, mounted regularly and with increasing vigor, have had only partial success. In recent years, they may have helped decimate the top command, but then, much of that command was aging anyway and would soon depart. Some of the campaigns have paid dividends. The Mob, for instance, has backed away from narcotics, though that racket is being taken over by newer and newly organized minority gangs.

Far less successful has been the drive on the major sources of Syndicate wealth-gambling and loan-sharking. It is no easy task to persuade most people that the dollar or two bet with a neighborhood bookie or policy operator, the chips tossed across the casino table, the dimes and quarters dropped into the slot machines or even the usurious interest charged by Shylocks mount up to billions that flow into the Syndicate coffers-and that this cash provides the leverage for infiltrating industries, and that such take-overs are inevitably followed by higher prices for goods and services. Even such efforts to circumvent the underworld as legal off-track horse betting and state-operated lotteries (as New York's Governor Malcolm Wilson proposed in January 1974), or legal policy games, can have only limited success. The Mob still gives credit, after all, and still operates on every block; and it is not easy to persuade people to stop doing business at the old stand with the old faces, especially since those old faces don't keep records of winners for the Internal Revenue Service.

It is no longer enough to say, as the experts have for so long, that organized crime will continue to grow and prosper until the people are informed, aroused and demand its elimination. The people are, or certainly should be by now, informed. Despite all that information, and except in sporadic and isolated instances, there are few indications that the people are aroused. Maybe it's just a deep sense of frustration and the inability to see where or how to launch an attack that will end in victory. The underworld, that distorted mirror image of the corporate overworld, has become so complex, sophisticated and vast, stretching across the whole of society, that to many it seems impossible to do anything but chip away at the edges.

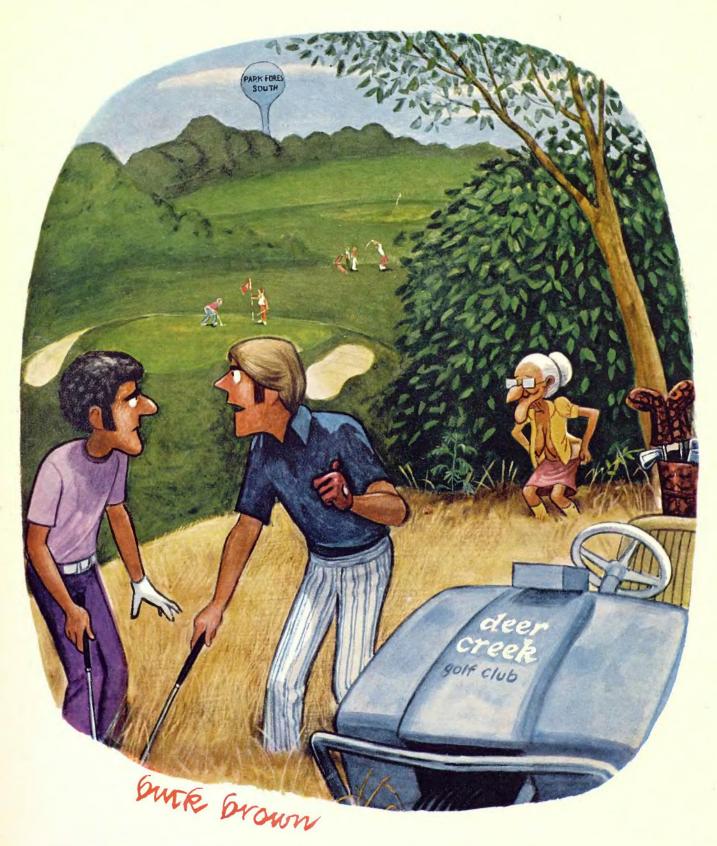
Perhaps the one necessary ingredient in any successful campaign against the underworld is the existence of a moral climate that will no longer tolerate corruption. But the moral tone of a society is set by its leaders, in politics, business and labor. The corporate society today is ruled by men like those at I.T.&T. or the oil companies who see nothing wrong in fomenting revolutions against foreign governments of which they disapprove, who think it good business to buy and sell politicians like used stock cars. The union movement, too, has as leaders men like Hoffa and Fitzsimmons, dedicated to increasing their own power at any cost to the country and their followers.

