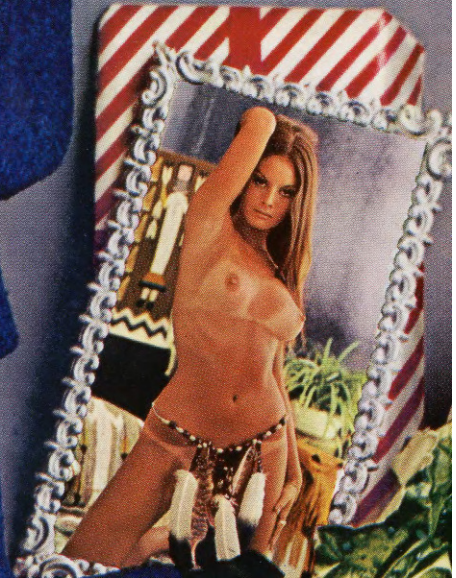


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HOLIDAY ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

FEATURING JOHN CHEEVER • SEAN O'FAOLAIN • GERMAINE GREER WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY, JR. ART BUCHWALD • CALVIN TRILLIN • HERBERT GOLD
PLAYBOY INTERVIEWS CARROLL O'CONNOR • JACK PALANCE, BRIG. GENERAL ROBIN OLDS, DR. DENTON COOLEY, KARL WALLEND AND OTHERS ON "FEAR" BEGINNING A NEW NOVEL BY GEORGE ("THE FRIENDS OF EDDIE COYLE") HIGGINS
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HIGGINS

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BUCKLEY

PLAYBILL SOON AFTER its publication some 11 months ago, a slim thriller about a bunch of small-time Boston hoods, *The Friends of Eddie Coyle*, was being called "the sleeper of the year" and had been purchased by Paramount for 1973 screen release. Its author, first-time novelist George V. Higgins, had a finely tuned ear for dialog and a chilling insight into the life style of the second-echelon crook. That figured: Higgins is Assistant U. S. Attorney for the District of Massachusetts—a full-

time Federal prosecutor who hits the typewriter nights and weekends. He made up his mind to enter Boston College law school some nine years ago when, after covering the state courthouse as a reporter in Springfield, Massachusetts, he decided trial lawyers were having more fun than he was. "I like trying cases—bank-robbery, extortion, fraud, counterfeiting, hijacking, fence, gun-control cases—but I still like writing," Higgins told us after we sewed up the serialization rights to his second book, *The Digger's Game* (to be published by Alfred A. Knopf in March). In this issue, you'll find the first of three installments of the adventures of Digger Doherty, an improper Bostonian who runs a bar (both are pictured by artist Warren Linn), has a side line in burglary and is his own worst enemy. We think you'll find Digger even more entertaining than Eddie; you may see him on film, too, since Higgins is busy drafting a screenplay.

That's just for openers. Next, William F. Buckley, Jr., views with consummately stylish alarm the President's trip to Peking (on which W. F. B. was an improbable fellow traveler) in *To China with Nixon*, which will be enjoyed by Buckley connoisseurs who liked his most recent book, *Inveighing We Will Go*. Germaine Greer's style may not be as genteel as Buckley's; for one thing, she sometimes uses rather earthy terminology—a penchant that will set her back \$40 in court costs or a spell in the pokey if she ever returns to New Zealand, where she was convicted of using obscene language in a meeting at Auckland University last March. But however she chooses to express herself, Ms. Greer is an articulate and intelligent spokesman (-woman? -person?) for women's rights; with this month's *Seduction Is a Four-Letter Word*, she scores telling points in an argument that may be new to our readers—at least to the majority who are male. Writing from England, where she's lecturing, working on a book and, she says, "getting drunk too often," she tells us she hasn't been seduced herself in a long time. "I'm busy being a father to a new baby who's come to live in my house," she says without further explanation.

PLAYBOY Staff Writer Craig Vetter refuses to wear any of the fashionable crowns of thorns in *Confessions of a Lettuce Eater*. "I got tired of listening to 89,000 conflicting voices, each trying to bury us in guilt with all this pressure for 'relevant' jobs, 'deeply meaningful' relationships, 'responsible' citizenship." As reported last month, Vetter has found a way to handle it; he's moved from Chicago to South Laguna Beach, California. Although he's churning out work at a greater rate than ever before, he admits "I'm also getting into being a beach bum pretty well." At the other end of the country, in Ossining, New York—where he's teaching writing to inmates at Sing Sing—lives one of America's most distinguished writers, John Cheever. "I mostly lead a reclusive, uneventful life, writing, walking dogs and splitting wood," Cheever says. "A collection of my stories, called *The World of Apples*, will come out this year, including the three in January's PLAYBOY [*Triad: The Widow, The Passenger, The Belly*]."

There's still more outstanding fiction this month. The peripatetic Paul Theroux, whose letters—and PLAYBOY contributions—in recent years have been postmarked from such exotic spots as Malawi and Malaysia, is now living in Charlottesville, Virginia, where he's writer in residence at the University of Virginia. Next, he says, "I'll probably shamle back to England, where I have just bought a house." His offering herein, *Dessert at the Belvedere*, will be part of *Saint Jack*, a novel-memoir of a middle-aged Singapore pimp to be published soon by Houghton Mifflin. "Many happy hours over a period of three years," reports Theroux, "were spent researching this rewarding subject."

Another tale comes from Sean O'Faolain, who is a winner for the second year running in PLAYBOY's annual writing-awards competition. Reading an O'Faolain piece is so pleasurable and effortless that one fails to realize the pains that must go into it. O'Faolain's latest message tells us mournfully: "Here I am, all alone, quietly sitting at my desk in my study, supposed to be working on the opening sentence of a short story. The date on top of the first page of said story is 20 days ago. It reads, so far as I can make out: 'He had been stalking her now' (*now* crossed out) 'for over' (*over* crossed out and changed to *about*) 'six' (*six* crossed out and changed to *three*, which was crossed out and changed to *two*) 'months, and not' (*not* crossed out and changed to *so*, which was crossed out and changed to *far*)

'far from concealing' (*far from concealing* crossed out and then restored by a wavy red line) 'her pleasure in his' . . . 'Flirtation?' (crossed out) 'Game?' (crossed out). My magnifying glass cannot decipher what was next proposed. Crumpet? Rompe? Gompe? Gasmé? Gas meter? Pleasure in his gas meter? Oh, well!" We're still awaiting the outcome. Meanwhile, have a go at O'Faolain's latest completed story, *The Inside Outside Complex*. The Ireland O'Faolain writes about is far different from the besieged city of



GREER



VETTER



CHEEVER



THEROUX



O'FAOLAIN



FITZPATRICK



NEELY



BRAGG



GOLD

Belfast, through which Tom Fitzpatrick guides us in *And So It Goes*. Fitz, a *Chicago Sun-Times* columnist and 1970 Pulitzer Prize winner, describes himself as "fallen-away Catholic shanty Irish." A collection of his columns, *Fitz: All Together Now*, is just out.

On the level of horror films and roller-coaster rides, fear is a titillating emotion. But to those who deal with real fear daily, it's a deadly serious matter. William Neely rounded up six such—flying ace and Air Force General Robin Olds; cardiac surgeon Denton Cooley, M.D.; oil-well-fire capper Red Adair; black civil rights activist Aaron Henry; actor Jack Palance; and circus aerialist Karl Wallenda, interviewed just before his September fall from the high wire—to tell how it is for them in *Fear*. Neely, a former race-car driver who wrote our May 1972 article on Craig Breedlove, confesses that his own biggest fear is not of death but of failure to succeed as a free-lance writer. "I was in corporate public relations for five years and I never want to have to go back to that. I'd rather farm." He could; he lives on a 167-acre cattle spread in West Virginia. We asked Los Angeles artist Charles Bragg why he made death a gnome in his stunning *The Forces of Death and the Forces of Life*. "Death to me isn't ominous—just an ever-present pain in the ass," he replied. "By making him a gnome, I reduce him to something I can handle. I have to look at life as a gigantic joke; otherwise, I couldn't get through it every day."

San Franciscan Herbert Gold writes that it's possible to have *Candy-Coated Nightmares in Nirvana by the Bay*. Gold—another 1972 PLAYBOY writing-award winner—is celebrating publication of *My Last Two Thousand Years*, an autobiography about "being a writer and a Jew in America" (and, he adds, "wondering why Anthony Quinn isn't playing me in a movie version"). Well, it's one thing, says Ralph Keyes, to grow up a Jew; it's quite another

to grow up "half Jewish and half WASP. I've been hurting for a deviant identity. Finally I've found it in the struggle against heightism"—feistily outlined in *Runts Lib*.

Despite his stature, which he has recorded at 5'7.62", Keyes likes to play basketball. This issue, as it happens, is replete with jocks of one kind or another: an outrageously campy wrestler, even more outrageously portrayed in *Gorgeous George, M.D.*, by Richard Smith; world-champion pool player Steve Mizerak, profiled by our newest Staff Writer, Laurence Gonzales—himself a daily player who's no slouch with the cue; LeRoy Neiman, artist and training-camp follower *extraordinaire*, who limns the Super Bowl in *Man at His Leisure* (complemented, suitably, by *Whiskey in the Kitchen* cookbook author Emanuel Greenberg's punch recipes in *Pro Bowls!*, which is illustrated by Robert von Neumann's ceramic sculpture); and tennis fanatic Art Buchwald, more renowned (though one would never guess it from reading *Advantage, God*) as a political satirist and syndicated columnist. Smith, a technical writer for IBM in New York, tells us straight-facely that on his own time he's compiling "an illustrated history of chemical laundering in the United States from July 1930 to the present." You may believe that if you wish. Gonzales claims, more credibly, to be working on two novels and a volume of poetry. Neiman has been showing up with regularity as a guest/commentator on sports telecasts. Greenberg, a perhaps unique combination of home economist and ex-merchant marine cook, has made something of a specialty of writing about spiked cuisine.

Buchwald dropped us a line saying he's devoting all his spare moments to perfecting his tennis game. "I have discovered anyone can write a humor column," he says, "but very few people can develop a good serve." Calvin Trillin's hobby is played in a different kind of court; this month Trillin, also best known as a humorist, does a new number in *Adventures of a Litigious Law Buff*.

As you may have guessed, there's much more: an interview with *All in the Family's* Carroll O'Connor, a talented and versatile actor entangled in a kind of love-hate relationship with the character he made famous (and vice versa)—Archie Bunker. Plus a portfolio of erotic photos by Pete Turner; some equally erotic fortunetelling cards by Hungarian-born artist-photographer François Colos; and the latest from Shel Silverstein. Distinctly un-Biblical, it's *The Song of Songs Which Is Silverstein's*. The ballads are featured on Shel's new album, Columbia's *Freakin' at the Freakers Ball*; one of them, *Don't Give a Dose to the One You Love Most*, was the theme song for the recent television special *VD Blues*, hosted by Dick Cavett. Due soon is a Silverstein children's book, *Sara Cynthia Sylvia Stout Wouldn't Take the Garbage Out and Other Poems* (Harper & Row); an animated film, *The Giving Tree*, based on his best seller; more albums, more movies, more everything from the man who gave you *A Boy Named Sue*.

Still with us? Come back to those golden days of yesteryear—1972, that is—with *That Was the Year That Was*, by Judith Wax; invest in *Blue-Chip Fashion Futures*, Robert L. Green's Creative Menswear Collection; catch a sneak preview of the latest Dominique Sanda movie, *Impossible Object*; tune in with stereo headphones *For Your Ears Only*; get to know an unquenchable Sacramento miss, Playmate Miki Garcia; and, of course, pick your favorite in *Playboy's Playmate Review*. For auld lang syne.



KEYES

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SOUTH OF THE BORDER

The report on Joel Kaplan's dramatic Mexican jailbreak (*Breakout*, PLAYBOY, October) was far and away the best non-fiction you've ever published.

Bob Brown
San Diego, California

Several months ago, a small news item announced that two inmates, one of them American, had escaped from a Mexican prison by using a helicopter. I never saw a follow-up—until I picked up PLAYBOY. My thanks to writers Eliot Asinof, Warren Hinckle and William Turner for letting us in on one of the best stories of the year.

David R. Dull
Kansas City, Missouri

Breakout was exciting enough, but I don't think it dwelt sufficiently on a subject that is essential to Kaplan's imprisonment. I refer to his almost undeniable guilt. I was living in Mexico City in 1961, during the time Kaplan was being tried for murdering a man named L. M. Vidal, Jr. Among the Mexican detectives I talked to, and among newsmen whose stories I read, there was never the least doubt of Kaplan's guilt. Vidal's body was found in a shallow grave on the old Cuernavaca highway. Two Mexicans, one a taxi driver, confessed they were hired by Kaplan to murder Vidal. They, too, were sentenced. While Kaplan was in prison, the Mexican papers repeatedly reported that he had paid off judges and other officials to secure his release. The authors of *Breakout* seemed to find some giant conspiracy mounted against Kaplan to keep him in jail. But is there anything so strange about government officials' not wanting to release a convicted murderer?

Eugene Bewley
New Braunfels, Texas

In *Breakout*, writers Asinof, Hinckle and Turner focus on the exploits of supersmuggler Vic Stadter. From personal experience, I can attest that Stadter is everything they say he is—and more. I first met him in August 1961, when, along with some others, I flew to British Honduras with him to investigate 17,000 acres of land on which he had an option. Not only is Stadter a smuggler of long

standing but he even looks the part: cold, steely gray eyes, a scar on his face and a cigar constantly in his mouth.

In Edinburg, Texas, we picked up two drums of gas, 100 pounds of cotton seed—and a trussed-up pig. There were six of us in the plane (a twin Beech) and, with all our luggage, we were probably 1000 pounds overweight. I flew co-pilot, because there was no other seat. On take-off, I noticed Vic was using only 80 percent power. I shoved the controls to the fire wall, and even then we just managed to clear the power lines at the end of the runway. It took us ten miles to gain 1000 feet. I asked Stadter why he hadn't used full power and he said he was saving the engines.

Only later in the flight did I learn what the gas drums were for. Periodically, Stadter climbed back to the rear, to siphon gas from the drums into the plane's tanks. It turned out there was a 1,000,000-peso reward on his head in Mexico, so he was reluctant to land there. While he was siphoning the gas he gave me a course heading: 180 degrees for seven cigars, then 150 degrees for five. It takes him ten minutes to smoke a cigar and five more before he wants another. Even with this rudimentary navigating, we crossed the Gulf.

I subsequently heard several interesting stories about Stadter from an FBI agent who was investigating him. Once he was smuggling a DC-6 full of illegal monkeys into the U.S. He ran into a storm and they all got airsick and almost wrecked the plane. He had to climb to high altitude to get out of the weather, and all the monkeys died from the lack of pressure. Another story, even more grotesque, concerns a planeload of what are called Belize turd-dobbers. These are a sort of South American catfish. Stadter was hoping to cash in on a shortage of catfish in New Orleans, but the Customs people there recognized that the fish were illegal and impounded his plane. The ice melted, the fish rotted and even the airplane was ruined. Being a smuggler is obviously not easy.

Cecil E. Stanfield
Tulsa, Oklahoma

I suppose every teller of tall tales has the right to poetic license, and with three tellers, you have three times the

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license. But Vic Stadter's "only serious encounter with the law" was not, as your writers state, "a conspiracy case involving possession of marijuana." The case involved two and one half kilograms of pure heroin. As the Treasury agent who arrested him, I should know.

Our case against Stadter was built by the extensive undercover work of my partner and exhaustive surveillance conducted by me and other agents. Two of the five defendants in the case became witnesses for the prosecution and testified against Stadter and his partners. During the trial, both of Stadter's co-defendants met with us and asked for a deal. They, too, gave us the full story on Stadter, but they refused to testify against him. The evidence against Stadter was overwhelming. He was convicted by a jury of his peers. He still had some luck, however; he had a lenient judge and received only eight years. For that amount of junk, most judges then were handing out 15-year sentences. If that had been the case, Joel Kaplan might still be languishing in jail. I have no personal animosity toward Vic. He did his time and that's that. But, contrary to what your writers imply, he wasn't framed; he was guilty as charged.

William A. Carrozo
(Address withheld by request)

I just finished reading *Breakout*. It has been a long time since I have read so moving a story.

Dan Fabricant
California State Prison
Soledad, California

KID STUFF

I very much enjoyed Larry Siegel's parody *The Rover Boys at College* (PLAYBOY, October). I imagine you know that Arthur M. Winfield—the author of the "Rover Boys" series—was only a pseudonym. The "Rover Boys," the "Tom Swift" and "The Hardy Boys" stories, the "Bobbsey Twins" stories and the "Nancy Drew" mysteries were all written by one prolific author, the late Edward Stratemeyer. A syndicate headed by his heirs continues the dynasty.

Frank Della
Niles, Illinois

MIXED EMOTIONS

I deplore your pictorial portrayal of Jim Brown seducing Stella Stevens in *Brown, Black and White* (PLAYBOY, October). I feel it's a self-serving capitalistic gambit that degrades the quality of your publication.

Don H. Till, Jr.
Vacaville, California

As you may know, Southern white people don't mix with colored people—and they don't like seeing photos showing colored men mingling with white

women. I have been a PLAYBOY subscriber for several years, and I normally enjoy reading your magazine. Please, no more race mixing.

Sam A. Choat
Southaven, Mississippi

FABULOUS FORTIES

Your September cover—showing model Sandra Josefski bending over to adjust a pair of superclunky shoes—is the best PLAYBOY cover I've ever seen. It's especially appealing to me because I'm such a fan of the Forties look. Can you tell us more about Sandra than just her name?

Bill Morris
San Diego, California

Sandy digs the Forties look herself, as the accompanying picture should make clear. She's 20, lives with her look-alike



sister and just happens to be a receptionist at our decidedly non-Forties Chicago editorial offices.

RUNNING COMMENTARY

I enjoyed John Medelman's beautiful profile of marathoner Ron Daws (*The Purity of the Long-Distance Runner*, PLAYBOY, October). Although I am not interested in becoming the jogging mistress Medelman jokingly seeks, I am a director of the National Jogging Association. My own family runs 30 miles together every week and we see many others doing the same. When asked what her mother does, my nine-year-old daughter replies: "She's a runner." Not a housewife, not a mother, but a runner.

Penny M. Bohannon
Washington, D. C.

I've just finished reading Medelman's excellently written article and now feel I know Ron Daws. I've only been into running for about six months, but it keeps growing on me. I'm up to six miles in 37 minutes. This time last year I was depressed, unhappy and weighed 200 pounds. Now, with my running, I'm down to 164 pounds. I'm stronger men-

tally and physically and my prowess in other areas has also improved. To Medelman and Daws I can only say: Keep on truckin'.

Joe Hartley
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

As Medelman points out, distance running—unlike most other forms of athletic endeavor—is a very personal experience. Its solitude, harmony and beauty are unmatched by virtually any other sport. I just wish that people would take a different attitude toward long-distance runners. Baseball, basketball and football players are thought to be normal; but most people regard distance runners as freaks. Thanks for setting the record straight.

William P. Taylor, Jr.
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

To the mass public, Ron Daws is hardly Joe Namath or Jim Ryun. But to the track-and-field fraternity, he is a dedicated distance runner who possesses a fantastic tenacity and has shown a great deal of courage in overcoming his lack of natural athletic ability. Runners such as Daws have done much to bring American distance running out of the Dark Ages. Frank Shorter's marathon victory in Munich may signal the beginning of a golden era for Americans in this ancient Olympic event.

Buddy Edelen
Alamosa, Colorado

NEVER AGAIN

Your October interview with Meir Kahane, the militant leader of the Jewish Defense League, is outstanding. I think that everything Kahane says is correct.

Gilbert Meltzer
West Lafayette, Indiana

Kahane is right. The problem is that there aren't enough Jews in America willing to stand up and say: "Never again."

Zion Ben Greenfield
Houston, Texas

Kahane asserts that Jews should seek out a reputation for toughness. Judging from his efforts with his organization, he has succeeded; most people think the J. D. L. is tough. But I wonder if such a reputation carries over into the entire Jewish community. And, if it does, is the Jewish community proud of the label? I doubt it.

Bob Cirone
Kansas City, Missouri

It is important for your readers to know that the overwhelming majority of American Jews deplore the Jewish Defense League. There is no justification for terror and violence on the part of anyone. Rabbi Kahane and his followers

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UNI GOLD

only echo the tactics of the international outlaws who hijack planes, send bombs through the mails and murder innocent athletes. As American Jews, we do not want to be dragged into the gutter with the J. D. L.

Amy and Bruce Epstein
Mineral Wells, Texas

As a Zionist, I do not question Kahane's ideas that the United States is fundamentally WASP and that Jewish life can be experienced more fully in Israel. But Kahane has unwittingly become a propagandist for an old and discredited anti-Semitic canard: that Jews are a wealthy minority. He, of all people, must know that over 800,000 Jews in the metropolitan areas of the United States exist on or below the poverty line. Most Jews in America are part of the great moderate center. They fear the reactionary right and are suspicious of the antitraditionalist left. They are concerned about Israel's security and fear the loss of American support. And they are part of the new ethnic revolution, which is challenging the old melting-pot concept. There is a growing sense of Jewish identity abroad in this land: an ethnic consciousness that has generated pride in all the good that America has gained from its Jewish citizens, and that rejoices in the strength and dignity of Israel. Kahane is more correct than he knows, but even those of us who are in complete sympathy with his motives still say to him: Come on home, Meir. Forget this new political party you are forming in Israel, stop this juvenile anti-Arab terrorism, cut out the snide remarks against non-Orthodox Jews and join the real fight: the fight for Jewish pride and ethnic awareness in America.

Rabbi Israel B. Koller
Santa Barbara, California

Reading your interview with Kahane, I felt a growing urge to put him down. But, as I realized later, he does the job better himself. It is ironic that the very people who suffered the most at the hands of rampant nationalism are now treading the same path, toward an increasingly militant and jingoistic Israeli state, and as members of an ever-more-fanatical Jewish Defense League.

Bill Smee
Elkhart, Indiana

Those who justify violence are, in a way, worse than those who commit it. By his words and actions, Kahane has put himself and his group in company with the Palestinian terrorists. Indeed, Jordan's King Hussein appears clearly a more rational and—in this instance, at least—a more moral man than the good rabbi himself.

Sidney Krome
Baltimore, Maryland

If anyone is going to fan the flames of anti-Semitism, it's Kahane. There is absolutely no logic to his thinking that he can save American Jews only by turning them into street fighters. Illogicality, in fact, seems to be the core of Kahane's problem. What interests me most is his claim that pacifism is not a Jewish tradition. Before modern Israel, the instances of armed Jewish resistance to foreign domination could be counted on one hand. That history covers a span of over 4000 years.

(Name withheld by request)
Brooklyn, New York

Kahane can deny to his dying day that the ideology of his group is fascist. But any reasoned comparison of your interview and *Mein Kampf* will present frightening similarities. Let's not hypnotize ourselves; fascism had its intellectual wing, too, which provided well-developed social and political critiques of the existing system. Fascists, too, believed God was on their side and, like Kahane, they felt that their constituencies were in an economic and spiritual crisis. I'm certain Kahane would not deny that his primary thrust is to make his people more militant in the service of nationalism. The tragedy is that there is a compendium of legitimate Jewish grievances that the American Jewish community must redress. But nationalism has been tried before, and Jews should know better than others that it just doesn't work.

Alan Moskowitz
Brooklyn, New York

Rabbi Kahane is right when he says there is no Jewish future in this country. America's future is white, Aryan and eventually—according to the immutable laws of historical development—National Socialist. Nothing can alter this fact. The rabbi would therefore be well advised to abandon his paranoid threats of violence against those Americans of Aryan background who choose to believe in National Socialism. He would also be well advised to remember that two can play the same game—as our Arab friends proved in Munich. Should the rabbi persist in his mania for violence, he might well trigger a response that would strike at the lives and fortunes of American Jews everywhere. *Heil Hitler!*

Matt Koehl, Commander
National Socialist White
People's Party
Arlington, Virginia

FOR THE RECORD

Your October review of *The Beggar's Opera* erroneously credits the score to John Gay (1685–1732). This is a common mistake. The opera's music was adapted, from popular folk songs and famous tunes of other composers, by one Johann Christoph Pepusch, a German

musician who spent most of his creative years in England. Gay was merely the librettist. Pepusch was a rival of Handel's and *The Beggar's Opera* was his reaction to the stuffy and stereotyped *opera seria*, of which Handel was Europe's foremost exponent and which dominated London's operatic stages during the first half of the 18th Century.

Richard A. Shapp
Temple University
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

ELLSBERG AGONISTES

Joe McGinniss' sensitive writing on *The Ordeal of Daniel Ellsberg* (PLAYBOY, October) gives us the inside story of a singular man who can overcome his childhood hang-ups and feel compassion for the people of Vietnam. Ellsberg is far from being a brittle and perfect martyr: his first marriage did not work out and he still considers himself liberated because no one is making him practice piano. All the same, he will undoubtedly go down in history as a great American—on a par with Spock, Einstein and Dr. King.

Charles A. McLearn
Dayton, Ohio

I am a Vietnam veteran in complete sympathy with Ellsberg. He served in responsible positions both here and in Vietnam and he knows what he's talking about. I can assure you that the Vietnamese would sooner have the Communists in power; they know they would be better off. If anyone should be tried, it's Johnson and Nixon, not Ellsberg.

Sgt. Robert Richardson
Lackland AFB, Texas

McGinniss' moving account of "heroism's darkest hours" displayed a realistic perception of the condition of the hero today. Being a hero means taking risks and accepting their consequences. And, as McGinniss shows us, being a hero is not much fun.

Kevin Colton
Los Angeles, California

I thought McGinniss penned an excellent and revealing sketch of Ellsberg. Whether or not one agrees with Ellsberg's antics, one must praise McGinniss' reportorial objectivity, a virtue fast disappearing from journalism.

Del Schrader
Arcadia, California

I hope, for your sake, that Joe McGinniss' *The Ordeal of Daniel Ellsberg* has more truth to it than the fiction he wrote about the 1968 media campaign.

John N. Mitchell
Washington, D. C.

Mr. Mitchell is the husband of Martha Mitchell.



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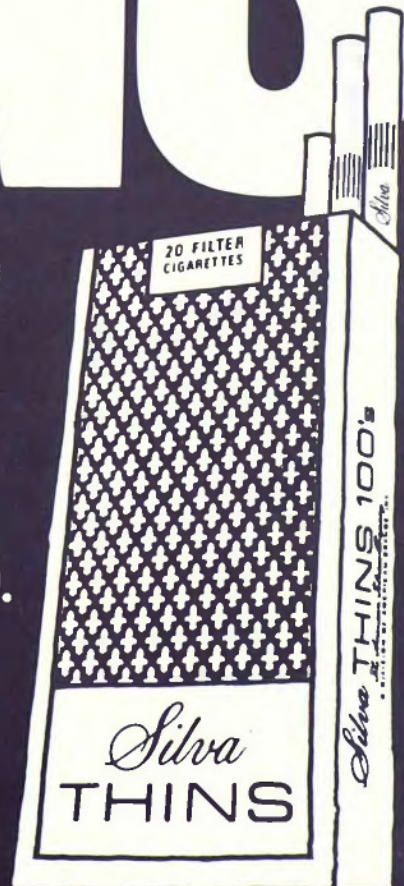
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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



Women's lib, take note: An article in *Science* magazine tells the provocative story of the Australian wrasse, a finger-length fish more precisely known as *Laboides dimitadus*. The male wrasse normally cruises the Great Barrier Reef with a harem of three to six females. When he dies, the most aggressive female in the harem undergoes behavioral and physiological changes that result in her transformation into a male. The zoologist who studied these fish concluded that when a female wrasse finds herself not dominated, she takes on a more aggressive behavior pattern within hours. In less than two weeks, her ovaries have turned into testicles and—in looks, action and bodily equipment—she is indistinguishable from a male. Hmm.

A suggestion for the American Medical Association: In ancient China, people paid the doctor to keep them well. When they got sick, he had to pay *them*.

Now that the election is over, we can report this tidbit without giving equal time: A large banner on the side of a Greyhound bus carrying Gay Liberation members to the Democratic Convention proclaimed: TAKE A GAYHOUND BUS AND LEAVE THE DRIVER FOR US.

Incidental Intelligence, Housebreaking Division: The *Wall Street Journal* reports that stores in California have sold thousands of tiny water beds for pets.

We hereby invent—and posthumously award—the Porno Peace Prize. It goes to the late Office of Strategic Services, forerunner of the CIA, for conceiving an ingenious scheme to end World War Two with a giant smut bomb. In his book on the OSS, R. Harris Smith reveals that Hitler was psychoanalyzed *in absentia* by some topflight American shrink who concluded he was a borderline psychotic with fierce sexual hang-

ups. This inspired a plan to bomb the *Führer's* headquarters with tons of hard-core pornographic pictures in the hope that Adolf would freak out completely and have to be sidelined. The U. S. Army Air Corps, alas, refused to cooperate, and the plan was scratched.

San Francisco Chronicle columnist Herb Caen reports one of his readers spotted a cop with a HAVE A NICE DAY happy-face sticker—on his revolver.

The municipal code of Ashland, Kentucky, contains this solemn ordinance: "No person shall knowingly keep or harbor at his or her house within the city any woman of ill repute, lewd character or a common prostitute—other than wife, mother or sister."

We can remember when all you could expect was a free bar of soap in your mailbox. A few months ago, free samples of pot were delivered to front porches in Winona, Minnesota, along with a card inscribed "Marijuana, compliments of your local pusher."

According to the *Alpine, California Sun*, a young lady named Pam "has a gorgeous four-year-old stud with two white cocks." Pam, the *Sun* informs us, "is getting him ready for some fall shows."

This is cleaning up the environment? The Reel, a porno moviehouse in Albuquerque, has advertised: "It's ecology time at the Reel. We're recycling our trash. Three all-time hits return."

Doubtless to protect the public from the threat of winged ladies, the Rolls-Royce corporation has taken out a new British patent, admirably described by *The New Scientist* as "basically a sensible invention which will contribute toward road safety." The device is an

automatic retractor that pulls the hood ornament into the engine cavity in the event of collision.

The latest breakthrough in the sexual revolution was chronicled in the classified section of *The Berkeley Barb*: "Jewish man, 3, seeks girl interested in marriage."

From a U.P.I. item date-lined San Antonio, we learn that one Gem L. Poe was struck by lightning while sawing a tree limb. Poe was uninjured, but the bolt melted his nylon socks and welded his fly shut.

Who says a woman's life is dull? *Two Years in My Afternoon*, a novel by Elizabeth Ayrton, is advertised thus: "Bizarre sexual entanglements, a child psychiatrist, a suicidal poetess, a roving but loving husband, three marriageable daughters and a decaying country estate provide complications that every woman will find familiar."

The education reporter for Salem's *Oregon Statesman* had trouble explaining why students were transferring from city to suburban schools. He did note, however, that in at least one city school, "a complete senior high cunt was unavailable."

Our London correspondent has come across *The Natural Method of Healing*, a volume published in 1898 by Dr. F. E. Bilz, in which there's a section on "Self-Abuse." Dr. Bilz writes, "This belongs to the class of carnal vices and consists in unnatural self-satisfaction of the sexual instinct, causing mental and bodily debility, degeneration and complete disintegration. The parents must have a watchful eye on the child, must not allow it to sleep alone in a room, nor must the trouble of going to the child's couch during the night to see whether the child sleeps or not be spared. Threatened with these investigations, the child will hardly venture to perpetrate the vice; should it

nevertheless do so, the hands must be covered with thick gloves with only a thumb, tying them firmly round the wrist. Or the child may be put at night into a gown, cut so as to completely cover body and limbs, which crows even the most hardened little sinner." Perhaps appropriately, the next section of the book is titled "Impotence."

History of a kind has been made by Franz Lingnau, a 44-year-old construction-company estimator from Sacramento. Several months ago, Lingnau boarded a Pacific Southwest flight for Burbank. The plane was hijacked over San Francisco, forced to land at the distant edge of the airport runway, and finally reached Burbank after long hours of negotiation that culminated in a dramatic shoot-out with FBI agents. Next afternoon, having finished his business, Lingnau took his seat on the PSA return flight to Sacramento and, yes, he was hijacked again. Thus, he became the first man in history to be hijacked twice in less than 24 hours. We hope that's a record to stand, and we were interested in what the world's most experienced hijack victim might have to say about his adventures. In an age of New York to Cleveland via Guatemala, the public needs to know about these things.

We called Lingnau and, finding him safely on the ground in his Sacramento office, proceeded to ask him some questions. He narrated the events with great detail and in a cold, dispassionate language that brought to mind the tough prose of Raymond Chandler. We first asked Lingnau when he realized he was being hijacked on his first trip.

"I got wind of it when one of the PSA stewardesses came up to a TWA stewardess, who was on board to catch a connecting flight in San Francisco, and told her to take her pin off—so they wouldn't hold her hostage," he said.

"What was your first reaction?"

"Heh, heh, heh." Lingnau laughed. "It's strange. You get a sort of helpless feeling in your gut. You're not armed. You don't know what the hell's gonna happen. You're stuck. Hung out to dry. You want to do something, but what can you do?"

"Did you talk with the hijackers?"

"No, they talked through the stewardesses. I didn't even know what demands they'd made until I read the papers. If you want to watch a hijacking, the passenger section has the worst seats in the house."

"After they took over the plane, where did it go?"

"We landed in San Francisco. Out there—you probably saw the picture in the papers—in the middle of nowhere. We sat there . . . well, we sat there for

damned near four hours. Still didn't know what was going on. They finally started letting people go to the head. . . . Had to."

"How did that first episode end?"

"FBI agents came on board. As I got it later, the first FBI guy was supposed to be a TWA navigator who could take the hijackers out of the country. He came up the front ramp that leads to the niche where they served coffee and booze. One hijacker was in there. With two pistols. The FBI agent came up with his hands behind his head. All of a sudden, there was a revolver in his hand. And about this time, another FBI man came from under the plane, where he'd been hiding, ran around and started firing up the ramp at the hijacker. By then, the first FBI agent had come down the aisle firing at the hijacker in the rear of the plane. This first FBI guy showed me some training. He didn't pan his gun back and forth. Passengers would've been in the line of fire. Instead, he raised it, then laid it back down the aisle and emptied it into the guy at the back. He did a hell of a job."

"But wasn't a passenger killed in the gunfire?"

"Yes. I talked with the guy who was sitting across from him. He told me that the fellow stood up. That's when he caught the slug in his back. My advice to hijacked passengers is simple: Duck."

"What was the general reaction of the other passengers during the gunfire?"

"There was no screaming. Everybody was scrambling to hit the deck. It all lasted about twenty seconds."

"You must have been pretty unsettled."

"No, not really. Even afterward, I was OK. Oh, I had a few extra belts, what the hell."

"What about the second hijacking? It must have been an incredible sensation to realize it was happening again."

"Yes, it was, heh, heh. The first thought that came was just plain, 'Oh, shit.' I mean, what else can you think?"

"How did this one happen?"

"On the second flight, we stopped in Oakland, and that's where we took on our friend. He didn't seem too serious about it. Just wanted the publicity. I think. He let the stewardesses serve drinks, so everybody was pretty calm. No panic. A few of the women cried, but they kept it soft. I think the stewardesses helped a lot. I know they're trained for this sort of thing, but, Jesus, even so, they're usually pretty young broads. They were tremendous."

"How did the trip end?"

"Well, he told the captain to land in San Diego. The women and children had been allowed to leave the plane at Oakland. Then a stewardess said the hijacker had agreed to release everyone else if two men would volunteer to stay

with him. We were to indicate if we would volunteer by turning on the stewardess call light overhead. I think every one of them was turned on. So he picked two men, one of whom was a highway patrolman who had already informed the captain, through the stewardess, that he was armed. The hijacker finally let the other guy go, too, and just kept the patrolman. The plane finally landed back at Oakland and the patrolman convinced him that he should surrender."

"It must have been quite a relief that you weren't chosen."

"I'd been unlucky twice. How much more unlucky could I get? The odds were with me. I wish I'd had a bet on the chances of getting hijacked the second time. Especially in so short a time. I wouldn't have to be working for a living anymore."

"So your advice for passengers aboard hijacked planes is to stay low?"

"And be calm. I mean, what else can you do?"

BOOKS

No need to worry about the size of a friend's waist or neck in searching for a fitting last-minute gift this holiday season. As long as you know the dimensions of his or her mind, you can count on your favorite bookstore to supply a work that will suit your friend to a T. Here-with, a few new offerings that strike our fancy.

Louis Aragon's *Henri Matisse* (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich) is more than a deserved tribute to a modern master. In these two beautifully designed volumes, with their hundreds of photographs and prints, the reader can find rare insights into a major artist's incentives, methods and accomplishments. Aragon, an intimate of Matisse's, writes: "Every canvas, every sheet of paper over which his charcoal, his pencil or his pen wandered is Matisse's utterance about himself. . . . It's through this that I have sought to reveal my protagonist." He has succeeded brilliantly.

For that acquaintance who's overwhelmed with nostalgia for all things past, there is *The Police Gazette* (Simon & Schuster), Gene Smith's collection of scandalous items—enhanced by reproductions of the original woodcuts—from the fading pages of that yellow journal of yesteryear, featuring such hot items as "RAID IN THE TENDERLOIN: Night Scenes in the Station Following the Raid of Clark's Notorious New York Dive, Where Wine, Women and Song Were in Full Sway." On the subject of women and nostalgia, have a look at *The Most of John Held* (Stephen Greene), 177 illustrations from the pen-and-ink prodigy whose magazine drawings of the sheiks

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(Attention, electronics enthusiasts: this capability of the 75+ is due to its extremely wide frequency response and superior phase linearity. Every nuance is reproduced in proper phase with every other one — instead of running all together like this. And at 45 RMS watts per channel, it can handle tone bursts with virtually no distortion.)

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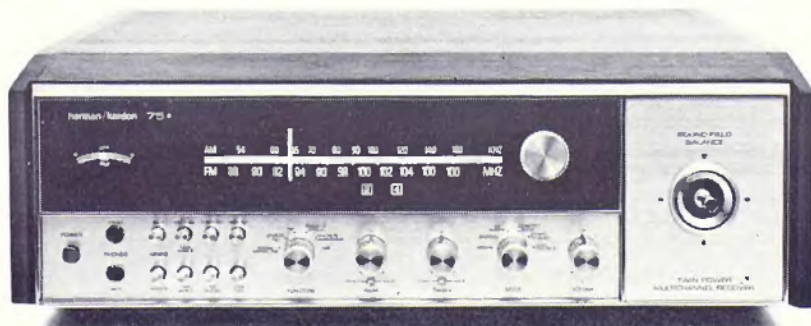
Of course, as soon as you decide to buy four-channel records, the 75+ is ready to play them.

If you love music, the best reason for owning a 75+ was summed up by no less an authority than Philip Scharf himself:

"It's given me a whole new appreciation of me."

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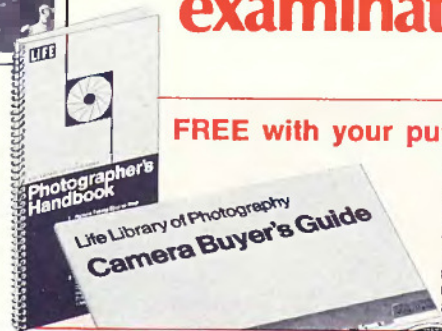
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This portrait by Evelyn Hofer in the volume *Color* is one of many examples of how to use color to add to a picture's aesthetic appeal.



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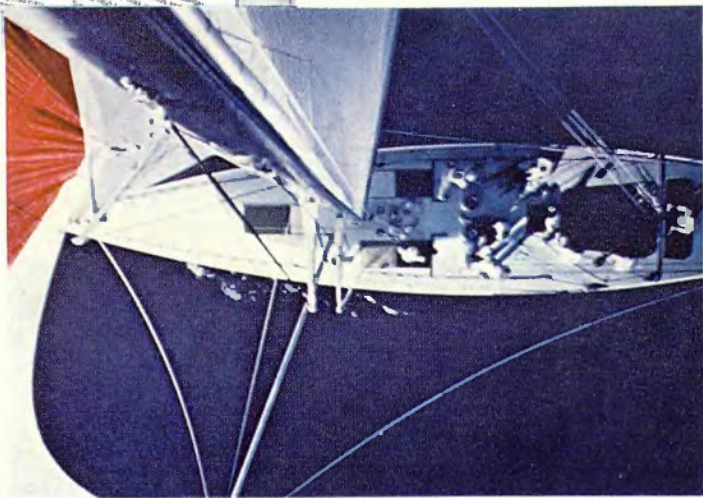


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Five will get you seven that you'll find everything any reasonable or unreasonable gambler could want to know about poker, rummy, bridge, pinochle, casino, hearts, blackjack, craps, roulette, horse racing, chess, Scrabble, ghost and permutations of same in *Playboy's Book of Games* (Playboy Press), assembled by Edwin Silberstang and designed to be "A Modern Hoyle for the Sophisticated On-the-Go Gambler."

There is no middle ground in boxing—you either dig it or you despise it. Eminent sportswriter Rex Lardner obviously is taken with "the manly art." In *The Legendary Champions* (American Heritage Press), he transports us from the bare-knuckle era through the reign of Gene Tunney. He evidently believes that only the heavyweights are due the accolade legendary. Ah, well, no matter. Lardner re-creates the personae of boxing's past in superlative fashion. And the layout, type and use of photographs make this a knockout of a book.

By all odds the season's most elegant art book is *The Visconti Hours* (Brazilier), a reproduction of an illuminated manuscript created by two Italian artists of the late 14th and early 15th centuries. The combination of childlike pictures and sumptuous color is evocative of a religious impulse that has always combined innocence with splendor. A treat for the senses.

Down Home (McGraw-Hill) is described modestly as a "social portrait" of Wilcox County, in the heart of black-belt Alabama. It is that—and more. Veteran photographer Bob Adelman's scores of black-and-white pictures of blacks and whites in and around the county seat of Camden between 1965 and 1970 are sharp and revealing of place and character. Enriched by the people's own words, astutely edited by Susan Hall, these photographs document the painful efforts of a Southern town to come to grips with drastic changes in its way of life.

André Kertész: Sixty Years of Photography 1912-1972 (Grossman) is an eloquent statement of the photographer's achievements. Over 200 black-and-white pictures, lovingly reproduced, tellingly display how Kertész got at the heart of the human condition all over the world. A great artist, Kertész has received not nearly the popular acclaim he deserves.

Around the turn of the century, Edward Sheriff Curtis set forth with his camera to capture the spirit of the vanishing Indian life in North America. After decades in rare-book collections, his monumental accomplishment has been made available to the populace in the outsized *Portraits from North American Indian Life* (Outerbridge & Lazard), a generous selection of Curtis' wondrous photographs.

A melancholy yet beautiful volume is

Diary of the "Terra Nova" Expedition to the Antarctic 1910-1912 (Humanities Press), by Edward Wilson. The author, who perished on Scott's ill-fated expedition, produced a series of water colors and pencil sketches through most of the trek (whose final destination was the South Pole) that convey the paradoxical grandeur and desolation of the polar region. Wilson's final note to his parents, when he knew that death was only hours away, shows a man accepting his fate with selfless courage. A moving experience.

For about 50 years, Eddie Condon has been keeping a scrapbook of his travels about the land with banjo. Sensibly titled *The Eddie Condon Scrapbook of Jazz* (St. Martin's), it is now open to public perusal. Jazz buffs cannot fail to find pleasure in these photos of the likes of Louis Armstrong, Sidney Bechet, Pee Wee Russell and many other greats, all taken in their prime.

The Gentleman's Alphabet Book (Dutton), with eerie drawings by Harvey Kornberg and queer limericks by Donald Hall, admits us to a 19th Century world of dirty old men of all ages. To wit: "Uncle Bertram politely stops by / To see Margaret, and Enid, and Vi, / But induced by some gland, / Or the Devil, his hand / Always crawls on to Montague's thigh."

The Don Juan referred to in *Asimov's Annotated "Don Juan"* (Doubleday) is, of course, Lord Byron's great creation. The Asimov referred to is, of course, none other than the tireless Isaac who, in his role of professional explainer, lets contemporary readers in on the allusions that fill this highly allusive comic epic. Milton Glaser's drawings make it a handsome as well as entertaining volume.

For anybody with a trip to London in his foreseeable future, Don Goddard's *Blimey* (Quadrangle) is just the ticket. Understatedly subtitled "Another Book About London," it contains everything a sensible visitor wants to know and a good deal of value that most visitors don't know they want to know, all delivered in direct, no-nonsense style.

Auto-sport devotees will have a field day with Charles Fox's *The Great Racing Cars and Drivers* (Ridge Press), not so much for the text—although that is interesting enough in itself, covering as it does nearly six decades of auto racing—as for the absolutely smashing color photography splashed generously throughout the coffee-table-sized book. J. Barry O'Rourke's salonlike shots of Indy cars are especially striking.

In the quarter century before his death last June, Ken W. Purdy had become the nation's pre-eminent writer on automobiles and the men who drive them. His best articles, many of which ran in this magazine, have been gathered together in *Ken Purdy's Book of Automobiles* (Playboy Press). Here are his revealing

pieces on cars from the Model T Ford to the Jaguar, on drivers from Tazio Nuvolari to Jackie Stewart. A fitting remembrance of a superb craftsman.

Just as Teddy White has become the nation's quasi-official historian of the making of the President, so Norman Mailer has become the quadrennial philosopher-poet of our nominating conventions. Four years ago, Mailer preserved in prose the rivalries of the Republicans in Miami and the horrors of the Democrats at the siege of Chicago. Now, in *St. George and the Godfather* (Signet), he attempts to repeat the performance for both Miami-based 1972 conventions. Posing again as Aquarius, the admittedly subjective observer and commentator, Mailer almost accomplishes the nearly impossible task of giving those grandiose occasions depth, color and meaning. There are insightful delineations of character (Wallace, "dignified at last" through pain and meditation; Humphrey, like a man "whose features had been repaired after an accident"); flashes of wit and raucous humor; lashings out at young Republicans and liberated women; and the apocalyptic questions (Is dread still loose in America? Are counterespionage and Christianity the true poles of the Republican Party?). Though Mailer doggedly follows the daily workings of each convention, taking us behind the scenes, neither was really worthy of him. It's hard to celebrate or even analyze boredom—whether it's the product of McGovern righteousness or of Nixon calculation.

Can an anthropologist trained for research in the jungles of New Guinea find romance, adventure and a Ph.D. thesis in the subcultural jungles of urban America? Yes, indeed, if that anthropologist is young, attractive and willing to sign on as a dancer in a topless bar. And yes again if she has a husband who will "pimp off" her earnings in that same bar, where he can keep an eye on her and gather information about the bar's clients. Christina and Richard Milner did exactly that, made it through graduate school and now give us the low-down on the high life in *Black Ployers* (Little, Brown), subtitled "The Secret World of Black Pimps." The black player lives in a wonderland where life is regarded as a game and society's most treasured values are honored almost entirely in the breach. Here the good woman is the "ho" and the good man the pimp who lives off her. Here status is assured only by generosity: To become a "boss player," you may have to blow a hundred grand on cocaine for all your friends. Here control over sexuality is exerted by men—"I don't give no dick without money"—and mother is as much

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King Size, 18 mg. "tar," 1.5 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug. 72.
Long Size, 18 mg. "tar," 1.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug. 72.

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an enemy as Whitey. The stress is on free enterprise, the need for appropriate clothing, language and male networks to make it, and on bargaining that raises deceit to a high art and transforms ordinary discourse into poetry. The irony of the similarity between pimp and businessman is never lost on the pimp. The Milners make no excuses for pimp brutality or lawlessness, and they were as bemused by the financial, sartorial and linguistic extravagance of this ghetto world as their readers will be. But their ability to accept and abide by the rules of "the Game," their obvious liking for some of the players and prostitutes, and their respect for the logic of their world give this book a gusto rare in most novels. And that ain't "talkin' trash."

Speaking of pimps, *Gentleman of Leisure* (New American Library) gives us "A Year in the Life of a Pimp," as captured by the camera of Bob Adelman and the tape recorder of Susan Hall, the team responsible for *Down Home*. The gentleman in question calls himself Silky: "The term is pimp, but I don't use it. I'm a professional gentleman of leisure. I have absolutely nothing to do. I stay in bed and take showers. I'm just a connoisseur of resting and a television freak. I do make more money than the President of the United States. If I were in another way of life, I'd have to hustle more. As a black man, I've never had alternatives anyway. I could have played first base, run the mile or become an entertainer, but I was a natural pimp, so I just pursued my talents."

Into the silent Fifties of Dwight D. Eisenhower whizzed Jack Kerouac. He was an automatic writer, autobiographically splicing about automobile speeding. His *oeuvre* was recalling the days when he and his country-crossing friends stayed up late smoking pot, drinking wine, listening to jazz—but mostly just digging one another "beatifically." After *On the Road*, which was a runaway best seller, *The Subterraneans* became Hollywood's first fling into the subculture, and Kerouac himself soon emerged as a paraliterary figure, performing in night clubs, reading poetry on campuses, being profiled in *Time* and published even in *The Saturday Evening Post*. But then his celebrity waned, critics dismantled his work (Truman Capote put down his writing as "automatic typing") and the public deserted him; Kerouac was publishing more and being noticed less. His was the fate of any literary fad, the coming of age of any *enfant terrible*. By the time he died in obscurity in Florida in 1969 at the age of 47, the man who had symbolized the Beat Generation seemed a bloated parody of his former self: a beer-swilling, TV-watching, domesticated, churchgoing

communicant. But *Visions of Cody* (McGraw-Hill), his posthumously published novel, reveals that the essential Kerouac remained unchanged. He was still a very uneven writer in the great American tradition of Whitman and Wolfe—capable of lyric genius, of panoramic passages of vast sweep, but too often carried away by a sophomoric overdrive. The characters in *Visions of Cody* are all familiar members of the Kerouac road company, thin fictional disguises of himself, Allen Ginsberg, William Burroughs and the fabled Neal Cassady as Cody. The story line—or rather route—consists of their travels and travails, and mostly talk, through inner space on drugs and across the national geography in cars, with every mile, every syllable, every "whore memory" treated with equal reverence. And the theme again is the Kerouac quest for the mythical long-lost brother. At times he sounds a bit like T. S. Eliot ("The poor lonely old ladies of Lowell who come out of the five-and-ten with their umbrellas open for the rain"). At other times he can be awkwardly reminiscent of Theodore Dreiser ("Tom Watson on this lovely earth was a crippled boy who lived in ostentatious pain with his grandmother in a two-story house under great sidestreet trees"). There are also pastiches reminiscent of Proust and sentences that seem straight out of Hemingway ("I feel as though everything used to be alright; and now everything is automatically bad"). But it's all Kerouac, his own pantheistic self, celebrating with saccharine innocence "the unbeatable sweetness of man and woman," strewn everywhere fond and flowery farewells ("Adios, you who watched the sun go down, at the rail, by my side, smiling—Adios, King"). He deserves from us at least one wistful wave, one last sentimental goodbye of the road.

The coterie of admirers of John Williams' *Stoner* and *Butcher's Crossing* is likely to lose its exclusiveness with the publication of *Augustus* (Viking). Novel or history, this is an excellent book in so many ways that Williams is bound, at last, to find a readership somewhat in keeping with his talent. *Augustus*, of course, deals with the Emperor Gaius Julius Caesar Octavianus, the august, successor to the great Julius, who, while still practically a boy, faced down such formidable opponents as Antonius, Cicero and Brutus to make good his granduncle's declaration of succession. Shuttling between the years 44 B.C. and 14 A.D. (the year of Augustus' death), principals and auxiliaries to the drama of empire pen letters to friends, collaborators, historians, poets, lovers and betrayers concerning events that impinge on their lives. Thus, one gets to know Augustus by the innate graciousness and

necessary ruthlessness reflected in his style. Even more subtle and effective is the way the author has his strong and dangerous protagonist addressed by others, in a counterpointing of sender and receiver, commentator and commented upon, so that the chiaroscuro of character is established and maintained by the testimony of many different voices. Sometimes the author allows a particular character his own voice for a protracted comment, as in the case of Augustus in the closing section of the novel, where the emperor broods in a letter to a friend, chillingly and at times heart-breakingly, on the terrible exigencies of power. Or from the diary of Augustus' daughter, Julia, who writes sentiments of such pathos and power that they make the Millets and Steinems sound like pale copies of the real thing. Williams states in a preface that he will be grateful to those readers who take his book as it is intended—a work of the imagination. Readers can be grateful to him for having made it a superior work of the imagination.

Noteworthy: *Without a Stitch in Time* (Little, Brown) brings together the choicest items from Peter De Vries' 30 years of comic writing, than which there is little more comic in contemporary letters. In quite a different spirit is *The John Collier Reader* (Knopf), a collection of over 46 tales and the complete novel *His Monkey Wife*, guaranteed for many spine-tingling hours in the old armchair. And *Sadness* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux) is the title of the inimitable Donald Barthelme's new collection of short stories, which linger in the imagination.

MOVIES

Looking trim and tough, muscles bulging against his jeans and blue-denim work shirt, Charles Bronson comes to the door with a blonde toddler named Zuleika wrapped around his left hip. Typecast, he would be perfectly at home in a Pennsylvania mining shack, fixing worried eyes upon a welfare investigator, though his home for the moment happens to be a VIP suite in Manhattan's Hotel Pierre. At the age of 50 or thereabouts (but who's counting?), he is one of the highest paid actors in the world—despite the fact that he's been seen in this country mostly as a supporting thug in such epics as *The Magnificent Seven*, and in *The Great Escape* and *The Dirty Dozen*. Though he starred in—and profited handsomely from—*Chato's Land*, you may not be aware that last year he was voted the most popular actor in the world by Hollywood's foreign press corps. Thanks to films made, and shown,



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almost entirely in Europe, he receives ecstatic fan mail from Lebanon and Yugoslavia; in Japan, he outdraws every other star, Eastern and occidental.

Bronson has touched down in New York on behalf of *The Valachi Papers* and *The Mechanic*, two new movies expected to make his name a household word over here. Speaking of households, Bronson and his wife, English actress Jill Ireland, head an entourage of a dozen or so, counting their own Zuleika and five children of earlier marriages, plus maids and tutors, who stay together most of the time—either in their California home or abroad, wherever Bronson is working. Currently, they're scouting for a country home in Vermont. "California is all right, but I never felt part of it," says Bronson, whose views of life in the U. S. are tersely summarized: "I don't see any difference between the Mafia and the political parties running the country today." But he doesn't want anybody to get him wrong: "I'm so bloody patriotic it's ridiculous."

Born in Ehrenfield, Pennsylvania, to a large Lithuanian-Russian family named Buchinsky, Bronson took aptitude tests under the GI Bill following Army service and a wayward youth as coal miner, part-time burglar (he robbed the company store) and hobo. "The testers told me I should go into social service." More qualified as a recipient of that service, he stayed alive for a while with jobs as a pitchman. "I worked a Thrill-O game in Atlantic City, making \$75 for a seven-day week. I also used to stand on street corners peddling Christmas cards. One week I made three and a half dollars."

Bronson's lot improved when he decided he couldn't possibly do worse than the actors he saw in a touring production of *Anna Lucasta*. Not long afterward, he landed a bit part in a Navy picture starring Gary Cooper and was on his roundabout way to superstardom—though practically no one in California saw it coming.

The European phase of Bronson's career took off in 1968, when he made a movie in France with Alain Delon (titled *Farewell, Friend*, still unreleased here), having previously refused director Sergio Leone's offer to do a spaghetti Western called *A Fistful of Dollars* (Leone signed Clint Eastwood instead, and the rest is history). Charley subsequently did a horse opera for Leone, *Once Upon a Time in the West*, which ran in one West Berlin theater for four and a half years. Then came the French suspense drama *Rider on the Rain*, grossing \$3,000,000 in France alone. Today, Bronson's name on a marquee means money in the bank to movie-industry investors all over the globe, and his agents are threatening to raise hell with a theater in Munich that advertises

Bronson above the title of *Four for Texas*, a 1963 Dean Martin-Frank Sinatra Western in which he appears for five minutes at most.

Where does he go from here? Both Bronson and Jill shrug off the question. Money is no longer a problem: their needs, they say, are simple. When there are no official limousines calling for them, they prefer to travel by motorbike, and Charley gets around the Hollywood hills in a three-quarter-ton pickup truck. Hardly a Continental sophisticate, he insists his French is lousy, though he has lost the "Scoop-town accent" he picked up from Ehrenfield's mixture of Welsh, Irish, Spanish, Lithuanian and Yugoslavian immigrants. "I have a tongue like a plank. When I do a language track for a film, I learn the French dialog phonetically." As to being a sex symbol from Amsterdam to Kyoto, Bronson wryly acknowledges his reputation for refusing to do nude, or graphically sexy, scenes in a film. "Violence is different, it's performed in public, usually. But sex is very private, and they do it the same way in every picture, as a treat for voyeurs. Hell, I'm no prude. The first time I screwed a girl, I was only five and a half years old and she was six. I offered her a bottle of cherry pop. So she lay down and drank her pop and I climbed on top of her. Nothing much happened, of course. But I've screwed girls in wheelbarrows and sewer pipes. Sex is not a subject I'm afraid of. Our children are sexually informed; we deliberately inform them. Sometimes it's our chief topic at the dinner table."

Bronson claims his dream of the future is to be a prospector or to spend a lot of time beachcombing. But Mrs. Bronson insists that Charley exaggerates his professional detachment. While they were working together in *The Valachi Papers*, she reminds him, his concentration was so intense he couldn't seem to shake off the role at night. "It was weird. I felt as if I were married to one of the soldiers in the Mafia," she says, smiling. "He's really a very serious actor."

Bronson good-naturedly nods agreement. "She's right. I like acting better than anything else."

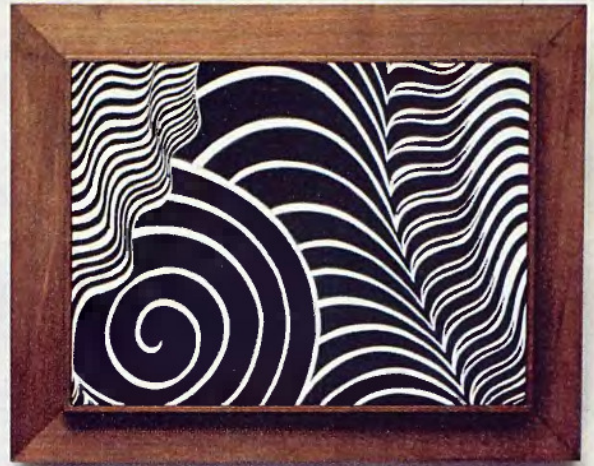
Whether or not *The Valachi Papers* boosts Charles Bronson to superstar status in America, his performance as Joe Valachi—the Mafia informer whose testimony in front of a Congressional crime committee in 1963 ultimately proved more beneficial to politicians than harmful to mafiosi—is honest, affecting and strangely poignant. The role of squealer offers little of the *machismo* associated with Bronson's established image, but the story of Valachi is nonetheless compelling and carries the sting

of documentary truth. Mob pressure reportedly tried to discourage the portrayal of such real-life characters as Lucky Luciano, Albert Anastasia and Vito Genovese (Don Vito is played to bristling perfection by France's Lino Ventura), whose presence gives *Papers* real impact. Based on the book by Peter Maas, the film unfolds chiefly in flashbacks outlining Valachi's early career as a Mafia hit man, his wooing of a slain capo's daughter (Bronson's wife, Jill Ireland) and his subsequent involvement in many nefarious gangland exploits, including a brutal episode in which Valachi witnesses the castration of his best friend, a mafioso swordsman convicted of balling Genovese's broad. The 1957 assassination of Anastasia in a Manhattan hotel barbershop and the infamous Apalachin meeting of Mob chieftains are among the incidents that trip one's memory like a morning headline. Under director Terence Young, *The Valachi Papers* is a somber, straightforward chronicle, lacking the razzle-dazzle showmanship of *The Godfather* but likewise lacking a questionable tendency to treat heels as semiheroes trapped by a feudal code of honor. Bronson's unsentimentalized yet thoroughly human portrayal of a turncoat killer sets the tone for an atmospheric gangland drama in which cowardice, treachery and cruelty are shown to be precisely that—without redeeming virtues.

One of the biggest and brightest surprises of the movie year is Diana Ross as the late Billie Holiday in *Lady Sings the Blues*. While the former lead singer of The Supremes brings a hint of Motown sound to her renditions of such Holiday standards as *Strange Fruit* and *God Bless the Child*, the musical arrangements are reasonable facsimiles of the originals—and sung by Diana with tremors of joy, sweetness and pain that are more a tribute to Billie than an imitation of her, which is all to the good. It is as an actress, however, that Diana triumphs over a conventionally sentimental and romanticized film biography, produced by Motown Records man Berry Gordy and directed by Sidney J. *(The Ipcress File)* Furie with lots of loving care. There is no need to be snobbish about the movie's commercial slickness, though all the showbiz-saga clichés are preserved intact—from the magical trout scene that enables young Billie to get out of a brothel (inventing her professional name on the spot, naturally) into her first job with a band, to the standard photo-montage sequences using shots of fast trains, theater marquees and newspaper headlines to mark the trail of a rising star. Some other effects are needlessly heavy-handed—the scene, for example, in which a hooded Klansman smashes an American flag through the



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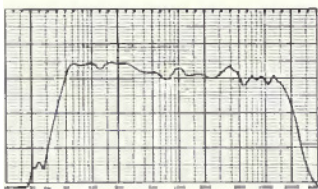
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window of her bus while Billie is touring Dixieland as a band singer and beginning to find solace in drugs—yet *Lady* works beautifully in so many ways that its flaws become forgivable. The emotional wallop of the movie rests on Diana's moving and deftly modulated performance as a strung-out, hypervulnerable neurotic who never quite loses her zest for life, even when she comes out of prison scourged by secret pain and those countless public humiliations she undergoes just for being black. Whether playing a hopeless junkie in the latter stages of collapse or an irrepressible sprite given to fits of childish merriment, Diana consistently responds in original and unpredictable ways that make the role completely her own. Director Furie must share in her accomplishment, since he achieves comparable results with Richard Pryor, playing an accompanist billed simply as Piano Man, and Billy Dee Williams as Louis McKay, the number-one man in Holiday's life, a dude so steadfast and loyal you'd think he could help any dame keep her act together. These three performances alone lift *Lady* above the common run of movie musicals. Call it pop tragedy, with bittersweet words and music—the kind of thing that happens when someone like Lady Day starts singing *Good Morning, Heartache* in a smoky bistro after hours.

The films of French writer-director Eric Rohmer are an acquired taste; yet moviegoers who found *My Night at Maud's* a talkathon and *Claire's Knee* an outright bore may be pleasantly surprised by *Chloé in the Afternoon*, the last in a cycle of romantic comedies that Rohmer calls Six Moral Tales. *Chloé* is the most enchanting and agreeable of the four that have so far crossed the Atlantic. Like its predecessors, the featherweight tale tells of a man who is in love with one woman but becomes fleetingly attracted to another—the man in this instance being a young Parisian executive (Bernard Verley) who has a wife and a child to whom he is devoted but nevertheless spends many free afternoons exploring his responses to an impulsive girl about town named Chloé, former mistress of an old friend. What he learns—or what we learn about him—is that the root of his problem is not Chloé herself but those “afternoon anxieties” common to all men as they begin settling down. “I dream of a life made of first loves, lasting loves,” muses the restless girl watcher. Though the fellow never actually *does* anything, Rohmer creates a mood of impish erotic suspense about his making it or not making it with Chloé—played seductively by Zouzou, an earthy French dish previously known to *tout Paris* as “Zouzou la *Twisteuse*” because she danced on bartops at the drop of a chapeau. The morality

Rohmer teaches is essentially as *petit bourgeois* as Neil Simon's *Last of the Red Hot Lovers* but far more sophisticated and subtle in every detail. At its impudent best, *Chloé* infuses guilty passion with the rhythm of light verse and becomes irresistible when Rohmer's hero lets himself go in a breezy sexual fantasy about cruising the boulevards of Paris, where all women (bit roles played by heroines of earlier Moral Tales) surrender without hesitation to the SOS from a blinker signal he wears on a chain around his neck.

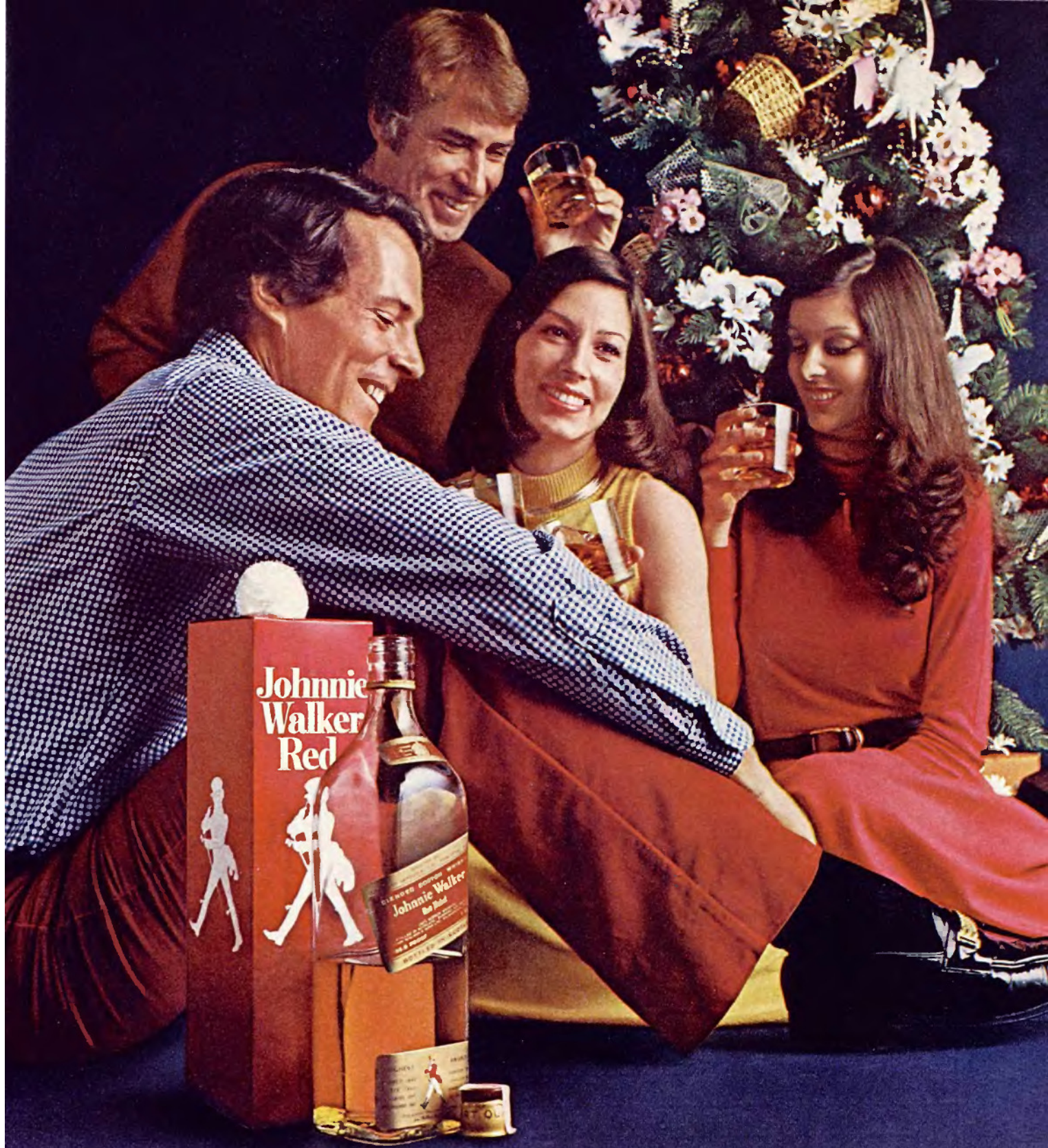
The hero of *Two English Girls*, another wistful romantic trifle, is a diffident and fairly philosophical young man (Jean-Pierre Leaud) who finds life made up of pieces that don't quite fit. During the innocent years prior to World War One, he drifts in and out of affairs with two English sisters (Kika Markham and Stacey Tendeter) while they travel abroad, languish at home, disappear on secret escapades, move away or marry others. Utter simplicity has become almost a stylistic fetish for director François Truffaut. This wry, triangular love story—based on a novel by Henri-Pierre Roche, author of Truffaut's memorable *Jules and Jim*—is extremely old-fashioned in the telling: with slow fades between scenes and liberal use of the iris lens, as if Truffaut were bent on framing his characters in a series of quaint vintage portraits for a family album. Because he is a master of the medium, he can get away with the semi-precious gestures that would make most movie directors seem cloyingly self-conscious or merely naïve. Truffaut's delicate, spontaneous good humor pulls *Two English Girls* from the brink of banality time after time, if only by a hairbreadth—and once more he shows the skill of a hand guided with fine *savoir-faire*.

While the Civil War rages east of St. Joseph, Missouri, six striplings head West to dodge the draft and find outdoor adventure. Instead, they find *Bad Company*—murderers, liars, thieves and, at one point, a simple farmer who's had a bellyful of pioneer life and invites the lads to use his wife in exchange for a little grub money. “I resolve never to do a dishonest act,” declares the God-fearing Ohio boy (movie newcomer Barry Brown) who joins up with a teenaged renegade (Jeff Bridges) and ultimately learns that the fear of God is a thin defense against man's inhumanity to man. Both Brown and Bridges invest their roles with down-home truth as well as bumptious boyish vitality; and, for an added plus, cinematographer Gordon Willis (whose work on *The Godfather* was justifiably applauded) filmed the picture in Kansas in a golden vintage

style that gleams like a field of sun-warmed wheat. A ricky-tick piano characterizes Harvey Schmidt's low-key musical score and provides a clue to the handiwork of co-authors David Newman and Robert Benton, who made their memorable movie debut with *Bonnie and Clyde*. The anatomy of American violence appears to be the Newman-Benton team's continuing concern, though here they treat the subject gingerly, even tenderly—only occasionally lapsing into dialog that smacks of city-slicker smartness (most pronounced in the case of a colorful bandit chief whom Benton and Newman acknowledge as their wry tribute to veteran director Joseph L. Mankiewicz—even to the point of letting the character plagiarize a couple of famous Mankiewicz lines). Benton, directing his first feature, had the good sense to resist any gratuitous display of virtuosity.

The dilemma faced by U.S. draft dodgers of 1972 vintage is so touchy a subject that Hollywood's film makers simply pretend it isn't there. Director and co-author Allen Baron, an alumnus of network television, tries hard with *Outside In*, the story of a Los Angeles boy (Darrell Larson) who sneaks home from a Canadian refuge in time for his father's funeral, then hangs around awhile, creating problems of conscience for family and friends. While director Baron rates a pat on the back for what he aimed to do, good intentions are an unsatisfactory substitute for skill. *Outside In* is written and acted in a plain declarative style, featuring a contrived cross section of characters—the hero's old buddy who served in Nam and came back to join the establishment on its own terms, another buddy who served time for draft evasion and has since freaked out on drugs. There's also the Understanding Girl (Heather Menzies) whom a fella can take to bed or for long, lyrical walks along the shore. Corny? Sure. Nevertheless, the movie treats its exiled young American with decent respect, as the subject of a complex and challenging question: “I wonder what they're going to do with you . . . all of you?”

The self-absorbed heroine of *Play It as It Lays*—producer-director Frank Perry's film version of the novel by Joan Didion—sums up her life in Hollywood with a bleak phrase: “I was holding all the aces . . . but what was the game?” The book's deeply subjective, ultrafeminine view of existence (adapted by Miss Didion and husband John Gregory Dunne) is retained on film, not really telling a story but gathering bits and pieces of a mosaic until, at last, the portrait of a woman emerges, a woman much put upon by men, because it's still a man's world, baby, and boys play rough. Though hardly a pretty picture,



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Miss Didion's fierce intelligence burns through every inch of it, and Tuesday Weld's performance as the cracked-up minor actress/former model, Maria Wyeth, adds star power to material that otherwise might register as just another drab study of modern despair. Tuesday, winner of a special Best Performance prize at the 1972 Venice Film Festival, has traveled a long road from perennial-starlet status to recognition as a major talent, and *Play It as It Lays* provides the role she always needed—that of a disturbed, complex, self-destructive beauty whose hang-ups seem emotionally attuned to her own private and professional knocking about in the Hollywood hills. The movie has all the makings of a one-woman show, except that director Perry occasionally sneaks in a strong close-up of Adam Roarke as Maria's husband, the kind of medium-hip Hollywood film maker who wears blue jeans and leather to prove that success can't spoil him. Some withering moments of truth also come to Tammy Grimes, as a bitchy friend, and to Anthony Perkins, as the bitch's bored husband in name only, a faggot producer whose suicide brings an end to the heroine's slender grip on sanity. This first-person fable of divorce, abortion, adultery and death is a view from the California freeways of a girl driving herself crazy in the land of smog.

A Sense of Loss is a documentary built mainly on interviews with people whose blood runs hot over the current troubles in Northern Ireland—politicians, I.R.A. leaders, bereaved families and, of course, Bernadette Devlin. *Sense of Loss* can stir an audience with its native eloquence and volatile temper, yet the movie presumes considerable foreknowledge of the religious and economic problems now tearing Northern Ireland apart. French director Marcel Ophuls, who used a similar technique to re-create the history of Nazi-occupied France in his stunning documentary *The Sorrow and the Pity*, here labors under the obvious disadvantage of being a visitor from abroad dealing with an unresolved crisis. As a questioner, he is open-minded, compassionate and honest enough to let his own prejudice or impatience with his subjects bob to the surface here and there, yet he stands apart from the material, seemingly unsure of what to do next. Talking to people in the street, talking to women whose husbands are dead or interned in the camp for dissidents at Long Nesh, talking to Miss Devlin on a desolate Irish beach, he collects all sides of nearly every question without making the essential argument clear, and the result is that the viewer becomes disoriented. Perhaps it's his own uncertainty that prompts Ophuls to belabor a point from time to time, milking the irony of

Christmas in Belfast with holiday carols linked to the movement of troops in an armored van, or fading out with his camera fixed on a pink bedspread in the empty room of a teenaged girl whose death (in a traffic mishap involving a British military vehicle) is sad, certainly, but not especially relevant to the issues in Ireland today.

The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie is a masterful comedy by a film maker of unquestioned genius, Luis Buñuel, whose career has run a dazzling course from *L'Age d'Or*—the surrealist classic of 1930—to *Belle de Jour* a few years ago. The dark, lucid intelligence and comic power of Buñuel, now 72, are as potent as ever in *The Discreet Charm*, a kind of cerebral farce about some very chic, very French, upper-middle-class people who live a completely insulated existence—attending teas and luncheons and dinner parties, wearing the smartest clothes, casually balling one another's wives and occasionally even their own, and allowing nothing whatever to interfere with their complacent social routines. If a sit-down dinner party should be momentarily disturbed by mortar fire in the garden and the unexpected arrival of shock troops smoking pot, the hostess simply calls for extra plates. If the ambassador of a remote, barbarous republic discovers a buxom terrorist in his flat, he foils the assassination by attempting to seduce her. If the gentlemen of the company find their evening revels interrupted by police determined to jail them for trafficking in narcotics, they need only tap their fingers until an influential minister gets on the telephone to spring them. They are addicts of privilege, the sort of snobs who need war orphans in order to justify charity balls. Reality seldom encroaches upon this well-ordered little world except in dreams, and everyone dreams a lot—troublesome dreams of murder and death and revolutionary justice—but they vanish like morning dew when you have to wake up and dress and decide what to do about lunch. Even a drawing-room farce from Buñuel slips into cool and cruelly satirical fantasy, made irresistibly funny by Fernando Rey, Stéphane Audran, Jean-Pierre Cassel, Delphine Seyrig and Bulle Ogier. In France, that amounts to an all-star cast, every one of them perfectly straight-faced, performing Buñuel's small miracles with impeccable restraint. A jewel of a comedy in the Tiffany class.

RECORDINGS

Holiday cheer for the ears. Here is a sackful of multiple-LP albums for Christmas giving and getting. First for

the "heavy" stuff. Seraphim has dipped into the Angel catalog and come up with *The Seraphim Guide to the Classics*, a ten-LP slipcased set that runs from the Middle Ages through Bartók, Berg and Boulez. The performances are marked by the usual high standards of those artists recording under the Angel label. A less ambitious but no less satisfying project is *A Baroque Festival*, a twin-LP album on Elektra's Nonesuch label, which contains marvelous performances of the works of Bach, Schütz, Buxtehude, Couperin, Scarlatti, Vivaldi, et al., and seems absolutely perfect for the season. Columbia has put together in three-record sets what it issued previously as single LPs—*John Williams: Seven Great Guitar Concertos* and *The Art of Igor Kipnis*. The latter encompasses the harpsichordist's performances of music from France, Italy and Spain, including the works of Domenico and Alessandro Scarlatti, Rameau, Cimarosa and Soler. The Williams recordings were done with the Philadelphia Orchestra, under Eugene Ormandy, and the English Chamber Orchestra, conducted by Charles Groves. Both albums are technically brilliant and artistically delightful. Opera buffs can feast on a banquet of Beverly Sills; the peerless diva has five—count 'em, five—operas available on the Audio Treasury label. You pay your money and you take your choice. There're Donizetti's *Roberto Devereux* and *Lucia di Lammermoor* (conducted by Thomas Schippers), plus *Maria Stuarda* (which has the added attraction of Eileen Farrell in the role of Elizabeth) and Offenbach's *Tales of Hoffmann*. All are three-LP albums. The fifth album (on four LPs) is Massenet's *Manon*, which finds Miss Sills in the splendid company of Nicolai Gedda and Gerard Souzay. Beverly Sills is a phenomenon and to have five such albums available is phenomenal.

Pop, jazz, rock, folk and country double-LP reissues play a large part in supplying the aural pleasure for this yule. From Columbia comes *Benny Goodman's All-Time Greatest Hits*, including the King of Swing's *Sing, Sing, Sing, Let's Dance, Flying Home and Jersey Bounce*. Trio, quartet, quintet, sextet, septet and big band—they're all here. *Tony Bennett's All-Time Greatest Hits*, also on Columbia, is filled with the likes of—well, you know—*I Left My Heart in San Francisco, The Shadow of Your Smile, Who Can I Turn To, Put on a Happy Face, Smile, Love Look Away*, etc., etc. Bennett is beautiful. Years ago, before Joan Baez became a political activist and reflected it in her music, her forte was the straight folk ballad. *The Joan Baez Ballad Book* (Vanguard) is a marvelous reprise of that era—*Barbara Allen, Go Way from My Window, Black Is the Color of My True Love's Hair, Fare Thee Well*—all delivered in the pure, haunting style that

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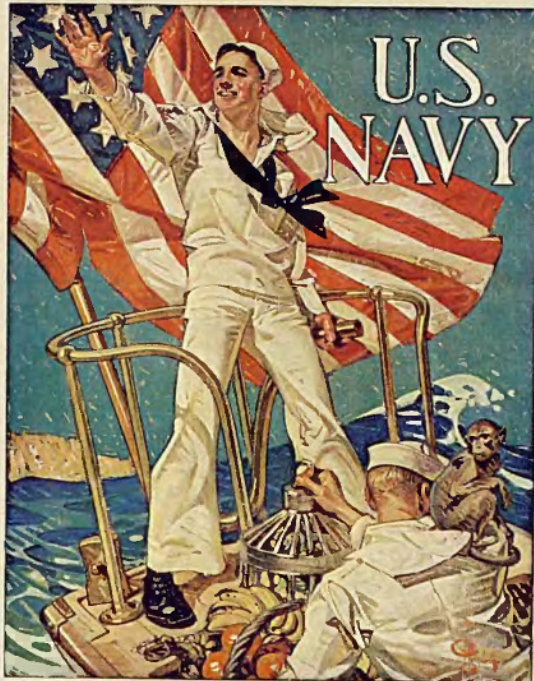


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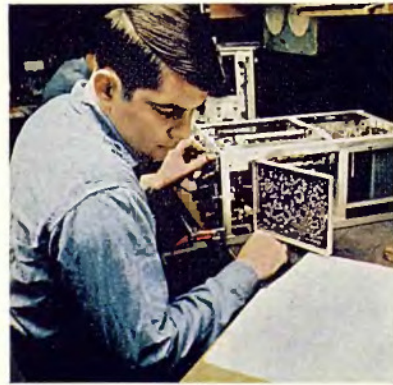
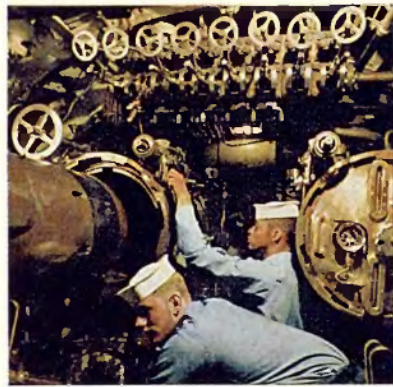
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was, and is, the hallmark of Miss Baez. Chet Atkins has been pickin' and strummin' for RCA for a quarter of a century now and to celebrate his silver anniversary, the company has issued *Chet Atkins Now and . . . Then*. From *Canned Heat*, recorded in 1947, to 1972's *Knee Action*, the album dramatically demonstrates why Chet has stayed at the top of his craft for so long. *The Best of Otis Redding* (Atco) is just that. Redding has been gone for more than five years now, but his sound still echoes in the style of many of today's top rock and soul singers. The two LPs conclude, fittingly, with *(Sittin' on) The Dock of the Bay*, Otis' biggest hit; but there are 24 other tracks that tell the Otis Redding story in compelling fashion. Polydor has undoubtedly come up with the cream of the reissue notions in packaging four double-LP albums built around the late and still-lamented Cream and its illustrious alumni. There are *Heavy Cream*, *Ginger Baker at His Best*, *Jack Bruce at His Best* and *Eric Clapton at His Best*, any one of which will set you on your ear, although the Clapton recordings (including *Layla* and *Let It Rain*) are clearly the most exciting of the lot.

John Prine sings marvelous blue-collar songs about the disillusioned and the dispossessed. He's often compared to Dylan and, on the basis of his Vietnam ballad, *Sam Stone*, has been called a protest singer. But Prine is really into a different ethos and a different groove. *Diamonds in the Rough* (Atlantic) is a sad and moving album, mixing sentiment and pathos with a few lighter touches. One of these is *Everybody*, a conversation with the savior, part of which runs: "While out sailing on the ocean, / While out sailing on the sea, / I bumped into the savior, / And he said. 'Pardon me.' / I said, 'Jesus, you look tired.' / He said, 'Jesus, so do you. . .'" Then there are moments of real pain, as in *The Late John Garfield Blues*, which projects surrealistic movie images against a bleak Chicago backdrop; and *Clocks and Spoons*, an ambiguous song of suicide that builds on the T. S. Eliot idea of measuring out a life with coffee spoons. This isn't to imply that Prine is one of the artsy-folksy crowd. Far from it: Songs like *Rocky Mountain Time* are pure country, and their images of commonplace life are so personally rendered that you can't fail to be touched.

We liked their initial offering (*Off the Shelf*, May 1972) and the follow-up, *Batdorf & Rodney* (Asylum), is even better. B. & R. produce a superior brand of clean rock—lightweight stuff that is humable and well played. Their vocal harmonies are reminiscent of the Hollies and, sometimes, of Simon and Garfunkel. A few of the tunes here, such as

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Between the Ages, are a trifle over-ambitious. But of the others, *All I Need* (dedicated to Dalton Trumbo, of all people) is a standout. Could B. & R. be the next S. & G.? Well, no. Listen to *Simon and Garfunkel's Greatest Hits* (Columbia) and you'll see what an impossible act that is to follow.

As usual, Boz Scaggs proves himself capable of many styles of pop soul music. *My Time* (Columbia) offers up Motown sound, a Dr. John bit, a couple of big production numbers and more. While the disc gets off to a slow, old-Buick kind of start with *Dinah Flo*, which is commercial and dumb, things pick up with *He's a Fool for You*, which features the Boz falsetto and some fine backup singing. By the time you reach *We're Gonna Roll*, it's all together with superior vocal and horn work, and you should be rocking.

John Fahey says he plays "American Primitive Guitar," by which he appears to mean a style formed on lves and early blues, ragtime and jazz, country and Gospel. *Of Rivers and Religion* (Reprise) shows, however, just how sophisticated such a style can prove. This is open and evocative music, with a stress on phrasing and pacing that is hard to imagine this side of Segovia. On several cuts, Fahey is joined by classic jazzfolk such as Nappy La Mare and Joe Darensbourg. The result sounds like something out of Wooden Joe Nicholas and his New Orleans Band. Frequently you'll hear the strings squeak, as Fahey fingers his stops, or the tempo accelerate, perhaps inadvertently (as it often did in old music) and perhaps not. Who cares? This is the good old stuff, created and re-created lovingly.

Can you dig it? In his notes to *The Rite of Spring* (Deutsche Grammophon), Jonathan Cott describes the ovation a young audience gave to Michael Tilson Thomas' performance of the work. "You might have thought Janis Joplin had just finished singing *Piece of My Heart*." Wow, man! Better yet, imagine how Stravinsky and Joplin, both lately passed, would blow their minds at this piece of news. Anyhow, Thomas and the Boston Symphony dig in and *blow* here: Even Igor's own version doesn't have this kind of drama, Momma. Lay hands on this disc and find out what them cats in Boston already know. If *The Rite* ain't rock, it still can shock.

We get few records like it: those you can put on and play again and again on long Saturday afternoons, so fine you can't get enough. The Band's second album, *The Band*, was like that, and

now they've given us another: *Rock of Ages* (Capitol). It's live and lovely, a double LP recorded a year ago at the Academy of Music in New York (where the ghost of Alan Freed still bops), a pure *up* of a concert, with them mostly moving through their Greatest Hits—*The Weight*, *Chest Fever*, *The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down*, *Rag Mama Rag*, *Life Is a Carnival*—and making them greater. Robbie Robertson is a bitch of a songwriter. His lyrics often have that Dylan quality—the stoned country imagist flashing vivid but often elusive myths about America—but Dylan, in spite of his electric guitars, is finally a folkie; Robertson writes rock 'n' roll. And Allen Toussaint's horn section makes it even better, hanging right in there with its main man, Snooky Young. Toussaint may be the only rock arranger around who doesn't use horns like clubs, or pour them like syrup over everything: They fit, beautifully, sometimes filling holes you never noticed before. *Don't Do It*, which until now you could hear only on bad bootlegs, is a lover's lament ("my biggest mistake was lovin' you too much . . . and lettin' you know . . .") that may be the album's killer, but it is all special music.

THEATER

Theatrical recapitulations of the works of popular composers often turn out to be more of a travesty than a tribute. The revivers either spoof the material or turn every tune into an over-production number. Happily, Roderick Cook, who conceived and directed *Oh Coward!*, and stars in it with Barbara Cason and Jamie Ross, has taken quite a different course. He has simply selected some 50 of Noel Coward's best show tunes, plucked a few words from his plays and his books and put them onto a tiny stage without pretense or apology, along with two pianists, a percussionist and a minimum of scenery. Cook and his partners skip through Coward's devious wordplays with agility and taste. None of them has a strong singing voice, but these songs are more to be talked than sung and all three keep their syllables crisp and their Coward dry. As if Sir Noel himself were overseeing their manners, they suppress emotion: Cook sings *The Party's Over Now* as if he were on the verge of expiration. The material is old but not dated; even *Mad Dogs and Englishmen* sounds freshly printed. Coward's verse has an insouciance and an acerbity that have, unfortunately, all but gone out of fashion in the theater. At The New, 154 East 54th Street.



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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

Sexually speaking, my wife is rather inhibited, while I am quite free, which is proving unsatisfactory to both of us. I would like her to have sex with other men (and I with other women); the idea is exciting to me, though she would never agree to such activities. Recently, I had to force her to have oral sex with me. I love my wife and want us both to be happy, but her reluctance to experiment sexually is threatening our relationship. Any suggestions for resolving this problem?—E. M., Lincoln, Nebraska.

You seem to have missed the point about sexual freedom, which certainly does not include the freedom to force your partner to do something she doesn't want to do. Inhibitions are usually based on fear and won't disappear until that fear has been dissipated. If you wish to lessen your wife's sexual inhibitions, you'll have to proceed slowly and lovingly and certainly with respect for her feelings. To force her into a sexual activity that either disgusts or frightens her will only convince her—correctly—that she is being used.

Lately I've been having "flashbacks" caused by past use of hallucinogenic drugs. Is there anything I can do about them?—H. K., Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

See your doctor, who will probably prescribe Thorazine or another, related tranquilizer to lessen or eliminate flashbacks. You might also visit a drug-treatment clinic at the local health service or the counseling center of a nearby university.

Several years ago, when I was just out of high school, I made the mistake of taking up with a man many years my senior. He was in the process of getting a divorce and led me to believe that we would be married by the time I'd completed my education. After stringing me along for a couple of years, he told me that his wife had hurt him so badly prior to their divorce that he could never even consider marrying again. I was so hopelessly involved with him by then that I continued to see him anyway, until I met the man I later married. My problem is that for the three years I've been married, this old boy has continued to hound my footsteps with an irritating ardor. I've tried everything I know to make him stop, from reasoning with him to ignoring him, but nothing seems to work. He's a senior Navy officer and I'm considering taking the matter up with his commander. Can you suggest any less drastic alternatives?—Mrs. N. N., Norfolk, Virginia.

You'll only involve yourself deeper by pursuing the matter personally. Engage

an attorney to represent you and instruct him to outline all the alternatives, including the drastic one you mention, to your old beau.