And then there's the political establishment. The brunt of the battle against. organized crime must necessarily be borne by the armies of the Justice Department and the FBI. From the heady and euphoric days of Robert Kennedy's rule, when ambitious young idealists were striking out, often recklessly and prematurely but with a moral certainty in their cause, there has been a steady erosion of integrity to the point where, today, the climate for the success of the Syndicate has unquestionably improved, The forces of law and order have been demoralized and enfeebled by the scandals surrounding John Mitchell and Pat Gray, by the slaughter of Elliot Richardson and Archibald Cox.

At the White House itself, the moral climate has been epitomized by Watergate and the wheelings and dealings, the manipulations and deceptions, the arrogance and amorality of the Ehrlichmans, Haldemans, Colsons, Deans, Liddys and Hunts. And of the Vice-President, Spiro T. Agnew, forced from office and branded a felon for payoffs and boodling that were so blatant they might have shamed even a Boss Tweed or a Jimmy Hines.

And the President himself. Someone once said that above all else, the one thing a President has to offer the nation is moral leadership. But the moral leadership and the moral tone set by Richard Nixon have been such that he found himself compelled to tell his nation. "I am not a crook.'

This is the 12th and last in a series of articles on organized crime in the United States. The series will be published in October as a Playboy Press book. "Playboy's Illustrated History of Organized Crime."



"I asked what she was doing out here, and she says she's looking for a ball, too."

PLAYBOY

READER SERVICE

Write to Playboy Reader Service for answers to your shopping questions. We will provide you with the name of a retail store in or near your city where you can buy any of the specialized items advertised or editorially featured in PLAYBOY. For example, where-to-buy information is available for the merchandise of the advertisers in this issue listed below.

Audi Fox Auto 46	Man & V
Bankers Life	Card
Card Between 32-33	Marantz
Bell & Howell	Comp
Card Between 24-25	Minolta
Columbia	Pioneer
Card Between 16-17	Playboy
Datsim Auto	Card
Harley-Davidson	Playboy
Motoreveles 207	Card
Hitachi Cassette	Porsche
Recorder 159	Superse
JS&A Calculators 61	Triumpl

Man & Woman
Card Between 174-175
Marantz Hi Fidelity
Components 2
Minolta Cameras 6
Pioneer Electronics 51
Playboy Book Club
Card Between 202-203
Playboy Club
Card Between 186-187
Porsche Targa Auto 29
Superscope Electronics
Trumph Auto

Use these lines for information about other featured merchandise.

We will be happy to answer any of your other questions on fashion, travel, food and drink, stereo, etc. If your question involves items you saw in PLAYBOY, please specify page number and issue of the magazine as well as a brief description of the items when you write.

PLAYBOY READER SERVICE

Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Ave, Chicago, Illinois 60611

SEND PLAYBOY EVERY MONTH



3	yrs.	for	\$24	(Save	\$15.00	1
1	vr	for	\$10	(Save	\$3.00)	

1 yr. 10r >10 (Save >3.00

payment	enclosed	bill	1

T	0:		

	_	_	_	
nan	1c			

(please print)

address

city

state zip code no.

Mail to PLAYBOY

Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Ave. Chicago, Illinois 60611

7412

NEXT MONTH:



ERICH VON DANIKEN, CONTROVERSIAL AUTHOR OF CHARIOTS OF THE GODS? AND IN SEARCH OF ANCIENT ASTRONAUTS, DE-FENDS HIS THEORIES OF EXTRATERRESTRIAL VISITORS IN A TIMELY PLAYBOY INTERVIEW

"INSTANT WARHOL"—THE PATRIARCH OF POP ART PROVES ANDY'S HANDY WITH A POLAROID, TOO, AS HE PHOTOGRAPHS SOME OF HIS FILM STARS

"VENUS OR THE VIRGIN?"—IN THIS TALE, AN AMERICAN REPORTER FINDS AN ITALY WHERE RIOTS, SKEPTICS, MADMEN AND MIRACLES ARE EQUALLY POSSIBLE—BY SEAN O'FAOLAIN

"COWARD'S ALMANAC"—AND WHAT'S YOUR INSURANCE COM-PANY, PAL? A MAD BATCH OF PHOBIAS, SOME OF WHICH MAY NOT HAVE AFFLICTED YOU BEFORE—BY MARVIN KITMAN

"THE HARD HEARTS"—SIX TOUGH MEN FOR THE SAVAGE SEVENTIES. HERE'S A HINT: ONE IS A NEW YORK CRITIC AND ANOTHER IS A BASEBALL-TEAM OWNER