When I invite a girl to my apartment for dinner, am I showing poor manners if I expect her to provide her own transportation? I would, of course, gladly reimburse her for her cab fare, but I would find it difficult to spend up to an hour and a half behind the wheel of my car and play Thomas Mario at the same time.—L. R., St. Louis, Missouri.

If it's impossible to find girls who live near you, then we suggest that your date grab a cab to your place and that you reimburse her. Devote that hour and a half behind the wheel to driving her home the next morning.

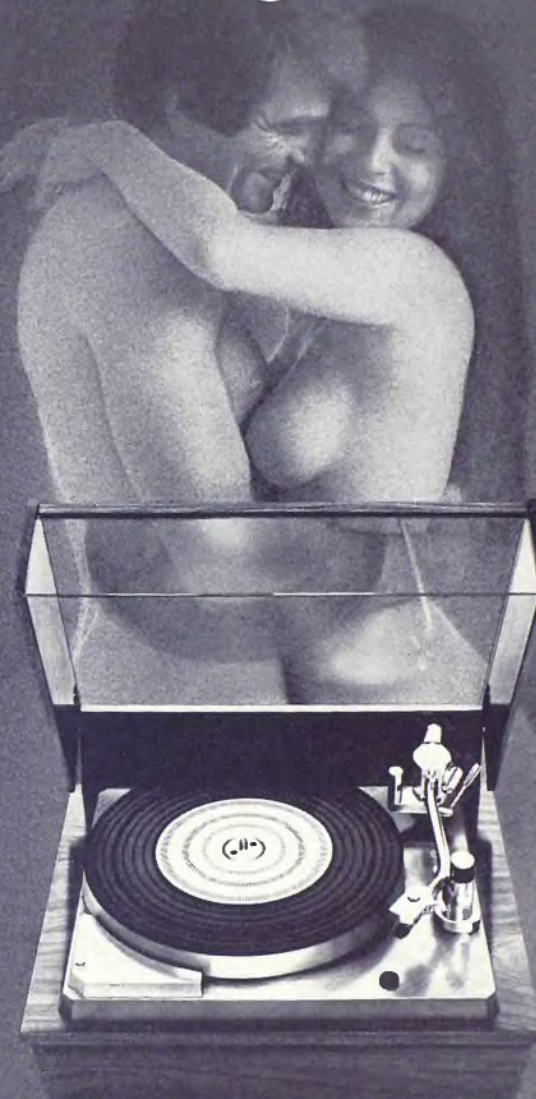
In reading the underground press, I've come across numerous ads for massage parlors, most of which hint that they offer more than just a simple rubdown. Are the ads just a come-on?—G. A., San Francisco, California.

The answer is yes and no. According to Al Goldstein, executive editor of Screw magazine, most of the girls in the massage parlors would be surprised if you showed up simply for a massage. If the girl thinks you're a cop, however, that's all you'll get. Otherwise, you're likely to find yourself haggling about the "extras" that may be available, ranging from \$20 to \$50, depending on whether you're interested in manual manipulation, oral sex, genital intercourse or something really exotic. If the masseuse shows up partly or completely nude, you may assume that she is more proficient at massaging organs than muscles. Before going for a "massage," you might check to see if the parlors in your city have become targets for police raids—you wouldn't want to be caught with your pants down.

It's the season for the common cold and I am more than usually susceptible to them. Has anybody made any progress in discovering what really causes them and, if so, what cures them? Is drinking alcohol or exercising, to help sweat them out, of any value? What about the antihistamines, sometimes advertised for the symptomatic relief of colds? Vitamin C? Aspirin? Anything?—F. C., Cleveland, Ohio.

About the only thing authorities agree upon is that colds are caused by viruses, of which there may be up to 200, depending on the expert. Their very number and variety limits the prospects of developing an effective vaccine. It's

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possible to become relatively immune to the cold viruses prevalent in your community, but once you leave it, you're fair game for those that prevail elsewhere. (Simply growing older may help, since one study has shown far more teenagers than people over 50 coming down with colds; apparently, age gives you time to become immune to more of the viruses.) Cold weather can lower one's resistance to colds and low indoor humidity can dry out the mucous membranes that some doctors think may trap the viruses before they can infect you. Liquor is of little help; a stable body temperature helps in curing a cold and liquor lowers the body temperature while it raises the surface temperature. Exercising can actually intensify a cold's symptoms. Although an antihistamine will reduce swelling in the nasal passages, it will not block virus production. It will help, of course, if you have an allergy along with the cold. Nasal sprays can be potentially dangerous. Dr. Linus Pauling claims vitamin C is the answer, but most medical doctors maintain it isn't; some even claim that high dosages of vitamin C can be harmful. Best thing to do for colds is to avoid them in the first place by staying away from people who have them. You might also restrict traveling from one part of the country to another during the winter months and stay well fed and rested to build up your resistance. If you do come down with a cold, do what your mother always advised: Take aspirin for the head- and muscle aches, drink lots of fruit juice and get plenty of sleep. The average cold lasts from seven to ten days; if it hangs on longer, see your doctor. Antibiotics, incidentally, are of little value against cold viruses. *A-choo!*

The October *Advisor* noted that an American could lose his citizenship by "voting in an election of a foreign state" and by "staying out of the U. S. during a war or national emergency to avoid serving in the military." I would like to mention that both of these provisions and a number of others as well of Chapter Three, Sections 349 to 352 of the Immigration and Nationality Act of June 27, 1952, have been declared unconstitutional in recent court findings.—William A. Ramage, Criminal Investigator, Immigration and Naturalization Service, Newark, New Jersey.

Mr. Ramage is correct; court decisions have had the effect of amending the existing law. Probably the most fool-proof method of giving up one's citizenship is to formally renounce it before a U. S. consul abroad. Our "expert" for the original answer has been exiled.

While I was away on vacation, my girlfriend had an affair with another man. I have stopped seeing her as a result, but she's always on my mind

nonetheless. I can't decide whether I should see her again or try to forget about her altogether. Other girls don't interest me. Should I swallow my pride or continue to suffer withdrawal pains?—R. B., Knoxville, Tennessee.

Why punish yourself? If other girls don't interest you and she does, and if she wants to see you, too, then it seems foolish to undergo the self-inflicted pain of staying apart. By all means, date her and see how things go. A temporary affair is seldom a good reason for a permanent breakup—especially if your relationship still holds meaning for both of you. Remember, you don't own her.

Is it true that high humidity can be harmful to my hi-fi system? And, if so, is there any commercial product that I can use to prevent deterioration due to humidity?—C. D., Newark, New Jersey.

It's not likely that your system can be harmed by humidity. However, to prevent possible corrosion of antenna lead-in wires or other exposed wires and connections, you might spray them with an acrylic such as Krylon.

Recently I purchased a pair of brown-and-white shoes. Now friends tell me that two-toned shoes aren't suitable for winter wear. Is this true, or doesn't it really matter?—W. C., Albany, New York.

It depends on where you live. In your state, and throughout the North, white or two-toned shoes are usually worn between Easter and Labor Day only. So why not pack them in your bag for a trip to Miami or Los Angeles, where they wear such things year round?

My boyfriend and I have been dating each other exclusively for a year and a half. Just recently, at his request, we began to date others but promised that we would have sex only with each other. We love each other, but since we have no idea when we can marry, we feel there are advantages to dating around. Unfortunately, I am becoming increasingly uptight about the situation. All around me, I see supposedly nice guys cheating on their wives and fiancées. I've kept my share of the bargain, but I can't help wondering if my boyfriend is keeping his. I have no evidence that he's betrayed me, just a vague feeling. How can I overcome this uneasiness?—Miss C. H., Madison, Wisconsin.

If you're so uptight about mutual fidelity that you feel betrayed on general principles, simply because your boyfriend is a member of the male sex, then you'd better have a good, long rap about the subject before you get married. How would you feel, once having tied the knot, if he went out of town on business or was otherwise exposed to temptations that you could not observe or control? While you're talking to your

boyfriend, you ought to see if you can find out as well if he is simply trying to ease out of the relationship with you (while continuing to use you sexually), which may be one of the causes of your anxiety. If so, it might be wiser to break it off cleanly now.

How did the word carat, for measuring the weight of precious stones, originate?—R. F., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

A carat, equivalent in weight to 200 milligrams, comes from the alchemist's carratus, which in turn derives from the Arabic qirāt, or bean; the reason is that in ancient times, the weights of diamonds were computed by balancing them against the beans, or seeds, of the carob tree, extensively cultivated on the shores of the Mediterranean.

On a number of occasions, I've run across a reference to a drink called Pimm's Cup. Could you tell me how to make one?—S. T., Phoenix, Arizona.

Sorry, but the ingredients of a Pimm's Cup are a trade secret. To partially explain the mystery, Pimm's Cup is the brand name for a group of alcoholic beverages resembling cordials that are bottled in England and that can be used to make various slings. Supposedly originated by a bartender at a Pimm's restaurant in London, there are six Cups, each with a different base: Pimm's Cup No. 1, gin (for a gin sling); No. 2, Scotch; No. 3, brandy; No. 4, rum and brandy; No. 5, rye; and No. 6, vodka. The favored method of serving is to mix with soda or fruit juice and serve in tall glasses with a garnish of lemon and cucumber rind.

Without going into the details of my situation, I would like to ask a question. If two people (married, but not to each other) engage in oral sex without coitus, are they committing adultery?—D. B., Baltimore, Maryland.

Legally, most states require genital intercourse to fulfill a definition of adultery, leaving oral sex to such vague and all-inclusive categories as "unnatural acts." So the answer must be: What goes on in your head depends entirely on what you have in mind. As a woman in "The Ginger Man" remarked, in a slightly different connection, "Oh, Mr. Dangerfield, it's so much less of a sin. And fun too."

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



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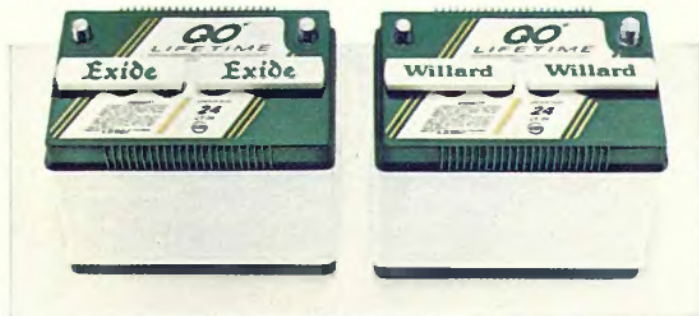
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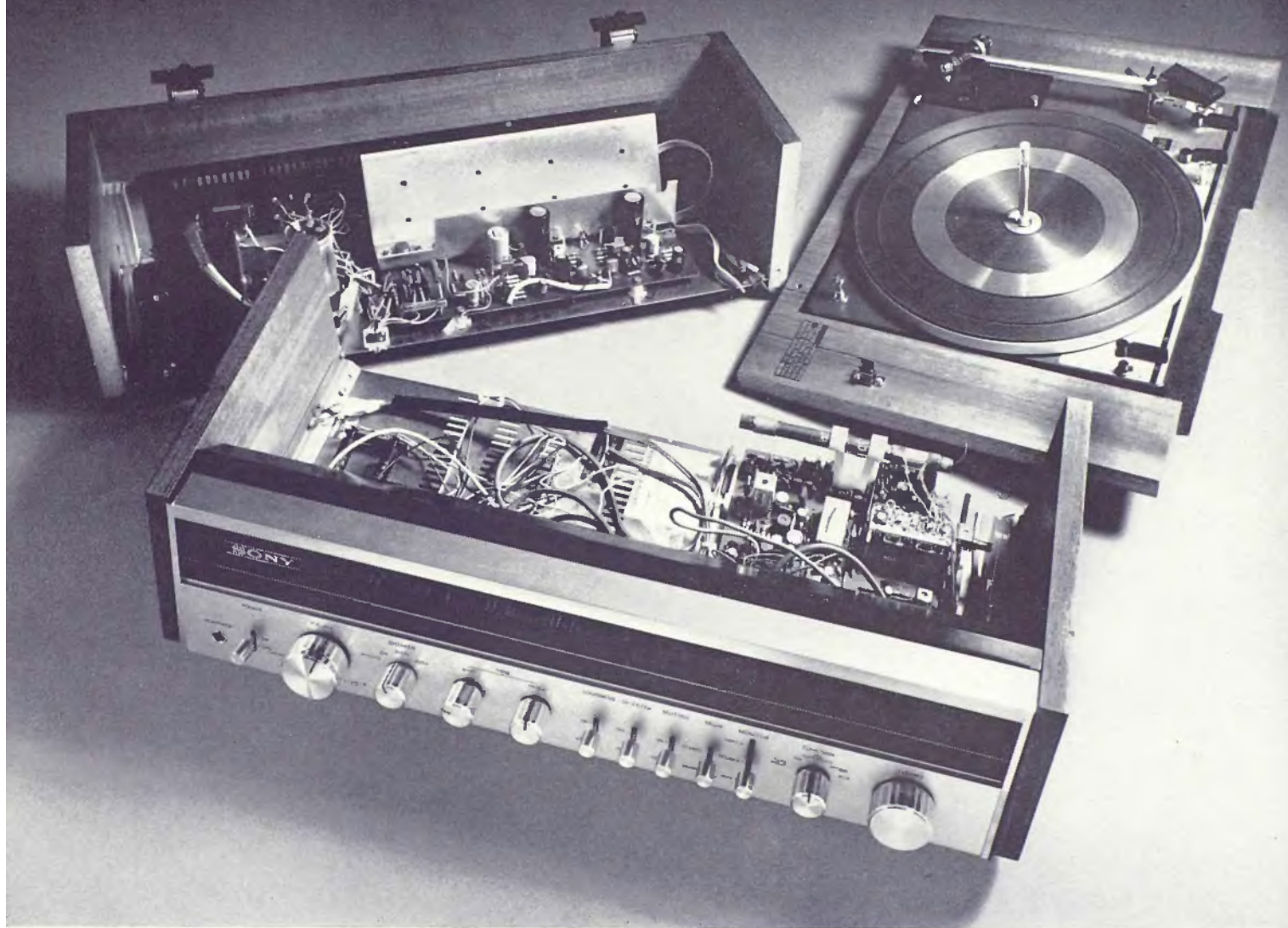
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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

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

MASTURBATION MYTHOLOGY

Judging by the excerpts quoted in an October 1972 *Playboy Forum* letter, *The Missing Dimension in Sex*, by Herbert W. Armstrong and accomplices, must be one of the literary curiosities of the 20th Century. It is difficult to understand how anyone who admits that masturbation doesn't cause pimples, sterility and the like can yet maintain not only that it is a sin and a perversion but that it causes temporary absent-mindedness. I note that Armstrong and associates seem to have forgotten to tell us what evidence they have for this astonishing claim. Could it be firsthand experience?

Dana L. Turner
The Dalles, Oregon

NUDE BATHERS' ARREST

Four of us were swimming in the nude in California's Trinity River in a secluded spot, when we were arrested by a sheriff's deputy. We were told that several residents of the area had made complaints about us to the county sheriff's department; however, they could have seen us only if they had left their own property and walked down-river or through the woods to find us, since there is no path to the place and the river is not navigable.

After our arrest, the deputy did not allow us to pick up our clothes. He handcuffed us together, male to female rather than male to male and female to female. He did not provide us with covering at the scene of the arrest but drove us into town and exposed us to the citizens of Weaverville. Blankets were brought to us at the courthouse. If the purpose of the law is to protect citizens from the sight of nude bodies, this is odd behavior.

We spent a day and a night in jail and are now out on bail awaiting trial.

Mary Miller
James Dunaway
Robert Froost
Eureka, California

MORE CAMPUS NUDITY

As reported in *PLAYBOY's* September 1972 article *Student Bodies*, nude public appearances are becoming commonplace among today's university set. Skinny-dipping is quite prevalent at Empire Lake in Upstate New York, which was purchased as a faculty-student playground by the State University of New York at Binghamton. Last fall, a local

paper reported that one tourist came upon Empire Lake unexpectedly and was "shocked to the skin of his teeth." The story stated:

The unidentified male tourist complained to Sergeant William Stanton of the Tioga County Sheriff's Department that there was a "sink of sin" at the lake owned by the State University of New York.

The man was showing his parents around "beautiful Upstate New York when he was shocked to find what he first thought to be a nudist camp," Stanton said.

"He found to his great embarrassment that he was in a sink of sin, a Sodom and Gomorrah all over again.

"Everywhere he turned his gaze, he could see nothing but raw stark-naked men and women."

Sergeant Stanton kept his cool in reaction to the tourist's harrowing experience, the paper reported:

"I advised him that I was not up to date on the subject," Stanton explained, "but that I did have a few old copies of *Captain Billy's Whiz Bang* magazine, a 1935 issue of *Esquire* and an April 1971 *PLAYBOY*."

"I assured him that when I went home I would research the problem," the sergeant said.

Bruce Coville
Binghamton, New York

THE NUDE DUDE

An article in *The Denver Post* stated that a school-hallway art show included a picture of a naked man and that this brought a torrent of protest down on local school officials. A letter from one irate parent straightforwardly termed the picture repulsive. Another asked, rhetorically, "To the bulging eyeballs and curious minds of our 13-year-old students, is it art?" The self-supplied answer was "I doubt it." The rather imaginative mother who wrote that letter also expressed dismay at the possibility that the school might become known thereafter as the one with the picture of "the nude dude." And so on.

Oh, yes: the picture. It's a reproduction of Michelangelo's *Creation of*



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Adam, which can be found on the ceiling of the Vatican's Sistine Chapel (whose reputation, incidentally, hasn't been sullied by the presence of Adam, "the nude dude").

Joe Cordova
Denver, Colorado

CDL UNDER INVESTIGATION

I've been following with interest the letters in *The Playboy Forum* about Charles H. Keating, Jr.'s fund-raising drive for Citizens for Decent Literature. *Newsletter on Intellectual Freedom*, published by the American Library Association, reports that CDL is being investigated by the Minnesota attorney general's office to see if it complies with state statutes concerning charities and consumer frauds. The newsletter states that an assistant attorney general told the *St. Paul Dispatch* and *Pioneer Press* that CDL apparently is spending the bulk of the money it receives for fund-raising and very little for its avowed purpose of fighting pornography.

Frank J. Howell
San Francisco, California

MORE SHAME FOR SHEBOYGAN

The storm stirred up by Richard Rhodes's article *Sex and Sin in Sheboygan* (PLAYBOY, August 1972) is still raging. A downtown Sheboygan tavern called The Jail has been selling bumper stickers that read, SIN CITY—SHEBOYGAN, WISCONSIN, a sardonic comment on the PLAYBOY article. Oakley Frank—the Sheboygan chief of police who brought charges against the late Jim Decko—wrote a letter to the common council's license committee urging it to put pressure on The Jail to stop distributing the stickers. Members of the committee, which has the power to grant and to revoke tavern licenses, issued a warning to the owners of The Jail.

The issue was thoroughly publicized in *The Sheboygan Press*, and well over a thousand of the bumper stickers have now been sold. Interviewed by the *Press*, Chief Frank was asked whether putting pressure on the tavern to suppress the distribution of the bumper stickers wasn't leaving the city open to further criticism by PLAYBOY. Frank replied as follows:

"I think it's a sorry day when we have to jump through the hoops and be careful where we step so we don't offend PLAYBOY.

"I think it's a sad commentary that people who have nothing but filth and smut to peddle have to set the level of the morals of our city."

Chief Frank's attitude toward PLAYBOY is typical of what the people of this community are up against. Is it any wonder that most of Sheboygan's good, talented young people leave, even run from, this town? There are some positive notes,

FORUM NEWSFRONT

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

BON VOYAGE

HARTLEPOOL, ENGLAND—A warmhearted 48-year-old British housewife who operates a lonelyhearts club says she could line up a large number of girls willing to go to bed with British soldiers on the night before they are shipped off for duty in strife-torn Northern Ireland. She announced, "If the army chiefs would let me use their barracks, I could lay on plenty of girls who would be only too glad to give at least one night of love to these youngsters. I only want to see our soldiers have a little pleasure before facing danger and the threat of losing their lives." Her offer has been poorly received by townspeople, who have written dozens of indignant letters to the local newspaper protesting her patriotic gesture.

CURING THE COPROLALIA

NEW YORK CITY—Medical science may have discovered a treatment for one of mankind's more exotic afflictions—one in which the victim compulsively and continually uses obscene language. The disorder is called the Gilles de la Tourette syndrome after the 19th Century French physician who first described it, and it is characterized by coprolalia (uncontrollable swearing), echolalia (compulsive repeating of what another person says) and facial or other muscular tics. The condition was generally considered untreatable until neurologists at various medical facilities experimented with treatments of haloperidol, a tranquilizer. Reports from a New York physician indicate that the drug has proved about 80 percent effective with all patients and nearly 100 percent effective with some.

CLAP TRAP

An apparent increase in symptomless gonorrhea in men has been reported by physicians working in V. D. control. Traditionally, it has been women who unsuspectingly contract, carry and spread the disease, because noticeable symptoms are absent in approximately 80 percent of female cases, while men are usually alerted by a burning discharge. Now, large-scale screening of Servicemen returning from Southeast Asia indicates that gonorrhea is asymptomatic in 20 percent or more of men who are infected. Experts are uncertain whether this reflects any real change in the characteristics of gonorrhea or merely better detection programs.

A new and simple blood test for gonorrhea is now undergoing field trials by the New York State Health Department, which hopes it will provide an

effective detection method for use in mass screening. The test doesn't determine whether the disease is active but only whether the person has ever had it. A person showing "positive" would then be tested by older, more elaborate methods.

PORNOGRAPHY AND OTHER PERILS

In a speech advocating chastity and denouncing pornography, Pope Paul VI warned that "behind the initiation to sensual pleasure, there loom narcotics." He did not explain the link between sex and drugs, but said that "we live in a time when the animal side of human nature is degenerating into limitless corruption."

In Salt Lake City, the Mormon Church issued a statement calling on its members to oppose "smut in any of its many insidious forms" because "history is replete with examples of nations that have fallen in a large measure through licentiousness." No examples were offered, however.

The former executive director of the U. S. Commission on Obscenity and Pornography told a group of doctors in Atlanta that people who enjoy pornography tend to be well educated, well read and socially and politically active. Dr. W. Cody Wilson, speaking before the Medical Association of Atlanta, said the largest consumers of pornography are young nonreligious married men, and he reiterated the commission's finding that sex criminals most often are people who were rarely or never exposed to pornography during childhood and youth.

WAGES OF SIN

Local courts are setting new records in penalizing pornographers. In Oakland, California, a municipal judge levied fines totaling \$270,000 and jail terms of up to 18 months against a theater owner, a manager and a ticket taker convicted of showing obscene movies. In Cincinnati, Ohio, the manager of an adult bookstore was convicted in a common-pleas court of selling obscene material, sentenced to a year less one day in jail and fined \$20,500. The company was fined \$205,000 and police seized an estimated \$1,000,000 worth of films, books, records and magazines from its warehouse.

THE WALLS HAVE VOICES

SAN DIEGO—An attorney walking through San Diego's Federal courthouse saw a woman, apparently a secretary, speak to a blank wall. She said, "Hello, wall," and the wall said "Hello" back. The lawyer immediately sought a restraining order barring use of the hidden surveillance equipment, charging

that it allowed the Government to eavesdrop on conversations between attorneys and clients. A judge denied the restraining order after a U. S. Marshal insisted that the microphones and speakers in the walls were merely part of the courthouse security system.

KLEANING OF THE KLAN

CINCINNATI—The Ku Klux Klan is trying to cleanse its ranks of Government agents and informers by requiring members to take lie-detector tests. The Ohio Grand Dragon of the United Klans of America said that Klan organizations in 22 states already have polygraph machines and that the Klan has set up a polygraph operators' school.

IF YOU CAN'T LICK 'EM . . .

NEW DELHI, INDIA—The municipal council may be asked to authorize a certain amount of graft among public officials as a means of controlling it. A member of the council has prepared a resolution that reads, "This house is of the opinion that the existing legal as well as administrative measures have miserably failed to curb corruption. This house, therefore, demands that corruption and bribery be legalized and suitable limits be fixed for different levels and for different kinds of work."

BOOZE AND THE BADGE

SAN FRANCISCO—A 22-year veteran of the San Francisco police force has been granted \$1161-per-month disability pay for a year, having successfully argued that his alcoholism was brought on by his job. A psychiatrist told the city's retirement board that public hostility toward police was the major cause of the emotional stresses that the officer attempted to relieve by excessive drinking.

FIGHTING THE KILLER WEED

OCALA, FLORIDA—Local police have launched a campaign against the illegal use and possession of the killer weed—tobacco. A city ordinance prohibits the smoking of tobacco by anyone under 18, and police began enforcing the law on instructions from the city council. In the first month of the crackdown, six teenagers were arrested and faced with maximum fines of \$500 or up to 60 days in jail. The local school board has also passed a stiff no-smoking regulation. Since the rule went into effect, several students have been suspended and some of them turned over to police.

HIGH-PRICED HOT LINE

WASHINGTON, D. C.—The nationwide "heroin hot line" has proved to be a costly failure, according to a New York Congressman, but Federal drug officials appear intent on continuing it. The toll-free telephone number was set up by

the Nixon Administration to encourage anonymous tips on drug pushers, but in its first four months of operation, it has cost taxpayers about \$250,000, while netting only 14 arrests and two grams of heroin—which works out to about \$3,500,000 an ounce. U. S. Representative Lester L. Wolff cited a General Accounting Office report in calling for an end to the hot-line program as "ineffective"; but a drug-control official in the Justice Department said, "We're not giving any thought at all to closing it down. To the contrary . . . we're going to beef it up." The G. A. O. report covered a three-month period and stated that of 28,341 calls received, 23,978 were unusable—mostly from cranks, hecklers and people wondering if the hot line really works.

CANNABIS CONTROVERSY

Continuing research on marijuana and hashish has produced more contradictory announcements:

- Two Philadelphia psychiatrists claim that hash and pot contributed to the emotional problems of 13 patients who used one or both drugs for up to six years. Drs. Harold Kolansky and William T. Moore of the University of Pennsylvania contend that their subjects' problems developed when they started using the drugs and diminished or disappeared within 3 to 24 months after the drug use stopped. An earlier study by the same psychiatrists, also linking marijuana with mental illness, found little acceptance in scientific circles.

- A marijuana research team at the University of Texas medical branch in Galveston has reported sleep disturbances and lethargy among 14 volunteers who smoked marijuana regularly for ten days.

- In Greece, researchers connected with the University of Athens conducted a 20-year study of 30 hash smokers without finding any evidence of harmful effects. A psychology professor at New York Medical College told a meeting of the American Electroencephalographic Society that the study found "no sign of chronic brain damage" and that "the extent and number of brain abnormalities did not exceed what you would expect with any group of the same age."

GRASS STAMPEDE

BALTIMORE—The Maryland Psychiatric Research Center was having trouble finding volunteers for a marijuana-smoking experiment until its need was reported in the local morning paper. By nine a.m., the center's switchboard was swamped by more than 400 calls from eager applicants and had to close down, and employees arriving for work at the center had to push through crowds of would-be volunteers waiting at the door.

however. When I checked last, the tavern owners, despite the threats, still planned to sell the stickers. And one bar is now selling a drink called the Sin City Special.

J. R. Grollmus
Sheboygan, Wisconsin

MARITAL MORALITY

According to many articles I've read recently, extramarital relations increasingly are considered acceptable. In every form, extramarital sex is now being practiced more widely than ever, from ordinary adultery without the mate's knowledge through consensual adultery and spouse swapping to group sex and group marriage. All this makes me uneasy. Sexual freedom and experimentation before settling down are one thing, but I think sex in violation of the marriage vows breaks one of man's oldest moral laws and could have disastrous consequences for a couple, as well as for society. You can only change human nature so much, and it's not natural to agree cheerfully to let one's lifetime mate go to bed with someone else. I think the rising national divorce rate is the result of this eroding of the marital bond. Does *The Playboy Forum* take any position on the ethics of extramarital sex?

Charles Porter
Baltimore, Maryland

Our basic ethical precept is that people should feel free to follow whatever moral code they prefer, as long as they don't harm others and don't try to force their views on the unwilling. Conventionally, marriage is an agreement between two people and, despite the ritual recited, we don't think the conditions of the agreement need be inflexible. The essential ingredient in a good contract is that the terms be freely accepted by both parties. This means the couple might agree to participate in swapping; they might decide to go their separate ways, each with full knowledge and consent of the other, and find their own extramarital partners; they could do the same and agree not to inform each other; or they could agree to adhere to the traditional standard of monogamy. Many people, we believe, are not temperamentally suited to handle swinging or other open forms of marriage. Therefore, if their marriages are valuable to them, they will forgo extramarital sex—or, if one or both must have it, they will tacitly agree not to talk about it.

As for divorce, many marriages survive in spite of extramarital sex and many others break up for other reasons. Even where adultery precedes divorce, it is not necessarily the cause of it. According to the two Kinsey reports, half of all husbands and over a quarter of all wives have had extramarital relations by the age of 40; however, Kinsey found that the effect of these activities on marriage could not be predicted. "There are

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many factors that may affect the outcome of the extramarital activities, and the record is much more diverse than has generally been believed," he wrote in "Sexual Behavior in the Human Male." His studies indicated that where the partners accepted extramarital relations, thought them unimportant or simply did not let each other know about them, the stability of the marriage was less likely to be threatened. Extramarital relations apparently suit some people well; it's a question, not of human nature, but of individual attitude.

NAVAL MANEUVER

Naval officers take an oath to uphold the Constitution; some seem to interpret that to mean they should hold up its application. The October 1972 *Forum Newsfront* reports that, based on a U. S. court of appeals ruling, U. S. Service academies may no longer require midshipmen and cadets to attend Sunday church services. While this is true as far as it goes, our superiors here at the U. S. Naval Academy are still determined to ram religion, or a reasonable facsimile of it, down our throats. Every Sunday morning, there is a mandatory formation and muster for church parties. Those who plan to attend services do so; the rest must attend a class in morals and ethics. We must be present at one or the other, or face conduct and aptitude reports that could result in dismissal.

(Name withheld by request)
U. S. Naval Academy
Annapolis, Maryland

THE CAMEL'S NOSE

In protesting compulsory medical insurance, Jo Friedlund makes physicians sound like embattled practitioners of free enterprise threatened by socialist hordes that want to put them "under the state's iron thumb" (*The Playboy Forum*, October 1972). Poppycock. One reason medical treatment costs so much is that doctors are scarce, and they are scarce because anyone not accredited by the medical establishment who attempts to practice medicine is likely to be stopped by the police. Thus, medicine is a lucrative monopoly protected by the government. If, however, doctors let the government determine who shall practice medicine, let them not holler when the government says who shall be treated and how much it shall cost. Bringing government a little way into your business is like inviting a camel to stick his nose into your tent. Pretty soon the whole camel is in your tent and is sitting on you.

Joseph Kelly
Boston, Massachusetts

CHILD BEATING

The October 1972 *Forum Newsfront* carries an item from Delaware stating that corporal punishment for crime is (continued on page 58)

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THE PLAYBOY FOUNDATION

During the past few years, the Playboy Foundation has grown rapidly and has extended its activities into many new areas of social and legal reform. It is now a fully staffed operation directed by Burton Joseph, an eminent civil-liberties attorney. Because of the Foundation's past accomplishments and its ambitions for the future, we believe it appropriate to issue an annual report on Foundation activities for PLAYBOY readers.

The Playboy Foundation was established in 1965, and its first success was gaining the release from prison of a West Virginia man convicted of having oral-genital relations with a consenting woman. Subsequently, the Foundation's activities were highlighted by the freeing of an Indiana man serving a 14-year prison term for having had anal intercourse with his wife, the exoneration of a young unmarried Illinois couple charged with fornication, and its participation in a U. S. Supreme Court case that reversed the conviction of a birth-control advocate and overturned the Massachusetts contraceptive law.

The Foundation's scope has expanded each year, until today it advances the entire range of ideals and reforms put forth by Hugh Hefner in *The Playboy Philosophy* and discussed in *The Playboy Forum*. These fall into three broad categories: the protection and extension of civil rights and liberties; the modernization of laws pertaining to sex, drugs, contraception, abortion and censorship; and the support of research in the fields of human sexuality and population control. Major projects of the Playboy Foundation during the past year have included the following:

Rights of Prisoners: In cooperation with the American Civil Liberties Union, the Foundation has supported the Prison Rights Project, which deals with virtually all prisoners' problems, and has protected the public's right to know about prison conditions through litigation to guarantee media access to inmates. The Foundation also helped defend a woman lawyer who, because of her prison-reform efforts, was accused of attempting to incite rebellion in Texas penal institutions.

Capital Punishment: In cooperation with interested groups such as the NAACP Legal Defense and Educational Fund, the Foundation has engaged in lobbying and litigation to end the death penalty.

Military Justice: With the A.C.L.U., the Foundation supports the Lawyers Military Defense Committee, which provides legal counsel and representation for U. S. military personnel.

Rights of Mental Patients: The Foundation has contributed to the National Council for the Rights of the Mentally Impaired in cases contesting involuntary confinement in mental institutions.

Rights of Juveniles: The Foundation has aided the National Welfare Rights Organization, the Legal Aid Bureau of Chicago and other organizations in protecting the legal rights of minors and in supporting efforts to provide young offenders with psychotherapy and rehabilitation programs as alternatives to reform school or imprisonment.

Rights of Homosexuals: In several important legal actions, the Foundation has aided individuals and their attorneys in challenging laws and policies that discriminate against people solely on the basis of their sexual orientation—particularly in matters of security clearance, Civil Service employment, military discharge and police harassment.

Freedom of the Press: The Foundation participated in several cases involving the rights of the press, among them a

successful legal challenge to the authority of police to raid the offices of a California college newspaper in search of photographs of student demonstrators.

Youth Counseling: A 24-hour emergency information and assistance center for Chicago's young people has been established with the help of the Foundation.

Abortion: The Foundation supports the work of various abortion-law-reform and abortion-referral groups: it assists in legal actions aimed at repealing restrictive abortion laws and it has aided individuals threatened with prosecution under state abortion statutes. Learning of the unprecedented manslaughter conviction of a Florida woman for obtaining an abortion, the Foundation provided her with the legal counsel of a constitutional lawyer and other support.

Political Reform: The Foundation has aided various efforts to reform election laws and broaden voter participation. It is presently assisting the father of a student killed at Kent State University in his suit to establish the legal responsibility of the National Guard and the State of Ohio for actions of Guardsmen during campus disorders.

Marijuana-Law Reform: As well as participating in selected test cases challenging existing marijuana laws and unusually severe marijuana penalties, the Foundation is a substantial supporter of the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws (NORML), which has undertaken both legal and educational projects aimed at revising pot laws and coordinating similar efforts by independent reform groups on the state level.

Sex-Law Reform: The Foundation is backing two major legal-research programs intended to provide attorneys with information needed to challenge the constitutionality of laws governing consensual sexual conduct between adults.

Sex Research: Various clinics, researchers and educational groups are aided by Foundation grants. These organizations include the Reproductive Biology Research Foundation directed by Masters and Johnson, the Sex Information and Education Council of the United States (SIECUS), the Midwest Population Center vasectomy clinic and the Midwest Association for the Study of Human Sexuality, the University of Minnesota School of Medicine sex-education program and research groups working on morning-after pills and once-a-month birth-control pills.

Rights of Women: Besides supporting reform of abortion laws, the Foundation has joined the A.C.L.U. in cases to establish equal legal rights for women.

Censorship: The Foundation has provided assistance in cases challenging the constitutionality of state and Federal censorship laws, with particular emphasis on protecting the individual's right of privacy and establishing clear and uniform legal standards for published sexual material.

The successes of the Playboy Foundation have indicated the value of such efforts, the need to continue them and the amount of work that remains to be done. In 1973, this work not only will be continued but will be expanded. Some of the new areas being explored include test cases to establish equal employment opportunities regardless of sex or race; examination of the grand-jury system and its potential for political abuse; research projects in penology with a view to improving or implementing rehabilitation programs; and further support of imaginative research projects on human sexuality, sexual adjustment and population control. In addition to our annual report, which will appear each January, we will continue to publish news of the latest Foundation activities in *The Playboy Forum*.



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now a thing of the past in the U. S. Unfortunately, this means that we treat criminals better than we do children. Delaware, for example, which is now rid of its whipping post, passed a law three years ago allowing educators to paddle school children. Apparently, what isn't appropriate as criminal punishment is useful in education. Ironically, many legislatures throughout the country have passed laws permitting corporal punishment for school children at the same time that they were enacting laws to prevent parents from beating their offspring (the battered-child syndrome).

I was a delegate to the First Annual Conference on Corporal Punishment, held in New York City in May 1972, a conference that was called because there is a national trend toward resumption of hickory-stick techniques in public schools. While many such laws are recent, Texas' dates back to the early 19th Century. Perhaps the impression that Texans have a propensity toward violence is more understandable in the light of the fact that generations of Texas kids have been hit with 22-inch paddles made from baseball bats split in half. During the 1971-1972 school term, the Dallas Independent School District reported that 20,354 paddlings were meted out for such offenses as forgetting gym shoes and failing to say "Sir."

Our culture must always have its whipping boys. As soon as it is forced to stop beating and dehumanizing prison inmates, society turns its cruelty on school children.

Carole Duncan, State Coordinator
Citizens Against Physical Punishment
Dallas, Texas

FORGOTTEN AMERICANS

There are at present 926 Americans in foreign prisons on drug charges. Though the State Department has refused to release the information, we believe the majority are marijuana offenders. NORML is indignant at our Government's failure to even try to help these people. Due process, as we know it, is nonexistent in many countries. The systems of arrest, trial and conviction are often total shams; the prison sentences handed down for drug offenses are often extremely long; and the prison conditions are unbearably poor. Hundreds of American citizens are locked up in miserable cages for conduct that may not have even been a basis for criminal prosecution under our legal system. Yet the Government fails to intervene. It applies pressure for scores of other reasons—to protect American investments abroad, increase trade, stop the importation of marijuana—but it refuses to help win freedom for these people. I suppose this is typical of the order of priorities that we find in this country—money over people.

The State Department has refused

to give us a list of the names of these prisoners or the charges against them. It said this was confidential and, in *Catch-22* fashion, told us that we would need written permission from each prisoner before we could get this information. No one can help these people unless we put pressure on the State Department to change its policy. Concerned citizens should write to their Congressmen and to the State Department urging that the Government do everything in its power to help overseas prisoners.

Keith Stroup, Executive Director
National Organization for the
Reform of Marijuana Laws
Washington, D. C.

JOURNALISTIC IMMUNITY

I'm a little surprised to find the October 1972 *Forum Newsfront* apparently supporting the idea that newsmen should be granted immunity from normal legal questioning as witnesses. What is to prevent every scoundrel in the country from instantly becoming a newsman? Certainly it would pay the leaders of organized crime to set up a newsletter here and there, and so employ their button men. Can't you just see the newest magazine on the market, *The Mafia Monthly*, with the largest staff of "journalists" in the country?

A. N. Feldzamen
Chicago, Illinois

Journalistic immunity doesn't allow a newsman to side-step normal legal questioning as a criminal witness; it only permits him to protect the identity of an informant who supplies information that some public official or criminal wants to conceal. Your hypothetical scoundrel would cite the Fifth Amendment, not journalistic immunity, to avoid self-incrimination. Indeed, he could not claim to be a newsman unless he first publicized his illegal activities. Even if he were that foolish, he still could not claim immunity, because he would be protecting himself, not an informant. Secret sources are often the only means by which newsmen gain access to information that the authorities cannot obtain or politicians do not want revealed. At the same time that a newsman legitimately protects the identities of his sources, he protects the public's right to know. This is essential to investigative reporting, which we consider to be one of the most important public services that journalists perform.

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



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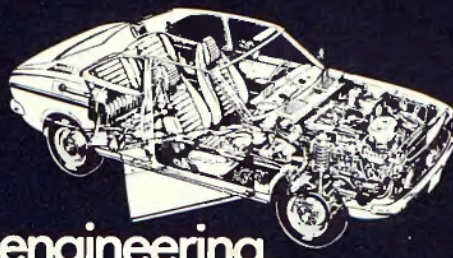
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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: CARROLL O'CONNOR

a candid conversation with archbigot archie bunker's better half

As a television series, the idea was improbable. Impossible, some said. A similar program had been a hit in England, but who in America would want to watch a weekly situation comedy starring a middle-aged, blue-collar bigot who not only called a spade a spade but indiscriminately maligned members of other minority groups as "spicks," "Hebes," "dumb Polacks," "Chinks" and "tamale eaters," liberal politicians as "pinkos," welfare recipients as "bums on relief" and anyone whose sexual mores differed from his own as a "prevert"? His dutiful wife, the outline continued, would be a well-meaning but simple-minded and slightly addled homemaker whose ministrations to her potbellied spouse would evoke both sympathy and—from militant feminists—rage. Also occupying their lower-middle-class suburban home would be a buxom blonde daughter who didn't believe in God and her Polish-American husband—a college student whose droopy mustache and shaggy hair clashed almost audibly with his father-in-law's reactionary life style. The black family living across the street would provide a handy target for the bigot's rantings, and various episodes would tackle such topics as menopause, impotence and homosexuality.

"Ozzie and Harriet" it wasn't. And in the domain of American television com-

edy, where witless programs starring talking cars, pampered chimpanzees and nouveau riche hillbillies have prospered in prime time, "All in the Family"—as the project was christened—seemed the remotest of prospects. Actually, four years elapsed from the time producers Norman Lear and Bud Yorkin hit upon the idea of adapting the BBC series "Till Death Us Do Part" until the moment its American version found a spot on the CBS network schedule, as a January 1971 midseason replacement. By year's end, solidly entrenched atop the Nielsen ratings, it was the most talked-about television show of the new decade.

This month marks the second anniversary of "All in the Family's" television debut, and the phenomenon it sparked is, if anything, gathering steam. The show has inspired one direct spin-off—"Maude," featuring characters first introduced on "A. I. T. F."—and a second British-American transplant, "Sanford and Son," and is credited with having paved the way for such shows as "M*A*S*H" and "Bridget Loves Bernie," the themes and language of which once would have been considered too daring for the tube.

"All in the Family" also launched a late-rising star: 48-year-old Carroll O'Connor, whose deft impersonation of the malaproping Archie Bunker has

made him white America's favorite workingman—and earned him an Emmy award. For O'Connor, becoming the breadwinner of TV's first family was as unexpected as the success of the show itself. One of three sons born to an American lawyer and an Irish school-teacher, he had grown up in New York City and served with the merchant marine in the North Atlantic during World War Two. At the National University in Dublin, he established a substantial reputation in classical drama at the esteemed Gate Theater. After successes in Shakespeare at the Edinburgh Festival and in live contemporary teleplays on the BBC, he decided in 1954 to return to New York City and try his luck on the Broadway stage—but his luck was all bad. When nobody would hire him, he gave up on the theater and became a substitute high school teacher. It wasn't until three years later that he resumed acting, in summer stock. Subsequent parts in several TV dramas, a couple of flop plays and a well-reviewed performance in a Broadway revival of Clifford Odets' "The Big Knife" led to his 1961 motion-picture debut as a political opportunist in "A Fever in the Blood."

Before long, he settled into a remunerative, if unspectacular, career as a supporting player in 26 films, among



"I've heard some of the most privileged people saying the same dumb things about race and religion that Archie says all the time. The only difference is that they don't mispronounce the words."



"The world is rushing past Archie into a future that he can't even see, and as it rushes by, it ignores him. That drives him wild. There are millions of Americans like him."



"Balling is one of the best things we do in life, but TV is still tied to a moral taboo about it. We're afraid the public will object; and most of the time they don't object at all."

them "Kelly's Heroes," "Waterhole #3," "Doctors' Wives" and "What Did You Do in the War, Daddy?"—in which his blowhard performance as an outrageous general inspired Lear and Yorkin to cast him as Archie Bunker. The impact of his association with "All in the Family" was made abundantly clear not long ago in theaters exhibiting revivals of "Cleopatra," the epic 1963 film starring the Burtons. When O'Connor first appeared onscreen as Casca, concealing a dagger beneath his toga, audiences laughed and shouted, "Hey, there's Archie!"

Despite many other roles since Casca (most recently as the Presidential candidate in "Of Thee I Sing," CBS' rousing revival of the 1931 stage lampoon of national politics), the Archie image may well dog O'Connor through the remainder of his career—a fact that he tacitly acknowledges in his recently launched night-club act by wondering aloud whether O'Connor is Archie's master or vice versa. To ascertain the similarities and differences between the actor and the character he so credibly plays, Contributing Editor Richard Warren Lewis visited O'Connor at his home in Brentwood, California. Lewis writes:

"O'Connor's house, an 11-room Italian Mediterranean mansion, is worlds removed from the tattily furnished bungalow of the Bunkers. Everything, from 18th Century French tables to hand-painted Dutch screens, a sofa upholstered in hand-woven Indian raw silk, a modern glass-and-chrome coffee table and the Oriental carpeting, testifies to the elegant and eclectic taste of O'Connor and Nancy, his wife of 21 years. Mrs. O'Connor, an accomplished portrait artist who stands six feet tall, took me on a tour of the premises, which have been lauded in several architectural periodicals.

"On a table in the living room were volumes of biography, art and short stories, beside a copy of 'The Great Robinson,' a film script O'Connor has written about an upper-middle-class black lawyer who is exiled by his own people—a property scheduled to go before the cameras this year, starring Sammy Davis Jr. O'Connor, who was on the far side of the room tinkering with a four-speaker audio system, waved a cigar and motioned me toward an illuminated armoire well stocked with expensively filled Waterford crystal decanters. He wore a short-sleeved sport shirt flapping outside his wash-and-wear trousers—a camouflage that barely concealed his ample waist—and a pair of fashionable suede Gucci loafers. When he spoke, his A's were the broad tones of a classically trained actor; they sounded incongruous coming from the jowly face of Archie Bunker.

"Scotch in hand, he led the way through double French doors to a poolside terrace and sat down in a

canvas-backed director's chair with his eight-year-old boxer, Fred, nestled at his feet. Sitting in the shadows of olive and cypress trees, we could hear the murmur of traffic on a nearby freeway, the calls of blue jays and the shrieks from a softball game in the street, in which O'Connor's ten-year-old adopted son, Hugh, was playing center field. After the standard pleasantries, we got down to serious conversation."

PLAYBOY: Why do you think so many Americans have responded to Archie Bunker and what he stands for?

O'CONNOR: Because he's recognizably real. Everybody can relate to him in some way because they know him. Blacks have encountered him. So have whites. He's been their neighbor. He's been in their families. Most of the fathers you've ever seen in television comedies are emasculated comic-strip characters that nobody has ever really touched or talked to. They're larger or smaller than life; if they're flawed, they're sweetly flawed. But Archie is different. His flaws—racism and bigotry—involve him in the real world, not the make-believe. This is a monumental character in American literature, not just a stick figure on television. He's got more balls than anyone who preceded him on the tube, and so does the idea of the show itself.

PLAYBOY: Archie has been called a working-class hero. Do you think that's true?

O'CONNOR: No, I don't. By definition, a hero is a champion of the underdog, a defender of principles, a man of nobility. Archie embraces none of these virtues. In fact, some critics have charged that we're presenting the wrong kind of example to the working class. An editorial in the Teamsters Union publication condemned us for caricaturing the workingman as a potbellied, simple-minded, beer-swilling racist and bigot.

PLAYBOY: Is Archie an antihero, then?

O'CONNOR: Archie is neither hero nor antihero. He's a reactor—one of that big group in the middle upon which both heroes and antiheroes feed. Not that he represents any particular class. This is one of the reasons for his popularity. There's something of Archie in all people and on all levels. I know some very rich people who have never been blue collar in their whole lives who are more like Archie than any workingman I've ever known.

PLAYBOY: You say he's no hero. Is he at least basically moral?

O'CONNOR: He thinks he is. But his morality is mainly centered on sexual matters.

PLAYBOY: How?

O'CONNOR: Anything that embarrasses Archie is immoral. That's why sexual discussions in the home are forbidden. And subjects like menopause, impotence, miscarriage and homosexuality, all of

which we've done shows about. Archie's daughter said to him one night, "You can't even bear the mention of the word sex," and Archie replied, "I don't allow no four-letter words in this house."

PLAYBOY: What about outside the house; would he go to an X-rated movie?

O'CONNOR: He did go one night. The kids dragged him off to see one and he was very upset by it. But if he were down at Kelsey's bar and the boys suggested going to a great stag movie, he'd go—and enjoy himself. In one episode, he told Mike that when he was in the Army Air Corps in Italy, the boys went off to a whorehouse and he accompanied them. He was a single guy indulging himself. If he had been married at the time, he probably still would have done it. But he needed the impetus of the boys' saying "Let's all go out and get laid" before he could go along with it.

PLAYBOY: Was he just having some fun or do you think he was trying to prove his manhood with the rest of the guys?

O'CONNOR: A lot of sex is undertaken to prove something to others or to yourself. I suppose some of it is undertaken out of purely sexual desire. But I suspect that some of it—at least among those of Archie's generation and background—is undertaken out of guilt.

PLAYBOY: Feeling as uptight as he does about it, how is Archie's sex life with Edith?

O'CONNOR: Except for a menopausal interlude she underwent on one of last year's shows, Edith seems to me rather content. I suppose if she were sexually deprived, it would show up in some way contrary to the happy appearance she gives. I think they have a fairly active sexual life, limited only by the diminishing interest and abilities of advancing age. The writers suggest that there's something wrong with Archie in a sexual way, what with the little jokes they give to Edith that have reference to his sexual inertia. But I don't believe that and I've complained about it. The funny line has to take precedence, though, and I can't get much support to change these things.

PLAYBOY: Is Archie faithful to Edith?

O'CONNOR: If cheating was ever on his mind, he's forgotten about it, because the opportunities just aren't there for Archie. He seems to beat a path between work and home, and his recreation is mostly in the neighborhood saloons where he wouldn't be likely to run into ladies who can be picked up. But even if he did run into a lady on the make, I don't think he'd know what to do with it anymore.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel that his sexual attitudes influence any of his other views?

O'CONNOR: Well, Archie regards his son-in-law—who has no hang-ups about sex, or not as many as Archie—as a semi-pervert, and he demonstrates it in every

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way. If Mike brought up the subject of contraceptives or birth control, he'd be told to get his mind out of the gutter.

PLAYBOY: Since Archie and Edith have only one child—probably for economic reasons—isn't it likely that they practice birth control themselves?

O'CONNOR: Sure, but birth control also gives freedom to ladies to enjoy themselves sexually without fear of consequences, so in that sense he feels it's a bad thing. In the sense that it prevents more blacks and Puerto Ricans and indigents from being born, birth control is a good thing, because all those welfare children will cost him money.

PLAYBOY: What does Archie have against nonwhites?

O'CONNOR: The fact that they're different from him, and therefore unequal. The most admirable black guy in the world is still just a black guy to Archie. He can never get over that to make genuine contact with the black man or let the black man make contact with him. He may have civil conversations with Lionel Jefferson, his black neighbor's kid, but they always stop at the barrier he has within him, implanted by his parents at a very early age. It's not really all his fault. They told him when he was six or seven that it was bad business to play with black kids, and he was told to be wary of the Jews and he was probably told that no Catholics were to be trusted, either. Unless experience teaches him otherwise, he will carry these misconceptions with him all his life.

PLAYBOY: Have Archie's racial attitudes changed in any way since the show began?

O'CONNOR: It would take a miracle for Archie to change his attitudes. Christ would have to come down personally and speak to him.

PLAYBOY: Is he religious?

O'CONNOR: Not very. He goes to church only unwillingly. Maybe once a year, with Edith, he goes to one of the Protestant services, around Easter time or maybe at Christmas. He feels very strongly that God is there, but organized religion, deriving from a system of belief and worship, is not only beyond him but very annoying to him. Ministers are selling a kind of morality that he doesn't accept. They're telling him what he should do for his fellow man, and his concept is that he should do *nothing* for his fellow man, because there's no man that's doing anything for him. If he's getting along under his own steam, then everybody else should do the same. He thinks ministers who preach that dogma are raving socialists, as contemptible a lot as the raving socialists who make up that Communist front organization known as the Democratic Party.

PLAYBOY: How does Archie feel about the Republicans?

O'CONNOR: As a conservative, he finds

the Republican Party more appealing, more truly American. He somehow has the notion that the G. O. P. stands for direct no-nonsense action, especially when it comes to foreign affairs. If a country is at odds with the United States, he thinks we ought to tell that nation how it should behave and to warn them that they'd better start shaping up or suffer the consequences. For those reasons, Barry Goldwater is the kind of Republican Archie likes.

PLAYBOY: How does he feel about Richard Nixon?

O'CONNOR: I don't think he likes Nixon all that well, other than because he's the Commander in Chief. We've had Archie criticize Nixon on the show once or twice, implicitly if not directly. He didn't approve of the Nixon trip to China, for example. And the President's \$3500 floor under incomes was a move that no New Dealer ever seemed to have contemplated, and I don't think Archie liked that. He doesn't approve of giving any money away to anybody.

If he were unemployed, of course, he'd be the first to pick up his unemployment check. And he's looking forward to his Social Security. But he thinks that welfare programs are squeezing his bucks. He's wrong; the war is squeezing his bucks, but he doesn't know how to disapprove of the war. Archie goes along with the Government line that we must interfere abroad for our own security. He doesn't trouble to analyze it, but then how many people do? We accept what the President tells us in this country. We're contemptuous of foreign nations that go along with their dictators; yet in this country, we go along unquestioningly. The President sends troops into Cambodia and you take a poll the next day and find that 70 percent or 80 percent think he did the right thing.

I feel that the paramount issue in the world today is the American President's power to start wars. He can precipitate a war more quickly than the presidium in Moscow. I don't know anybody in history—except for Hitler—who could start a war as easily or unilaterally as an American President. Except in a war of self-defense, as in World War Two, where an immediate response is required without asking anybody any questions, one man has no right to make that decision for us. War is a matter for the conscience and the moral judgment of the people in the democracy.

PLAYBOY: How would Archie feel about the view that war is a matter for individual conscience and moral judgment? Specifically, what would he think about proposals of amnesty for draft dodgers, who claim that our Vietnam involvement is immoral?

O'CONNOR: As far as Archie's concerned, amnesty would be tantamount to letting

traitors off the hook. All those kids who ran away are traitors of the worst kind. Archie wouldn't let them back in, except to jail them.

PLAYBOY: What about another youth-oriented proposal—that of reducing penalties for those convicted of using marijuana?

O'CONNOR: Archie has heard that the kids like marijuana, so it must be bad. And he's heard that it leads to things like communal living and sexual freedom and abandonment of responsibility and, finally, to crime, so it's a national menace, and the Communists may well be pushing it.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about marijuana?

O'CONNOR: My experience with it is slight. I first smoked marijuana 30 years ago aboard ship when I was in the merchant marine. One cigarette gave me the same feeling that several generous drinks would give me. In later years, I smoked it at a friend's apartment and felt the same as I'd felt before, but I noticed when I was driving home that my depth perception had been affected in a startling way. Objects that were close to me seemed to be far away. Needless to say, that's not very helpful for driving. It scared me. So I don't think I'd ever use it except maybe at home, with the knowledge that I wasn't going anywhere for the rest of the evening. And as soon as it becomes legal, I'll keep it in the house for friends who might want it, just as I keep liquor in the cabinet.

PLAYBOY: Do you favor legalizing marijuana, then?

O'CONNOR: Oh, yes. I think it ought to be voted on. We have free use of alcohol; marijuana to me should be the same. They say it leads to this, it leads to that. But the illegality of the drug is probably what makes it lead to a lot of things. In any event, heavy punishment for mere possession should be eliminated immediately.

PLAYBOY: What are Archie's views on capital punishment?

O'CONNOR: He's 100 percent in favor of it, because he thinks it's a deterrent to crime. Speaking for myself, I'm convinced that it's no deterrent whatsoever and never has been. In fact, recent psychological studies indicate that it might even be a stimulus: Certain people *want* to be punished, so they commit capital crimes in order to get the ultimate punishment.

PLAYBOY: How does Archie feel about the upsurge of violent crime in the nation?

O'CONNOR: I don't think he understands the nature of crime—what drives people to crime and what makes people into criminals. Crime comes from the terrible frustration of those at the bottom of society who feel that they're never going to make it any other way. They



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might be caught, shot, thrown into the pen, but what the hell, the pen's not a lot worse than where they've been living. Archie's solution to crime would be more powerful suppression: tougher cops, tougher prisons, tougher laws. That'll eliminate the crime, all of which he says is coming from blacks and Puerto Ricans.

PLAYBOY: Is he equally righteous about white-collar crime—such as income-tax cheating?

O'CONNOR: Archie thinks that certain kinds of corruption and thievery aren't really wrong. In one show, he upbraided Edith for leaving her name and address on an automobile that she damaged. That kind of dishonesty isn't corruption in Archie's book, because he thinks everybody does it, so by consensus it's OK. He would expect politicians to steal a little if they could.

PLAYBOY: In another episode, Archie found himself the victim of Government surveillance. How does his view of privacy invasion compare with yours?

O'CONNOR: At no time did Archie object to Government surveillance. He just doesn't want it to be directed against him. When it was, he chastised his friends rather than the Government for bringing it upon him. As far as Archie's concerned, the Government can do no wrong. As far as I'm concerned, searches and seizures are outlawed under the Constitution, and the Government is no more privileged than any citizen.

Speaking pragmatically, I know very well that our Government and every government is going to do it, no matter what restrictions we place upon them. If information gathered in an illegal way can't be introduced in court, that's the best we can do. A lot depends on who the Attorney General is. The guy who's the head of the Federal police will have his own policies and he'll bend the regulations to suit himself while he's in control. Ramsey Clark went one way; John Mitchell went another.

PLAYBOY: What did you think of Mitchell's record as Attorney General?

O'CONNOR: The greatest error that marred his time in office was the Government's prosecution of the Chicago Seven. I understand that many lawyers in the Department of Justice strongly advised against prosecuting that case, indicating that it would never hold up. But the Federal attorney in Chicago went ahead, anyhow. I think there were two reasons the Government won the case and got convictions against those kids. One was Judge Hoffman, who from all reports shouldn't be sitting on the bench; the other was William Kunstler, who from all reports shouldn't be practicing law. Between those two, the case became a shambles and the Government won.

PLAYBOY: There are those who contend that the Government was equally unwise

in deciding to prosecute Angela Davis. Do you agree?

O'CONNOR: There again, I thought from the very beginning that they had absolutely no case and that a serious judge and jury would release that girl. It was ridiculous to charge her with conspiracy, and even more ridiculous that she was jailed without bond for over a year. The Government should pass legislation to compensate not only Angela Davis for the time and anguish she has endured behind bars but also the thousands of others who are held and then found innocent.

PLAYBOY: How would Archie feel about that?

O'CONNOR: He'd probably think the jury was rigged and ought to have joined Angela in her cell.

PLAYBOY: Do you have any problem playing a character whose views are so antithetical to your own?

O'CONNOR: I don't have to share the feelings of my characters to play them. I don't have to have known anguish in order to play a death scene on the stage. I wouldn't have to delve into myself to play Macduff's grief at the news of the murder of his children. I'm a kind of reporter of Archie's emotions. And I do a damn good job of reporting.

PLAYBOY: But you seem to have a great deal of affection for him.

O'CONNOR: I have a great deal of sympathy for him. As James Baldwin wrote, the white man here is trapped by his own history, a history that he himself cannot comprehend, and therefore what can I do but love him? As I said before, Archie is not altogether to blame for his weaknesses.

PLAYBOY: Wouldn't you say that one of those weaknesses is the lack of a sense of humor about himself?

O'CONNOR: Yes, I certainly would. Come to think of it, I don't believe we've done a show in which Archie has a real laugh about anything, least of all himself. He sneers. He harrumphs. But he has never erupted in honest gales of laughter.

PLAYBOY: Why not?

O'CONNOR: Because he's rendered himself incapable of it. Things just ain't funny to people like him. And that's sad. He's unhappy because he feels threatened and thwarted. The world is rushing past him into a future that he can't even see, and as it rushes by, it ignores him. That drives him wild. There are millions like him. He's a working stiff who doesn't make much money and finds himself terribly pinched. The world not only refuses to act as Archie wishes it to; it seems to be jeering at him.

PLAYBOY: Archie may feel he's too much of a little guy to be heard. But you're a celebrity and what you say makes news. Why is it that you haven't spoken out against what you think is wrong with society?

O'CONNOR: I haven't spoken out, or

joined organizations concerned with things like eliminating pollution or cleaning up the ghettos, simply because I haven't got the time. Sure, I think helping save the nation from pollution is a hell of a lot more important than appearing on a night-club stage or making record albums. But sometimes you *must* do things that don't appear to be of much value to anybody else. I have to do whatever jobs I've contracted to do as a performer.

PLAYBOY: Still, don't you feel guilty about not finding time for some kind of public-service work?

O'CONNOR: Sure. I feel guilty. I worry about it. But, like most guilts, it's palliated by pleasures. Let me give you an example. During my most recent appearance in Las Vegas, while shooting craps, I lost a couple of Gs. When my wife saw the markers I had signed on our hotel bill, she said to me in a very patronizing manner: "Think of the unfortunate children you could have put through school with that money." And she was right. I felt guilty. Going to church the next day, I gave an extra-large donation.

PLAYBOY: If you have time to gamble, why can't you find the time for more constructive activities?

O'CONNOR: Christ, don't you think I'm entitled to a little entertainment—even if it costs me a couple of grand? You have no idea how I've overcommitted myself professionally in the past year. I guess that's my big ego trip—trying to cover all of this new territory, doing night clubs, recordings, television specials, my own show, promoting written material of mine that's been lying around for years and that people are suddenly showing an interest in. Instead of going at these opportunities conservatively, I've rushed at them like a child who's always had things doled out to him in small amounts and suddenly finds the gate open and a pile of goodies in front of him. I should be mature enough at the age of 48 to know that I can't encompass it all. That kind of avaricious attitude is more appropriate to the character of Archie than to my own.

PLAYBOY: On whom have you based his character, if not on yourself?

O'CONNOR: I'm using as my model a *composite* of people like Archie that I've known or met. I've taken his physical movements from a couple of acquaintances—his cocky swagger around the house, the way he smokes and handles a cigar. If I'm imitating anybody's speech pattern, it's that of a New York State supreme-court judge who once said in my hearing that he used to enjoy a certain restaurant out in Queens but that he hadn't gone there in recent years because it had become "a regulah rendezvooz fa bums." He talked exactly like Archie. His accent was pure Canarsie. And this was a man who had been to



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law school. If you were to put that judge in Archie's job and put Archie on the judge's bench, you wouldn't be aware of the switch.

So in the speech and in certain physical characteristics, I haven't called upon the workingman at all. Archie's bigotry also cuts across all classes. I've heard some of the most privileged people saying the same dumb things about race and religion and philosophy that Archie says all the time. The only difference is that they don't mispronounce the words. **PLAYBOY:** How do blacks in the audience react to Archie's racism?

O'CONNOR: Usually in a positive manner. One black letter writer told me the reason he liked the show was that for the first time he felt that the racist was being portrayed plainly for everyone to see. He said he could sit back and look at this racist and say, what the hell have I got to be afraid of? This guy is more frightened, more threatened than I am.

PLAYBOY: The June 1972 issue of *Ebony* contended that such an attitude is lulling blacks into a false sense of security. Do you think that may be true?

O'CONNOR: Their argument is highly theoretical. They don't bring forth any blacks who give evidence of being lulled into a false sense of security. If they could somehow show me and Norman Lear that blacks are being misled by our program, that they're lying down and beginning to accept stereotyping all over again, we'd quit.

PLAYBOY: You once said you'd never met a black person who didn't like the show. Would you still say that?

O'CONNOR: No, I wouldn't. I've since learned that Bill Cosby doesn't like our show, from what I hear of statements he's made on various talk shows. And I've found out that Whitney Young took a dim view of it. Maybe there are more black people than I think who don't like the show. But any black who's ever come to me in person, and there have been scores of them, has always had only the best to say.

PLAYBOY: Again according to *Ebony*, the show's use of racial epithets such as "coon" and "jungle bunny" has caused several ugly incidents and a great deal of tension at a once-placid integrated New York high school. Does that concern you?

O'CONNOR: Well, some people see tension where others don't. I remember I was having dinner in Rome and I ran into the American writer Max Lerner. It was at a time when an Italian flier who was flying a mercy cargo into the Congo had been butchered. Lerner said to me that he felt tension all over Rome that night. I felt nothing. I said, "Where do you find it?" He said, "I feel it in the people, everywhere I go." To me, Rome seemed to be Rome as always. At various times during 1955, 1956 and 1957, I

taught in public schools in New York. According to the papers, the school in which I taught was a hotbed of juvenile crime; the tension was at a high pitch day in and day out. I didn't feel that. We had juvenile problems, but every school has them. I guess the answer to this is if you're looking for tension, you're sure to find it.

PLAYBOY: Dr. Alvin F. Poussaint, a black psychiatrist at Harvard, feels that *All in the Family* is deplorable "not only in terms of how it might be influencing white attitudes but also because it *does* have many blacks laughing at the kind of bigotry and racism Archie expresses." How would you answer that?

O'CONNOR: Well, he must feel personally in danger. Evidently, the black people who have come to me don't feel the same danger as Dr. Poussaint.

PLAYBOY: Just what is the extent of your contact with blacks?

O'CONNOR: I meet them in stores, on the street. One time, a black guy rigging a telephone line called to me from 30 feet in the air. He said, "Hey, Archie, right on, baby." That's kinda going out of your way, isn't it? The working people I run across endorse the show. So do a number of blacks in the medical, dental and legal professions that I've known for 20 to 25 years on a very close basis. Maybe they're kidding me, their old pal, but I don't think they would. One of them has been my attorney for a long time, and I don't think he'd lie. He's a criminal lawyer who comes across people on every level, and he tells me all the blacks he knows love the show.

PLAYBOY: Why?

O'CONNOR: Because the ofay is being portrayed truthfully for the first time on any screen, large or small, and blacks react favorably to the truth of the portrayal. They are also seeing this man in his true condition, which is the condition of a loser. Archie's a loser because of his basic errors in judgment—his racism and his bigotry. These things are poisoning his life. He is in his own way oppressing the black man, but the black man sees in Archie the gradual loss of power of the man who has oppressed him; Archie is almost in the last stage of powerlessness. That fact emerged very clearly during the show in which his insurance is canceled. He's living in a high-risk area, on the fringe of a black neighborhood, and he can't do a damn thing about it.

In the same show, we showed Archie trying to deal with the problem of which of three subordinates to fire. There are too many black guys and too many white guys working at his factory, and only one Puerto Rican. So he fires the Puerto Rican and there's no static. Ironically, he did this at the same time his insurance was being canceled; so he was discriminating unfairly at the same time he was being discriminated

against unfairly. His powerlessness is shown in the circumstances that forced him to make the decision he made. On the job, white power and black power dictated that the Puerto Rican be the victim. Archie couldn't make an independent decision, even though the white worker he spared was useless to him. Someone who can't make an independent decision is a powerless guy.

PLAYBOY: According to a *New York Times* article by Laura Z. Hobson—the author of *Gentleman's Agreement*, a novel dealing with prejudice—Archie's far from powerless. In fact, she thinks his power to make people look at bigotry lightheartedly is insidious in that it trivializes racism, making it seem less dangerous and detestable than it actually is.

O'CONNOR: I thought her article was nonsensical. The pivotal point of her argument was that we ought to use worse epithets than we do on the show and thus prevent the character of Archie from being in any way lovable. What we've done, and what I've done, is make Archie not the head of a lynch mob but a human being who is also a bigot. He has love in his heart for his wife, for his daughter, even for the son-in-law he's fighting with all the time. He has human concerns, fears, weaknesses, moments of affection that make him a total person. Laura Hobson didn't want us to do that. She wanted us to make him a one-dimensional lower-class monster.

PLAYBOY: How do you account for the fact that the *Times* readership supported her view by nearly four to one?

O'CONNOR: Well, let's say the *letter writers* supported her four to one. I think there were a lot of people who didn't write. Negative letters are always more numerous than positive letters. And, in this case, a lot of them were written by Jews of the old school, the kind who feel that the only way to ameliorate anti-Semitism or any other kind of racism is to smother it in silence. **PLAYBOY:** Do you receive a lot of hate mail?

O'CONNOR: Probably no more than anybody else. The really obnoxious hate mail is exemplified by letters that Sally Struthers, who plays my daughter, received after a show in which she'd thrown her arms around the black kid, Mike Evans—who plays Lionel—in a burst of enthusiasm. One guy wrote in and said, "It was nice to see you two niggers hugging on television." Another guy wrote, "Don't think you're pulling any wool over anybody's eyes. We know *All in the Family* is a very insidious, pro-Communist show."

But most of the mail I get is reasonably literate. And 95 percent of it is from people who feel the show has done something to or for them. One 17-year-old kid wrote and said our show had kept his family from permanently breaking apart. He hadn't talked to his father

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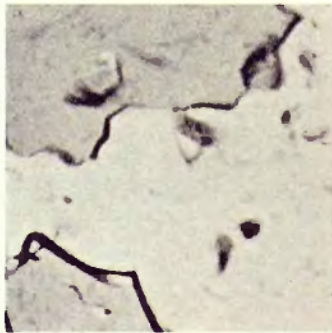
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in a year, except when his mother forced him to say good morning and good evening. One night he was coming through the living room while his father was watching the show and his father said, "Hey, sit down and watch this." Suddenly they were both laughing together and when the show was over, they began to discuss it. The kid said, "Hey, we're talking again." A woman wrote in to say that her husband was getting off some bursts of racism at the table one night and her 11-year-old daughter, when he paused in the one-way conversation, interjected: "Have you finished, Archie?" A lot of people write that we're making them understand their own feelings and their own prejudices.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel that's what you're accomplishing?

O'CONNOR: Absolutely. If there were any doubt in my mind, I wouldn't do the show. If I felt for one moment that this show was doing any harm, I'd drop it like a hot coal. I can make a goddamn good living without *All in the Family*.

PLAYBOY: Did you anticipate the amount of controversy the show would generate when you agreed to do it?

O'CONNOR: To a certain extent, I did. I was living in Rome at the time; I had an apartment there, which I kept at a high rent for four months after I returned to the United States, so sure was I that the American public would explode in indignation about this show and force CBS to take it off the air. In my contract, I insisted on round-trip air transportation from Rome for myself and my family. I just didn't think the American people could stand to listen to a character who talked about coons and Hebes and spicks, even though the public knows damn well that most people talk this way in their homes. I thought they wouldn't want to be reminded of it, or that the guilt feelings they would feel from this would surface and inspire a protest. I would have bet you any money. I was so sure that we were going to fail. Furthermore, the show was already a two-time loser. ABC had paid for two previous pilots and buried both of them. Then—wham—we went to number one on CBS and we've been there almost ever since.

PLAYBOY: And with that success, you've spawned a number of spin-offs—notably *Sanford and Son* and *Maude*, also produced by Lear and Yorkin, plus a half-dozen other, newly controversial shows. What do you think of them?

O'CONNOR: First of all, I haven't seen any of them. I'm familiar with *Maude*, of course, because that setup got its start from one of our episodes. But in general, I'm contemptuous of the phenomenon. Hollywood's contingent of plagiarists has dipped into our store of goods to pluck out a little bit here and there. I'd be surprised if they hadn't. This "creative"

town was started by buttonhole makers, penny-arcade owners and thieves of zipper patents. That mentality still exists. I react to those who lift ideas from our show the same way I react to the dishonesty of humankind that has always existed. It pisses me off, but there's nothing I can do about it.

PLAYBOY: Isn't it really a case of imitation's being the sincerest form of flattery—a kind of backhanded tribute to your success?

O'CONNOR: Well, I suppose so—but it still pisses me off.

PLAYBOY: Were you surprised, after a dozen years as a character actor in the movies, to find yourself a star?

O'CONNOR: Frankly, yes. It was just a thing that seemed unattainable. I was quite content being one of the highest-paid supporting actors in the business and being well respected in it. Of course, I had other aspirations. I wanted to write plays, movies, perhaps a novel, and poetry or song lyrics. I always felt that as a successful supporting actor, I could make a very good living and find the time somehow to do these other things. I wasn't looking for stardom at all.

PLAYBOY: Are you glad you found it—or do you feel overextended or disoriented?

O'CONNOR: I feel just fine about it. In recent years, I've had billing equal to the star of any picture I made; but producers could have made those pictures without me. Now there are people who, if I'll do the picture, can raise the money to finance it on my name alone. Now they want me not just for work but because I can create *other* work. What a tremendous thing for the ego. The greatest satisfaction to an actor is to be needed. If you're a vacuum-cleaner salesman, you don't have to become too personally involved with the product you represent. If people aren't buying it, you start selling another one. But an actor isn't selling somebody else's product; he's selling himself. When you're not getting work, it's a serious personal reproach. But there's nothing like the satisfaction you feel when they're buying what you've got to sell—and paying a great deal for it. To be offered a quarter of a million dollars up front to do a picture, with a large percentage of the world gross, is incredible to me.

PLAYBOY: It has become fashionable among the wealthy—even in Hollywood—not to flaunt their affluence quite as conspicuously as they used to, or at least to feel guilty about it. How do you feel about having all that money?

O'CONNOR: Many years ago, I told Father Powers, who is a friend of mine in Rome, "Father, I've fought the fight against materialism for years, but I'm afraid I've lost it." There's no sense in pretending that I don't enjoy the luxuries. Thoreau said, "Simplicity, simplicity, simplicity!" He was talking about getting

away from the acquisition and ownership of things that clutter up your life, lest your soul be no longer open to the spiritual things the world has to offer. But I find no difficulty at all in experiencing soul stimulation and at the same time owning a Maserati, which I did until a few months ago.

PLAYBOY: What does owning a Maserati do for the soul?

O'CONNOR: There's something uplifting about owning the best-looking, best-performing car of its type in the world, about the way it runs effortlessly up through the gears to 140 miles an hour.

PLAYBOY: Did you often drive it that fast?

O'CONNOR: I never had the guts to take it any faster than 120, but I drove it over 100 as often as I could. I had to test whether this high-priced, high-powered machine was all men said it was. And it always was. I got the same exhilaration out of renewing that knowledge every time I did it.

PLAYBOY: Apart from acquiring a Maserati, has stardom brought any changes in your life style?

O'CONNOR: Well, it's cost me a lot—and not just in money. The highest price you have to pay for becoming a celebrity is that you become a fugitive. Because every place I go I'm recognized, I now consciously find myself avoiding looking at people, which is a loss. I can't move without being stopped by people for autographs or conversation. Even at the better restaurants, people come up to my table and just stare at me while I'm eating my scaloppine. And I can't go to a ball game, or any other kind of sporting event, or I'll be forced to sign autographs for everybody in my section of the stands. I even get stopped at supermarket check-out counters. People take snapshots of me in the street. One guy followed me down Westwood Boulevard the other night, taking pictures with a movie camera. And sunglasses don't help; they recognize me in the biggest pair of shades you ever saw. At the beginning, that kind of adulation was a novelty. It's still enjoyable, but it can get to be a pain in the ass. Being the observed *all the time* is unsettling. I can almost feel eyes on the back of my neck.

PLAYBOY: Do those who approach you in public greet you as Carroll O'Connor or as Archie Bunker?

O'CONNOR: More than half the time, they call me Archie—kind of in fun, you know—but an awful lot of strangers call me Mr. O'Connor. I don't think most people mix me up with the character. A couple of actors did, though. They never knew me before, and they thought I had to be exactly like Archie. I look different offcamera, and I certainly sound different offcamera, but it was inconceivable to them that I was just playing a role. I had to *be* that guy. The public never had any problem with it.

PLAYBOY: You don't think there's any

danger that you'll be stereotyped and stuck with Archie the way Sean Connery has been with James Bond?

O'CONNOR: I don't think so. I've had a number of movie scripts submitted to me that have nothing to do with Archie. I've completed a TV musical special that has nothing to do with Archie. There's also a dramatic special I'm going to do later in the year, tentatively titled *It's a Man's World, or Is It?*, in which I'll do three one-act plays, one of them my own, that have nothing to do with the Archie character.

PLAYBOY: Do you and Archie have anything in common as far as life styles are concerned?

O'CONNOR: Not much. Archie and I both like beer, but he has his own concept of the finer things. Occasionally, he'll have a stiff shot of rye or bourbon, but he has no taste for other booze, let alone the kind of wines I drink. For recreation, I like to read and travel; Archie's idea of a perfect evening would be to take in a night game at Shea Stadium—or just sit at home watching pro football on television.

PLAYBOY: Would he watch *All in the Family*?

O'CONNOR: I think so. Maybe he'd get some laughs out of it. But he might recognize himself on the screen and resent the reflection.

PLAYBOY: What are his tastes in food?

O'CONNOR: Archie is a lover of good, solid, well-cooked American dishes: steak, chops, stews. If you took him into a French restaurant, though, and surprised him with some of the French veal dishes or the marvelous way they do potatoes and other vegetables, I think he'd love it. But he's never been exposed to it. He has to get by with the Twinkies Edith puts in his lunch box. If it were possible—and we'll have to fantasize about this for a moment—I'd like to take Archie to an *osteria* up in the Italian Apennines, a country inn situated in a little town north of Parma where I once spent some time, where everything the owners served was absolutely fresh, where they hand-cut the pasta and pressed their own red wine, hung their own sausage in a subterranean room, and the herbs to flavor the ragout were all available in the garden.

We would start the meal with an antipasto of salami, fresh olives from the countryside, fresh onions eaten raw, with white wine to wash it all down. Then we would have a dish of *spaghetti alla carbonara*—that's with egg and bacon and cheese mixed up in the pasta. An unmentionable number of calories. Next there would be veal chops. Now, that sounds like very plain cooking, but as the Italians do it in the country with those ancient recipes, veal chops can be unbelievably beautiful. The vegetables would be fresh zucchini or *melanzane*, which we call eggplant, cooked *alla siciliana*, with cheese and tomato. Also a

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serving of *fagiolini*—large cold string beans in a vinegar-and-oil dressing. All this would be served with homemade chianti. At the end, there would be some pungent cheese and then pears stewed in sugary syrup with a mixture of other fruit and doused with maraschino brandy. We'd also have *zuppa inglese*, an Italian variety of English trifle—a soft, creamy sort of thing. And, finally, all the espresso and brandy we could drink.

A meal of this kind once took my wife and me from one o'clock until after five to consume. And then we went to a farmhouse belonging to my host and napped until nine o'clock that night. *Non credo que ch'abbiamo mangiato tutta la questa cosa!* "I can't believe I ate the whole thing!" You'll have to forgive me for all that; I got carried away. It must be getting close to dinner-time. Anyhow, I think Archie would love that kind of meal—although he might leave Edith after eating it.

PLAYBOY: You and your wife have stayed together for 21 years. Why has your marriage worked while so many other show-business unions fail?

O'CONNOR: We need each other. When people who are married stop needing each other, they begin to discover mutual faults and then find reasons they shouldn't be living together.

PLAYBOY: What do you need from each other?

O'CONNOR: What I need from my wife, and I suppose the same goes for her, is human closeness and warmth, her counsel, her criticism, her spiritual support for what I do artistically. She's the check and balance on me that every human being needs. She provides the physical love and spiritual love that we all need. I hope she derives the same from me.

PLAYBOY: Why do you think the divorce rate—in and out of Hollywood—is so high?

O'CONNOR: I don't know. I can only think of friends that have been married for a number of years and then split up. The fella usually says, "What do I need this broad for anymore? She's nothing but headaches." Maybe she's giving him physical love, but he isn't getting any spiritual satisfaction. Or vice versa. So he begins to balance the debits against the credits and says, "What do I need her for?" And she does the same. My wife and I often find each other wanting, but you see, the need is always there between the two of us. I guess we were just a lucky combination. We shared the same interests, the same friends from the beginning. We were both very much interested in not only the theater but the whole profession of entertainment. And we always had a lot to talk about. These are very important things—a similarity of interests, a similarity of artistic and professional drives, a sharing of friendships. The whole so-

cial and professional enclave was the same for her as it was for me.

PLAYBOY: In the course of your relationship, have you developed any rules of behavior for yourself to keep things running smoothly?

O'CONNOR: Only one: I try to control my temper. I succeed now more than I did years ago. My advice to anybody is to try to get control early on. It's like a hole in a dike, that temper thing. If you don't patch it up when it happens, it gets bigger and bigger and all kinds of other troubles come flooding in. So you have to stifle yourself.

PLAYBOY: Can you recall an occasion when you couldn't control your temper?

O'CONNOR: Yes, I can. But it didn't have anything to do with my wife. It was prompted by the way my career was going back in 1954 and 1955, after we returned from Ireland, when I couldn't understand why people wouldn't give me any work. I would tell producers what I had done; they knew the men I'd worked for. They knew all the people—like James Mason and Geraldine Fitzgerald—who had come from the Gate Theater in Dublin. It was a good credential to have. But in spite of that, I wasn't getting any work. I couldn't even get arrested. I wasn't depressed, though; I was sore as hell. I felt that everybody I met was stupid, a bunch of ignoramuses. How dare they not hire me!

While I was looking for work, we were existing only on what Nancy made as a teacher; her take-home pay was about \$325 a month. So with me at the rather advanced age of 30 and married three years, my wife and I were obliged to live with my mother in Forest Hills—in the house where I grew up. That didn't do much for my ego. I couldn't even support the two of us. Besides that, my mother had one kind of life and we had another. We wanted privacy and our own place. In order to do that, I had to do something to bring in some extra loot. Finally, I went over to the board of education in Brooklyn and took the first exam that came up—which was for an English teacher, though history had been my major in college. I passed the English exam and got a substitute-teacher's license and then I started to make about \$325 a month, too. So after a while, we had plenty of money and we got our own apartment, in Rockaway, Queens—not far from the neighborhood where the Bunkers live. We had a new car and nice furnishings. We lived very well.

PLAYBOY: Did you like teaching?

O'CONNOR: Well, it was a challenge. I taught first at a junior high school on the West Side of Manhattan, then at Textile High on 17th Street, and finally at the High School of Performing Arts, all as a substitute teacher. Textile was kind of a tough school, though I never

ran into a *Blackboard Jungle* situation. I had a class of 45 boys from the ages of 14 to 19 who were the most troublesome in all the other classes at the school. The administration's remedy was to take these misfits out of the other classes and put them all into one hellhole of a class. And to whom did they give that assignment? To the most inexperienced teacher in the whole goddamn school—Carroll O'Connor, who had been kidded about his girl's name since he was ten.

My task was mainly to keep them in line, because they'd been given up on as far as learning was concerned. At first, the kids all thought I was a cop who had been planted in the school to investigate drug pushing. They questioned me about it all the time, but I would never admit that I was or I wasn't. I must tell you frankly, I controlled my class by intimidating them and getting physical in one or two instances. The very first day, I found one of the boys, who was a senior, sitting in my chair with his feet on the desk. I later learned that this class had, in the previous term, set a whole row of desks on fire and ejected the teacher, keeping the doors locked against the principal and the assistant principal, who were trying to get in to put out the fire. This boy, who was now sitting at my desk, had finally let everybody in to put the fire out with extinguishers. He was an Italian kid. There was some competition between him and a black kid as to who was the real boss of the class.

Anyway, when I came into the room, the classroom was utter pandemonium. A game of tag was going on—using only the tops of the desks, not the floor—and the object was to avoid being tagged. There was another game going on that involved throwing blackboard erasers at one another: if you were hit, you were out. Chalk was being fired around. Cards were being played. The most respectable students were playing blackjack; they were the quiet ones. And the Italian kid was in my chair with his feet up on my desk. I got attention by slamming the door behind me with such force that I was afraid I'd break all the glass in it. I didn't say anything, because I just had a feeling that words wouldn't do at the moment.

They all stopped and everything got quiet as they looked me over. My first move was to walk over to the desk, half kick and half push the boss kid out of the chair. I got him in the ass. The chair went over and he went over, landing on the floor. As he started to get up, mad, I grabbed hold of him and told him I was going to punch his teeth down his throat. He said, "Don't!" "OK," I said, "then get into this seat here." He sat down. I looked up and told the rest of them, with a baleful glare that Archie would have been



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proud of. "All a yah, siddown!" And it worked. I've kept a variation of that look in my repertoire, playing it for humor rather than for menace. I use it, in fact, in the night-club act I do four weeks of the year in Reno and Vegas.

PLAYBOY: What kind of act do you do?

O'CONNOR: Well, I start with a monologue as Archie, and then I sing some songs of the Thirties from my first album, *Remembering You*. That's it; no frills like tap dancing or chorus girls. It's sort of a cross between live theater and after-dinner speaking.

PLAYBOY: What are some of the highlights of your Archie segment?

O'CONNOR: I do about 25 minutes complaining about the state of the world, using my familiar Archie dialect. For my night-club debut in Tahoe, I did some stuff that was topical then. Like: "George Wallace is a man to be reckoned wit'. Did you hear he come out de udda day for busin' da black people? If the Federal Government buys the buses and builds a bridge from Alabama to West Africa." I also talked about Nixon in China: "One a da reasons Nixon wanted diplomatic relations ovah dere was so he could send ovah a lotta people that would do da country a lotta good far away." I also had jokes about Howard Hughes, Sam Yorty, Hubert Humphrey and the pill: "I don't mean no headache pills. The kinda headache you take this pill for, you get in a motel."

PLAYBOY: What was the critical reaction to your night-club debut?

O'CONNOR: With a few exceptions, it was a smash. And according to the pit bosses, the high rollers came in to see my show; the waiters got much bigger tips than usual. A couple of reviewers, however, did have the effrontery to say that my singing was "slightly off-key" or that I sounded like I was singing in the shower.

PLAYBOY: Have you used mostly ethnic jokes in your act?

O'CONNOR: No, and calculatedly so. We have Archie making ethnic slurs on the television show, but the barbs are always answered by members of the family, usually by the son-in-law. In my night-club act, there's nobody there to retaliate, so I don't do that. Most of the humor of *All in the Family* hinges on Archie getting a lot of static. Sometimes when the writers give him racial remarks to say, they haven't given somebody else an answer, so we ad-lib one. Once or twice it's happened that there was just no way to get an answer into the script, so we've eliminated the barb.

PLAYBOY: That's a form of self-censorship. Have you had any censorship imposed on you by the network or the sponsors?

O'CONNOR: It's a curious thing. When it comes to our show, CBS really lays off. I think it's because Norman Lear has been very forceful in his arguments. On the opening show, he wisely took a

strong stand. He told the CBS brass, "On this first show, we're saying the worst we probably will ever say. If we get it over with now, we'll have a much easier time." There were several contested lines, but they let us use just about any racial epithet you can think of. I referred to coons, Hebes, spicks, Polacks. We even had micks in there someplace. We somehow got it all said. We also got some sexy stuff over.

PLAYBOY: What was the contested material?

O'CONNOR: One of the things CBS questioned was when Edith and I came home from church and we obviously interrupted the kids balling upstairs. There was some kind of suggestion that we modify that business and Norman said, "No, that's what they were doing and it's too vital a part of the plot, and furthermore, we're going to be getting into a lot of this stuff as the series goes on, and we might as well get the audience used to it." CBS backed down.

PLAYBOY: Didn't it seem absurd to you that the network would question the mere implication that a young married couple was making love off-camera?

O'CONNOR: Indeed it did. Balling is one of the best things we do in life, but—let's face it—TV is still tied to a moral taboo about it. I really think all of us in the industry lag behind the public. We're afraid the public will object; and most of the time they don't object at all. They keep fooling us.

PLAYBOY: Have there been any conflicts among those involved in the show about what sort of material should be used?

O'CONNOR: Yes, we've had creative differences that have been hard to resolve and we've had friction on the show over my rejection of a lot of material. Good writing is very hard to come by, especially for television. The medium uses writing voraciously, like a blast furnace would burn up sawdust. Nobody can keep up with its demands. The most ordinary kind of mindless situation comedy finds itself short of acceptable material, so imagine the situation with the kind of show we became, lifted as we are into the realm of satire—a commodity virtually unknown in the American theater and utterly unknown on American television.

Now, there are many actors who regard the written word with a great deal of reverence simply because it's part of a script by the time they see it. They're more than willing to do whatever is given to them. I guess I'm perverse. I regard everything written that's handed to me with the utmost suspicion. The first thing I see is a script's faults; the last thing I'm ready to see is its merits.

Well, certain of our story lines I've felt weren't real, and I've said so. As everybody connected with the show knows, a week never passes that I don't

change all sorts of things—and occasionally that causes problems. And one day we had a disagreement that suddenly got way out of proportion. This was a show in which the black kid, Lionel, his mother and his uncle came to our house on Christmas Day to pass the usual pleasantries. Lionel noticed that his mother was standing under the mistletoe and said to her, "Look out, Momma, Mr. Bunker is a devil with anybody standing under that mistletoe." She was then supposed to look at me and smile expectantly. I was to look at her in mixed bewilderment and horror, and walk away.

I didn't think this business rang true. Lionel is a very hip, smart kid who knows Archie very well. He would never put his mother in a position where Archie might insult her. So we began arguing that thing back and forth and agreed that we'd think about it again. I called Norman on a Sunday and went over to his home and told him I felt very strongly about this, that I'd been thinking about it for two days and concluded that I was absolutely right. I said we ought to change it or cut it. Norman asked for suggestions. Perhaps if Mrs. Jefferson herself would instigate a joke that might turn against her, I said, it might somehow take the curse off. So we made the change. Monday morning we came in for rehearsal and I felt a resistance in everybody to go along with the change. I began getting so many arguments that I finally said, "This must be cut or I guess we won't have a show." It was cut, but that wasn't the end. That night, when we were having a note session, Norman brought the whole thing up again, suggesting that we ought to consider going back to the original.

I don't think he realized how seriously I was taking the whole thing. At first I was objecting to something I just thought was wrong. I had objected to many things like this before and we'd made some adjustment. Sometimes the director, John Rich, would argue me out of it; other times we would reach a compromise; other times a thing I didn't like was cut. But here was a situation that for some strange reason was getting beyond my objecting to a minor bit of business. My ego had become involved.

Suddenly, my resentment exploded, and I thought: "I'm the star of the number-one show on TV. I carry 75 percent of every episode. If I were somebody like Jackie Gleason, they'd all be ordered out on the street." I couldn't imagine how anybody would set up this kind of argument with a big star like Jackie or Lucy. Why were they persisting in this thing when they knew Carroll O'Connor didn't want it? I called my agent that night and said, "Be prepared to get me out of this show at the

(concluded on page 205)



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Part one of a new crime novel

By George V. Higgins

THERE WERE THREE KEYS on the transmission hump of the XK-E. The driver touched the one nearest the gearshift. The fat man, cramped in the passenger bucket, squinted at it in the moonlight.

"Back door," the driver said. "Three steps, aluminum railing, no outer door. No alarm. You got a problem of being scen. There's a whole mess of apartments back up on the place, and they got mostly kids in them and them

fucking bastards never go to bed, it seems like. What can I tell you, except be careful."

"Look," the fat man said, "I'm gonna act like I was minding my own business. This is what you say it is,



the digger's game

tomorrow morning nobody's even gonna know I was there. Nobody'll remember anything."

"Uh-huh," the driver said, "but that's tomorrow. First you got to get through tonight. It's tonight I'd be worried

about, I was you."

"I'll decide what I'm gonna worry about," the fat man said.

"You got gloves?" the driver asked.

"I don't like gloves," the fat man said. "In this weather especially, I don't

a boston mick like the digger can be rough, but a juice man might be rougher—especially over a matter of eighteen thou

like gloves. What the hell, somebody spots me, the heat comes, I'm dead anyway. Gloves ain't gonna help me. You wait like you say you're gonna, nobody's even gonna know I was in there until everybody's been around handling

things, and so forth."

"That's what I thought," the driver said, "no gloves. I heard that about you. The Digger goes in bare-ass." The driver pulled a pair of black-vinyl gloves out of the map pocket on his door. "Wear these."

The Digger took the gloves in his left hand. "Whatever you say, my friend. It's your job." He put the gloves in his lap.

"No," the driver said, "I really mean it, Dig. You want to go in bare-ass, you go in bare-ass. That's all right with me. But you get to that paper, the actual paper, you put them gloves on first, and you keep them on, OK?"

"I wouldn't think it'd help them," the Digger said. "So many people handling the stuff and all. I wouldn't think it'd make much difference, time they found out."

"Well, take my word for it," the driver said, "it does. It really does. Now, I really mean it, you know? This is for my protection. Gloves on as soon as you get to the paper."

"Gloves on," the Digger said.

"You get inside," the driver said, "you go left down the corridor and it's the fourth door. The fourth door. There's about six doors in there and they all got the company name on them, but this is for the fourth door." He touched the second key. "It says 'General Manager' down at the bottom, there, so in case you get screwed up, that's the one you're looking for."

"Can I use a light?" the Digger asked.

"Not unless you really have to," the driver said. "Near as I can make out, there's no windows anybody can look in and see you moving around, but you never know what'll reflect off something. I was you, unless I absolutely had to, I wouldn't."

"OK," the Digger said, "no light."

"I don't think you're gonna need one anyway," the driver said. "We got a pretty good moon here and all. You should be able to get along all right."

"Fourth door," the Digger said. "Must be some kind of suspicious outfit, got a different key for every door and all. They must be afraid somebody's gonna come in after hours or something and steal something."

"Well," the driver said, "I don't know that for sure. It could be, this'll open any door, once you get inside. But the offices're separate, you know. They haven't got any doors between them. So it's not gonna do you any good, you get into the third door or something, because what we want isn't in there. I'm just trying to save time is all."

The driver touched the third key. It was smaller than the first two. "ADT," he said. "Metal box right behind the door, just about eye level. The lock's on the bottom on the right. It's got the

yellow monitor light, so you won't have no trouble finding it, anyway. Twenty-second delay before it rings. Plenty of time. Oh, sometimes they forget to set it when they lock up. If the yellow light's off, don't touch it. You do and you'll turn it on and then you're gonna have all kinds of company. I'm pretty sure it's on. So you turn it off. I told him, I said: 'Make sure that alarm's on. I don't want nobody coming in Monday and seeing the alarm's off and looking around.' He said he would. But just to be on the safe side, don't touch it if the light isn't on."

"Do I still go in if it's off?" the Digger asked.

"Sure," the driver said. "The important thing is, get the paper. I'm just saying, it'd be better if the alarm was on when you go in. And you shut it off and get what we want and then turn it on again and get out. You got another twenty seconds when you turn it on. Oh, and it's a cheapie. No puncher for when it's on and off, no signal anywhere it got turned off. Single stage, it all works off the key. If it's on, and you don't turn it off, it rings. But that's all it does."

"Chickenshit outfit," the Digger said.

"Well," the driver said, "it's really just for the typewriters and, you know, in case the junkies come in and start tearing the place apart. They don't keep any real dough there. It's just for intruders is all."

"Trespassers," the Digger said.

"Yeah," the driver said, "trespassers. Speaking of which, I assume you're not a shitter or anything."

"No," the Digger said.

"You know you're not a shitter, too, don't you?" the driver asked.

"Well, I'm pretty sure," the Digger said. "I never done much of this, but when I been in someplace, I never did, no."

"Well, in case you get the urge," the driver said, "wait till you get home or something. I had a real good guy that I always used to use, and he was all right. He could get in anyplace. You could send him down the cathedral and he'd steal the cups at High Mass. But Jesus, I used him probably six or seven years and I never have the slightest problem with him, and the next thing I know, he's into some museum or something they got out there to Salem, and he's after silver, you know? And he shits, he turned into a shitter. Left himself a big fuckin' pile of shit right on the god-damned Oriental rug. Well, he wasn't working for me or anything, and hell, everybody in the world was gonna know the next day he was in there, because the silver was gone. But that was the end of him as far as I was concerned. I didn't have no more use for him. The thing is you don't want nobody to know you been in there until you're ready, OK? So no shit on the desks or anything. Keep your pants on,

"The stuff we want," the driver said, "you go over to the file cabinets and they keep them in the third one from the window. The middle drawer, OK? In the back, behind the ledgers. They keep the ledgers up to the front, and then there's the divider there, and the books're behind the divider. There's three of them. The one they're actually using's on top and then there's two more, the reserve ones."

"You got a key for the cabinet?" the Digger asked.

"Usually not locked," the driver said. "If it's locked, the key's on the frame of the door you just came through. Up on the wood there, over the door. But it's probably not gonna be locked. If it's locked, unlock it and then when you're through, lock it again and put the key back. If it's not locked, just open it and take the stuff and then close it up again. OK?"

"OK," the Digger said. "You want some canceled checks, I assume."

"Don't need them," the driver said. "Somebody might go looking for something and then they notice they're gone. I got a way, I got something I can copy all ready."

"They don't use a check signer or anything?" the Digger asked.

"Sometimes they do," the driver said. "Sometimes they don't. It's got a meter on it and they're pretty careful about that, anyway. It's only when the guy's away they use that, and I guess they must've had some trouble or something, because they keep that locked up pretty good and it's in another one of them offices, in a safe. So I'm not gonna bother with trying to get that."

"OK," the Digger said.

"Take from the first book," the driver said. "They're all numbered in sequence and they're about, they just started using the book they're using now. So they're probably gonna, by the end of the month they'll be getting down to where they'd be using it up. It's a six-across book. Take the last five pages, OK?"

"OK," the Digger said.

"Don't take no more'n that," the driver said. "You do and they're liable to spot it the next time they use the book." From the floor under the driver's seat he produced a razor knife. "Take them out right along the binder. Don't leave no shreds. Shreds can fall out and get somebody looking. Nice clean cuts. One page at a time. Don't use where it's perforated. Cut them out right along the binder. OK?"

"Don't take nothing from the other books," the driver said. "The petty cash box, it's probably got about eighty dollars in it. Leave it be. No stamps, no currency if there's any, no nothing. Five pages of checks and that's all. You give

(continued on page 122)



"When I said help yourself to the goodies, Baron, what I had in mind was the strudel and rum cakes."

the internationally known feminist argues that—even without violence—sexual exploitation is rape **article BY GERMAINE GREER**

Q ONCE IN A HOT COURTROOM in New Zealand, I had occasion to ask a lady who was giving evidence against me for saying fuck in a public meeting whether she was as disgusted and offended by hearing the word rape used in a similar context. She wasn't. I asked her why. She thought for a moment and said happily, "Because for rape the woman doesn't give her consent."

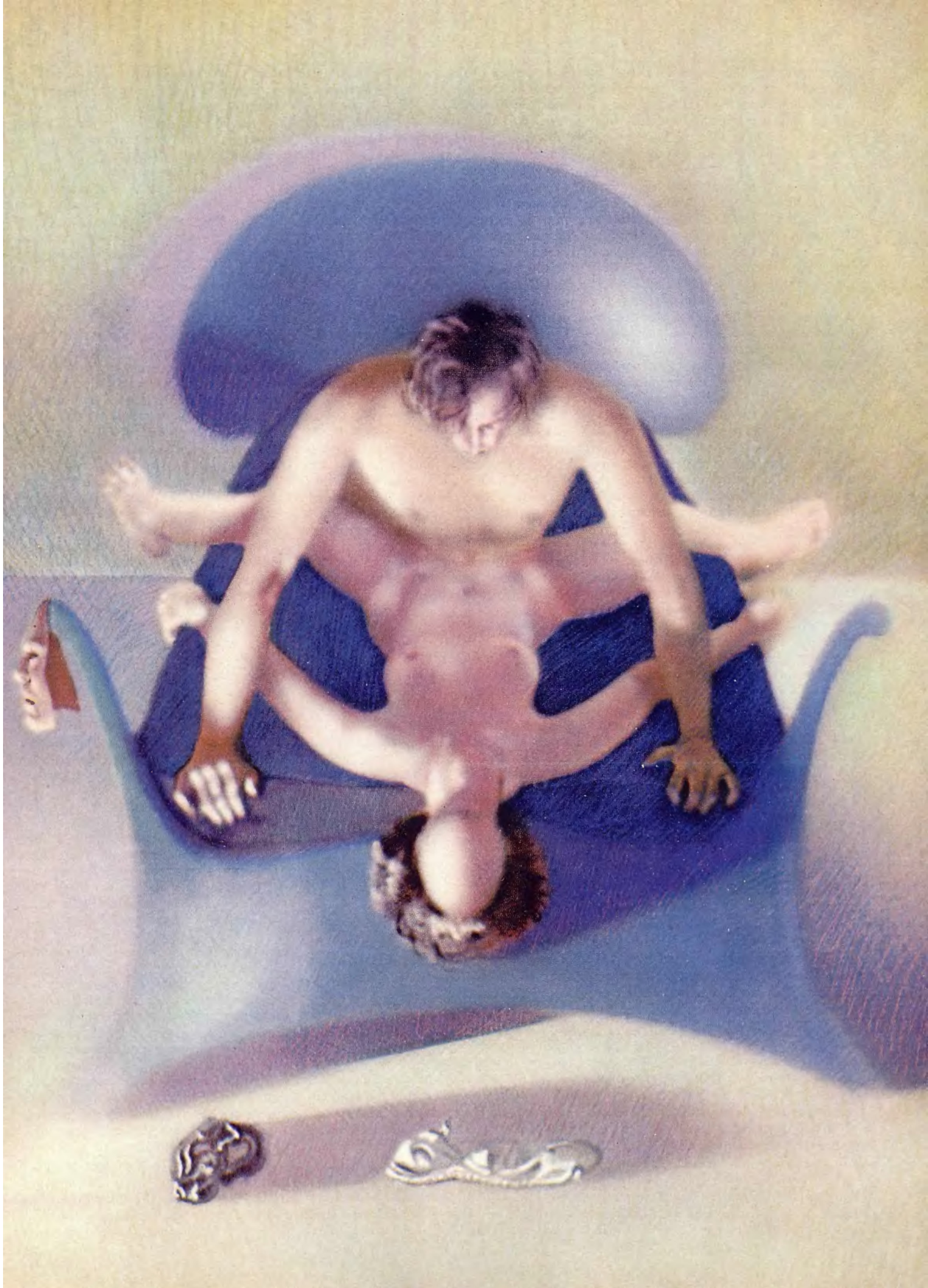
My little linguistic inquiry opened a sudden peephole on the labyrinth of crazy sexual attitudes that we have inherited from our polyglot traditions (although it did not prevent my being sentenced to three weeks in jail). The craziness extends into our (mis)understanding of the nature of sexual communication and thereby finds its way back to behavior. Our muddled responses to the word rape have their source in the sexual psychosis that afflicts us all, especially the policemen and judges who are most vindictive in their attitudes toward those few sexual criminals who have sufficient bad luck or bad judgment to fall foul of the law.

Otherwise quite humane people entertain the notion that women subconsciously or even consciously desire to be raped, that rape liberates their basic animality, that, like she-cats, they want to be bloodily subdued and savagely fucked, regardless of their desperate struggles and cries. Women are thought to provoke the sexual rage of men who in turn may need to add blood lust to their sexual desire in order to achieve full potency. Darwin is sometimes quoted as the ideological ally of the rapist and forcible impregnator—how else but by his marauding activities could the survival of the fittest be assured?

Yet many women are afraid of rape as of nothing else. Women who have been raped may, as a consequence, be too terrified to leave their house by day or night or so distressed by male nearness that they cannot take a job or get onto a crowded train. There may be some truth in the notion that the lonely spinster who is terrified of intruders is actually longing to be violated, but her subconscious wish is of the same order as the wish of a mother to destroy her children, which is chiefly expressed in her fantasies that they may have come to violent harm. The fury that a father feels against the man who rapes his daughter might as profitably be construed as jealousy. For all practical purposes what the spinster experiences is a fascinating terror that may become an obsession. The man who actualizes her fantasy is in no way gratifying her or benefiting her, except in his own overweening estimation. The extent to which all men participate in this fantasy of violent largess can be dimly detected in their willingness to laugh at Lenny Bruce's description of his aunt going into Central Park each day for her appointment with the flashers or in the sneering assumption that older women and unattractive women are disappointed if intruders or invading soldiers don't rape them.

Many (men) believe that rape is impossible. The more simple-minded imagine that the vagina cannot be penetrated unless the woman consciously or subconsciously accepts the penetration, and so the necessary condition of rape cannot be fulfilled. The difficulty of getting a fully erect penis into the vagina is in direct proportion to the difficulty

SEDUCTION IS A FOUR- LETTER WORD



of overcoming the woman, either by physical force or by threat or by drugging her or by taking her by surprise.

The idea that rape is impossible may be an invalid extension of the view that all women subconsciously desire or provoke rape. It is certainly true that women do not defend themselves against rapists with any great efficiency. Even though they know that a sharp blow to the groin will incapacitate a man, or that a high heel smashed into the temple will have a certain effect, they seldom take advantage of what forms of self-defense may be accessible to them. The fault lies not in their suppressed lechery or promiscuity but in the induced passivity that is characteristic of women as we have conditioned them. Feminist encounter groups have developed routines in which a woman is encouraged to fight off a would-be rapist. Even strong heavy women have had to struggle to overcome the passivity that impeded the release of energy in self-defense: passionate urging from the other members of the group was needed before they could take advantage of their own strength and determination.

Without special help, most women have no idea how to defend themselves and no concept of themselves as people with a right to resist physical misuse with violence. They are like children being beaten by their parents and their teachers, or slaves being brutalized on the plantation. Their physical strength remains unexploited because of the pathology of oppression. Women are poorly motivated to be as aggressive with their assailants as their assailants are with them, and so rape is easier than it should be. But this cannot be held to justify the contemptuous attitude of the rapist. Women's helplessness is itself part of the psychosis that makes rape a national pastime. And even encounter groups have not yet developed the kind of psychic energy that can defeat a gun or a knife or the frenzy of drugs.

The fear of sexual assault is a special fear: Its intensity in women can best be likened to the male fear of castration. As a tiny child I was utterly unafraid of the derelict old men who drooped their pallid tools at my mother and me when we sun-bathed in the beach park, but I remember an occasion when much less sinister behavior provoked wild terror. A young man simply came up to me and offered me a sweet; his kind smile was the most hideous thing I had ever seen. Usually I invoked my parents' rage because I consorted so readily with strangers, but this time I recoiled from the bribe, speechless with fright. Then I was running and running until my lungs were screaming, and I fell down and covered in the grass, desperate not to look up for fear I would see that indescribable smile. Whenever I saw that man

hanging out in the lane below our apartment, looking up my six-inch skirts as I went up or down the stairs, I was terrified. When I tried to explain to the grownups why I loathed that man, I had no words for it, but I knew it was the greatest fear of all, worse than spiders or octopuses or falling off the roof. Devoted sadists might argue that my terror was simply the terror of my own innate femaleness, but it would be bad Freud, because I was presumably in my phallic phase and unaware of my vagina; and if such a view is not to be justified by the great apologist of female masochism, it is not to be justified at all. What I was afraid of was rape as Elbridge Cleaver described it, "bloody, hateful, bitter and malignant," even though I had no clear idea of what it entailed.

Sexual intercourse between grown men and little girls is automatically termed rape under most codes of law. It does not matter whether the child invites it or even whether she seduces the adult; he and he only is guilty of a felony. From the child's point of view and from the common-sense point of view, there is an enormous difference between intercourse with a willing little girl and the forcible penetration of the small vagina of a terrified child. One woman I know enjoyed sex with an uncle all through her childhood, and never realized that anything unusual was toward until she went away to school. What disturbed her then was not what her uncle had done but the attitude of her teachers and the school psychiatrist. They assumed that she must have been traumatized and disgusted and therefore in need of very special help. In order to capitulate to their expectations, she began to fake symptoms that she did not feel, until at length she began to feel truly guilty about not having been guilty. She ended up judging herself very harshly for this innate lechery.

The crucial element in establishing whether or not vaginal penetration is rape is whether or not the penetration was consented to. Consent is itself an intangible mental act: the law cannot be blamed for insisting that evidence of absence of consent be virtually conclusive, so that a woman who has not been savagely beaten or threatened with immediate harm or rendered unconscious has little chance of legally proving that she has been raped. Consent is not a simple procedure: it may be heavily conditional or thoroughly muddled, and the law cannot allow itself to be drawn into ethical conundrums. Most of us do not live according to the bare letter of the law but according to moral criteria of much greater complexity. Morally, those of us who have a high opinion of sex cannot accept the idea that absence of resistance sanctions all kinds of carnal communica-

tion: rather than rely on such a negative criterion, we must insist that only evidence of positive desire dignifies sexual intercourse and makes it joyful. From a proud and passionate woman's point of view, anything less is rape.

The law of rape was not made with a woman's pride or passion in mind. The woman is no more and probably even less the focus of the rape statutes than the murder victim is the *raison d'être* of the homicide statutes. The crime of rape is rather considered an offense not against the woman herself but against the men who made the law, fathers, husbands and kin. It is a crime against legitimacy of issue and the correct transmission of patrimony. The illegitimate sexual intercourse constitutes the offense: what the woman who complains must do is primarily to dissociate herself from any suspicion of complicity in the outrage against her menfolk. This she must do by making a complaint immediately. She is regarded as the prosecutrix of the rapist and he has all the recourse against her accusation that any defendant has against the state prosecutor, and then some. Only a girl child escapes the ordeal, because she is automatically deemed incapable of consent. An adult woman is actually called upon to prove her own innocence in the course of a rape prosecution, as well as managing to establish that the circumstances of the man's behavior are as she alleges.

A man has to be very unlucky to be convicted of the crime of rape. He has to be stupid enough, or drugged or drunk enough, to leave a mile-wide trail of blood, bruises, threats, semen, screaming and what have you, and he has to have chosen the kind of woman about whom the neighbors have nothing but good to say, who has enough *chutzpah* to get down to the police station at once and file her complaint, and, if it results in a trial, to face down public humiliation, for hearsay evidence about her morals and demeanor is admissible. The most the court will do for her is to rule that evidence emanating from a district other than the one she actually lives in is inadmissible. Then the jury must feel confident that no element of consent entered into the woman's behavior.

Nevertheless, men do go to jail for rape, mostly black men, nearly all of them poor, and neither the judges nor the prosecuting attorneys are hampered in their dealings by the awareness that they are rapists, too, only they have more sophisticated methods of compulsion. A deprived man forces his way into a woman's body by pressing the point of a knife against her throat; a man who owns an automobile may stop on a lonely road and tell his passenger to come across or get out and walk. The hostility of the rapist and the humiliation of the victim are not necessarily different.

(continued on page 161)

DESSERT AT THE BELVEDERE



fiction BY PAUL THEROUX

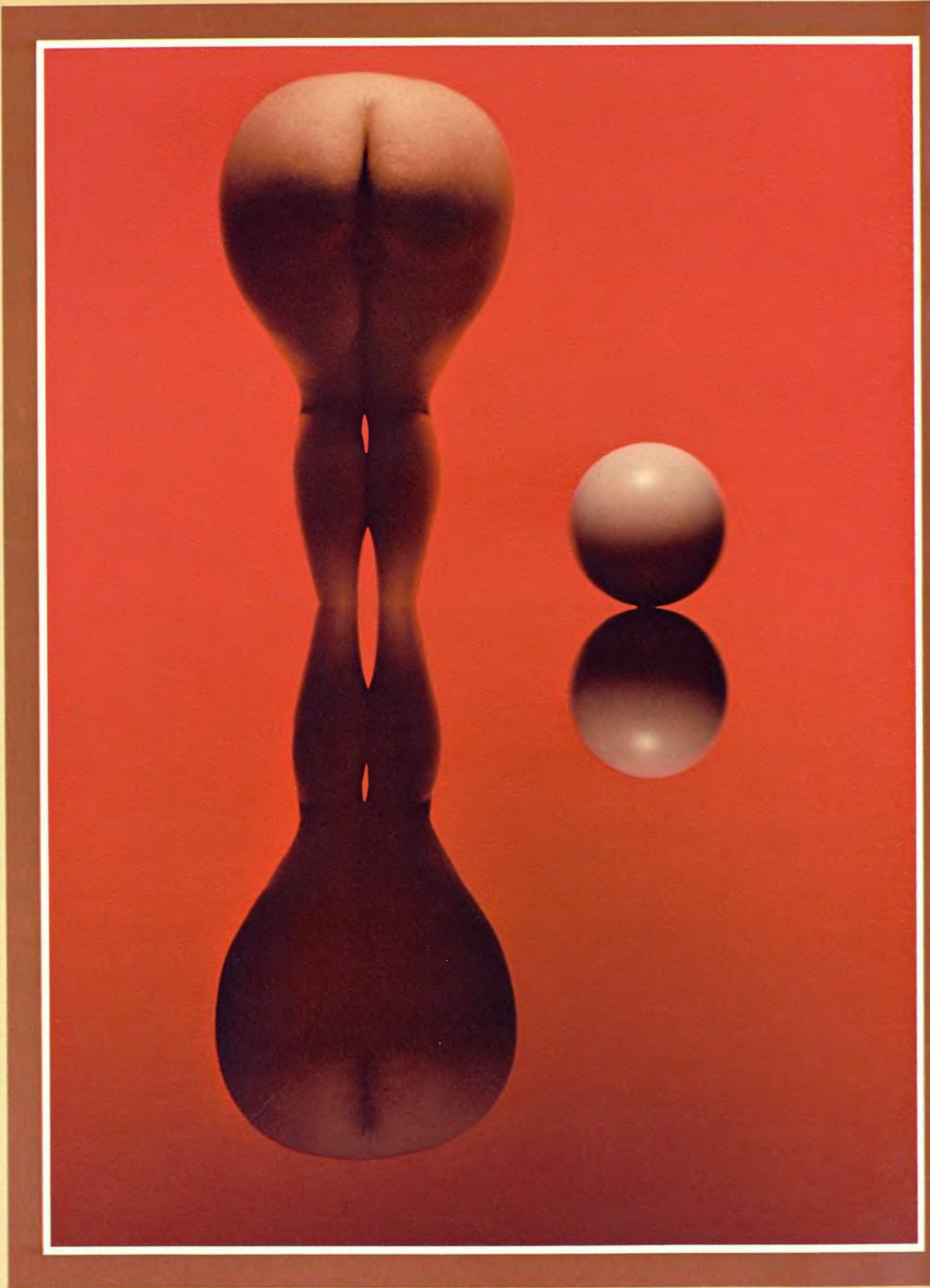
they called her jampot, and a session with her could be very sweet—if you lived through it

“WHY THE BLACK SUIT?” Gunstone asked.

“My others are at the cleaner’s,” I said, even as I was rolling “I’ve just come from a funeral” around on my tongue. But that would have made him ask who had died. I had the fluent liar’s sense of foresight. Gunstone was calmed.

Lunch was the Tanglin Club’s Friday special, my favorite, seafood buffet. I followed Gunstone’s lead, taking the same things he did, but I soon found that my plate was overloaded with oysters and prawns rather than the crab and lobster, which Gunstone had taken in two small helpings. I put some oysters back and got a frown from the Malay chef.

Gunstone was one of my first clients, a man in his 70s who had come to Singapore when it was no more than a rubber estate with a few rows of shophouses and godowns. During the war, he had been captured by the Japanese and put to work on the Siamese Death Railway. He had told me a story about burying his best friend near the Burmese border and had made it sound like a testimonial to loyalty. It was my abiding fear that Gunstone’s *(continued on page 90)*



PETE TURNER'S TURN-ONS

sensuous, bizarre, wry, provocative—the erotic visions of a premier lensman

AS A RULE, Pete Turner is very much into reality, photographing products and people for advertisements about zippers, suits, cameras, airlines, detergents, shampoos, cars and motorcycles. Though a good deal of creative thinking goes into those ad shootings, they don't allow much room for the exploration of one's personal erotic fantasies. So when we asked this award-winning New York lensman to capture his private daydreams on film, he enthusiastically accepted the challenge. "The assignment was a great change of pace for me, but don't get the idea it was *all fun and no work*," says Turner, tongue wedged only partially in cheek. "I had my problems—building a special platform for a model's breasts to hang over, designing a leather garter belt, finding 14 vibrators. But the toughest job was lighting a water bed from below so that, in case the bed broke, no one would be electrocuted." We don't find any of Turner's finished products shocking, but they struck us as definite turn-ons.

*Says Turner: "This picture speaks for itself . . .
I'm a staunch backside man."*



*"Cycles . . . shock absorbers . . . saddles . . . and
a garter-belted lady—tough and provocative."*

*“What this really does
is give a tantalizing
preview of balling on
fur . . . my idea of
something to do.”*



*“A sensuous,
sophisticated woman
lolls invitingly on the
back seat of a dynamite
car . . . a favorite
fantasy.”*





“The water bed is a sex symbol in itself . . . getting one that’s silvery and self-reflecting makes it that much kinkier.”



“Even one vibrator provides an erotic stimulus . . . 14 are out of sight.”

“The notion of great-looking legs in sexy spike-heeled shoes forming a vagina . . . I love it.”





DESSERT AT THE BELVEDERE

(continued from page 83)

engine would stop one day in some hotel room reserved in my name. And then I'd have explaining to do.

When we'd got to our table, I said, "I hope I haven't boobed, Mr. Gunstone, but I've fixed you up at the Belvedere this afternoon."

He stabbed a prawn, peeled off its shell and dunked the naked finger of pink meat into a saucer of chili paste. "Don't believe we've ever been to the Belvedere before, have we, Jack?"

"The other places were full," I said.

"Quite all right," he said. "But I ate at the Belvedere last week. It wasn't much good, you know."

"I know what you mean, Mr. Gunstone. That food is perfectly hideous."

"Exactly," he said. "How's your salmon?"

I took a forkful, smeared it with mayonnaise and ate it. "Delicious," I said.

"Mine's awful," he said and pushed the salmon to the side of his plate.

"Now that you mention it," I said, "it does taste rather—"

"Desiccated," said Gunstone.

"Exactly," I said. I pushed my salmon over to the side and covered it with a lettuce leaf. I was sorry; I liked salmon the way it tasted out of a can.

"Lobster's pretty dreadful, too," said Gunstone a moment later.

I was just emptying a large claw. It was excellent, and I ate the whole claw before saying, "Right again, Mr. Gunstone. Tastes like they fished it out of the Muar River."

"We'll shunt that over, shall we?" said Gunstone. He moved a lobster tail next to the discarded salmon.

I did the same, then, as quickly as I could, ate all my crab salad before he could say it was bad. I gnawed a hard roll and started on the oysters.

"The prawns are a success," he said.

"The oysters are"—I didn't want to finish the sentence, but Gunstone was no help—"sort of limp."

"They're cockles, actually," said Gunstone. "And they're a damned insult. Steward!" A Malay waiter came over. "Take this away."

Demanding that food be sent back to the kitchen is a special skill. It is done with panache by people who use that word. I admired people who did it but could not imitate them.

"Yours, tuan?" asked the waiter.

"Yes, take it away," I said sadly.

"Do you want more, tuan?" the waiter asked Gunstone.

"If I wanted more, would I be asking you to remove that plate?" Gunstone asked.

The waiter slid my lunch away. I buttered a hard roll and ate it, making

crumbs shower down the front of my suit.

"That steward," said Gunstone, shaking his head. "The most intelligent thing I ever heard him say was, 'If you move your lump of ice cream a bit to the right, tuan, you will find a strawberry.' God help us."

I laughed and brushed my jacket. "Still," I said, "I wouldn't mind joining this club."

"You don't want to join this club," said Gunstone.

"I do," I said, and saw myself lying in the sun, by the pool, and one of those tanned long-legged women whispering urgently, Jack, where have you been? I've been looking everywhere for you. *It's all set.*

"Why, whatever for?"

"A place to go, I suppose," I said. The Bandung, where I spent my spare time, had nothing to boast of except the sentiment printed on its matchboxes: **THERE'S ALWAYS SOMEONE YOU KNOW AT THE BANDUNG!**

Gunstone chuckled. "If they can pronounce your name, you can join."

"Flowers is pretty easy."

"I should say so!"

But Fiori isn't, I thought. And Fiori was my name, Flowers an approximation and a mask.

"Now," said Gunstone, looking at his watch, "how about dessert?"

Gunstone's joke: It was time to fetch Djamilia.

The old-timers, I found, tended to prefer Malays, while the newcomers went for the Chinese, and the Malays preferred each other. The Chinese clients, of whom I had several, liked the big-boned Australian girls; Germans were fond of Tamils; and the English fellers liked anything young but preferred their girls boyish and their women mannish. British sailors from H. M. S. Terror enjoyed fighting each other in the presence of transvestites. Americans liked clean sporty ones, to whom they would give nicknames, like "Skeezix" and "Pussycat" (the English made an effort to learn the girl's real name), and would spend a whole afternoon trying to teach one of my girls how to swim in a hotel pool, although it was costing them \$15 an hour to do it. Americans also went in for a lot of hugging in the taxi, smooching and kidding around and sort of stumbling down the sidewalk, gripping the girl hard and saying, "Aw, honey, whoddle Ah do?" Later they wrote them letters and the girls pestered me to help them reply.

Djamilia—"Jampot," an American feller used to call her, and it suited her—was very reliable and easy to contact. She was waiting by the Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank with my trusty suitcase

as we pulled up in the taxi. I hopped out and opened the door for her, then got into the front seat and put the suitcase between my knees. Djamilia climbed in with Gunstone and sat smiling, rocking her handbag in her lap.

Smiling is something girls with buck teeth seldom do with any pleasure; Djamilia showed hers happily, charming things, very white in her broad mouth. She had small ears, a narrow moonlit face, large darting eyes and heavy eyebrows. A slight girl, even skinny, but having said that, one would have to add that her breasts were large and full, her bum high and handsome as a pumpkin. Her breasts were her virtue, the virtue of most of my Malay girls; they appeared to be worn or carried, and, unlike the Chinese bulbs that disappeared in a frock fold, these were a pair of substantial jugs, something extra that moved and made a rolling wobble of a Malay girl's walk. That was the measure of acceptable size, that bobbing, one a second later than the other, each responding to the step of Djamilia's small feet. Her bottom moved on the same prompting, but in a different rhythm, a wonderful agitation in the willowy body, a glorious heaving to and fro, the breasts nodding in the black lace of the tight-waisted blouse, the packed-in bum lifting, one buttock pumping against the other, creeping around her sarong as she shuffled, showing her big teeth.

"Jack, you looking very smart," said Djamilia. "New suit and what not. But why you wear that?"

"I put it on for you, sweetheart," I said. "This here's Mr. Gunstone, an old pal of mine."

Djamilia shook his hand and said, "Jack got nice friends."

"Where's that little car of yours, Jack?" Gunstone asked.

"It packed up," I said. "Being fixed."

"What's the trouble this time?"

"Suspension, I think. Front end sort of shimmies, like Djamilia but not as pretty."

"It's always the way with those little French cars. Problems. It's the workmanship."

The taxi pulled in front of the Belvedere. The doorman in a top hat and tails snatched the door open and let Gunstone out. I handed over the suitcase; it was a good solid Antler, a sober pebbly gray, filled with copies of the *Straits Times* and an R. A. F. first-aid kit, a useful item—once we had to use the tourniquet on a Russian seaman, and the little plasters were always handy for scratches.

"You should get yourself a Morris," said Gunstone at the reception desk.

I could not answer right away, because I was signing my name on the register and the clerk was welcoming me with a

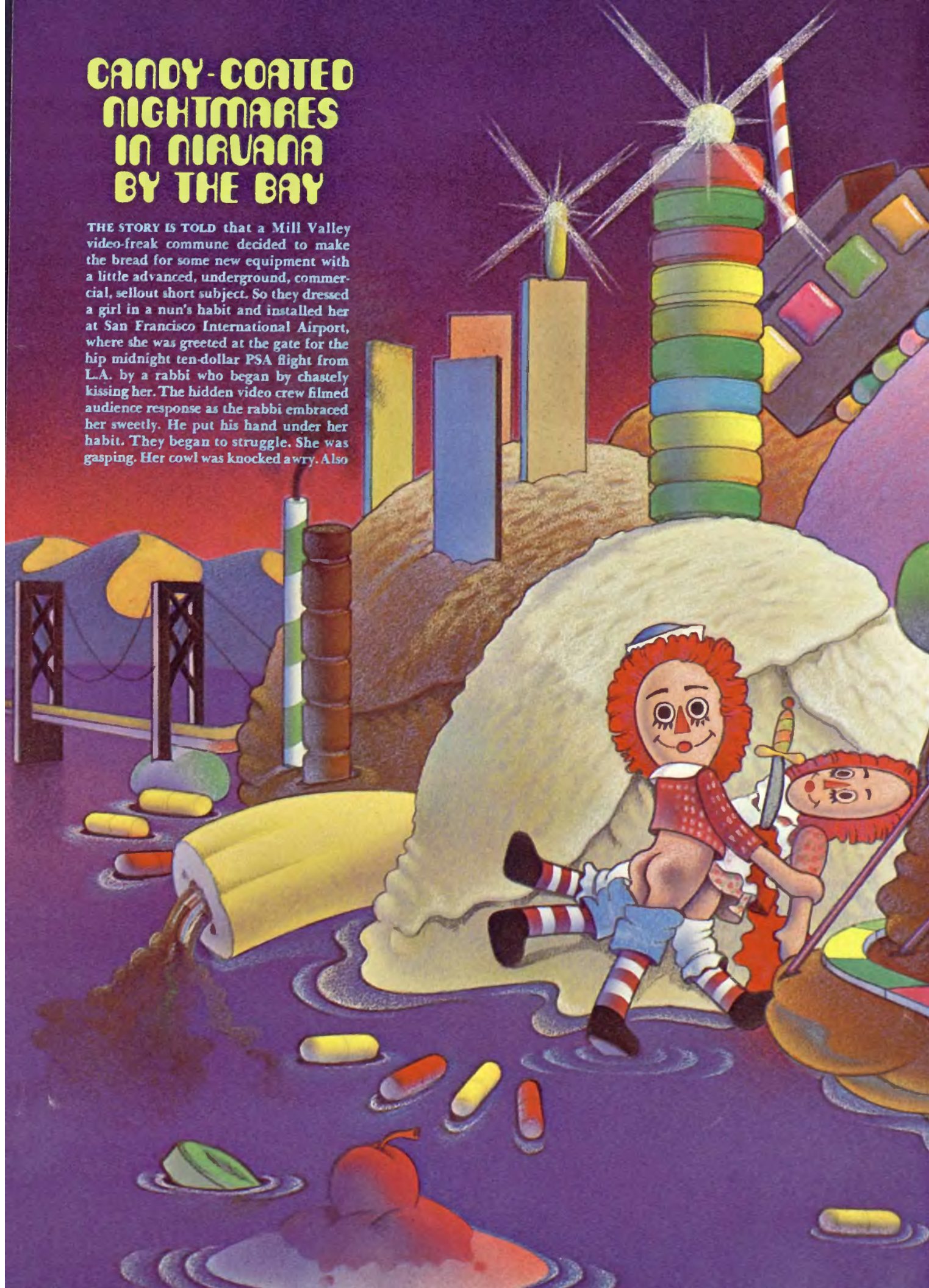
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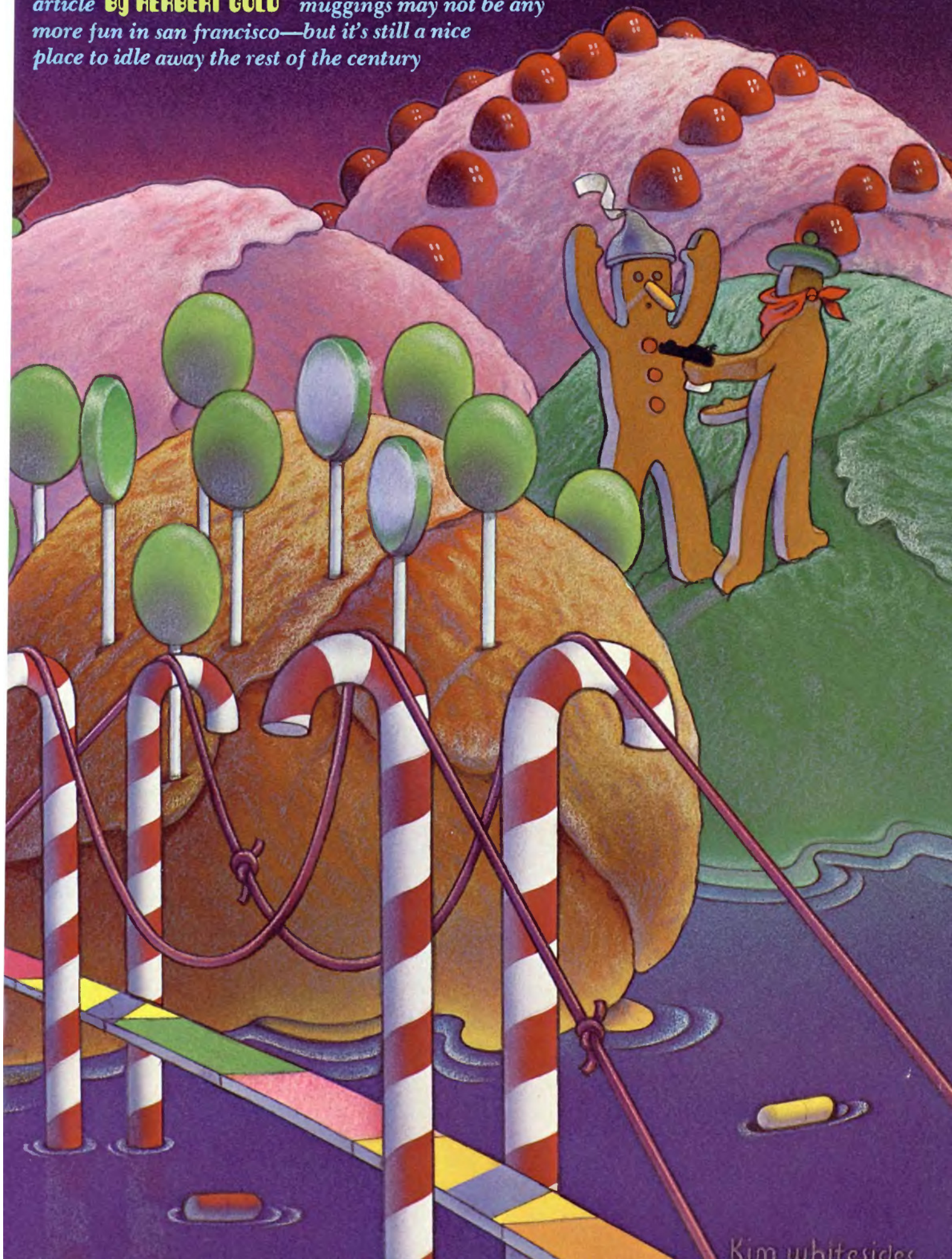
"On the eleventh day of Christmas, my Godfather sent to me—eleven paparazzi ashooting, ten Congressmen aleaping, nine chorus girls adancing, eight governors amilking, seven Castellammarese aswimming, six actresses alaying, five gold records, four turkey birds, three French chicks, two orders Scungilli and a capo di tutti capi in a pear tree."

CANDY-COATED NIGHTMARES IN NIRVANA BY THE BAY

THE STORY IS TOLD that a Mill Valley video-freak commune decided to make the bread for some new equipment with a little advanced, underground, commercial, sellout short subject. So they dressed a girl in a nun's habit and installed her at San Francisco International Airport, where she was greeted at the gate for the hip midnight ten-dollar PSA flight from L.A. by a rabbi who began by chastely kissing her. The hidden video crew filmed audience response as the rabbi embraced her sweetly. He put his hand under her habit. They began to struggle. She was gasping. Her cowl was knocked awry. Also



article **By HERBEAT GOLD** *muggings may not be any more fun in san francisco—but it's still a nice place to idle away the rest of the century*



his tie. They were both panting and biting, and his tongue was in her mouth, darting in and out, as she bent backward and eventually tumbled to the vinyl-marble floor, and they rolled around in an ecstasy of Welcome to San Francisco (Joseph L. Alioto, Mayor) while the cameras rolled. Tongues, zippers, cowl, pink folds and crevices undulating.

Well, the people streamed by without noticing.

Finally, one very straight citizen, maybe an insurance executive just in from a bit of desert sun, bent over the ecumenical thumping forms where they lay, tapped the pseudo nun on the shoulder, and asked, "Did you come?"

. . .

Despite encroachments of smog from Oakland and high-rises from Manhattan, San Francisco remains a name and place apart from other American places and names. Narcissistic, yes; but sexually narcissistic. Another big American metropolis, drilling subways, crowding highways, yes; but with a certain juice and languor to its making out and making do. The time of the flower children is over—partly because everyone now believes in being turned on. The police joke with the whores, they tease the transvestites, they laugh along with the tourists at the parade of Cockettes near the Palace Theater in North Beach at midnight on weekends; they don't beat them up as much as they do in my ancestral Cleveland. Hip Sheriff Hongisto introduced a gay minister to serve the gay community in the county jail. Police, real-estate promoters and big-city thugs are never quite Gilbert and Sullivan characters, or even lovable rogues from *Guys and Dolls*, but Veblenian marginal differentiation shows its power in San Francisco. So it's a big American city, true—but not just another big American city. Many visitors and transplants grind their teeth and hate it. It doesn't solve a fellow's problems. The Chamber of Commerce Tourist Bureau's gulls, cable cars, Golden Gate Bridge and romantic fog tend to zap hometown kids straight in the liver, providing instant hepatitis, or at least a jaundiced gaze. The town is being strip-mined for movie-of-the-week atmosphere. Disney discovers crookedest street in the world. *Ford Times* borrows picturesque Telegraph Hill. The Gray Line ships in busloads of chiropractors with aching backs for a dose of female impersonation (Finocchio's) or here's-where-the-stars-got-their-start (Purple Onion).

San Francisco is not Positano or Acapulco. They are tired, too. But despite the media overload, despite its being fed into the great international media meat grinder and coming out Hilton Hamburger and Fisherman's Wharf link sausage, San Francisco remains something of what people have always

thought about it. The Southern Pacific Station still looks like a Western depot. While New York and Paris seem to be yearning to become larger versions of Cleveland, and Cleveland is becoming Detroit, San Francisco remains mysteriously itself. This may last for our lifetime.

What is this mysterious "itself" which Friscoville might remain? It is Halloween Time Forever. It is International Bohemia Village. It is the American city to which the freaks can flee without thinking themselves freaky, and where the straights can taste of strange without shivering. Like fine domestic wine, domestic California Strange is a comfort at San Francisco's open-air table. Much of the revolution of style originated here, and is domesticated here, and is civilized in this permissive, Italianate, salt-fog port, this white and sparkly city whose areas of creeping tract and virulent high-rise only show how much there remains to lose.

One day an old friend came to town for the first time. It happened to be the season of the Chinese New Year, and the streets were filled with costumes, dragons, papier-mâché, firecrackers and clanking bands dancing like segmented metal caterpillars. The day had been sunny and dry; the parks were filled. This is a city for strolling, and we strolled. The Mime Troupe performed its guerrilla theater, with a medieval Pope portrayed by beautiful Sandra Archer. Bobby Shields, the genial white-face, did his fantastic energy-raising acrobatics in Union Square. A time-lag rock band set up in the Panhandle for an audience of speed freaks who thought it was 1967 again.

It happened that night that my friend had a meal in the New Pisa, one of the Italian family-style restaurants on upper Grant, along with a Japanese opera troupe, which rose after the *spumone* to sing *Oh! Susanna* in Japanese, in order to show its appreciation for the meal. Then my friend fell into conversation with a pretty girl, who described herself as an actress and sex researcher. They discussed the theater. They discussed science. She said goodbye to the group she had come with and they went to La Tosca for a cappuccino, continuing their getting-to-know-you duet. Two cappuccinos on the leather banks of La Tosca. Little flutterings in the heart and elsewhere. She took him home with her that night.

The next day my friend asked me with a certain incredulity, "Is it always like this here?"

"Not every day," I was forced to admit. "On Tuesday, for example, I drive my daughter to nursery school. And Chinese New Year is over soon. Next month, I think."

But for some who come to San Fran-

cisco, Chinese New Year never ends, despite the alcoholism and breakdown rates, the busing and ghetto issues, the complacent hustle of city hall. It's possible to treat San Francisco as a continuous costume party, Halloween by the Bay, and, amazingly enough—the flower-child spasm was partly about this—some manage to make of Halloween a way of life.

Here is a birthday party at Sally Stanford's humorously posh New Orleans-brothel restaurant on the Bay in Sausalito. The fest cost thousands. A 21-year-old ex-car parker—call him Lenny—was honoring his dope lawyer, who was just turning 30. Oysters flown West, steaks, girls in various stages of stoned and groovy silence, pink and chartreuse sweet liquids; and pilots, lawyers, groupies, coaches, rugby buddies and even a few proud parents of the businessmen. Lenny's mom and dad, glad that their son the accused dealer could afford to spend a couple, three thousand on a little birthday party, walked about in their Macy's groove clothes and said, "Yes, Lenny has a good head for business. Yes, Lenny bought us a little house in El Cerrito, plus some income property in Oakland. Yes, we're Lenny's mom and pop, man. Right on."

Lenny was wearing hotpants, full Pan Cake make-up, dark-red Cockette lipstick and, resting on his skinny arms, the two girls he was planning to ball later. Sally Stanford herself, the ancient madam now playing at crone's career, beamed over the money she was making and poured champagne. A satisfying fiscal popping filled the air under the chandeliers.

I don't want you to think this chic orgy, with all the good food and drink and beautiful girls and men grown rich and dramatic in the dope trade, was actually very rowdy and joyous. Everybody was too stoned to do much in the social line. But I enjoyed the fish and meat proteins and a cholesterol dessert. In the john two chauffeurs were discussing the virtues of Cessnas and Beechcrafts of various models in making the run up the coast from Baja. The Staff Headquarters of the Dope Air Force, a combination mercy and Mafia and general teenage rip-off operation, is in Sausalito. More planes than most nations with seats at the UN; the largest private air force on a war footing since Mike Nichols gathered his fleet for *Catch-22*. The unzipped pilots, relieving themselves of early champagne ballast, didn't stop their professional murmuring just because I happened to be standing there alongside. "What if I were a narc?" I asked the crewcut one.

He looked at me and said to the other, "I think the Nixon radar screen just made it easier. They're overconfident." And he shook himself dry and

(continued on page 112)

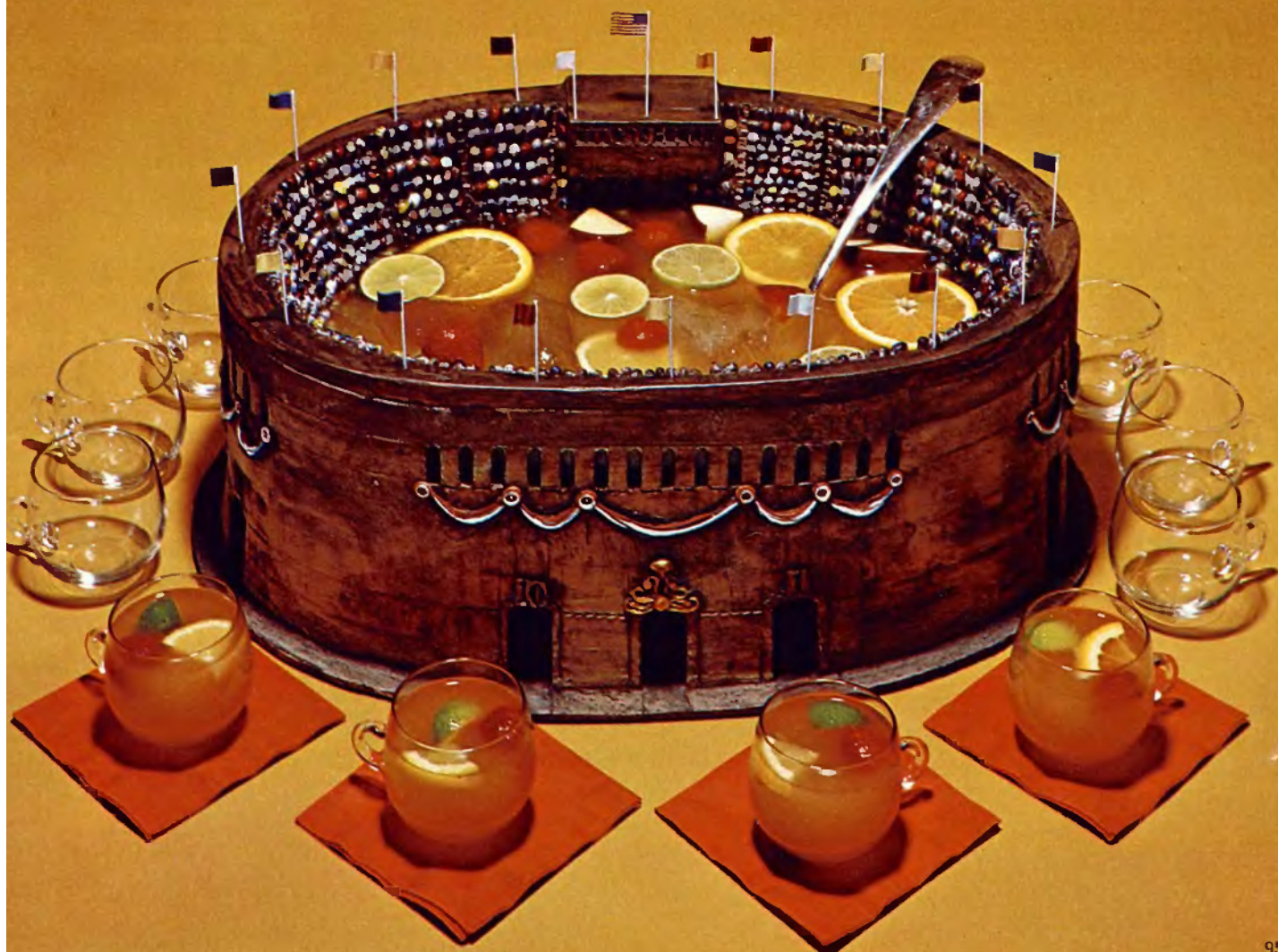
pro bowls!

seven super punches to put you on the scoreboard

COMING UP, the season of the Super Bowl, when virtually every eye will be glued to the tube. (We can't all be as lucky as PLAYBOY artist LeRoy Neiman, an on-the-spot Super Bowl spectator whose rendering of the color and action begins on page 187.) You'll find the viewing more exciting, and more convivial, if you ask other football fans to join you. Of course, game watching is serious business. You wouldn't want to be off somewhere mixing a drink just when a punt return goes 45 yards. Nor would you want to neglect your guests. A flowing punch bowl, combining hospitality, style and convenience, handles everything neatly. The brew can be prepared ahead of time, and, once set up, it's just about self-sustaining.

Punch has an undeserved bad name these days, owing to the pallid concoctions proffered at charity and alumni functions and at those pay-back parties thrown by young career girls for everyone they've met in the past year. Old-time bowls were unabashed rousers. One Royal Navy favorite called for 80 casks brandy, 1 cask wine, 9 casks water, 1/10th cask lime juice, 2/3 ton sugar—a blast to curl the hair on a bosun's chest. Either extreme is to be shunned. Think of your punch as a number of drinks made up in a bowl. Each serving should approximate the potency and proportions of an individual cocktail. Sweet and (continued on page 210)

drink by emanuel greenberg





andy wright

article **By WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY, JR.** WHEN RICHARD NIXON suddenly grabbed the television mike to announce not only that we were ending our ostracism of Red China but that he would himself visit China sometime before the following spring, the shock waves were everywhere palpable; but Mr. Nixon knew enough about his constituencies, voluntary and co-opted, to know that he might safely proceed from the television studio to a fancy restaurant in Los Angeles, there to celebrate his diplomatic triumph in a highly publicized private dinner at which the champagne corks popped in complacent harmony with the impending public elation. A few precautions were taken, as if by a master electrician running his eyes over the fuses. I sat viewing Mr. Nixon's television performance in the relaxedly hushed living room of Governor Ronald Reagan in Sacramento, with my brother Jim. We were together not only because of ideological consanguinity, or because we are friends, or because we thought foresightedly to man the same fortress at a moment when President Nixon would say something we were alerted to believe would be more than his routine denunciation of wage-and-price controls—we happened to be at Sacramento because earlier that afternoon two of my television sessions had been taped, one each with the governor and the Senator, wherein we probed the differences between their views and mine, when we could discover them. But the coincidence was happy—we could reflect now together on the meaning of Mr. Nixon's *démarche*, without pressure.

The governor turned off the television after the network commentators began transcribing the delighted stupefaction of the international diplomatic community. There had been no comment in the room, save one or two of those wolfish whistles one hears when someone on one's side in politics says something daringly risqué; kinky, even, gauged by the standards of Nixon-straight. The television off, there was silence in the room for a second, not more—the telephone's ring reached us. The butler appeared. "Dr. Kissinger," he said to the governor, who got up from the floor and went to the sequestered alcove where the telephone lay. He wasn't gone for very long, but even by the time he returned, somehow we knew that the question *Did Richard Nixon say something he shouldn't have said? Did he undertake a course of action he should not have undertaken?* was somehow not up for generic review. Nixon had pierced the veil, and the defloration was final. Henry Kissinger had, within five minutes of the public announcement, reached and reassured the most conspicuously conservative governor in the Union that the strategic intentions of the President were in total harmony with the concerns of the conservative community. We sensed, all of us, the albescent tribute to Mr. Nixon's solid good sense.

The balance of the evening was given over only glancingly to the great catharsis, which not many months later, by compound interest, would emerge as a Long March jointly undertaken by the United States of America and the People's Republic of China. The dissenters were much more than helpless; they were paralyzed. In a matter of hours the political emotions of the country were permanently rearranged. Nixon had done it. Surely Nixon is *our* bargaining agent, the old anti-Communist community reasoned. I thought of the mine workers, who on one occasion were surprised when John L. Lewis announced the agreement he had reached with the operators. The terms appeared dismaying. But it is easier on such occasions to reason a priori, from faith in the leader. *John L. Lewis will not make settlements strategically disadvantageous to his constituency.* No more Richard Nixon to his. To be sure, we lisped out our reservations. Senator Buckley issued his cautionary notes. I broke wind with heavy philosophical reservations. A fortnight later a few of us met in Manhattan and decided, as a matter of historical punctilio, to suspend our formal support for President Richard Nixon. The press, though visibly amused—as if grandfather Bonaparte had come in from the village to disown the young emperor—gave the story attention, faithful to the spastic journalistic imperative that anything that might conceivably embarrass Richard Nixon is newsworthy. But that was about it. There was the formal gesture by Congressman John Ashbrook, who ran primary campaigns against the President in New Hampshire, Florida and California. But it was much too late. The *Zeitgeist* was so far ahead of us it had time to stop and laugh as we puffed our way pot-valiantly up the steepening mountain. And soon the great day came when, glass raised high in Peking, the President of the United States toasted the Chairman

**TO
CHINA
WITH
NIXON**

... is there a road back?

of the People's Republic of China; after which we disappeared from sight.

PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY, March 10, 1972. One important effect of President Nixon's trip to China [the Gallup Poll reported today]—and the period leading up to this historic event—is the far more favorable image the U. S. public has of the Communist Chinese today than they did in the mid-Sixties. Respondents [to the poll] were asked to select from a list of 23 favorable and unfavorable adjectives those which they feel best describe the Communist Chinese. The terms "ignorant," "warlike," "sly" and "treacherous" were named most often in 1966, the last time the measurement was taken. Today, however, "hard-working," "intelligent," "artistic," "progressive" and "practical" outweigh any negative term used to describe the Chinese.

It was mid-January in New York and I was lunching with friends, among them Theodore White, already embarked on his industrious monitorship of a Presidential year. Someone asked White whether he would succeed in getting a ticket on the coveted flight to Peking accompanying Nixon. You might as well have asked the queen whether she would get a ticket to the coronation. "If I don't get one," he said excitedly, "I might as well give up writing my book! How can one write a history of the making of the American President in 1972 and not travel to Peking with Nixon?" He elaborated, most discreetly, on the measures he had taken—the strings he had pulled, the people he was prepared to exalt, or to strangle, according as they proved helpful, or obstructive—in transacting his application. His eyes lit on me suddenly, and the pointed mirth that makes him such good company fastened on the subtle reticulations of my own position. You son of a bitch, he said, if you're on that plane and I'm not, I'll never speak to you again! That afternoon I wrote and applied perfunctorily for a seat. Five weeks later, White and I were facing each other across the aisle of the Pan American press jet, en route to Hawaii, first leg on what we were repeatedly reminded was a historical voyage, a presumption none of us doubted. I had had a call, in Switzerland, from the White House—did I really want to go? . . . Yes, I said, over the transatlantic phone, I was most anxious to go. Forty-eight hours later Ron Ziegler reached me to say that I was among the chosen. Forty-eight hours and 20 minutes later, Herbert Klein called me to say the same thing.

The mood aboard the press plane was mostly muted, inquisitive in an unobtrusive way; languid like the professional

athlete on the eve of protracted exertion. The build-up was subtle, but palpable. Mr. Nixon paces himself carefully, with an eye on the relevant coordinates: his health, and television prime time. He does not believe in arriving anywhere unrested, uncomposed, or unobserved. Though he is capable of staying awake all night, he does not chart his trips so as to make this likely. It was only on the fifth night that, experiencing impasse with Chou En-lai, he stayed up until dawn, pressing his position—presumably on how to phrase the vexed question of Taiwan (he might as well have stayed in bed). Accordingly, we spent a day and a half in Hawaii, which we left at dawn, destination Peking. The President left with us, but to go only as far as Guam, there to "overnight," as they put it.

Safely on board, Teddy White was Buddha-happy, sitting with a pile of news clips on his tray whence from time to time he would pluck out an anti-Red Chinese tidbit and offer it to me playfully in return for anything favorable to the Red Chinese I might supply him from my own pile, gentleman's agreement. Now he beamed. "I have a clip here that says the Red Chinese have killed thirty-four million people since they took over China. What will you offer me for that?" I foraged among my material and triumphantly came up with a clip that said the Red Chinese have reduced illiteracy from 80 percent to 20 percent, but White scoffed me down, like a professional pawnshop broker. "Hell," he said, "I have that one already. *Everybody* has that one." I scrounge about for more pro-Chinese Communist data, and finally tell him, disconsolate, that I can't find one more item to barter for his plum; he smiles contentedly at his tactical victory, and I wonder if he hasn't, however, lost the war.

We merely refueled at Guam and went on ploddingly to Shanghai. Guam-Shanghai is only four hours, Guam-Peking six. But all along we had been directed to stop over there, before flying into Peking, giving 85 out of 85 reporters the opportunity to wire back the knowing historical observation that the purpose of the stopover was indisputably to wrest from us a jet-age facsimile of the traditional obeisance of the visiting dignitary who, on his way to an audience with the Emperor in the Middle Kingdom, was made to pause at the hem of the imperial gardens to beg leave to proceed. But it is also a Chinese tradition that official guests are not made to stop merely in order to water their horses. So therefore there was a grandish meal at the airport, prefiguring the routine that lay before us—one official Chinese seated next to every American around the round tables; like the other Chinese we would meet, functional in

English, but not very much more than that. White, who had left Harvard 35 years earlier to devote himself to Sinology, could not suppress his curiosity about the great city of Shanghai, which he had not seen since before "Liberation" (October 10, 1949), went on with his questions. "What has become of the old race track?" he asked. "It—is—a—people's—park," said his host measuredly. "A people's horses' park?" another reporter asked solemnly, confident that the satirical turn the questioning had taken would go unnoticed (it did). "No," said our host, not quite getting it, but sensing the danger, "a people's park." Walter Cronkite turned to White and explained matter-of-factly: "They race people there." That too passed without difficulty. But White was not to be deterred. He gave up finally only when, on asking "What will we see in Shanghai?" he got back the answer, "A city of ten million people." Cronkite, responding to the many toasts that had been offered to us at four- or five-minute intervals during the long lunch, rose gravely, glass in hand, to toast a "most auspicious beginning."

Back on the plane, the final leg of the trip, to Peking. We are boarded onto buses, making our very long way to the Nationalities Hotel, beyond the Great Square of the People. There is no other traffic, only bicycles, and the drivers use their horns as routinely as safari drivers plying their mosquito swatters, to keep the road clear of the blue-suited bicyclists, half of them wearing white gauze masks over their mouths, a native precaution against the spreading of germs. Why doesn't the cold kill the germs? I wondered. Or why don't the germs kill the cold. . . . I was slipping into fantasy, under the torture of fatigue after 17 hours' journey. In the hotel lobby full of bags and people and confusion we found we were expected to eat yet again. I went to the dining room with Bob Considine, who asked, in the best manner of W. C. Fields, "Do you have a bar?" The comrade in charge of the dining room answered, "Yes. You want orange juice?" "No," said Considine, "whiskey . . . wheeskee . . . glub glub glub," he motioned with his hand on an imaginary highball glass. "Ah," the functionary smiled, "beeh?" "Take me," Considine turned austere toward me, "to the nearest war lord." We stumbled off to our rooms. Large, utilitarian, mid-Victorian, comfortable, dimly lit, plenty of hot water, chocolates and hard candy and fruit on the table, instant service at the press of a button. I do not know whether Considine rang for a war lord. I was within seconds sound asleep, snug in bed in the capital of Red China. When you are very tired, and your bed is warm and your room is silent,

(continued on page 104)

TRIAD

fiction By JOHN CHEEVER

wherein the metaphysics of revenge, flirtation and obesity are ironically delineated

MARGE LITTLETON would, in the long-gone days of Freudian jargon, have been thought maternal, although she was no more maternal than you or you. What would have been meant was a charming softness in her voice and her manner and she smelled like a summer's day, or perhaps it is a summer's day that smells like such a woman. She was a regular churchgoer and I always felt that her devotions were more profound than most, although it is impossible to speculate on anything so intimate. She was on the liturgical side, hewing to the Book of Common Prayer and avoiding sermons whenever possible. She was not a native, of course—the last native, along with the last cow, died 20 years ago—and I don't remember where she or her husband came from. He was bald. They had three children and lived a scrupulously unexceptional life until one morning in the fall.

It was after Labor Day, a little windy. Leaves could be seen falling outside the windows. The family had breakfast in the kitchen. Marge had baked johnnycake. "Good morning, Mrs. Littleton," her husband said, kissing her on the brow and patting her backside. His voice, his gesture seemed to have the perfect equilibrium of love. I don't know what virulent critics of the family would say about the scene. Were the Littletons making for themselves, by contorting their passions into an acceptable social image, a sort of prison, or did they chance to be a man and a woman whose pleasure in each other was tender, robust and invincible? From what I know, it was an exceptional marriage. Never having been married myself, I may be unduly susceptible to the element of buffoonery in holy matrimony, but isn't it true that when some couples celebrate their 10th or 15th anniversary, they seem far from triumphant? In fact, they seem duped, while dirty Uncle Harry, the rake, seems to wear the laurels. But with the Littletons, one felt that they might live together with intelligence and ardor—giving and taking until death did them part.

On that particular Saturday morning, Marge's husband planned to go shopping. After breakfast, he made a list of what they needed from the hardware store. A gallon of white acrylic paint, a four-inch brush, picture hooks, a spading fork, oil for the lawn mower. The children went along with him. They went, not to the village, which, like so many others, lay dying, but to a crowded and fairly festive shopping center on Route 64. He gave the children money for Cokes. When they returned, the southbound traffic was heavy. It was, as I say, after Labor Day and many of the cars were towing portable houses, campers, sailboats, motorboats and trailers. This long procession of vehicles and domestic portables seemed not the spectacle of a people returning from their vacations but rather like a tragic evacuation of some great city or state. A car carrier, trying to pass an exceptionally bulky mobile home, crashed into the Littletons and killed them all. I didn't go to the funeral, but one of our neighbors described it to me. "There she stood at the edge of the grave. She didn't cry. She looked very beautiful and serene. She had to watch four coffins, one after the other, lowered into the ground. Four."



THE WIDOW

She didn't go away. People asked her to dinner, of course, but in such an intensely domesticated community, the single are inevitably neglected. A month or so after the accident, the local paper announced that the State Highway Commission would widen Route 64 from a four-lane to an eight-lane highway. We organized a committee for the preservation of the community and raised \$10,000 for legal fees. Marge Littleton was very active. We had meetings nearly every week. We met in parish houses, courtrooms, high schools and houses. In the beginning, these meetings were very emotional. Mrs. Pinkham once cried. She wept. "I've worked sixteen years on my pink room and now they're going to tear it down." She was led out of the meeting, a truly bereaved woman. We chartered a bus and went to the state capital. We marched down 64 one rainy Sunday with a motorcycle escort. I don't suppose we were straggled. We carried picket signs. I remember Marge. Some people seem born with a gift for protest and a talent for carrying picket signs, but this was not Marge. She carried a large sign that said STOP GASOLINE ALLEY. She seemed very embarrassed. When the march disbanded, I said goodbye to her on a knoll above the highway. I remember the level gaze she gave to the lines of traffic—rather, I guess, as the widows of Nantucket must have regarded the sea.

When we had spent our \$10,000 without any results, our meetings were less and less frequent and very poorly attended. Only three people, including the speaker, showed up for the last. The highway was widened, demolishing six houses and making two uninhabitable, although the owners got no compensation. Several wells were destroyed by the blasting. After our committee was disbanded, I saw very little of Marge. Someone told me she had gone abroad. When she returned, she was followed by a charming young Roman named Pietro Montani. They were married.

Marge displayed her gifts for married happiness with Pietro, although he was very unlike her first husband. He was handsome, witty and substantial—he represented a firm that manufactured innersoles—but he spoke the worst English I have ever heard. You could talk with him and drink with him and laugh with him, but other than this, it was almost impossible to communicate with him. It didn't really matter. Marge seemed very happy and theirs was a pleasant house to visit. They had been married no more than two months when Pietro, driving a convertible down 64, was decapitated by a crane.

She buried Pietro with the others, but she stayed on in the house on Twin Rock Road, where one could hear the battlefield noises of industrial traffic. I think she got a job. One saw her on the trains. Three weeks after Pietro's death, an 18-wheel, 36-ton truck northbound on Route 64 for reasons that were never ascertained veered into the southbound lanes, demolishing two cars and killing their four passengers. The truck then rammed into a granite abutment there, fell on its side and caught fire. The police and the fire department were there at once, but the freight was combustible and the fire

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was not extinguished until three in the morning. All traffic on Route 64 was rerouted. The women's auxiliary of the fire department served coffee.

Two weeks later, at eight P.M., another 18-wheel truck, with a load of cement block, went out of control at the same place, crossed the southbound lanes and felled four full-grown trees before it collided with the abutment. The impact of the collision was so violent that two feet of granite was sheared off the wall. There was no fire, but the two drivers were so badly crushed by the collision that they had to be identified by their dentalwork.

On November third, at 8:30 P.M., Lieutenant Dominic DeSisto reported that a man in working clothes ran into the front office. He seemed hysterical, drugged or drunk and claimed to have been shot. He was, according to Lieutenant DeSisto, so incoherent that it was some time before he could explain what had happened. Driving north on 64 at about the same place where the other trucks had gone out of control, a rifle bullet smashed the left window of his cab, missed the driver and smashed the right window. The intended victim was Joe Langston of Baldwin, South Carolina. The lieutenant examined the truck and verified the broken windows. He and Langston drove in a squad car back to where the shot had been fired. On the right side of the road, there was a little hill of granite with some soil covering. When the highway had been widened, the hill had been blasted in two and the knoll on the right corresponded to the abutment that had killed the other drivers. DeSisto examined the hill. The grass on the knoll was trampled and there were two cigarette butts on the ground. Langston was taken to the hospital, suffering from shock. The hill was put under surveillance for the next month, but the police force was understaffed and it was a boring beat to sit alone on the hill from dusk until midnight. As soon as surveillance was stopped, a fourth oversized truck went out of control. This time, the truck veered to the right, took down a dozen trees and drove into a narrow but precipitous valley. The driver, when the police got to him, was dead. He had been shot.

In December, Marge married a rich widower and moved to North Salem, where there is only one two-lane highway and where the sound of traffic is as faint as the roaring of a shell.

HE TOOK HIS AISLE SEAT—22C—in the 707 for Rome. The plane was not quite full and there was an empty seat between him and the occupant of the port seat. This was taken, he was pleased to see, by an exceptionally good-looking woman—not young, but neither was he. She was wearing perfume, a dark dress and jewelry and she seemed to belong to that part of the world in which he moved most easily. “Good evening,” he said, settling himself. She didn’t reply. She made a discouraging humming noise and raised a paperback book to the front of her face. He looked for the title, but this she concealed with her hands. He had met shy women on planes before—infrequently, but he had met them. He supposed they were understandably wary of luses, mashers and bores. He shook out a copy of *The Manchester Guardian*. He had noticed that conservative newspapers sometimes inspired confidence in the shy. If one read the editorials, the sports page and especially the financial section, shy strangers would sometimes be ready for a conversation. The plane took off, the NO SMOKING sign went dark and he took out a gold cigarette case and a gold lighter. They were not flashy, but they were gold. “Do you mind if I smoke?” he asked.

“Why should I?” she asked. She did not look in his direction.

“Some people do,” he said, lighting his cigarette. She was nearly as beautiful as she was unfriendly, but why should she be so cold? They would be side by side for nine hours and it was only sensible to count on at least a little conversation. Did he remind her of someone she disliked, someone who had wounded her? He was bathed, shaved, correctly dressed and accustomed to making friends. Perhaps she was an unhappy woman who disliked the world; but when the stewardess came by to take their drink orders, the smile she gave the young stranger was dazzling and open. This so cheered him that he smiled himself; but when he saw that he was trespassing on a communication that was aimed at someone else, she turned on him, scowled and went back to her book. The stewardess brought him a double martini and his companion a sherry. He supposed that his strong drink might increase her uncasiness, but he had to take that chance. She went on reading. If he could only find the title of the book, he thought, he would have a foot in the door. Harold Robbins, Dostoevsky, Philip Roth, Emily Dickinson—anything would help. “May I ask what you’re reading?” he said politely.

“No,” she said.

When the stewardess brought their dinners, he passed her tray across the empty seat. She did not thank him. He settled



THE PASSENGER

down to eat, to feed, to enjoy this simple habit. The meal was unusually bad and he said so. “One can’t be too particular, under the circumstances,” she said. He thought he heard a trace of warmth in her voice. “Salt might help,” she said, “but they neglected to give me any salt. Could I trouble you for yours?”

“Oh, certainly,” he said. Things were definitely looking up. He opened his salt container and in passing it to her, a little salt spilled on the rug.

“I’m afraid the bad luck will be yours,” she said. This was not said at all lightly. She salted her cutlet and ate everything on her tray. Then she went on reading the book with the concealed title. She would sooner or later have to use the toilet, he knew, and then he could read the title of the book; but when she did go to the stern of the plane, she carried the book with her.

The screen for the film was lowered. Unless a picture was exceptionally interesting, he never rented sound equipment. He had found that lip reading and guesswork gave the picture an added dimension and, anyhow, the dialog was usually offensively banal. His neighbor rented equipment and seemed to enjoy herself heartily. She had a lovely musical laugh and communicated with the actors on the screen as she had communicated with the stewardess and as she had refused to communicate with her neighbor. The characters on the screen relentlessly pursued their script. There was a parade, a chase, a reconciliation, an ending. His companion, still carrying her mysterious book, retired to the stern again and returned, wearing a sort of mobcap, her face heavily covered with some white unguent. She adjusted her pillow and blanket and arranged herself for sleep. “Sweet dreams,” he said, daringly. She sighed.

He never slept on planes. He went back to the galley and had a whiskey. The stewardess was pretty and talkative and she told him about her origins, her schedule, her fiancé and her problems with passengers who suffered from flight fear.

The sun rose as they approached the Alps. Here and there, the brightness of a spring morning could be seen through the cracks in the drawn shades; but while they sailed over Mont Blanc and the Matterhorn, his companion continued to sleep peacefully.

Beyond the Alps, they began to lose altitude and he saw the Mediterranean breaking against the shore line and had another whiskey. He saw Elba, Giglio and the yachts in the harbor at Port’Ercole, where he could see the villas of his friends. He could remember coming (concluded on page 210)

THE SUBJECT TODAY will be the metaphysics of obesity and I am the belly of a man named Lawrence Farnsworth. I am the body cavity between his diaphragm and his pelvic floor and I possess his viscera. I know you won't believe me, but if you'll buy a *cri de coeur*, why not a *cri de ventre*? I play as large a part in his affairs as any other lights and vitals; and while I can't act independently, he too is at the mercy of such disparate forces in his environment as money and starlight. We were born in the Midwest and he was educated in Chicago. He was on the track team (pole vault) and later on the diving team, two sports that made my existence dangerous and obscure. I did not discover myself until he was in his 40s, when I was recognized by his doctor and his tailor. He stubbornly refused to grant me my rights and continued for almost a year to wear clothes that confined me harshly and caused me much soreness and pain. My one compensation was that I could unzip his fly at will.

I've often heard him say that, having spent the first half of his life running around behind an unruly bowsprit, he seemed damned to spend the rest of his life going around behind a belly that was as independent and capricious as his genitals. I have been, of course, in a position to observe his carnal sport, but I think I won't describe the thousands—or millions—of performances in which I have participated. I am, in spite of my reputation for grossness, truly visionary, and I would like to look past his gymnastics to their consequences, which, from what I hear, are often ecstatic. He seems to feel that his erotic life is an entry permit into what is truly beautiful in the world. Balling in a thunderstorm—any rain will do—is his idea of a total relationship. There have been complaints. I once heard a woman ask: "Will you never understand that there is more to life than sex and nature worship?" Once, when he exclaimed over the beauty of the stars, his *belle amie* giggled. My open knowledge of the world is confined to the limited incidence of nakedness: bedrooms, showers, beaches, swimming pools, trysts and sun-bathing in the Antilles. The rest of my life is spent in a sort of purdah between his trousers and his shirts.

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ence for a year or more, he finally had his trousers enlarged from 30 to 34. When I had reached 34 inches and was striving for 36, his feelings about my existence became obsessive. The clash between what he had been and wanted to be and what he had become was serious. When people poked me with their fingers and made jokes about his bay window, his forced laughter could not conceal his rage. He ceased to judge his friends on their wit and intelligence and began to judge them on their waistbands. Why was X so flat and why was Z, with a paunch of at least 40 inches, contented with this state of affairs? When his friends stood, his eyes dropped swiftly from their smiles to their middles. We went one night to Yankee Stadium to see a ball game. He had begun to enjoy himself when he noticed that the right fielder had a good 36 inches. The other fielders and the basemen passed, but the pitcher—an older man—had a definite bulge and two of the umpires—when they took off their guards—were disgusting. So was the catcher. When he realized that he was not watching the ball game—that because of my influence he was unable to watch the ball game—we left. This was at the top of the fourth. A day or two later, he began what was to be a year or a year and a half of hell.

We started with a diet that emphasized water and hard-boiled eggs. He lost ten pounds in a week, but he lost it all in the wrong places and, though my existence was imperiled, I survived. The diet set up some metabolic disturbance and he gave it up at his doctor's suggestion and joined a health club. Three times a week I was tormented on an electric bicycle and a rowing machine and then a masseur would knead me and strike me loudly and cruelly with the flat of his hand. Farnsworth then bought a variety of elastic underpants or girdles that meant to disguise or dismiss me and, while they gave me great pain, they only challenged my invincibility. When they were removed in the evening, I reinstated myself amply in the world I so much love. Soon after this, he bought a contraption that was guaranteed to destroy me. This was a pair of gold-colored plastic shorts that could be inflated by a hand pump. The acidity of the (concluded on page 212)

THE BELLY



TO CHINA WITH NIXON

nothing else matters. Nixon had a point, though, staying over in Guam. Nixon always has a point.

They ask you, What did you find in China that surprised you? Or—more often—What did you find in China that surprised you most? But one is better off asking such a question of someone who has just returned from terra altogether incognita; from those parts of the Upper Amazon (I take it there are still some) about which we have all learned from *National Geographic* that no human being from the civilized world has ever traveled there (interesting question: What is the “civilized” world? What does the word nowadays mean?). Mysterious China, during the period since Liberation, has not been mysterious in the *National Geographic* sense. There have been travelers to China all along, even during the convulsions. Much was seen in China even during the Cultural Revolution that was not laid on for foreign visitors to see. The control of visitors’ movements, during the Cultural Revolution, was less thorough by far than the control after the Cultural Revolution; than the control today, when by contrast with pre-ping-pong China, it is considered a country relatively open to discreet inspection by foreign journalists. But even during the 20 years largely closed to Americans, there were others who went there, others who reported on China in our own language, among them some who measured China by Western values. Clement Attlee led a delegation of Englishmen there 18 years ago, one of whom wrote a mordant little book called *No Flies in China*, urbanely mocking the only absolutely verifiable revolutionary achievement in the city of Shanghai—in fact, the reporter hadn’t seen a single fly. But then possibly he wouldn’t have noticed the absence of flies if their absence hadn’t been remarked to him, and if he hadn’t read somewhere that Shanghai used to be full of flies.

What would have surprised us?—traveling to China a few months after Ross Terrill of Harvard did, and James Reston of *The New York Times*, and William Attwood of *Newsday*, and dozens of Canadians and Australians and, for that matter, French and West Germans, whose reports we had read. “Have you noticed about the dogs?” one journalist asked me, four days into the trip. No, I said, scratching my head. Were the dogs class-consciousless, I wondered? What had I missed? . . . “There are no dogs,” he said. I hadn’t noticed, but it was true. True, more exactly, that we hadn’t seen any dogs. Not true, necessarily, that there weren’t any, someplace—it would not have done for President Nixon to have presented the Peking zoo with two dogs. Another journalist, after three days

(continued from page 98)

in Peking: “Have you noticed about the grass?” Same thing. There was no grass. I mean, *there was no grass*. The explanation may be simple. Maybe grass is extremely hard to grow in the climate around Peking. On the other hand, grass grows all right in Maine and in the Laurentians, where it is also very cold. No doubt there is another explanation, on the order of having to use all the available earth for food, or perhaps there is a positive cultural antipathy toward grass as conspicuous horticultural consumption. But I hadn’t in fact noticed it.

What the questioner is really asking, after a trip of this nature, is: “What surprised you that didn’t surprise the newsmen who have previously reported on their travels throughout China?” But even that question generates an answer only on the assumption of the incompetence or venality of your predecessors. This cannot safely be assumed, mostly because in conspicuous cases the people who had been to China were neither incompetent nor, all of them, beholden to the Communist myth. Of the ideological sycophants there were of course a number, but their writings, though distracting, are disregarded by the practiced reader as automatically as the lesser stars by the navigator. One does not examine the reports on China of a Felix Greene, except as one is interested in ideological pathology. It was a problem for years where Russia was concerned, and although it’s true that there are people around who are willing to say gaspingly about China the same kind of thing the boys used to say about Stalin’s Russia, in China, on the whole, observers have been at once more cynical and more wise. The more cynical—the Wilfred Burchetts, the Felix Greenes—presumably know what they are doing but are willing to do it anyway. Joseph Stalin had his apologists even after the Moscow Trials were exposed. The typical journalist visiting China is as I say at once wiser and more jaded, so that on the one hand he does not automatically accept on their terms the representations of his hosts, but on the other hand is world-weary about applying only standards of conduct that would have satisfied Woodrow Wilson, or the Committee for Cultural Freedom.

What would have surprised us? Well, we’d have been surprised if, say, a political prisoner had been tied to a stake outside our hotel and shot for breakfast. We’d have written home about that. We’d have been surprised if, turning a corner during an unaccompanied walk through the streets of Shanghai, we had bumped into a corpse in the middle of the street, dead of undernourishment, or boredom. We’d have been surprised if the

secret police (they call them the Social Affairs Department—the Maoists are really wonderful on terminology, though after a certain amount it cloys, like *Franglais*) had come in one night to the hotel and dragged Barbara Walters off in handcuffs—you could have counted on us to cause a hell of a good row.

But that kind of thing didn’t happen. So what was it that did surprise us?

Leaving out the nonexistence of dogs and grass, and the trivial anomalies that strike each observer differently—what was it that surprised all, or nearly all of us?

If you winnowed down the list ruthlessly, I think you would have something very nearly like general agreement on the following.

It surprised us that the airport greeting given to President Nixon was so scandalously spare. There were present at the airport (1) an honor guard of a couple of hundred soldiers; (2) a diplomatic retinue of several dozen Chinese, led by Chou En-lai; and (3) us. One journalist, struggling to assimilate the implications of it, ventured the ingenious explanation that perhaps the Cultural Revolution had been so successful, this was in fact all the Chinese that were left. Americans are good at absorbing social shock. Richard Nixon proved superb at it.

Ten hours after he landed he went to the microphone to return the toast of Chou En-lai, and oh, what a crafty toast it had been. It drew its strength from the implicit friendship between the American and the Chinese people. Alas, “Owing to reasons known to all, contacts between the two peoples were suspended for over 20 years.” Chou En-lai went on to say, in the principal banquet hall of a capital city in which the Chinese people did not at that moment know even that the President of the United States was physically present in their city (they would learn it the next morning, when Nixon’s picture appeared in the papers, visiting with Mao Tse-tung), in a country in which the people haven’t the liberty: to choose what they want to read, or to write what they want to write, or to express themselves in behalf of the kind of society they want to live in, or to take the job they want or leave a job they don’t want, or to practice the religion they want to practice or to leave the city for the country or the country for the city, or to travel to another part of China, or out of China . . . said Chou in his toast, “The people, and the people alone, are the motive force in the making of world history.” And he toasted the health of the President.

The surprise came when Richard Nixon did what he did. He could have got up, a genial, wizened smile on his face, to thank Chou for whatever efforts he was prepared to make to further the people’s interests, the world over; to



SOKOL

"These days, you advertise a sextet, you better deliver."

encourage him to join the United States in a joint search for peace; to toast the health of all leaders of the People's Republic of China, and of the people of the People's Republic of China . . . and have sat down, smiling. Perfectly proper. Impeccable.

We could not believe it, what he did. I mean, there was no one there who was unsurprised—except, maybe, those who had projected rigorously how Richard Nixon characteristically does things: the imperative fusion of Quaker rectitude, and political exigency. . . . He began, under the shadow of that reception at the airport, by thanking Chou for his "incomparable hospitality." If Milton Berle had used those words, under similar circumstances, the general response would have been: "Good old Uncle Miltie. That's the way to treat those snotty bastards who sent a corporal's guard out to meet the President of the United States." Then Mr. Nixon talked about bridging the differences between the two countries. Then, in a breath-taking gesture of historical ecumenism, Mr. Nixon talked about undertaking a "long march together." The Long March being Red China's Bastille, Winter Palace, and Reichstag fire, the invocation of it by Richard Nixon as historically inspiring could have been matched only by Mao Tse-tung's bursting into the hall and saying that he wanted to be there passing the ammunition to Richard Nixon next time America faced the rockets' red glare. Then Nixon quoted Mao himself, in tones appropriate to Scripture. Then he toasted not the *health* of Mao and Chou but, directly, Mao and Chou.

Nor was that by any means all. President Nixon did not return to his table to sit down. He returned only to pick up his small glass of liqueur, armed with which he strode to the adjoining table, crowded with Chinese officials, and paused, effulgently, to toast each one of them individually, his cheeks flushed (with grand purpose—Nixon is to all intents and purposes a teetotaler), and on to yet another table of Chinese dignitaries, to do the same. I commented in a dispatch cabled that evening that I would not have been surprised if Mr. Nixon had lurched into a toast to Alger Hiss. My comment was taken amiss here and there. When I wrote it, I had no reason to know that the next morning U. P. I. would report that the widow Snow had just released the text of a letter received from Richard Nixon during Edgar's last hours on earth, expressing hope for his recovery and saying, "It will strengthen you to know that your distinguished career is so widely respected and appreciated." Edgar Snow had been a full-scale Communist apologist, writing from China, during the Forties and Fifties, as only a Communist sympathizer could. But there could not have been

any observer of that extraordinary scene in the Great Hall of the People who understood the raised Presidential glass as motivated other than by a pure transideological desire to touch the soul of Chinese Maoists, in a way poor Nixon has never succeeded in touching American Democrats. It was an astounding gesture, freighted with innocence. But he would have had a hell of a time explaining it to the Committee on Un-American Activities.

Anyway, *that* surprised us.

. . .

We were surprised the next day when they took us off to see the ballet, the *Red Detachment of Women*. It was a small hall, and we had our only glimpse of Chiang Ching, Madame Mao Tse-tung, whose displeasure over a ballet in 1965 that showed insufficient servility to the thought of Mao Tse-tung had triggered the Cultural Revolution. There was *no* chance that the *Red Detachment of Women* would trigger anything among American viewers surrounding the President of the United States other than contempt, tempered by pity. It was as if the President had called together the chiefs of the black republics of Africa to a ballet in the White House on the theme of Little Black Sambo. What surprised us was not so much the hard-drug ideology—we are a country that absorbs Jane Fonda—as the curious social effrontery. The Chinese had nothing at all to gain, but unmistakably something to lose, from a concentrated display of agitprop as art to a conscripted audience of Americans who sensed the restraints imposed upon the President by the diplomatic situation; and worried both that he might visibly fret under the strain; and that he wouldn't. (Oh, how much R. N. might have accomplished, the following night, in his next public toast, by an urbane reference to the *Red Detachment of Women*. How easy, how effective, how inspiring, how just!) There could not have been anyone in the audience who didn't think: Orwell. Rose Macaulay, on reading *1984*, commented late in her life that she really didn't understand how George could have written such a book, because such a society as he described was simply unthinkable. I thought of Rose Macaulay. There was no *need* for our hosts to make us think of Rose Macaulay. After all, they had taken the trouble not to shoot dissidents outside our hotel room. Why should they do it to art, a few feet away from us?

And—remember, the list is as compressed as I can make it—there was surprise over the affair at Peking University. Every morning we had a choice of five or six tours to take—typically, a visit to an army unit, or a cooperative, or a hospital, or a museum, that kind of thing. It happened that on this morning, the day after the ballet, the majority of

us signed up for a tour of Peking University, the center of learning in pre-Liberated China, where at about the time of the Versailles Conference a young assistant librarian, Mao Tse-tung, is said to have steeped himself in learning, the better to compose his visions of a New China.

So there we were, 30 or 40 of us, on that hallowed ground, in the cold, cold rector's office, wearing our overcoats, and seated in a great semicircle. A translator was giving us in English the rector's dreary account of the noble aims of Peking University under the patronage of Chairman Mao. The whole mechanical business was exasperatingly slow, in sodden harmony with the text, which was boiler-plate Mao, as revised by the Cultural Revolution. The reporter next to me leaned over and whispered, "That guy"—pointing to the rector—"speaks *perfect* English. He sat next to me at the banquet last night. Hell, he got his Ph.D. at the University of Chicago in the Twenties." It was so, and in quick order all of us knew it, and it became evident that he was not speaking in English only because of the Red Guards, who, it transpired, were still in control of the university, and who didn't understand English. Two of them, chunky, unsmiling 20-year-olds, flanked their 76-year-old rector, ears cocked for ideological error. He committed none.

Does anybody get dismissed from PKU? was one question.

No, nobody gets dismissed.

Do you ever decide that a student should return to farm, or work?

We have no such cases.

Do students pick their own specialties?

Their choices are combined with the needs of the state.

What was it that was wrong with PKU before the Cultural Revolution?

We were imitating the elitist practices of Russia.