"BROWN SUGAR"—AN INTIMATE WORDS-AND-PICTURES PORTRAIT OF ROCK SINGER CLAUDIA LENNEAR

"PLAYBOY'S PRO FOOTBALL PREVIEW"—GENTLEMEN, PLACE YOUR BETS! ONCE AGAIN OUR FEARLESS PROGNOSTICATOR LAYS HIS REPUTATION ON THE LINE—BY ANSON MOUNT

"SINGING NEW BLUES FOR OUR LADIES"—THE POLICE HAVE A FEW WORDS FOR WOMEN IN TROUBLE, NONE OF THEM COM-PLIMENTARY. AN INSIGHTFUL REPORT—BY JAMES MC KINLEY

"BAND"—A BUNCH OF HEAVILY ARMED, DRUG-MANGLED TEXAS MUSICIAN-BANDITS SET OUT TO WIN THE WEST AGAIN . . . BETWEEN GIGS—BY LAURENCE GONZALES

"THOREAU NEVER MENTIONED THE GODDAMN IN-SECTS!"—SAGE ADVICE TO CITY SLICKERS: NEVER BUY PROP-ERTY IN MAINE AFTER A SNOWSTORM—BY JIM HOUGAN

"THE CONQUEST OF THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT"— WHY WOULD ANYBODY BLAST FOOTHOLDS IN AN OBELISK? BE-CAUSE IT'S THERE, STUPID! A WRY FANTASY—BY STAN DRYER

"THE ATMOSPHERE PEOPLE"—THEY NEVER GET BILLING, BUT OTIS AND HIS FRIENDS HAVE NO REGRETS. A CLOSE-UP OF HOLLYWOOD EXTRAS—BY WILLIAM MURRAY

TMSton

Vinsto

Winston

CRUSH PROOF BOX

FULL-RICH TOBACC AVO

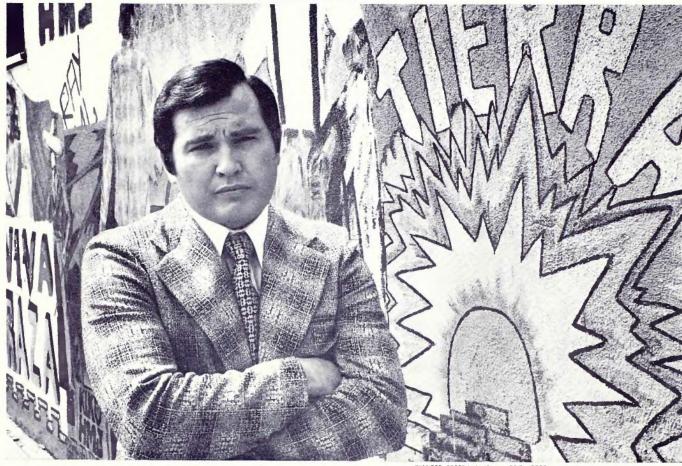
tastes good like a cigarette should.

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

20 mg."tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAR. 74.

DEWAR'S PROFILES

(Pronounced Do-ers "White Label")



BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY . 86.8 PRODF . @SCHENLEY IMPORTS CO., N. Y., N. Y.

DANNY VILLANUEVA

HOME: Los Angeles, California

AGE: 35

PROFESSION: Vice President of Spanish International Broadcasting Network

HOBBIES: Talking with his people, helping with scholarship fund-raising events, organizing sandlot ballgames (he formerly played with the L.A. Rams and Dallas Cowboys).

LAST BOOK READ: "The Ethnic Factor"

LAST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Headed a team of newsmen who made history by filming the first scenes of a skyjacking in progress on a plane, which ended without violence.

QUOTE: "Remove 'can't', 'won't' and 'shouldn't' from your vocabulary when they restrict attainment. Persevere if you truly believe your cause is just."

PROFILE: Proud. Courageous. Committed. Speaks out firmly and often for equality of opportunity for Mexican Americans.

SCOTCH: Dewar's "White Label"



Authentic. There are more than a thousand ways to blend whiskies in Scotland, but few are authentic enough for Dewar's "White Label." The quality standards we set down in 1846 have never varied. Into each drop go only the finest whiskies from the Highlands, the Lowlands, the Hebrides.

Dewar's never varies.