What did you do to remedy that situation?

A Mao Thought Propaganda Team came in the fall of 1968, stayed a full year, and then left a revolutionary council to run PKU.

What is it that PKU now has that it didn't have before?

Sufficient class consciousness, and a proletarian spirit.

The rector, tall, thin, gray, wore his authority as naturally as Robert Hutchins, spoke a little anxiously, and after a while, sensing that we all knew that he knew English, began discreetly helping his translator. Hearing him, a doctor of science from Chicago, say what he said, was a deeply saddening experience. It would have helped if he looked like Carmine De Sapio, but he looked like H. B. Warner. A little like Pasternak, who died more or less trying. The rector at

(continued on page 150)

humor By **CRAIG VETTER** I GUESS everybody can get off on a little guilt now and then. It even feels good sometimes to stay up all night, smoking cigarettes and fretting about sin. But there is a limit, and somewhere back in the sincere years of protest and marching, some chemical-eyed radical raised the guilty ante by shouting out that if you're not part of the solution, you're part of the problem. It had a Ben Franklin ring to it, all right, and from that point on I was, they told me, guilty for almost everything, which is a lot, and for a while I believed them.

I marched, I sang nasty little songs about the President, I demonstrated, I got billy-club status bumps on my head in Century City and Berkeley, I even wrote to the balding fool who sits in the Senate for me. But every time I made a good Christian move on one of my sins, they brought me another: The air is poison, they said, oil is spilling into the ocean, we've turned outer space into a garbage truck, Lake Erie is dead, the blue whale is close to gone (and here my notes begin to fuzz over with fatigue), our rivers bubble with cyclamates and our soft drinks are full of phosphates, they raise our cattle on X rays, corn flakes won't protect you in even a five-mile-an-hour head-on collision, color-TV radiates deadly hormones and not one American car meets the minimum daily requirements for vitamins and minerals. I was

appalled, I *am* appalled, and when I asked who was responsible, they told me to look (if I ever got my hair cut again) at the infinite series of faces in the barbershop mirror that was me me me, sitting there, taking a trim while the planet went to hell.

Finally it was too much, and not long ago, in a moment of herd-guilt overload and moral breakdown, I decided to stop feeling guilty for the things I could not change (by either prayer or street fighting), and almost immediately the stoop went out of my walk. Of the 13 or 14 things I was guilty of last year, all were highly personal and private. I swear I was in a quiet dope stupor with friends, giggling over trifles, when Lake Erie got it. And that's not all I'm innocent of. What follows is a list of things I did absolutely nothing about last year and over which I feel no guilt.

Boycotts: I bought lettuce, I bought grapes, I probably even bought goods from South Africa. Every time I shop I exploit someone. It used to be called bargain-hunting.

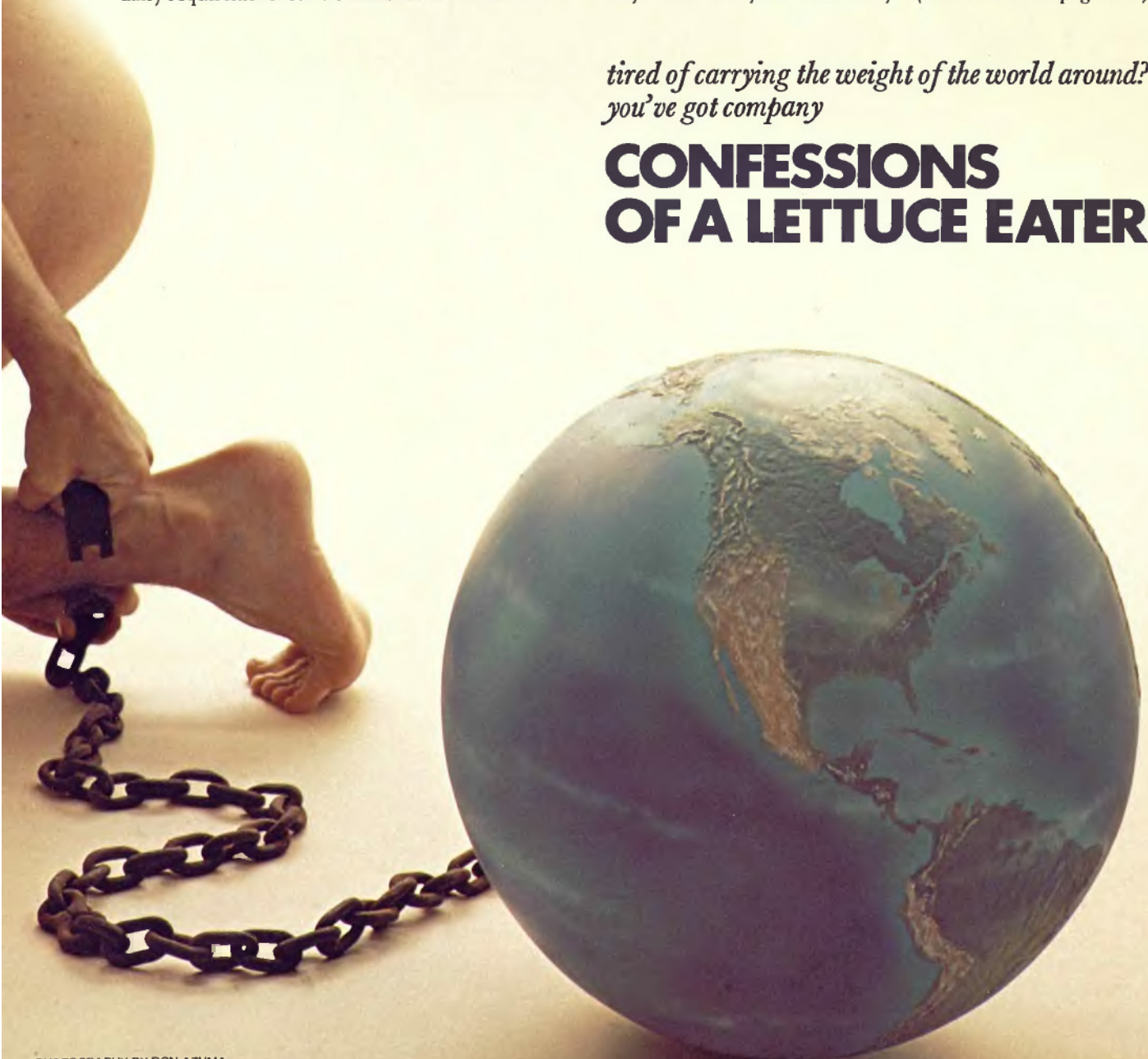
Nonbiodegradable, fancy-colored toilet paper: I use it on the theory that it adds a dash of color to the industrial waste.

Bangla Desh: Didn't even buy the album (the song had a good beat but lousy words).

Vietnam war: I've asked the President to stop it in many ways over the years and every (concluded on page 236)

*tired of carrying the weight of the world around?
you've got company*

CONFESSIONS OF A LETTUCE EATER



THE SONG OF SONGS WHICH IS SILVERSTEIN'S

*playboy's ubiquitous shel—now a numero uno in the music biz—whips up
a whole new batch of ballads definitely not for the bubble-gum set*

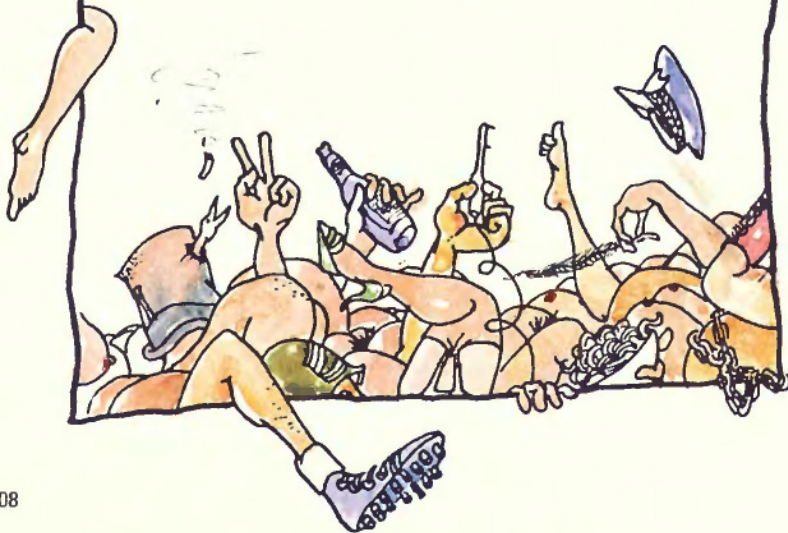
OUR PEERLESS COMPOSER-CARTOONIST Shel Silverstein tells us he's exhausted these days, and we can understand why: He's been writing a book on erotic comic strips, working on two animated films and completing a book of children's poems (due from Harper & Row soon)—and turning out songs. Herewith we present Shel's latest lyrics, most of which appear on his just-released Columbia album, *Freakin' at the Freakers Ball*, featuring Dr. Hook and the Medicine Show and employing almost everyone who was in the vicinity of Sausalito at the time. Says Shel: "We had a gas recording, like when this girl violinist auditioned naked, and we managed to get some music out as well. It's a good album and I want everybody who reads this to go out and buy three copies, because I need an expensive vacation."

FREAKIN' AT THE FREAKERS BALL

Come on, baby, grease your lips,
Put on your hat and shake your hips,
And don't forget to bring your ships.
We're goin' to the Freakers Ball.
Shake your mojo, bang your gong,
Roll up something to take along.
Feels so good that it must be wrong.
Freakin' at the Freakers Ball.

All the fags and the dykes, they boogie'n' together.
Leather freaks all dressed in leather.
The greatest of the sadists and the masochists, too,
Screamin' "You hit me" and "I'll hit you."
FBI dancin' with the junkies.
All the straights swingin' with the funkies.
Cross the floor and up the wall.
Freakin' at the Freakers Ball.

Hard-hats and long-hairs lovin' each other.
Brother with sister, son with mother.
Smear my body up with butter.
Take me to the Freakers Ball.
So pass that roach, pour the wine.
I'll kiss yours if you'll kiss mine.
I'm gonna boogie till I go blind.
Freakin' at the Freakers Ball.



STACY BROWN GOT TWO

Have you heard about Stacy Brown?
He got every chick in town.
He got looks and he got class.
Do anything to get a little lass.
And everybody shouts at him as he walks his girlies past:
Everybody got one.
Everybody got one.
Everybody got one,
But Stacy Brown got two.
Do you know the reason for his success?
They say that he is double blessed.
They say that Stacy Brown was born
Just a little bit deformed,
But still his girlfriends wake up smilin' every morn.
Everybody got one.
Everybody got one.
Everybody got one,
But Stacy Brown got two.
Why they climbin' up the wall?
Young ones run and old ones crawl.
He got two and that's a fact,
But no one knows where the other one's at—
On his elbow? On his knee? Or underneath his hat?
Everybody got one.
Everybody got one.
Everybody got one,
But Stacy Brown got two.

LIBERATED LADY 1999

She's a liberated lady and she's lookin' out for herself,
And she don't need your protection and she does not want your help,
And if you're lookin' for some pretty flower, you better go look somewhere else,
'Cause I warn you she's a liberated lady.

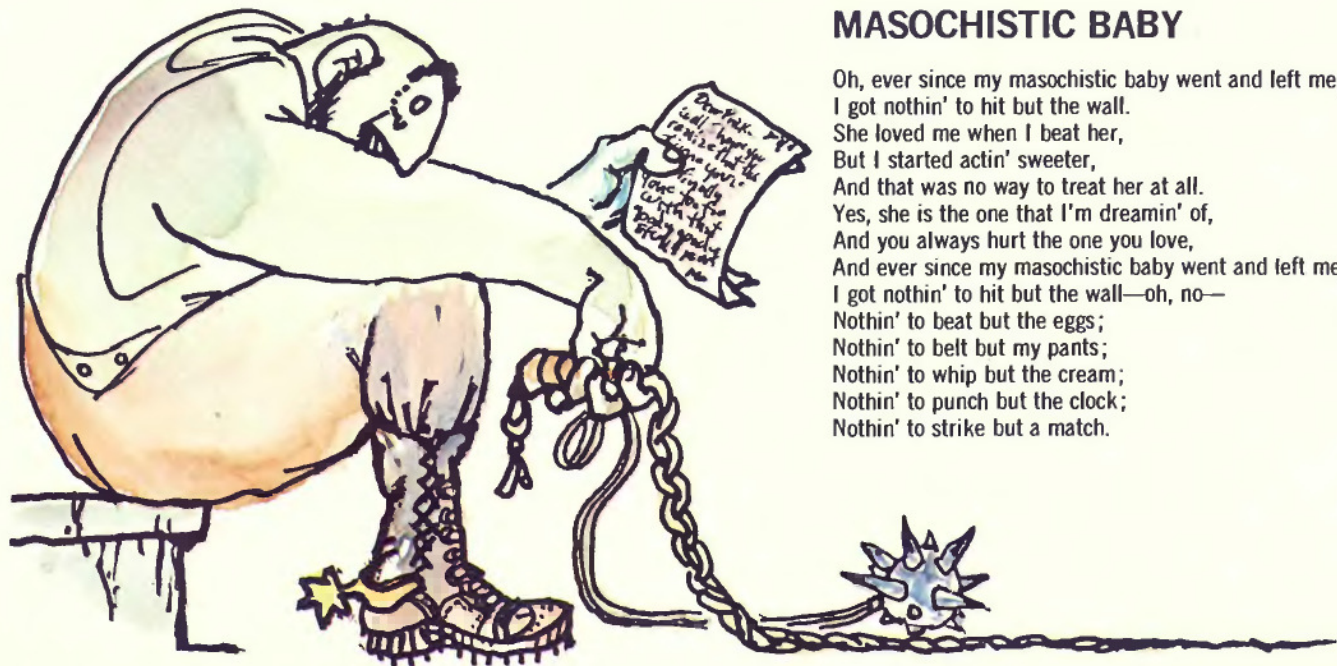
She got off work at the foundry; she was feelin' kind of beat.
On the bus she had to stand and let some fella have her seat.
And she pinched the ass of a guy who passed her walkin' down the street.
When he called a cop she didn't quite understand,
So she stopped off on the corner for her usual shot of rye.
When some guy lit her cigarette, she punched him in the eye.
Then he kicked her in the balls, it was enough to make her cry,
But she stood there and she took it like a man.

She's a liberated lady and she smokes them big cigars.
You're gonna find her drinkin' boilermakers at the corner bar.
And in 30 seconds flat she'll change a flat tire on your car.
Look out—she's a liberated lady.

She come home to find her darlin' husband cryin' in distress.
She said, "Why ain't supper ready and why is this house a mess?"
He said, "The kids have drove me crazy and I need a brand-new dress,
And how come you don't ever take me dancin'?"

She sat down to smoke her pipe and she thought back to the time
When she was satin, silk and lace, with nothing on her mind.
But now she's gotta mow the lawn and pay the bills on time,
And pray to Mrs. God she don't get drafted.
They got into bed that evenin' and she strapped her dildo on.
She climbed on top of him and said, "OK, let's get it on."
He said, "You know I've got my period and my headache isn't gone."
And he fell asleep—the chauvinistic bastard.

But she's a liberated lady and she smokes them big cigars.
You're gonna find her drinkin' boilermakers at the corner bar.
And in 30 seconds flat she'll change a flat tire on your car.
Look out—she's a liberated lady.



MASOCHISTIC BABY

Oh, ever since my masochistic baby went and left me,
I got nothin' to hit but the wall.
She loved me when I beat her,
But I started actin' sweeter,
And that was no way to treat her at all.
Yes, she is the one that I'm dreamin' of,
And you always hurt the one you love,
And ever since my masochistic baby went and left me,
I got nothin' to hit but the wall—oh, no—
Nothin' to beat but the eggs;
Nothin' to belt but my pants;
Nothin' to whip but the cream;
Nothin' to punch but the clock;
Nothin' to strike but a match.



THE MAN WHO GOT NO SIGN

There was Gemini Jim and Scorpio Sal,
They was livin' by the Golden Gate,
Freezin' their nose and wearin' leather clothes
And dealin' every way but straight.
They had a Leo dog and a Capricorn cat
And everything was goin' fine,
Till into their life on a starless night
Come the man who got no sign.

Look out, Momma, he's headin' this way,
One eye yella and the other one gray,
Lookin' for a soul, but he won't get mine.
He's the man who got no sign.

Well, he walked right in, sat right down,
And rolled himself a righteous smoke.
He lit his roach with a lightnin' bolt,
And he took a toke and spoke.
Said he was born in an astrological warp,
When the moon refused to shine,
On the cusp of nowhere and nevermore.
He's the man who got no sign.
Then he told the story of an endless search
To find his missing part.
And Sal, she sits and smiles at him
And tries to do his chart.
Till Pisces Ben, who was Jim's best friend,
Said, "Man, you must be blind.
Your chick is lost 'cause her star is crossed
With the man who got no sign."
Then late that night two shots rang out
From Jim's old .32.
He caught the stranger and Scorpio Sal
Doin' what they shouldn't do.
When we got to the shed, there was Jim by the bed,
Where Scorpio Sal lay dyin'.
But a blood-red stain is all that remained
Of the man who got no sign.
The arrest was made by Sheriff Slade,
An Aquarius through and through.
And the jailer was a Sagittarius,
So he beat Jim black and blue.
They dragged him up the courthouse steps.
They said, "Jim, how do you plea?"
He said, "Man, the moon's in Virgo,
So the blame don't fall on me."
The jury all was Libras,
So you know they was more than fair.
But his lawyer was an Aries,
And an Aries just don't care.
The judge, he was a Cancer,
And Cancers have no friends.
But the hangman was a Taurus,
And that's where Jim's story ends.
But late at night, when the stars are right
And the moon is gray and dim,
Two ghostly figures roll around
On the grave of Gemini Jim.
One is the ghost of Scorpio Sal
As she moans and shrieks and grinds,
In the endless come that she's gettin' from
The man who got no sign.

DON'T GIVE A DOSE TO THE ONE YOU LOVE MOST

Don't give a dose to the one you love most.
Give her some marmalade; give her some toast.
You can give her the willies or give her the blues,
But the dose that you give her will get back to youse.

I once had a lady as sweet as a song.
She was my darlin' and she was my dear.
But she had a dose and she passed it along.
Now she's gone, but the dose is still here.

So don't give a dose to the one you love most.
Give her some marmalade; give her some toast.
You can give her a partridge up in a pear tree,
But the dose that you give her might get back to me.

So if you've got an itchin'—if you've got a drip,
Don't sit there wishin' for it to go 'way.
If there's a thing on the tip of your thing or your lip,
Run down to the clinic today—and say:

Don't give a dose to the one you love most.
Give her some marmalade; give her some toast.
You can give her the willies or give her the blues,
But the dose that you give her will get back to youse.

(Seriously—the thing has reached epidemic proportions, so if you have any questions about it, get a checkup or phone 800-523-1885—they'll be cool about it.)



THUMB-SUCKER SONG

I met her on a corner in Duluth (that's the truth).
She was tryin' to fix her shoe in a telephone booth (her name was Ruth).
She said she was just waiting for a bus,
But I hid my thumb, 'cause I knew just what she was.

And I ain't gonna let no thumb-sucker suck my thumb.
It'll drive you crazy and leave you deaf and dumb.
It'll make you crawl and climb the wall.
Leave you without no thumb at all.

So I ain't gonna let no thumb-sucker suck my thumb.
I'll tell you what them thumb-suckers like to do:
They suck your thumb till it's wrinkled like a prune.
They'll say you've got the sweetest thumb of all,
But then they suck the thumb of the guy livin' down the hall.

That's why I ain't gonna let no thumb-sucker suck my thumb.
It'll drive you crazy and leave you deaf and dumb.
It'll make you crawl and climb the wall.
Leave you without no thumb at all.

So I ain't gonna let no thumb-sucker suck my thumb.

THE PERFECT WAVE

Dave McGunn was a surfin' bum, half-crazed by the blazin' sun.
From Waikiki to the Bering Sea, he rode 'em one by one.
Now he hung offshore 'bout a mile or more, out where the dolphins played,
And his wild eyes gleamed as he schemed and dreamed
To ride the perfect wave.

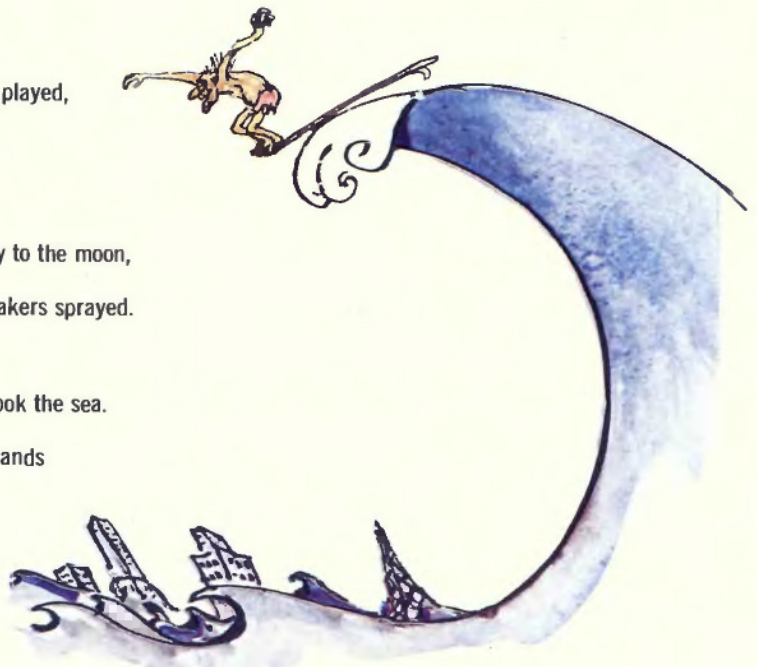
Oh, ride the perfect wave, Dave, ride the perfect wave.
If you wait it out and you don't sell out, you may ride
The perfect wave.

He crouched in the spray and he waited all day till the sun gave way to the moon,
And his legs grew cold and he grew old and wrinkled like a prune.
And the years rolled by and the surf broke high and the 40-foot breakers sprayed.
But he sneered at 'em all, sayin', "Too damn small; I'm waitin'
For the perfect wave."

He was sleepin' on his board when he woke to a roar as thunder shook the sea.
'Twas the dreaded California quake of 1973.

And he stared at the reef in disbelief, then paddled with tremblin' hands
As a monstrous crashin' tidal wave came roarin' 'cross the land.

It was 12 miles high and it filled the sky, the color of boilin' blood.
And cities fell beneath its swell and mountains turned to mud.
Its deadly surf engulfed the earth and left not a thing alive,
And high on the tip with a smile on his lip was Davey hangin' five.
He hit the top of the Golden Gate at a thousand miles an hour,
Over the top of the Empire State and the tip of the Eiffel Tower,
And as he wiped out, you could hear him shout, as he plunged to a watery grave,
"Hey hi dee hi, I'm glad to die—I've rode
The perfect wave."



I GOT STONED AND I MISSED IT

I was settin' in my basement; I'd just rolled myself a taste of
Somethin' green and gold and glorious to get me through the day,
When my friend yells through my transom, "Grab your coat and get your hat, son.
There's a nut down on the corner givin' dollar bills away."

But I sat around a bit, and then I had another hit,
And then I rolled myself a bomber and I thought about my momma.

Then I sat around, fooled around, played around awhile and then

I got stoned and I missed it, I got stoned and I missed it,
I got stoned—and it rolled right by.

I got stoned and I missed it, I got stoned and I missed it,
I got stoned, oh me, oh my.

It took seven months of urgin' just to get that local virgin,
With the sweet face, up to my place—to fool around a bit.
And next day she woke up rosy—and she cuddled up so cozy,
But when she asked me how I'd liked it, it hurt me to admit

I was stoned and I missed it, I was stoned and I missed it,
I was stoned—and it rolled right by.

I was stoned and I missed it, I was stoned and I missed it,
I was stoned, oh me, oh my.



I ain't makin' no excuses for the many things I uses
Just to brighten my relationships and sweeten up my day.
And when my earthly race is over, and they lay me 'neath the clover,
And they ask me how my life has been—I guess I'll have to say

I was stoned and I missed it, I was stoned and I missed it,
I was stoned—and it rolled right by.

I was stoned and I missed it, I was stoned and I missed it,
I was stoned, oh me, oh my.

NIRVANA BY THE BAY (continued from page 94)

free, 24, a veteran of Vietnam, cool as Kool-Aid.

On the way out, a desperate group of tourists from a nearby table clutched my arm. They were ready to weep with frustration and desire. They watched 100 freaks gobbling up caviar, French wines, steaks, oysters, cool, so cool, and these Latter-day Saint tourists from Salt Lake City felt that I, perhaps the eldest member of that crowd, was their last hope for salvation short of the return of bearded Joseph Smith. "Who are those people?" one hissed, his fundamentalist talons scabbling against my corduroy jacket.

"The strike committee from Pacific Telephone," I said, and they nodded. They, too, always knew San Francisco would be like this.

. . .

No picturesque weirdness means that San Francisco escapes being an American city, with all the problems of an American city, while it also has some of the provincial, exempted charm of other hilly and provincial port cities, such as Leningrad, Marseilles, Naples and Haifa, which live freed from the responsibilities of capitals—Moscow, Paris, Rome, Jerusalem—and therefore preserve something traditional, highly colored by the sea and less hectic. Once, thanks to the gold rush, San Francisco had an intense hour in the sun. This year, Mainland China Trade Stores opened with soft commercial smiles in the wake of the President Nixon China spectacular, and perhaps San Francisco could have another gold rush if shipping and trade really begin to shuttle between the old opium states and the West Coast. Whether or not the town becomes Venice again, a window to elsewhere, it still shares certain household frets with all other American centers—race, poverty, welfare, slums, freeways, school systems, smog, the resentments of middle America, the rage of deprived America, the flight of money from the central city. It is not exempt from the Seventies.

The problems that San Francisco shares with almost any other great American city can be summarized, alas, in its dogged, traditional city-hall politics and its burden of mayor. Mayor Joseph L. Alioto is an old-fashioned Jersey City-style chieftain, formerly an able, overhungry lawyer, now coyly giving out to hagiolaters that he reads Dante every night, and also plays the violin, before tucking himself into bed. Despite the squall and screech of Tartini, however, it's Abandon Hope, All Ye Who Enter Here for those who seek his aid for a limitation on high-rise massification and destruction of the city. He continually talks about "striking a balance between economics and aesthetics."

Economics means the real-estate powers behind him; with the word aesthetics, he means to tar all those who long for clean air, viable streets and ecological balance, neighborhood feeling, realistic tax rolls, in addition to the precarious human balance and elegance of San Francisco, with a brush that somehow means to say they are mincing nonfiduciary faggots. At one time he had ambitions to rise to national eminence—Vice-President? even President?—but a series of sourings, including civil and Federal suits for fraud involving his several-million-dollar fee in a complicated utility case, now have confined him to such provincial politicking as introducing Humbert H. Humphrey to his favored real-estate fat cats. He visibly chafes under tasks too small for him—Dante, the violin and San Francisco—and is doing his best to remold the city into Manhattan, that eerie, luminous success that seems to be his archaic ideal. He'll go for governor of California when his legal troubles subside.

But Mayor Alioto, Jersey Cityman, Homunculus Tammany, somehow fits the old boss tradition without really representing what San Francisco has become. The traditional formulation of a man, a real man, a bounding savage armed with the leg bone of an antelope, doesn't seem to fit the local model. Here he is armed with pen, brush, guitar, or merely his pink and busy tongue. Despite all the money, power, shipping, unions, major corporations, despite the fact that it really is Mayor Alioto's American dream, it's still a consumer's easy garden city, a terrarium in America. But gardens, as everyone knows, are filled with worms and other beasties. The green hides violence, red in tooth and claw.

The barker at The Condor in North Beach looks like the star of a TV pilot called *The Young Dentists*—on speed. He's skinny, sharp-featured and very fast, and he suggests slurping eroticism while doing busywork with his teeth. He paces back and forth with methamphetamine rancor, chanting, "Come on in, organic sex! Sex is the best aphrodisiac! Come on in, all topless and bottomless college coeds!" He doesn't specify the school.

The Jesus people on the sidewalk outside The Condor are no longer shooting, sniffing or smoking; they've found Jesus, or at least Pat Boone. They have long hair. Their complexions look up at their scalps reproachfully, saying, *Shampoo a little*. One of them is selling *Jesus Now*, with a headline: "MOSHE FINDS CHRIST, LEARNS LOVE." "It's free, it's true," whispers a girl in a granny dress. She is thrusting the paper into hands that promptly litter.

A long-haired young man with square wire glasses, like a lobotomized Harvard kid, is crying out with fixed Teutonic smile: "Abstain from filth!" Meanwhile, he too is handing out leaflets that fall to the street from the nerveless fingers of tourists.

"Aw, knock it off," says the pacing Young Dentist. "I'm working this doorway, not you kids."

"Knock off this abomination!" cries the ambassador from Jesus-in-San-Rafael. "Here, read the truth as we learned it!"

The battle between the drag-'em-off-the-street barker at the topless bar and the Jesus freaks. "Be saved by Jee-zuz!"

"Get some sex! It's organic!"

"Christ will save you!"

"For Christ's sake, get the fuck out of here."

"We'll do what we can for you. Jesus loves you!"

"Tell you what you can do for me, go across the street and let Jesus love Coke's Bar."

It was a countdown between the short-haired businessman selling sex and the long-haired freaky Christians selling salvation. Some leather-jacketed allies of The Condor gathered about the barker to consider extreme unctio; that is, kicks in rear, shoves over curb. But in the typical distortion brought about by the media, the fact of my standing there, gaping like a journalist, changed history. They said, "Aw, fuck," and went inside to drink and enjoy bottomless dancing, not living up to their promise. The Jesus freaks eventually climbed into a blue VW bus and drove back to their commune in the Haight, where they get high on Christ and brown rice. They mix the traditions.

A few weeks later they were busted for housing runaways.

Heroin is still sold in all the adjacent doorways.

. . .

When I packed my wagon and hit the trail from New York in 1960, I had plans to spend a year in Friscoville, where there had been happy times on a visit in 1957—Allen Ginsberg, the Co-Existence Bagel Shop, Mad Alex the Talker, Bob Kaufman the poet (*Notes Found at the Tomb of the Unknown Draft Dodger*), my brother beatniks getting beaten about the head by Officer Bigarani on upper Grant. By the time I came to stay, the beat movement was frazzled away by a combination of media overload, changing times and natural wear. Guitars were being traded in for washer-dryers, wine for grass, and the long somnolence that would suddenly erupt in 1966–1967 (flower children, Haight-Ashbury, "We are the children of the Beats") needed a certain incubation period. Still, doorways and chess bars were filled with patient dissemblers.

(continued on page 154)



AND SO IT GOES

northern ireland's six counties—a land of internment, rubber bullets, fire bombs, gun fights and murder—more than one reporter could bear

THE TAXI is on its way. In a few hours the Aer Lingus flight will be taking off from Belfast, heading for Shannon and then Chicago. This is the fourth time in less than a year I'll be saying goodbye to Northern Ireland. Only this time it's different. This time I'm determined not to come back. I like too many people here. I don't want to see them get hurt. I've written enough obituaries already.

The situation continues to grow more absurd, more brutal, more hopeless. I keep thinking of a line from the movie *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid*. Katharine Ross had dodged around Bolivia on horseback with Paul Newman and Robert Redford, helping them stick up banks, watching people get shot down. Earlier, she had warned Newman and Redford that she would leave before the end. "I don't want to watch them kill you," she said and they understood. Once you heard Katharine Ross say she was going home, you knew that the movie was over except for the final shoot-out.

Well, that's the way I feel now as I sit here in the Europa hotel, waiting for Leslie Dunne, the hall porter, to call and tell me the cab has arrived. It's all over but the final shoot-out. I don't want to see the blood bath.

It's strange. Now that I'm leaving, it isn't the big crowd scenes I'll carry with me. I found them difficult to visualize even hours after they'd occurred. There are shouts, curses and screams. There are dull explosions of the Webley & Scott pistols that fire bone-breaking rubber bullets at 110 miles an hour; popping sounds from CS-gas-canister launchers; the dull thud of exploding nail bombs. The images blur. Of all the crowd scenes, I recall two almost trivial incidents:

A riot in the Creggan district of Londonderry that lasted seven hours. I am standing against the wall of St. Mary's Church, watching the British soldiers who are pinned down behind their plastic riot shields by a barrage of rocks hurled by a mob of hundreds. A boy, no more than 12, scurries past me, bent over to keep out of the line of vision of the soldiers, who are separated from us by a low brick wall. He carries a milk bottle with a long wick in his left hand. It is half filled with gasoline. He hurls it at the soldiers, using both hands with the sweeping motion of a hammer thrower. The fire bomb explodes in the midst of the soldiers, setting two of them afire momentarily. The crowd (continued on page 116)

It was Gorgeous George who almost singlehandedly transformed professional wrestling from a sport to a spectacle; who ushered television out of the electronics laboratory and into the living room. . . . No one who has grown up in the unremitting hothouse glare of the commercial tube will ever be able to imagine how brilliantly those first feeble sparks of video-at-home illuminated the spirit of postwar America. Yet even then, when a simple test pattern was miracle enough to command our rapt attention, Gorgeous George was *Special: A pioneer in scarlet tights and golden ringlets, he pranced and preened his way across the barren plains of the American consciousness, breaking the hard ground from which has since sprouted such unlikely and exotic fruit as Liberace, Little Richard, Muhammad Ali and Monty Rock III.*

—FROM THE PUBLISHER'S PREFACE TO GORGEOUS GEORGE'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY

The television camera's red eye winks on. A wheezy Wurlitzer belches the opening bars of *Pomp and Circumstance* into the freshly perfumed air, and Gorgeous George, splendidly arrayed in a robe of rich orchid brocade, dark-pace tights and fawn buskins, begins his triumphal mince down the aisle.

Ignoring the thunderous tide of boos and catcalls crashing around him ("Hey, faggot, where's yer pockabook?"; "Thay, thweetheart!"), the flaming Fauntleroy of the grappling game swishes toward the ring, the rippling muscles of his stout, beer-hall Adonis physique radiating that disquieting amalgam of brute strength and finicky prissiness that has earned him the nickname "The Iron Doily." Once again, the fabled halo of marcelled ringlets shimmers golden in the spotlight. Once again, the nation's boldest experiment in psychotherapy is about to unfold.

The story of George Raymond Wagner, M. D., is one of the most unusual—and ultimately tragic—in the history of psychiatry. Just how did this highly sophisticated New York psychoanalyst transform himself into that outrageous killer/fruitcake Gorgeous George? What qualities of intellect could have led George Wagner, M. D., to trade his clinician's gown for an embroidered wrestler's cape?

Unlike most doctors, Wagner had come to the practice of psychiatry by way of dry cleaning. His internship behind him, the fledgling physician decided to try the family's failing dry-cleaning firm before electing a medical specialty.

"I loved the smell of the fluid and the entire dry-cleaning ethos," he wrote later, "particularly the opportunity to provide courteous, same-day service. The only real problem was in withstanding the emotional pressure. A customer would bring in a lovely Parisian gown

with a huge champagne stain across the bodice and I'd go completely to pieces. As it turned out, I was overidentifying with the garments, a common dry-cleaner's syndrome." He decided to specialize in psychiatry.

At Bellevue, where he went for training, the young Dr. Wagner became known for his extraordinary zeal. Dr. Reece Tatum, a fellow resident at Bellevue, has written that Wagner "seemed to have difficulty moderating his abundant enthusiasm for work. It took us months to accustom ourselves to the idea that the bloodcurdling screams that so often emanated from his service were not the nightmare terrors of the psychotic patients but merely Dr. Wagner expressing his glee over some bit of insight that either he or one of them had just achieved."

Clearly, Wagner was already beginning to work on the frontiers—some said the lunatic fringe—of conventional psychiatry. If so, he was not alone; for the late

GORGEOUS GEORGE, M.D.

humor By RICHARD SMITH

*some little-known facts about a man of many talents—
noted psychiatrist, champion wrestler and certified fruitcake*

Forties and early Fifties were years of enormous ferment in the mental-health arena. The spirit of the time is best illustrated by this passage, astonishingly close to coherence, from a popular contemporary work, Dr. Frank Slaughter's *Medicine for Moderns* (1947):

The domain of psychotherapy outside of classical psychoanalysis is very broad; so broad, in fact, that we are only beginning to realize its possibilities through various forms of emotional catharsis.

And what, Dr. Wagner postulated, if the ancient chariot of dramatic catharsis could be (continued on page 252)



Department of Registration and Control
State of New York
This is to certify that
GEORGE WAGNER
is a
REGISTERED PSYCHIATRIST
By license issued to a person who has
been shown to have the necessary
qualifications and to have paid the
fee of \$10.00
Date: *Alfred A. [Signature]*

AND SO IT GOES (continued from page 113)

stops throwing rocks to roar its approval and to taunt the two now-terrified soldiers.

Another riot at the Unity Flats, a Catholic enclave on the edge of the Protestant Shankill Road area in Belfast. It is a Saturday afternoon and the Protestants are marching past the flats on their way home from a football match. The shouting and the rock throwing go on until dark. This happens every Saturday in Belfast and the television crews are always there, waiting for what might turn out to be the climactic riot of the season. This time, a middle-aged woman with a florid, hate-filled face stands on the street corner in the midst of the mob, shouting at the residents of the Unity Flats. She is screeching at the top of her lungs:

*"Oh, we'll fuck the Fenian bastards.
We'll fuck the Fenian bastards. . . ."*

A major of the British grenadiers, dressed in battle jacket and plaid dress pants, walks through the crowd and stops in front of the woman. He places his walking stick right on her shoulder to assure he will get her full attention. "See here, madam," the major says, "this is all going to be very low key here today. All very low key. Do you understand?"

. . .

No crowd scenes. But I do remember the faces. So many of them. Now every time a name pops into my mind, a face comes with it, as though it were a passport photo sitting in front of me.

I still see Jim McCrea's weather-beaten face looking out at me from under his tweed cap. He is about 50 years old and his tall, spare figure is topped by a full head of gray hair that sprouts from under his cap. McCrea makes his living digging graves in the Milltown Cemetery, Belfast's burial ground for the I. R. A. He is Catholic, but he expresses no great partisanship about the troubles. He prides himself on being good at his job.

We were standing near an open grave McCrea had just finished digging for Tony Henderson, a 20-year-old I. R. A. man who had been killed a few days previously by a gun blast in the head. "What do you think of it all?" I asked.

McCrea acted as though he didn't understand the question. But he answered another that he apparently wanted me to ask. "When we cover him over," McCrea said, "his body will be about five feet down. That's pretty good, when you consider there are three I. R. A. men already down there under him.

"Twenty-one years, I've been working here. It's not so bad. There's no great supervision. I make eighteen pounds a week and the ground's good. There's

places you could work where the ground's like heavy clay. Sticks to your shovel. This is almost like sand. But maybe that's because we open it up so much."

I lost sight of McCrea during the funeral. There were more than 1000 I. R. A. supporters gathered around the grave and the final words were said by a fat man in a black-leather coat named Malachy McNally. He looked and sounded amazingly like Jackie Gleason would if Gleason had a Northern Irish accent. "We do not grudge, O Lord, that the flower of our youth has been placed here in the last eighteen months," McNally intoned. "The tragedy is that a man must be prepared in this day and age to lay down his life in the cause of Irish freedom. As the great Terence MacSwiney said: 'It is not those who can inflict the most but those who can endure the most who will win.'"

There were a few seconds of silence as McCrea and three assistants moved forward and began shoveling dirt over the coffin. Then McNally concluded the service: "Farewell, comrade," he said, the tears streaming down his cheeks. "Angels guard thee."

That was the last time I saw Malachy McNally. He was one of the first people lifted by the British when internment was declared on August 9, 1971. He has been held in a cage at the Long Kesh prison outside Belfast ever since. McCrea still digs graves at Milltown. I have seen him at many funerals since that day. He always gives me a formal nod when he sees me, as if the two of us share a deep secret.

I remember asking McCrea on the day of the Henderson funeral just how long it would take to chisel Henderson's name into the I. R. A. monument above the graves. "Little more than two hours," he said. The other day, I noticed that the man who engraves the names was 25 behind.

. . .

I'll remember Jim McCann and his brother Brendan, too. The morning after the police captured Jim trying to fire-bomb Queen's University in Belfast, Brendan came to tell me about it. "We'll need about fifty pounds," he said, "for little odds and ends to take to James up in the Crumlin Road Jail and for money to hire a lawyer." He settled for ten pounds. Four hours later, he was on the phone. He was in a pub around the corner and he was in deep trouble, he said.

When I arrived, Brendan was sitting at a table. He was leaning forward, with his head cupped in his two puffy hands. "I'm such a lonely man," he said. "There's my old brother James. He's the

tower of strength, and he's sittin' up in the Crumlin Road Jail. And what am I doin'? All I'm doin' for him is sittin' here nursing this awful head of mine. It's the drink, you know. It's the drink that's got me feeling this way. If only my head would stop pounding."

A dark-haired young woman came through the door of the pub, headed toward Brendan with a determined step. Attached to each of her hands was a small child, a boy on one hand and a girl on the other. "Brendan," she said coldly, "Brendan, you're little better than a criminal. What did you do with the money?"

Brendan looked up. He gave the girl a helpless look, spreading his hands in front of him. "Deirdre," he began, "as God is my judge, I didn't take any money that wasn't mine. And all I did with it, anyway, was buy fruit and newspapers to take to James and your brother Peter up in the Crumlin."

"Brendan, you're twenty-nine years old. You're a married man with four children and you haven't been home to your wife in two days. You haven't been home since you came to my house and talked my mother into giving you that ten pounds you promised you'd take up to the jail to give to the boys for fags and things they need."

"Deirdre, love, let's not go on like this about things you don't understand. I went up to the jail and I took with me all the newspapers and magazines a man could find. I took fruit and I even took three bottles of lime juice laced with vodka."

Brendan shrugged his thick shoulders and threw up his hands. "Wouldn't you know those guards would suspect something from the likes of a McCann? They wouldn't let me leave the lime juice. So what could I do but drink it myself? Deirdre, you understand these things, don't you, love?"

Deirdre sat there across from Brendan, glaring. The waitress came to the table. Brendan's face brightened. "There's a good girl," he said to the waitress. "Bring Deirdre a vodka and peppermint. I'll have another Guinness, too. I do believe my head is beginning to feel a little better."

Brendan finally went to the jail the next day and got straightened out with his brother Jim. I went along with him. Jim McCann's face appeared desperate. "They'll have to kill me to hold me in this place," he said. "I promise you now. I'm getting out."

Two months later, he did escape from the Crumlin. Someone smuggled a file to him and he was able to open the bars on the window of his cell. He made his way to the outer wall, climbed it and came face to face with a British sentry. Incredibly, the sentry thought Jim was part of

(continued on page 194)

BLUE-CHIP FASHION FUTURES

*from playboy's exclusive
international collection:
creative menswear by the
world's top designers*

NOT LONG AGO, the Grand Ballroom of New York's Plaza Hotel was once again center stage for the opening night of Playboy's annual Creative Menswear International Designer Collection—a gala fashion show that was to go on tour of the States and Europe—presided over by our own Fashion Director, Robert L. Green. Although the evening has traditionally been a black-tie affair, this year's invitations read "Dress Beautiful," and (text concluded on page 206)

ABOVE: The Gatsbyesque combination of a wool check jacket, cashmere V-neck, button-down shirt, polka-dot pocket square and check tie worn with flannel slacks, wing tips and a straw hat is a look that could only have been put together by the great Bill Blass.



LEFT: The hell-bent-for-leather needs of the serious motorcyclist inspired Hermès of Paris to create this super-soft duotone calfskin jump suit that features industrial zip closures at front and cuffs, worn with matching gauntlets, fiberglass helmet with visor and a pair of thick-soled lace-up boots. **RIGHT:** Rome's Bruno Piattelli takes his fashion cue from that most traditional of fabrics—tweed—and comes up with a tweed-trimmed knit cardigan, worn with matching tweed slacks and a wool turtleneck.



RIGHT: A rising young Manhattan designer, Tom Fallon, demonstrates a flair for the dramatic with this black-satin trench coat lined in red corduroy and worn over a cashmere pullover, polka-dot scarf and pleated satin slacks. OPPOSITE PAGE: Another New Yorker, John Puntar, who's affiliated with Ben Kahn furs, has applied his talent to the classic toggle coat and offered us a dyed Toscana Spanish lambskin model that features a self-fur lining, worn atop a black-wool turtle-neck and a pair of jeans.





digger's game (continued from page 78)

them all to me. I want thirty checks and I don't want no more'n thirty checks taken. OK?"

"OK," the Digger said.

"The guy I got," the driver said, "it's gonna be important for him the checks went out sometime this month, because he's on vacation and he'll be able to prove where he was all the time. We get checks from one of the other books, they start coming in, he's not gonna be protected. OK?"

"OK," the Digger said. "How'd you meet him, anyway?"

"It was a business thing," the driver said. "He needed some money and this friend of his sent him around to see me."

"Jesus," the Digger said, "I don't know where the hell you'd be without us guys pressed for dough. You'd probably have to go out and work for a living."

"Some guys," the driver said, starting the Jaguar, "some guys need more'n they have, some guys have more'n they need. It's just a matter of getting us together, Dig, that's all it is."

"I'm thinking of changing sides," the Digger said. "If I get through this without doing time, I'm definitely gonna change sides."

"I recommend it," the driver said, "it's lots more comfortable. Still, it shouldn't take you more'n an hour, and you're fifteen hundred bucks ahead of where you were when you closed up tonight."

"Yeah," the Digger said, "one and a half down, sixteen and a half to go. Someday, my friend, I'm gonna get smart, and when I do, well, I just hope you can find another guy is all."

"Digger," the driver said as the fat man began to get out, "as long as they keep making women and horses, there'll always be a guy to find. I'll see you in the morning."

. . .

"You look tired, Dig," Harrington said. "You look like you been up all night or something." Harrington was a foreman at Boston Edison. He worked on Saturdays as a supervisor. He took the Dort Ave. bus home every night; he got off a block away from the intersection of Gallivan Boulevard. The Bright Red was on that corner and he stopped in for a couple of cold ones. Week nights he drank his beer and read the *Record*. Saturdays were quiet and he read the *Record* at work, his feet on the desk and a cardboard container of coffee growing cold beside the portable radio. Saturday nights he talked.

"I was," the Digger said. "You'd think a guy as old as I am'd learn sometime, you can't stay up all night 'thout feeling like hell the next day. Not me, I never learn."

"You out drinking or something?" Harrington asked.

"Nah," the Digger said, "I was down to the Market, I see this guy. I had something to do. I just didn't get around to going home is all. I guess I roll in about four. What the fuck, it's Saturday. It's not like it's the middle of the week, you hadda come in here and bust your ass, everybody gets out of work the same time. I can handle it."

"See, I was wondering," Harrington said. "You look like that, I see you looking like that, I was wondering, maybe you got that problem again."

"Martinis," the Digger said. "No, I didn't have that. That's a funny thing, you know? I think, I haven't had that kind of problem since the first time I was talking to you. Which was a pretty long time, I think. No, that much I learn, I don't drink no more of that stuff, that fuckin' gin. That stuff'll kill you, I know that much. No, it was something else."

"Broads," Harrington said. "You're a stupid shit, Dig, I always told you that. You're a stupid shit, fool around with the broads. That's dumb. I maybe grew up in Saint Columbkille's, I maybe don't know my ass from third base, I'm out here, the chocolate factory, I still know enough, I don't fool around with no broads. I know that much, at least. You're a dumb shit, staying out all night, fool around with broads. It don't change, Dig, you got to know that. The monkey is the monkey, a cunt is a cunt. Why you wasting your time? Oughta go home and sleep."

"I don't fool around," the Digger said.

"OK," Harrington said, "you're an asshole. You stayed up till four in the morning because you wanted to. You're a fuckin' asshole. I thought you had more sense. You're too old for staying out like that. No wonder you look like death warmed over. You stayed out because you wanted to. You're an asshole."

"I had a reason," the Digger said.

"Sure you did," Harrington said. "You wanted to get laid was your reason. You didn't get laid. You're an asshole."

"Look," the Digger said, "I went to Vegas the other week."

"So I hear," Harrington said. "All the high rollers going out to Vegas. 'Look, you dumb shit,' they say to me, 'you can't lose. Up front you pay a grand and they give you eight-twenty back in the chips and the plane ride and the hotel and everything. Broads. You never see the broads like you see the broads in Vegas. Got to fight them off.' So I say: 'OK. I believe you. How come I gotta tell them the name every bank I ever had an account, huh? It's probably, they want to make sure, I'm a nice fellow,

don't want to give the money away, somebody doesn't need it or something. That's probably it.' Oh, no, that's not it. It's just to be sure, you know? They don't want no deadbeats. OK, that's what I'm saying. I'm gonna win, what difference does it make, I'm a deadbeat or not? No difference at all. So all right, I'm not going. They ask me that, the bank accounts, I think they think I'm not gonna win. They think I'm gonna lose is what they think. Now, they been at it a lot longer'n I have. I think I bet with the smart money this time. I think I'm gonna lose, too, and I can't afford to lose. So I'm not going."

"Well," Harrington said, "I dunno if you was around or not, but I take many kinds of shit. The wife won't let me; I don't have no balls; when am I gonna get smart?: all the rest of it. Then everybody goes, and it gets quiet. Beautiful. I actually enjoy coming in here, three or four days, although I think, them millionaires get back from Vegas, I'm gonna have to go down the parish hall, drink tea with the guild, I expect any peace and quiet."

"Then everybody comes back," Harrington said. "Funny thing, I don't hear nothing. Nothing about broads, I don't see anybody with the big roll, nothing. I start to wonder, what is it? Girls wouldn't do it? Nah, can't be that. All you guys talk nice, use the deodorant there. Steaks tough? Frank Sinatra goes there and the steaks're tough? Can't be that. Everybody got airsick? Nah, all you guys're over the Bulge, some of you were in Korea, every single one of you wins the Medal of Honor, at least in here. Beats me. I just can't understand it. See, I *know* you guys didn't lose no money. You're all too smart for that. You all told me so, a lot. So I finally decide, you're being nice to me. I'm Mickey the Dunce and you're all being nice. Out pricing the Cads with all the dough you won, you're just not telling me because you don't want me to feel bad. You guys, you're saints, you know that, Dig? Saints. I said that to my wife."

"You know," the Digger said, "your principal trouble is, you got a big mouth."

"My wife claims that," Harrington said. "She also says I hang around the wrong type of guys and it gets me in trouble, it won't be her fault. She says a lot of things. But then I say: 'Look, did I go to Vegas and win a million dollars? Not me. I'm too smart for that. Nobody fakes old Harrington into winning no million, no sir.' That shuts her up."

"She thinks I'm one of the bad guys," the Digger said.

"She does," Harrington said, "she has said that. But she don't say it no more. I said: 'Look, you like the stereo all right. You give me a lot of stuff and all, but

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tongue-in-cheek remembrances of sundry newsmakers who—in word or deed—made the headlines in '72

THAT WAS THE YEAR THAT WAS

humor **By JUDITH WAX**

The Nielsen charts were dimming
Cute Dickie Cavett's star,
But then the network brass stepped in
And brought him up to Paar.

Our Henry's a hit in Peking or Paire;
He's tops in D. C. or L. A.
The nation's awaiting his how-to-do book:
"The Sensuous Statesman," by K.

Father Phil was brought to trial,
Then back in stir they clamped him.
It seemed severe for smuggled mail.
(Perhaps he hadn't stamped 'em.)

When Winnipeg signed Bobby,
The Black Hawks lost their king.
They moaned, "Quick! Alka-Seltzer!
We hate the Hull-l-l thing!"

"Drunk driver Tom," wrote Anderson.
The proof? Well, there was none.
The guilty guy, it seems, was Jack,
Of reckless hit and run.

Can a pol turn TV star?
So they asked of Cleveland's Stokes.
New York newsmen Carl says, "Sure!
Diff'rent Stokes for diff'rent folks."

Those guys who needled Martha's rump
Were terribly unkind.
The rules say Martha gives, not gets,
A pain in the behind.

Willie Mays became a Met;
New Yorkers, they yelled, "Say hey!"
San Francisco wanted him
But not his Giant pay-hey.

Dick threw Liz a birthday blast;
Her new rock weighs a ton.
It proves the women's mags are right:
Forty can be fun!

While George and Richard did their best,
It wasn't quite enough.
Burt Reynolds got the ladies' vote
For posing in the buff.



Feisty Miss Fonda went over to 'Nam,
Where critical things she did say.
Capitol Hill then bravely resolved
To take Janie's Oscar away.

Egypt's Sadat had the Russians get out.
His language was measured and stately,
Saying, to wit, Oh you once gave a dam,
But what have you done for us lately?

Bill Proxmire got himself a "lift"
And grafted falling hairs in place.
We hope in time he won't be just
Another pretty Senate face.

Ms. Chisholm sought high office,
The Presidential prize.
They turned her off when Shirley said,
"I don't wash windows, guys."

A great new act was born last year,
And no doubt William Morris
Will sign those stars of Chess-capades:
Bobby-boy and Boris.

Some call Alice Cooper strange;
We cannot think what for.
Alice is as average as
The boy-girl-it next door.

"The Godfather"—who'd get the role?
We never doubted whom they'd choose.
"Don" Brando obviously made
An offer they could not refuse.

Tiny's missus wished to work;
It sorely strained the match.
Tim believes a woman's place
Is in the tulip patch.

Miss Hollander wrote, "Happiness?
A hooker can achieve it!"
Poor thing—she loved America
So much they made her leave it.

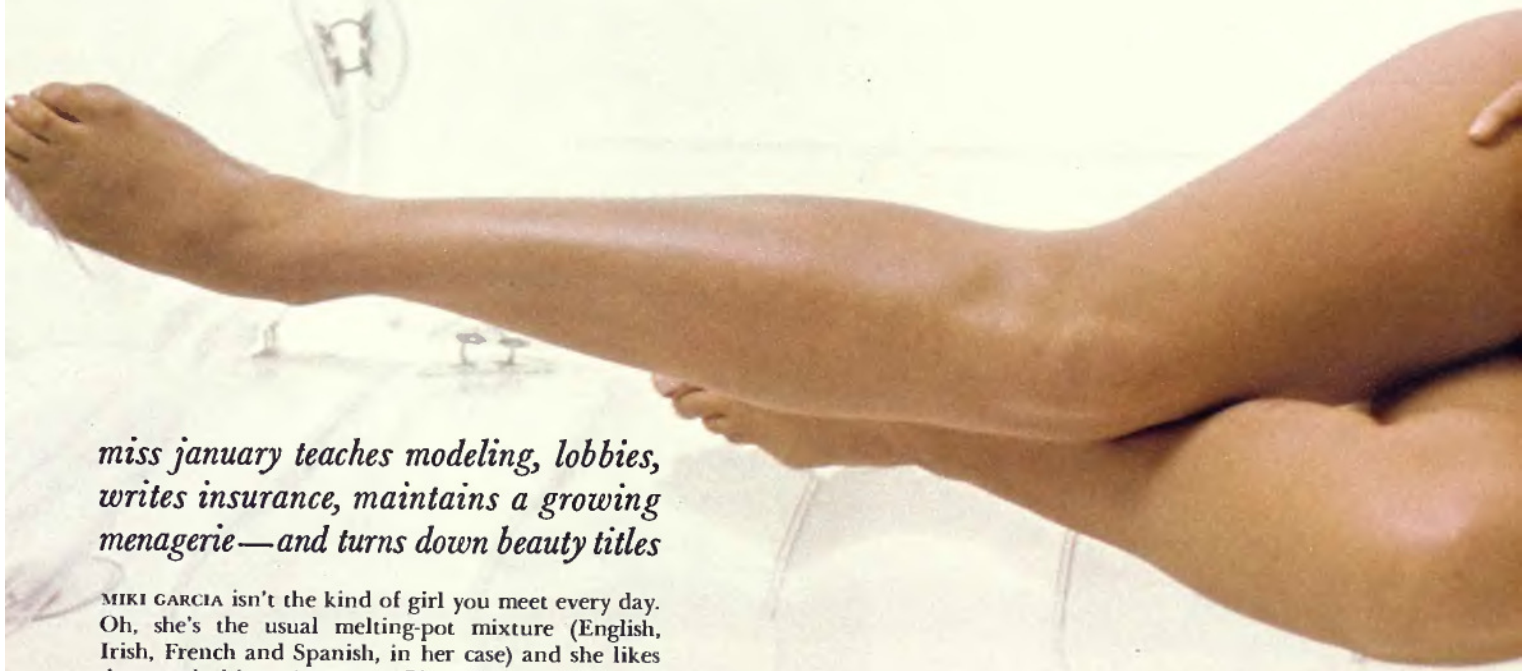
When Clifford Irving pitched his book,
He hadn't meant to brag.
He simply thought that Van Pallandt
Was Howard Hughes in drag.



Go-Getter

miss january teaches modeling, lobbies, writes insurance, maintains a growing menagerie—and turns down beauty titles

MIKI GARCIA isn't the kind of girl you meet every day. Oh, she's the usual melting-pot mixture (English, Irish, French and Spanish, in her case) and she likes the usual things (popcorn, Tom Jones, *All in the Family*). But how many women—or men—you know could sustain Miki's frenetic pace? Besides working at two jobs—as a Sacramento model and an insurance underwriter—25-year-old Miki is an amateur lobbyist for homeless animals, civic fund raiser, volunteer instructor for a class of Mexican-American teenaged girls who want to break into the modeling field, assistant director of an annual beauty pageant and owner of three hens, three cats, four pigeons, a rooster and a pair of rabbits. Miki is so busy, in fact, that after winning a dozen contest titles, she turned down the 13th and biggest, that of Miss California World—not because she's superstitious but because it would have conflicted with other commitments, foremost of which was her date to be a Playmate. Miki grew up as an







Keeping up with Miki is a full-time job. She may be appealing to the Rotary Club for beauty-contest sponsors (above), enrolling students in her modeling class for Mexican-American teenagers at the Sacramento Concilio center (top right) or maintaining the outstanding Garcia swimming form.





At near right, Miki buttonholes a legislar friend, state assemblyman Walter Karabian, to enlist his support for Pets & Pals, Inc., a local humane society; at far right, time out for a fast hot dog.

Air Force brat, living in ten cities in four countries before settling in the Sacramento area in 1968. Her Spanish surname, in a locale of lingering anti-chicano bias, caused her some minor problems at first. "Now that I'm better known in town, I do what I can to combat prejudice," she says. "Before the Miss California-Bikini contest, of which I'm assistant director, I combed the countryside making speeches at intertribal council and civic meetings, signing up Indian, Mexican and black contestants. I was sick of all-white beauty contests." This month, Miki and pageant director Jane Pope, a local PR consultant, plan to internationalize their bikini competition with a contest in Hong Kong. Another new side line is the Mikini swimsuit, designed by Miki and crocheted as a fund-raising project by women from a predominantly black Baptist church. What makes Miki run? "I'm not really an activist," she says. "I just want to help people. But this pace is beginning to get to me. Like last night: One of my hens refused to sit, and I was up till all hours hatching eggs under an electric blanket, then feeding chicks with an eye dropper. I'm a wreck." We disagree.





PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

MISS JANUARY



Getting ready for the Miss California-Bikini pageant, which was a highlight of the California Exposition and State Fair in September, mistress of ceremonies Miki dresses (above left) and coaches a Mexican-American contestant, Yolanda Weeks (above right). Below, back at the suburban home she shares with her pets, Miki relaxes at last—and catches up on family news with her brother, Kent.



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

The husband was perusing a detailed sex manual and his wife asked why. He replied that he was tired of being in the same old rut. "But I don't understand," she protested.

"Well," said the husband, "let me put it to you another way. . . ."

We understand that the ecumenical movement has reached a milestone with agreement on the text of the first Jewish-Catholic prayer—one that begins, "Oy vay, Maria."



"I'm writing a letter home," explained the GI to the chaplain, "and I'm stuck on something. Sir, is there a hyphen in hard on?"

"Son," gasped the clergyman, "whatever are you telling your folks in that letter?"

"Just this, sir," answered the soldier. "I'm telling Mom and Dad we're finally able to attend services in your field chapel—the one we all worked so hard on."

We've been told that acupuncture fees in China are so modest that they're referred to as pin money.

The pro quarterback was petitioning the court to have his recent marriage annulled. "On what grounds?" questioned the judge.

"Nonvirginity," replied the quarterback. "When I married her, I thought I was getting a tight end, but instead I found I've gotten a wide receiver."

"My timing is terrible," commented one park-bencher to another.

"What do you mean, George?"

"Now that the sexual revolution has arrived, I seem to have run out of ammunition."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *Chinese Casanova* as a Don Whong.

Three girls had been arrested for streetwalking and arraigned in night court. When the judge demanded an explanation from the first, she said that she was a night-club hat-check girl who had simply been walking home. When he questioned the second young thing, she gave him the same answer. Turning to the third, he said, "And I suppose you're a hat-check girl, too."

"No, your Honor," she confessed. "I'm a prostitute."

Amused by her frankness, the judge said, "Really? How's business these nights?"

"Lousy," the pro retorted, "with all these hat-check girls around."

The Scottish sergeant major walked into a Glasgow drugstore and took a beat-up condom out of his kilt. "How much, mon," he asked the proprietor, "would it cost to fix this?"

"Let's see," murmured the druggist. "I could launder and disinfect it, heat-weld the holes and tears and insert a new elastic in the top. That would cost you two shillings, the same as the price of a new one." The sergeant major said that he would think it over.

He returned the next day.

"Ye've convinced us, mon," he announced. "The rregiment has decided to rreplace."

A frank female rebel named Glutz
Disdained any ifs, ands or buts;

When they asked what she'd need

To be totally freed

Of her hang-up, her answer was "Nuts!"

Howls from the men's room caused the bartender and several patrons to race in. "Every time I flush this thing," insisted the querulous drunk, "it bites me!"

"Of course it does," the bartender laughed. "You're sitting on the mop bucket."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *nipple* as a titular head.



My blind date last night turned out to be your ex-boyfriend," groaned the secretary to her roommate, "and, believe me, now I know why you referred to him as the wild Texas longhorn."

The Italian immigrant traveling from New York City to Charleston, South Carolina, by train arrived at his destination in bad humor. "What happened, Carlo?" asked the cousin who met him at the station.

"Goddamn conductor tella me no do too many things," fumed the *paisano*. "I take outa my sandawich and he say, 'No—inna dining car.' I starta drinka some *vino* and he say, 'No—inna clubba car.' So I go inna clubba car, meeta girl and she go inna empty compartament with me and then goddamn conductor comes alonga yelling, 'No'foka Virginia, no'foka Virginia!'"

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.



"As a matter of fact, it did come with some interesting interchangeable accessories."

THE INSIDE OUTSIDE COMPLEX

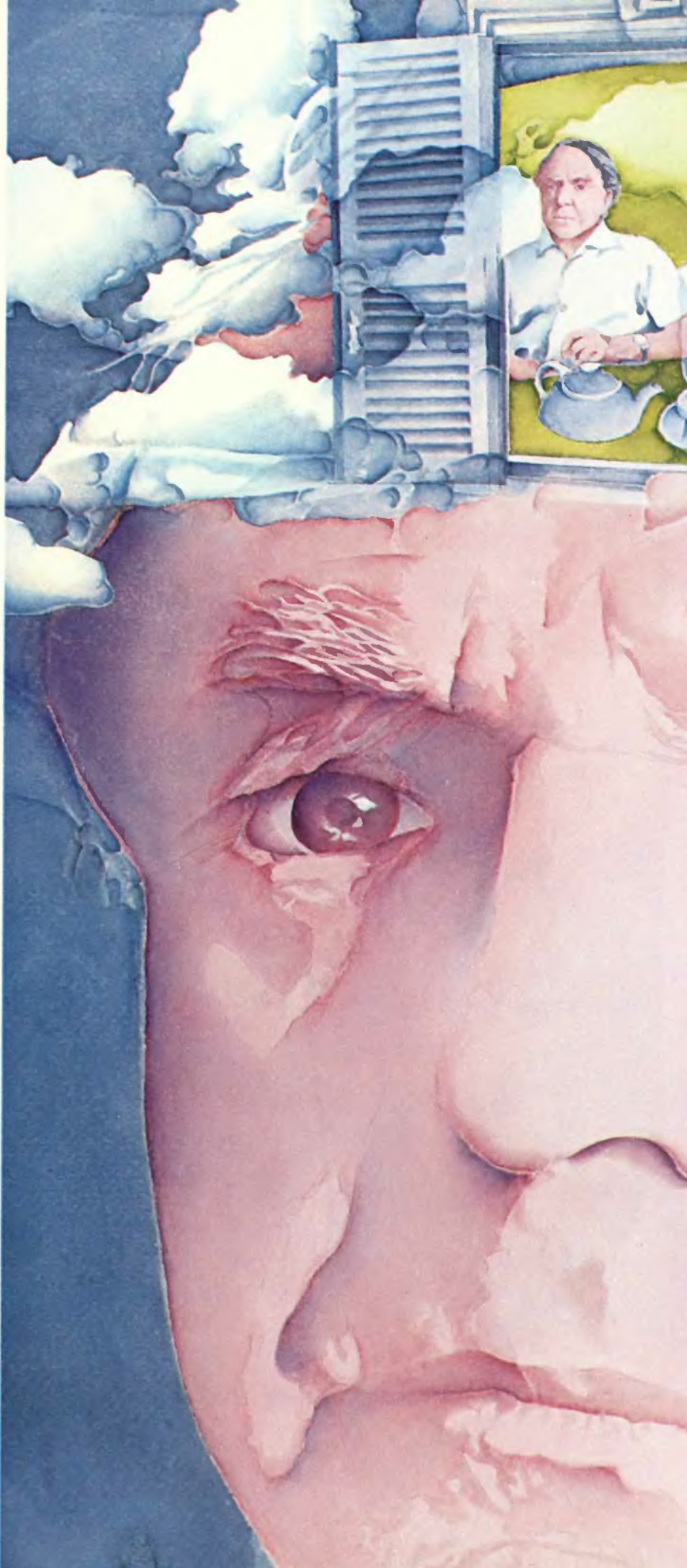
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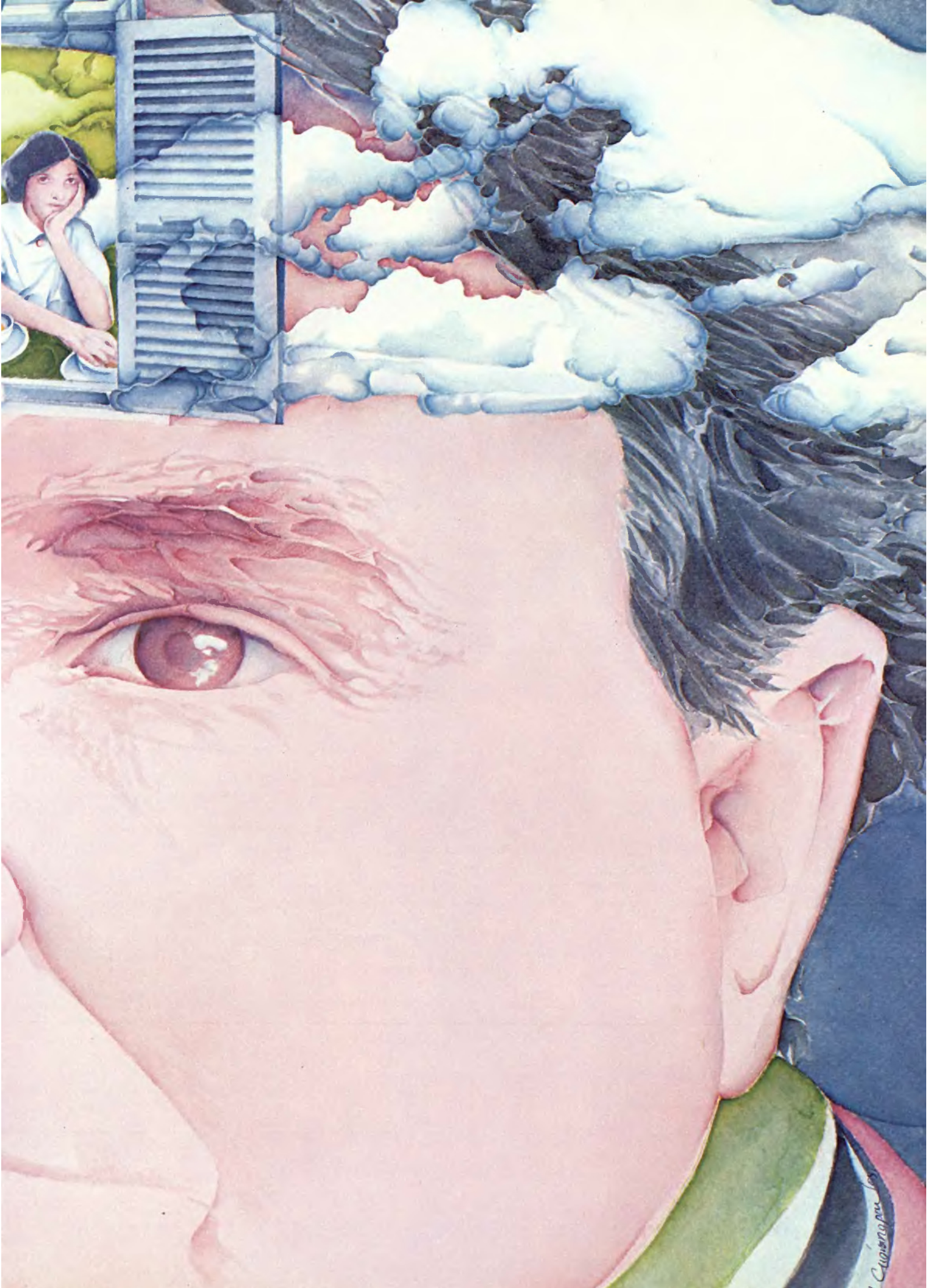
BY SEAN O'FAOLAIN

*framed in the window she was—
a pearly promise of connubial bliss*

SO THEN, a dusky Sunday afternoon in Bray at a quarter to five o'clock, lighting-up time at 5:15, November first, All Souls' Eve, dedicated to the suffering souls in purgatory, Bertie Bolger, bachelor, aged 41 or so, tubby, ruddy, graying, well known as a dealer in antiques, less well known as a conflater thereof, walking briskly along the sea front, head up to the damp breezes, singing in a soldierly basso, "My breast expanding to the ball," turns smartly into the lounge of the Imperial Hotel for a hot toddy.

The room, lofty, widespread, Victorian, gilded, overfurnished, as empty as the ocean, and not warm. The single fire small and smoldering. Bertie presses the bell for service, divests himself of his bowler, his vicuña overcoat, his lengthy scarf striped in black, red, green and white, the colors of Trinity College, Dublin (which he has never attended), sits in a chintzy armchair before the fire, pokes it into a blaze, leans back and is at once invaded by a clear-cut knowledge of what month it is and an uneasy feeling about its date. He might earlier have adverted to both if he had not, during his perambulation, been preoccupied with the problem of how to transform a 20th Century buhl cabinet, now in his possession, into an 18th Century ditto that might plausibly be attributed to the original M. Boulle. This preoccupation had permitted him to glance at but not to observe either the red gasometer by the harbor inflated to its winter zenith or the hay barn beside the dairy beyond the gasometer packed with cubes of hay, or the fuel yard, facing the hay barn beside the dairy beyond the gasometer, heavily stocked with mountainettes of coal, or the many vacancy signs in the lodginghouses along the sea front, or the hoardings on the pagoda below the promenade where his mother, God rest her, had once told him he had been wheeled as a coifed baby in a white pram to hear Mike Nono singing "I do liuke to be besuide the seasiude, I do liuke to be





beside the sea," or, most affectingly of all, if he only heeded them, the exquisite, dying leaves of the hydrangeas in the public gardens, pale green, pale yellow, frost white, spiking the air above once-purple petals that now clink softly in the breeze like tiny sea shells.

He suddenly jerks his head upright, sniffing desolation, looks slowly about the lounge, locates in a corner of it some hydrangeas left standing too long in a brass pot of unchanged water, catapults himself from the chair with a "Jaysus! Five years to the bloody day!" dons his coat, his comforter and his bowler hat and exits rapidly to make inland toward the R.C. church. For days after she died, the house had retained that rank funereal smell. Tomorrow morning a Mass must be said for the repose of his mother's soul, still, maybe—who knows? Only God knows!—suffering in the flames of purgatory.

It is the perfect and pitiless testing date, day and hour for any seaside town in these northern islands. A week or two earlier and there might still have been a few lingering visitors, a ghost of summer's lukewarmth, a calmer sea, its waves unheard and, the hands of the summer time clocks not yet put backward, another hour of daylight. This expiring Sunday, the light is dim, the silence heavy, the town turned in on itself. As he walks through the side avenues between the sea and the main street, past rows of squat bungalows, every garden drooping, past grenadiers of red brick, lace curtained, past ancient cement-faced cottages with sagging roofs, he is informed by every fanlight, oblong or half-moon, blank as night or distantly lit from the recesses behind each front door, that there is some kind of life asleep or snoozing behind number 51, SAINT ANTHONY'S, LIL-JOE'S, FATIMA, 59 (odd numbers on this side), THE BILLOWS, SWAN LAKE, 67, SLIEVEMISH, SEA VIEW, names in white paint, numbers in adhesive celluloid. Every one of them gives a chuck to the noose of loneliness about his neck. I live in Dublin. I am a guest in a guesthouse. I am Mr. B. I lunch on weekdays at the United Services Club. I dine at the Yacht Club. Good for biz. Bad for Sundays, restaurants shut, homeless. Pray for the soul of Mrs. Mary Bolger, of Tureenlahan, County Tipperary, departed this life five years ago. Into thy hands, O Lord.

On these side avenues, only an odd front window is lit. Their lights flow searingly across little patches of grass called front gardens, privet hedged, Lonicera hedged, mass concrete hedged. PRIVATE. KEEP OFF. As he passed one such light, in what a real-estate agent would have called a picture window, he was so shaken by what he saw inside that after he had passed he halted, looked cautiously about him, turned and walked slowly back to

peep in again. What had gripped his attention through the unsuspecting window had been a standing lamp in brass with a large pink shade, and beneath its red glow, seated in an armchair with her knees crossed, a bare-armed woman reading a folded magazine, one hand blindly lifting a teacup from a Moorish side table, holding the cup immobile while she concentrated on something that had detained her interest. By the time he had returned, she was sipping from the cup. He watched her lay it down, throw the magazine aside and loop forward on two broad knees to poke the fire. Her arms looked strong. She was full-breasted. She had dark hair. In that instant, B. B. became a voyeur.

The long avenue suddenly sprang its public lights. Startled, he looked up and down the empty perspective. It was too cold for evening strollers. He was aware that he was trembling with fear. He did not know what else he was feeling except that there was nothing sexy to it. To calm himself, he drew back behind the pillar of her garden gate whose name plate caught his eye. LORELEI. He again peeped around the side of the pillar. She was dusting her lap with her two palms. She was very dark, a western type, a Spanish-Galway type, a bit heavy. He could not discern the details of the room beyond the circle of light from the pink lamp, and was he glad of this! It made everything more mysterious, removed, suggestive, as if he were watching a scene on a stage. His loneliness left him, his desolation, his longing. He wanted only to be inside there, safe, secure and satisfied.

"Ah, good evening, Bertiel!" she cried to the handsome man who entered her room with the calm smile of complete *sang-froid*. "I am so glad, Bertie, you dropped in on me. Do tell me your news, darling. How is the antique business? Come and warm your poor, dear hands. It is going to be a shivering night. Won't you take off your coat? Tea? No? What about a drink? I know exactly what you want, my pet. I will fix it for you. I have been waiting and waiting for you to come all the livelong day, melting with longing and love."

As he gently closed the door of the cozy little room, she proffered her hand in a queenly manner, whereupon our hero, as was fitting, leaned over it—because you never really do kiss a lady's hand, you merely breathe over it—and watched her eyes asking him to sit opposite her.

The woman rose, took her tea tray and the room was suddenly empty. Her toe hooked the door all but a few inches short of shut. He was just as pleased whether she was in the room or out of it. All he wanted was to be inside her room. As he stared, her naked arm came slowly back into the room between the door

and the jamb, groping for the light switch. A plain gold bangle hung from the wrist. The jamb dragged back the shoulder of her blouse so that he saw the dark hair of her armpit. The window went black.

He let out a long, whistling breath like a safety valve and resumed his long perambulation until he saw a similar light streaming from the window of an identical bungalow well ahead of him on the opposite side of the roadway. He padded rapidly toward it. As he reached its identical square cement gate pillars, he halted, looked backward and forward and then guardedly advanced a tortoise nose beyond the edge of the pillar to peep into the room. A pale, dawnlike radiance, softly tasseled, hinted at comfortable shapes, a sofa, small occasional chairs, a pouf, a bookcase, heavy gleams of what could be silver or could be EPNS. Here, too, a few tongues of fire. In the center of the room, a tall, thin, elderly man in a yellow cardigan, but not wearing a jacket or tie, stood so close beside a young girl with a blonde waterfall of hair as to form with her a single unanalyzable shape. He seemed to be speaking. He stroked her smooth poll. They were like a still image out of a silent film. They were presumably doing something simple, natural and intimate. But what? They drew apart abruptly and the girl, while stooping to pick up some shining object from a low table, looked in the same movement straight out through the window. B. B. was so taken by surprise that he could not stir, even when she came close to the window, looked up at the sky, right and left, as if to see if it were raining, turned back, laughed inaudibly, waved the small silver scissors in her hand.

In that instant, at that gesture, sometime after 5:15 on the afternoon of November first, the town darkening, the sky lowering, his life passing, a vast illumination broke like a sunrise upon his soul. At the shut time of the year, all small towns become smaller and smaller, dwindle from out of doors to in of doors; from long beaches, black roads, green fields, wide sun, to kitchens, living rooms, bedrooms, locked doors, drawn blinds, whispers, prayers, muffling blankets, nose-hollowed pillows; from making to mending; to littler and littler things, like this blonde Rapunzel with a scissors and a needle; all ending in day-dreaming, and night dreaming, and dreamless sleeping. How pleasant life could be in that declension to a white arm creeping between a door and a jamb, bare but for a circle of gold about a wrist and a worn wedding ring on one heavy finger. But I am outside. When the town is asleep in one another's arms, I will sleep under the walls. No wife. No child. Mr. B.

The head lamps of a motorcar sent
(continued on page 142)

humor **By RALPH KEYES** JESSE GOLDSTEIN looked up at the faces hovering over him that spring evening in 1971. A little representative of the South Vietnamese government would be speaking soon and the waiting University of Connecticut students were growing restless. Lined up single file in front of the auditorium, the mob cracked and undulated like a snake about to strike. A single undersized cop tried to keep order.

Suddenly, a cry rang out: "Let's get that shrimp cop!"

Click! A lifetime of simmering fury raced through Goldstein's 5'4" frame. The years of taunts, of jeers, of people telling him to stand up when he was already on tiptoe, came bubbling to the surface. Goldstein's fist shot low into the air and from his mouth came a shout soon to be heard round the world:

"Short power!"

A few months later, disc jockey Mike Miller sat in his Wichita home watching television. The Jolly Green Giant was casting peas from on high and Miller shifted his 5'3½" body uncomfortably. Then credits appeared on the screen for *The Longest Day*.

Click! Miller shot bolt upright, his body laced with agony. "Why not *The Shortest Day* for once?" The pain intensified. "And how come there isn't a Jolly Green Midget?" Miller's teeth gnashed with anguished insight. The next day, a grimly determined gremlin launched Mike Miller's Miniclub on his radio show, banning listeners over 5'4".

In another part of the country, at the same time of year, Wendell Wagner was perusing the bulletin board of New College in Sarasota, Florida, straining his toes and

*up against the wall, six-foot oppressors!
uh, not that far up, please*



occasionally hopping off the ground to read the higher notices. There were demands posted on behalf of women, gays—

Click! Click! The sophomore lowered his heels and pulled his frame up to its full 4'10" height. The next day, a list of Short People's Demands was posted a few inches below the bulletin board. Among Wagner's proposals were a low student center, bodyguards to prevent short students from getting stepped on and mandatory courses on all aspects of tall oppression and the history of short people.

Unknown to one another, Goldstein, Miller and Wagner were firing the opening salvos in a movement aimed at the very ankles of American society: the struggle against heightism.

Evidence of heightism in American society is overwhelming. Surveys consistently show that tall people are hired sooner, paid more and promoted faster than those of shorter stature. The Little Lie prevails in sports, corporate life, schools, the media and the very fabric of the English language, as Americans are led to believe that tall is terrific, short, silly. Examples of this discrimination abound.

Sold on height: A survey of 140 sales recruiters found that 72 percent chose a hypothetical 6'1" applicant over an equally qualified 5'5" candidate. Another study, conducted by a University of Pittsburgh administrator, found that a sample of their graduates six feet and over averaged significantly higher starting salaries than those shorter. Bonuses paid by companies ran 12.4 percent for candidates 6'2", compared with 4.2 percent for candidates graduated *cum laude*.

Police and fire departments are the biggest bigots, rarely accepting anyone under 5'7" or 5'8". Detroit's Sanshiro Miyamoto, though only 5'5", wants to be a cop so badly he's been sleeping in traction trying to reach the Detroit Police Department's heightist limit two inches above him. Weights on his legs got him only an inch and a half, so Miyamoto has been having his wife pound him over the head with a board, trying to raise the other half inch. He failed.

Pituitary politics: Every American President elected in this century save Calvin Coolidge was the taller candidate. (Results of the 1972 elections were unavailable at presstime.) Over a century ago, one study of the U. S. Senate revealed that the average Senator was 5'10½" tall, a height several inches above the national average at that time.

This study, completed in 1866, came shortly after the Altamont of heightist politics, when big Abe Lincoln brutally oppressed "The Little Giant" Stephen Douglas by winning more votes and getting elected President.

Little Edgar Hoover's long reign as

FBI director provided small consolation to short people. He claimed to be 5'9", instead of his actual 5'7", and kept his office chair screwed up high, the better to hover over visitors sitting before him in a low-slung couch.

Even when someone small such as Henry Kissinger "rises to the occasion," detractors tower above them, like Robert McNamara, who is alleged to have said of Kissinger, "Henry is, above all, a short man, and that complicates him—intellectually, physically, sexually, and so forth."

Sports shorts: Sports are a nightmare for the small, basketball being only the most obvious example. Even stars such as Houston Rocket guard Calvin Murphy (5'9") and New England Patriot end Randy Vataha (5'10") were drafted late, then had to "prove themselves." After being cut by the Rams, Vataha got picked up by the Patriots only at big Jim Plunkett's behest. Some sports, of course, favor little people, but who ever hears of them? Quick—name the winner of last year's Kentucky Derby. Riva Ridge, right. Now name the jockey. Or how about Enrique Pinder? He's the world bantamweight boxing champ.

Even when a small athlete does make it big, the sneering press goes berserk:

When Miami's 5'7" Garo Yepremian kicked a field goal to beat Kansas City in the 1971 A.F.C. play-offs, reporters crawled all over themselves in search of demeaning descriptives. "Somehow," wrote *Sports Illustrated*, "it would—must, surely, on Christmas Day—come to this. That the longest game in the history of American professional football would be decided by the smallest player on the field."

Media microshots: This nation's media are the worst perpetrators of heightist stereotypes. "Feisty," usually followed by "little," is the newspapers' favorite description of any untall person who doesn't shuffle and grin like Mickey Rooney (as in "Alabama's feisty little Governor George Wallace").

Jay Rockefeller is "tall, tanned and toothy" to the press, and Miami Beach Police Chief Rocky Pomerance is "a big, bright, benign bruiser." Roman Polanski, on the other hand, is described by a "friend" as "the original five-foot Pole you wouldn't touch anyone with." Favorite press epithets for small winners include diminutive, bantam, pint-sized, sawed-off, gnomish, mousy and molelike.

Language atrocities: The English language is based on an implicit heightist bias. Compare "look up to," for example, with "look down upon." Or "getting high" with "feeling low." Why are customers never long-changed? How come a person who gets shafted isn't

ever given "tall shrift"? Must our language stoop so high?

Short rage: When George Wallace was shot by Arthur Bremer, the press completely overlooked the heightist issue involved. The contretemps was dealt with purely in terms of its effect on the elections and as a manifestation of U. S. violence. But what of the implications of a man 5'6" firing at one 5'7"? Might not Bremer have been filled with short rage and been identifying with the oppressor in a symbolic act of self-hatred? Wallace was the symbol of diminutive uppitiness, "the fighting little judge," a man of whom his six-foot mother-in-law could say: "Why, George is hardly titty-high, but he's a giant."

Such comments might be a red cape for small assassins, filled with short shame. In fact, most Presidential assassins in this country have been small—or, as a pseudoliberal report to the violence commission put it, "not tall."

Giuseppe Zangara, five feet tall, even had to stand on a chair to get a shot at Franklin Roosevelt in 1933. He missed.

Reveille for runts: When Jesse Goldstein's fist slashed the air, he stood small and solitary. Goldstein called a few rallies but each time found himself alone, arms crisscrossed over his chest, singing *We Shall Undercome*. A petite university secretary did volunteer her Saint Bernard to pull carts filled with movement people.

By the time Wendell Wagner tacked down his list of demands just months later, consciousness was changing. Several newspapers reported his efforts and he received nine sympathetic letters. Six small students at the University of California at Davis wrote: "Hurrah for genetically superior shorts (excluding Bermudas)!"

Mike Miller, for his part, received nearly 300 letters from pint-sized and proud listeners who wanted to join his Miniclub. All signed cards reading, "I, ___ feet, ___ inches, am proud to be small, and do hereby swear to look down on big people." Members agreed to boycott heightist establishments, such as restaurants that purposely install their counters above eye level.

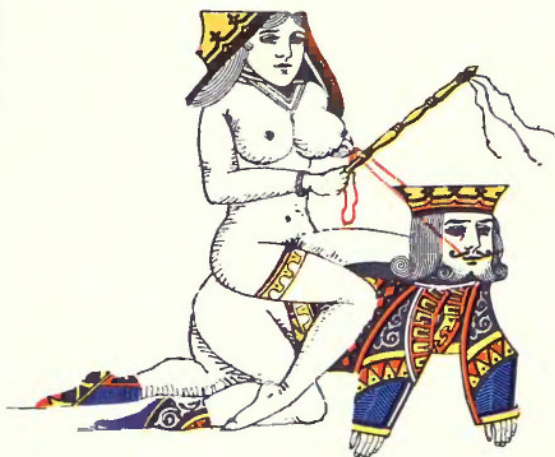
A movement was tottering to its feet. Confused, disorganized, hard to spot—but a movement.

Power to the pips! Support began cropping up in unlikely places. Assistant Secretary of the Treasury Edwin Cohen, 5'5", suggested in a speech that Americans under 5'6" should pay only half the taxes of taller people to compensate "for the inequities thrust upon the short people of the world." Merle Haggard recorded *Billy Overcame His Size*, which described well the agony of growing up small. (An unfortunate cop-out ending

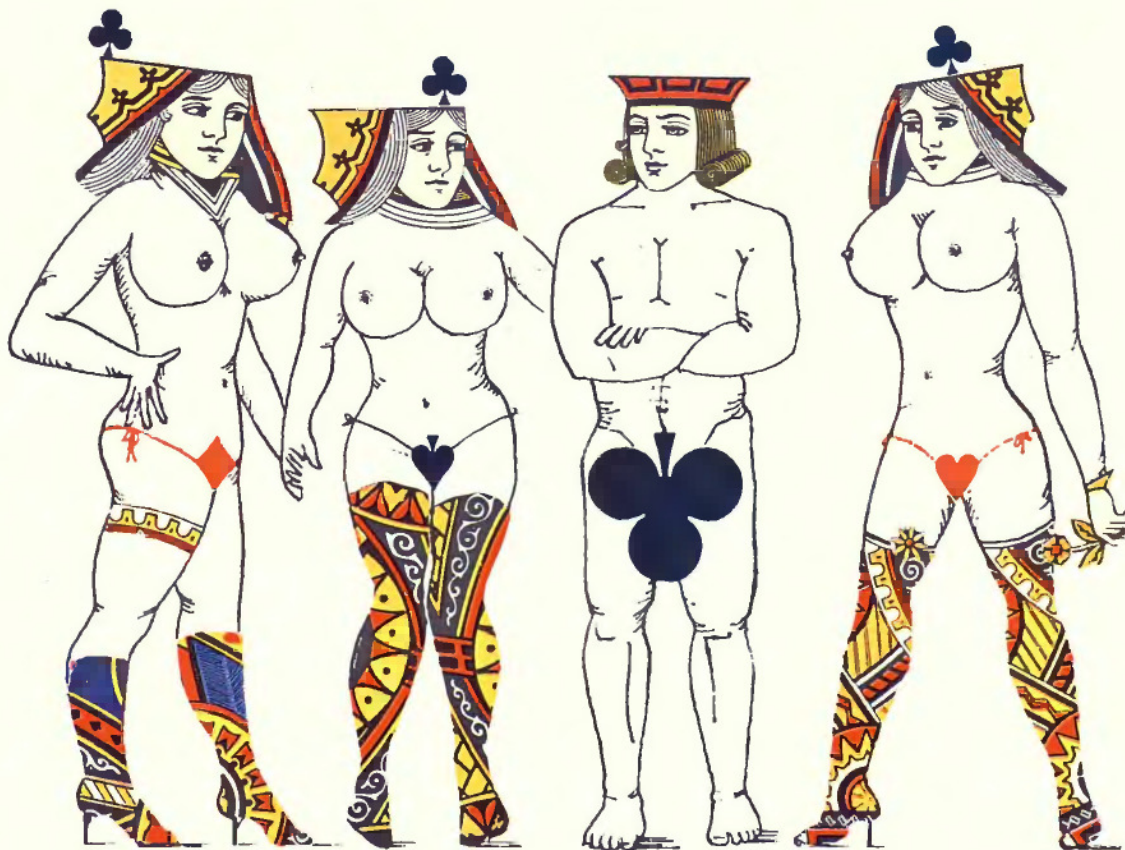
(continued on page 236)

IT'S ALL IN THE CARDS

king, queen and knavery—artist françois colos' kinky twists to an old fortunetelling shtick



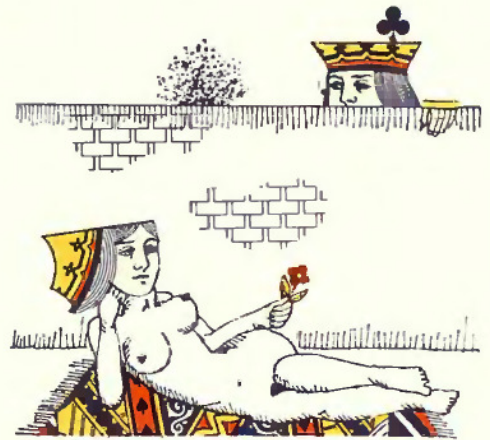
As the Brahma once said: "Walking is not the only way to the Shrine of the Ancient Ones."



Though you are different from those about you, be undaunted, for their attention is actually motivated by admiration and may ultimately be turned to your advantage.



Be not afraid to seek new avenues of approach.



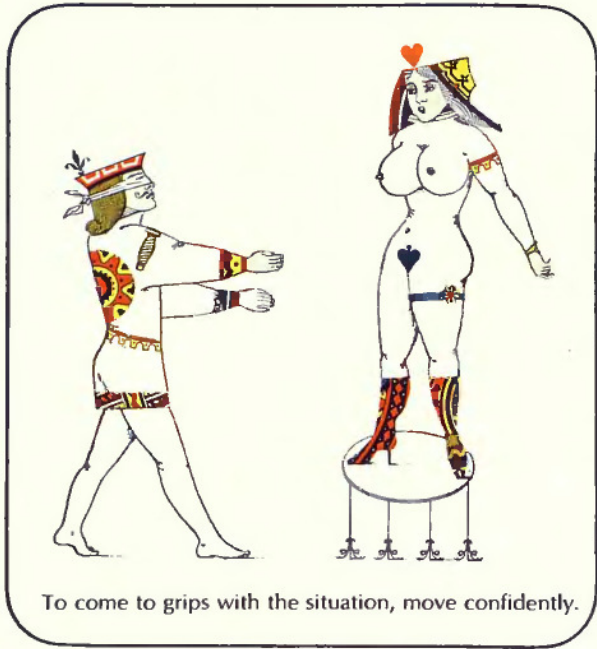
You don't know the inspiration your beauty is to others.



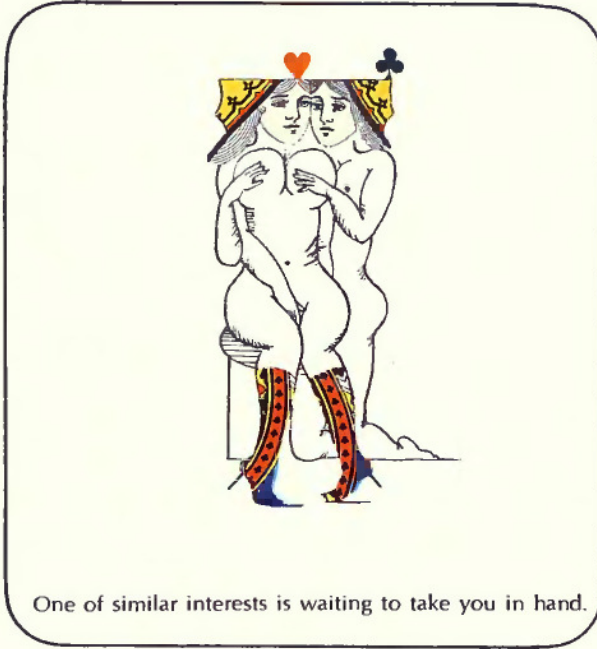
Fulfillment will soon be yours if you exercise restraint.



Beware of flashy dudes



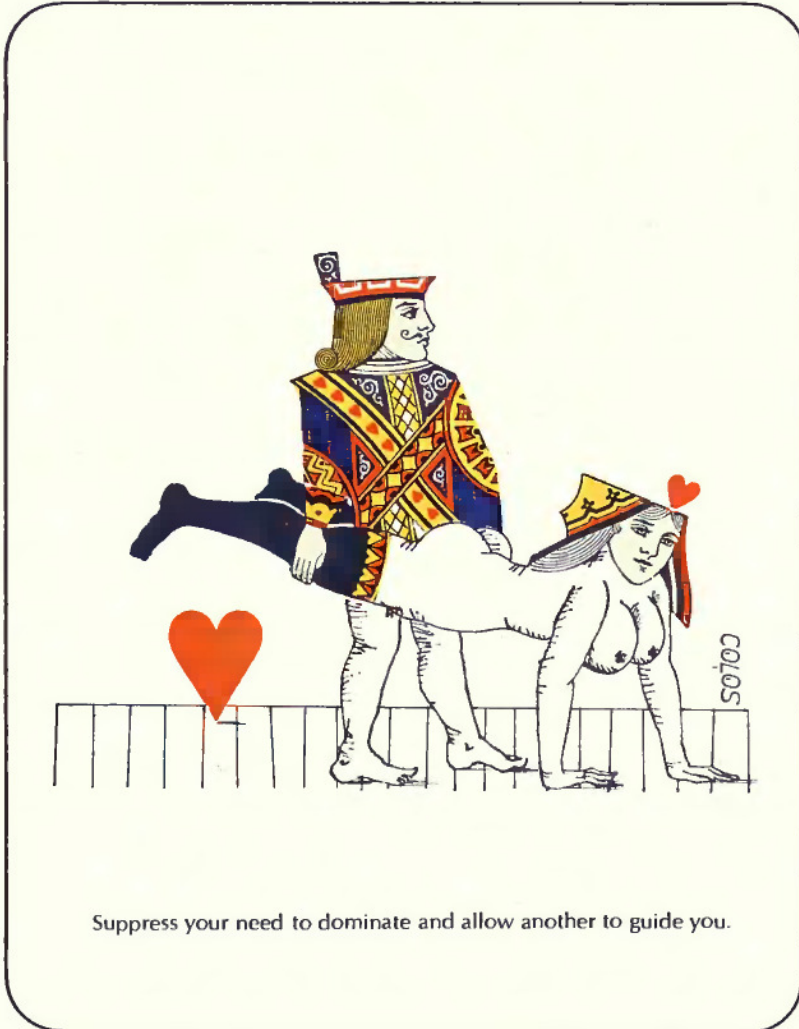
To come to grips with the situation, move confidently.



One of similar interests is waiting to take you in hand.



who whistle dirty songs.



Suppress your need to dominate and allow another to guide you.

him scurrying down an unlighted lane that may once have led to the mews of tall houses long since leveled to make room for these hundreds of little bungalows. In this abandoned lane, the only window light was one tiny, lofty aperture in the inverted V of a gable rising like a castle out of tall trees. Below it, at eye level, the lane was becoming pitch-dark. Above it, a sift of tattered light between mourning clouds. Hissing darkness. A sheaving wind. The elms were spiky, as if the earth's hair were standing on end. He stiffened. A bird's croak? A sleepless nest? A far-off bark? He stared up at the tiny box of light whose inaccessibility was so much part of its incitement that when it went black like a fallen candle, he uttered a "Hal" of delight. He would never know who had put a finger on the switch of that floating room. A maidservant about to emerge into the town? To go where? To meet whom? A boy's den? An old woman lumbering down the long stairs?

That Monday morning, B. B. was laughing happily at himself. Bertie Bolger, the well-known dealer! The Peeping Tom from Tipperary! That was a queer bloody fit I took! And Jaysus, I forgot all about the mother again: Well, she will have to wait until next year now, though surely to God they'll let her out before then? Anyway, what harm did she ever do bar that snobby way she treated every girl I ever met? If it weren't for her, I might have been married 20 years ago to that Raven girl I met in 1950 in Arklow. And a hot piece she was, too. . . .

The next Sunday evening, he was padding softly around the back roads of Bray. He could not locate the old-man-blond-girl bungalow. He winked up at the little cube of light. But Lorelei was dark. The next two Sundays it was raining too heavily for prowling. On the fourth Sunday, the window of Lorelei was brilliantly lighted and there she was, plying a large dressmaker's scissors on some colored stuff laid across a gate-legged table under the bare electric bulb whose brightness diminished the ideality of the room, increased the attractions of the dressmaker. Broad cheekbones, like a red Indian; raven hair; the jerky head of a blackbird alert at a drinking pool. He longed to touch one of those fingers, broad at the tip like a little spade. Twice the lights of oncoming cars made him walk swiftly away, bowler hat down on nose, collar up. A third time he fled from light pouring out of the door of the adjacent bungalow and a woman hurrying down its path with her overcoat over her head and shoulders. Loping away fast, he turned in fright to the running feet behind him and saw her

coat ends vanish under the suddenly lighted door lamp of Lorelei. Damn! A visitor. Spoiling it all. Yet he came back to his watching post, as mesmerized as a man in a picture gallery who returns again and again to *Portrait of Unknown Woman* from scores of portraits of identified women in other rooms, unable to tell why this one face made him so happy. The intruder, he found, made no difference to his pleasure.

"Jenny! Isn't that a ring at the door? Who the devil can that be?"

"I bet that will be Mrs. Ennis from next door, she promised to give me a hand with these curtains, you don't mind, darling, do you?"

"Mind! I'm glad you have friends, Molly."

"Ho-ho! I've lots of friends."

"Boyfriends, Katy?"

"Go 'long with you, you ruffian, don't you ever think of anything but the one thing?"

"Can you blame me, with a lovely creature like you to be there teasin' me all day long, don't stir, I'll let her in."

In? To what? There might be a husband and a pack of kids, and at once he had to sell his *Portrait of Unknown Woman* for the known model, not being the sort of artist who sees a model's face below his window, runs out, drags her in and spends weeks, maybe months, looking for her reality on his canvas.

Every Sunday he kept coming back and back to that appealing, roseate window, until one afternoon, when he saw her again at her tea, watched her for a while, then boldly clanged her black gate wide open, boldly strode up her path, leaped up three steps to the door, rang the bell. A soft rain had begun to sink over the town. The day was gone. A far grumble of waves from the shingle. She opened the door. So close, so solid, so near, so real he could barely recognize her. His silence made her lift her head sideways in three interrogatory jerks. She had a slight squint, which he would later consider one of her most enchanting accomplishments—she might have been looking at another man behind his shoulder. He felt the excitement of the hunter at her vulnerable nearness. He suddenly smelled her. Somebody had told him you can always tell a woman's age by her scent. Chanel—and Weil's Antelope—over 60. Tweed—always a mature woman. Madame Rochas—the 40s. The 30s smell of after-shave lotion: Eau Sauvage, Mustache. Wisps of man scent. The 20s—nothing. She had a heavy smell. Tartyly she demanded, "Yes?" Unable to speak, he produced his business card, handed it to her spade fingers. HERBERT BOLGER/ANTIQUES/2 HUME STREET, DUBLIN. She laughed at him.

"Mr. Bolger, if you are trying to buy

something, I have nothing for you; if you are trying to sell me something, I have even less."

He was on home ground now; they all said that, he expected it, he relied on them to say it. His whole technique of buying depended on his knowing that while it is true that the so-called Big Houses of Ireland have been gleaned by the antique dealers, a lot of Big House people have come down to small discouraged houses like this one, bringing with them, like wartime refugees, their few remaining heirlooms. Her accent, however, was not a Big House accent. It was the accent of a workaday countrywoman. She would have nothing to sell.

"Come, now, Mrs. Eh? Benson? Well, now, Mrs. Benson, you say you have nothing to sell, but in my experience, a lot of people don't know what they have. Only last week, I paid a lady thirty pounds for a silver Georgian saltcellar that she never knew she possessed. You might have much more than you realize."

He must get her alone, inside. He had had no chance to see her figure. Her hair shone like jet beads. Her skin was not a flat white. It was a lovely, rich, ivory skin, as fine as lawn or silk. He felt the rain on the back of his neck and turned up his coat collar. He felt so keyed up by her that if she touched him, his string would break. She was frowning at him incredulously. There was one thing she possessed that she did not know about. Herself.

"Well, it is true that my late husband used to attend auctions. But—"

"Mrs. Benson, may I have just one quick glance at your living room?" She wavered. They always did. He smiled reassuringly. "Just one quick glance. It will take me two minutes."

She looked up at the rain about her door lamp.

"Well? All right, then. But you are wasting your time. I assure you. And I am very busy."

Walking behind her in the narrow hallway, he took her in from calves to head. She was two women, heavy above, lighter below. He liked her long strong legs, the wide shoulders, the action of her lean haunches and the way her head rose above her broad shoulders. Inside, the room was rain dim and hour dim, until she switched on a central 150-watt bulb that drowned the soft pink of the standing lamp, showed the furniture in all its nakedness, exposed all the random marks and signs of a room that had been long lived in. At once he regretted that he had come. He walked to the window and looked out through its small bay up and down the avenue. How appealing it was out there! All those cozy little, dozing little, rosy little bungalows up and down the avenue, and those dark trees comforting the gabled house with

(continued on page 184)

THE NATURAL

"COME ON, JACK, whatsa matter—ya 'fraid t' play me?" Asch is talking to Colavita.

"You been playin' all day and I haven't even warmed up," Colavita says.

Asch finishes his game of straight pool as the exchange continues. Colavita shuffles across the plush carpeting of the Crystal Room in the Sheraton-Chicago Hotel, the practice room for contestants in the world's biggest pool tournament, the U. S. Open, sponsored by the Billiard Congress of America. Colavita "warms up" by running out 15 balls.

Just as he's getting set to beat Asch a second time, an official-looking man walks up. "Let's go, boys, this table's for display. If you keep coming over here, I'm going to have to ask your fathers not to bring you next year."

Twelve-year-old Colavita, undefeated at that particular illegal table, just mumbles, "Yes, sir," as he's been taught. His father, he knows, is in the next room playing his most important game of the year.

The word is: Have a good time, son, but don't make waves.

Across from the forbidden table are three other tables for contestants to practice on. At one of them a pudgy blond man casually knocks balls around. He is only in his 20s, but his hairline is already inching backward. He moves around the table with a slow disjunct gait, as if his spine were a Slinky. You stand and watch 100, maybe 200 balls go down without a hitch. You begin to wonder what's going on. He doesn't seem particularly concerned where the balls go, doesn't seem to take much time or effort putting them there. But they all go in. The other players, who work so hard at it, don't get nearly as many.

As it happens, the man at the table is Steve Mizerak, the best straight-pool player in the world. Like Willie Hoppe or Irving Crane—and like young Jack Colavita—Mizerak was taught the game as soon as he was tall enough to reach the table. Unlike your normal prodigies, Mizerak more or less ignores the game, playing only a few times a month except just before this tournament. From qualifying matches all around the country have come 32 men who will play in the Seventh Annual U. S. Open. Thirty-one of them have skill. Mizerak has only his gift.

There are also 16 contestants who have qualified for the women's-division matches, which are held just before the men's each day. While the men must have 150 points to win a game, the women need only 75. First prize for the male winner is \$5000; the female champion gets only \$1500. But the apparent discrimination is justified: In 1971, the high run for the ladies was 19. For the men, it was 108. Safeties (defensive maneuvers intended to leave the opponent without a reasonable shot) make up a great deal of a women's game and play is always excruciatingly slow, never daring. The plain fact is that the women contestants just don't have the egocentric flair that makes so many of the men interesting to watch.

Donna Ries, a student of clinical psychology from Kansas City, Missouri, and a promising player in this year's women's



article By LAURENCE GONZALES

when it comes to playing pool, steve mizerak is extraordinary—which means he's more ordinary than most folks—and that's what keeps him winning

division, thinks that the men outshine the women because men bet more heavily and are generally more competitive. As far as Mizerak is concerned, women will never be excellent pool players, because they lack what he calls the "inner strength" necessary to withstand the high pressures involved in serious pool playing. Aside from that, he really doesn't have an explanation.

Dorothy Wise, a handsome gray-haired lady from San Francisco, was champion from 1967, when the B.C.A. first sponsored a women's tournament, until 1972, when she was defeated first by Geraldine Titcomb, a 1971 runner-up, and then by Madelyn Whitlow, wife of Alton Whitlow, a contestant in the men's competition. All the players were upset, however, by Jean ("The Kid") Balukas, a shy—nearly comatose is closer to the truth; she spoke hardly a word during the entire tournament, her father doing most of the talking for her—13-year-old. Ms. Balukas started playing when she was four years old

(that seems to be the age when you can see over the edge of the rail) and won two games in the U. S. Open when she was nine. She is too young at this point for anyone to know what will develop, but there are some interesting implications for her future: Oddly enough, her favorite game is baseball and it's rumored that she plays pool only to please her father. Is it possible that she will move on to revolutionize women's pool? She doesn't think so. As far as she's concerned, the reason women don't play well is their inability to play position properly. Perhaps she's right: In studies done in 1958 and 1965, evidence strongly suggested that females perform more poorly than males on spatial tasks and are less likely to analyze geometric designs in terms of their component parts.

The official competition takes place in the Grand Ballroom, a mock-elegant place with too many hundreds of pounds of gaudy chandeliers and the wrong style of pillars. The fresh green felt on the tables glares under the cold blue light from the fluorescent tubing hung for the tournament. The carpeting on the dance floor is done in broad earth colors vaguely suggesting something Oriental. As if this weren't enough, three sides of the room are hung from floor to ceiling with blood-red, velvety curtains.

But some coherence in decor is created by the players and spectators, whose dress leans toward white wing-tip shoes and Argyle socks, matching purple tie-and-shirt combinations, ruffled cuffs, simulated-diamond stickpins, ivory buttons and pomaded ducktail hairdos. Most of the time it's difficult to tell if they are trying to appear well dressed or have simply been out of touch since the mid-Fifties. While some look like small-time gangsters, others just seem to be color-blind.

Of course, in addition to these representatives of the underbelly of the pool world, there are the regular hard-hats in plaid shirts and khaki pants, out to see how the legendary players work, and to take back something to talk about over

the quarter-a-rack bar table. And the blacks turn out in an array of leather hats and studded wristbands, rainbow-suede vests and high-heeled shoes, not to mention pink- and puce- and avocado-tinted sunglasses. . . . Then come the promoters and officials, carefully sewn and zippered into Robert Hall, bargain-basement and neo-bland suits spanning the spectrum from light gray to dark gray. It's more like a recreation room in the local asylum than the site of a world-championship pool tournament.

Four tables making an open square in the center of the room are in use simultaneously during the eliminations. Associated with each pair of subjects are two chairs and a card table supporting ashtrays and water pitchers, blue chalk and talcum powder. Behind each card table a staff of judges observes the contestants in silence, displaying with an overhead projector a record of the results. Beyond the playing area, spectators shift and fidget on the worn wooden bleachers.

At each table are two kinds of patients. One is an acute depressive, sitting down, sipping water, trying not to look too hard at the score and wondering when his opponent—the manic—is going to stop making those damned shots. The manics move around, pocketing balls with malicious glee, between ripples of applause from the audience. One such case, a man named Hopkins, defeats his alter ego 150 to 1, on the strength of an opening run of 141 balls.

Many microcosmic dramas of victory and defeat are witnessed in this tournament. Luther ("Wimpy") Lassiter, winner of the 1969 tournament, and legendary player in his own right, is defeated twice (disqualifying him) in his first four games. His eyes have gotten so bad lately that he has had to paint the end of his cue red. Lou ("Machine Gun") Butera—nicknamed for his rapid-fire style of play—misses one shot that is so easy and obvious that he throws his cue onto the floor. He is out of the running after three games. Younger contestants such as Steve Cook and Andrew Tennen, Jr., are especially hard hit when confronted with the seasoned players more in control of their nerves.

Game after game, and almost point after point, what takes place is not so much the victory of one man in a game as the spectacle of one man seeking out and destroying another's ego, finding his little weaknesses and jumping in to take advantage of them. And beyond a certain level of technical accomplishment, the game comes closer and closer to being one man's character against another's: Psychological inadequacies lose the matches more often than motor-skill deficiencies. To most of these men, pool is war, and defeat means more casualties.

In competition as fierce as this, the

players are cautious, hypertense and cagey. Their movements around the tables are quick and abrupt, but their shots are carefully planned and executed with grave concern. Only rarely will you see a player attempt a difficult shot, even a bank or cushion shot that he's made many times in more casual play. The pressure is simply too great. If the ball doesn't drop, it could mean the end of the game.

The exception is Mizerak. We see him at one point faced with a shot that, for all practical purposes, is impossible. Nevertheless (before a crowd of over 100 people, clamped to their seats, renitent with nervous tension), he flips his wrist, shrugs his shoulders and watches the object ball deflect off three others, making no fewer than three right-angle turns before it dribbles toward the appointed pocket, almost pausing for a moment—and then drops. There is a second of breathless quiet while people double take to make sure it has really happened. Then the audience explodes. Behind the table a judge's spectacles tumble into his water glass as he stares in disbelief, not so much that Mizerak made the shot but that he had the nerve to try it. And that's the point.

When you think of the best in the world, you might picture a dapper man in his 40s, like Willie Mosconi, totally dedicated to improving the game of pocket billiards. Or perhaps a cigar-smoking hustler who vaguely resembles a new species of rodent. But not Steve Mizerak, who can be found most of the year casting pearls before seventh graders at the Samuel E. Shull School in Perth Amboy, New Jersey. And not a man who, most days, goes out after school to shoot a dedicated but mediocre game of golf. And most certainly not a man who plays pool only when he has to. You'll never find him in Johnston City hustling the hustlers, and you probably won't see him in other tournaments. Yet he's the first man under 30 ever to win the U. S. Open.

A candid, humorless 27-year-old, Mizerak grew up the middle-class son of a professional baseball manager and player who later turned to running a pool hall to support his family. Steve drives a new Ford and drinks an old fashioned occasionally, for social reasons. He lives in Woodbridge, New Jersey, with his wife, Linda, and their infant son. He likes to bet on his golf game but always loses. Twice a year he goes to the track—more cash down the tubes. Occasionally, he makes promotional tours for Brunswick—but, he emphasizes, only for the money. For fun? "I do very little for fun," he says with a dry chuckle, "except play golf."

About his growing fame all he has to say is: "Well, somebody's liable to read

an article and want me to come over to his house for exhibitions or lessons." He has two students right now who pay \$20 to \$25 an hour for help with their games, which Steve describes as "not too good—one guy can run maybe forty or fifty balls. The other guy can run twenty or twenty-five. You can't really teach a man too much." Everything he says comes out with a shrug.

This is what makes the critical difference. The man is extraordinary, which means he's more ordinary than most people. And this makes him so strange that he really doesn't care: The amazing shots he makes, the high runs, the title he takes home year after year are not a matter of nerve and courage. Because he is relaxed, apprehension cannot betray him. With no concern, there is no fear: with no fear, no tension; and without tension, there is no flickering of an eye or random twitch of a muscle to keep any of the balls from falling into the intended pocket. In almost any game, practice is the deciding factor. Pool is no exception, but Mizerak is. He's the living embodiment of the textbook natural.

Consequently, when the final match approaches, it is likely not Mizerak who is thinking about that monumental carom shot he just made but his opponent, "Dapper" Dan DiLiberto, defeated only by Mizerak in the final game of the eliminations.

DiLiberto has been wearing the same blue double-breasted suit coat all week. It's still clean. He's a tall, trim 33-year-old from Miami who was once a professional boxer and bowler. Now he plays pool for money and paints for relaxation. His striking blue-black mustache and full head of hair, combined with his muscular build and decisive movements, make Mizerak look like a cartoon figure by comparison.

For this final confrontation, a single table remains in the center of the room. Everything seems a little brighter, a little cleaner, and the audience looks somehow different. The people have all changed their clothes. Tonight the diamonds and pearls are real, and real money in 100s and 50s is changing hands. The nervous chatter has given way to intense silence—until the official introduces DiLiberto without realizing that the contestants haven't shown up yet. Someone in the audience punctures the dead quiet with, "Hey, Danny, this isn't a chess match!" Finally DiLiberto appears, grinning sheepishly.

The first game goes very quickly, ending in not much more than an hour. To everyone's amazement, DiLiberto wins it, and he's greeted with nearly five minutes of standing hysteria. Mizerak just sits there, sipping his water, calm and unruffled. You can see his thoughts in

(concluded on page 238)



"Gee, Onan . . . doesn't the moon make you feel romantic?"

digger's game (continued from page 122)

the Digger gets that Zenith for a hundred and Lechmere's knocking them down for three-fifty. I don't hear no complaints from you.' See, I stand up for you, Digger."

"You interested in a portable radio?" the Digger asked.

"No," Harrington said.

"How about a nice color TV?" the Digger asked. "RCA, AccuColor, the whole bit."

"No," Harrington said. "I touch the stereo the other night by mistake and I burned myself. I'm gonna be sitting there some fine night, watching the ball game, and some cop's gonna come in. Besides, I can't buy nothing right now, I don't care if you're giving it away. The wife wants a boat. I'm supposed to be saving up for a boat."

"Look," the Digger said, "I need some dough."

"Jesus," Harrington said, "I could use some dough myself. You get ahold the guy that's passing out the dough, give him my name. I could use about thirty-five big ones, right this minute. I got to buy a boat. Get that? I had a boat. I had four rooms over to Saint Columbkille's, I had a nice boat. She don't like that. We got to have a house. 'I can't afford no house,' I said, 'I haven't got the down payment, for God's sake.' She says: 'Sell the boat.' I didn't want to sell my boat. I didn't want to buy the house. I sell the boat. I buy the house. Nine years we had the house, eight of them she's been complaining, we should get another boat. I give up."

"I'm serious," the Digger said.

"You're serious, is it?" Harrington asked. "You think I'm just horsing around?"

"You're not serious the way I'm serious," the Digger said. "I need eighteen thousand dollars and I need it right away. Yesterday would've been good."

"Oh-oh," Harrington said, "you guys did take a bath out there, didn't you?"

The Digger nodded. "The rest of the guys, not as bad as me. But I went in right over my head."

"Jesus," Harrington said, "that why you're out all night?"

"Yup," the Digger said, "I take all kinds of chances and you know what? I'm not even close to even." From the end of the bar a customer demanded service. "Shut your fuckin' mouth, I give you a bat in the head," the Digger shouted. "I'll get to you when I'm damned good and fuckin' ready. Right now I'm talking to a guy." The customer said he thought he could get a drink in the place. "You can get a drink when I feel like gettin' you a fuckin' drink," the Digger said. "Right now I don't feel like it. Paul, 'stead of sittin' down there like a damned dog, come around and give the loudmouth bastard what he

wants. Pour it down his fuckin' pants, all I care." At the end of the bar, a small man with gray hair got off his stool and came around to the spigots. He started to draw beer. "I got to get even," the Digger said to Harrington. "I got to find a way to get even and that's all there is to it."

"You're not gonna do it pushing radios," Harrington said. "You're not gonna do it that way, I can tell you right now. You, I think you're gonna have to find something a lot bigger'n radios to sell, you expect to make that kind of dough."

"Well, OK," the Digger said, "that's what I was thinking."

"Sure," Harrington said, "you're gonna have to sell the place, here."

"No," the Digger said.

"Whaddaya mean, 'No'?" Harrington asked. "You haven't got anything else you can sell. You don't dress that good, you can't sell suits. You got a car there, isn't bad, but you got to get around and you couldn't get more'n a grand for it if you sold it, anyway. What the hell else can you do, sell your house? Can't do that. Some guy make you a price on the wife and kids?"

"Well," the Digger said, "I mean, there's other ways of raising money."

"Not without taking chances," Harrington said. "That kind of money, you either got in the bank and you go in and you take it out, or else you got it in something else and you go the bank and you practically hand it over to them, or else you go the bank with a gun and you say: 'Gimme everybody else's money.' There's no other way, and that last one, that's risky."

"There's other ways," the Digger said. "Look, this place. You know what I hadda do, get this place? I hadda get up off the floor is what I hadda do. Johnny Malloy, I get out of the slammer and Johnny Malloy gives me a job and no shit. Me, I figured it's temporary, I got to have something to do. I never had any idea of running a barroom all my life."

"What's the matter with running a bar?" Harrington asked. "Nothing the matter with that. I wished I had a good bar to run."

"Sure," the Digger said, "but that's it. Takes money, get a bar. I didn't have money. All I had was a goddamned record. Was all I could do, keep the probation looking the other way while I was working here. So, Malloy gets the cancer. He knew he had it. He says, there wasn't anybody else had the money, wanted to buy it. They're all laying off. He told me that. 'Wait it out and steal it off the wife, they got in mind. Bastards. I'll sell it to you for what it's worth. Not what I could get for it if I was all right and I just wanted to sell.

What it's worth. That's about twice what I'm getting offers for.'

"I said: 'John, I haven't got what the place's worth. You know that.'" the Digger said. "I'm working for you, for Christ sake. I shouldn't even be doing that. You're taking a chance with the license, I'm taking a chance with the probation, what the hell. I can't buy this place."

"He says: 'You quit too fast, my friend. What I got in mind, you just keep on working for me, only I won't be here. You work for the wife. Only instead of me keeping what I got left after I pay for the stock and the lights and you and all, you pay for the stock and that, and pay her like she was working for you, and you keep what's left. You do that long enough, she's all right, the kids finish school. I don't have to worry about none of that stuff, because I trust you, and you end up with the place. Me, what the hell I want with money? Where I'm going, money's no good. What I need is somebody who's gonna pay money to Evelyn.'

"I said: 'John, OK, all right, sure. But the license. I can't get on no license. You want your wife onna license? He says, no, he don't want that. Somebody'd take it away from her. He says: 'Look, why'n't you see what your brother can do, the governor? Try for a pardon.'

"So I do it," the Digger said. "I go see my holy brother and I ask him, does he know anybody. See, by then he's almost getting over it, I did time. Well, no, he don't know anybody, but then he's in pretty thick with Bishop Hurley there. Maybe Hurley knows somebody. So it's this way and that, and then I get this call from this Rep I never heard of before, will I meet him? Sure I'll meet him. So I meet him, and he's got quite a lot to say, how do I like the weather and what about the way the Red Sox're doing, all kinds of shit, and finally he gets to the point: He wants five hundred bucks. For what he don't say, why he wants it from me, but he knows me and he knows I want this pardon, which I didn't tell him, and he says: 'Running for office, it's very expensive. I got this printing bill.' Then he shows me this bill, it's all beat to shit. He's been carrying it around for probably two years, ever since he got elected, showing it to six or eight guys a week. That's how I could do it, boy, get even: All I need's one of them printing bills. Anyway, it's for five hundred and thirty bucks and he says: 'I dunno how I'm gonna pay it.'

"I come back to Malloy," the Digger said. "I ask him and he says: 'Hit him the five. That's cheaper'n I figured.'

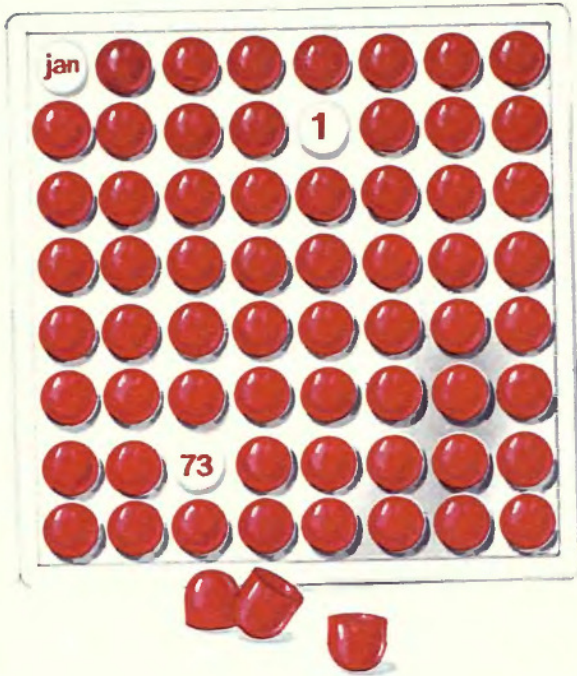
"Now, I don't know this Rep from a hole inna ground," the Digger said, "and Reps don't give pardons, governors do that. But I do it. Two months later,

(continued on page 238)

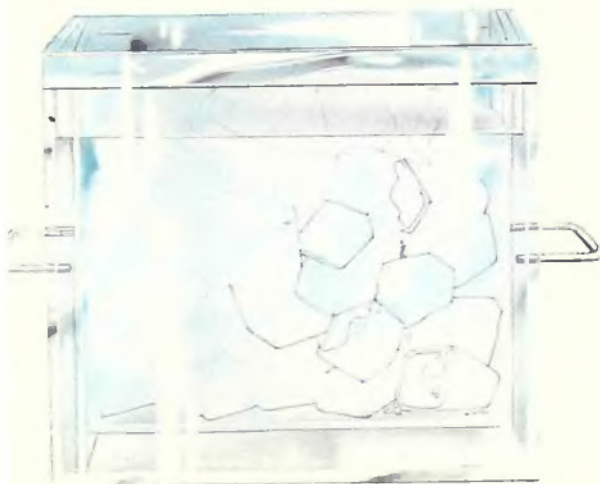
gifts

THE ELEVENTH-HOUR SANTA

*a
procrastinator's
guide
to
last-minute
yule
largess*

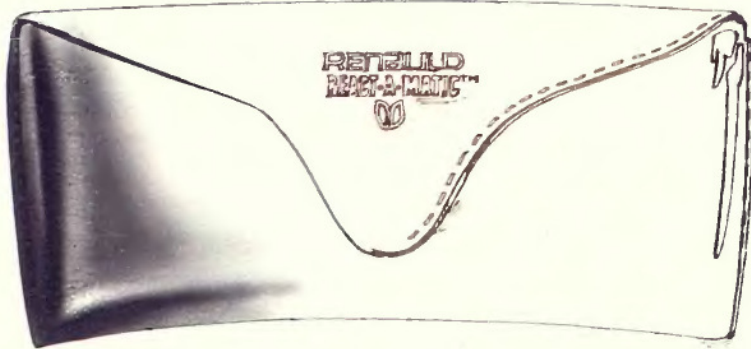


Top: Woll-Ball 13-year calendar made of polystyrene measures 14" x 14", by IDG, \$10. Above: Pewter beakers are meticulous reproductions of original Early American ones, by Reed and Barton, \$10.95 for 10 oz.; \$8.95 for 6 oz.; \$6.95 for 3 oz.; and \$4.95 for 2 oz. Above right: Schulke-French corrected 18mm lens system is specially designed to fit the underwater Nikonos camera; comes with optical viewer that allows user to see exactly what the lens is taking, by French Underwater Industries, \$399.

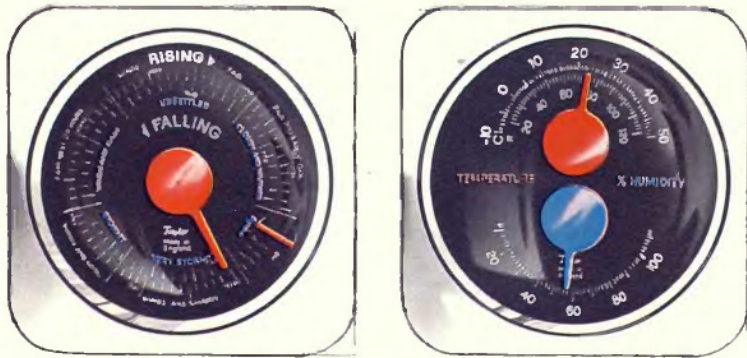


Left: Acrylic ice chest designed by Edgar Watkins/Cubics measures 10" x 8" x 8" and holds about seven standard trays of ice; top is 1" thick, from Designed-Rite, \$75. Right: Traditional English-type tennis-racket press of polished mahogany, with solid-brass hardware and a leather handle, holds up to six rackets between separators; can be disassembled for storage, from Feron's, \$60.





Above: React-A-Matic sunglasses with aviator-style gold-filled frames featuring Corning Photosun ophthalmic lenses that shift from light to dark depending on the degree of ultraviolet; indoors, glasses stay a neutral gray and will not lose their properties after continuous use, by Renauld, \$30.

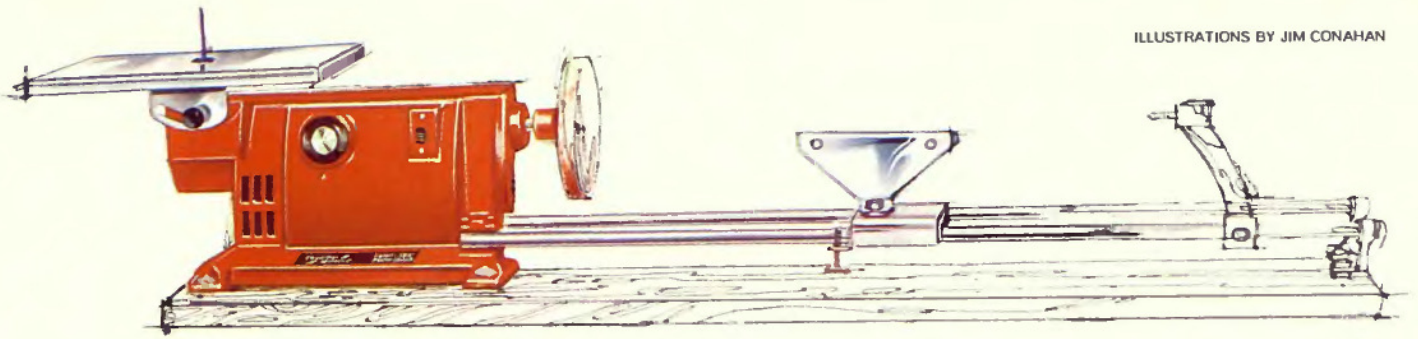


Above: Two precision weather instruments housed in aluminum cases include a barometer, \$45, and a thermometer-hygrometer, \$35, both from Georg Jensen. Below: A selection of 12 Antinori Italian wines housed in a wooden chest with wrought-iron fittings, from Julius Wile & Sons, about \$37.

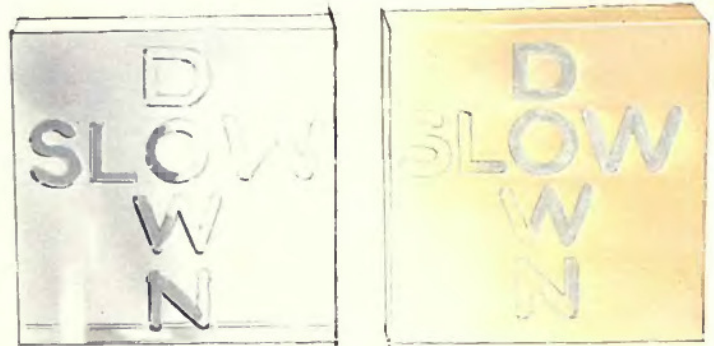
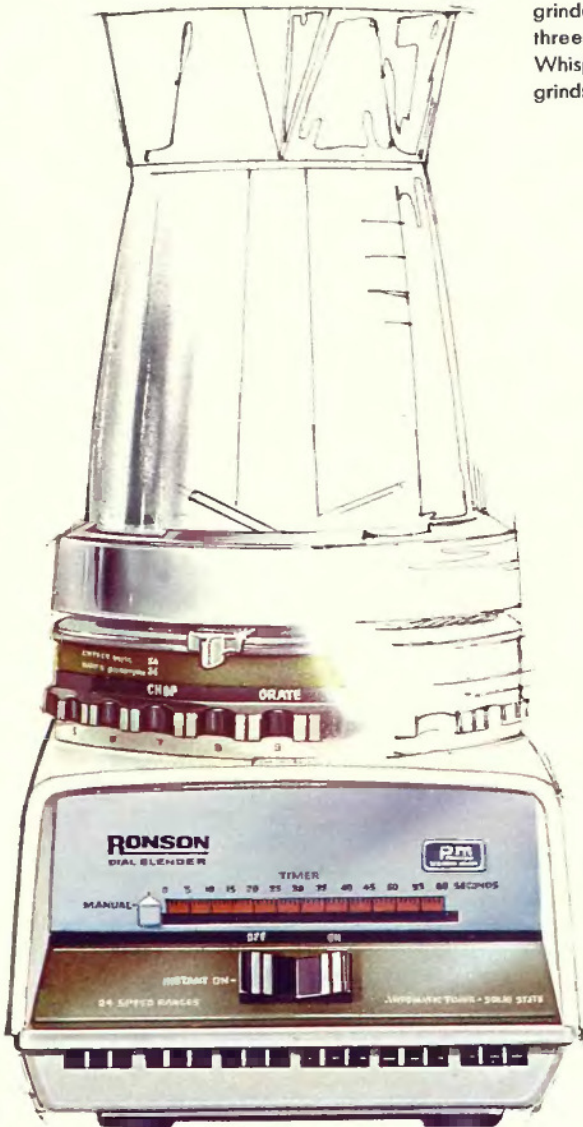


Top: Model TI-2500 electronic calculator that operates on a rechargeable battery or A.C. current features a keyboard on which numbers and operations are punched in some sequence as one would write problem on paper, from Texas Instruments, \$119.95. Above: Max for Men hair dryer, by Gillette, \$21.

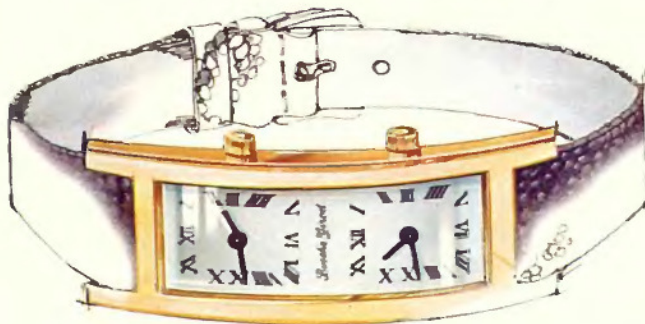




Above: Model 761000 Sabre-Lathe multipurpose shop tool includes a lathe, jig saw, grinder, buffer, disk sander, drum sander and polisher all operated by a powerful three-speed motor; measures 33½" x 10" x 7", by McGraw-Edison, about \$40. Left: Whisper Drive blender stirs, chops, grates, mixes, blends, whips, crumbs, purées, grinds coffee, sharpens knives, juices oranges and crushes ice, by Ronson, \$89.95.



Above: Slow Down acrylic paperweight and pad combination that's designed and produced by Private Papers and Millicent Zahn, from Bergdorf Goodman, \$30. Below: Canvas school bag from Denmark has pockets, sheaths, pouches and compartments galore; is a favorite tote of pilots and photographers, from The Chocolate Soup, \$22.50.



Above: Double-faced wrist watch in 18-kt. gold is designed for travelers; features rugged lizard band and 17-jewel movement, by Bueche-Girod, \$470.

TO CHINA WITH NIXON

PKU chooses to live and to hang on to power, and has to pretend he can't speak English, and presides over a university gutted of spirit and intellect which, Sinologist White concluded, after surveying the curriculum, offers fewer courses in Chinese history than any important university in the United States. We were surprised. Not so much that PKU is as it is but, once again, that we should have been allowed to see it under the circumstances. We were surprised, but I began to get the idea; and the idea is deadly.

. . .

The long march for America has been away from Wilsonianism in foreign policy, but we have not meditated what else it is that we are losing along the way. We did not make the world safe for democracy—Wilson's stated objective—by our venture into the First or the Second World War. In fact, a very good case can be made for the idea that the more strenuously we sought to export our democracy, the less democracy flourished, and perhaps it wasn't coincidence. It was well before Nixon's China trip that we gave up on that illusion, reducing our general position by one gigantic step. Now we committed ourselves to making the world safe for those countries that wished to resist subjugation by a major Communist power. Call it, if you will, the Fulbright Reservation. It was neatly stated by him a few years ago: "Insofar as a nation is content to practice its doctrines within its own frontiers, that nation, however repugnant its ideology, is one with which we have no proper quarrel." The corollary of the Fulbright Reservation was that we *did* have a proper quarrel with any nation that was not content to practice its doctrines within its own frontiers, though I think the Senator would have wanted to refine that just a little, to read: subject to United States resources, and to our evaluation of the strategic implications of a defeat of the country resisting the exportation of a foreign ideology. It was, of course, the application of the Fulbright Reservation that brought us to war in Korea and Indochina, and to the brink of war in Quemoy, Berlin, Lebanon and Cuba.

The China trip did much to dislodge the Fulbright Reservation, though Fulbright himself, and many others, had meanwhile done a great deal to put pressure on the dam Mr. Nixon yanked open. They did this by seeking to explain, or if you prefer, to explain away; by managing to understand, and then to tolerate, that which was formerly thought of as quite simply repugnant. And, at the other end, by seeking to disparage, and otherwise abuse, that which was formerly accepted, if not as ideal, quite clearly as nonrepugnant. In this

(continued from page 106)

endeavor much of vocal American society has engaged over recent years. Martin Luther King said about America that it was "the greatest purveyor of violence" since Hitler, even as some historians were discovering that the Cold War could not truly be said to have been primarily the fault of the Soviet Union. At the barricades in American academies, students and professors were denouncing this country as militarist and materialist and racist, while we began indulgently to understand certain historical necessities, certain quite understandable practices, under the circumstances, in Russia and China. The young American president of the National Students Association went to North Vietnam to broadcast to the South Vietnamese the news that theirs was the worst military despotism in *history*. Professor Noam Chomsky and like-minded folk were saying you could not believe a word uttered by the Government of the United States, while urging us to accept the word of the government of the Soviet Union on everything from statistics on genocide to the control of atomic testing and production. A perfect equilibrium was finally reached, in the egalitarianization of Them and Us, in a speech given in the spring of 1971—by Senator Fulbright. General de Gaulle prefigured it all when he used to refer to "the two hegemonies," but most people put that down as sour grapes from the junior varsity. Fulbright now was talking about our unnecessary fear of the growth of Soviet naval power in the Mediterranean. "This is not to suggest that the Russians are lacking in ambitions in the Middle East," he said. "There is no doubt that they desire to maximize their 'influence' in the Arab world and that they derive gratification from sailing their warships around the Mediterranean. This, however, is normal behavior for a great power: It is quite similar to our own. We too keep a fleet in the Mediterranean, which is a good deal farther from our shores than it is from the Soviet Union; and our main objection to Soviet 'influence' in the Arab countries is that it detracts from our own. Were it not for the fact that they are Communists—and therefore 'bad' people—while we are Americans—and therefore 'good' people—our policies would be nearly indistinguishable."

There, now.

Professor Ross Terrill, an Australian teaching now at Harvard, moved rather more philosophically into the question in two brilliant articles published in *The Atlantic* immediately before President Nixon's trip. They were, reportedly, closely examined by all of us, and although Terrill's personal biases were instantly apparent and sometimes even

schoolboyish (it was "Mr. Chou," but just plain "Rogers"), he did not attempt to disguise, in the manner of the Stalin apologists, the lack of freedom in China, as conventionally understood: with emphasis on the qualifier. "Turning back toward the hotel, I pass a Protestant church—its closed gates bearing the banner 'Carry through the Cultural Revolution to the end.'" Sometimes he tried to explain a particular deprivation. "Wherever I walk, there is a People's Liberation Army man with boyish grin and fixed bayonet. 'Back the other way.' Well, it is a sensitive area. . . . There was an openness and a practical root to nearly all the restraints that met me in China." But the effort is halfhearted—there wasn't, after all, any readily understandable explanation of the practical root for the refusal of any news vendor to sell him the morning papers. Nor does Terrill tell us that the straitened freedom is otherwise compensated for, say by meritocratic integrity. "Another PLA [People's Liberation Army] officer, a tough, cheery man who confessed his total ignorance of medicine, was head of a Peking hospital." He does not even begin to suggest that there is cultural freedom in China. "I found cultural life far more politicized. . . . Public libraries, and museums too, are closed. Churches are boarded up, empty, and checkered with political slogans. . . . In 1971 you simply do not find, as you could in 1964, segments of social and intellectual life around which the tentacles of politics have not curled." The propaganda, in the style of the *Red Detachment of Women*, is altogether relentless. Terrill confirms that in Shensi, with a population of 25,000,000 people, 100,000,000 Mao works were published during the Cultural Revolution. A little liberty, perhaps, for the people liberated on Liberation Day by the People's Liberation Army of the People's Republic of China? "I inquired of the spokesman of the factory Revolutionary Committee, 'Can a worker transfer work by his own individual decision?' I might have asked if the leopard can change his spots." Terrill too knew about the plight of higher education. "At PKU I saw the English class, which was reading, and discussing, Aesop's fables. . . . They received me with clapping—though few, I found, knew what or where Australia is."

But after all that, the breath-catching evasion. The cement poured on the floor Senator Fulbright seeks to stand on. "People ask, 'Is China free?'—but there is no objective measure of the freedom of a whole society." He explains that there are differences in ours and the Chinese historical experience that account for many differences in attitude. But he agrees that yes, "At one point we and China face the same value

(continued on page 203)

ADVANTAGE, GOD

humor By ART BUCHWALD

*the world's greatest top-spinner
holds service as he
envision's his own obituary*

LONDON, ENGLAND—Art Buchwald, the oldest professional tennis player in the history of the game, dropped dead today of a heart attack on the Centre Court at Wimbledon. He was 93 years old.

Mr. Buchwald was playing in the final match of the men's singles against Pancho Romero and was leading 6-1, 6-0, when, in the third set with the score 4-2, Romero hit a blazing drive down the middle of the court. Buchwald clutched his heart, blood drained from his face, but he managed to return the ball, much to the surprise of Romero, who hit it into the net.

He was rushed to Queen's Hospital in an ambulance but was dead on arrival. An attendant said Buchwald's last words were, "Tell Romero he was lucky this time, but I'll be waiting for him to play that final championship game in the sky."

Art Buchwald started late in the tennis business. The early years of his life were spent writing a newspaper column on politics and the human foibles of our society. Then, at 45, he started searching for new worlds to conquer. One day he picked up a tennis racket in a friend's house.

"What's this?" he asked.

The friend said, "It's a tennis racket."

"Show me how the game is played."

The friend took Buchwald out onto his tennis court and in an hour Buchwald managed to get the hang of it. In two hours he was beating his friend with what has since been described as "the fastest second serve in tennis."

The friend told Buchwald he was a natural and should join the professional ranks, but at first the columnist was reluctant to take the sport seriously. It's true he played at Forest Hills and Indianapolis the following year, winning both the men's grass and the clay championships, but it wasn't until 1975 that Buchwald started to play for money.

He gave up his column and his writing career to concentrate on tennis and never touched a typewriter key again.

In 1976 Buchwald toured Australia, where he was unscored upon in 47 matches. In 1980 he won \$3,500,000 in prize money, not counting fees he earned for shaving-lotion testimonials.

Mr. Buchwald invented the backhand

cocked serve, which is now used by every professional tennis player of any note. The serve puts a spin on the ball that causes it to go through the legs of the opponent.

He will also be remembered for his "choked forehand," where the ball is hit first as a lob but then drops dead in the forecourt.

A favorite with the ladies, the silver-haired Buchwald was followed everywhere he played by what was called Artie's Army.

He had to pay two bodyguards to escort him out of stadiums, because women would always try to rip the crocodiles off his tennis shirts.

Buchwald never believed in training and the night before a particularly rough match he could be found in a cabaret, dancing with three or four movie stars until five in the morning.

Once, when he was 75, he was criticized for setting a bad example for American youth. Buchwald replied: "I play better when I dance the night before." At least that's how it came out in the newspaper.


Although he was a terrific competitor and fought for every point, Buchwald never questioned a linesman's call. He always praised his opponents, no matter how badly he beat them, and sometimes shared his prize money with them when he felt they had played particularly well.

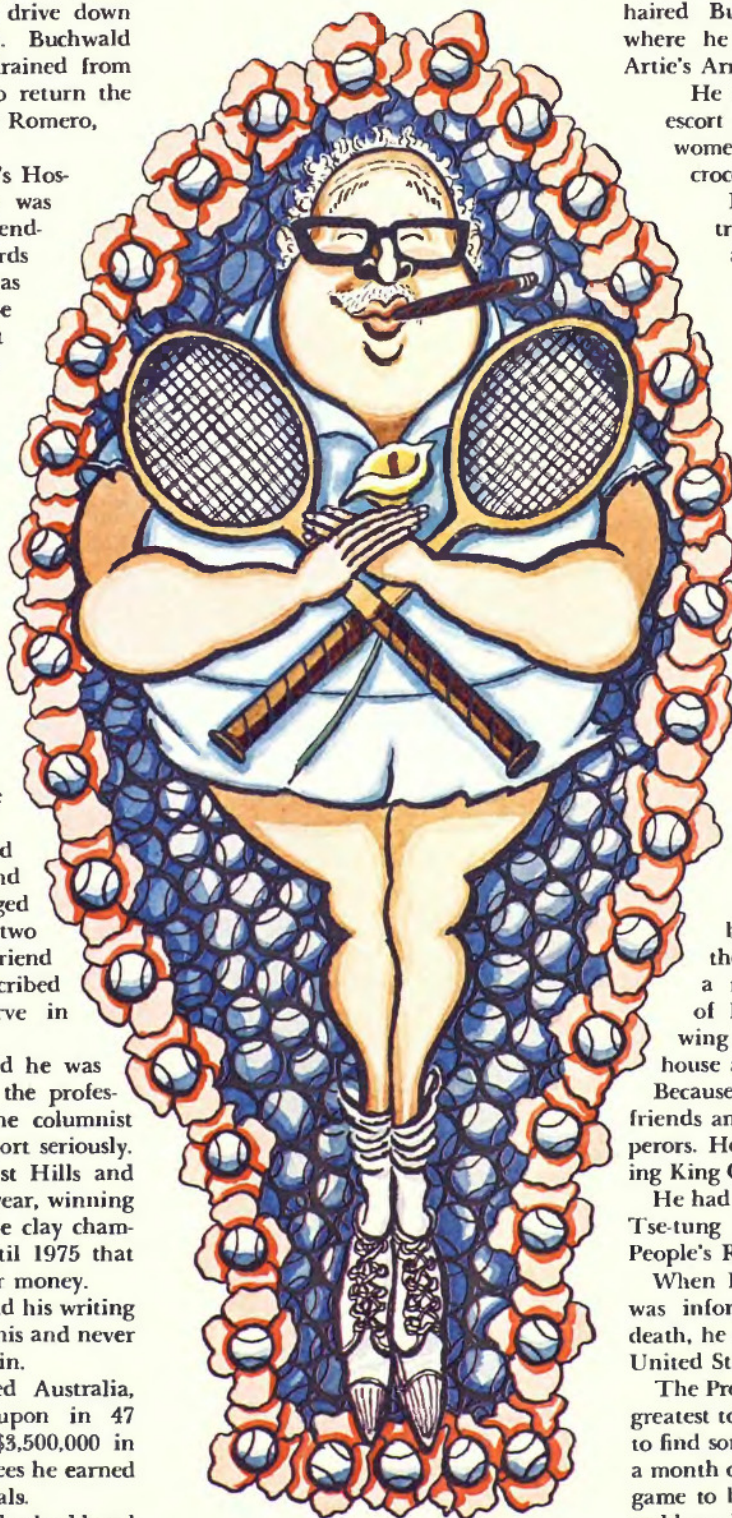
Besides winning every possible tennis championship in the world, Buchwald had been a member of the Tennis Hall of Fame for 40 years. An entire wing of the hall had to be built to house all his trophies.

Because of his tennis, Buchwald had friends among kings, presidents and emperors. He had been knighted for teaching King Charles's daughter the game.

He had also received the Order of Mao Tse-tung for introducing tennis to the People's Republic of China.

When President Christopher Kennedy was informed of Buchwald's untimely death, he ordered every tennis net in the United States to be lowered to half-mast.

The President said, "America has lost its greatest top-spinner. It will be impossible to find someone to replace him. But after a month of mourning, I have ordered the game to be played again. Art Buchwald would have wanted it that way." 



*“There’s one thing I hate
about sex . . . thank goodness I
can’t remember what it is.”*





Vargas

THE VARGAS GIRL

NIRVANA BY THE BAY (continued from page 112)

awaiting the next call. San Francisco was a town in which no one had to decide whether or not to open the window. Good working. A host of lawyers, doctors, architects, postanalysts were deciding not to get rich but to get happy on the Bay. A nice place to idle away the rest of the century.

Then, around 1965-1966. . . . No, let's name the night. On the night when I heard the Jefferson Airplane in the Matrix on Fillmore—amplified? What's this? Speak a little louder, I can't hear you—it was clear that a new implosion had occurred, and an explosion would follow. The cybernetic revolution had hit the beat guitar. It was as if every washer-dryer in the universe were churning out its Bendix slurp 'n' roll. I was—how to put it?—*charmed*.

The rest is the history of the moment. The primal horde discovered Levis. Old Cronus was dealing at the corner of Haight and Ashbury. Poster art became "visual rock 'n' roll," and the youth-quake became a market. Into the great media machine was fed the hope and dream of a time. "I'm not putting down the Vietnam war," declared a retired activist from Berkeley, no longer interested in politics, tuned in, turned on, dropped out and cured like beef jerky. "After all, Vietnam brought us all together, so it was a real good thing."

And in the flash of a season, it was Mafia hip, MGM groovy, a style for every college and big city in the country. A revolution, a fashion and an industry all in one. Then the bands were no longer playing for free in the park. The Diggers stopped serving their buffalo stew in the Panhandle. Emmett Grogan was writing his memoirs for Little, Brown. Posthip in San Francisco is like postbeat: There are still people in doorways, hiding out, waiting for the next movement. The town staggers along, looking for its next movement. There are those who swear that when it happens they won't tell anyone. But if they don't, will it be a movement? There are guru poets in the Friends & Relations Hall on the Great Highway, beating old coffee cans till their heads spin, expanding their consciousness and destroying their eardrums, but are they really a movement? They say, "We're a counter-cultural biggie," and maybe they are, but the traffic whooshes by and not many stop to receive the message.

On Haight Street a strung-out speed freak in dirty denims stops a passer-by and invites him to her pad. "I may not be a flower child anymore," she says enticingly, "but come with me anyway. Have you ever had a real pig?"

Haight Street for a while was a teen-age slum; then worse, a speed and

heroin real-estate hell. It dropped all the way out. And now speculators are buying in again.

. . .

The special story about San Francisco may be that it is a place to drop out while not absolutely dropping out. A former graduate student and mad bomber, fled to Canada after trying to end the war in Vietnam by ending the Bank of America, now dwells at relative peace with himself in Bernal Heights. He confessed, regretted, returned, did a bit of prison, had his skull fractured in the showers by a patriotic felon, recovered, wears a steel plate in his head and now works for Sparkies, delivering packages. He has a pretty wife. "That's not the way," he says about bombing. The urban-rural slum, an interracial community on the hilly slope of Bernal, gives him a home. There are even unpaved streets, and chickens, and back-yard gardens, plus coffeehouses and theater groups and action art galleries. Despite his periodic headaches and dizzy spells, life isn't too bad. A doctor says he won't necessarily develop epilepsy.

A former hot-shot editor, once quick and randy, now ecstatic, says calmly about his projects for the future: "I'll neither make plans for the future nor not make plans. I'll neither do things nor not do things. I'm learning about my body and soul these days, but I don't care if I'm really learning, either." His smile is beatific. His walk is smooth. His heart is pure.

A former Manhattan women's liberation activist has come to San Francisco and is losing the struggle against her sexist hang-ups. She still raises her consciousness at consciousness-raising meetings, and exchanges clitoral know-how with her sisters, but more and more she tends to regard her husband as a human being. She can't fight the town.

The habits of transferees from major corporations—insurance, banking, real estate, conglomerates left over from the great mergers of the Sixties, advertising-agency managers and media organizers—are known for a certain inevitable life direction. The pattern can be predicted. They arrive in their Eastern J. Press or Brooks Brothers neatness, look around with a certain distance and hauteur at the gray-haired, long-haired groovers, and they swear on their honor: "Well, I won't wear the vest. I'll wear the three-piece suit without the vest. But that's as far as I'll go."

"Don't swear," I tell them, "it's impious."

Pretty soon some little State University of New York at Buffalo dropout, now waitressing at the Trident or Shandygaff while she "gets her shit together," begins

to recount her life story: "Neil broke my heart three weeks ago. Maybe I'm not a woman, just a little girl, but my heart breaks, too. So three weeks ago, when Neil broke my heart, I decided—"

And Mr. Media Transferee is nodding, nodding, nodding. Tell me more.

A few weeks later, as he sits there still nodding, he is wearing boots, jeans, leather jacket, has grown a mustache, smokes a lot of grass. "I chose a lower-paying job to live out here," he is telling some girl, "because six months ago, when my wife broke my heart, I knew I couldn't stand that uptight scene anymore—"

It's the sports-car menopause all the way. What looked like the groovy horde, maddened flower ghouls and warlocks is now, in the flash of a season, just standard American to Mr. Media Transferee. He may not have qualified as a card-carrying teenager in 20 years. That's no reason for not changing his life.

I speak with due diffidence as one of his spiritual cousins. I have lived in Cleveland, New York, Paris, Port-au-Prince, Detroit and New York, with way stations in Havana, Key West and Fort Bragg—a tipsy itinerary, I'll admit—and until I came to San Francisco, I always dreamed of eventually settling in Paris, the City of Light, where I had spent idle student and dreamy bohemian years. I would be a stroller on both sides of the river. In the capital of misery and the paradise of hope would I dwell forever, just like Villon, Carco and Sartre.

So when I arrived to pass a season in San Francisco, having sublet my flat in Greenwich Village, it was just to do a job. I was having a play produced at the old Actors Workshop. *Hm*, so this is Frisco, I thought.

Two weeks later I phoned New York and told my tenants to keep the place. I was staying. I left my clothes there so long they have come back into style. My blue suit, fit only to wear at Stalin's funeral, is now just right for the midnight show at the Palace, including the movie *Reefer Madness* and the Cockettes' newest comeback stage presentation. I still have things in storage with various friends around Manhattan, though I recognize the law that states that a loan for more than a year is a gift. Never mind those lamp shades, Japanese prints and wide pants, Marcus; they're yours.

Why? Why have I sold out Paris, abandoned Manhattan?

I'm trying to say it's fun here. Sad, true, that one must offer to change the name Russian Hill to Kansas City Hump in honor of the all-American developers who are neatly blacking out the views, so that you'll have to make masked guerrilla raids on a tower to see

(continued on page 232)

tuning in without turning off your neighbors



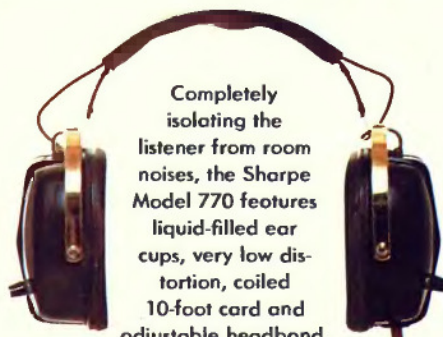
FOR YOUR EARS ONLY

GOOD HEADPHONES can be the equal of the finest speakers made. You can also high-decibel your favorite rock or opera or rock opera in the middle of the night without disturbing your neighbors; they offer an opportunity to hear fine nuances and channel separation that can be appreciated no other way—and they do all this at a price that's modest when compared with the cost of even a

mediocre pair of speakers. Increasingly more popular with today's stereo fans, headphones can run the price gamut from a rock-bottom five dollars for an off-brand set to a high of around \$160 for a superb pair of electrostatic phones guaranteed to deliver all ten of the audible octaves and equal or outdo speaker systems costing ten times as much—and which *(concluded on page 230)*



The Koss HV-1 stereophones are extremely light (9 ounces, less the cord) and have a frequency response of 20–20,000 cycles. The earpieces are of soft sponge, designed so you can hear phone or doorbell. Cord length is 10 feet. Cost: \$40.



Completely isolating the listener from room noises, the Sharpe Model 770 features liquid-filled ear cups, very low distortion, coiled 10-foot cord and adjustable headband. Priced at \$100, it has a lifetime guarantee.



A new type of headset is offered in Stanton's Isophose that uses electrostatic elements as speakers, producing a smooth sound. Polarizer (not shown) included in the \$160 price.

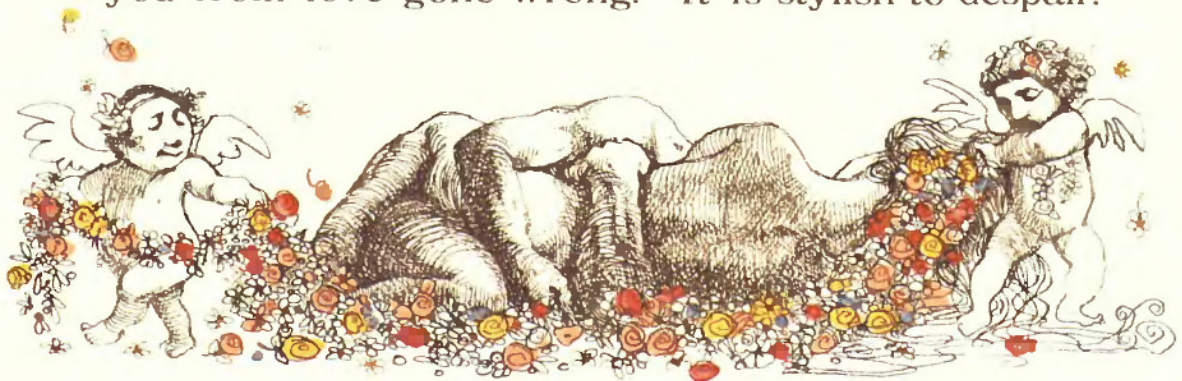


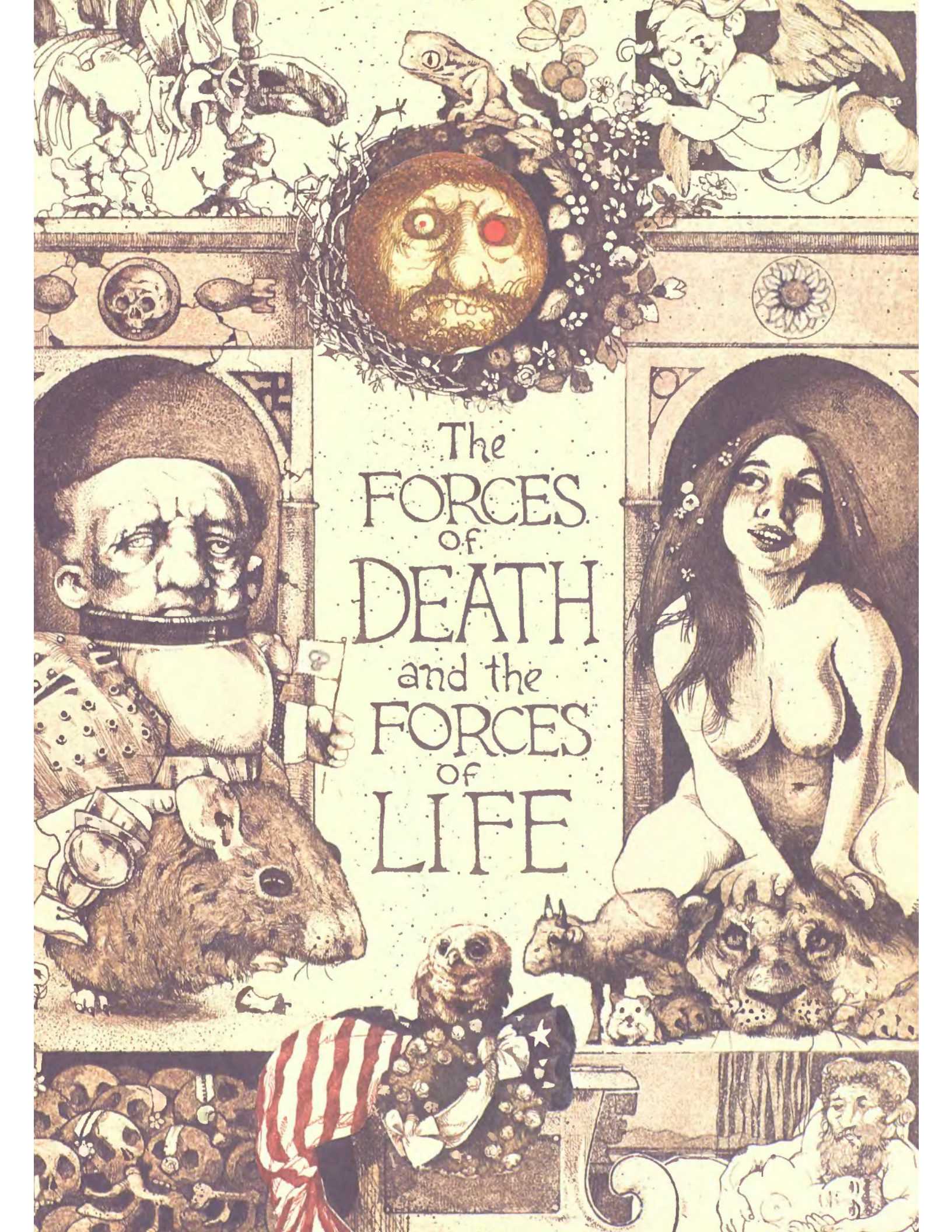
IN THIS SET OF APOCALYPTIC ETCHINGS, ARTIST CHARLES BRAGG PRESENTS HIS VISION OF MAN AS HE HAS BEEN AND AS HE MIGHT BE

T HE GNOME OF DEATH

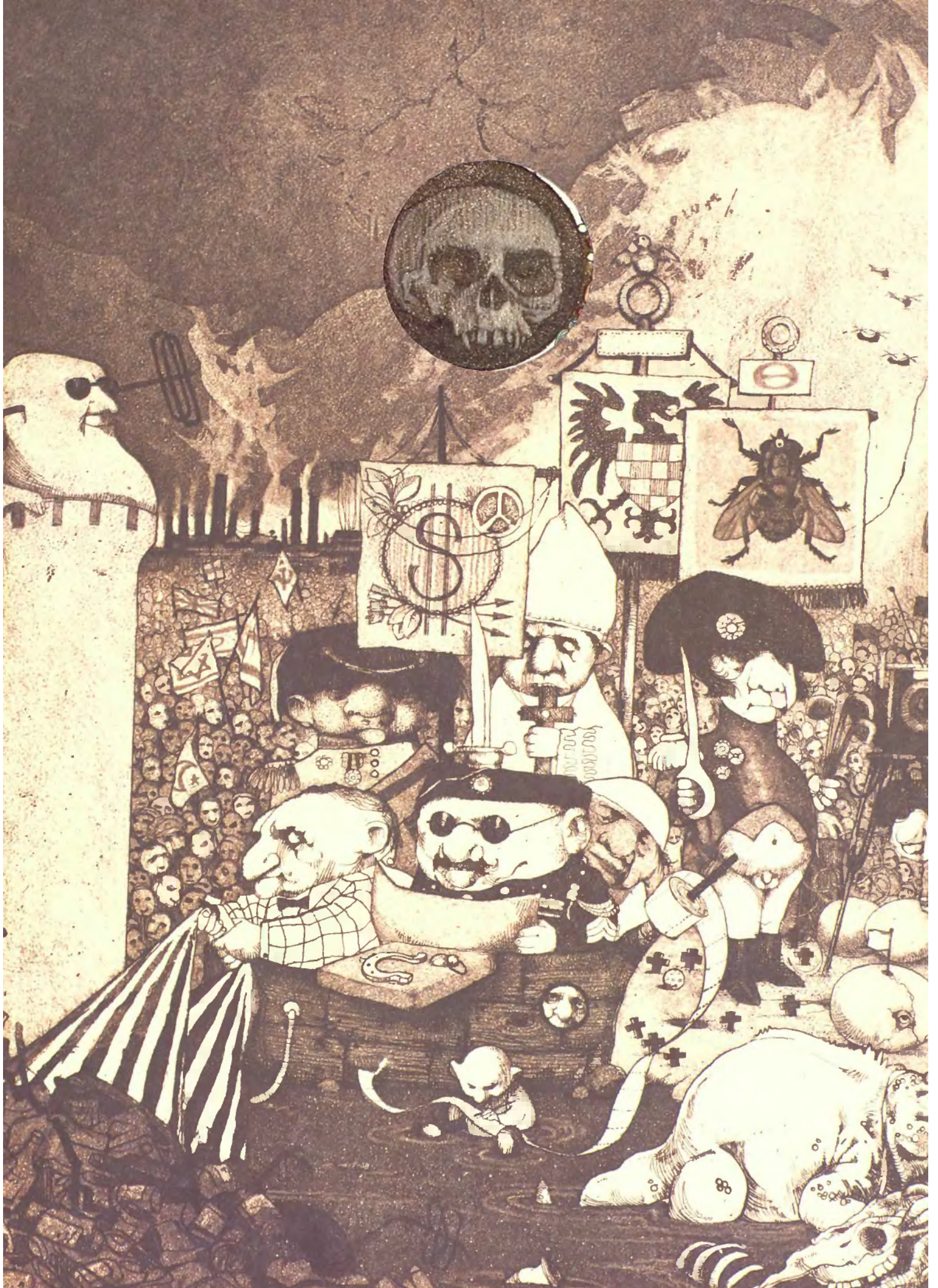
presides, it's true. We watch from a corner (overinformed and underknowledge) while our generals hump the planet and our priests bless them on their way (call it the way of the cross), while lizard kings do a death-grip waltz on the bones of the same dance done before and the tribal legions raise their banners one against the other, while the garbage and the bones collect waist-deep around the men who proclaim each absurd war holy.

And informed sources said today that God is on our side. Although the Lord was not around to comment, Death had this to say: "Kiss my rumpled ass and sing power. There are no fair fights and only I can save you from love gone wrong." It is stylish to despair.



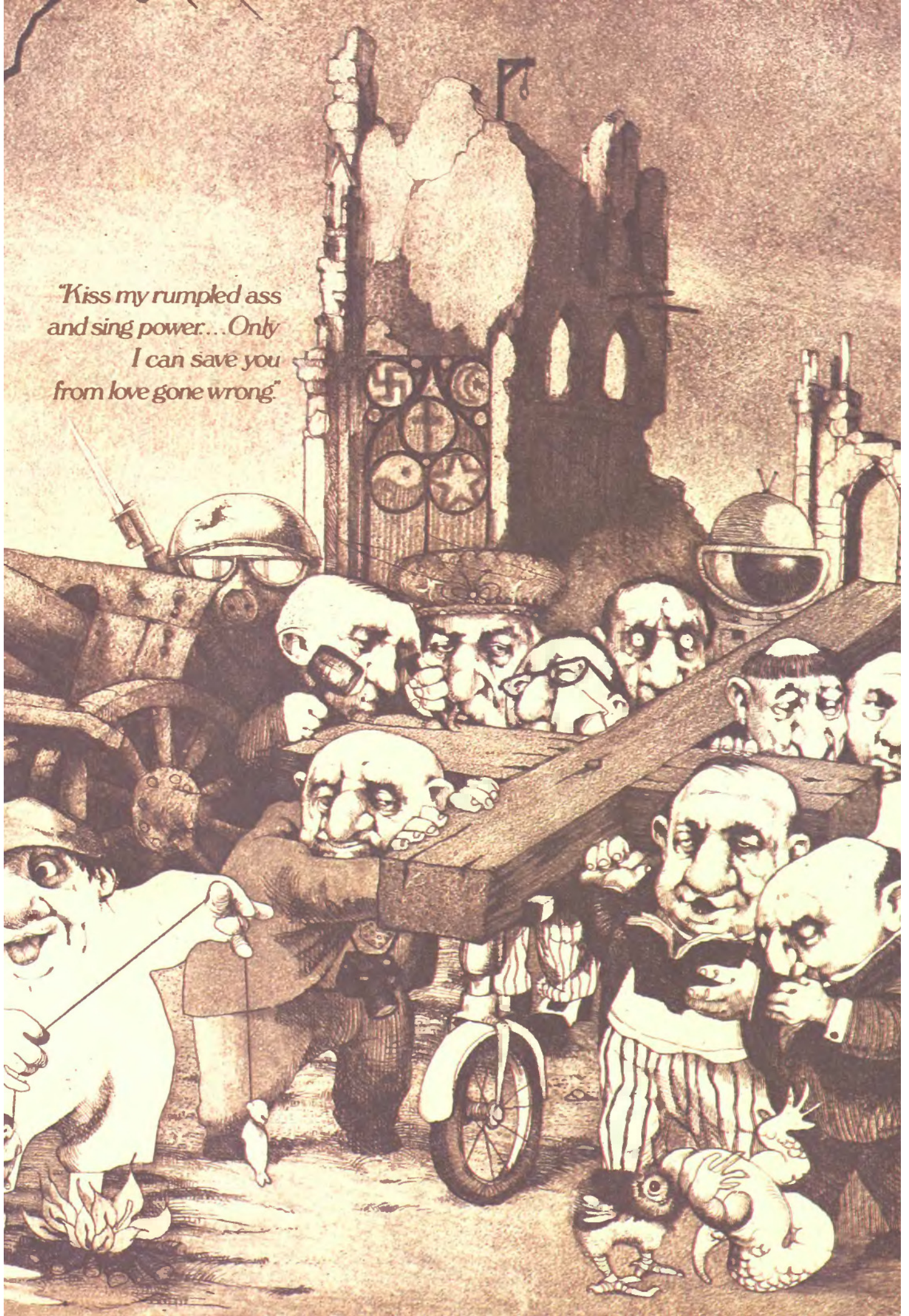


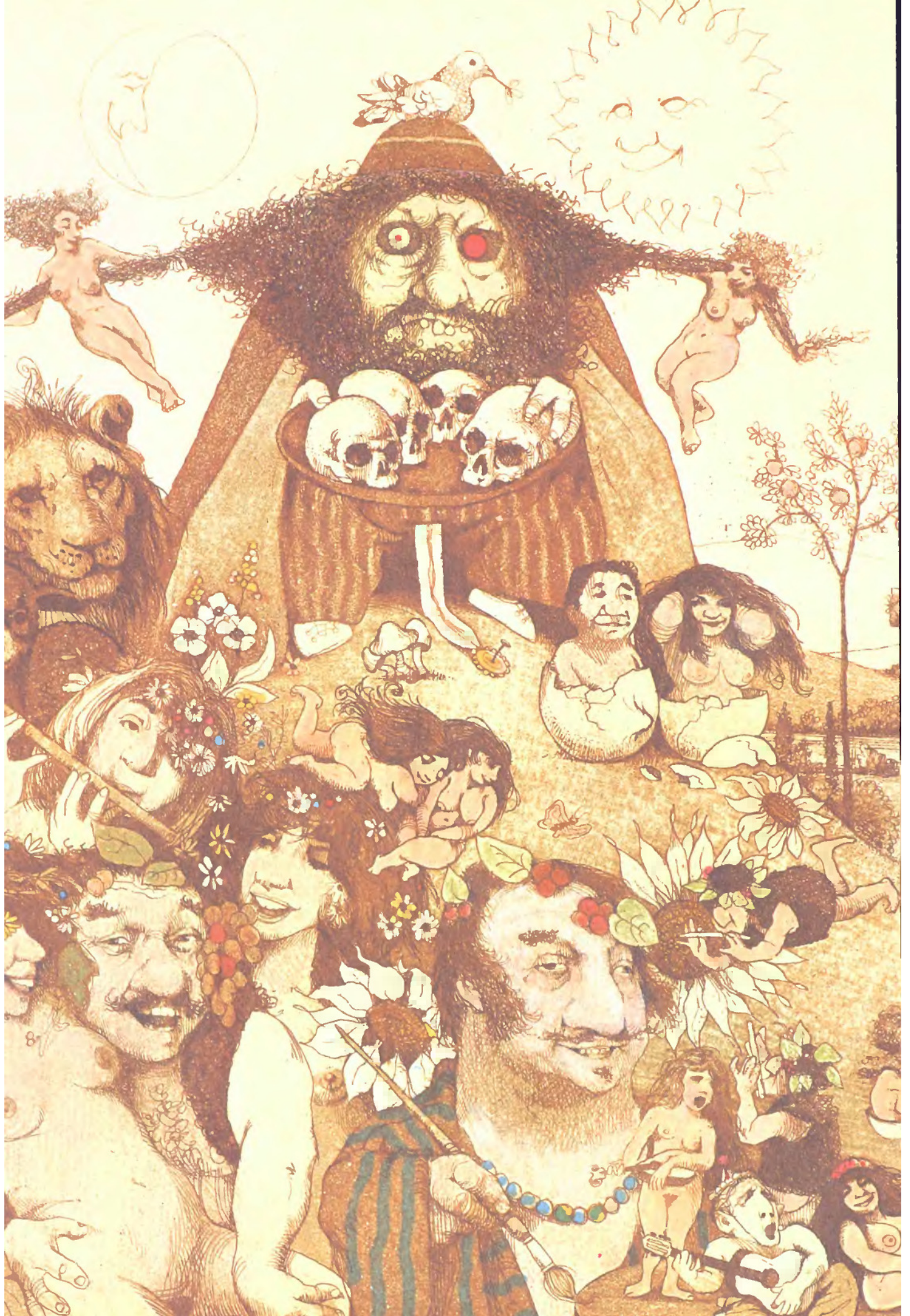
The
FORCES
OF
DEATH
and the
FORCES
OF
LIFE



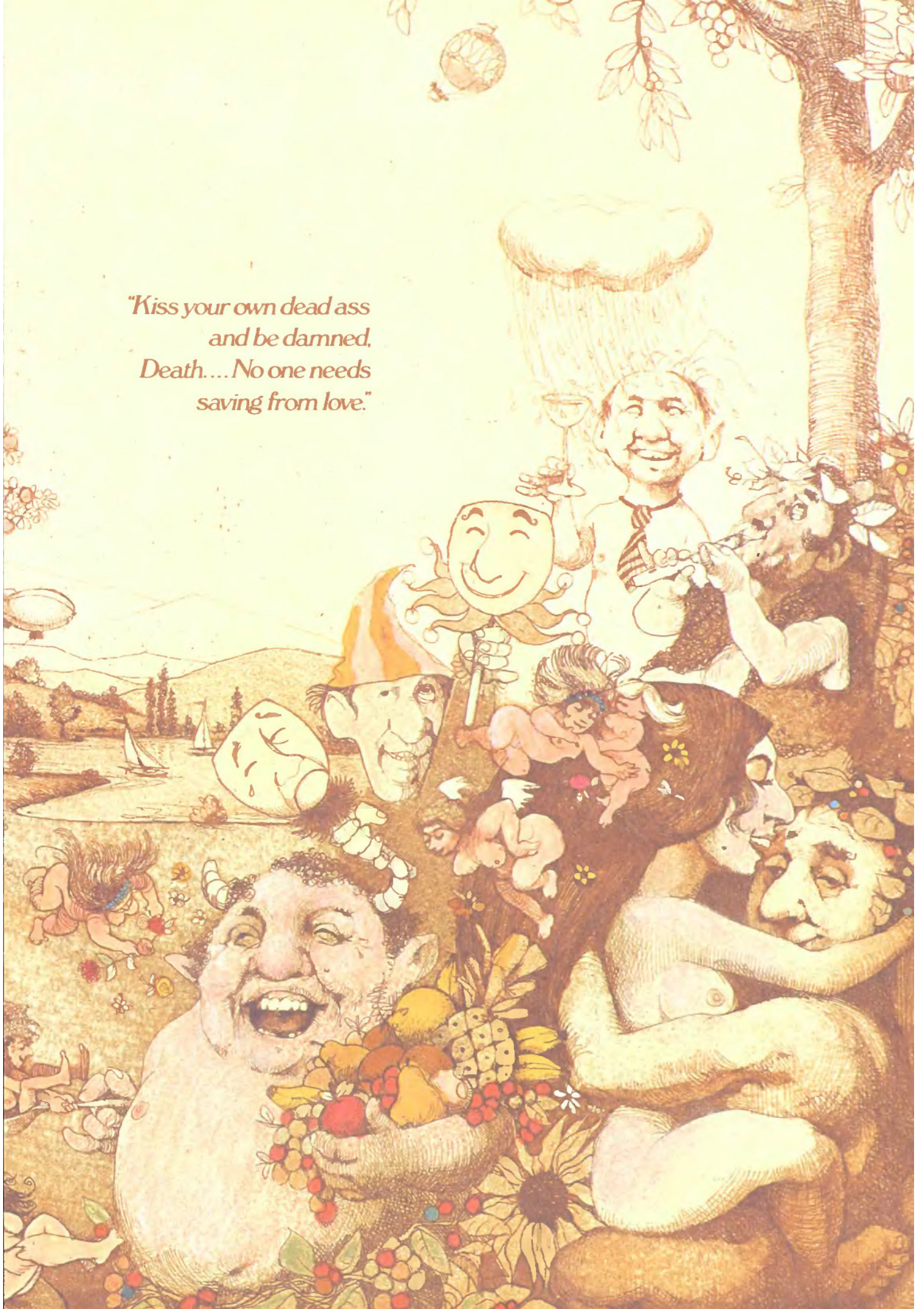


*"Kiss my rumpled ass
and sing power... Only
I can save you
from love gone wrong."*





*"Kiss your own dead ass
and be damned.
Death.... No one needs
saving from love."*





Still, imagination holds out—for what isn't, and never was, but might, some say, come to be. It's a fool's vision, perhaps, but they have found it in caves, on ruined walls and in the notebooks of young dead poets. Dumb dreams of the artist depicting a planet in love with itself, where the Gnome is silly for a time. Where men can tweak his beard and dare to be naked and vulnerable, loving and inefficient, and without the borrowed power of Death over one another.

It's true the Gnome has his way over man in the end; the game isn't fair, it just is. Still, there's no reason to serve the dark bastard, to run his errands for him, to extend a soulless kingdom while we have the light. For if death is his threat, life is our only revenge. Sing: "Kiss your own dead ass and be damned. There are no real fights among men, and no one needs saving from love."



SEDUCTION

(continued from page 82)

despite the difference in the circumstances; indeed, they could both be worse in the latter case, and that sort of thing happens every day. Probably the commonest form of noncriminal rape is rape by fraud—by phony tenderness or false promises of an enduring relationship, for example.

The woman who is assaulted and raped by a total stranger may suffer less than the woman who endures constant humiliation at the hands of people she is trying to know and love. The inadequate and psychotics who are arrested for rape have been known to select their victims and lie in wait for them; other criminal rapes may involve women who are known to or even related to their assailants, but for the most part, the selection of the victim is as fortuitous as it might be in an automobile accident. That element of haphazardness can help the woman avoid permanent psychic damage, because she is not compelled to internalize the experience, and so to feel guilty and soiled as a consequence of it.

One of the great injustices that the victims of criminal rape must suffer is the necessity of reliving the experience in minute detail over and over again from the first complaint to the police to the last phase of the trial. By attempting to prosecute the man who has raped her, a woman dissociates herself from the crime and endeavors to reconstitute her self-esteem, but it is a rare woman who is so independent of the evaluation of others that she can survive the contemptuous publicity that her attempt will draw upon her. If she fails to make her accusation stick, so that people assume that she is malicious or hysterical or that she enticed her rapist, she is in more serious psychic trouble than before. The odds against her succeeding in her prosecution, even after the police have reluctantly agreed to charge her assailant, are rather worse than four to one. If a woman's only concern is for herself and her eventual recovery from the experience, then she is much better advised not to prosecute. Rape is a habitual crime, however, and any woman who decides not to prosecute ought to spare a little thought for the women who will be raped as a consequence of her decision.

It is true that women have attempted to frame men for rapes that were never committed. Some have done so out of fear of punishment for an illicit sexual relationship that has been discovered. Others have done so because they needed abortions, others for revenge and other ulterior motives, for politics or policy. Some studies of rape quote a percentage of phony rape charges as high as 20 percent, but it is important to remember that the essence of the frame is that it is public, and that a good deal is

left to the discretion of law enforcers in deciding whether or not a woman has been truly offended. There are not too many profeminists in police stations.

Criminologists believe that fewer than one in five rapes are reported, making rape the least reported crime on the books. Those figures are, I believe, conservative, even within the terms of their narrow legalistic definition, which refers to the second gravest crime in the statutes—what we might call grand rape. The punishments for grand rape are very savage, but it was not women who decided long ago that rapists should be blinded and castrated or hanged with benefit of clergy (as they once were) or sentenced to jail for life (as they still are). Nevertheless, even from a woman's point of view there are instances in which rape is an injury just as serious as homicide, and perhaps more so. A black friend of mine spent years of passionate effort to see that the seven white youths who raped her when she was 16 years old and a virgin spent the maximum time in jail, for they ruined her life by cursing her with a child whom she could never leave and never love. (The wonder of it is, of course, that a white jockocratic court convicted on the evidence of a black girl.)

It is in the interests of everyone involved that pregnancy must not be allowed to be a consequence of rape. This means that all women claiming rape must be entitled to abortion, long before the offense can be proved. To wait for any legal process is to increase the degree of physical and mental trauma involved. Nowadays a raped woman has a pretty good chance of getting an abortion, especially if she can supply reasonable circumstantial evidence of the offense. However, the women who are most traumatized by rape are religious and sheltered women who are not likely to get over their experience by the necessity of committing what they devoutly believe to be a mortal sin as a result of an act committed upon their person against their will. In cases of scrupulous religious conscience, religion can be the woman's only consolation, but most cases of normally muddled morality would be best aided by the adoption of a protocol by medical officials confronted with rape cases. One practical solution would be to order the removal of the contents of the womb by aspiration as part of the diagnostic procedure. This would diminish the element of psychic intrusion and relieve the woman of the necessity of making a difficult moral choice arising out of circumstances beyond her control. The procedure is the same as biopsy aspiration, which is commonly practiced and need occasion very little discomfort.

The woman who is not impregnated

or physically injured as a result of rape may nevertheless suffer acutely. The idea, so commonly entertained, that women somehow enjoy rape is absolutely unfounded, and a further indication of the contempt that men feel for women and their sexual functions. One might as well argue that because most men have repressed homosexual or feminine elements in their personalities, they enjoy buggery and humiliation. Women are, as a result of their enculturation, masochistic, but this does not mean that they enjoy being treated sadistically, although it may mean that they unconsciously invite it. Because of this masochism, women frequently take the whole burden of horror upon themselves. I know personally of a case in which a woman has been repeatedly raped by her mentally retarded brother for 30 years and has never sought any protection from him because of the distress that the knowledge would cause her parents. Her struggle to cope with the situation alone has had a marked effect on her psychic balance, and yet it is not beyond a law-enforcement officer to argue that she is guilty of collusion, that she is an accomplice, in effect.

Bored policemen, amusing themselves with girls who come to them to complain of rape, often kick off the proceedings by asking if they have enjoyed it. Rapists often claim in their defense that the prosecutrix enjoyed herself, that she showed evidence of physical pleasure or even had an orgasm. Most of them are lying. Some are sincere, but men are notoriously incapable of judging whether or not a woman is feeling pleasure, and women are not so unlike men that terror cannot cause something like the symptoms of erotic excitation in the genitals. Even if a woman were to have an orgasm in the course of a rape, it need not necessarily lessen the severity of the trauma that she suffers. This, it would seem, is quite understandable in the case of men raped by women, which, although not an entity in law, is still a possibility. Malinowski describes with thrills of disgusted horror the rape of a Melanesian male; if the clear evidence of the victim's sexual excitation makes any difference to his sense of outrage, it is to intensify it:

The man is the fair game of women for all that sexual violence, obscene cruelty, filthy pollution and rough handling can do to him. Thus first they pull off and tear up his pubic leaf, the protection of his modesty, and, to a native, the symbol of his manly dignity. Then, by masturbatory practices and exhibitionism, they try to produce an erection in their victim and, when their maneuvers have brought about the desired result, one of them squats

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PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE REVIEW

a portfolio of the past delightful dozen



IT'S TIME once again to reintroduce you to the gatefold girls of the year just ended. It began beautifully with a Bunny turned PR girl, Landon's Marilyn Cale, and finished stylishly with a fashion designer turned Bunny, Hollywood's Mercy Rooney. Everything in between, as we think you'll agree after a long look at these pages, was—and is—equally easy on the eye.





Miss August

Linda Summers (above) has left her job at one of her stepfather's health-food stores in favor of a new vocation: She's learning to become a real-estate escrow officer for a firm in Chula Vista, California, just south of San Diego. "I'm still eating natural foods, though," she hastens to add. Besides on-the-job training in her new position

—for which she applied on the advice of a boyfriend in the realty business—Linda is taking night classes at the Union Bank in San Diego. "I love my new work," she told us, "though I do miss the store. We certainly got a lot of traffic through there after my Playmate story appeared in the magazine. The customers were curious—but nice."

Miss April

Vicki Peters (right) reports that she's sharpening her photographic skills: "I've just bought a new electric Nikon and I'm doing a lot of shooting." She prefers people as subjects: "In all honesty," she claims, "I think I'd be good at doing nudes." While in Florida on a Playmate promotion, Vicki photographed the Sebring race, where



"people kept taking pictures of me taking pictures; then they sent them to me from all over the country. It was really a kick." An added bonus of her centerfold appearance: "Opportunities are opening up in acting. But I'm going to be picky about what I do. If I can't make quality films, I'd rather keep on working behind the camera."





Miss July

Carol O'Neal (opposite) has abandoned her duties as a receptionist in Chicago's Playboy Center to return to college. At Indiana University in Bloomington, where she's completing her sophomore year, she's majoring in liberal arts. "I'm also taking one drama course, in advanced acting," she says. "If my Playmate-appearance schedule permits, I'd like to try out for some campus productions. In high school I was always cast as an ingénue; maybe here I can broaden my scope."

Miss June

Debbie Davis (left) wanted to get away from Los Angeles, so she headed for Hawaii—to the island of Maui, far from the tourist scene. "I'm staying with a girlfriend here, in a marvelously ramshackle building in the former colonial capital, Lahaina," she says. "It's like being on another planet." In California, Debbie's thing was powerboats; in the islands, she grooves on sailing and going to the movies. "There's only one theater here, but they change the show every night."

Miss November

Lenna Sjööblom (right)—pronounced "whi-bloom," in case you've been wondering—is planning to use her Playmate modeling fee to finance a reverse migration to Europe, not to her native Sweden but to Holland. "I've met a number of Dutch people here in Chicago," she explains, "and found them very easy to get along with. If I live in Rotterdam, I'll have my independence but still be only a day's journey from my parents' home, which is near Stockholm."

Miss December

Mercy Rooney (opposite) is busy working as a Bunny in the Los Angeles Playboy Club and, twice weekly, attending three-hour classes at the Film Actors' Workshop on the Warner Bros. lot. "I'm really serious about developing whatever dramatic talent I have," she says, "so I'm taking courses in camera technique and acting." She's also testing for television commercials and was seen last month in women's-magazine ads for a national line of bathing suits.







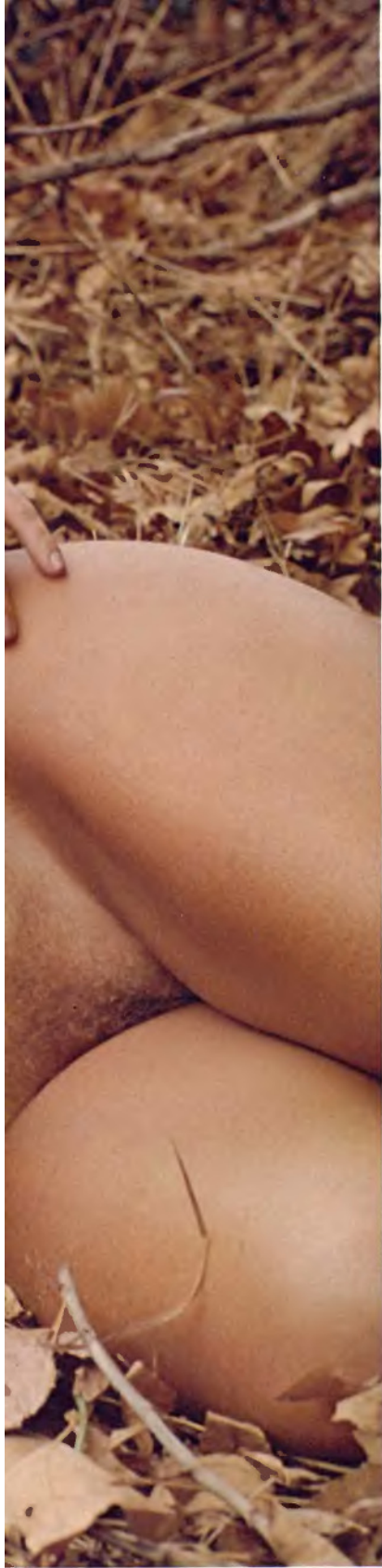
Miss October

Sharon Johansen (above) has a new pupil in her canine obedience school: a collie belonging to singer Eddie Fisher. Since gracing *PLAYBOY*'s gatefold, Sharon has also gone camping in Yosemite, landed TV roles (*Columbo*, *Love American Style*) to follow up on her film part as a beach girl in *Your Three Minutes Are Up* with Ron Leib-

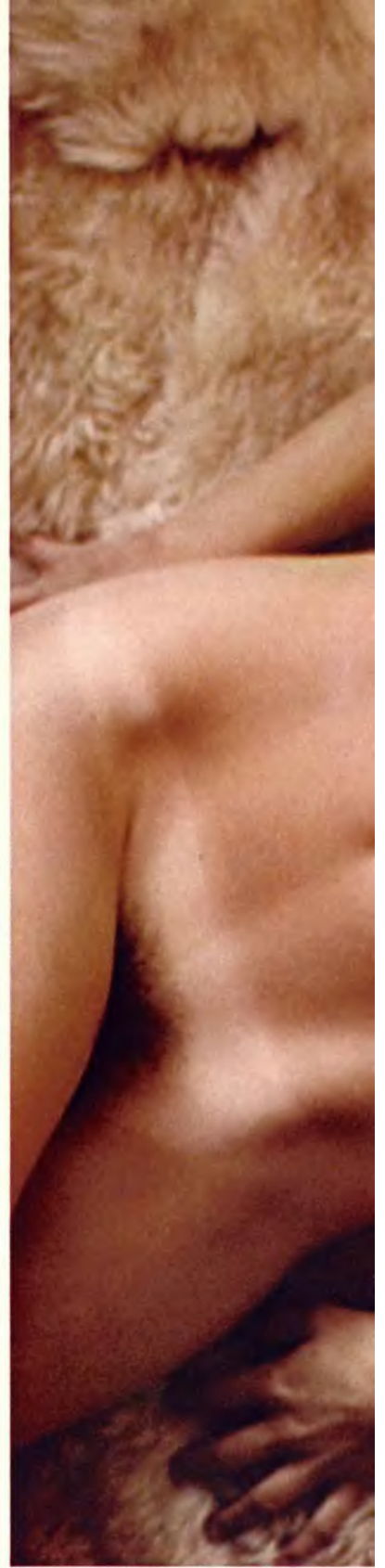
man and Beau Bridges, and she has accumulated several pets. "I have a tree house in my apartment where my Siamese, Slinky, my poodle, Coco, and my new gray-striped cat, Onassis, play. The other night a date came over for the first time, took one look at my animals, turned and left, saying, 'This is too much for me.'" Silly man.

Miss March

Ellen Michaels (right), having won her associate in arts degree from Queensborough Community College, has postponed her plans to go on for a B. A. in elementary education. "I'll probably end up teaching, but right now I'm encouraged by my progress in modeling here in New York City," she says. "I've had jobs in the cosmetics, fashion



and catalog fields, and I hope to land some TV commercials." Ellen has crisscrossed the continent from Texas to Canada on behalf of PLAYBOY—signing autographs and meeting the press. "It's fun being a Playmate," she reports. "The only unnerving thing, to me, has been the proposals of marriage I sometimes get from seventh graders."



Miss September

Susan Miller (left) disappeared from view for some weeks after her debut on PLAYBOY's centerfold. "I've been enjoying myself," our 6'1" Playmate told us when we finally located her back at her West Los Angeles home. "Been doing a lot of traveling, strictly first-class—in jets, seaplanes, helicopters, chauffeured limousines," she says.



Miss May

enigmatically. Eventually, she expects to resume posing as a professional model—although she talks of learning to be a photo stylist. Perhaps because she's been modeling since her early teens, when she was discovered sunning on the beach by an agent, Susan rejects the pressure of a full-time job. "That," she says, "just isn't my bag."

Deanna Baker's dream—of buying some property in the mountains and going back to nature—is in the process of coming true, thanks to the money she earned as a Playmate and as a Bunny in the Denver Playboy Club, a career she has now forsaken. "It's just too far to commute to the city from here," she told us over the

telephone from her house on an acre near the continental divide, north-west of the Colorado capital. Deanna has an option to buy the land, and she and some friends have established the Space City Custom Furniture Company, which manufactures hand-tooled pine tables, chairs and water-bed frames—stuff she describes as "funky rustic."

Miss February

P. J. Lansing (right), unlike Deanna, has chucked Colorado and opted for the urban scene—in her case, Chicago, where she's employed as a Bunny at the new Playboy Club. "I really enjoy living in Chicaga," P. J. says. "There's such a variety of things to do, so many places to go. I particularly enjoy the wide selection of French restaurants." When she's not Bunny hopping in the Club, P. J. makes personal appearances for PLAYBOY—and has enrolled in a photography course.

Miss January

Marilyn Cole (opposite) has taken up a new hobby: riding. "I've just gotten this big white gelding, Seamus," she told us. "After I become sure enough as an equestrienne, I want to try riding to hounds." Since her PLAYBOY appearance, Marilyn has been much in demand as a model in and around London; she's also been able to indulge her fondness for travel, via trips to the United States, brief vacations in Greece and Morocco and a winter skiing holiday in the Swiss Alps.





SEDUCTION

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over him and inserts his penis into her vagina. After the first ejaculation he may be treated in the same manner by another woman. Worse things are to follow. Some of the women will defecate and micturate all over his body, paying special attention to his face, which they pollute as thoroughly as they can. "A man will vomit, and vomit, and vomit," said a sympathetic informant.

For Malinowski the trauma is directly connected with loss of dignity and obliteration of the individual's will, at which his body actually connives. Women, too, have been known to vomit and vomit, to wash themselves compulsively, to burn their clothes, even to attempt suicide, after a rape. Nightmares, depression, pathological shyness, inability to leave the house, terror of darkness, all have been known to develop in otherwise healthy women who have been raped.

Malinowski was writing from the point of view of the rappee. The injury for him lay not in an outrage to his tutors and guardians, nor in injury to his body, nor in an unwanted pregnancy, but somewhere even more fundamental, in his will, and thence in his ego, his dignity. In this perspective the legalistic category of grand rape fades into unimportance. Sexual rip-offs are part of every woman's daily experience; they do not have the gratifying strangeness of disaster, with the special reconstructive energies that disasters call forth. They simply wear down the contours of emotional contacts and gradually brutalize all those who are party to them. Petty rape corrodes a woman's self-esteem so that she grows by degrees not to care too much what happens or how. In her low moments she calls all men bastards; she enters into new relationships with suspicion and a forlorn hope that maybe this time she will get a fair deal. The situation is self-perpetuating. The treatment she most fears she most elicits. The results of this hardening of the heart are eventually much worse than the consequences of fortuitous sexual assault by a stranger, the more so because they are internalized, insidious and imperceptible.

The idea that a woman has merely to consent, or to give in to sexual contact, provides the basic motivation for petty rape. Silence or failure to resist is further misconstrued as consent. Then, by a further ramification of blunder, passive silence is thought to indicate pleasure. The breakdown in sexual communications occasioned by acceptance of these related vulgar errors can be illustrated by an example.

A young Cambridge undergraduate at a party in London missed his last train back to Cambridge and so asked around

the party for a bed for the night. A female guest, who lived nearby, said he might use her spare room, unconcerned by the fact that her husband was away, for the young man and all his family were well known to them. She duly drove him to her apartment, where clean towels and pajamas were laid out for him, and he was wished a good night's rest in the spare room. She had had a lot to drink at the party and was feeling giddy and rather ill, so she was grateful to slide between the sheets and pass quietly out.

It was beneath young Lochinvar's dignity to stay in his room, though, and his hostess was just slipping through rather swirling veils of sleep when he climbed into the bed beside her. She resisted, but there was little point in making much to-do; having the police called to the apartment would have made a scandal, upset everybody and left her in a ridiculous situation. The law would take only one view of an unaccompanied married woman's invitation to a young man to stay the night, regardless of the fact that Victorian sexual paranoia is gradually ebbing in other areas. She scolded and pleaded, exaggerated the degree of her drunkenness and even resorted to being sick, but the young man's ego would give no quarter. Like a Fascist guard in Mussolini's Italy, he woke her every time her eyelids began to close. Then he made his little show of force. She offered only passive resistance and so got fucked.

It was, of course, a terrible fuck. She was exhausted, distressed and mutinous; he was deeply inconsiderate and cruel, although he fancied himself a nipple twiddler and general sexual operator and believes to this day that he gave her the fucking of her life. He has boasted of his conquest just often enough so that his talking about it has come to her ears and reduced her to a state of misery. She has never told her husband what happened because of the sheer unlikelihood that he would exonerate her from any taint of desire for the little shit, however nobly he decided to behave. Worst of all, she must see her enemy frequently at dinners and parties in friends' houses and endure his triumph over her time and time again. She has not allowed the circumstances to corrode her self-esteem to any serious extent, but her enemy cannot lay the fact to his credit.

What happened is just one of the zillions of forms of petty rape. There is no punishment and no treatment for offender nor victim in a case like this. It just has to be crossed off as another minor humiliation, another devaluation of the currency of human response. The woman in this instance revenged herself by striking the man from her list of friends, but he hardly noticed. His ac-

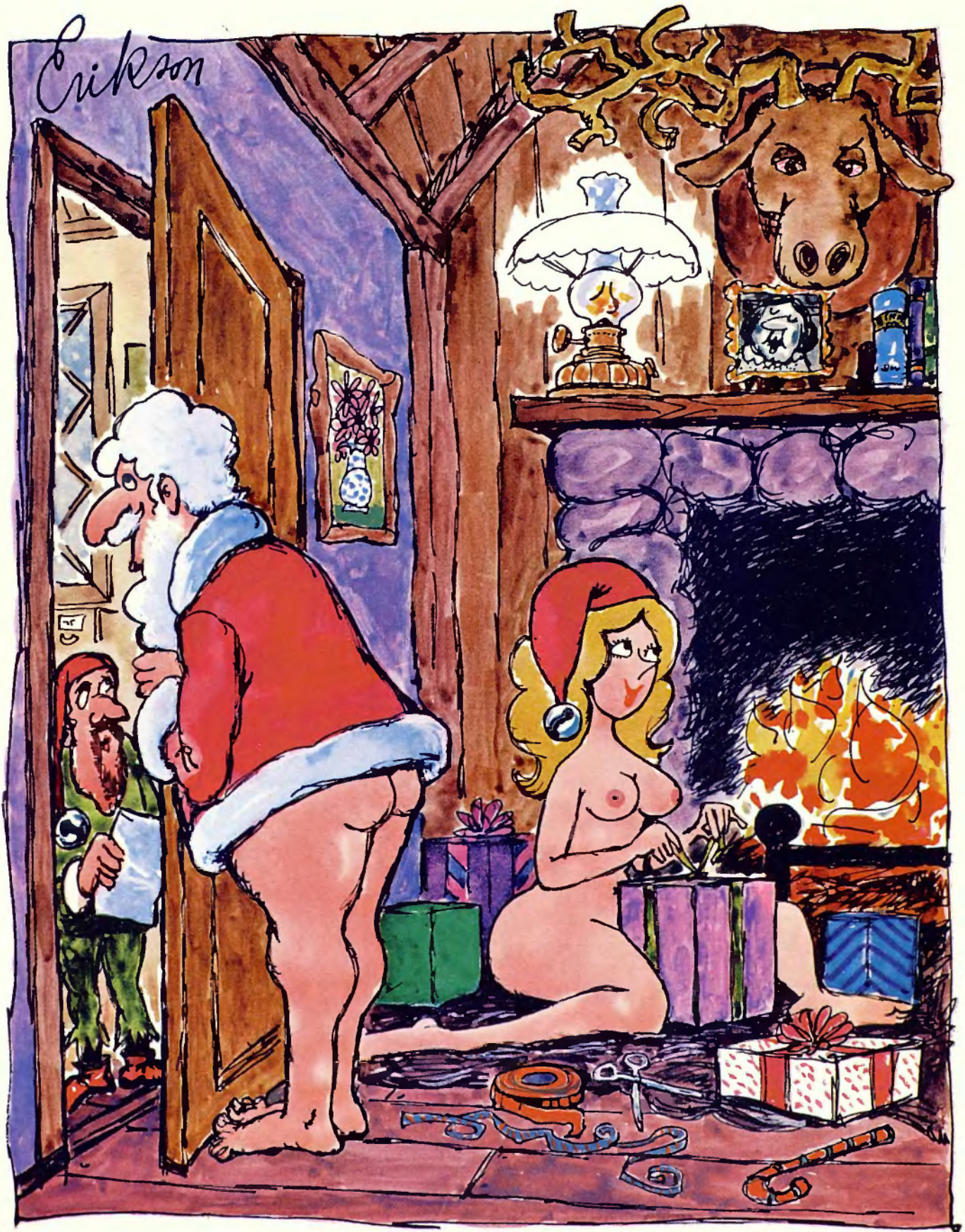
count of the affair, needless to say, is very different from hers.

The attitude of the rapist in such an example is not hard to interpret in terms of the prevailing sexual ideology. A man is, after all, supposed to seduce, to cajole, persuade, pressurize and eventually overcome. A reasonable man will avoid threats, partly because he has a shrewd idea that they will not produce the desired result. A psychotic rapist is quite likely to desire fright and even panic-stricken resistance and struggle as a prerequisite to his sexual arousal or satisfaction. But not your everyday pusillanimous rapist. He simply takes advantage of any circumstances that are in his favor to override the woman's independence. The man who has it in his power to hire and fire women from an interesting or lucrative position may profit by that factor to extort sexual favors that would not spontaneously be offered him. A man who is famous or charismatic might exploit those advantages to humiliate women in ways that they would otherwise angrily resist. In cases like these, mutual contempt is the eventual outcome, but what the men do not realize is that they are exploiting the oppressed and servile status of women. The women's capitulation might be ignoble, but it is morally more excusable than the cynical manipulation of their susceptibility.

One of the elements that is often abused in the petty-rape situation is the woman's affection for the rapist. This might not even be a completely nonsexual affection: There is a case on record in Denver in which a woman who was brutally raped explained to the judge that she would have been quite happy to ball with her assailant if he had asked her nicely, but as soon as they got into her apartment, he beat her up and raped her. The parallel in petty rape is the exploitation of a woman's tenderness, which would involve eventual sexual compliance, for a loveless momentary conquest. Because a woman likes a man and would like to develop some sort of relationship with him, she is loath to make trouble when he begins to prosecute his intentions in an offensive way. Her enemy takes cold-blooded advantage of that fact. For lots of girls who slide into promiscuity, this is the conflict in which they are defeated time and time again.

In all but the most sophisticated communities, a young woman who wishes to participate in the social life of her generation must do so as a man's guest. Dating is a social and economic imperative for her. This situation is the direct result of her oppressed condition, and however venal her motives may seem to be, she is not totally responsible for them. For her the pressure is disguised as pressure to fall in love and go steady; he may see it

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"Cancel my appointments. I'm breaking in a new gift wrapper."

KARL WALLENDRA

Head of a famous circus family, Wal- lenda has spent a lifetime on high, taut wires. His family goes up with him in dangerous combinations. Spectacular falls have killed some of the troupe. The rest stay with him.

I HAVE no personal fears. When your number is up, your number is up. My daughter is afraid to fly in an airplane because—who knows?—it might be the pilot's number that's up.

Of course, I know it is dangerous. The accident in Detroit came at the end of a seven-person pyramid. God knows what caused it. You can't question the dead, and the young man who gave way is dead. It was not our fault; it was not the fault of the wire apparatus. Everything was in good shape. We never knew why the boy couldn't hold it anymore. He must have panicked, or he had a pinched nerve, or went dizzy. There are so many reasons.

My youngest brother died in July 1936, the first time he ever used a net. We'd had a big accident and I was in the hospital. I said, "Look, you can take all my apparatus, but you have to use a net." I was here in America at the time. All I heard was that he fell from the high wire into the net and bounced out onto the concrete floor and died.

From then on, I said, "Well, now it's happened." That was our first fatality—with a net. Now I say what has to happen has to happen.

This last accident had nothing to do with the high wire. I was working on the high wire. My daughter's husband, who was very ambitious, wanted to help me; he wanted to climb up that pole. Unfortunately, he touched one of the high-tension clamps. There was only one wire clamp—about two feet away from the pole—that was not insulated and he touched it. I saw it with my own eyes. I was up there. My daughter saw her husband falling; she screamed to me, "Daddy." I thought that the whole thing was electric and we would all get killed. I didn't know how to get off. I was standing about 70 feet up in the air and everybody said, "Don't come to the pole, don't touch the pole. You'll be electrocuted." So we shut all the lights off and I had to go down that pole in the dark to save myself.

But you go right back. It's the only thing to do. Just like my daughter did, the next day. And she was thinking about her children, too. It's only the survivors you can do good for. When the good Lord tells me I have to quit, then I'll quit. But I haven't thought about it. I can't say I'll perform another six months, I can't say if I'll do it another ten years. I hope I will.

JACK PALANCE

Palance has played just about every kind of movie badman. Alan Ladd finally outdrew him in "Shane" and killed evil itself. Tired of his image, Palance has been taking roles that lampoon his earlier, menacing characters.

FOR ACTORS there's always fear. Even after your most sensational success, you're constantly thinking of something that's coming up. So many actors sit around thinking about the *one* role. I know actors who are approaching 70 and are still talking about that one part. It's very difficult when somebody asks, "What is your favorite role?" Because all those parts you've played seem dead. It's like going into the graveyard and picking out a corpse and saying, "This is it"—rather than something living—something coming out. But if you don't give somebody an answer to a question like that, he thinks you're putting him on. You're not really. What you've done is totally meaningless, nothing. This crushes an awful lot of people. The suicides. Like Marilyn Monroe. Marilyn wanted to be recognized as an actress rather than as a sensuous, erotic freak. I'm sure women—a lot of women actors—are terribly afraid of getting old, because so few women go gracefully into character roles. Men can bridge this a little better. If there is a bridge to travel on at all. If there's another role.

The telephone. I did a painting recently—I paint infrequently, but I did a painting of a man sitting in a very dark room behind a window. Outside is the sun, beautiful trees and grass, and he's sitting there in a strait jacket, whistling. And beside him is this enormous thing that he's looking at, and you know this thing is a telephone. I call the painting *The Actor*. He's waiting for the telephone to ring. He's tied to it and the telephone cord goes to his navel. This is it. The world of an actor, at least most actors. The telephone must ring—an agent desperately trying to get to a producer, to the money people. It's an actor's *life*. It's like he's wrapped around a telephone pole.

MARCN HENRY

Henry has been head of the Missis- sippi NAACP for over ten years. His home and office have been bombed and threats on his life don't even worry him anymore. Still . . . he doesn't drive around Mississippi alone.

I KNOW I live in a situation where any white man in the state can shoot me down any day of the week—and nothing will happen to him. And, man, that's not easy to get off your mind. So I guess living with fear is sort of like learning to live with a broken leg.

There's no question: The most fright- ened I have ever been was the night they bombed my house and set it afire. I was really afraid that night, because they hit my daughter's room. The flames had engulfed the room and there was smoke everywhere; I couldn't find her and she couldn't find me. We were screaming for each other and I thought: "My God, I've killed my only child with my ideas." But when we finally met in the smoke and clasped each other and I got her outside, out of the danger of the explosion and fire, you know, that fear, like all the others before it, was gone. But for a few agonizing minutes I was overcome completely with fear and I probably came closer to losing control than at any time in my life.

I guess my other great fear came dur- ing the Sixties, when we were doing a lot of marching. I had been jailed after a run-in with the chief of police. They told me that they were worried about security. Like some damn lynch mob was going to come get me. So they decided to transfer me to a jail in another county and they wouldn't even tell my wife where they were carrying me. There were 12 or 15 blacks outside the jail when they brought me out with my body wrapped in chains—locked. Now, I didn't know where I was going to end up—in the river, across the railroad tracks, or where. I knew I couldn't defend myself and it was a damn helpless feeling. Damn helpless.

Luckily, I had established a rapport with the Kennedys and Bobby Kennedy called the sheriff of our county and said, "I'm holding you responsible for his safety." I think that call is perhaps why I am alive today. Because they had no reason to walk me out of the jail in chains unless they had something else in mind. But even then I knew that freedom is to some degree bought with blood. You see, it's not that you're afraid, it's what you can do even though you are afraid. You can't let it get you. You'd back up every time.



FEAR

*whatever it is you are:
fighter pilot, high-wire
stroller, heart surgeon...*



*... something is out there
waiting, and if it doesn't
do you in, it will at least
scare the hell out of you*

RED ADAIR

Adair developed a simple method for putting out oil-well fires: Get close and plant an explosive that starves the flames. It's made him a lot of money; but then, he hasn't had any competition for 30 years.

FEAR? A lot of jobs we get into—whether they're in Sumatra or the Middle East or wherever—you've got a lot more to worry about than fires. Rebels, for instance. You're more afraid of those guys than you are of the fires or explosions. Over in Libya, they'd blown up four wells and when we were going in there to blast out the fires, we got buzzed by jet fighters. You never know.

We were in Nigeria during the Biafran war, working just a few miles from the front lines. And if that wasn't enough, we had to worry about witch doctors. They're still there, you know. They come up with their followers. You don't talk back to them, I'll tell you that.

I guess I came the closest on New Year's Day in 1953. I was crushed by a big dragline and they gave me up for dead. They took me back to the hospital and couldn't get a heartbeat or anything. But I could hear them talking. I could hear everything they said, but I couldn't move anything to let them know. I was afraid they were going to pull that sheet over my head. And I tried, man, I tried to move anything, an eyelid, a finger, *anything*. The doctor gave me shots and I could hear them talking. Then they got a little heartbeat. That's a weird feeling.

There's a lot to worry about. We've had sharks to contend with in the Red Sea, leopards in the jungles of Mozambique and poisonous snakes in Guatemala. Had them all. But the one thing I really worry about, I mean *really* worry, is the way some of those guys drive when they're taking you to a well fire. They're all excited and nervous and they get to driving faster and faster. Hell, you finally just have to say, "Slow down before you kill us all."

RODIN OLDS, U.S.A.F.

Olds finished first in 17 dogfights. He shot down 13 German planes in World War Two and still had the touch 20 years later. One more MIG kill and he'd have been Vietnam's first ace. He was unhappy about missing Korea.

IN WORLD WAR TWO. I was very young, tremendously eager, and I knew I was a good pilot. There were times when I was very excited—times when I might have a momentary tightening of the stomach muscles, constriction of the throat, or whatever. But things happen so quickly and you're so damned busy coping that you really haven't got time to sit there and be afraid. Fear comes at night when you're alone, when you're dropping off to sleep, and that takes on a more—to use a word I'm not sure of—*mordant* . . . anyway, a deeper thing of dread. And this builds and builds and builds. I had a roommate who was that way, and sure enough, it happened; he was killed. But I never let myself think things like that. I was shot at and missed and shot at and hit quite a bit in World War Two. There were wild times; like getting hit very, very solidly strafing an airfield. Pieces of your airplane are flying off, and you're knocked upside down right above the ground, going like the hammers of hell, and you manage to extricate yourself and roll out and try to get away and you get slammed again. You know it is going on—you may not have time to be frightened—but by God, they certainly have got your attention.

When I first took over my wing in Vietnam, the big talk wasn't about the MIGs but about the SAMs. I'd seen enemy airplanes before, but those damn SAMs— When I saw my first one, there were a few seconds there of sheer panic, because that's a most impressive sight to see that thing coming at you. You feel like a fish about to be harpooned. You go to bed at night and whether you like it or not, you may dream about that damn thing. I'd wake up at the bottom of my bed, dodging the damn things. I had over 240 shot at me and never got used to it. I got awfully cagey. If you're just one or two seconds off, you've had the schnitzel. In Vietnam I did the same thing I had in World War Two, lived one day at a time. The only things you were interested in were flying, eating and drinking. You do a lot of drinking. If you didn't, you couldn't sleep at night, because all these things were going through your head, whether they were aggressive thoughts or not—so strongly you couldn't go to sleep. So about three good belts of Scotch, sleep like a baby, you're up six hours later and ready to go again.

DENTON COOLEY, M.D.

To keep his patients alive, Cooley has tried a number of radical surgical techniques. He was one of the first to experiment with artificial heart valves; he performed one of the first successful heart transplants in this country.

PEOPLE ASK how a man can get accustomed to seeing flesh and blood. But it doesn't bother you to make a three-foot incision in a patient. It's a matter of building up tolerance to something.

In the beginning, it was an awesome thing to actually go into a patient; but as time goes on, your experience increases. Routine things you just take in stride. But as you get into more difficult problems to handle surgically, you fear other things; the death of a patient, particularly on the operating table, is one.

At first the most routine appendectomy was a very gripping experience that made my heart race and made me break out in a cold sweat. At the present time, my threshold of fear has been raised to the point where it takes something like a heart-valve ring that will not hold suture—where there is a distinct possibility that you'll never get the valve seated and that it will float out once you get the heart started—to create fear in me.

So, even today, there are times when the uneasy feeling returns to me. The first valve and the first transplant—both of these things—brought it back. Everything, my whole career, was on the line. I think I came away from it in good shape, but I had no way of knowing just how I would be able to land on my feet if it had been a total fiasco.

When we did the first heart transplant, we had the heart all sewed in place, then the moment came to restore the circulation to the coronary system and wait for the heart to make its response. The anticipation was so great that defeat or failure at that time would have been a real catastrophe for everyone. Defeat wouldn't have been merely the loss or the death of the patient—patients die all the time from heart disease—but I would have opened myself to serious criticism if it had been a failure, and my judgment would have been questioned. But I think we have a certain responsibility to develop some new things to challenge some of the old rules and regulations . . . and not just leave it to some subsequent generation of physicians to make these discoveries.

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its one cube of light and, the window being slightly raised above the avenue, he could see the scattered windows of other cozy little houses coming awake all over the town. An hour earlier, he might have been able to see the bruise-blue line of the Irish Sea. I could live in any one of those little houses out there, and he turned to look at her uncertainly—like a painter turning from easel to model, from model to easel, wondering which was the concoction and which was the truth.

"Well?" she asked impatiently.

His eye helicoptered over her cheap furniture. Ten seconds sufficed. He looked at her coldly. If he were outside there now on the pavement, looking in at her rosy lamplighting. . . .

"There is," she said defensively, "a mirror."

She opened the leaves of large folding doors in the rear wall, led him into the room beyond them, flooded it with light. An electric sewing machine, patterns askew on the wall, a long deal table strewn with scattered bits of material, a tailor's wire dummy and, incongruously, over the empty fireplace, a lavish baroque mirror, deeply beveled, sunk in a swarm of golden fruit and flowers, carved wood and molded gesso. Spanish? Italian? It could be English. It might, rarest of all, be Irish. Not a year less than 200 years old. He flung his arms up to it in unrestrained excitement.

"And you said you had nothing! She's a beauty! I'd be delighted to buy this pretty bauble from you."

She sighed at herself in her mirror.

"I did not say I had nothing, Mr. Bolger. I said I had nothing for you. My mirror is not for sale. It was my husband's engagement present to me. He bought it at an auction in an old house in Wexford. It was the only object of any interest in the house, so there were no dealers present. He got it for five pounds."

He darted to it through an envious groan. He talked at her through it.

"Structurally? Fine. A leaf missing here. A rose gone there. Some scoundrel has dotted it here and there with commercial gold paint. And somebody has done worse. Somebody's been cleaning it. Look here and here and here at the white gesso coming through the gold leaf. It could cost a hundred pounds for gold leaf to do it all over again. Have you," he said sharply to her in the mirror, "been cleaning it?"

"I confess I tried. But I stopped when I saw that chalky stuff coming through. I did, honestly."

He considered her avidly in the frame. So appealing in her contrition, a fallen Eve. He turned to her behind him. How

strongly built and bold she was! Bold as brass. No question—two women!

"Mrs. Benson, have you any idea what this mirror is worth?"

She hooted at him derisively.

"Three times what you would offer me as a buyer and three times that again for what you would ask as a seller."

To conceal his delight in her toughness, he put on a sad face.

"Lady! Nobody trusts poor old B. B. But you don't know how the game goes. I look at that mirror and I say to myself, 'How long will I wait to get how much for it?' I say, 'Price, one hundred pounds,' and I sell it inside a month. I say, 'Price, two hundred pounds,' and I have to wait six months. Think of my overheads for six months! If I were living in London and I said, 'Price, three hundred pounds,' I'd sell it inside a week. If I lived in New York, I could say, 'Price, fifteen hundred dollars,' and I'd sell it in a day. If I lived on a coral island, it wouldn't be worth two coconuts. That mirror has no absolute value. To you it's priceless because it has memories. I respect you for that, Mrs. Benson. What's life without memories? I'll give you ninety pounds for it."

They were side by side, in her mirror, in her room, in her life. He could see her still smiling at him. Pretending she was sorry she had cleaned it? Putting it on. They do, yeh know, they do! And they change, oho, they change. Catch her being sorry for anything. Smiling now like a girl caught in fragrant delight. Listen to this:

"It is not for sale, Mr. Bolger. My memories are not on the market. That is not a mirror. It is a picture. The day my husband bought it, we stood side by side and he said," she laughed at the mirror, "'We're not a bad-looking pair.'"

He stepped sideward out of her memories, keeping her framed.

"I'll give you a hundred quid for it. I couldn't possibly sell it for more than a hundred and fifty. There aren't that many people in Dublin who know the value of a mirror like yours. The most I can make is twenty-five percent. You are a dressmaker. Don't you count on making twenty-five percent? Where are you from?" he asked, pointing eagerly.

"I'm a Ryan from Tipperary," she laughed, taken by his eagerness, laughing the louder when he cried that he was a Tipp man himself.

"Then you are no true Tipperary woman if you don't make fifty percent! What about it? Tipp to Tipp. A hundred guineas? A hundred and ten guineas? Going, going . . . ?"

"It is not for sale," she said with a clipped finality. "It is my husband's mirror. It is our mirror. It will always be

our mirror," and he surrendered to the loyalty she was staring at.

As she closed the door on his departure, there passed between them the smiles of equals who, in other circumstances, might have been friends. He walked away, exhilarated, quite satisfied. He had got rid of his fancy. She had not come up to his dream. He was cured.

The next Sunday afternoon, bowler hat on nose, collar up, scarfed, standing askew behind her pillar, the red lamp glowed for him, would now always glow, above the dark head of Mrs. Benson, widow, hard-pressed dressmaker, born in Tipperary, sipping Indian tea, munching an English biscuit, reading a paperback, her civil respite from tedious labor. How appealing! She has beaten a cozy path of habit and he lusts to have it, to have her, to own her, at least to share her. "I can make antiques, but I can't make age; I could buy the most worn old house in Ireland and would I own one minute of its walls, trees, tones, moss, slates, gravel, rust, lichen, aging?" And he remembered the old lady in a stinking house in Westmeath, filled with 18th Century stuff honeycombed by woodworm, who would not sell him as much as a snuffbox because, "Mr. Bulgey, there is not a pebble in my garden but has its story."

Bray. For sale. Small modern bungalow. Fully furnished. View of sea. Complete with ample widow attached to the front doorknob. Fingerprints alive all over the house. He pushed the gate open, smartly leaped her steps, rang.

A flock of biscuit clung childishly to her lower lip. Her gray eye, delicately defective, floated beyond his face as disconcertingly as a past thought across present surprise.

"Not you again?" and she laughed lavishly.

"Mrs. B.! I have a proposition."

"Mr. B.! I do not intend to sell you my mirror. Ever!"

"Mrs. B.! I do not want it. What I have to propose will take exactly two ticks. I swear it. And then I fly."

She sighed, looked far, far away. To the night sea?

"For two minutes? Very well. But not one second more!"

She shows him into the living room and, weakening—in the name of hospitality? of Tipperary? of country ways?—she goes into the recesses of her home for an extra cup. In sole possession of her interior, he looks under the vast umbrella of the dusk, out over the punctured encampment of roofs. Could I live here? Why does this bloody room never look the same from the inside and the outside? Live *here*? Always? It would be remote. Morning train to Dublin. In the evenings, this, when I had tarted it up a bit, made it as cozy inside as it looks from the outside.

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SMALL CLAIMS COURT

ADVENTURES OF A LITIGIOUS LAW BUFF

article **By CALVIN TRILLIN**

turning witnesses to jelly, our would-be bell puts on a dazzling display of legal acumen—and sometimes even avoids losing his shirt

When I was in college, I thought about going to law school, until someone in a movie I saw said, "I'll have my lawyer draw up the papers." It was Clark Gable, or someone equally in command of the situation. Having closed his deal man to man, Clark began to stride toward the door, casually tossing off that final line as he jammed on his hat. I suddenly realized what a lawyer would be left with to say under similar circumstances: "Now I'll have to go



back to the office and draw up the god-damned papers."

When my family suggested to me that I might go to law school, I said, in a tone that was meant to approximate Clark Gable's way of dealing with such suggestions, "I'm no papers-draw-upper." That closed the subject for me and left them, I think, more convinced than ever that law school would have been a good idea, since eccentricity is always more acceptable in a professional man.

I don't really regret not having a law degree—as it happens, a friend of mine who owns a computer-programmer college in Kansas City has offered to award me an honorary degree in anything any time I want it—and I certainly don't regret not having to draw up the god-damned papers. But when my mind wanders, I have to admit, it often slides to a stop in front of a vision of me as the shrewdest courtroom operator of them all. There I am, pacing back and forth in a three-piece suit—an elegant suit, but not so elegant as to give the jury the impression I am putting on airs. With my cutting cross-examination I am transforming the previously self-assured witnesses of my opponent into instant neurotics. I am summing up my case with simple and deeply moving eloquence. I am constantly saying, "May it please the court." I am making the fine points. A fantasy lawyer? Certainly. But it's not all fantasy: Sometimes I sue.

I now realize that during the first few years of my vicarious practice in New York the legal advice I handed out casually at parties was not always precisely appropriate—since I had picked up most of my law in the early Sixties while sitting in Federal courts in the South as a reporter covering the race story, my advice would have been precisely appropriate only for those people whose personal legal problem was how to desegregate a school district—but my jargon was so impressive that nobody seemed to notice. If someone mentioned that, say, the aluminum siding he had contracted to have installed on his house at horrifying expense had reacted to its first exposure to rain by sliding slowly and gracefully to the ground, I would say something like, "Well, I think the thing to do would be to get a temporary restraining order on that until you can schedule a show-cause hearing on a permanent injunction, and then if that doesn't work, you could slap him with a writ of mandamus and maybe get it kicked up to the Fifth Circuit." I believe it is generally accepted in legal circles that I was the first person ever to cite *Brown vs. Board of Education* as a precedent for the awesome damages that could be collected from a department store that delayed the delivery of a floor lamp—a position I took during a conversation with an employee of Macy's customer-

relations department in 1964.

It may seem astonishing that in the Federal court of the Southern District of New York a man of my legal knowledge was permitted to serve as a juror with ordinary laymen. Anybody with an extensive legal background, after all, can obviously exert disproportionate influence on the other jurors. The way it happened was that I did my best during the examination of prospective jurors (the *voir dire*, as we litigators say) to pretend that I was an ignorant layman myself. I figured that being left on the jury and given an opportunity to observe its deliberations firsthand would be invaluable preparation for the day when I would be trying a case before a jury myself. When one of the lawyers asked me where I lived, for instance, I refrained from saying "Perhaps you would like to refresh your recollection by consulting the card in front of you"—even though I had waited for years to invite someone in court to refresh his recollection, since the vision that the phrase always brought to my mind was of a tired, gray old memory suddenly being transformed into a memory fresh and bright and green as a Salem ad.

From the beginning of the trial, I tried not to overwhelm the lay jurors with any dazzling displays of legal acumen. When the plaintiff's lawyer told us in his opening statement that the case we were about to hear involved a train, I decided against interrupting to tell him that everyone was perfectly aware of the Supreme Court's reversal of its *Plessy vs. Ferguson* ruling on separate but equal facilities for railroad-coach passengers—which was just as well, since the case, as it turned out, did not concern the constitutionality of segregation on trains in Louisiana but the possibility of a whiplash injury during a derailment in New Jersey. The plaintiff, a young man who had studied the violin, claimed that the accident had shattered what might have been a lucrative concert career, and the defense lawyer implied that the accident had given the plaintiff an excuse to abandon a musical career whose financial rewards probably would have depended on how generous people emerging from the Times Square subway station were feeling toward some earnest but screechy fiddler sawing away on 42nd Street.

I was not impressed with the plaintiff's lawyer, although professional courtesy kept me from showing my disdain during the trial. He obviously had the same idea I had about not appearing in court in clothes that made him seem flashy. He was wearing a plain gray suit and a striped tie and a white button-down shirt. But somehow he looked suspiciously flashy anyway—as if his wife had to station herself at the front door

of their house on courtroom mornings so that she could strip off his diamond wrist watch and make him change his white-on-white shirt (the one he always wore with his eight-ounce gold cuff links) and send him back to wash the stickum out of his hair. Also, he made no fine points at all. And he didn't say "May it please the court" once.

Not long after the jury had begun its deliberations, I realized that keeping my legal knowledge to myself would have amounted to dereliction of duty. One elderly woman on the jury had announced that she refused to render a verdict on the case one way or the other. She explained that the violinist had not proved that he was injured in the wreck, but the railroad had not proved that he wasn't. She considered the case a draw. The other jurors, not being accustomed to offering cogent explanations of legal points, could not seem to persuade her that the violinist, as the party suing, was the one who had to demonstrate his loss.

"If I may explain, madam," I finally said, rising from my chair and beginning to pace up and down the jury room—which was not easy, since the tables and chairs left practically no pacing space—"what you have failed to understand is the concept of 'burden of proof.' It is a concept fundamental to our system of jurisprudence. In every case brought to court, one party has the burden of proof. In criminal cases, the prosecution must prove its case beyond a reasonable doubt. In civil cases, such as the one we are now considering, the plaintiff must prove his case by the preponderance of evidence. Therefore, the violinist must present more evidence than the railroad presents—demonstrating that he was, indeed, injured during the train wreck in question and that said injury did constitute cause for a loss of income, as well as what we call pain and suffering. Thank you very much."

I returned to my chair and sat down. The other jurors looked quite impressed. The woman stared at me for a long time. "That's your opinion," she finally said.

Eight and a half hours later, despite having heard me repeat my cogent legal explanation approximately 60 times, she remained unconvinced. I was no longer pacing the room but standing at my place, pounding on the table. "Burden of proof!" I shouted at her. "Burden of goddamned proof, lady!"

"Everyone's entitled to their opinion," she said. "But fair's fair."

. . .

My entire practice changed when I realized that what I should be talking about to Macy's and other New York bureaucracies was not *Brown vs. Board of Education* but small-claims court.

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*artist-superfan
 Leroy neiman tackles
 the beauties and
 the "beasts" of pro
 football's biggest bowl*

man at his leisure

SUPER BOWL. There were nearly 30,000 empty Los Angeles Coliseum seats at the first Super Bowl in 1967, and the hero of the game—between the Green Bay Packers and the Kansas City Chiefs—was an aging pass receiver named Max McGee, whose previous reputation was for moves he had used to escape from the Packer training camp after curfew. The event has since become a certain sell-out, and there have been many more surprising heroes and unlikely moments. Baltimore quarterback Earl Morrall was very bad when he was expected to be good, and very good, two years later, when he was expected to do little more than hold for extra points. Johnny Sample and Tom Nowatzke have been Super Bowl stars, while Mel Renfro, Duane Thomas and Johnny Unitas have, somewhere along the line, been goats of various sizes. But no one has dominated a Super Bowl the way Joe Namath did in 1969. The Jets' victory that year, although considered a fluke by some, gave future bowls an element of unpredictability that had been missing from the first two games. **PLAYBOY's** LeRoy Neiman has watched and painted



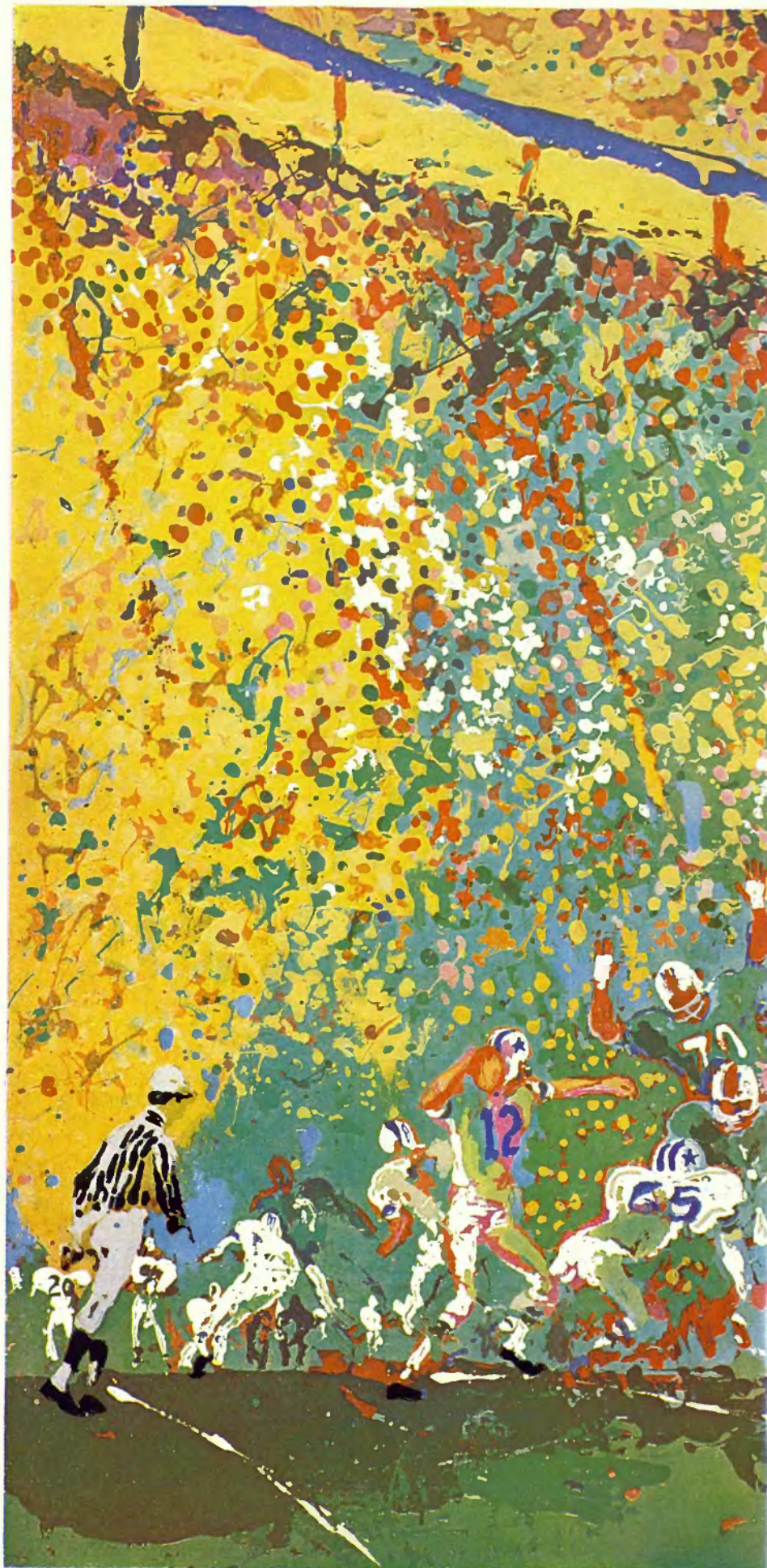
Floats, jets in formation and, most important, pretty girls are all essential to a Super Bowl. Above: A petite baton twirler stops to inspect a large football player. Left: Neiman heads for a suitable spot to sketch other side-line attractions. His resulting drawing is below.

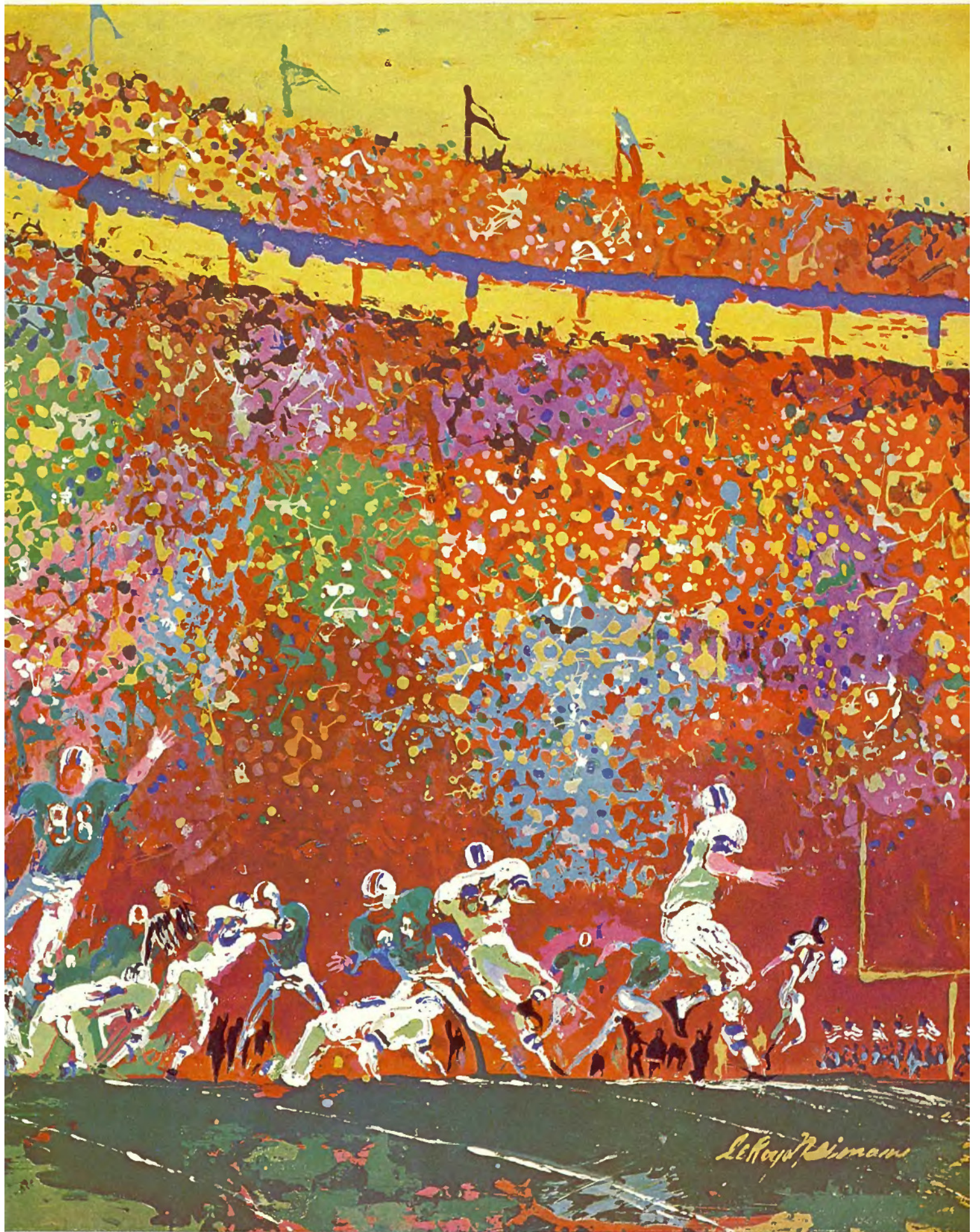
his impressions of three Super Bowls and agrees that, so far, the Jets-Colts game remains the most significant. "I was the Jets' artist in residence that season, so I flew down to Miami with the team. Namath had everyone from Baltimore so furious, because of his statements to the press, that Colts followers were absolutely fanatical. As the Jets' buses pulled into the stadium parking lot on the day of the game, we saw a mob of Colts fans waiting at the locker-room entrance. They started pounding on the bus and trying to shake it while policemen were making a corridor from the bus to the locker-room door. Somebody yelled, 'Let Joe go first,' and Namath said, 'Yeah. Good idea.' The crowd wasn't prepared for him to be the first one out, so by the time they could



react, he was in the locker room." Last year, perhaps to avoid that kind of scene, Dallas players took taxis to the stadium. "But that didn't work so smoothly, either. Four or five players, including quarterback Staubach, got caught in traffic and very nearly missed the kick-off. Watching the teams warm up before the game, I asked Calvin Hill to point out Duane Thomas. He did and I began to sketch. A few moments later, Hill came back and said, 'I made a mistake. That's not Thomas.' He pointed to another player and said, 'That's Thomas over there.' I thought maybe Thomas isolated himself so much his teammates didn't even *know* him. But during the game, he was talking to everybody on the bench. In fact, the Cowboys' bench was fantastically noisy throughout the game. I walked over to the Dolphins' side once, but it was so depressing over there, I left immediately. All in all, however, the atmosphere of a Super Bowl is far from depressing for the impartial fan, and that, with the exception of 1969, is what I am. But I *do* wish they'd play the game in one of the competing teams' cities. It would seem less contrived if they did it that way." Eventually they will, perhaps, but this year the game returns to Los Angeles, site of the first Super Bowl, and it's a good bet there won't be 30,000 empty seats this time.

Right: Dallas' Rager Staubach sets to pass over Miami defenders. Neiman's field-level perspective captures the chaos one senses watching from the side lines.





LITIGIOUS LAW BUFF

(continued from page 186)

Whoever invented New York's small-claims court had me in mind. For a filing fee of \$3.18, anybody can sue anybody for damages up to \$500. For \$3.18, in other words, you can become a lawyer. You have the right to subpoena witnesses. You have the right to cross-examine. You have the right to deliver a simple and deeply moving summation before an audience of several dozen people. You have the right to say "May it please the court" to a real judge who is wearing a black robe and looking solemn. For an extra \$25 or so—making a total investment of around \$30—you can buy a professionally prepared transcript of your performance. And it all takes place in the evening—meaning that your job does not interfere with your practice.

When I'm in the audience at small claims (waiting quietly for my turn to exact justice, or perhaps just taking in the evening's cases as a sort of busman's holiday), I can never understand why the court reporter looks so bored—letting his head loll back and closing his eyes occasionally, like a man typing in his sleep. ("When people in this city don't have anyone to talk to," I was once told by a small-claims court reporter, "they come down and talk to me.") I myself find every new case fascinating even before either party says a word, since the appearance of the parties alone gives me a strong impression—invariably wrong—of what the case will be about. Is that husky man going to be sued for the medical expenses that resulted from breaking the nose of the timid-looking man on his left? No, he turns out to be the plaintiff, suing the timid-looking man for permitting his dog to devour the husky man's newly upholstered settee.

I have difficulty restraining myself from making comments. I want to walk up to the plaintiff's table and congratulate a young woman who, in suing an apartment-building owner for the return of some illegal "key money" she says she had to pay him to get an apartment, bolsters her case by presenting as witnesses other tenants who respond to her carefully prepared series of questions by testifying that they had similar experiences with the same man. ("That's doing your homework, counselor," I want to say. "A very solid piece of work, indeed.") After a prosperous-looking gentleman itemizes a legal bill for which he is suing another prosperous-looking gentleman, the defendant—who claims the work involved was just some informal advice to a friend, in the days when they were still friends—says, "At the rate he's charging, Judge, it figures out to eight hundred and eighty thousand dollars a week, or over forty-five million

dollars a year. What's a man who makes that much money doing spending all night in small-claims court?" ("Bravo!" I want to shout. "That's telling that pompous papers-draw-upper!") A woman goes into amazing detail to explain how a mover hired for a simple job of moving her belongings from one small apartment to another managed to do hundreds of dollars' worth of damage and break parts of three sets of china. ("What the hell are you doing with three sets of china, lady?")

Small claims is used by a lot of New Yorkers who are interested not in making brilliant cross-examinations but merely in wreaking some small vengeance on the phone company or a department store or Con Edison or some other organization that has no way to react to a summons except to assign some conventional member-of-the-bar lawyer to handle its defense. I was in the audience one evening when a young engineer was suing a rental-car company for not having a car ready for him at the London airport despite his confirmed reservation. The lack of a car had obviously spoiled the beginning of a carefully planned vacation, but the engineer was having some difficulty proving any financial loss, since the use of public transportation had probably saved him some money. The rental-car lawyer, a young man who devoted a lot of his energy to maintaining an expression indicating that he was accustomed to practicing in a court of considerably higher jurisdiction, was the one making the fine points—the relevant fine point in this case being a lack of mutuality in the contract. (Since the rental-car company would have been unable to collect from the engineer if he had broken his part of the agreement by not showing up at the airport, he could not collect from the company for breaking its part of the agreement by not having a car there in case he did show up. For the customer's immense pain and suffering, there is, as we litigators say, no remedy.) But as the engineer walked out of the courtroom, it was apparent from the look on his face that he believed some small measure of justice had been done. What he was thinking about as he left, I would guess, was not how he might have countered the point about a lack of mutuality but how much a rental-car company has to pay a supercilious-looking papers-draw-upper per hour, and whether that rate increases after five, perhaps to double time.

Naturally, it would be unprofessional of me to engage in anything that could be considered a harassment suit, but there is nothing at all unprofessional about the *threat* of a harassment suit. In much the same way that minor mobsters

in novels win debating points with a local merchant by mentioning the fearsome names of their patrons, I occasionally catch the ear of the bureaucracy by talking about the model of American justice that can be found at small-claims court—the proud feeling it gives us all to know that any simple citizen with \$3.18 can go right down to 111 Centre Street and seek his evening in court against even a mighty corporation and its exceedingly highly paid attorneys. Invoking the name of small claims, I find, breaks through the relentless politeness of even that grounded stewardess I'm always connected with when I call the telephone company to complain of its eccentric billing methods. As a method of dealing with department stores, I find the mention of small claims surpassed in effectiveness only by the calm threat I occasionally make to chain myself to the front door at 8:50 the following morning.

The first time one of my small-claims discussions actually materialized into a court appearance was several years ago, when, according to my complaint, the deft repairwork of some garage people had caused the motor of my car to fall out on the Long Island Expressway. Since the motor fell out several weeks after the repairwork had been done, my evidence was what we litigators call circumstantial ("Why else would my motor fall out?" was one of the questions I had prepared). Reduced to its essentials, in fact, my case rested principally on the possibility that the garage people would not show up in court. I remain convinced that if they had not appeared, my strategy would have worked brilliantly and I would have triumphed in my very first court appearance.

A lesson was learned, of course, about the risk involved in even a forceful and articulate practitioner's going into court armed with only circumstantial evidence. For my next case—a suit against a contractor for the money I had to spend having his repairs repaired—I amassed a fat file of bills and photographs and carbon copies of stiff, legalistic letters. My witnesses were carefully prepared. I had practiced my final argument for hours in front of a mirror. Three weeks before our scheduled appearance, the contractor sent me a check for the money he owed me. I was heartbroken.

"Do you think we could go to court anyway?" I asked my wife.

"The case is moot," she said. "As you litigators say."

• • •

When I thought about it, I decided I had outgrown small-claims court anyway. Decisions are always made by the judge at small claims, and I felt ready to face a jury. I was somewhat pessimistic

(concluded on page 200)

"IMPOSSIBLE OBJECT"

dominique sanda and alan bates search for the meaning of life—among other things—in a film suffused with generous helpings of flesh and fantasy

While Harry's mistress, Natalie (Dominique Sanda), and her partner look on at right, Harry (Alan Bates) and his dream woman, Hippolyta (Leo Massari), tour the exotic party of his surrealistic fantasy (below).



THOUGH seemingly complex—with puzzling relationships and flights into fantasy—John Frankenheimer's *Impossible Object* actually deals with one very simple theme: The search for love, life's object, can be comic and tragic, triumphant and pathetic, or all of these at once. Starring Alan Bates and Dominique Sanda, the forthcoming Franco London Film production of Nicholas Mosley's novel details this life quest in the frustrated affair of two enigmatic lovers. Harry, an English writer, devotes himself to his art while shunning interpersonal relationships; his French mistress, Natalie, according to Dominique, "wants everything but does not know what 'everything' means. To her, an 'impossible object' is a dream that seems to be out of reach, but once it becomes possible, the dream changes to one as out of reach as the last." Pursuing that elusive vision, Natalie, married to a businessman (Michel Auclair), begins an entangling liaison with Harry, but her demand for deeper commitment





PHOTOGRAPHY BY RAYMOND DEPARDON

temporarily forces them apart. Torn between Natalie and his wife, Elizabeth, the writer retreats into his imagination and weaves a fantasy—the surrealistic scenes shown here—about everyman's ideal woman, Hippolyta, who searches him out, seduces him and yet makes no emotional demands on him. In the dream sequence, filmed at the Château du Regard, north of Paris, Hippolyta leads Harry through a garden party attended by many alluring but coolly impersonal women, the kind he finds particularly attractive. But strangely enough, even in the fantasy, he can't flee the real world completely, for appearing at the dream party are Natalie, his wife and his son. The complications, both actual and imagined, that arise later in the film are even more bizarre. But we'll leave those to readers curious enough to seek out the *Impossible Object* for themselves. It strikes us as a wonderful way to escape reality.

At the imaginary affair (left), Natalie waltzes near the pool, gathering spot for such improbable—and mad-hatted—spectators as French dancer Christine Ferry (near right), Flemish model Michele Henderson (center right) and Swedish model Mala Fox (far right). Accenting the baroque pool scene (below) are several symbolic statues inspired by the works of Belgian artist Paul Delvaux.





AND SO IT GOES

(continued from page 116)

a work detail. He nodded, then walked away. Jim McCann leaped off the wall and trotted through the streets of the city to a place where he could hide until he could be taken across the border, dressed as a priest.

. . .

Bernadette Devlin and the Reverend Ian Paisley are recognized on sight. But whenever I think of either of them, I see two other faces. Neither of these two faces has ever been in the *Irish Times* or the *Belfast Telegraph*. One belongs to a great admirer of Bernadette's. It will never be in a newspaper now. He is dead. His name was Eddie McDivitt and he was 28 years old when he went down.

I had gone to Strabane, a tiny border town 14 miles south of Londonderry, to hear Bernadette speak from the steps of the town hall there. I arrived more than an hour early. Already, the narrow street fronting the old building was almost filled.

McDivitt, known by nearly everyone in Strabane as "the wee dummy," was wearing a red shirt and was back against the brick wall of a building directly across the street from where Bernadette would speak. One of the organizers of the rally pointed him out to me. "There's one of Bernie's greatest fans," the man said. "Eddie McDivitt never misses a speech Bernie gives here, even though he can't hear a thing she says. Deaf and dumb since birth, he is."

McDivitt remained against the wall, smiling and waving at people in the crowd. He seemed to know everyone. A little later, Bernadette was driven through the crowd to within a few feet of the town-hall steps.

She delivered a speech about the rights of the working class that was received with great enthusiasm by the predominantly Catholic audience. Bernadette is a good street speaker. She moves her arms and changes position continually, like a busy welterweight fighter. She has a method of delivery that makes each member of the crowd believe he or she is being addressed personally.

No one was more enthusiastic about Bernadette's speech than McDivitt. He applauded loudly whenever he saw others begin to clap and he shouted his approval in an untranslatable bawling sound.

"We have one thing in common with the people of Derry and the people of Belfast," Bernadette said, her voice full of scorn. "We are all sick and tired of being stepped on by the corrupt regime of the six counties. We have fought for our survival up in the Bogside at Derry and down on the Falls Road in Belfast. And so now we're not asking,

We're demanding that internment be ended immediately."

The crowd roared in the afternoon sunshine. Bernadette stood there glowering, looking even more angry and determined than she does in photographs. Several men formed a barricade and helped lead her back to the car parked at the foot of the steps. The crowd surged forward, each man and woman seeking to shout a greeting or obtain an autograph. McDivitt tried to push his way through the crowd, too, but couldn't make it. Bernadette's car moved off before he got close.

Within a few hours of Bernadette's leaving Strabane, the trouble started. First target for the mob was the drapery shop of Gilbert Bruce, a Protestant who had refused to shut down his shop to protest internment. His place was burned to the ground. After this, cars were turned over and set afire to form a barricade at the town's main intersection.

The British army moved in. First they fired rubber bullets, then CS-gas canisters. The crowd retreated slowly before them. Prominent in the crowd was Eddie McDivitt, the town dummy.

Eddie crouched in a doorway when a soldier fired a rubber bullet that struck the wall above him and bounded away. He ran to retrieve the bullet and ducked behind a hedge to look at it. He was pleased to have such a trophy. He waved it high above his head and then pointed it mockingly back at the soldiers, as though it were a pistol. "Drop that weapon and put up your hands," Eddie was ordered by an army officer speaking over a portable hand mike.

Eddie couldn't hear the order, of course, and the soldiers were too far away for him to read their lips. He continued to smile and wave the rubber bullet. An army marksman, using a .303 rifle with a telescopic sight, fired a shot that smashed into Eddie's forehead. He was still smiling as he fell to the ground.

. . .

Ian Paisley is a different matter. In a strange way, he and Bernadette need each other. If Paisley didn't have Bernadette and the Catholic Church to attack, where would he be? If Bernadette hadn't had Paisley and the British army as targets, she would never have been elected to Parliament.

Paisley is the more entertaining, even attacking Protestants for having what he calls "ecumenical intercourse with the scarlet whore of Rome." Outraged at a scheduled meeting between an Ulster bishop and the Pope, Paisley once flew to Rome. He was thwarted by the Vatican guards, whom he later described as "blaspheming, cursing, spitting Roman scum."

Paisley mesmerizes his followers. He is a marvelous sight at the head of an Orange march. They call him the Big Fellow. And he certainly is that, standing 6'4" and weighing better than 250 pounds. His facial appearance is truly unusual. In profile, his vague eyes, prominent nose and protuberant lips make him look like something copied from an ancient Roman coin.

I'll never forget a visit I made to his Martyrs' Memorial to hear his Sunday-night political sermon. The church, built by Paisley's followers at a cost of \$420,000, seats more than 1000. There is never an empty seat. The church looks out onto a vast stretch of grass-covered parkland on the predominantly Protestant east side of the city. The Union Jack flies from a flagpole on the front lawn.

It was the only church I'd ever attended where there was a total hush even before the service began. When Paisley finally climbed the five steps leading to the pulpit, the only sound in the whole church was the clatter of his shoes on the steps and a few scattered coughs that echoed in the huge room. "We are here," Paisley began in his booming orator's voice, "to speak about a common ground on which all men of Ulster can be united and settle their differences." Hundreds of heads nodded agreement.

"I'd like to go to Armagh and shout in the papist cardinal's ear," Paisley shouted, "to tell him he is a sinner. I'd like to go to Rome to shout it at the Pope. 'You have all sinned! You have all sinned!' Then I'd go to the Protestant bishops and shout it in their ear, too. All men are sinners and nothing but fuel for hell. The only way men can be saved is by going back to the truth of the Holy Bible. And that is how we can find common grounds for our political differences in Ulster, too." Everyone in the church continued to nod, as though convinced they had just listened to the final solution.

Now it was time for the evening collection. They call it a silent collection, because Paisley requests that only paper money be contributed. A pound note is the smallest paper-money denomination in Belfast. At exchange rates at the time, it was worth something more than \$2.40. "This morning, at our eleven-thirty service," Paisley said, "we were able to collect five hundred pounds for our church building fund. I trust that you here tonight will be able to better that mark."

Paisley opened the hymnbook on the lectern in front of him. He raised his arms, indicating it was time for song. "This is a grand old hymn," Paisley said, "and I want you to all stand and sing and throw your hearts and minds into it with all your spirit."

(continued on page 251)



*"Oh, don't worry about my husband, silly; he's
busy defending my honor!"*



the tunbridge doctors

Anonymous song from
The New Academy of Complements, 1671

You maidens and wives and young widows, rejoice!
Declare your thanksgiving with heart and with voice!
Since waters were waters, I dare boldly say,
There ne'er was such cause of a thanksgiving day!
For from London Town there's lately come down
Four able physicians that never wore gown:
Their physic is pleasant, their dose it is large,
And you may be cured without danger or charge.

No bolus nor vomit, no potion nor pill
(Which sometimes do cure, but oftener do kill),
Your taste nor your stomach need ever displease,
If you'll be advised but by one of these.
For they've a new drug, which is called The Close Hug,
Which will mend your complexion and make you look smug—
A sovereign balsam, which, once well applied,
Though grieved at the heart, the patient ne'er died.

In the morning you need not be robbed of your rest,
For in your warm beds your physic works best:
And though, in the taking, some stirring's required,
The motion's so pleasant you cannot be tired.
For on your backs you must lie with your body raised high,
And one of these doctors must always be by,
Who still will be ready to cover you warm,
For if you take cold, all physic doth harm.

Before they do venture to give their direction,
They always consider their patient's complexion:
If she have a moist palm or a red head of hair,
She requires more physic than one man can spare.
If she have a long nose, the doctor scarce knows
How many good handfuls must go to her dose:
You ladies that have such ill symptoms as these
In reason and conscience should pay double fees.

But that we may give to these doctors due praise,
Who to all sorts of people their favors conveys:
On the ugly for pity sake skill shall be shown,
And as for the handsome—they're cured for their own!
On silver and gold they never lay hold,
For what comes so freely they scorn should be sold:
Then join with the doctors, and heartily pray
Their power of healing may never decay!



ILLUSTRATION BY BRAD HOLLAND



announcing the prize-winning authors and their contributions judged by our editors to be the past year's most outstanding

PLAYBOY'S ANNUAL WRITING AWARDS



Best Major Work



DAN JENKINS was almost unanimously voted first place for September's *Semi-Tough* (now the title of his novel from Atheneum), an antic account of the life and times of football Giant (and full-time red-neck) Billy Clyde Puckett. **Michael Crichton's** *The Terminal Man* (serialized in *PLAYBOY'S* March, April and May issues), an updating of *Frankenstein*, came in second.

Best Short Story



SEAN O'FAOLAIN, who is considered to be Ireland's greatest living fiction writer, repeated last year's first-place finish with his haunting June novella, *Falling Rocks, Narrowing Road, Cul-de-Sac, Stop*, about willful men and scheming women. **Nelson Algren's** *The Last Carrousel* (February), the tale of a carny shill who fancies himself at large with Bonnie and Clyde, was runner-up.

Best Essay



HERBERT GOLD's recollection of the literary Fifties, *In the Community of Girls and the Commerce of Culture* (August), placed first and has since become a chapter in his *My Last Two Thousand Years*, a collection of memoirs. **Marshall Frady's** *Skirmishes with the Ladies of the Magnolias* (September), dissecting the curious asexuality of the Southern belle, won second place.

Best Article



RICHARD RHODES, with *The Killing of the Everglades* (January), an eloquent evocation of Florida's great swamp and an indictment of the irresponsibility that has led to its destruction, took first prize. A winner in both 1964 and 1971 was this year's runner-up, **John Clellon Holmes**, whose travels in Germany culminated in March's melancholy and compelling *Encounter in Munich*.

IN A TIME WHEN authors can write about virtually anything in just about any style they happen to like—and very often get it published—deciding what is the very best writing of any year is a little hazardous: like having to choose between good meat and good fish . . . *chacun à son goût* and all that. The problem is doubly confounding when you have to decide what is the best writing *you've* published. After all, if you didn't like it, what is it doing in your magazine? But every year we go back and single out those articles and stories that have given us special pleasure and made us feel that we are privileged to be editors. And that's just about the only standard we use in deciding on the winners of our annual writing awards. To show the winners how pleased we are with our own good taste, we give each of them the silver medallion shown at left and \$1000 (\$500 for the runners-up). Here are our choices for 1972.

Best New Contributor (Fiction)



By JAMES ALAN McPHERSON
These heavy brass gates are ever tough, the windows were empty, the protection boys were tough, but the laughter of all over the dark in the deep green mist

THE SILVER BULLET



JAMES ALAN McPHERSON wins with his July story, *The Silver Bullet*, an ironic look at a group of young blacks who attempt to start a protection racket and are frightened away from their first hustle by a single tough guy. Runner-up **Robert Crichton's** *Gillon Cameron, Poacher* (October) is the classic adventure of a man's success at grappling with his own obsessive goal.

Best New Contributor (Nonfiction)



ED McCLANAHAN cops first prize for his funky, off-the-wall sketch of *Grateful Dead I Have Known* (March), the product of a six-week stay with them. In *Shut Up and Show the Movies!* (August), second-place winner **Larry Levinger** describes a non-communicative encounter between an East Coast film critic and a California film class that figures movies should be seen and not averred.

Best Humor



DAN GREENBURG was assigned to write about his experiences at *My First Orgy* in hopes that the author of *Scoring*, and a professional Nebbish, would strike out. He didn't, but we published the piece anyway (in December) and decided to award him first prize to show that there are no hard feelings. **Robert Morley's** *Take Me to Your Tailor* (January) was a close second.

Best Satire



G. BARRY GOLSON's pseudoscientific sampling of public opinion, *The People—Maybe!* (June), indicated a dramatic ground swell of public indecision and apathy. But not among **PLAYBOY's** editors: We liked the piece so much we've hired him as Assistant Articles Editor. **Woody Allen**, winner for 1969, wound up second with his *Match Wits with Inspector Ford* (December).

LITIGIOUS LAW BUFF

(continued from page 190)

about the likelihood of finding an appropriate case, since opportunities to perform before a jury are limited for someone who has not gone through the formality of becoming a member of the bar. Then, to my absolute delight, I was threatened with a suit by a fuel-oil supplier. A letter from the company's lawyer said that if I did not pay \$94.06 for some fuel oil my wife had supposedly ordered, I would be taken to court and would therefore be faced with paying much more—a calculation he apparently based on the assumption that he was dealing with some layman whose response to being sued would be to hire a lawyer. I waited quietly for the summons to be served.

When it arrived, it turned out to be an even more splendid document than I had dared hope for—a handsome form that went on and on about deponents and complainants, and then, as if that weren't enough, repeated it all in Spanish. It said that we were being sued in the civil court of the Bronx for \$94.06—the price of the fuel-oil delivery that, according to an informal deposition I had already taken from my wife, we did not need and had asked to have removed. I tossed the summons dramatically onto the breakfast table. "We'll see about this in court," I said.

"You'd better call Wally," my wife said. Wally Popolizio is a lawyer who

represented us when we bought our house a few years ago and has ever since felt some responsibility to prevent me, if possible, from doing anything that would clearly result in my being sold into bondage.

"I see no need to consult another attorney," I said.

"Call Wally," she said.

When I got Wally on the telephone, I was pleasantly surprised at his attitude.

"Naturally, I will refuse to pay the ninety-four dollars and six cents," I told him.

"Naturally," he said.

"And I will demand a jury trial," I said.

"Everyone has a right to a jury trial," Wally said.

"I expected you to offer me all sorts of sensible advice about restraint and compromise, Wally," I told him. "I think I've been underestimating you."

According to my wife's theory, Wally figured that getting the jury trial out of my system was a bargain at \$94.06, since it made it less likely that I might leap from the audience during some criminal trial one day to harangue the jury with my summation and thereby get myself arrested for impersonating a mouthpiece.

A few days after I filed a request for a jury trial, I got a telephone call from the fuel company's lawyer. "Hello, counselor," I said, in my most professional

manner, when he had explained who he was. He immediately offered to settle for half. I was intransigent, of course, having the negotiation advantage of knowing that I would not give up the jury trial even if he offered a settlement that paid me \$94.06. I had already spent several days polishing the questions I would ask the prospective jurors in the *voir dire*. Having sat through a lot of *voir dire* examinations, I had prepared my questions with the awareness that sly litigators often use what is supposedly an examination of the jurors' qualifications as a pretext for arguing their cases. "Tell me, madam, if you will be so kind," I would say. "Do you think you would be able to render a fair verdict in this case even if one of the parties is shown to be a simple homeowner trying to protect his family in the city and the other party is shown to be a rich and probably rapacious oil corporation?"

When the notice of the trial date finally came from the court, I was ecstatic—until my wife informed me that the day in question was the day we were to start a long weekend in the country she had been looking forward to for months.

"But it's only a weekend in the country," I said.

"But it's only forty-seven dollars and three cents if you settle for half," she said.

"But a legal principle is involved," I said. "Think of the sacrifice that engineer we saw in small claims made when the rental car wasn't there on the first day of his vacation. They had offered him a gift certificate, if you'll remember, and he turned them down."

"He should have taken it," she said. "Wally says smart lawyers settle."

"The trial must go on," I said.

"In that case," she said, "I might have to testify for the oil company. They did go to a lot of trouble bringing that oil all the way from the Bronx."

"That's an outrage," I said.

"Fair's fair," she said.

I still think a lot of what the trial might have been like. The jury, of course, would have been convinced of our case before the first piece of evidence had been introduced—my *voir dire* having played them like a finely tuned guitar. The oil-truck driver would have turned vague and nervous under my questioning about what authorization he had been given to deliver the oil. ("Do you always do business that way, Mr. Pabaloma?") At times, my opponent would try to object as I turned his witnesses to jelly, but my calm rebuttal would result in his being overruled every time. "If it please the court," I would say to the judge, "I am merely trying to refresh the witness' recollection."



"I'll tell you what your trouble is! Your trouble is you're trying to keep too many balls in the air!"

Anatomy of a Gremlin

1. Gremlin is the only little economy car with a standard 6-cylinder engine.
2. Reaches turnpike speed easily.
3. Weighs more than other small cars. And its wheels are set wider apart.
4. Has a wider front seat.
5. A wider back seat.

6. And more headroom in the trunk. And only American Motors makes this promise: The Buyer Protection Plan backs every '73 car we build. And we'll see that our dealers back that promise.



AMERICAN MOTORS BUYER PROTECTION PLAN

1. A simple, strong guarantee, just 101 words! When you buy a new 1973 car from an American Motors dealer, American Motors Corporation guarantees to you that, except for tires, it will pay for the repair or replacement of any part it supplies that is defective in material or workmanship. This guarantee is good for 12 months from the date the car is first used or 12,000 miles, whichever comes first. All we require is that the car be properly maintained and cared for under normal use and service in the fifty United States or Canada, and that guaranteed repairs or replacement be made by an American Motors dealer.
2. A free loaner car from almost every one of our dealers if guaranteed repairs take overnight.
3. Special Trip Interruption Protection.
4. And a toll free hot line to AMC Headquarters.

Buckle up for safety.

AMC Gremlin

We back them better because we build them better.



"I'd put your giant slalom up against anybody's!"

TO CHINA WITH NIXON

(continued from page 150)

judgment. Which gets priority: the individual's freedom or the relationships of the whole society? Which *unit* is to be taken . . . the nation, trade union, our class, my cronies, me? This is the hinge on which the whole issue turns." (Those who hear a familiar ring are right—the implied doctrine is undiluted fascism.) Terrill gives examples. He has told us already about Professor Fu, a scientist inclined to the study of pure science, who however was recently instructed by the state to devote himself entirely to pest control. "Professor Fu . . . did not make his own decision to take up the problem of insect pests—it was handed him. Is that wrong?" He recalls the writer Kuo Mo-jo, who used to satisfy himself, before Liberation, writing books suited to his own taste, for small audiences. The government decided he should appeal to wider audiences. "The writer . . . cannot now do books for 3000 or at most 8000 readers, as Kuo used to in Shanghai in the 1930s, but must write for the mass millions—and he's judged by whether he can do that well or not. Is that wrong?"

Is that wrong.

Wrong! What *is* wrong?

What's *right* is things like Eliminating Graft. (Why, then, oppose Mussolini?) "The elimination of these conditions in China," writes historian Barbara Tuchman, exultantly, "is so striking that negative aspects of the new rule fade in relative importance." The loss of every known freedom is defined, now, as a Negative Aspect.

We have been 50 years discovering the limits of Wilsonian politics, our experience as an imperial power having taught us, fitfully, that the Wilsonian idea simply didn't work. But we never tried to do without it altogether. The Wilsonian idea, during its brief golden age, was not only a mandate for concerted action by the good states against the bad states, which mandate foundered in its first major test against Mussolini's Italy for invading Ethiopia. The Wilsonian idea, for all that it was impractical, like the United Nations Convention on Human Rights, at least preserved a loose set of criteria concerning the human condition that are epistemologically optimistic. Wilsonianism believed there were ways societies should behave toward their citizens and shouldn't behave. Very well. If we cannot march in to save the Tibetans from being overrun by the Chinese, who proceed genocidally to extinguish a religious creed, we *can* express ourselves on the heinousness of the act with philosophical and moral security. We will try hard not to be censorious, let alone priggish, in making judgments, and we will be scrupulous as to the form in which they are pronounced. We will

be worldly enough, for instance, to recognize the probability that Ghana will move quickly from emancipation as a colony of England to self-rule as a one-party state. But never so worldly as to dismiss the subsequent torture and murder routinely practiced under Nkrumah as merely a Negative Aspect—who knows, perhaps even . . . appropriate?

The retreat from Wilsonianism toward ideological egalitarianism is quite general, though there are interesting exceptions, mostly arising from polemical opportunism. George McGovern has railed against the Greek colonels and against President Thieu with a fervor he never summoned against, say, Tito, or Ho Chi Minh or, for that matter, in recent years, against the Devil. He minded it greatly when Agnew went to Greece and to Spain, not at all when Nixon went to Romania or to Yugoslavia. There is something there that seems to say: It is the higher duty to suspend criticism of any power that is strong enough to initiate a world war. You see it is still fashionable to inveigh against undemocratic societies but only provided that they are (a) weak and (b) allied, in some general way, with the West. The further they recede from the family's orbit, the less we criticize them. This is so for reasons that are psychologically understandable. You castigate Cousin Joe when he starts hitting the bottle, but the alcoholic at the other end of town is a statistic. And then—no question about it—there is the racial point. Arthur Schlesinger remarked somewhere that he finds it disquieting that his fellow intellectuals seem to be saying that communism, which would never be tolerated here (read: among civilized white Americans), is somehow OK over there (read: among uncivilized yellow people).

But now, with the Fulbright-Terrill-Nixon offensive, even those words of Mr. Schlesinger, uttered only a few years ago, seem strangely reactionary. They rely, after all, on acquiescence in the proposition that—

But *is* communism wrong?

. . .

We were in Hangchow, and of course there was a banquet. We were restless. Tired and a little bored; demoralized and a little ashamed. There were so many vanities to be indulged. Chinese vanity had us flying in from Peking in *two* shifts because they wouldn't let us use our own big Boeing jet, insisting that we use their little jet, which was Russian at that. Our deadlines for filing copy meant that the first shift couldn't leave before one A.M., the second therefore not until four A.M. The hotel in Hangchow, hailed as a tourist center ever since Marco Polo, proved to be too small

to give us each the indispensable solace of a single room. The day was gray and cold. There had been no hard news. The night before, Nixon and Chou En-lai had been up until dawn, chewing the impasse. We did not know what was the nature of it and were tired of sending speculation back home. Then—sensing something amiss—the President invited us all to his villa at four P.M. We got there, wandered about a bit in the ornate gardens and quarters, and found finally the outdoor patio where we were expected. It had been rigged for one of those group pictures, planks on light scaffolding, with a cavity in the center, which meant He would be posing with us. We lined up, already shivering from cold. Mr. Nixon entered, beaming, and we all posed. Then he turned around to face us, spoke genially and said: I'm sorry I can't give out the details of what we're working on, but you must understand that in order to help you do *your* duty of reporting the news well, I cannot risk doing *my* duty, which is diplomatic, badly. So help me that was *all* he said, but it took him 20 minutes, during which the wind and the cold went to work lasciviously on our bones and our spirits, as we stood silently there on the scaffolding, 80 titans of the American media, chin just above the head of the man in front, four tiers of us, like cadets having one last docile session with the drillmaster, before graduation. Then, the briefing at an end, Nixon said, sort of teasingly, that if any of us wanted to present our spouses with proof that we had indeed been in China with the President, not, er, elsewhere doing something else, he would be glad to have his picture taken with each of us individually. End Sulk. Eighty-odd grand masters lining up to have their picture taken with the President of the United States, making self-conscious conversation as the line moved forward slowly. The indignity, all the more biting for its having been self-inflicted, hung heavy in the stomach two hours later in the banquet hall, where we reported as told to do promptly at 7:45. There we stood, waiting. Nixon and Chou arrived *40 minutes* later. The pre-dinner booze was the same Chinese syrup, with zero anesthetizing power. For the first time I was asked a provocative question, by the Chinese official standing next to me, waiting, as we all were, for the principals, and for the first (and only) time, I answered a Chinese shortly. He had heard, he said, that I was "a conservative." What was an American conservative? I answered crisply: someone who believes in individual freedom and in—I reached for the most incendiary word—capitalism. Did I *really* believe in "capitalism"? he asked mockingly. Yes, I said, and for all anyone is permitted to know, you do too. He feigned ignorance of the allusion to his

intellectual paralysis, and smiled as sickly sweet as the Chinese wine he brought to his lips to toast me with. Joe Kraft said he was going next door to the bedroom to fetch something (the banquet hall abutted the hotel). He came back two hours later (he missed a splendid meal) and in plenty of time for the toasts, which were just beginning. "Where on earth have you been?" I whispered. "Sleeping," he winked. *Très* cool. We were listening to the usual business from the Chinese toastmasters. We were relieved to learn from Chou's toast that the Chinese people still feel friendship for the American people, and that nothing had happened to change that since last night's toast. Then came Nixon, and by God, he was likening the revolution led by George Washington to the revolution led by Mao Tse-tung. But after all, why not? As Terrill would say, is that wrong? Both were revolutions, weren't they?

• • •

Albert Jay Nock wrote a line that never leaves the memory. I paraphrase him: "I have often thought that it would

be interesting to write an essay on the question: How do you go about discovering that you are slipping into a dark age?" In any such essay I think you would have to reflect on the special problems a democracy has in mobilizing public attitudes in such a way as to inform foreign policy in directions that are essentially moral. The great totalitarian systems do not have this difficulty. It sufficed that China should publicize a picture of Mao Tse-tung fraternizing with President Richard Nixon to satisfy the people that a friendly relationship with the United States was the right thing to do. Only two years ago, Chairman Mao pronounced that "U. S. imperialism is slaughtering the white and black people in its own country. Nixon's fascist atrocities have kindled the raging flames of the revolutionary mass movement in the United States. The Chinese people firmly support the revolutionary struggle of the American people." The speech in which that passage presumed was still being passed around (in several languages) while we were there. I got my copy in the hotel lobby. As easily as Mao

now redirected the public on the proper attitude toward America, he could redirect it back to where it had been, as Hitler and Stalin twice changed attitudes toward each other, on either end of the Ribbentrop-Molotov Pact.

A free society cannot do this kind of thing. And America—young, inexperienced and moralistic—can do it least. When we fought hand in hand with Stalin, Churchill had said he would make a pact with the Devil himself to defeat Hitler. In America, our leaders, far from thinking of Stalin as a devil, began to find great qualities in him, who before long became "Uncle Joe." Thus have the Chinese Communists been transformed, under diplomatic exigency; so that now the polls tell us that the American people, assimilating the Nixon trip, have discovered that the Chinese enterprise is "intelligent," "progressive" and "practical." To be sure, the Chinese don't do things the way we do, but their distinctive ideas on how to do things are understandable—and anyway, who are we to criticize? Who ever said we were so great?

And then too, a free society makes decisions concerning its own defenses with some reference to what it is that it seeks to defend itself against. Our own defense budget is a great extravagance—unless it is defending something that is indeed worth 80 billion dollars a year defending, and at the risk of a nuclear war: That is the logic implicit in owning and manning 1000 multiple-targeted nuclear Minutemen. As the differences between what we are and what we might become in the absence of an irresistible defense system diminish in our mind, so does the resolution diminish to make the sacrifices necessary to remain free—the tacit national commitment that the risk of death is better than the certain loss of liberty.

Nineteen-sixty: "Do you believe that the United States should defend itself even at the risk of nuclear war?" Yes, 70 percent—of the student body of Yale University, in answer to that question.

Nineteen-seventy: same college, same question—"Do you believe that the United States should defend itself even at the risk of nuclear war?" Yes, 40 percent.

Is that wrong?

Well of course it depends. Presumably if the people in the Dark Ages had known it was dark and why it was dark, they'd have done something about it—let in the light. As a matter of fact, eventually they did. "If the whole world is covered with asphalt," Ilya Ehrenburg wrote, "one day a crack will appear in the asphalt; and in that crack grass will grow." How will we know then that it is grass?

I have not worked that out.



"If you're calling the Berrymans, they seem to be out. Any indication as to where you think they might have gone will be appreciated by your FBI."

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW *(continued from page 74)*

end of the season." The mistletoe incident, on top of an accumulation of other disputes, had made me determined not to continue on the show. I felt I could no longer continue in an amicable creative relationship.

PLAYBOY: It sounds more as if, with your ego at stake, you were abusing the star's prerogative to throw his weight around.

O'CONNOR: Not abusing it. Using it rightfully—and properly. I think. I wasn't really throwing my weight around to show people I was the star. If I had left the show, it would have been a surrender, not a victory. I ask you, how much ego is there in a surrender?

PLAYBOY: How was the conflict resolved?

O'CONNOR: I got what I wanted. They cut the mistletoe reference. Subsequently, my contract was renegotiated—and my ego was assuaged.

PLAYBOY: Do the terms of your contract provide for financial participation in *All in the Family's* extensive merchandising operation?

O'CONNOR: They do. But I'm probably getting screwed out of the proceeds. I should be receiving a piece of the profits from T-shirts, posters, buttons, magazines, beer mugs, records and the rest of it. Most producers of hit television shows create additional revenues through this sort of merchandising, which involves everything from *Mission: Impossible* spy kits embellished with replicas of the cast to David Cassidy lunch boxes adorned with his likeness.

PLAYBOY: Doesn't this sort of thing patently trade on the show's success for a quick buck?

O'CONNOR: That's exactly what it does. Capitalizing on the show to make money in other ways is the name of the game. I've never read *The Wit and Wisdom of Archie Bunker*, but that's fine with me as long as I get some loot out of it. I didn't care for my mug being connected with silly things like sweat shirts or the "Archie Bunker for President" campaign or any of that horseshit. I think I'm above all that: I feel it's demeaning. But Norman said: "You might as well go along with it and make some money, because if we withhold approval, it's going to be bootlegged anyhow." However, I have asked for approval of any item that uses my face. And I did have something to say about the words appearing on the bumper stickers used in the Bunker for President campaign. In general, we rejected anything that seemed to be using Archie to ram home a specifically partisan political idea. We approved the slogans that really bespoke Archie's attitudes in the same way the show does. Like: "Build a Better Yesterday—with Archie" or "Bunker's the Man for '72 (1872)" or "I'm a Dingbat for Bunker."

PLAYBOY: How would you react to an

"America—Love It or Leave It" bumper sticker with Archie's name on it?

O'CONNOR: I would immediately reject it as offensive, even without Archie's name. Inherent in that asshole bumper sticker is the smug implication that everybody who fails to display one doesn't love his country. That's an insult to every other driver on the road.

PLAYBOY: If Bunker had a car, would he stick that sentiment on his bumper?

O'CONNOR: Absolutely, along with "Support Your Local Police"—which is another message that gripes me. Of course we should support our local police; they're the guys who protect our person and our property. But again, the implication in that goddamn bumper sticker is that people without it aren't supporting their police. And that's a wretched slur. The sentiments we used on one of the Bunker for President campaign buttons might very well apply to people who think like that: "Archie Says: The Trouble with America IS THEM!"

PLAYBOY: Your record album, a nostalgic paean to "the beloved Thirties"—as you call them in the liner notes—is yet another example of *All in the Family's* ancillary dividends. What was beloved about the Thirties?

O'CONNOR: They're beloved in sentimental retrospect because they were the years of my adolescence, the time when I was growing up. It was probably the last great decade in America because of the upbeat mood pervading the nation, despite the rampant deprivation. The system had let everybody down. People felt abandoned and turned out, as many of them were, with nowhere to go and nothing or no one to turn to for help. There were bread lines, and jobs were scarce. And there was a terrific fear among those who were still working that tomorrow they would be on relief. And certainly there was a fear of world war and potential loss of young manhood. But there were always voices in the

Depression that said things were going to improve. Leaders like Roosevelt were always keeping our spirits up. There wasn't that fear of the end of the world that we live with today. One could look with hope to tomorrow, to next month, to next year, to the next program the Government was going to undertake. One saw the future, or at least felt that he could look for it. I don't really feel we can look for a future anymore.

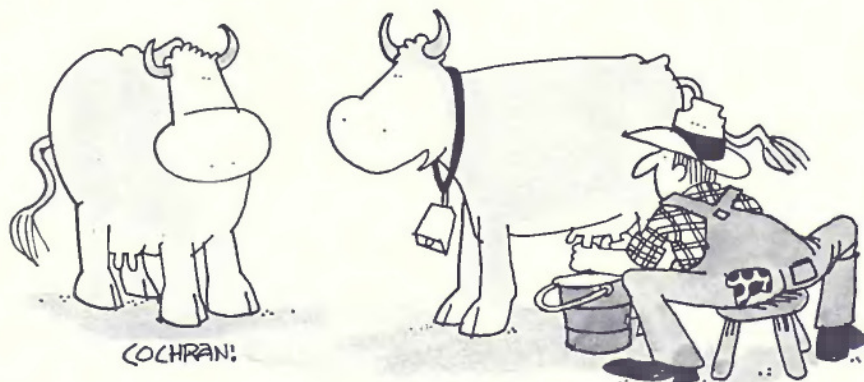
I hate to be that pessimistic, but I almost feel afraid to imagine where I'll be five or ten years from now, or where my child will be. I'm filled with a kind of terror because I'm unable to plan for him or for myself. It's an extremely unsettling feeling that things are going on over which I've got no control whatsoever. And I'm not the only one who's afraid. Almost everybody I talk to on these matters is uptight. I catch their fear and they catch mine. It goes around like a current. I'm talking not just about people like me. I mean everybody—hard-hats and long-hairs, young and old, black and white. These groups are so busy at each other's throats that they don't realize how much they have in common, that we're all in the same boat and we're all going to sail straight to hell if we don't get the right people at the tiller. We all share the same sense of helplessness, the same feeling that things are getting out of control and that our institutions, even if they don't lie to us—and I think they do—aren't really working anymore. If we could just get together, we could start turning things around in this country.

PLAYBOY: Are you speaking for Archie or for yourself when you say that?

O'CONNOR: Are you kidding? If Archie had to sit and listen to all this—me telling him to join forces with blacks and radicals—he'd tell me to go hump myself.

PLAYBOY: And how would you reply?

O'CONNOR: I'd tell him I'd rather hump my sister.



"He always quits after the foreplay."

FASHION FUTURES

(continued from page 117)

the 400 guests enthusiastically responded with a colorful array of finery that rivaled the one-of-a-kind offerings (from 65 of the world's foremost designers) being showcased onstage. As in past years, the roster of contributors read like a *Who's Who* of international fashion and included such sartorial luminaries as Bill Blass, Pierre Cardin, Hubert de Givenchy and Yves St. Laurent. A number of women's-wear designers—Bonnie Cashin, Willie Smith, Calvin Klein, Anne Fogarty and Hermès—made first appearances, along with Special Coty Award winners Alan Rosanes and Pinky and Dianne of Flo Toronto. And this year, an innovative fillip was provided by the use of electronic projection equipment that enabled a behind-the-scenes illustrator to sketch each outfit—with the drawing visible to all on a giant screen—as they were displayed by live models on the runway.

The Designer Collection, in Green's estimation, "demonstrates anew that multiple forces are producing fresh and individual approaches to dress and creating a new definition of style." One of these forces, not unexpectedly, is street fashion, the source of the "layered look" that dominated this year's show. Layered entries ranged from Rupert Lycett-Green's salt-and-pepper-tweed coat worn over black-and-white-striped crew and cardigan sweaters to Bill Blass's Scott Fitzgeraldesque ensemble, shown on page 117.

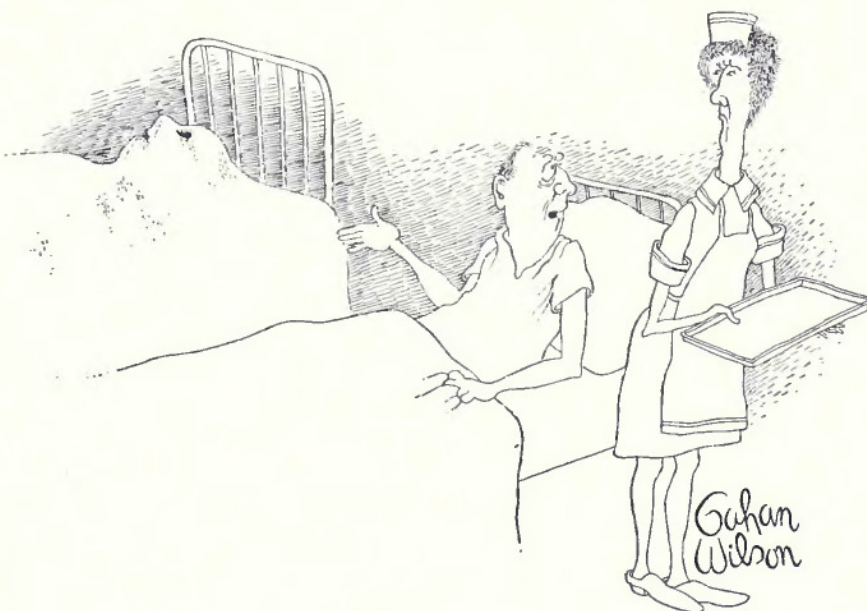
Though it originated on the street, the layered look came to menswear via

the women's market—just one indication that the yins and yangs of fashion are getting closer all the time. Another is this year's unisex concept from Roberta of Venice: his-and-hers pants suits in an abstract print of red, purple, green and black. The fabric she uses is wool jersey (light for her and heavy for him).

Functional sportswear was also prominently featured in this year's show. Bonnie Cashin's bicycling suit includes trousers that cling and a sweater with a funnel neck that can serve as a hood. Larry Kane, on the other hand, chose to apply his talent to a fencing costume and came up with a black-and-white wool-knit model, while Hermès offered the sophisticated leather cycling suit seen on page 118. Designer Ralph Lauren opted for a slight variation on the classic tennis watcher's outfit of blazer and slacks by presenting a handsome blazer suit with striped jacket, pleated white-flannel trousers and white bucks—with the finishing touch of a sleeveless V-neck sweater, yellow buttondown shirt and a full bow tie.

In this year's show, that most elegant of colors—black—also was suddenly back and used in a variety of ways. Tom Fallon adopted it for his satin trench coat on page 120, while Peter Demitri and Cerruti of Paris saw it as the logical color for their evening suits.

Obviously, these thumbnail sketches of this year's collection don't begin to capture the excitement of the event. But they do offer us at least a glimpse of tomorrow's clothes. Make room in your wardrobe closet.



"Nurse, would you please do something about that? It's really getting to be awfully depressing!"

DESSERT AT THE BELVEDERE

(continued from page 90)

copy of *What's On in Singapore*. I was not worried about being asked about Gunstone and Djamilia; anything is possible in a big expensive hotel, and the accommodating manager will always smile and say he remembers you. In the elevator, I said, "Yes, your Morris is a good buy."

"I like Chevy," said Djamilia.

The elevator boy and the bellhop stared at her. My girls looked fine, very pretty in bars and on the street, but in well-lighted hotels, they looked different—not out of place but prominent and identifiable.

"I hate these American cars," said Gunstone.

"So do I," I said. "Waste of money."

"Nice and big," said Djamilia. She gave a low, throaty laugh. Most of my girls have bad throats. Something to do with their line of work—all those germs.

"Here you are, sah. Seven-oh-five," said the bellhop. He followed us in and swung the suitcase onto a low table. I could hear the newspapers shifting inside. He hadn't quite figured out the situation. He started his spiel about the lights and if-there's-anything-you-want, but I gave him 50 cents and pointed toward the door.

"Your lights," I said, pushing the switch. "Your TV, your washroom, your wireless"—trying to add a slight air to the occasion. The theme from *Doctor Zhivago* came in on the radio, helping a bit. "I think everything is in order."

"You couldn't do better than a Morris," said Gunstone. He creaked over and took me by the arm. "What's she like?" he asked in a whisper. I began to have a hideous feeling that this was, indeed, his last stand. Killed in action on the Belvedere border; destroyed while attacking a jampot.

"Oh, very rewarding," I said.

Djamilia was sitting on the edge of the double bed, removing her silver bracelets with dainty grace, admiring her arm, displaying her pretty fingernails to herself as she pulled each bracelet past them.

Gunstone, in a stuffed chair, seemed to breathe with difficulty as he twisted off one of his shoes. Then he pulled off the sock and began to try to poke the limp thing into his shoe with a trembling forefinger.

That was too much for me. I'm not the type of feller who goes in for symbols, but that was too much for me. On my way to the door, I said, as heartily as I could, "I'll leave you two to get on with it. Bye for now."

The elevator boy, seeing the feller he had just deposited on that floor, looked away from me, at the button he was punching, and I could tell from the

movement of his ears and a peculiar tightening of a section of scalp on the back of his head that he had summed up the situation and was grinning foolishly. I felt like socking him.

"What's your name?"

"Tony-lah," he said. A person sobers up when he has to tell a stranger his name.

"Here you are, Tony." I handed him a dollar. "Don't blab," I said. "Nobody likes a blabber."

That dollar would have come in handy, and I could have saved it if I had gone down the fire stairs, which was what I usually did. But seven flights of dusty-smelling unpainted cement was more than a man my age should tolerate. A little arithmetic satisfied me that I could afford one drink; in the Belvedere lounge-bar, the hors d'oeuvres were free.

Avoiding the lobby, I nipped into the lounge, found a cool leather armchair and sat very happily for a few minutes reading *What's On* and looking up every so often to admire the decor. Some of my friends did not think much of the new Singapore hotels—too shiny and tacky, they said: no character at all. Character was weevils in your food, metal folding chairs and a grouchy barman who insulted you as he overcharged you; it was a monsoon drain that hadn't been cleared for months and a toilet—like the one in the Bandung—located in the middle of the kitchen. Someday, I thought, I'm going to reserve a room at the Belvedere and burrow in the blankets of a wide bed—the air conditioner on full—and sleep for a week. The ground floor of the Belvedere was Italian marble and there was a chandelier hanging in the lobby that must have taken years to make. I was enjoying myself in the solid comfort, sipping my gin, looking at a sea-shell mural on the lounge wall, periwinkles spilling out of conchs, gilded sea urchins and fingers of coral; but I became anxious.

It was not only my habitual worry about Gunstone's engine failing. It was the annoying suspicion that the seven or eight tourists there in the lounge were staring in my direction. They had seen me come in with Gunstone and Djamila and, like Tony, they had guessed what I was up to. The ones who weren't laughing at me despised me. If I had been younger, they would have said, Ah, what a sharp lad, a real operator—you've got to hand it to him; but a middle-aged man doing the same thing was a dull dirty procurer. I tried to look unruffled, crossing my legs and flicking through the little pamphlet. Recrossing my legs, I felt an uncommon breeze against my ankles: I wasn't wearing any socks.

How could I be so stupid? There I was in the lounge of an expensive hotel, wearing my black Ah Chum worsted, my spotless collar and shoes my amah had buffed to a high gloss—but sockless!



"Gee, Harold, when you said you wanted to get into my pants. . . ."

That was how they guessed my trade, by my nude ankles. I wanted to leave, but I couldn't without calling attention to myself. So I sat in the chair in a way that made it possible for me to push at the knees of my pants and lower my cuffs over my ankles. I tried to convince myself that these staring tourists didn't matter—they'd all be on the morning flight to Bangkok.

I lifted my drink and caught a lady's eye. She looked away. Returning to my reading, I sensed her eyes drift over to me again. You never knew with these American ladies; they made faces at each other in public, sometimes hilarious ones, a sisterly foolishness. The other people began staring. They were making me miserable, ruining the only drink I could afford.

"Telephone call for Bishop Bradley . . . Bishop Bradley. . . ." The slow demanding announcement came over the loud-speaker in the lounge, a cloth-faced box on the wall above a slender palm in a copper pot. No one got up.

Two ladies looked at the loud-speaker.

It stopped, the voice and the hum behind it; there was an expectant pause in the lounge, everyone holding his breath, knowing the announcement would start

again in a moment, which it did, monotonously.

"Bishop Bradley . . . telephone call for Bishop Bradley. . . ."

Now no one was looking at the loud-speaker.

I had fastened all the buttons on my black suit jacket. I stood up and turned an impatient face to the repeated command coming from the cloth-faced box. I swigged the last of my gin and, with the eyes of all those people on me and the clerical garb I was wearing, strode in the direction of the information desk. I knew that now they were sorry for staring at my sockless ankles, for judging me prematurely. "There goes the bishop," they were saying.

To keep up the show, I paused at the desk and mumbled something; then I walked out to Orchard Road with a stately episcopal pace. I waited there nervously.

After a little while, though, Gunstone and Djamila appeared in the hotel doorway and I offered up a small prayer of thanksgiving: He had pulled through. The old boy's engine had not stopped in the Belvedere.

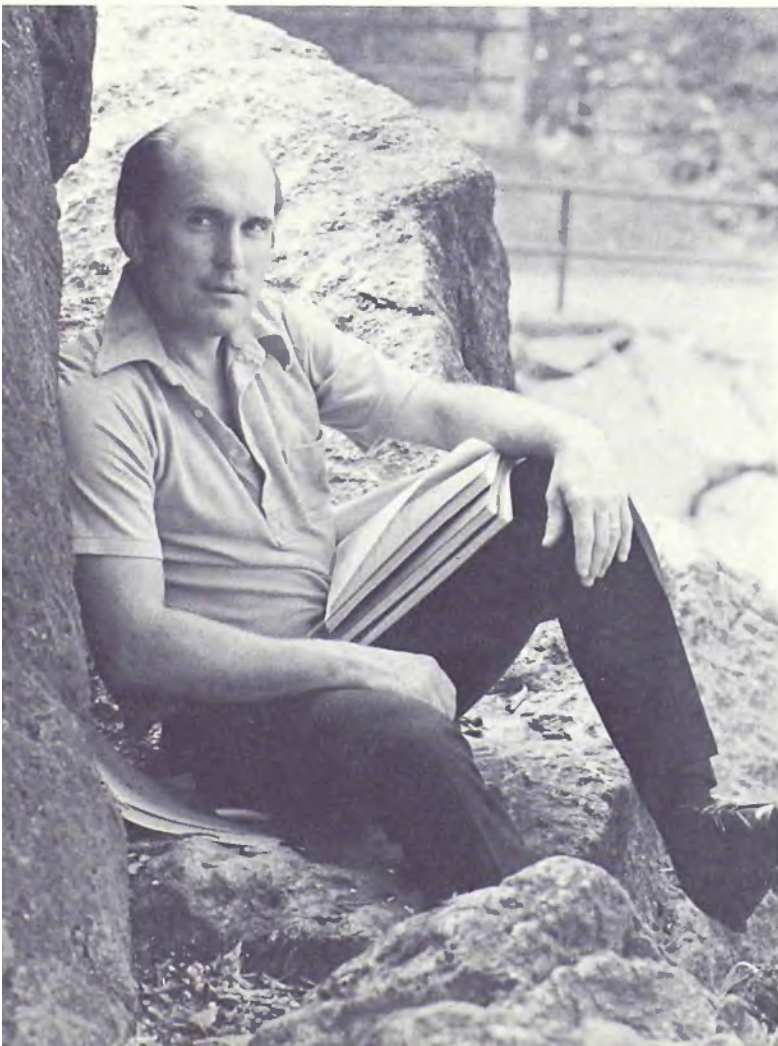


NEIL GOLDSCHMIDT *hizzoner*

BACK IN 1845, a pair of New Englanders—Francis W. Pettygrove of Maine and Asa L. Lovejoy of Massachusetts—flipped a coin to determine what they'd name their new city at the confluence of the Columbia and Willamette rivers. Pettygrove won, and the place was duly christened Portland; Lovejoy's hoped-for Boston, Oregon, was consigned to oblivion. Portland has since muddled along fairly well, but its newly elected mayor, 32-year-old Neil Goldschmidt—who, when he takes office this month, will be the youngest big-city mayor in the country—feels municipal decisions can no longer be left to chance. "We've got to have a plan," Goldschmidt told Portlanders during his hard-hitting campaign in May's nonpartisan primary, when, aided by doorbell-ringing housewives and students, he astonished the pros by winning a clear majority. "Portland [population 382,619] is a very small big city," the mayor-elect points out. "In terms of growth and problems, we're about ten years behind other urban areas." So, he believes, his town still has a chance to avoid residential decay, poisoned air and asphalt-buried business districts. The automobile ranks high in Goldschmidt's demonography: "It eats up too much land." If all the freeways now planned for Portland were built, he charges, by 1990 one out of ten persons on the city's bedroom east side will have been evicted by a highway or be living right beside one. To head off city problems, Goldschmidt proposes better mass transit and formation of citizen groups empowered to revitalize their neighborhoods. Goldschmidt, who first drew attention as head of a local legal-aid office, was elected a city commissioner in 1970. Ever since, he has dedicated himself to promoting the consolidation of Portland with surrounding Multnomah County: "I'm willing to work myself out of a job," he avers. And into what? A local newspaperman observes: "The mayor's job has not traditionally been a steppingstone to higher office in Oregon. Neil looks as if he might be the exception."



PHOTOGRAPHY BY JEFF COHEN



ROBERT DUVAL *face without a name*

IF YOU REMEMBER Tom Hagen, the German-Irish *consigliere* in *The Godfather*, or *M*A*S*H*'s Major Frank Burns, the pious surgeon who coupled with Hot Lips Houlihan after blurting "God's will be done," then you might sympathize with the man who played them, a man most moviegoers know only as "whatzisname"—Robert Duvall. "Yeah," he says, "I'm the guy you usually read about in the closing paragraph of a review; you know, the one that begins, 'Also featured in the film is. . .'" The 41-year-old San Diego native with the Lower East Side accent is used to such faint praise. "It comes with the job," he says. "See, I've always been a character actor and I'm very deliberate about the roles I choose. Because of that, I suppose, I don't get the recognition I should. But if I can't get up in the morning feeling charged about my work, then what's the point?" Duvall's career began when he left the Army in 1955 to study at the Neighborhood Playhouse in New York. After a journeyman's dues onstage, he debuted onscreen as the pitifully retarded Boo Radley in *To Kill a Mockingbird*. More character parts followed and even a pair of leads in two limited-distribution efforts until, on the crest of his successes in *The Godfather* and—as Jesse James—in *The Great Northfield, Minnesota Raid*, Duvall tested for, and got, his first starring role in a major motion picture, *Badge 373*, columnist Pete Hamill's sequel to *The French Connection*. "Naturally, I'm playing the cop," Duvall says, "but I agreed to do it only on the condition that I don't duplicate Gene Hackman's Pop-eye. I have my own ideas for the character and he's got a whole new set of nuances, movements, eccentricities—hell, he's a completely different guy. That's what I'm most excited about." According to *The New York Times*'s Vincent Canby, "Duvall is such a good actor that he seems entirely different from one film to the next." Odds are that as long as he stays enthusiastic, audiences will, too. Now, if they can only remember his name.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID CHAN



ON THE SCENE



GAIL SHEEHY *getting personal*

"CALLING IT 'new' journalism is horseshit," says Gail Sheehy, whose writing is often described as new journalism. "It's really *personal* journalism, and its antecedents go back to Homer." In 1971 Sheehy was caught up in a controversy over her personalization of an article in *New York* magazine, to which she is a contributing editor. The piece, "Redpants and Sugarman," took her and her readers to the midtown Manhattan prostitution hustle. Forced by circumstances—particularly the hookers' refusal to confide in a "straight" woman—to research some of her story with secondhand information, she wrote it up as if it were firsthand. It wasn't until after publication that her editor, Clay Felker, revealed that she had explained it in a paragraph deleted accidentally from the text. "There's a certain amount of personal risk involved in researching the pieces I write," says the 35-year-old Sheehy. "Sometimes it helps to be a woman; in the Redpants piece, it didn't." Her journalistic interest in prostitution has since developed into a book, *Hustling*, due out this year. Two other nonfiction books, *Panthermania* and *Speed Is of the Essence*, about the youth/drug scene, were expanded from articles that first appeared in *New York*. Sheehy's literary career began early. She wrote her first play in the third grade—and got the mumps on opening night. After that, most of her energy was directed toward becoming a ballerina. Not until she had to choose between ballet school and college did Sheehy decide that ballet was too antisocial. Various jobs followed college, including five years of newspaper work, ending with a stint on the woman's page of the *New York Herald Tribune*. In her spare time, she wrote for *New York*, then the *Tribune's* Sunday magazine. Looking back at some of her assignments, she recalls, "After my piece on the amphetamine epidemic, the speed freaks threatened my life. I had to move. But I can't separate my life from what I write about." Whatever kind of journalism that's called, for Gail Sheehy, it works.

TRIAD/THE PASSENGER

(continued from page 101)

into Nantucket so many years ago. They used to line the port rail and shout: "Oh, the Perrys are here and the Saltons and the Greenoughs." It was partly genuine, partly show. When he returned to his seat, his companion had removed her mobcap and her unguent. Her beauty in the light of morning was powerful. He could not diagnose what he found so compelling—nostalgia, perhaps—but her features, her pallor, the set of her eyes all corresponded to his sense of beauty. "Good morning," he said. "Did you sleep well?"

She frowned; she seemed to find this impertinent. "Does one ever?" she asked on a rising note. She put her mysterious

book into a handbag with a zipper and gathered her things. When they landed at Fiumicino, he stood aside to let her pass and followed her up the aisle. He went behind her through the passport, immigration and health check and joined her at the place where you claim your bags.

But look, look. Why does he point out her bag to the porter and why, when they both have their bags, does he follow her out to the cabstand, where he bargains with a driver for the trip into Rome? Why does he join her in the cab? Is he the undiscourageable masher that she dreaded? No, no. He is her husband, she is his wife, the mother of his children and a woman he has worshiped passionately for nearly 30 years.



Ruge

"Well—Ge-sund-heit!"

pro bowls!

(continued from page 95)

sour can be adjusted at the last moment, to suit the crowd's taste.

Most punch-bowl disasters are due to overdilution from melting ice. This can be avoided by mixing your punch in advance and refrigerating it—to chill and mellow *before* pouring over ice. Present it in a modest-sized bowl, refilling from the fridge as needed. Use fresh, hard-frozen ice with each new batch. Ice can vary in temperature as much as ten degrees. Cold ice chills faster and melts slower. A chunk of ice holds up better than cubes. You can make a small block at home by freezing water in a milk carton or in an ice-cube tray with the separator removed. You can also reduce dilution by freezing some of the punch and using it as ice, to chill the mixture. Allow extra time for this, as whiskey retards freezing.

When figuring the yardage you'll get from one bowl, plan on three to four ounces per serving and about four drinks for each customer over the course of a game. For safety and comfort, use large, sturdy glassware instead of shallow punch cups or stemmed glasses. And food, if you offer it, should be simple and hearty: wedges of cheese, boneless roasts that slice easily, good bread and hand-held relishes.

So here are PLAYBOY's seven *super* bowls—enough to carry you through the six play-off games and the finale in good spirits!

QUICK KICK
(35–40 drinks)

- 1 quart bottled-in-bond bourbon (100 proof) or 1½ fifths straight bourbon
- 1 pint peach liqueur
- 1 quart cranberry-juice cocktail
- 1 cup lime juice
- 1 quart club soda or lemon-flavored soda, chilled

16-oz. can fruit cocktail, drained

Mix first 4 ingredients and chill. To serve, pour over block of ice and stir. Add chilled soda and fruit and stir quickly. A bit of the fruit should go into each drink.

SURPRISE PLAY
(30 drinks)

- 3 oranges
- Sugar
- 1 bottle Lillet
- 1 pint orange liqueur (see note)
- ¼ cup lime juice
- 1 cup seedless or seeded grapes, halved
- 2 bottles champagne, chilled

Slice oranges into bowl. Sprinkle lightly with sugar. Turn several times. Pour in Lillet, orange liqueur and lime juice. Chill in refrigerator. When serving, pour half of mixture into chilled punch

FOR A DEVIL OF A RUN

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Québec gives you
a good run

for your money.
And you'll love
every bit of it.
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OMEGA INTRODUCES THE TOTAL CHRONOMETER LOOK. FOR CHRONOMETERS.

A chronometer is a watch with a "degree" in accuracy—and the papers to prove it. Yet up until now chronometers have been identified only by a tiny word on the face of the timepiece.

Omega reasoned that since an Omega chronometer is more than an ordinary watch, it should have a distinct look of its own—balanced and precise, just like the chronometer inside.

That's why the Omega Constellation Chronometer flows so very smoothly from case to band and back again. The Constellation is a completely integrated design, inside and out, all around. The case

is carved out of a solid block of metal (18 karat gold or stainless steel), then finished by hand. Each link of the band is precisely contoured and fitted to the next, so that the overall look is one of perfect harmony.

Take a good look at the Omega Constellation. It's a good way to tell a total chronometer from a watch.

Omega Constellation Chronometers. In stainless and 18k gold, from \$195 to \$1350. For free brochure write Omega Watch Co., Omega Bldg., 301 E. 57th Street, New York, N. Y. 10022.



Ω OMEGA CONSTELLATION CHRONOMETERS

bowl. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grapes and 1 bottle chilled champagne. Stir once or twice to blend. Garnish each serving with grapes. Repeat with remaining mixture and champagne when needed, so your punch is fresh and sprightly.

(Note: You can substitute vodka or brandy for the orange liqueur, to get a little more zing and a little less sweetness. Using extra-dry champagne, rather than *brut*, will make your bowl a bit sweeter.)

LATERAL PASS
(50 drinks)

- 2 fifths dark Puerto Rican rum
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups lime juice
- 1 cup orgeat (almond syrup)
- 1 pint rain-water madeira or cocktail sherry
- 46-oz. can pineapple juice
- 2 pints club soda, chilled
- Garnish: combination of fresh fruits—limes, lemons, oranges, strawberries, grapes, apples, pineapple, grapefruit sections

Mix first 5 ingredients and chill. Pour half into bowl, over block of ice. Add 1 pint chilled soda and some fruit for garnish and stir quickly. Repeat with rest when needed.

OLD PRO
(35 drinks)

- 1 fifth Jamaica rum
- 1 fifth light whiskey
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups lime juice
- 1 cup brown sugar, packed
- 4 ozs. crème de noyaux or fruit liqueur
- 2 quarts club soda, chilled
- 2 limes or lemons, thinly sliced

Combine rum, whiskey and lime juice. Add sugar, stirring until dissolved. Add liqueur and chill. Pour over block of ice, adding chilled soda just before serving. Float fruit on top for garnish.

(Note: This is a modern variation on the Colonial pride, fish-house punch, and quite potent. If you prefer a little extra dilution, pour over block of ice immediately, instead of prechilling.)

QUARTERBACK SNEAK
(50 drinks)

- 1 pint fresh strawberries, hulled
- 1 fresh pineapple, peeled, cored and cubed
- 2 cups sugar
- 2 cups lemon juice
- 6-oz. can frozen orange-juice concentrate, half-thawed
- 2 cups water
- 2 bottles kirsch
- 2 quarts club soda, chilled

Slice berries into bowl. Add pineapple and sugar and slosh around. Pour in lemon juice, orange-juice concentrate and water; mix well and chill. When

serving, pour half of mixture over block of ice, stir in 1 bottle kirsch and 1 quart club soda. Repeat with remaining mixture, kirsch and soda when needed.

WINNING TOUCHDOWN
(30-35 drinks)

- 6 eggs
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 quart cold milk or 1 pint milk, 1 pint light cream
- 1 quart cold strong coffee
- 1 fifth cognac
- $\frac{1}{2}$ pint coffee liqueur
- Salt
- $\frac{1}{2}$ pint heavy cream, whipped
- Bitter chocolate

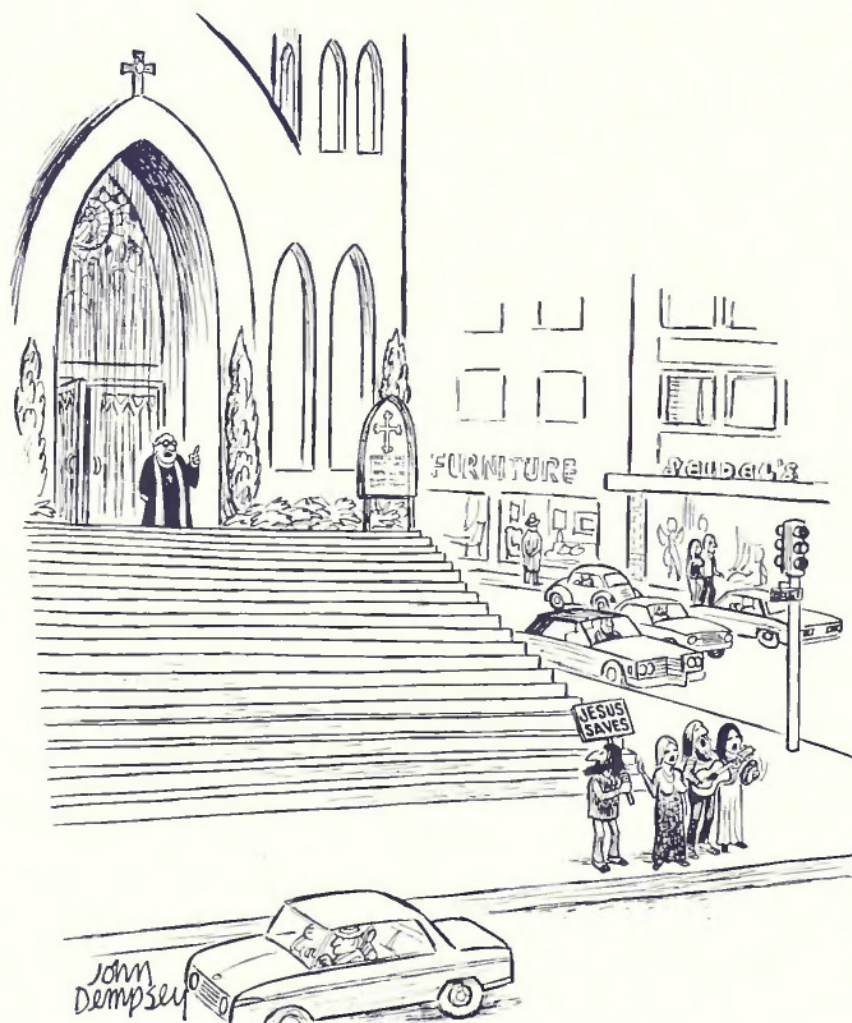
Separate eggs. Beat yolks with $\frac{3}{4}$ cup sugar until light and lemon-colored. Stir in milk and coffee. Slowly stir in cognac and liqueur. Chill for about 30 minutes. Beat egg whites with a good pinch of salt until they begin to hold their shape. Gradually add remaining $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar, beating until stiff but not dry. Carefully fold beaten egg whites and whipped cream into egg-yolk mixture. Top with shavings of bitter chocolate.

EXTRA POINT
(30-35 drinks)

- 1 quart tomato juice
- 3 cups beef bouillon
- 1 cup lemon juice
- Bay leaf
- Several grinds black pepper
- Pinch curry powder
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon celery salt
- 1 bottle aquavit
- Lemon slices

Heat first 7 ingredients together. Taste and modify seasoning, if necessary. Bring just to a boil. Add aquavit, stir, remove from heat. Should be served warm but not hot, with lemon slice in each mug or cup. This can be made in 2 batches quite easily, splitting the warm mixture and adding $\frac{1}{2}$ bottle aquavit to each batch.

Now that we've given you the basic game plan on how to serve up seven super punch bowls, the ball, as they say, is in your hands. Whether you opt for a quarterback sneak, a surprise play, an extra point or whatever, the end result can't help but be a winner.



"Say, there! This is my corner!"

TRIAD/THE BELLY

secretions I had to refine informed me of how painful and ridiculous he felt. When the shorts were inflated, he read from a book of directions and performed some gymnastics. This was the worst pain to be inflicted on me so far and, when the exercises were finished, my various parts were so abnormally cramped and knotted that we spent a sleepless night.

By this time, I had come to recognize two facts that guaranteed my survival. The first was his detestation of solitary exercise. He liked games well enough, but he did not like gymnastics. Each morning, he would go to the bathroom and touch his toes ten times. His buttocks (there's another story) scraped the washbasin and his forehead grazed the toilet seat. I knew from the secretions that came my way that this experience was spiritually crushing. Later he moved to the country for the summer and took up jogging and weight lifting. While lifting weights, he learned to count in Japanese and Russian, hoping to give this performance some dignity, but he was not successful. Both jogging and weight lifting embarrassed him intensely. The second factor in my favor was

(continued from page 102)

his conviction that we lead a simple life. "I really lead a very simple life," he often said. If this were so, I would have no chance for prominence, but there is, I think, no first-class restaurant in Europe, Asia, Africa or the British Isles to which I have not been taken and asked to perform. He often says so. Going after a dish of crickets in Tokyo, he gave me a friendly pat and said, "Do your best, man." So long as he considers this to be a simple life, my place in the world is secure. When I fail him, it is not through malice or intent. After a Homeric dinner with 14 entrees in southern Russia, we spent a night together in the bathroom. This was in Tiflis. I seemed to be threatening his life. It was three in the morning. He was crying with pain. He was weeping and perhaps I know more than any other part of his physique about the true loneliness of this man. "Go away!" he shouted at me. "Go away!" What could be more pitiful and absurd than a naked man at the dog hour in a strange country casting out his vitals? We went to the window to hear the wind in the trees. "Oh, I should have paid more attention to spiritual things," he shouted.

If I were the belly of a secret agent or

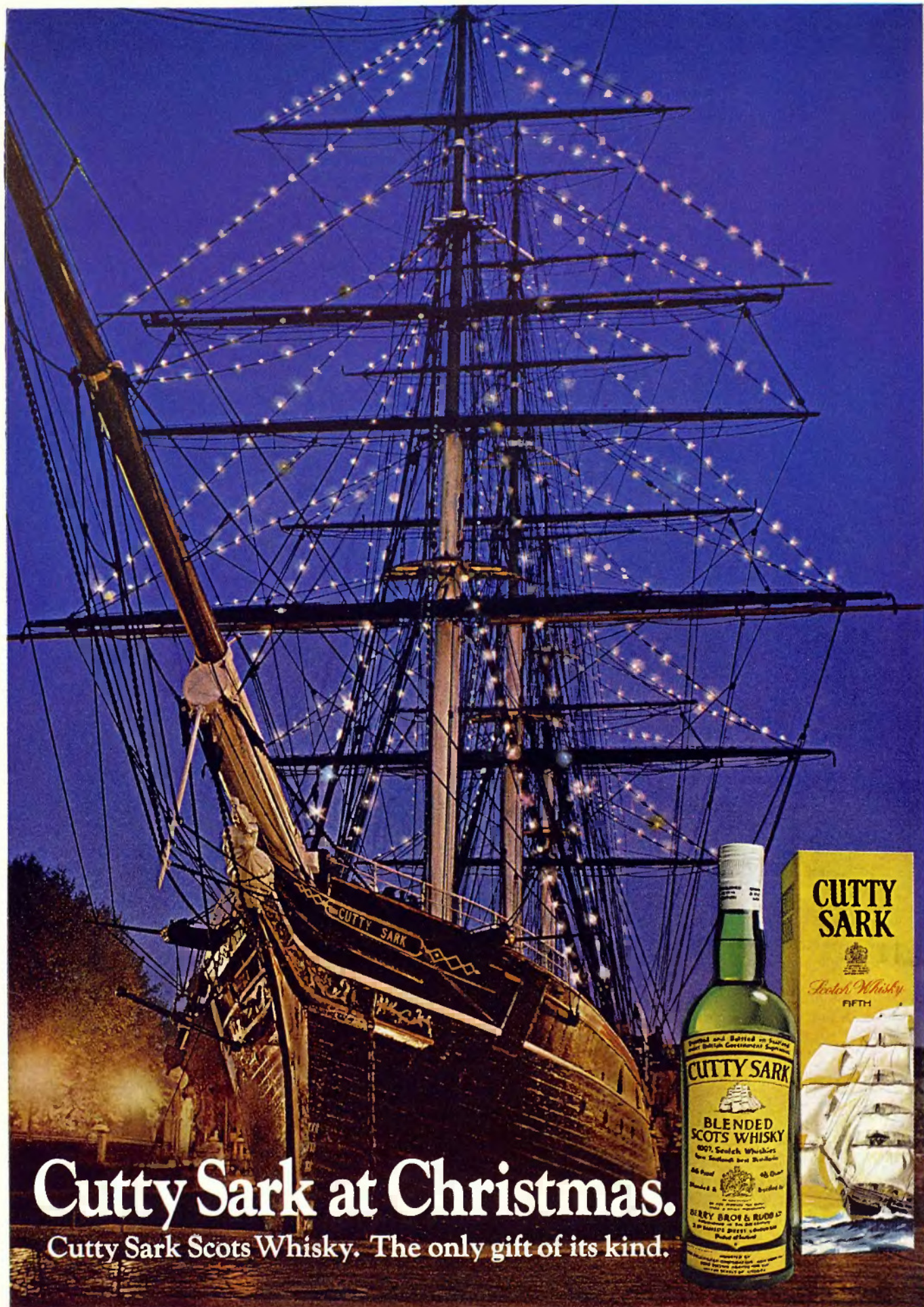
a reigning prince, my role in the clash of time wouldn't have been any different. I represent time more succinctly than any scarecrow with a scythe. Why should so simple a force as time—told accurately by the clocks in his house—cause him to groan and swear? Did he feel that some specious youthfulness was his principal, his only lure? I know that I reminded him of the pain he suffered in his relationship to his father. His father retired at 55 and spent the rest of his life polishing stones, gardening and trying to learn conversational French from records. He had been a limber and an athletic man, but, like his son, he had been overtaken in the middle of the way by an independent abdomen. He seemed, like his son, to have no capacity to age and fatten gracefully. His paunch, his abdomen, seemed to break his spirit. His abdomen led him to stoop, to walk clumsily, to sigh and to have his trousers enlarged. His abdomen seemed like some precursor of the angel of death, and was Farnsworth, touching his toes in the bathroom each morning, struggling with the same angel?

Then there was the year we traveled. I don't know what drove him, but we went around the world three times in 12 months. He may have thought that travel would heighten his metabolism and diminish my importance. I won't go into the hardships of safety belts and a chaotic eating schedule. We saw all the usual places as well as Nairobi, Madagascar, Mauritius, Bali, New Guinea, New Caledonia and New Zealand. We saw Madang, Goroka, Lee, Rabaul, Fiji, Reykjavik, Thingvellir, Akureyri, Narsarsuak, Kagsiarsuk, Bukhara, Irkutsk, Ulan Bator and the Gobi Desert. Then there were the Galápagos, Patagonia, the Mato Grosso jungle and, of course, the Seychelles and the Amirantes.

It ended or was resolved one night at Passetto's. He began the meal with figs and Parma ham and with this he ate two rolls and butter. After this, he had paghetti *alla carbonara*, a steak with fried potatoes, a serving of frog's legs, a whole *spigola* roasted in paper, some chicken breasts, a salad with an oil dressing, three kinds of cheese and a thick zabaglione. Halfway through the meal, he had to give me some leeway, but he was not resentful and I felt that victory might be in sight. When he ordered the zabaglione, I knew that I had won or that we had arrived at a sensible truce. He was not trying to conceal, dismiss or forget me and his secretions were bland. Leaving the table, he had to give me another two inches, so that walking across the piazza I could feel the night wind and hear the fountains, and we've lived happily together ever since.



"The Hogans have two guns, the Jacksons have three guns, the Wrights have five guns, the Spencers have four guns. . . ."



Cutty Sark at Christmas.

Cutty Sark Scots Whisky. The only gift of its kind.

INSIDE OUTSIDE COMPLEX

(continued from page 181)

"My husband," she said, pouring, "always liked China tea. You don't mind?"

"I am very partial to it. It appeals to my aesthetic sense. Jasmine flowers floating. May I ask what your husband used to do?"

"Ken was an assessor for an English insurance company. He was English."

He approved mightily, fingers wide-spread, chin enthusiastically nodding.

"A fine profession! A very fine profession!"

"So fine," she said wryly, "that he took out a policy on his own life for a bare thousand pounds. And I am now a dressmaker."

"Family?" he asked tenderly.

She smiled softly.

"My daughter, Leslie. She is at a boarding school. I am hoping to send her to the university. What is your proposition?"

Her profile, from being soft as a sea-flower, changed to the obtuseness of a death mask. But, frontally, her lower lip caught the light, her eyes were alert, the face hard with character.

"It is a simple little proposition. Your mirror, we agree, is a splendid object, but for your business quite unsuitable. Any woman looking into it can only half see herself. What you need is a great, wide, large, gilt-framed mirror, pinned flat against the wall, clear as crystal, a real professional job, where a lady can see herself from top to toe twirling and turning like a ballet dancer." He smiled mockingly. "Give your clients status." He proceeded earnestly. "Worth another two hundred pounds a year to you. You would be employing two assistants in no time. I happen to have a mirror just like that in my showrooms. I've had it for six years and nobody has wanted it." He paused, smiling from jawbone to jawbone. "I would like you to take it. As a gift."

Shrewdly he watched her turning her teacup between her palms as if she were warming a brandy glass, while she observed him sideward just as shrewdly out of an eye as fully circled as a bird's. At last she smiled, laid down her cup, leaned back and said, "Go on, Mr. B."

"How do you mean, 'Go on'?"

"You have only told me half your proposition. You want something in return?"

He laughed with his throat, teeth, tongue and gullet, enjoying himself hugely.

"Nothing! Not really!"

She laughed as hugely, enjoying him.

"Meaning?"

He rose, walked to the window, now one of those black mirrors that painters use to eliminate color in order to reveal design. The night had blotted out everything except an impression of two or three pale hydrangea leaves wavering

outside in the December wind and, inside, himself and a dark lamp shade. The reflection made him happy. He felt that he had already taken up residence here. He turned to the woman looking at him coldly under eyebrows as heavy as two dark mustaches and flew into a rage at her resistance.

"Damn it! Can't you give me credit for wanting to give you something for your own sake?" As quickly, he calmed. The proud animal was staring timidly, humbly, contritely. Or was she having him on again? She could hide anything behind that lovely squint of hers. He demanded abruptly, "Do you ever go into Dublin?"

She glanced at the doors of her workroom.

"I must go there tomorrow morning to buy some linings. Why?"

"Tomorrow I have to deliver a small Regency chest to a lady in Greystones. On my way back, I could call for you here at ten o'clock, drive you into Dublin and show you that big mirror of mine, and you can take it or leave it, as you like." He got up to go. "OK?"

She gave an unwilling assent, but as she opened the front door to let him out, added, "Though I am not at all sure that I entirely understand you, Mr. B."

"Aren't you?" he asked with an impish animation.

"No, I am not!" she said crossly. "Not at all sure."

Halfway across her ten feet of garden, he turned and laughed derisively, "Have a look at the surface of your mirror," and twanged out and was lost in the foggy dusk.

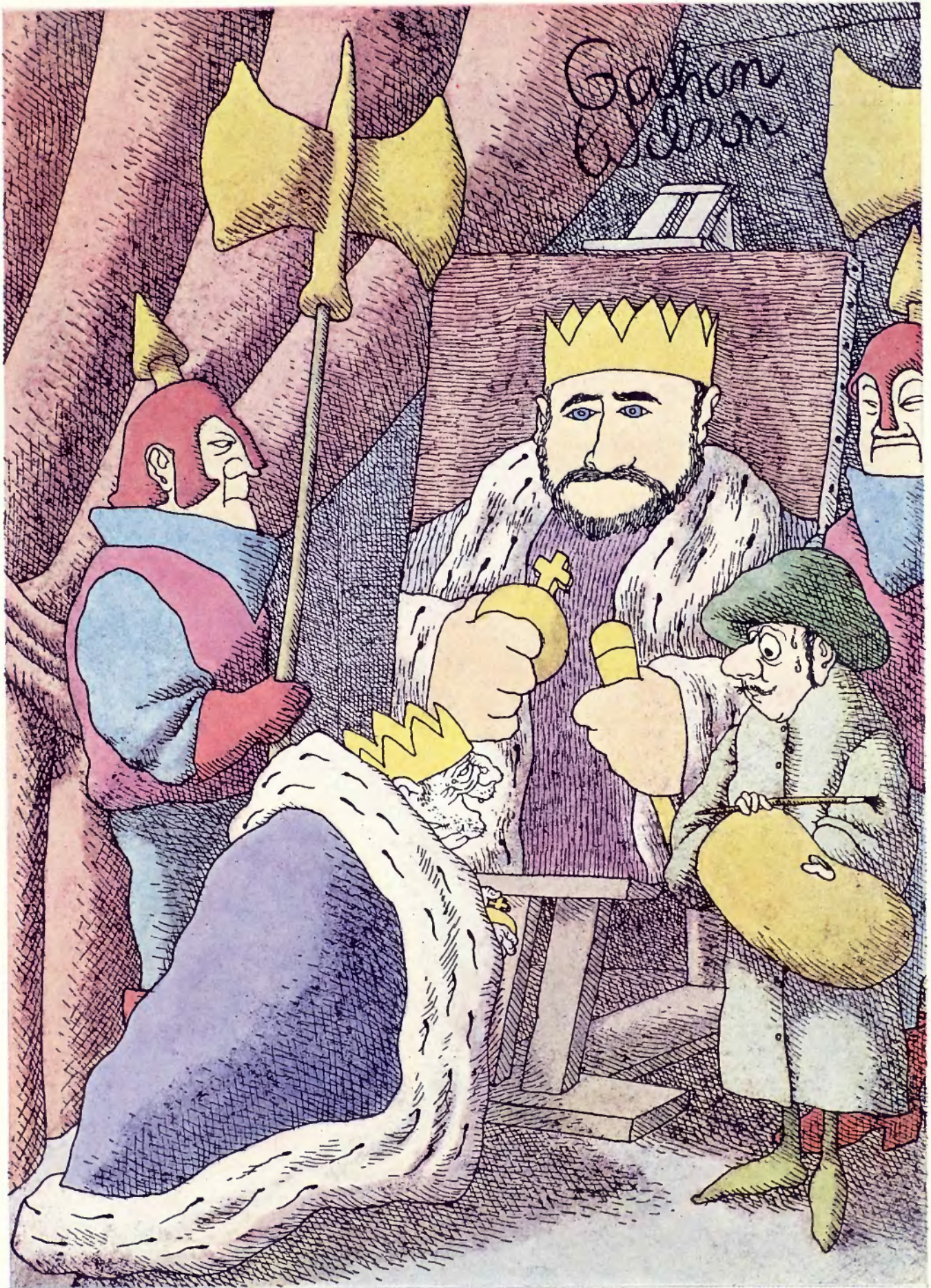
She returned slowly to her studio. She approached her mirror and peered over its surface. Flawless. Not a breath of dust. With one spittled finger, she removed a flyspeck. What did the silly little man mean? Without being aware of what she was doing, she looked at herself, patted her hair in place, smoothed her fringe, arranged the shoulder peaks of her blouse, then, her dark eyebrows floating, her bister eyelids sinking, her back straight, her chin and bosom lifted, she drawled, "I really am afraid, Mr. B., that I still do *not* at all understand you," and chuckled at the effect. Her jaw shot out, she glared furiously at her double, she silently mouthed the word "Fathead!," seized her scissors and returned energetically to work. She would fix him! Tomorrow morning she would simply let the ten-o'clock train take her to Dublin.

He took her to Dublin, and to lunch, and to her amused satisfaction admitted that there was a second part to his proposition. He sometimes persuaded the owners of better-class country hotels to allow him to leave one or two of his an-

tiques, with his card attached, on view in their public rooms. It could be a Dutch landscape, or a tidy piece of Sheraton or Hepplewhite; free advertisement for him, free decor for them. Would she like to cooperate? "Where on earth," some well-off client would say, "did you get that lovely thing?"—and she would say, "Bolger's Antiques." She was so pleased to have foreseen that there would be some such *quid pro quo* that she swallowed the bait. So, the next Sunday, though he did not bring his big mirror, he brought a charming Boucher fire screen. The following Sunday, his van was out of order, but he did bring a handsome pair of twisted Georgian candlesticks for her mantelpiece. Every Sunday, except during the Christmas holidays, when he did not care to face her daughter, he brought something—a carved bronze chariot, Empire style, containing a clock, a neat Nelson sideboard, a copper warming pan and a pair of antique dueling pistols, so that they always had something further to discuss over their afternoon tea. It all amused and pleased her until the day came when he produced a pair of (he swore) genuine Tudor curtains for her front window and she could no longer conceal from herself that she was being formally courted and that her living room was being transformed from what it had been four months ago.

The climax came at Easter, when, for Leslie's sake, she weakly allowed him to present her with two plane tickets for a Paris holiday. In addition, he promised to visit her bungalow every day and sleep there every night while she was away. On her return, she found that he had left a comic WELCOME HOME card on her hall table; that her living room was sweet with mimosa; that he had covered her old-fashioned wallpaper with (he explained) a hand-painted French paper in (she would observe) a pattern of Notre Dame, the Eiffel Tower, the *Arc de Triomphe* and the *Opéra*; that he had replaced her old thread-worn carpet—she and Ken had bought it nearly 20 years ago in Clery's in O'Connell Street—with (he alleged) a *quali* Persian carpet 300 years old; and exchanged her plastic central-electric shade for (he mentioned) a Waterford cluster. In fact, he had got rid of every scrap of her life except her mirror, which now hung over her fireplace, her pink lamp and, she said it to herself, "Me?"

The next Sunday, she let him in, sat opposite him and was just about to say her rehearsed bit of gallows humor—"I am sorry to have to tell you, Bertie, that I don't particularly like your life, may I have mine back again, please?"—when she saw him looking radiantly at her, realized that by accepting so many disguised gifts she had put herself in a false position, and burst into tears of shame and rage. Bertie, whose many



"Not bad. Not bad at all."

years of servitude with his mother had made all female tears seem as ludicrous as a baby's squealing face, laughed booming at her, enchanted to see this powerful woman so completely in his power. The experience filled him with such joy that he sank on his knees beside her, flung his arms about her and said, "Maisie, will you marry me?"

She drew back her fist, gave him such a clout on the jaw that he fell on his poll, shouted, "Get up, you worm! And get out!" With hauteur, he went.

She held out against him for six months, though still permitting him to visit her every Sunday for afternoon tea and a chat. In November, without warning, her resistance gave out. Worn down by his persistence? Or her own calculations? By her ambitions for her Leslie? Perhaps by a weariness of the flesh at the prospect of years of dressmaking? Certainly by none of the hopes, dreams, illusions, fears and needs that might have pressed other hard-pressed women into holy wedlock; above all, not by the desires of the flesh—these she had never felt for Bertie Bolger.

He made it a lavish wedding, which she did not dislike; he also made it showy, which she did not like. But she was to find that he did everything to excess, including eating, always defending himself by the plea that if a man or a woman is any good, you cannot have too much of him; a principle that ought to have led him to marry the fat lady in the circus and her to marry Paddy O'Brien, the Irish giant, who was nine feet tall and whose skeleton she said she had once seen preserved in the College of Surgeons. "Is he all swank and bluff?" she wondered. Even on their honeymoon, she discovered that after a day of boasting about his prowess compared with all his competitors, it was ten to one that he would either be crying on her shoulder long past midnight or yelping like a puppy in one of his nightmares, both of which performances (her word) she bore with patience until the morning he dared to give her dogs abuse for being the sole cause of all of them, whereat she ripped him with a kick like a cassowary's. She read an article about exhibitionism. That was him! She read a thriller about a manic-depressive strangler and, peeping cautiously across the pillows, felt that she should never go to bed with him without one of his dueling pistols under her side of the mattress.

Within six months, they both knew that their error was so plenary, so total, so irreducible that it should have been beyond speech—and was not. He said that he felt a prisoner in this bloody bungalow of hers. He said that whenever he stood inside her window (and his Tudor curtains) and looked out at those

hundreds of lovely, loving, kindly, warm, glowing, little peaked bungalows outside there, he knew that he had picked the only goddamn one of the whole lot that was totally uninhabitable. She said she had been as free as the wind until he took forcible possession of her property and filled it with his fake junk. He said she was a bully. She told him he was a bluffer. He said, "I thought you had brains, but I've eaten better." She said, "You're a dope and a dreamer!" He said, "You're a dressmaker!" She said, "You don't know from one minute to the next whether you want to be Jesus Christ or Napoleon." He shouted, "Outside the four walls of this bungalow, you're an ignoramus, apart from what little I've been able to teach you." She said, "Outside your business, Bertie Bolger, and that doesn't bear close examination, if I gave you three minutes to tell me all you know, it would be six minutes too much." All of it as meaningless and unjust as every marital quarrel since Adam and Eve began to bawl with one voice, "But you said . . ." and "I know what I said, but you said . . ." "Yes, and then you said . . ."

His older, her more recent club acquaintances chewed a clearer cud. At the common table, three or four of them mentioned him one day over lunch. They used their eyebrows as words to describe one of those waxwork effigies that manage somehow or other to get past the little black ball into the most select clubs. Mimes, mimics, fair imitations, plausible impersonations of The Real Thing; a procession of puppets, a march of masks, a covey of cozeners, a levee of liars, chaps for whom conversation always means anecdotes; altruism, alms; discipline, suppression; justice, calling in the police; pleasure, vomiting in the washroom; pride, swank; love, lust; honesty, guilt; religion, fear; patriotism, greed; success, cash. But would any of them say any of this about Bertie? They would look you straight in the top button of your waistcoat and say, without humor, "A white man." And Maisie? "A very nice little wife." Dear Jesus! Is life in all clubs reduced like this to white men and nice little wives? Sometimes to worse. As well as clubbites, there are clubbesses to whom the truth is told between the sheets and by whom it is enlarged, exaggerated, falsified and spread wide. After all, the men had merely kicked the testicles of his reputation; the wives castrated him. They took Maisie's part. A fine, natural countrywoman, they said; honest as the daylight; warm as toast if you did not cross her, and then she could handle her tongue like the tail end of a whip; a woman who carried her liquor like a man; as agile at contract as a trout; could have mothered

ten and would never give one to Bertie, whom she let marry her only because she saw he was the sort of weakling who always wants somebody to rely on and did not find out until too late that he was miles away from what every woman wants, which is somebody she can rely on. Their judgment made him seem less than he was, her more. The result of it was that Bertie was soon feeling the cold wind of Dublin's whispering gallery on his neck and had to do something to assert himself unless he was to fall dead under the sting of its icy mockery.

Accordingly, one Sunday afternoon in November, a year after his marriage, he packed two suitcases, called a cab and drove off down the lighted avenue to resume his not-unimportant role in life as the Mr. B. of some lonely sexless guest-house. It had not, at the end, been her wish. If she had not grown a little fond of him, she did feel sorry for him. Besides, next autumn Leslie would be down on her fingers and up on her toes at the starting line for the university, waiting eagerly for the revolver's flat "Go!"

"This is silly, Bertie!" she had shrugged as they saw the taxi pulling up outside their window. "Husbands and wives always quarrel." He had picked up his two suitcases and looked around the room at his lost illusions, a Prospero leaving for the mainland. "It's nothing unusual," she had said, to comfort him. "It happens," she had pleaded, "in every house. But they carry on."

"You bitch!" he had snarled, making for the door. "You broke my heart. I thought you were perfect."

She need not have winced, knowing well that they had both married for reasons the heart knows nothing of. Nevertheless, hearing the taxi go, she had gone gloomily into her dining room, which must again become her workroom. The 60 pounds that he had agreed to pay her every month, though much more than she had had before they met, would not support two people. Looking about, she noted, with annoyance, that she had never got that big mirror out of him.

So then, a dusky afternoon in Bray, at a quarter to five o'clock, lighting-up time at 5:15, a year later, All Souls' Eve, dedicated to the souls of the dead suffering in the fires of purgatory, Bertie Bolger, benedict and bachelor, aged 44, tubby, ruddy, graying, walking sedately along the sea front, sees ahead of him the Imperial Hotel and stops dead, remembering.

"I wonder!" he wonders and, leaning over the promenade's railing, sky blue with orange knobs, rusting to death since the 19th Century, looks down at the damp pebbles of the beach. "How is she doing these days?" and turns inland toward the town.

At this ambiguous hour, few houses in



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Bray show lighted windows. The season is over, the day silent, landladies once more reckoning their takings, snoozing, thinking of minute repairs, or praying in Liljoe's, Fatima, The Billows, Swan Lake, Sea View. Peering ahead of him, Mr. B. sees, away down the avenue, a calm glow from a window and feels there at the first, delicate, subcutaneous tingle that he has so often felt in the presence of some desirable object whose value the owner does not know. Nor does he know why those rare lighted windows are so troubling, suggestive, inviting, rejecting, familiar, foreign, like any childhood's nonesuch, griffin, mermaid, unicorn, hippogriff, dragon, centaur, crested castle in the mountains where there grows the golden rose of the world's end. Knowingly, he ignores that first far-off glow, turns from it as from a temptation to sin, turns right, turns left, walks faster and faster as from pursuing danger, until his head begins to swim and his heart to drum-roll at the sight, along the perspective of the familiar avenue, of a lighted roseate window that he knows he knows. As he comes near to Lorelei, he looks carefully around him to be sure that he is not observed by some filthy Paul Pry who might remember him from that year of his so-called marriage. He slows his pace. He slowly stalks the pillar of his wife's house. He peeps inside and straightway has to lean against the pillar to steady himself, feeling his old dream begin to swell and swell, his old disturbance mount, fear and joy invade his blood at the sight of her seated before the fire, placid, self-absorbed, her teacup in her hand, her eyes on her book, the pink glow on her three-quarter face, more than ever appealing, inciting, sealed, bonded, unattainable.

He has neglected her. He owes her restitution. He enters the garden, twangs the gate, mounts the steps, rings the bell, turns to see the dark enfold the town. A scatter of lights. The breathing of the waves. The glow of a bus zooming up Kilruddery Hill a mile away underlighting low clouds, bare trees, passing the Earl of Meath's broken walls, his gateway's squat Egyptian pillars bearing, in raised lettering, the outdated motto of his line, LABOR VITA MEA.

"It's Bertie!"

"Hello, Maisie!"

"I'm so glad you dropped in, Bertie. Come in. Take your coat off and draw up to the fire. It's going to be a shivering night. Let me fix you a drink. The usual, I suppose?" Her back to him: "As a matter of fact, I've been expecting you every Sunday. I've been waiting and waiting for you." She laughed. "Or do you expect me to say I've been longing

and longing for you since you abandoned me last November?"

He looks out, shading his eyes, sees the window opposite light up. They, too, have a pink lamp shade.

"That," he said, "is the Naughtons' bungalow, isn't it? It looks very cozy. Very nice. I sometimes used to think I'd be happy living there, looking across at you."

She glances at it, handing him the whiskey, and then they sit opposite each other.

"They're all alike, those bungalows. Why did you come today, Bertie?"

"It's our marriage anniversary. I didn't know what gift to send you, so I thought I would just ask. Hello! Your mirror is gone!"

"I had to put it back in my workroom. If you want to give me a present, give me your big mirror."

"Jaysus! I never did give it to you, did I? Next Sunday, I swear! Cross my heart! I'll bring it out without fail. If the van is free."

In this easy way they chatted of this and that, and he went on his way, and he came back the next Sunday, though not with his mirror, and he came every Sunday month after month for tea or a drink. On his fourth visit she produced, for his greater comfort, an old pair of felt slippers he had left behind him, and on the fifth Sunday a pipe of his that she had discovered at the bottom of a drawer. He did not come around Christmas, feeling that Leslie would prefer to be alone with her mother. Instead, he spent it at the Imperial Hotel. In a blue-paper hat? She refused to let him send them both to Paris for Easter, but she did let him send Leslie. For her own Easter present she asked, "Could I possibly have that mirror, Bertie?"—and he promised it, and did not keep his promise, saying that someday she would be sure to give up dressmaking and not need it, and anyway, he was somehow getting attached to the old thing, it would leave a big pale blank on his wall if he gave it away and, after all, she had a mirror of her own, but he promised, nevertheless, that he would give it to her soon. The music of the steam carrousel played on the front, the town became gay. English tourists strolled up and down the lapis-lazuli-and-orange promenade, voices carried, and now and again he went for a swim before calling on her, until imperceptibly it was autumn again, with the rainy light fading at half past four and her rosy window appealing to him to come inside, and in her mirror he would tidy his wind-blown hair and his tie, and look in puzzlement around the room, and speculatively back at her behind him pouring his drink, just as if he were her husband and this were really his home. It was a full year again, and No-

vember, and All Souls' Eve, before she saw him drive up outside her gate accompanied by his man Scofield in his pale-blue-and-pink van, marked along its side in Gothic silver lettering BOLGER'S ANTIQUES. Protruding from it was his big mirror, wrapped in felt and burlap. She greeted it from her steps with a mock cheer that died when Scofield's eye flitted from the mirror to her door, and from door back to mirror, and Bertie did the same, and she did the same, and they all three knew at once that his mirror was too big. Still, they tried, until the three of them, in the garden, were standing in a row looking at themselves in it where it leaned against the tall privet hedge lining the avenue, a cold wind cooling the sweat on their foreheads.

"I suppose," Bertie said, "we could cut the bloody thing up! Or down!"—and, remembering one of those many elegant, useless, disconnected things he had learned at school from the Benedictines, he quoted from the *Psalms* the words of Christ about the soldiers on Calvary dying for his garments: "*Diviserunt sibi vestimenta mea et super vestem meam miserunt sortem.*"

"Go on!" he interpreted. "Cut me frigging shirt in bits and play cards for me jacket and me pants," which was the sign for her to lead him gently indoors and make three boiling-hot toddies for their three shivering bones.

He was silent as he drank his first dram, and his second. After the third dram he said, OK, this was it, he would never come here again, moving with her and Scofield to the window to look at his bright defeat leaning against the rampant hedge of privet.

And, behold, it was glowing with the rosiness of the window and the three of them out there looking in at themselves from under the falling darkness and the wilderness of stars over town and sea, a vision so unlikely, disturbing, appealing, inviting, promising, demanding, enlisting that he swept her to him and held her so long, so close, so tight that the next he heard was the pink-and-blue van driving away down the avenue. He turned for reassurance to the gleaming testimony in the garden and cried, "We'll leave it there always! It brightens life! It makes everything more real!"

At which, as well she might, she burst into laughter. "You bloody loon!" she began and stopped, remembering country tales about how, at a certain season of the year, a man or a woman looking into the dark surface of a well may see there not his or her own eyes but the eyes of love staring up.

"If that is what you really want," she said quietly and looked out in awe at them both staring in.

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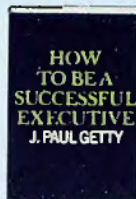
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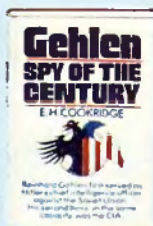
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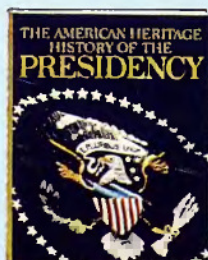
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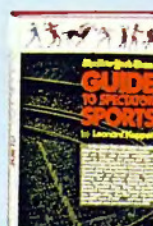
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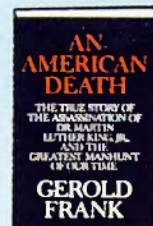
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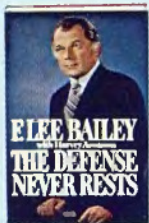


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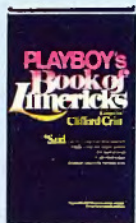


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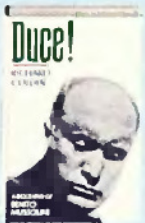
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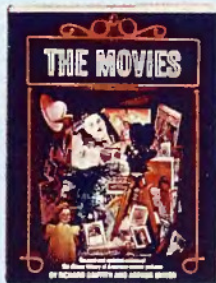
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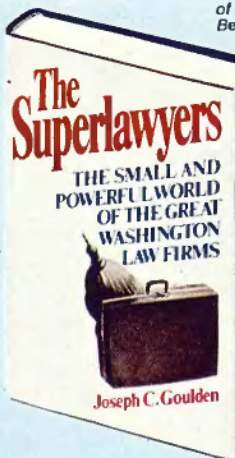
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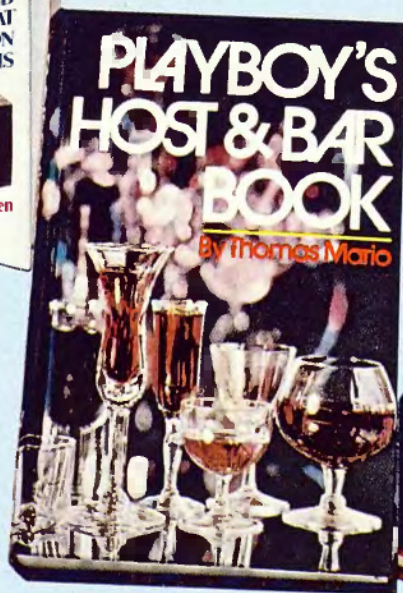
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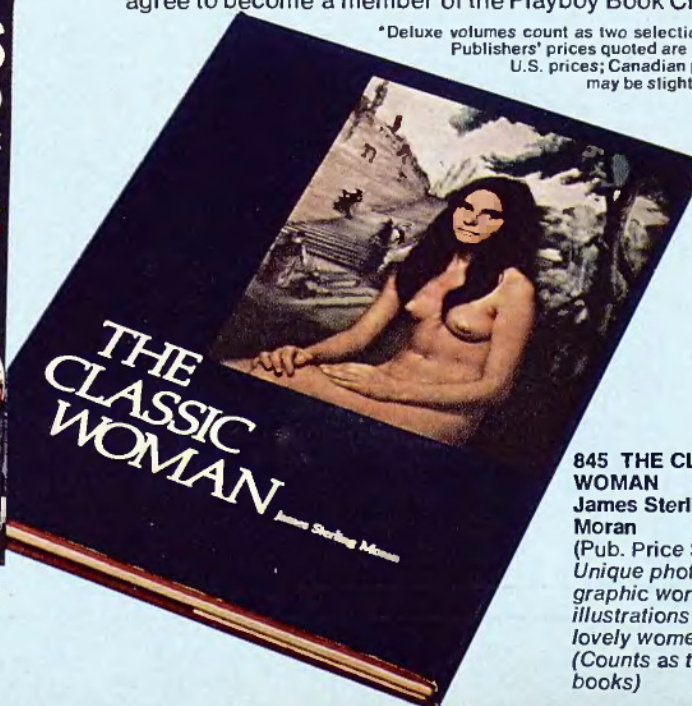
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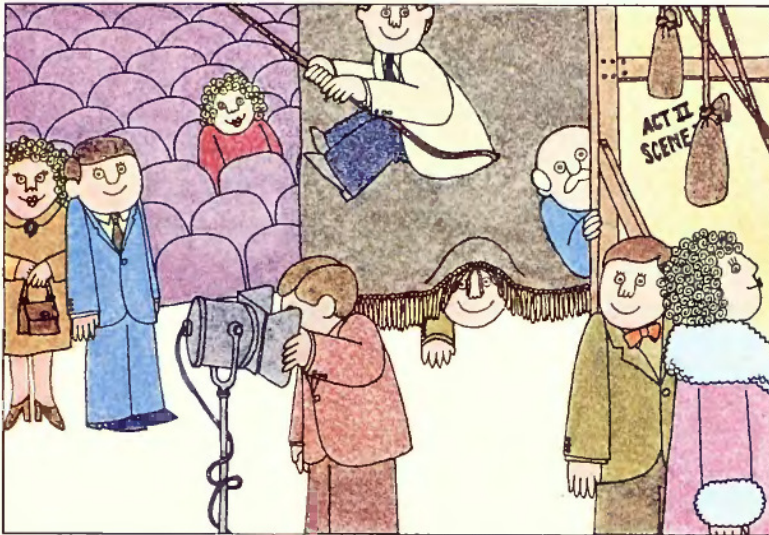
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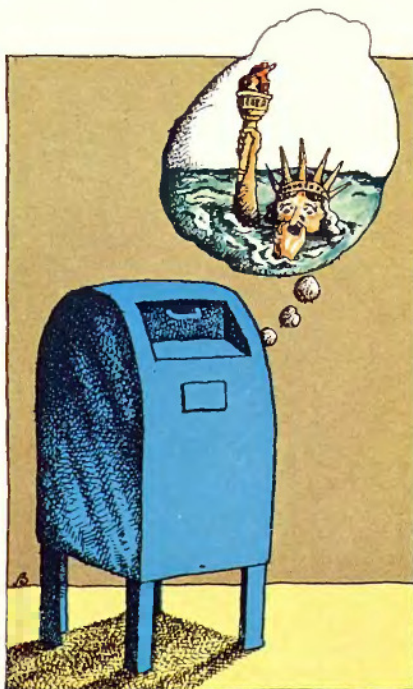


ENTER BACKSTAGE

There's something about the term backstage tour that conjures up the image of brown-shoed chicken farmers and their wives from Hickory Corners, Michigan, being herded about by some tip-hungry cuff shooter with a toothpick in his mouth. In the case of Backstage on Broadway at 700 Eighth Avenue in Manhattan, nothing could be further from the truth. Backstage really *does* take you behind the scenes for an educational as well as a leisurely look at what makes a Broadway or an off-Broadway production tick. And your guide is someone who's professionally connected with the theater world: perhaps a lighting director, a stage manager or even an actor between roles. There's plenty of time for questions, and if you're a student majoring in theater or communications, Backstage can also arrange special tour package deals that are below the going \$3.50 rate. Sorry, *Oh! Calcutta!* has closed.

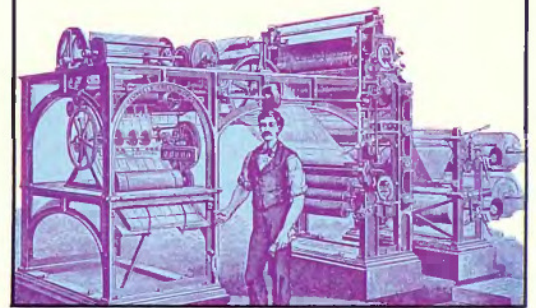
NOW, DON'T LAUGH, BUT . . .

The next time you wake up with a jerk—having experienced some kind of premonition, that is—don't just roll over and nod off again, write the damn thing down and send it to Robert Nelson at the Central Premonitions Registry, Box 482, Times Square Station, New York, New York 10036. Nelson's hobby is recording premonitions, and to date he's logged in more than 3500—about one percent of which have been fulfilled. Some of the hunches sent to Nelson are pretty farfetched, but the wildest one came from a contributor who feels certain that Dr. Benjamin Spock will be appointed Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare. But don't hold your breath.



PERIOD PERIODICAL

"Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight," wrote American poetess Elizabeth Akers Allen back in 1860. And if she'd hung around until now, she could have got her wish by subscribing to a 100-page digest-sized English magazine called *Then*, which reconstructs a single year from the past, reporting on major and minor events with direct quotes and illustrations from periodicals of the era. So far the staff of *Then* has covered three big ones—1848, 1901 and 1920; you can order them for \$1.50 each or take a year's subscription (six issues) at \$8.75 from Then Limited, 28 James Street, Covent Garden, London. Now, if they could just invent a time machine. . . .



GETTING BOMBED

Until recently, the wildest way to get high in Calgary, Alberta, was to enter its annual rodeo aboard a bucking bronco. But no longer; not since the International Hotel up there created a tasty new drink called The Godfather. The secret is to combine one ounce dark rum and one fourth ounce anisette in a rock glass, add ice and then fill with orange juice. It's a blast!





LIE DOWN, SWEETIE, THE SHOW'S ABOUT TO START

If your idea of a great evening is to stretch out on the carpet with some popcorn and watch old movies, then you'll flip over Cinema Leo—a tiny theater in San Diego, California, where up to 85 film buffs can sprawl on the padded floor and dig *Captain Blood*, *Gentleman's Agreement* and other vintage flicks. As if that weren't enough, the management even throws in pillows to use as back rests. The price for an evening is just two bucks—and you don't have to worry about finding gum parked under your seat.

POP PULLOVER

The kinky *Clockwork Orange* acrylic sweater at right costs \$110. Why? Because the face of Malcolm McDowell and the elbow eyeball are created from an original painting by English artist Douglas Field and then appliquéd to the sweater in a limited edition of 150. So what you've bought is a wearable work of art. Others are available, and there's an American series coming up. Where to buy the sweaters? Jackie Rogers in New York or Mike Bain in L.A. So get it on!



POUR-A-FLOOR

When Robert Motherwell wanted a custom floor design created for his New England studio, he knew the man to call—Gordon Mayo, a 34-year-old entrepreneur who's made a million turning what's underfoot into resin-coated works of art. Although Mayo has specialists around the country who will pour you a standard floor covering at only \$1.50 per square foot, he still makes personal appearances—creating any pattern you choose—provided the price is right. Contact him at Research Laboratories, 2145 South Grand Avenue, Santa Ana, California. Signed and sealed, your far-out floor will cost you at least four figures.



DEMON RUMPH

Having a last name that sounds like the terminal croak of an asthmatic frog has only helped increase the popularity of Jim Rumph, a prolific West Coast sculptor whose creations range from hideous one-of-a-kind demon candlesticks to mass-molded fertility mugs (below), which, for \$8.50 each, come with a grinning little creature lurking inside. Other evilnesses that have crawled from the mind of Rumph include Pornogarumph statues, The Family Called Nasty and even a chastity belt. Rumph's headquarters is at 10560 Main Street, Fairfax, Virginia, but a word of caution: Don't drop in unannounced.



NEWSCALENDAR 1973

Yesterday, today and every day from the pages of *The New York Times*

MONDAY	1	FIRST NEW YEAR'S REVEL SINCE REPEAL IS ORDERLY; THE GAYEST IN 14 YEARS
TUESDAY	2	RELAYS PORTHOLE BY HAVANA BAY STILL HELD BY U.S.
WEDNESDAY	3	U.S. BREAKS ITS DIPLOMATIC TIES WITH CUBA AND ADVISES AMERICANS TO LEAVE ISLAND; EISENHOWER CITES 'VILIFICATION' BY CASTRO
THURSDAY	4	EDISON'S PICTURES TALK AND PERFORM
FRIDAY	5	FROM SAVANNAH. FRENCH BARRIERS FOR HELIUM
SATURDAY	6	REARVIEW MIRROR OF THE CITY.

DATE LINES

Calendar art has exhausted just about every subject from puppies to male nudes. So there was nothing for Format Sales in Manhattan to do but come up with 365 headlines culled from 121 years of *The New York Times*. For nine dollars, postage paid, you can take your pick of a 15" x 21" wall calendar or a smaller desk model and boggle your friends' minds with historical data.

SEDUCTION (continued from page 178)

as a kind of being on the make, corresponding to his own fairly impersonal desire for sexual gratification. If she gets raped as a result of her dependence upon a man as an escort, neither party thinks that she has anything grave to complain of, and yet a great wrong has been done.

For most young women who set out on the dating road to marriage, petty rape is a constant hazard. The fact that a man pays for the night's entertainment, that he owns and drives the car, that he has initiated all that has happened means by extension that he is also entitled to initiate and to set the pace of the physical intimacies that will occur. She would probably be disappointed if he manifested no desire for her, but she also has the problem of not seeming easy while keeping him interested. His self-esteem prompts him to achieve as much intimacy as he can before she draws the line. The element of petty rape appears when he threatens to throw her over if she doesn't come across or whenever he decides that he does not like her well enough to move gradually through the stages of intimacy as she desires them, but will force the pace to get as much as possible out of an otherwise unsatisfactory encounter. His use of the vocabulary of tenderness becomes fraudulent. He may even fake an excess of sexual desire.

A group of law students at the first university I attended had a competition to see who could fuck the most women in one semester; one ploy that they all had in common was a trick of heavy breathing and groaning, as if they were writhing in torments of desire. As they were after quantity and not quality, this was not often the case. It worked very well, in the main, but partly because they were exercising the class prerogative of the rich bourgeois and wantonly disrupting the lives and expectations of women situated in less fortunate circumstances, like the hero of *My Secret Life*, but more callously.

The man who won that competition was an expert in exploiting women's fantasy and vanity, and their tendency to delude themselves that the contact they were experiencing was a genuine personal encounter and not a crass sexual rip-off. He and his friends were proud of their mastery of the gestures of tenderness, but their use of them was utterly self-centered. They were simply exercising a skill like angling, drawing silly women to their own humiliation. The only way to earn their respect and friendship was to resist them, so they wantonly encouraged toughness and suspicion in this cold world. The girls they had had never realized they'd been victims of petty rape until they grasped the fact that the first time was also the last.

For such rich and handsome young

men, petty rape was a sport that by virtue of their privileges they played with great success. There were occasional uglinesses that marred the lightheartedness of their proceedings. One of them was threatened with a paternity suit, but all his friends turned up in court and testified that they had had carnal knowledge of the plaintiff, and so he got off. In fact, they committed perjury, but it did not disturb their sleep.

The group-bonding skills of males will always defeat the interests of isolated women. Men will conspire to see that acts of petty rape are successful. Many women would be appalled to learn just how their most intimate behavior and physical peculiarities are discussed by men, and this supplies a further dimension of petty rape by blackmail. There is no point in resisting a man's advances if he is going to talk about how he had you in any case, especially when your word is generally less respected than his. I was once pestered for three or four days by a detestable male chauvinist who explained my consequent dislike of him as pique because he refused to fuck me. When sex is an ego contest, women get fucked over all the time.

Petty rape is sometimes called seduction, which is not regarded as a contemptible or particularly damaging activity. A woman who capitulates to a seducer is considered to do so because she really wanted to or because she is too silly or too loose to know how to resist. It might even be thought to be in her interest to overcome her priggishness about sex. The man who excuses his unloving manipulation of women's susceptibilities in ways such as these cannot honestly claim to have the women's interests at heart. His assumption that he knows what is good for them is overweening even if it is sincere, which it usually is not.

Some men decide that it is their prerogative to punish a woman in a sexual encounter, either for her looseness or for teasing or for lying and evading the issue. The distortion of an erotic response into a chastisement is pathological, but not uncommon. An economics student, son of a high-ranking public official, boasted to me once that because a girl had lied to him that she was menstruating, he punished her by raping her, bugging her and throwing her out of his rooms in Cambridge in the small hours of the morning, knowing that she would find no kind of transport to take her back to her home in the country. He had absolutely no understanding of her motives for lying to him. He believed she was stalling him; in fact, all she needed was time to build up a desire for intimacy that he was forcing on her. She could have walked out earlier, or screamed and brought the housekeeper

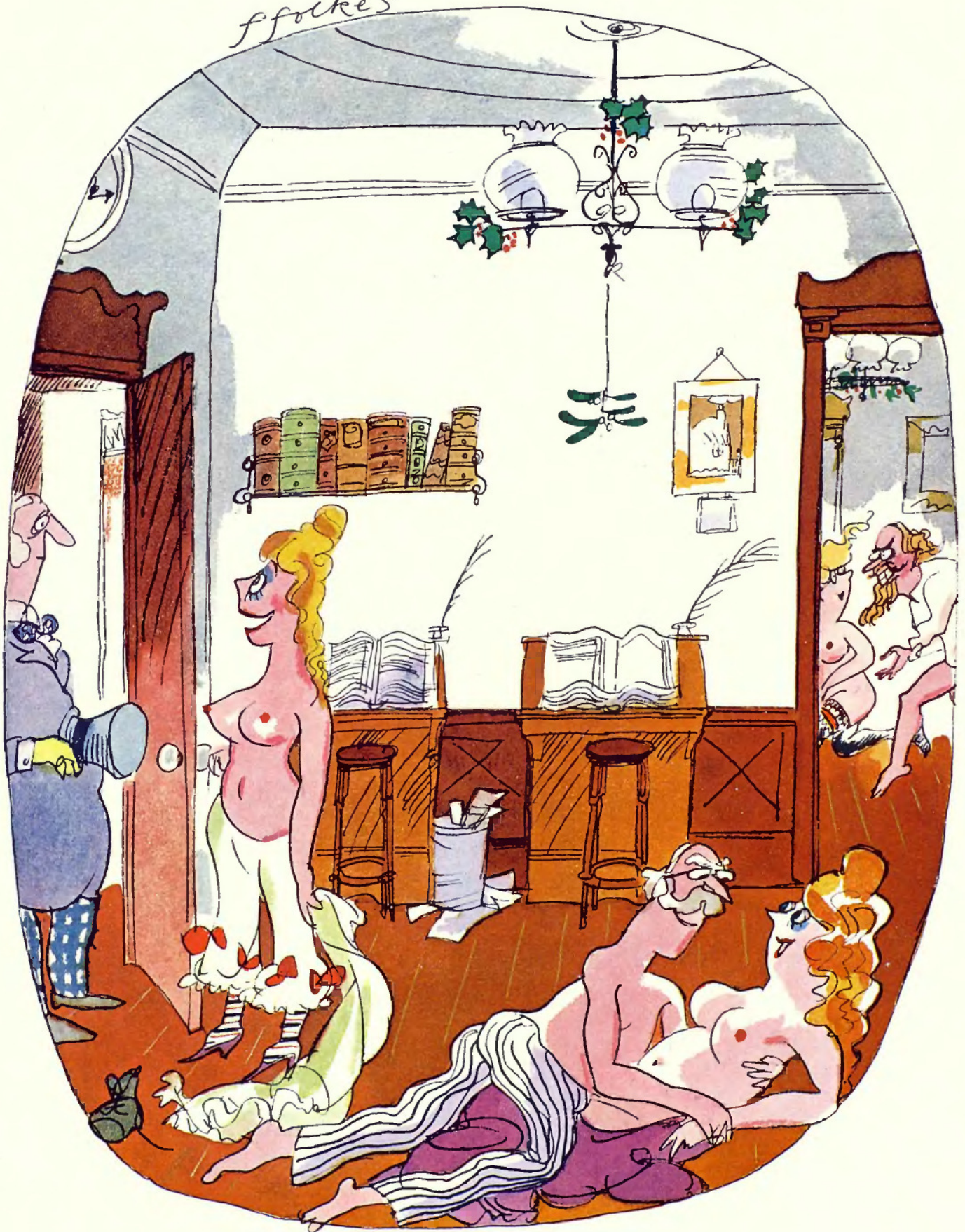
to her rescue, but that would have meant rustication for him and a summary end to any developing relationship. Either course would have required positive hostility, which she simply did not feel. She had very little understanding of the sexual hostility that he did feel, which underlay a good deal of his sexual response, especially in casual affairs.

The men who do cruel things to women are not a class apart; they are not totally incapable of relating to women. In nearly every case I have described, the details were told to me by the men, who explained their comparatively humane attitudes toward me as a result of my own respect for myself and my own straightforwardness in sexual matters, both results of my unusually privileged status as a woman; I was also older than most of them. But I have not entirely emancipated myself from the female legacy of low self-image, self-hatred and identification with the oppressors, which is part of the pathology of oppression. The girls who have been mistreated in the ways that I have described take the fault upon themselves. They think they must have made a mistake somewhere, that their bodies have provoked disgust, that they were too greasy in their conversation. The internalization of the injury is what makes petty rape such an insidiously harmful offense against women. What the men have done is to exploit and so intensify the pathology of oppression.

Many petty rapists do not wittingly dislike women or hate them; they do not revenge themselves upon their mothers through other women's bodies in any conscious way. Group-therapy sessions at treatment centers for sex offenders are producing results that seem to indicate that repressed hostility toward the mother is one of the most common unconscious motivations for violent rape. But these conclusions ought not to be regarded as particularly enlightening; if an analyst is seeking evidence of an infantile trauma involving women, it is almost inevitably going to involve a mother or a mother surrogate. It is small wonder that our civilization manifests a psychotic attitude to women, when children are thrown upon the mercy of one woman almost exclusively during the formative years between one and five. Women's hostility to one another may be explained by the same phenomenon, at least partially. Teachers anywhere, women in authority over men in any capacity attract a good deal of antagonism, some of which masquerades as affection.

There are other discernible motives for active sexual hostility in the male. Religions that rely upon guilt mechanisms for their hold upon the faithful build up an image of the female as an occasion of sin. The nuns at my Catholic primary school prepared the children for raping and being raped by treating even

f folkes



"Mr. Dickens has just invented the Christmas office party."



"And that's where babies come from. Now, do me a favor—don't tell all your friends."

the littlest girls' bodies as dire inducements to lasciviousness, to the point of forbidding us to bare our upper arms or our collarbones, and begging us all not to look at our "private parts" even when we were washing them as perfunctorily as possible in the bath. This wanton stimulation of sexual tension still goes on in religious schools. If scientology and other forms of psychic manipulation for eventual control can be declared illegal, then some attention should be paid to this process, enacted without fear of reprisal upon the very young.

Undue aestheticism in representing sexual behavior can also have harmful effects. The inauthenticity of sexual fantasy as it is stimulated by commercial representations of the woman as sex object leaves many immature men unable to cope with the eventual discovery that women do not feel smooth and velvety all over, that their pubic hair exists and is not swan's-down or vine tendrils, that a woman in heat does not smell like a bed of roses. (Most convicted rapists who have been subjected to any degree of analysis have shown an exaggerated dislike of menstruation.) For most men, sexual experience begins and persists throughout the years of most intense libidinous activity, the teens, as fantasy and masturbation rather than actual physical confrontation with the object of their desire. It is not surprising, then, that the imagery of their puerile fantasies continues to interpose itself between the ego and the reality long after their active sexual life has begun in earnest. What the permissive society has achieved, in fact, is merely the proliferation of inauthentic sexual fantasy, with virtually no degree of emancipation of the sexes into genuine communication and mutual understanding.

Women are not yet consumers of

commercial soft-core pornography; they do not have the same fetishistic attitude toward men's bodies that men have toward women's. Instead they are further alienated from the area of male sexual orientation by their own culture of romantic fantasy. Attempts to duplicate the marketing of images of women's bodies have been made with men's bodies without much success, and similar inauthenticities were represented. When my husband, Paul du Feu, posed for the gatefold in the British edition of *Cosmopolitan*, it was found necessary not only to cover him with body make-up and hide his penis behind his upraised thigh but also to airbrush his navel and the wrinkles on his belly clean out of the picture. Men trying to understand feminists' reactions to the commercialized stereotype of women ought to study their own reactions to the degradation and desexualization of Paul du Feu.

Those who hate women most are often the most successful womanizers. The connection used to be recognized in common parlance by the expressions lady-killer and wolf. Sylvia Plath describes a crucial encounter with one such in *The Bell Jar*, leaving it to the reader to estimate the role that this humiliation plays in Esther Greenwood's eventual collapse.

Marco's small flickering smile reminded me of a snake I'd teased in the Bronx Zoo. When I tapped my finger on the stout cage glass the snake had opened its clockwork jaws and seemed to smile. Then it struck and struck at the invisible pane till I moved off.

I had never met a woman hater before. I could tell Marco was a woman hater, because in spite of all the models and TV starlets in the

room that night he paid attention to nobody but me. Not out of kindness or even curiosity, but because I'd happened to be dealt to him, like a playing card in a pack of identical cards.

Young Esther has no hope of beating Marco at the game he has been perfecting most of his adult life. He sweeps aside her tremulous attempts to remain independent. On the dance floor he forces her to give up all idea of independent locomotion:

"What did I tell you?" Marco's breath scorched my ear. "You're a perfectly respectable dancer."

I began to see why woman haters could make such fools of women. Woman haters were like gods: invulnerable and chock-full of power. They descended and then they disappeared. You could never catch one.

Marco's excuse for treating all women like sluts is an impossible love for his first cousin (probably a narcissistic fantasy), who is to become a nun. After he has assaulted Esther, and she has partly beaten him off and he has partly given up, saying, "Sluts, all sluts . . . yes or no, it's all the same," Esther goes back to her sex-segregated hotel, climbs onto the parapet of the roof and feeds her wardrobe to the night wind. Marco has brought her to the beginning of the end.

In all cases of petty rape, the victim does not figure as a personality, as someone vulnerable and valuable, whose responses must not be cynically tampered with. So great is women's need to believe that men really like them that they are often slow to detect perfunctoriness in proffered caresses or the subtle change in attitude when the Rubicon has been crossed and the softening up of the victim can give way to unilateral gratification. Not all woman haters can belie their feelings of hatred and contempt successfully throughout a sexual encounter. When their situation is secure—say, when they have the victim safe behind the hotel door and know that she is not about to run screaming through the lobby in a torn dress—they may abandon all pretense of tenderness and get down to the business of hate fucking, and yet still the wretched woman attempts to roll with the punches. Her enemy may use physical and verbal abuse, even a degree of force to make her comply with forms of sexual intercourse that she does not desire. Mostly he retreats into an impersonal, masturbatory frame of mind. After the loveless connection is over, he cannot wait to get rid of her, either by giving her cab fare or shutting her out of his mind by going to sleep or pretending to.

Guilt and disgust may follow. The man may be sorry that he went with

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such an abject creature, but he will not blame himself for the poor quality of the sex he has had, any more than when he finds the woman unresponsive because her sexual submission has been extorted from her. If he is distressed by the crassness and perfunctoriness of the love he has made or embarrassed by the willingness and generosity of the love he has been given, he will abuse the woman in his mind. She is a dog, a pig, goes with anyone, is so dumb she wouldn't know you were up her till you coughed. Like the grand rapist, he excuses his conduct on the grounds that she asked for it, by her lewdness, her willingness to discuss sex, her appetite at dinner, the money she made him spend, the dress she had on, the size of her breasts. If she has enjoyed and responded to caresses up to the point when they became brutal and then struggled to escape, then she is a tease who leads men on and then wants to chicken out when he gets to the nitty-gritty. No punishment is too severe for a tease.

Some men who are very well aware of their own preference for force fucking and their hostility to women may doubt that women's sensibilities are elevated enough to perceive their own humiliation. Feminists are at least beginning to spell it out for them, but too many men do not realize that the slogan "An End to Rape" does not so much refer to grand rapes committed on the crime-ridden streets of the cities as to the daily brutalization of contact between brother and sister, father and daughter, teacher and pupil, doctor and patient, employer and employee, dater and datee, fiancé and fiancée, husband and wife, adulterer and adulteress, the billions of petty liberties exacted from passive and wondering women. The solution is not to be found in the castration or killing of the rare rapists who offend so crazily that they can be caught and punished but in the correction of our distorted notions of the nature of sexual intercourse, which are also the rationale of the law of rape as a felony.

Women are now struggling to discover and develop their own sexuality, to know their own minds and bodies and to improve the bases upon which they can attempt communication with men. The men who continue to assume that women must be treated as creatures who do not know what is good for them, to be cajoled or coerced or punished at the will of a stiff-standing cock, seek to imprison women in the pathology of their oppressed condition. Some women are coquettish, although far fewer than the mythology of rape supposes; the only way to put an end to such fatuous guile is to cease to play the game, simply by taking women at their word. The woman who says no when she means yes

and so loses a man she wants will find a way to see him again to tell him that she meant yes all the time—if she really did mean yes, that is. If she didn't really mean yes, then she is better left alone.

Any man who realizes that he likes screwing mutinous women, that he is bored at the prospect of balling only women who want him, had better be aware that he finds resistance and tension essential to his satisfaction: He is a petty rapist and should look to it.

The abandonment of the stereotype of seduction, conquest, the chase and all, increases the number of erotic possibilities rather than diminishing it. Once the rigid course of sexual manipulation is disrupted, the unexpected may occur, some genuine erotic development can take place. Even the rapist author of *My Secret Life*, whose sexual activity was entirely dependent upon the possibilities of exploiting lower-class women, was aware that coercion and insistence were not in his best sexual interests, even when he had paid for the use of a woman's body and was in some sense entitled to it:

A custom of mine then, and always followed since, is putting down my fee—it prevents mistakes, and quarrels. When paid, if a woman will not let me have her, be it so—she has some reason—perhaps a good one for me.

Nothing that I have said should be interpreted to mean that no man should try to make love to a woman unless he is prepared to marry her or to undertake a long and serious affair with her. A one-night stand can be the most perfect and satisfying sexual encounter of all, as long as there is no element of fraud or trickery or rip-off in the way in which it develops. If women are to free themselves from the necessity of deploying their sexuality as a commodity, then men will have to level in their dealings with them, and that is all we ask. There is still room for excitement, uncertainty, even antagonism in the development of sexual friendship, but *if you do not like us, cannot listen to our part of the conversation, if we are only meat to you, then leave us alone.*

As women develop more confidence and more self-esteem, and become as supportive toward one another as they have been to men, they also lose their reluctance to denounce men for petty rape. Where before they respected men's privacy a good deal more than men respected theirs (despite the phony claims of chivalry), they are now beginning to tell it how it is. A theatrical impresario well known for his randiness recently invited a leading women's liberationist to his hotel for a business meeting. To her amazement, for she had thought such gambits long out of style, he leaped on

her as soon as he had her fairly inside the room. She held him off until suddenly he ejaculated all over the front of her dress. Gone are the days when she would have slunk out behind a newspaper. Her dress is a museum piece of the women's movement in her country, and the joke will be around for years.

Rape crisis centers are being set up by groups of women more interested in self-help than in vindictiveness. Here a woman who has been traumatized by a sexual experience can come for counsel, for medical and psychiatric help. She is not regarded as a culprit or challenged about the length of her skirts or the thickness of her eye make-up; her word is believed, as the first step to reconstituting an ego damaged by sexual misuse. The victim is encouraged to externalize the experience rather than to entertain feelings of guilt and shame, and she is also taught how to defend herself against future assault and brutalization, even from her husband, who by law has the right of rape over her. Menstrual aspiration will also be practiced as the technique becomes better known and the instruments more widely available. Force fucking is being phased out.

The new feeling of solidarity among women will render petty rape quite futile. Women who used to rejoice to think that their men treated other women badly cannot accept it once their consciousness is raised. A musician returning to his feminist old lady after a protracted tour abroad boasted that he managed to be faithful to her (something she had never demanded) by making the adoring groupies give him blow jobs and then get out. He was proud that he had never even kissed one of them, let alone balled one. To his amazement, his old lady walked out on him.

Women are finding, in the stirring words of women's advocate Florynce Kennedy, that "kickin' ass and takin' names, talkin' loud and drawin' a crowd is better than suckin'." Our weapons may be little more than ridicule and boycott, but we will use them. Women are sick to their souls of being fucked over. Now that sex has become political, the petty rapist had better watch his ass: he won't be getting away with it too much longer. How would you feel if a video tape of your last fuck were playing at the Feminist Guerrilla cinema? We didn't start this war, but we intend to bring it to an honorable settlement, which means we have to make a show of strength sometime. People who are fighting for their lives fight with any weapons that come to hand, so it is foolish to expect a fair fight. Sex behavior is becoming as public as any other expression of political belief: Next time I write an article like this, I'll tell you all the names. So don't say you weren't warned.



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FOR YOUR EARS ONLY

(continued from page 155)

deliver only about eight and a half octaves. For excellence of reproduction, the better headphones are hard to beat.

To the untutored eye, all headphones look more or less the same, but there are certain differences the buyer should know. One of the most important of these is the ear seal—that is, how well do the headphones seal out the external sounds of the room while at the same time sealing in the Grateful Dead or a Mahler symphony? Most headphones offer an almost-perfect seal that guarantees your own little sonic universe. Such phones usually have liquid-filled ear cups that fit snugly around the ears and provide a soundproof chamber eliminating all the sounds around you.

Excellent, you say—but what if some people prefer being able to hear the phone ring or the doorbell buzz?

The answer is "hear-through" headphones that are equipped with foam earpieces that set on the ear rather than fit snugly around them. The better models offer excellent sound, but at the same time you'll be able to hear the other noises within the room. Though they don't provide a completely separate acoustical environment, hear-through headphones usually offer the advantage of being somewhat lighter in weight than phones with complete-seal qualities. And if you wish, you can always reduce the effective background level of noise in

the listening room by simply turning up the headphone volume.

Since headphones vary in both weight and design as far as ear cups and headbands go, try them on before buying—and spend enough time listening so you'll have an idea of what it's like to wear five-ounce headphones for half an hour as opposed to sets weighing a pound and a half. This is not to say that weight alone makes for comfort; one design that feels like a feather to some people may strike others as having all the coziness of a bench vise. Headphones also differ in the length of cord attached. On some, it's long enough for you to wander from room to room, while with others you're limited to a dozen or so feet from the stereo set.

An even more important difference, however, lies in the type of headphone itself. Most contain small cone-type speakers, much like those in standard speaker cabinets but on a miniature scale. They couple the music to the eardrum through the air cavity within the ear cup. A good bass response is achieved, despite the tiny size of the speakers, because the amount of air within the ear cup that the speakers have to move is minuscule compared with the amount of air within a living room that a standard woofer has to shove around.

Another type of headphone is based on the electrostatic speaker, consisting

of a plastic-film diaphragm suspended between two electrical grids. Such headphones are almost always more expensive than the cone or "dynamic" type—but they do offer exceptionally smooth response and a frequency range usually much greater than that of the dynamics. Electrostatic headphones come with transformer control units (polarizer boxes) that have to be connected to the speaker terminals of your receiver—you can't just plug them into the headphone jack on the front panel of your set—and have switches that will turn on either your speakers or the headphones.

Quadraphonics? Four-channel headphones are on the market that, at the flick of a switch, will allow you to enjoy either regular stereo or "surround sound" if you own a four-channel amplifier. All four channels are faithfully reproduced via two speaker elements in each ear cup.

If you dig headphones, it's also possible to purchase various accessories—extension cords, for example, as well as connector boxes so you can operate two or more headphones at once, allowing others to share your musical solitude.

Why do headphones frequently sound superior to standard speakers? With some, of course, it's the total exclusion of extraneous sound. And you're hearing the two channels exactly as recorded, not sitting ten feet away from the speakers with the sound bouncing off the hard plaster of your walls or being absorbed by drapes and overstuffed furniture. Through headphones, the sound is independent of room acoustics, which can make even the best speakers sound tinny or mushy.

One last not-so-obvious advantage of headphones: Through them, you can listen to binaural reproduction; in fact, it is *only* through headphones that you can hear binaural sound faithfully reproduced, probably the most realistic reproduction of sound currently available. One recent binaural demo record was made by constructing a model of the human head, drilling holes where the ears should be and inserting the recording microphones in them, so that microphone placement during recording was precisely where your ears would have been if you had been present. Listening to the record over headphones exactly duplicates the recording situation; the sounds of a basketball game and a string quartet recorded in this fashion were uncanny in their accuracy.

It's unlikely, of course, that if you own a stereo set you'll want to listen to it only on headphones. But for the quiet hours or those times when you want to shut out the rest of the world while you soak up your favorite sounds, they can't be beat. The choice is wide, the cost is modest and the results can be astounding.

Model	Seal	Type	Wt.	Cord Lgth.	Price
Koss ESP-9	Complete	Electrostatic	19 ozs.	11 ft. (total)	\$150
Stanton Isophase-5700	Complete	Electrostatic	8 ozs.	17 ft. (total)	\$160
Beyer DT 480	Complete	Dynamic	17 ozs.	12 ft.	\$75
Clark 100A	Complete	Dynamic	14 ozs.	9 ft.	\$50
Koss Pro-4AA	Complete	Dynamic	19 ozs.	10 ft.	\$60
Sharpe 770	Complete	Dynamic	18 ozs.	10 ft.	\$100
Superex ST-PRO-B VI	Complete	Dynamic	19 ozs.	15 ft.	\$60
Telex Studio I	Complete	Dynamic	24 ozs.	25 ft.	\$70
AKG K-150	Partial	Dynamic	9 ozs.	6 ft.	\$40
Kenwood KH-71	Partial	Dynamic	16 ozs.	10 ft.	\$50
Koss HV-1	Hear-through	Dynamic	9 ozs.	10 ft.	\$40
Sennheiser HD-414	Hear-through	Dynamic	5 ozs.	10 ft.	\$40

This is a representative list only and does not include all models available. Weight is for headphones only and does not include weight of cord. Cord length for electrostatic headphones includes length of cord from headphones to energizer box, plus cord from box to amplifier speaker terminals. Partial isolation is a subjective evaluation and indicates that the ear seal is so designed that user may hear some of the background noise in the listening room. Unlike those sets with a complete seal, hear-through headphones are deliberately designed to be nonisolating, so that the user is aware of his acoustical environment and can hear the telephone, doorbell and conversation if he so desires.



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NIAVANA BY THE BAY (continued from page 151)

the blessed blue, albeit polluted Bay. On the other hand, I can found such organizations as the Ecological Weathermen, devoted to destroying ugly neon and concrete, and thus far not lose a single member of my group (I'm also the only member). A few years ago, in another great battle, I was cochairman, along with S. I. Hayakawa, of the Anti-Digit-Dialing League. Well, we've got nothing but digits now. You can't win them all. We voted in a city-wide initiative against the Vietnam war. The freaks, the artists, the conservationists, the little old ladies and The Grateful Dead came together to stop the Panhandle freeway, and we won that battle. We also cleaned up the oil slick on the beaches. We are not a sweet garden separated from the real world, like Italy. It feels here as if we are living real life, only in a more advanced stage. (Of course, Italy may feel the same way about herself.)

Take Project Artaud and Project One, warehouses to the people. They were defunct real-estate disaster areas, gloomy brick and space in perishing parts of the town. What's valuable? asked a few revolutionary innovators. Well, for one thing, bricks, space, windows, doors, rooms, roofs—these things we love. The gloom we can do away with. Artists need space, and so do galleries, film makers,

literary magazines, free schools, consciousness-raising women's groups, revolutionary-action societies, Zen meditators, musicians (especially rock musicians, who tend to shiver foundations and send neighbors to the emergency telephone); gropers and rappers need space, embryo-feeling orgs need space—people need space. Dollars per square foot is a real issue. Project Artaud formed a cooperative, including automobile-repair gurus in the courtyard, to take over the moribund buildings and give them to the people, spelled The People, at minimum rents, plus occasional basic metaphysic sessions. This is countercultural real-estate ferment, and it works. Project One followed Project Artaud, just as a few years ago the *Free Press* followed *The Barb*. Home organic-food bakeries, yoghurteries, leather connivers, all the enterprises of the countercultural ferment find an amiable environment south of Market in an old blue-collar, light-industry, heavy-trucking part of town. They even had a reading by Yevtushenko, with mobs waiting to support a new concept in square footage.

Countercultural San Franciscans sometimes think they are all of San Francisco, somewhat in the state of mind of the DuPont executive of the Thirties who refused to sponsor a Sunday-afternoon

radio program on the grounds that "On Sunday afternoon everyone is playing polo." In fact, San Francisco is middle-class strivers, union people, dockmen, straight insurance clerks, Chinese and Japanese immigrants looking to make out OK, a large black and *chicano* population—the usual mix of a great American city. All the turned-on minority do is what is most important: give the city its tone and reputation, its style in the breeze of the mind. The flower children, the traditional bohemians and the polo players are merely the minority that sets the tone. Out in Daly City and South San Francisco, in the Sunset and the Richmond, there are the standard-sized OK Americans who attend services at the First Church of Christ Discourter ("All Prayers Guaranteed") and think Ché Guevara is somebody's girlfriend. They are decent people who lead decent lives and read the *San Francisco Examiner*, flagship of the Hearst empire.

But the stroller looking for other news of the city might have found, say, the Physicians Exchange Pharmaceutical Service (PEPS) storefront office on Powell, along the cable-car tracks. Inside, instead of doctors or clerks, there were cots with freaks sleeping, a few drug-house magazines, and nothing much happening. Once in a while I'd hang around. They'd give me coffee and I'd feel so good. "Say," I might ask, "what are you chaps *really*—"

The shrugs were beginning.

"Really, really doing?"

The shrugs were continuing.

"Don't tell me, I don't want to know," I added.

"OK, you're a friend, mumble, mumble," they'd say. They were all lank, cadaverous fellows with beards, like young Howard Hughes fresh out of San Jose State. There were bunches of pencils in their pockets. They would write little things down, sleep awhile, then write some more. They smelled the same and didn't speak much to each other, in the fashion of family, as if they communicated by smell and didn't need to talk. They had the electronic-genius look, an old laundry smell. They read *Mad* magazine and the underground press, and only occasionally I noticed a ravishing pink blonde girl waking up on the cot in the back room.

"I didn't hear a word," I said in response to an explanation I couldn't make out.

Somehow it was nice to laze and gefuffle in that room, until one day it was closed and sealed by ORDER OF U. S. MARSHAL and the beards and cots were gone. And now it's rented to a gift shop.

Who, what, where, why, how? Weathermen, underground press service, dope exchange, con rip-off freaks, kids playing send-away-for-samples? A pure exercise of style? I really didn't know.

Frisco days and nights. Paris used to



"What I'm waiting for is the no-fault marriage."



You can take a White Horse anywhere

be like this. I remember the pretenders to the throne of Holy Russia, printing posters, plotting their White revolution; probably they still have an office in Montmartre, three-generation refugees from Lenin.

Once I thought I saw the pink blonde girl on a cable car, but I couldn't catch her to ask what had happened, where our friends were meeting now. She was rubbing her chin in the collar of her suede coat. Perhaps that was a signal to me. I rubbed my own chin in response, but she just rode the cable car up Hyde Street to the summit. Maybe I chose the wrong signal.

Who are those other ghostly figures walking down Russian, Nob and Telegraph hills at dawn? Those samurai knights shrouded in mist are the stockbrokers, who must be at work by seven A.M. to keep up with Wall Street. When it's three o'clock in the morning in the dark night of the soul of Manhattan, it's only midnight in San Francisco. Peace to F. Scott Fitzgerald; the young are grieving over the death of the Fillmore, not ice-skating on the pond. Bill Graham, barely 40, is an ancient San Francisco rock millionaire. Soon he'll be starting a new career, a new marriage, new family; watch and see. It's only midnight in the dark night of the soul. The girl from PEPS may be haunting some other place, waiting for the next Federal padlock. (Or maybe she's hijacking a plane someplace, holding it for ransom, getting bills in small denominations and trying to decide whether to ask for the halibut or the roast-beef dinner.) It does sometimes seem as if the heist artists have more style in San Francisco: the check writer who keeps buying Bentleys (his psychiatrist says he has a Bentley fixation), the would-be rapist who rejected his victim at the last minute, morosely describing her as a ball breaker. A woman named Gloria sued the transit authority, charging that a cable-car accident transformed her into a nymphomaniac, and a San Francisco jury awarded her a judgment of \$50,000 for her psychic wounds. Suggested headline: "GLORIA SICS TRANSIT." Later a local porn producer made a film inspired by this tragic episode in the history of transportation.

The city is not immune to all the American troubles of violence, spite and *anomie*. A young actress raped at knife-point in the hall of her apartment house proceeded afterward to trudge upstairs to her flat, telephone her boyfriend and say: "A funny thing just happened to me. We could use it in an improvisation. . . ."

Another well-known social lady had the following conversation with a rapist who invaded her house and forced herself and her children to parade nude in front of him:

RAPIST (as she reported the conversation to the police): Gosh, you're beautiful.

LADY: Well, I'm a little overweight these days.

The rapist digested the thought, and then raped the maid while his accomplices held the family at bay. The rapist returned to the lady.

RAPIST: Would you like me to rape you, too?

LADY: No, thanks.

The rape team then gathered up a few baubles and left. The lady reported to her friends that the leader stopped raping the maid when his accomplices approached. "And I think that shows a glimmer of sensitivity in the man, don't you?"

I don't mean to imply that random violence, drug fiends and sexual tensions are just cute in San Francisco. But they sometimes seem to be different. When I was slugged on the neck by a disappointed stock-market investor, and knocked sprawling into Montgomery Street, his first question as I came up was why Comsat hadn't lived up to its early promise. It had gone up, then it went down, then up again, and now back down. How can you count on a stockbroker who recommends a stock like that? I wasn't a stockbroker, but I deserved to be hit because I couldn't explain it to him, either. I think it showed a glimmer of sensitivity in the man that he didn't stab me, too.

. . .

I didn't mind getting married, because my wife told me to go on walking in North Beach. It's good for the legs, wind and cardiovascular system, and therefore the heart; my soul is aired in fogs salted by the sea, peppered by human spices; and although not the same—I'm not what you'd call *prowl*ing anymore—I have a new perspective on the tiny implosions of animus and entertainment in the Barbary Coast, the International Settlement, on Broadway, up and down Columbus and Grant, where ghosts, artists, tourists, pimps and would-be pimps, dealers and dealees, marks and targets wander the time-lag evening.

For example, Ken Rand, proprietor of the Minimum Daily Requirement café, had a little problem with the speed freaks, junkies, whores, two-bag businessmen, runaways and pouting poets who hang out without buying more than coffee. One evening he just got fed up with this near-albino lady, very ugly, about 22; huge doughnut buttocks, whitish hair a little darker at the roots, complexion of blah and bump, about 40 pounds overweight, poorly distributed. She looked like a girlfriend of Baby Doc Duvalier, I thought (I had just come home from a stroll in Port-au-Prince). She was talking too much, and she

wasn't talking to anyone visible. Ken approached her with his neat, mustachioed suave (he attended various Eastern schools and enjoys his scene with a certain Charles River hauteur). "All right, Marlene, you should go someplace else now."

She said, "Unh."

"Come on, Marlene, let's give us a rest. Let's move, Marlene. I'll walk you to the door."

"Unh." This was half of unh-unh.

He took her by the elbow, firmly, between several fingers, and urged her forward. She flounced. She was not wearing a miniskirt, shielding half the squeezed, puddled doughnuts; she was wearing some kind of semi-Bermuda shorts and bare feet. Ken's pressure around elbow got through to her, because she was angry, but he walked, still gracious and smiling, as far as the door with her. Whereupon she turned, stared balefully out of eyes that could oink if eyes made oinks, and raised her sweater. Underneath there was nothing. That is, there was plenty, but nothing else. She took a breast and, still fixing Ken with that silent oink, lifted it between suddenly skillful fingers. And shot him a jet of milk straight between the eyes.

Ken recently closed the M. D. R. and opened the Sand Dollar, a relaxed and elegant seaside restaurant in Stinson Beach, down the coast a few miles from North Beach.

. . .

I get up in the morning and it's once more time to go where the city leads me. Another day of Halloween in that American place where fluent bohemian is spoken. A piece of strange is San Francisco.

Richard Brautigan is writing a poem about a girl with hair down to her ass, and everybody wants her, and there is Richard Brautigan, lonely with his brandy on the terrace at Enrico's, looking to find the girl he has just written about. The parade of girls with hair down to their asses passes.

I am an anti-guru. I too am sitting there alone, inspired by the sight of Richard Brautigan, but determined not to write a poem about girls with hair down to their asses. I write:

SAN FRANCISCO JEWISH ANTI-GURU POEM

The anti-guru
 Stood on the mountain
 Extended his arms
 to the masses below
 below
 below
 below
 And cried
 cried
 cried
 cried:
 "Do not follow me!"





Smilby

LETTUCE EATER

(continued from page 107)

time I did, he started in on me. It's his fight now (and he insists). His guilt.

Gun control: When guns are outlawed, only police and the National Guard will have guns. Legislation doesn't seem the way to keep weapons out of the hands of murderers.

President's council on drugs: I was going to write to them when I saw the football stars urging me to do it, because I figured it meant you didn't have to give up drugs to join the fight against them. But I got high instead.

Space-program spending: If they really wanted to free this money for other use, I guess they would take a shitload of envelopes to the moon and let the world's stamp collectors underwrite the program.

Exploitation of women: We've already figured out who's doing what to whom, now we're just haggling over price. I'll pay anything.

Television violence: Always a relief after the news.

Lack of blacks on the PGA tour: Wasn't sure they'd thank me if I joined the fight and we were successful.

The Irish rebellion: A soccer match out of control. I don't even like the sport, but evidently they are crazy about it.

War toys: Was going to buy the kid a Bible but couldn't figure out whether to give him the Catholic or the Protestant version. When he saw the problem, he asked for a plastic 30-caliber semi-automatic antipersonnel weapon and I bought it for him.

Voter registration: Someone told me that when I failed to register, I ceased to be a significant person to Richard Nixon and George McGovern. Which makes the three of us (ah, democracy) even.

Water-shortage crisis: I think when it gets bad enough, they'll stop watering the graveyards. Then I'll adjust my toilet float.

Power-shortage crisis: You give them Grand Canyon and they still aren't happy. Let them eat candles.

Legalization of marijuana: Will just give the Surgeon General funds enough to link it with cancer. I'm happy with "possible brain damage."

Dog crap in our city streets: Solution here is to teach dogs to use toilets so that their shit, like ours, can be dumped into oceans and streams, where no one will step on it.

Nuclear testing: Finally, someone *does* something about the weather and there is nothing but bitching.

Computerization of society: There is no such thing as a mean, sniveling, petty or corrupt computer—which makes them an attractive alternative to the bureaucrats they are replacing.

Organized crime: Labor unions are necessary and in general I dig them.

Unknown long-range effects of pollution, preservatives in food, use of DDT, use of drugs, noise pollution, etc., etc., etc.: The long-range effect of life on this planet is well known to be death and the trip would be a lot more pleasant if everybody carped less over little things along the way.



RUNTS LIB

(continued from page 138)

suggested that the way to overcome shortness is to die a war hero, saving big soldiers.) More attention began to get paid to a group founded 15 years earlier, the Little People of America, long considered too militant and radical because of their under-five-foot requirement.

Activists in the movement agree that the most important task they face is muting internal debate so that an insensitive nation can be forced to confront its fundamental heightism.

Actor Billy Barty, founder and former president of the Little People of America, has been feuding with his colleague Michael Dunn. Barty feels Dunn is maintaining derogatory stereotypes of little people. Dunn feels Barty is an Uncle Tom Thumb.

Even worse than such name-calling is the tendency to height worship that is displayed by some sawed-offs. When Mickey Rooney brags about his children, what tops the list is their height: One is 6'4", another 6'3". Even worse is *Laugh-In's* 5'4" Arte Johnson:

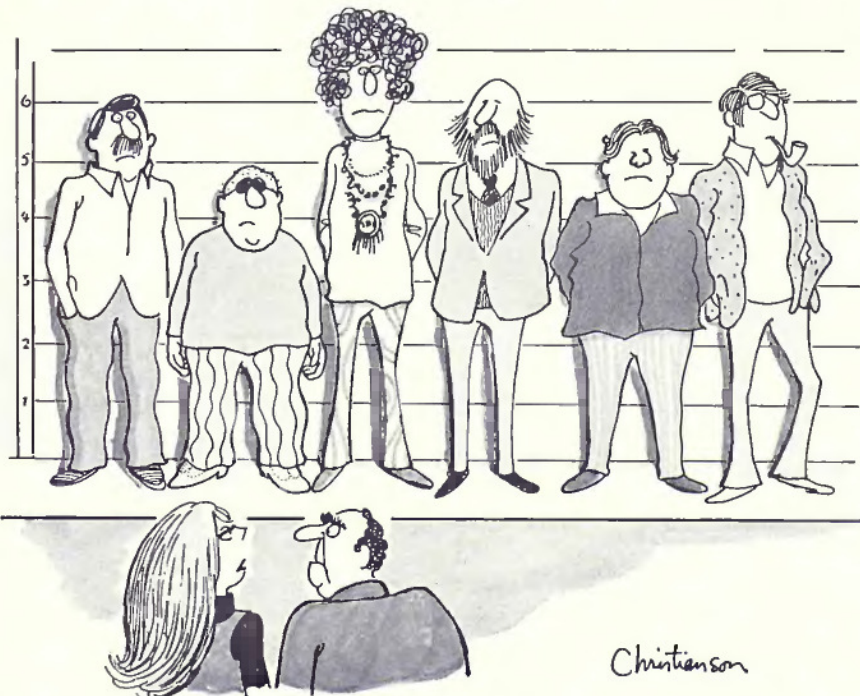
Married to a woman 5'7", Johnson consorts with known basketball players and has even tried to become an official in the notorious National Basketball Association.

Lowering consciousness: As the movement spreads, America's small ones will be made more aware of their oppression through consciousness-lowering sessions in which participants will be urged to keep the following points in mind:

- Never respond to salutations like "Hiya, shorty" or "Right on, runt."
- Do not look up at tall people. Stare them right in the belly. Make them look down. Back away, if necessary.
- Never reach up to shake hands. Stick your hand out no higher than a 90-degree angle, even if it means hitting someone's fly. Make the humiliation his.
- Never let tall people stoop to kiss you. Back off and suggest they first get on their knees.
- Never stand on tiptoe for any reason whatsoever, as this encourages subconscious stereotyping. Understand the implicit bias built into whatever you're tempted to reach up for. Demand, instead, that it be lowered. Tear it down, if necessary.

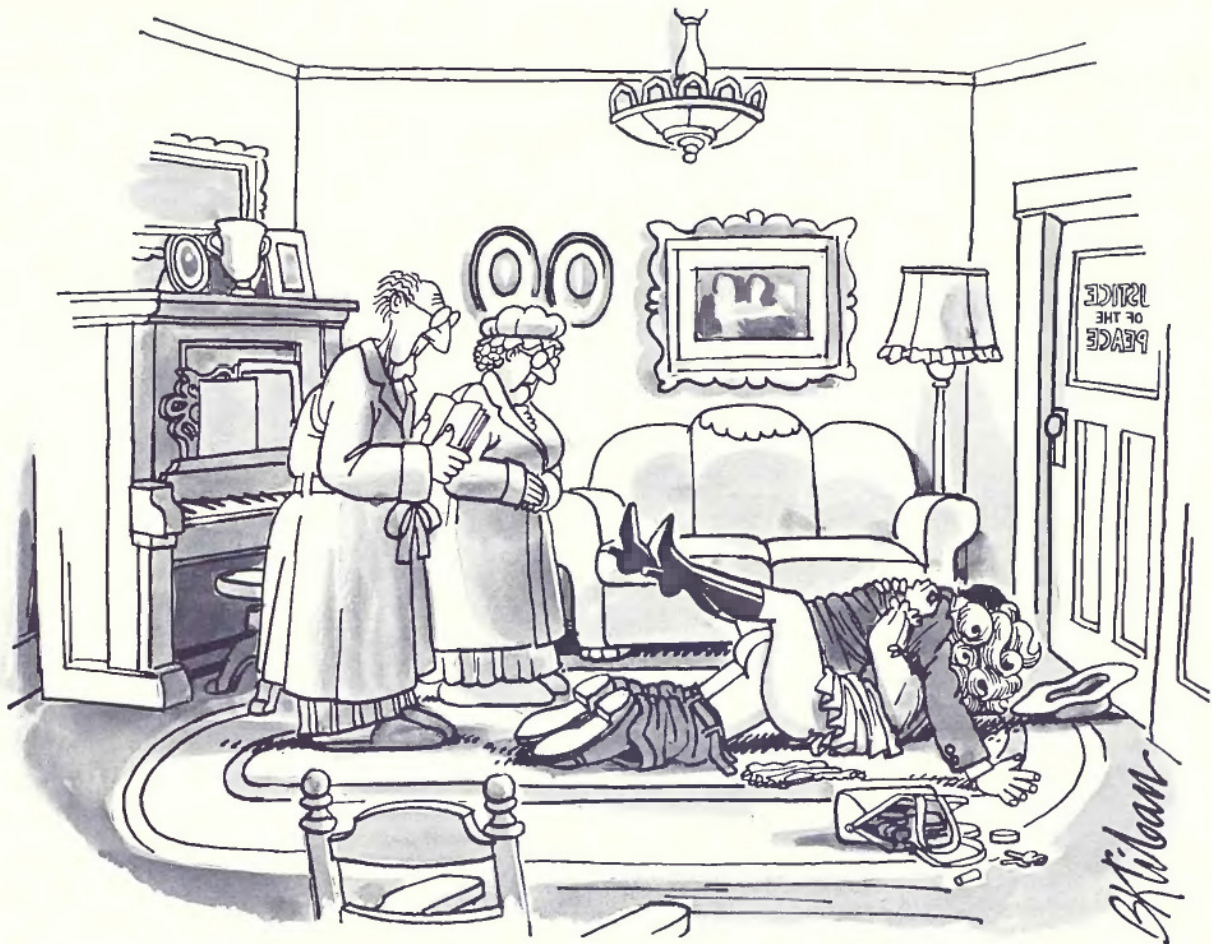
Standing small in the saddle: In order to publicize the movement, activists have decided to give annual awards for outstanding work in the field.

The Alexander Stephens Award for Diminutive Dignity will be given in honor of the Confederacy's Vice-President. Never topping 100 pounds, Stephens was once informed by a hulking tyrannosaur of a Congressman: "Why,



Christienson

"All of them!"



"Hell of a ceremony, Harvey."

I could swallow you and never know I'd eat a thing."

"In that case," replied Stephens, "you'd have more brains in your belly than you ever had in your head." This year's Stephens Award goes to:

Dick Cavett—He replied when asked if he was self-conscious about his height (5'6"). "No, but I'm self-conscious about other people's."

The Alan Ladd Only Partly Selling Out Award is given in honor of one of Hollywood's few short leading men. Though he allowed himself to be placed on platforms before kissing lady stars, Ladd did not perpetuate little-man stereotypes. The Ladd Award winner this year is:

Billy Barty—Although he continues to accept little-man roles, possibly because he stands 3'9", Barty courageously turned down the offer of a TV series because he wouldn't change his name to Billy Bitesize.

A special John Brown Friend of the Movement Award is given this year to:

Burt Prelutsky—the *West* magazine columnist who wrote, "I personally have never taken any writer above the height

of 5'7" seriously. I'm not certain just how it is that height destroys their talent, but I suspect that they're constantly bumping their heads on things."

A petit-point plan: The following five-point program should lay a foundation for the movement to redress short inequities.

1. Proportional representation for little people. The movement will be organizing to bloc-vote toward this end so there can be more candidates like Brother George Wallace and Sister Shirley Chisholm, the five-foot Brooklyn Bombshell. For 1976, visionaries anticipate a Chisholm-Wallace ticket the nation can get under.

2. A boycott of heightist institutions: Thom McAn Shoe Stores, for example, which have been pushing Hi-Guy shoes, "If you want people to start looking up to you." Picketing of John Wayne and Vanessa Redgrave movies may be undertaken, demanding that they be rated T.

3. One basket on every basketball court to be converted to a hole in the ground.

4. Lower urinals. It is unconscionable that a small man should have to aim

upward in the performance of his bodily functions. Likewise with library shelves, bank counters and public telephones. Dangling from a receiver cord robs little people of their dignity.

5. An Equal Heights Amendment, eliminating size as a requirement for any employment whatsoever. All job interviews must be conducted over closed-circuit television, focusing only on the face.

Some members of the movement's Piranha Brigade ("Small but Deadly") have more extreme agendas, such as seizing Rhode Island as a sanctuary for small citizens and requiring mandatory birth control for anyone over 5'6". So far, there is little support for such proposals. So far.

But to lower the consciousness of an apathetic nation may, indeed, require dramatic and extreme acts. And once the sky begins to run red with the glow of burning elevator-shoe factories, the American people—especially those over six feet—should listen for a new, angry cry: "Off the Bigs!"



THE NATURAL

(continued from page 144)

the way he looks: So he lost a game, big deal. After the way Dapper Dan ground out that victory, there's no way his nerve can last. Later Mizerak admitted that he wasn't worried about losing the first game. He wasn't exactly certain he was even trying his best to win it. After all, DiLiberto gave him enough shots. When asked why he didn't take advantage of those opportunities, he just shrugged. Besides, the rules favored him. In double eliminations, the challenger needs more victories than the defender. In this case, DiLiberto needs to win two games; if Mizerak wins one, he retains the title. With Mizerak it's just a matter of keeping cool and waiting. Anyone who cares can't possibly remain calm this long.

When the second game begins, Mizerak has changed from a dark suit to a less somber coat and tie. Dapper Dan, as always, wears his blue coat, still clean. One of Mizerak's opening moves is to make two bank shots in a row, a very rare and, in a way, defiant gesture, comparable to hitting a home run with the handle of a bat. By the time Mizerak

misses for the first time, the tension is so great that he and Dan begin talking to each other, unheard of in tournament pool, even when the players know each other. At one point, Dan is left with a shot he cannot reach over the unbroken pack—even by stacking one mechanical bridge on top of another to elevate his cue. After several minutes' deliberation, he decides to try it one-handed, leaning all the way across the length of the table and jabbing at the cue ball with his stick.

"I hope you make it," Mizerak says.

"I'm only trying to help you," Dan replies.

Inevitably, Mizerak wins with a heart-breaking score of 150 to 18, barely more than one rack for Danny. Mizerak's movement is too sure, his nerves too calm. Even before the last ball finds its perfunctory way to the pocket, on an 87-ball run, one senses that Mizerak's mind is already turning toward Perth Amboy, where he's still trying to break 85 on the local golf course. As far as pocket billiards goes, he'll be back at the tournament this year. Until then, he doesn't much want to be bothered with little colored balls on a cloth-covered table.



"Nine orgasms! And you complain about not having equal rights!"

digger's game

(continued from page 146)

the pardon comes through. And it's a good thing, too, because Malloy's got trouble hanging on. 'Now we got to get an appraiser,' he says. I say: 'What the hell we need an appraiser for? Tell me what it's worth. I'll pay it.' He says: 'We don't need an appraiser, you need an appraiser. You want to get on the license, don't you?' OK. He tells me, fifty-four K, appraised value. Now the appraiser comes in. He looks around. 'Fifty-four thousand,' he says. He was here probably twenty minutes. Two grand he charges. I thought that was kind of high. I said: 'You work pretty fast.' He says, old hundred-a-minute, 'I'm an expert appraiser. Been at it a long time, particularly bars and restaurants. Experience, that's what does it.' He leaves and Malloy says: 'Another thing that does it: His brother-in-law's on the Licensing. Now you're gonna get on the license.'

"I think Malloy was probably dead about a month," the Digger said. "He didn't last long after he got things taken care of the way he wanted. I go see my fat fuckin' brother. Just by way of no harm, he says: 'You might've thanked me, getting the pardon and all, you're doing so well now.' I said: 'Thanks? What the hell for? All you did was send the thief around. I paid the five.' He says: 'What five?' I tell him. Turns out he paid a guy a grand. So I ask him, is it the Rep? See, the same thing, I'm willing to go the five, he still shouldn't beat the brother out of the grand. No, indeed, he says, no such thing. It's another guy. That's funny, I think, and I tell him about the Rep, and he says: 'Well, I think probably I'm gonna check that out.' And he does.

"Now I get another telephone call," the Digger said. "The Rep again. Will I meet him? I meet him. I meet him inna Parker House. He says: 'I certainly want to thank you, the loan you give me, and now I want to pay you back.' Hands me this envelope. Five-thirty in it. I count it and I say: 'Here's thirty back. I loaned you the five.' He gets this dumb expression on his face. 'Oh, yeah,' he says, 'now I remember you, you cheap fuck.'"

"You should've called a cop," Harrington said.

"I could've," the Digger said. "I could also've called the ghimny Pope in his fuckin' bubbletop limousine, I could've done that, too. Would've done me about as much good.

"Now, you look at that," the Digger said. "The Rep, the guy with the brother-in-law, my fine fat brother. What does he produce? Every single month for fourteen years I been sending Evvie Malloy three-fifty. Gimme a few more years, I own this place, the way the deal finally worked out. 'The place

took care of O'Dell,' Malloy said to me, 'it took care of me and it'll take care of Evvie and take care of you. Take care the place, Digger.' He was right. I took care the place. I worked like a bastard. I produced. My brother, he's just as big as me, he's got to eat a lot—you got to eat a lot, you weigh two-ninety—what's he done? I eat at home, what the wife cooks. He's throwing down the lobsters at the Red Coach. He's got a nice Electra Two-and-a-Q. I got to hump it around, find something used that I can afford. After I find it, I get hell for buying it. He's got the place down to Onset, his cottage, it's got eight or nine rooms, a couple baths up and one down, it's a cottage. I got three boys and a girl and I practically got to hock the Social Security to get half a bath in the, where the pantry was. I got a house. He's got a two-car garage, I got no garage at all; in the summer, I get the same view of Morgan's lawn, which he never cuts. I had in the winter. The snow and all, it looks better in the winter. In the winter, my fuckin' brother's down to Delray for a couple weeks, I see where he goes to Ireland in the fall. Now, what I want to know is this: How come them guys? How come them guys and not me?"

Harrington drank some beer. "You're pulling your joint," he said. "God's punishing you. Pretty soon you're gonna get hair on your hands and moles on your face and pimples on your ass. Everybody'll be able to tell. Don't do your brains any good, either. Keep it up, you're gonna turn simple, and you don't have far to go, either, you was to ask me. Three Our Fathers and fifty Hail Marys and a good act of contrition. Our Blessed Mother don't go for your filthy habits, you know."

"Fuck you," the Digger said. "I listened to you plenty of times. All I was doing was thinking out loud."

"You listened to me," Harrington said, "I was buying the beer. That's the rule: Guy that buys the beer does the talking. Now you know what I'm gonna do? I'm gonna go home. You're thinking, the kind of thinking you do, I don't want to be around when you do it."

At 11:30, the Digger closed up. The small man with gray hair took a long time locating his jacket and lunch box. "For the love of Mike, will you come on," the Digger said.

"Some son of a bitch stole my paper," the small man said. "I didn't even finish reading it. I think I had about half a beer since I get in here this after, and now some son of a bitch steals the paper."

"Paul," the Digger said, holding the door, "I'm not paying you. Got that? No money. Thanks for your help, but no dough."

"I was on my feet about six hours," the small man said.

"You were on the tap for six hours, too," the Digger said. "I loan you money and you don't pay me back. You're into me for thirty or forty bucks and I never asked you for it and you never paid me back. You come home from the track and you're tapped out and I stand you a couple beers and I listen to you, what horrible luck you got, and then I give you five, you don't have to ask the old lady for carfare, she's gonna know you lose. And you always take it. Now the thing for you to do is, shut the fuck up and go home."

The Digger drove to Copley Square and parked his car in front of the public library.

He entered the Boylston garage on the St. James side and took the elevator to the third tier. At row D, he found a mustard-colored Coupe de Ville with a gold-vinyl roof. It had Maryland plates.

The Digger tried his square-butted key in the driver's side door. It worked. It also worked in the ignition. He drove the Cadillac down the ramps to the exit. There was a sleepy kid in a blue Eisenhower jacket on duty.

"I lost my check," the Digger said. On the attendant's booth there was a sign: LOST TICKET MUST SHOW LICENSE AND REGISTRATION.

"You gotta pay the max," the kid said. "Three-fifty."

"Here," the Digger said. He presented a five-dollar bill. The kid gave him change. "That's a screwing," the Digger

said. "I was only in here since six."

"Yeah, yeah," the kid said, "read me the whole act if you want. I could make you get undressed and everything, you know."

"I know," the Digger said.

At Logan International Airport the Digger took the ARRIVALS lane and put the Cadillac into an empty space in front of the ground-level entrance to United Airlines. He got out of the car and locked it. At the top of the escalator, he turned left and walked toward the bar. He found a short, swarthy man seated at a table for two at the east windows. He sat down. He put the key in front of the man.

"Where is it?" the man asked.

"Right down to the meter," the Digger said. "Right down in front."

"You were supposed to put it inna regular garage," the man said.

"He didn't tell me that," the Digger said. "He said: 'Leave it in front of the United terminal and take the keys in.' That's what I did."

"There's liable to be some fuckin' state trooper watchin' it, I go out," the man said.

"That's your problem," the Digger said. "You should take it up with him is what I think."

"I don't give a fuck what you think," the man said. "Key OK?"

"Yup," the Digger said.

"OK," the man said, starting to get up.

The Digger grabbed him by the left



"So I told this chick I make a lot of bread and she got real friendly. . . ."

arm and the man sat down again. "There's another thing he told me, he told me you were gonna have some money belonged to me."

"You get that from him," the man said.

"You can get your arm fixed over to the Mass. General," the Digger said. "They're open all night, they never close. Your face, too. The Boston City's open all night, too, they got an emergency room, but guys I seen afterward, I was to make a choice, if I was you I'd go the Mass. General. Get up five hundred and save the beef on the Blue Cross is my advice."

"Two hundred," the man said.

"Five hundred," the Digger said. "This was hurry-up, and it's not my usual line of work. I did it, I said I'd do it, the five. Gimme the five, I break your fuckin' nose so you know I mean business."

"You got to leave go my arm," the man said.

"I'll leave go," the Digger said. "You keep it in mind, I can move fast enough I caught you the first time. Nothing funny, the next time I get you, you're gonna need treatment." The Digger let go.

The man reached into his left-hand pants pocket and removed a few bills. He put them on the table and started to get up.

"Siddown," the Digger said.

The man sat down. The Digger counted the bills. "OK," he said, "you can go."

"Thanks a whole fuckin' bunch," the man said.

"Don't give me no shit," the Digger said. "I know who you are. I know what your fuckin' name is and I know what you fuckin' do. I got a dime or so and you tried to screw me. I decide I want to drop one of them dimes, call somebody I know in Boston P. D., you're gonna need more'n one Cadillac to save your greasy ass."

"Fuck you," the man said. He started to get up again, warily.

"It's OK," the Digger said. "I'm satisfied. You can go now. Cheap ghinny pisspot."

"I could kill you, you know," the man said.

"I don't know any such fuckin' thing," the Digger said. "You ever made a pass at me, well, you better make a good one is all. You'd be lying inna window down to Tessio's before the sun come up, and I'd be having a beer on your luck. Fuck off."

The short, swarthy man left. The Digger beckoned a pock-faced waitress. "Wild Turkey," he said. "Double."

"It's almost closing," she said.

"Two Wild Turkeys," the Digger said. "I gotta ride the trolley, I might as well start off first-class."

In the floodlights on the apron of the terminal to the north, two priests escorted a large number of middle-aged people toward a Northeast 727. Each of them carried a TAP flight bag, white and red.

The waitress came back. She put the drinks on the table. "Three-fifty," she said.

The Digger put a five on the table. "Keep it," he said. "What's that?"

"Pilgrimage, most likely," she said, squinting. "Those're Portuguese Airlines bags. They connect with TAP in New York. Probably going to Fátima."

The Digger watched the passengers straggle aboard after the waitress had left. He finished the first Wild Turkey and raised the second to his lips. "Jesus Christ," he said to himself, "I think I'd rather take the trolley."

. . .

"Is that fuckin' paper here yet?" The Greek began talking as soon as he had shut the door of the sparsely furnished office of The Regent Sportsmen's Club, Inc., on Beacon Street, Boston. His black hair was shiny from recent washing; more black hair bloomed from under the collar of his white polo shirt.

"Greek," said Croce Torre, also known as Richie Torrey, "I meant to tell you before what a great thing you are to start off a week." Torrey had a belly. He was grinning.

"Look," the Greek said, "the start of the week's most of the week, in my end of things. I got today and I got tomorrow to get this new stuff squared away so I can take care my regular business. A week and a half's already lost. The longer I wait, the more shit I get. I finally go around. I mean, I can't hack around the rest of my life with this goddamned thing, you know? We're gonna do it, for Christ sake, let's do it."

On the other side of the office, Miller Schabb sat at a gray-metal desk and muttered into the telephone. "Yeah, Herbie, yeah, I hear you. I know, it's . . . Yeah, the busy season. Well, there's another season, too, Herbie, isn't there, not quite so busy. You told me about that one yourself. Nobody in the world wants airplanes then. You get my point? I'm still going to be wanting airplanes. That's if I get my airplanes now. You can't give me airplanes now, when I want them, you're not going to see much of me later on, you follow me?"

"Look," Torrey said. "I don't run the U. S. Mail, you know? The stuff just got here. It come in, it was here the first thing. Must've, maybe it come in Saturday."

"Well," the Greek said, "OK. Let's have it so we can see what we got to work with here." He removed his blue-and-white-cord sports jacket. His biceps stretched the woven fabric of the polo shirt into a coarse mesh.

"How old're you, Greek?" Torrey asked.

"Forty-one," the Greek said. "Gimme the fuckin' paper, will you?"

"Miller's got the paper," Torrey said. "He wanted to look it over. He'll be off in a minute, so calm down, for Christ sake. You lived forty-one years, you look great, you can afford a couple minutes. Sit down and relax. Christ, I wish to God, I'm thirty-one and I wish to God I looked as good as you do."

The Greek rubbed his middle. It was flat. "You don't look like I do because you don't work at it like I do."

Schabb said: "That's right, Herbie. Now you're getting the idea: When you got airplanes up the gazoo, I'm going to be a nice fellow to know. No, Herbie, no, I wouldn't threaten you."

"The first thing I do, every morning," the Greek said, "over to the Y. I'm there when they open, seven o'clock. I play handball an hour. Swim half a mile. Forty laps. I take a little steam, then shower and I shave. I get dressed, I go over the diner in the square, bowl of Total and black coffee. Good solid meal and it don't put any fat on you, something happens and you haven't got time for lunch, you're still all right. Three years I've been doing that. See, you get older, you got to do something. I didn't use to have to do anything at all, keep in shape. Now I do."

"I couldn't take that," Torrey said. "You probably have to get up about six to do that."

"Six-thirty or so," the Greek said.

"Yeah," Torrey said, "well, see, I couldn't've done that today. Last night, Sunday night, OK? Nice quiet night. I was married, I didn't use to do anything Sunday night. Watch the tube or something. But last night, I'm down to Thomasina's there. White clam sauce. Few drinks, couple bottles of wine. Then we go up the Holiday, very good group up there. Pick up this girl, we go back to my place, she's got to make an omelet, OK? By now, two in the morning. Cheese omelet, little more white wine, time we finish eating the omelet, it's after three-thirty."

"Then you ate her," the Greek said. "Then it's almost four-thirty. No, you're right. You couldn't've got up with me."

"There ain't no calories in muffin," Torrey said. "I don't say I did it, you know, but if I did, that won't put any weight on you."

Schabb said: "No, Herbie, no Electra. You put an Electra out there on the end of the ramp, half my trip's going to see it and blow right away. 'Oh, no, Mill, not that coffee grinder. Them things come down.' They got a reputation. . . . I don't care what they did to them, they still got a reputation. You got to give me a jet, Herbie."

"Just kind of a degenerate is all," the

Greek said. "You're a fuckin' degenerate, Richie. I dunno how you can look in the fuckin' mirror in the morning."

"My friend," Torrey said, "it was a good enough night, I can't. I can't even see the mirror. Last Wednesday, there, I go to the ball game. Then afterward we go to this club, all the college kids and secretaries go."

"Why'n't you hang around playgrounds or something?" the Greek asked. "Leave the kids alone, you fuckin' degenerate, you're giving them bad habits."

Schabb raised his voice: "Now, look, Herbie. You can think anything you want. The fact is, I bought three planes from you. I filled the one I had and the other two're going to be filled and if I don't fill the other two, I'm still good for the money and you know it. You try to get from the Knights of Columbus before they take off. You just try it."

"Yeah," Torrey said, "well, I can see you don't know much about kids anymore, Greek. I pick up this kid and we go back and you know what it was? Strawberry."

"You're shitting me," the Greek said.

"I am not shitting you," Torrey said. "Strawberry. They got that spray now. Now, you old fart, you tell me I'm teaching bad habits a kid's got strawberry in the beaver before I ever meet her. You just tell me that."

"I don't fuckin' believe it," the Greek said. "She must've been a hooker or something."

"She's a file clerk down to this insurance company," Torrey said. "She's no hooker, because I didn't give her no money. Hell, you look at her, you figure she walked in a bar by mistake, thought it was a church. You'd just be wrong, that's all. She likes getting it, nothing more'n that, Greek, huh?"

"You guys're gonna take over the world," the Greek said. "The next thing, guy wants to get blown, he's gonna have to taste like London broil."

"Sure," Torrey said, "she's having dinner, you're having dessert. That's a great idea, Greek."

"Yeah," the Greek said, "well, I tell you, I think I'm gonna get myself a nice place way the hell out in the country and go out there with the family and start a chicken farm. I'm not gonna bring kids up in a world, people walking around with vanilla pussy, hot-fudge cocks. This fuckin' country's going to the dogs, you know that, Richie? Guys like you."

Schabb said: "That's a hell of a lot better, Herbie. Yeah. Yeah. Seven-twenty-seven's fine, Herbie. Now, read it back to me."

"You oughta try it before you knock it, Greek," Torrey said. "You look good

enough. You could still make out."

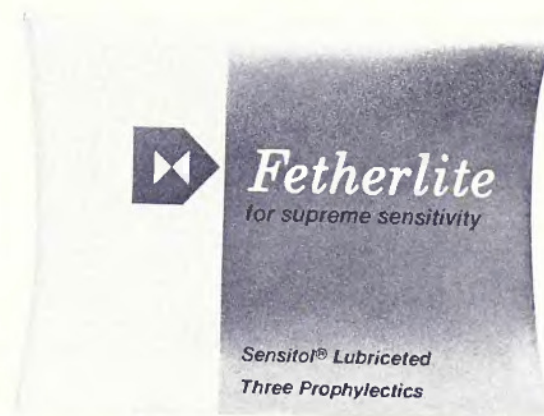
"I look good because I want to look good and I work at it," the Greek said. "Not because I want to go around like a goddamned pervert. You want to go around in them yellow things, shirts, pants, the white shoes, it's probably all right, you look like a nigger pimp. Don't matter to you. I got some self-respect."

"You're afraid," Torrey said. "You work so hard taking showers there, you probably don't think, you're not sure you can get it up."

"Also," the Greek said, "also, I need to look good. Your action, you can wear a fuckin' dress if you want. People're probably gonna laugh at you some, but that's all right. You take me, your average stiff borrows some, he thinks I collect my own, he doesn't pay. So he maybe starts thinking about not paying, he kind of looks at me out there, he thinks: 'Son of a bitch can do the work himself, I don't pay.' So he pays. I'm up the hundred two hard guys cost me. Plus which, I don't get the kind of heat you get when you start moving guys around personal. Nice and peaceful is the way I like things."

Schabb said: "All right. That's fine. Herbie, you got a deal. Always a pleasure to talk to you." He hung up. He smiled. "I got the plane for Columbus

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"Please, Roger, we're not even moving yet."

Day," he said to Torrey. To the Greek he said: "Good morning, Greek."

"You know you got a degenerate for a partner?" the Greek said. "He's eating little kids."

"You eating kids, Richie?" Schabb said. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"I can't help it," Torrey said. "You remember the other night, there. Everything goes black and then I did it again."

"Told you about the strawberry one, I guess," Schabb said. "Unbelievable, huh?"

"I don't believe it," the Greek said. "I should've gone in the Church like my mother was always after me to do. I can't take this kind of thing. You got some paper for me to see, Mill?"

"Yeah," Schabb said, "right here." He removed a thick packet of papers, check-sized, held together with a rubber band, from the desk. He tossed it across the room to the Greek; it landed on the second gray-metal desk. The Greek moved behind the desk and slipped the packet out of the band.

"You had some trouble," Torrey said to Schabb.

"Yeah," Schabb said. "You'd think we're trying to steal airplanes, 'stead of buying them, probably the best customer he's got. One more like this and we'll have to hijack the damned things. For a guy that's always griping about how lousy business is, he's sure awful tough to do business with."

"You count this stuff?" the Greek asked. He was sorting the papers into three piles.

"I looked at it is all," Schabb said. "There's quite a bit of money there. Maybe the boys didn't win the whole state after all."

"I make it one-eighty-eight K," the Greek said.

"That's quite a bit of money," Torrey said.

"What'd the plane cost us?" the Greek asked.

"Twenty-eight," Schabb said.

"Hotel?" the Greek asked.

"Three K, promo, free drinks and that stuff, tips for the bells," Schabb said.

"Pretty high, you ask me," the Greek said. "We deliver the fish, we also got to pay to ice them down. How many guys we had?"

"Eighty," Schabb said.

"Eighty K in front from them," the Greek said, "sixty-six K, was it, we hand back in counters?" Schabb nodded.

"What'd that cost us?"

"Twenty-two," Schabb said.

"Twenty-five K, counters and promo, twenty-eight for the plane," the Greek said. "Any other expenses?"

"You wanna count the rent and phone here?" Torrey said. "It's pretty steep, three bills, lights're extra, they do give you the air conditioning."

"Damned nice of them," the Greek said. "No. Fifty-three, expenses. One-thirty-five starting out with the paper, we collect it all."

Torrey said, "What is this shit, we collect it all?"

"Just what I said," the Greek said, "we collect it all, we got one-thirty-five

here. We don't collect it, we got less. Plus the points, of course."

"Greek," Torrey said, "I don't understand this. That's what we got you for, you know, collect it all."

"I could use a coffee," the Greek said.

"Mill," Torrey said, "get coffee."

"Why should I get coffee?" Schabb said. "I don't even want coffee. I told you, anyway, we ought to get a pot and put it in here."

"That don't work," Torrey said. "I had one up to the place in Lynn there, somebody was always going home at night and leaving the thing plugged in. So you get one of two things. You got a pot that's practically welded itself together, all the coffee stewed away, and that's useless. Or else there's enough coffee, you come in the next day and you got a pot you're never gonna get rid of the taste of it. And somebody's always spilling it. It's easier."

"For a muffin man," the Greek said, "you're awful dainty, Richie. I never knew you're so neat."

"Never mind neat," Torrey said. "Mill, willya get coffee, for Christ sake."

"No," Schabb said. "I'm no errand boy. Call somebody up, you want coffee, have them bring it up. You're gonna do that, I'll have a cup myself, matter of fact. Large regular and a Danish."

"No calls," Torrey said, "I'm expecting a call. I don't want the line tied up." "Richie," the Greek said, "this is just a waste of time, all right?"

"Looks like it," Torrey said.

"Mr. Schabb," the Greek said, "me and Richie want coffee. Richie and me, we're not going for coffee. *You're* going for coffee, got that? Now, go for coffee. Get me two blacks. Get him what he wants. Pay for it yourself. Don't talk about it no more. Just do it, all right?"

Schabb looked at Richie.

"Don't look at me, Mill," Torrey said. "The man tried to tell you nice, I tried to tell you nice, you don't want to be told that way. Now you got told the other way. Get the fuck out of here and get the fuckin' coffee and just do it, all right?"

"I guess I am the errand boy," Schabb said, getting up.

"No," the Greek said, "you're just the guy that's nice enough to go out and get coffee for everybody and so me and Richie here can have a little discussion, just between him and me. You had a little more experience, none of this would've happened."

After the door closed, the Greek asked: "Is he all right?"

"He's a great guy," Torrey said. "The thing about him, he's perfect, you know? Because he still, basically he's still a businessman, you know what I mean? He still thinks like they do. He likes the pussy probably a little more'n the average married guy oughta, and he's kind of a wise ass, but he still, he's still a

businessman. He tried to line up the Bar Association."

"Hey," the Greek said, "that'd be something."

"Wouldn't it, though?" Torrey said. "All them bastards with a license to steal, getting screwed themselves for a change."

"Wouldn't be bad for dough, either," the Greek said. "Some of those guys, you can really make out on them. They got good dough. The flashy ones in the knit suits and El Ds. Take them right over the fuckin' hurdles. They think they know fuckin' everything."

"He'd do it for nothing," Torrey said. "Miller hates lawyers. He thinks he should've beat that fraud thing."

"Well, shit," the Greek said. "I thought he got an s.s. out of it."

"Sure," Torrey said. "Myself, I think he made out beautiful. A suspended and a fine and he hadda make restitution. So a thousand the fine, thirty thou, I think it was, they got him for, he told me himself, well, he didn't actually tell me, but I could tell, you know? He got closer to seventy-five before they nailed him. So, forty K profit, he don't go the can, he's still mad as hell. 'I had the fix in,' he says. 'It was in the bag. I give, my lawyer tells me it's five for him and ten for the prosecutor and something for the judge, it's gonna be dismissed. No evidence or something. So I pay it over. Then, whammo, I get it right between the eyes. I got screwed.'"

"So," the Greek said, "big deal. He got fucked. I can understand that. But still, he comes out of it all right. I clouted a car when I was a kid and I done three months up the Lyman School. The guy got the car back, too. I would've taken his deal. I wouldn't care if somebody did blow smoke up my ass."

"That's what I tell him," Torrey said. "That's what I'm saying, he thinks like a businessman. He don't know is all. All he knows is he can't get bonded no more and he don't trust anybody that looks straight. I tell you, Greek, we got ourselves a fine fat gaffer in this guy."

"It's all right to talk about things in front of him, then," the Greek said.

"He is joined up," Torrey said. "I personally guarantee it. He is *in*. He knows about the man. He knows the guy in Worcester and he knows, he knows about, the guy in, how we got to send down to Providence. I put it right on him. I said: 'There's maybe some things you don't understand about this kind operation, the way it works, what you got to do, you know? So I'm telling you right now, your own personal information and nobody else's, because if I catch you telling anybody else, I'm gonna kill you, all right? A piece of this, we got to work this on the OK from Worcester, and we get that OK, there's a price on it. We got to pay the money down to Providence there, all right? You understand

that? You're getting in this, you're gonna be connected is all there is to it. Because you can't *do* this, you're not connected. You understand that.'

"He says: 'You're not telling me anything I didn't know, I started talking to you. I was looking for you, for Christ sake. You think I went looking for somebody, I didn't know the guy I was looking for?'

"I say: 'OK, then, you're in. But you know, it's like getting married, it's like getting married in *Italy*, there, you know? We never had no divorce, we haven't got any now. You're in, you're in, and you stay in. That means you go out someday and you take your medicine, you go inna grand jury or something, OK, that's what you do. You go out and you take your fuckin' medicine. You don't, I come around and wreck you personally, because I have to. OK?'

"He says," Torrey said, "he says: 'OK. I told you, I don't have no objections.'"

"I say: 'I hope so. I hope you got it clear in your mind. I'm responsible for

you, you come in. I got to be sure and you got to be sure, because I got to cover my ass. I been covering my ass for a long time. I know how to do it. I know, I bring a guy in, I'm taking a chance is what I'm doing. I don't take no big chances. I wanted big chances, I'd take my own goddamned tours. I don't. So you get *him* in the shit, I'm the guy gonna have to go down there, explain how come, and that I can't do. So I better not have to, Mill. There's a lot of guys'd like to have another crack at the man, they're not satisfied he's already doing time, they figure, they figure he's gonna get out someday. That they don't want. They're looking for guys like you that didn't always understand everything they said they understood. You better not be one of them. Because you turn out to be one of them, I'll have to do something. And I'll do it, Mill, no matter how much I like you personally. I'll do it.' He says: 'OK.' He's OK. Greek. Now, what is this shit, if we collect?"

"Well," the Greek said, "I look at this



"Have some Christmas cheer?"

stuff, all right? Three kinds of paper." He tapped the stack nearest his right hand with his right forefinger. "Jewish paper. Names I recognize. Easy stuff. Big sports with the fat-ass yachts and the golf carts in Newton. Every one of them drives the Cad. Used to playing, used to losing, used to paying. No pissing and moaning at all. I floated some of them a fast hundred K for a land deal now and then, it's a Sunday and they're inna hurry and the banks're closed. Only thing is, they're so used to losing, they don't lose all that much. I figure there's less'n half what we got here, there. What we oughta get off them guys, we oughta get a piece of what they pay the cunts to fuck them. Then we'd really make out."

The Greek tapped the middle stack. "Not one goddamned name in here I recognize. The addresses I do. Needham, Wellesley, Beverly, that kind of thing, Duxbury, Hingham, Sharon.

"Now I make a guess on that," the Greek said, "professional guys. Doctors, lawyers, guys that fix people's teeth and feet and that kind of stuff. Sweat their balls off twenty years and all of a sudden they're making thirty and they go right out of their fuckin' minds. Get their hair styled, all of a sudden they know everything. First thing they do, they go to Vegas and lose about six K apiece."

"They're guys Mill knew," Torrey said. "I dunno much about them."

"Just what I thought," the Greek said, "I left that out. First thing they do, they get themselves a smartass broker like him, and they lose about two K. That makes them feel so good, they go to Vegas and drop six."

"They got it, though," Torrey said.

"Most of them, yeah," the Greek said. "They just don't know they got it, it's in appreciation on a house or it's in what they can borrow from the bank. They got it, they just don't know they got it. So first you gotta convince them of that, that they got it. Then, the next thing, you got to convince them they owe it. See, they're used to getting things, they spend money, they get a new car or they get a boat or a trip or something. Furniture. They already had what they got for this. You got to convince them of that, too. Then, they're not used to a guy like me. They all, they all borrowed money. When they hadda pay the money, guy sends them a letter. They haven't got the money, guy sends them a piece of paper. Any banker inna world's gonna trust a guy, kind of job they got. So I gotta teach them that: I don't trust them. Few calls do it. I snarl at them. They pay. They read all them books. I'll get that."

"So where's the problem?" Torrey asked.

"Problem's this," the Greek said, tapping the pile on the left. "These guys I know. Digger Doherty's group, the guys

hang around The Bright Red, there. I would have to say, I would have to say if somebody was to ask me, we got twenty-eight K in the Digger and them, and that's gonna be hard to get out. I don't think bringing in them jamokes was such a hot idea."

"We hadda fill the plane," Torrey said. "We had fourteen beds at the hotel, we're gonna have to pay for, at least one night, we don't use them, the whole three nights, they don't rent them to somebody else. Miller told me he was coming up empty, his other prospects. I said I'd see what I could do. So I tried the Digger."

"Richie," the Greek said, "you hang around the wrong type of guys. You know them guys?"

"Yeah," Torrey said, "I know them guys."

"You know them guys," the Greek said, "you don't know them too good. Those're hard Harps. They haven't got twenty-eight K in the one place since the day they're born, all of them put together. In addition to which, they are very tough guys. I used them myself, somebody got it in his head the Greek was running a charity here. I had very good results. The fuckin' Digger, he's got a machine gun. Most guys know the Digger, know he's got a machine gun, it's one of those things everybody knows. There's talk the Digger used the machine gun a couple times. I get the Digger personally, I call in the Digger, I get somebody else he sends around, he's tied up and he can't do that particular one, it don't make no difference. You get the same thing and you get it, too. You get one or two of them bastards from The Bright Red and you send them around to whale the piss out of somebody, they go around and whale the piss out of him. That could give me some trouble. Maybe they decide now, I go to see them, there isn't anybody big enough, come in and whale the piss out of them. Then what do I do?"

"Two things," Torrey said. "That's only if they welsh. I know the Digger a long time. I know Mikey-Mike Magro a long time. They're a couple of loud-mouth micks is what they are."

"They can also deliver," the Greek said. "Never mind how much noise they make."

"You gimme a chance to finish," Torrey said, "that's what I'm saying. I know the guy and I don't like the guy, but I got to say, I never see the guy come up short on anything. So I don't think you're gonna need anybody, go in and whack him. His friends, either. They lose, they pay. I thought of that when I ask them."

"Still, maybe they don't," the Greek said. "Then who's got the problem? You got the problem? No, I got the problem. Which you give me. Which you didn't ask me, was it all right for everything,

you're maybe giving me this big fat headache. See, Richie, that's what I don't like, you not asking me before. I don't want no more of that."

Miller Schabb opened the door after knocking. He carried a large paper bag that was wet at the bottom. "You guys through kissing and hugging?" he asked. "OK for the niggers to come in now?"

"Come on in, Mill," Torrey said. "Shut the fuckin' door and shut your goddamned yap, too, while you're at it. The Greek didn't know where you stood was all."

Schabb put the bag on a pad of white paper. "Look at that," he said, "god-damned stuff. Gets all over you, got to go out, it isn't even ten o'clock yet and I bet it's ninety already. I tell you something: Tonight on the way home, I'm stopping at Lechmere and getting a coffee-pot."

"You get it," Torrey said, "you clean it."

"Sure," Schabb said, "sure, I'll clean it. I also sweep out and I clean the toilet, too. That's what I do, Greek, I'm on the shit detail."

"Willya come off it, Mill, for Christ sake," Torrey said. "Greek don't have nothing against you. He just didn't know. He's getting old, getting worried, he just wanted to be sure."

"Yeah," the Greek said. "See, Mill, somebody should've told you. You got, see, Richie's the kind of partner you got to watch. He gets himself all pissed off or something and then he goes out and does something, and then everybody else's got to run around and everything, trying to cover his ass for him. Richie's OK for a partner if you watch him real close and don't leave him go down the North End and start waving his arms at the cops or something. It don't mean nothing."

"It don't mean nothing," Torrey said, "long as you understand what it means, Greek. This is my business. Miller's in it and you're in it, because I wanted you guys in it. That's all. It's still my business. I can't work it with you guys, either one of you, I'll go get some new guys and run it with them. I can do it. I'm the guy with the OK, don't forget."

Schabb distributed the cups of coffee. "I dunno what I'm gonna forget," he said, "since I wasn't here and all. You guys mind telling me what this is all about?"

"The Greek's afraid he can't do his job is all," Torrey said. "He don't want to admit it, but that's basically what it is."

"I don't like that kind of talk, Richie," the Greek said. "I come in here, I been doing this more'n twenty years, putting money out and getting it back in again, and I'm as cold as a nun's cunt. You, you had a good idea, now you don't want to listen to anybody else, you want

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to start something, pretty soon you got the FBI putting three guys in white sedans out there and all. OK, don't listen. Be a big asshole. Then when you fuck it up good and everybody's good and screwed, you can tell everybody you screwed it up because you're just like a little kid and you wanted to, I guess." The Greek leaned forward, toward Richie. "Now you can do that, you want," he said, "you can. But I was here when you got here and I'll be here when you're gone, I still got my regular business. And you're not gonna fuck me up with it, clear?"

"What he's afraid of," Torrey said to Schabb, "he's afraid the guys down to The Bright Red'll tell him to go home and make him cry."

"I don't know those guys," Schabb said. "I was after some other guys, I know them from around town. You see them various places. I had about thirty of them, the movers that don't always go home at night like they're supposed to, I figured them for naturals. Except I didn't figure, I was talking the last two weeks in July, first week in August. That's when these birds take the family to the Cape and pretend they're behaving themselves. I got about four out of the lot and I was counting on twenty. We could've lost some serious money on that. So I asked Richie."

"Richie give you some bad advice, then," the Greek said. "I'll do the best I can with it this time, but I don't want no more of this. Next time, ask me, too, see what I got to say."

"OK," Torrey said, "ask him, Mill, is it all right, we got the Holy Name?"

The Greek said: "What?"

"Yeah," Schabb said, "Saint Barbara's Holy Name from Willow Hill there. Going to Freeport over Labor Day. Three glorious days and nights of sun, sand, excitement and luxury living in the glamor center of the Caribbean, a welcome daiquiri in the well-appointed Casino Lounge, a pineapple in every spacious room, a spectacular view of sparkling beaches and azure water from your own private terrace. Plus: a surprise gift for the ladies, an orchid corsage about the size of a quarter that we get for thirty-eight cents apiece. All for the incredibly low price of three hundred and fifty dollars a couple, including round trip by jet and transfers between the airport and the hotel. I cut the parish school in for five hundred to get the pastor to let me in the door, but I did it."

"Per couple," the Greek said. "They're taking their wives."

"Sure," Schabb said. "One or two of them wanted to know if they could bring the kids, but I said I couldn't arrange it."

"Isn't that something?" Torrey said.

"It sure is," the Greek said. "It's a mess of shit is what it is. Those guys

haven't got ten bucks to put on the table. What're you giving them, counters, how much you staking them?"

"Twenty dollars a couple," Schabb said. "I could've done a little better, it's a cheap plane ride, but I figured the twenty was enough. That'll get them inside at night."

"It'll get them inside the first night," the Greek said. "Daddy'll lose the twenty while the little woman watches. Then he'll lose six bucks more. Then they'll go back the room and eat the fuckin' pineapple. Why the fuck're we giving away pineapples, for Christ sake? Who wants a goddamned pineapple?"

"Everybody wants a pineapple," Schabb said. "They started doing that in Hawaii. Pretty soon the word got around. Now your average clown doesn't think he's been to a resort if there isn't a pineapple on the commode when he walks in the room."

"Yeah," the Greek said. "Well, this group, we probably ought to give one slice of pineapple. All night long the old lady'll be at him, dropping all that great American dough, gambling. He wasn't so goddamned stupid they could've stayed home and seen a movie on the six bucks. The next two days they spend getting the sun, on which we don't make no money, the way I get it. We'll be lucky we make expenses."

"We get unlucky," the Greek said, "it'll be worse. The silly bastards won't quit. They'll lose their fuckin' shirts and sign everything you put in front of them, and then I'll have to go out and take a lot of washing machines and secondhand cars to write the stuff off. Why in Christ you want them nickel-stealing hot dogs for, can you tell me that?"

"We're, they're not signing any papers," Schabb said. "The priest thought of that one right off, and I agreed with him. 'No, Father,' I said, 'nothing like that. No credit gambling. Just what they bring with them. We're not that kind of operation, Father, trying to victimize people. Basically, we're just a travel agency. Labor Day's a slack period in the package-tour business. Just a way to keep the airplanes going and the hotels full. Frankly, we expect to take a loss on this, but the hotels make it up to us.'"

"At least you didn't lie to a priest," the Greek said. "What are we gonna do with this?"

"We're gonna take pictures of them," Torrey said. "That first night, they're blowing the twenty, we're gonna, we got this guy with a camera. He's gonna take about eighty pictures of those jerks. Then he's gonna send them back and Mill's gonna make up a brochure."

Schabb grinned.

"I don't get it," the Greek said.

"It makes the flier," Schabb said. "I talked to the Philadelphia group the other day; they did that. They got a deadhead bunch and they made about

sixty dollars on the deal. But then they put it on the brochure: 'The Holy Suckers' Men's Club, Satisfied Customers at Play in San Juan.' Ten pictures of fat guys and women. You should see the business it gets them. The used-car dealers and the appliance distributors and the Rich Kids A. C., the guys who really want to go and have the money we're interested in, they take the pamphlet home. How does the wife argue with them? You've really got something you can work with, then. A trip like this is just something you get through. Then it pays and it pays and it pays, and it just never stops."

"You see, Greek?" Torrey asked. "Now you understand. That all right with you?"

"That's pretty fuckin' good," the Greek said. "I got to admit it. That is all right."

"You never would've thought of that, would you, Greek?" Torrey asked.

"No," the Greek said. "Just the same as you didn't think how I was gonna get twenty-eight out of guys down in Dorchester there. Just like Mr. Schabb there, got himself all steamed up, he's gonna have some empty seats on the plane and he's gonna lose, maybe fifteen thousand, so him and you get together and now as a result, we got a pretty good chance of losing twenty-eight, instead. See, there was something you guys didn't think of in a million years, and another thing you didn't think of was to ask me if maybe I thought of something. I'm different than you, Richie," the Greek said. "I always known, I known ever since I got out, and that was a long time ago, I'm the kind of guy that's got to think about things, you know? Because there's certain things I can do and certain things that if I do them, I'm gonna get inna shit. You, I done all right, see? You, you don't."

. . .

The Digger got up at 11 and asked his wife for ten dollars.

"How come I got to give you ten dollars out of the house money?" Agatha Doherty asked. She was 39 years old. She was 5'3" tall and she had a trim figure. She wore a nine-dollar tan dress. "You don't give me enough as it is, and then you're always coming back and dipping into it. I've been saving up to get my hair done. I got to have it frosted again."

"I thought you were gonna quit having that," the Digger said. "You're always telling me how it hurts. And it costs, what?"

"Thirty dollars," she said. "It does hurt, it hurts a lot. They take a crochet hook and they pull your hair out through this cap that's got holes in it. I do it because I thought you liked it. You told me you liked it, you didn't care about the thirty dollars. Now I suppose you're more interested in what you can



"Who left the front gate open?"

do with the thirty dollars'n you care how I look anymore."

"Oh, boy," the Digger said. He was eating four fried eggs, blood pudding and toast. "It *does* look good. I *don't* care about the thirty. You're a good-looking woman. You take care of yourself. I appreciate it. There's very few women I ever see, raised four kids by themselves and look as good as you do. I said that lots of times."

"It's nice to hear," she said. "I don't know as it's worth ten dollars to me, but it is nice to hear. You shouldn't eat so much, you know. That stuff's all full of cholesterol. You're going to get yourself a nice heart attack if you don't stop stuffing yourself all the time."

"Look," the Digger said, "I quit smoking, right? You remember that? I got off the butts. Well, that don't do the weight no good, you know? You're so worried, how much I weigh, why the hell is it I couldn't get a minute's peace around this house every time I light up a cigarette?"

"I'm not likely to forget you quit," she said. "It was like living with a regular bear. No, I know that helps. And I thought: Well, let him put the blubber on, he'll take it off later. Only you didn't. You just keep on, getting bigger and bigger. I bet you weigh two hundred and fifty pounds."

"I don't," the Digger said. "You want to think so, OK. But I don't."

"You don't," she said. "it's because you weigh more. You're probably up to two-seventy-five. You damned near crushed me, the last time."

"Hey," the Digger said, "quit that kind of talk. What if the kids hear you?"

"If you got up in the morning," she said, "you know, you'd know where they are. They all went over to the pool. Anyway, Anthony's fourteen."

"So what?" the Digger asked.

"I don't think he thinks the stork brings them anymore," she said.

"Of course he don't," the Digger said. "He's known different since he was six. He's the horniest little bastard I ever seen. That still don't mean he oughta hear his mother talking like a longshoreman."

"I don't see what difference it makes," she said. "He can hear the bed squeaking, you know. As much as you weigh, the whole house probably moves around. He knows about sex and he knows we do it."

"Look," the Digger said, "are you having your period or something? I ask you for ten bucks, you give me nothing but grief. You don't want to loan it to me, say so, I'll go cash a check."

Aggie Doherty took her handbag from the cupboard. "I'll loan you ten dollars," she said. "That means I get it back."

"Tonight," the Digger said. "When I close up tonight, I'll take it out of

the deposit. You'll have it tomorrow morning."

"How come you didn't take it Saturday?" she asked, handing him the money. "You should've taken some money when you closed up Saturday, the way you usually do, so I don't know how much money you're spending."

"I did," the Digger said.

"Uh-huh," she said, "that's what I figured. Then last night after everybody else went to bed, all of a sudden you went out. Now today you need ten more dollars. Who'd you spend all your money on, Sunday night when it's the only night you can spend home with your family and all of a sudden you've got to go out? What can she do for you that I can't do?"

"Look," the Digger said, "you went to bed, nine-thirty. Matthew and Patricia went to bed before you. Paul right afterward. Tony come in about ten-thirty and he went to bed. See, I'm such a good father, I take my family the beach on Sunday, it's my day off. The traffic down and the traffic back, I buy practically every kind of hot dog there is in the world, everybody takes rides at Paragon Park, I even give Tony five, so he can go off and see what's female and breathing he can try to get in trouble. I come home with ten or eleven bucks left out of twenty-five I take Saturday night, everybody craps out on the old man by eleven. So I sit and I think and I watch the news, I'm still wide awake. I'm not used to your kind of hours. It's my one night off, for Christ sake, I'm supposed to spend it looking at the newspaper or something? So I go down the Saratoga, see what's going on."

"That's what I asked you," she said, "who was she?"

"I spent four bucks on some drinks," the Digger said. "I meet Marty Jay down there and we talk and I had the four drinks. A guy I know comes along, he's stiff, my big mouth, I told him, he oughta take a cab home. No dough. So I lend him five. I was there a long time, I didn't leave till after two, me and Marty we each leave the kid a buck, we take up the table all that time. So I got a buck and change on me now. I had four lousy drinks and I lend a guy five and now I been out all night in a warehouse. You better get some fresh news, sweetheart: You can't make out *nowhere* on ten bucks anymore. All I did was have four drinks."

"Martinis, I suppose," she said. "You drink too much, too. That isn't good for the heart. I could smell it on you when I woke up."

"You must've got your nose frosted instead of your hair," the Digger said. "I was drinking bourbon."

"It's no better for the heart," she said. "Just for my information, what's this ten for? You got another friend who needs a cab?"

"Gas for the car," the Digger said.

"Haven't you got enough gas to get to work?" she asked. "You could go to work and take it out of the till."

"I'm not going to work," the Digger said. "What I mean is, first I gotta see a guy. Then I'm going to work."

"Where's the guy live, you need ten dollars' worth of gas," she asked. "New York City?"

"The tank's almost empty," the Digger said. He pushed the plate away. "I'll have some coffee if it won't do my heart any harm."

"It won't help it," she said, pouring the coffee. "Of course I keep forgetting, the way that car uses gas you probably couldn't go more'n twenty miles on a tank, anyway."

"You know," the Digger said, "I could get ten dollars easier, I was to go over the Poor Clares and beat them out of it. And they haven't even got ten dollars, to hear them talk, although I see they probably got a hundred thousand dollars' worth of real estate. Jesus Christ, are you gonna start in on the car again?"

The Digger drove a 1968 Olds Ninety-Eight convertible. It was dark gray and had a red-leather interior. It had factory air conditioning.

"I'm just being practical," she said, "I don't think you need such an expensive car."

"I had that car two years," the Digger said. "For two years, you've been being practical about it. Two years and I haven't spent a dime on it except for tires and gas and stuff. Not one dime. I think that's pretty good. That's a good car. It's well built, just like you. No repair bills."

"It's still a great big car," she said. "It burns a lot of gas and you have to buy high-test. I drive it, the one day a year I'm lucky enough to get the car, it's very hard for me to drive. If you'd drive a smaller car, I could have a Volkswagen."

"It is a great big car," the Digger said. "As you just remind me for a couple hours, I'm a great big man. I need a big car. I can't get in one of them puddle jumpers. I get in, I can't move. They're not built for a man my size. I'd break the seat down in a week. Friday night, I was in one of them Jaguars. I couldn't move. I thought to God, I'm going to die before I get out of this thing and they'll have to bury me in it."

"Who do you know, owns a Jaguar?" she asked. "You told me you were working Friday night."

"I did and I was," the Digger said. "I went out, after."

"For what?" she asked.

"To see a guy," the Digger said. "I went down the Saratoga and this guy I know, he wanted to show me his new car is all."

"Jerry," she said, "you worry me. The weight's going to kill you. You spend



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way too much money. You drink too much. You got friends I never see, I don't know their names, this guy with a Jaguar. What'll I do, Jerry, with four kids in school? What'll I do if something happens to you?"

"Ride around in a big car every day and enjoy yourself," the Digger said. "How the hell do I know what you're gonna do, be doing when I'm dead? I'll be dead. Won't be nobody dipping in the house money, at least, which I notice is up around sixty bucks a week. I'm always dipping into my dough for twenty more around Thursday, after I go and give you the forty Monday. And do I give you a load of shit about that? I do not."

"Don't you talk to me about what it costs to run this house," she said. "If I spend forty-five dollars a week on food, most of it goes down your gullet. The kids go off to school on ten cents' worth of Wheaties, wearing cheap shoes I can get for them in the basement, and if Paul ever sees a pair of pants Tony didn't wear for a year first, he won't know what to do with them."

Her shoulders sagged. Then without facing him, she said: "Jerry, I do the best I can, I really do. I hunt around until I can get things on sale. But you come down here, you've got to have the eggs and the blood pudding I have to shop for special at the delicatessen, one-seventy-five a pound and it's really terrible for you, and you eat three pounds a week. Off you go whenever you like in your air-conditioned convertible big car. Can you understand, does that maybe make some sense to you? The trouble is that I'd do anything to make you happy. I love you. *And you know it.* That's what the trouble is."

"Lemme try it for the four hundredth time," the Digger said. "Let's see if you can get it through your head this time. I bought the car used. The air conditioning was in it. I agree with you, it's silly. You put the top down, what good's the air? You leave the top up all the time, what do you want a convertible for? The guy had the car before me, he didn't. He wanted the air for rainy days and the top for nice days. OK, he was buying it, he could have it the way he liked. I didn't put it in. You take it the way you find it. I wouldn't've saved no money, I had the air taken out. It would've cost me money. So I leave it in. Although I think now, I knew how much music it was gonna cost me, I would've paid the extra dough to take it out."

"Anyway," she said, "the point is that money to spend on Jerry's just money, and Jerry'd got it. Something his family needs, Jerry wants to know right off, how come and how much?"

"Where'd you learn this?" the Digger asked. "You didn't know all these songs, I married you. I looked you over pretty

good. I didn't hear nothing like this. Now you got that trap of yours working every minute. I wished I knew what the hell happened to you, made you different."

"Some things about you," she said, "changed a little in sixteen years. I used to be able to go to confession."

"You still can," the Digger said. "Two blocks down, three over. It's a church thing, you'll recognize it right off. 'Course, it don't sound the same, there's likely to be some hairy-looking bastard running around talking English like a Protestant, but it's right there. Every Saturday, confessions three to five and seven to eight-thirty, unless Father Alioto's got tickets to the ball game. Then seven to seven-fifteen."

"I can't go to confession," she said, "I can't tell them what we been doing."

"Oh, for Christ sake," the Digger said, "wake up or something. Things've changed. Nobody pays any attention, that birth-control thing. That's just the ghinny Pope raving around. Them guys, they must feel like they're running a drugstore, everybody coming in, one way or the other. They're used to hearing it."

"I'm not used to saying it," she said. "It'll bother *me*. What if he asks me, Jerry, what do I say?"

"Look him straight inna screen," the Digger said. "Tell him: 'The foam.' Then you say: 'What difference it make? My husband don't like the rubber boots, you take the pill you're liable to grow a tail or something, and I ain't letting them put one of them things inside *me*.' Then ask him: 'This how you get your cookies, Father? Asking people?' That'll slow him down."

"Of course I'll also be telling him," she said, "my great Catholic husband don't want any more children. Doesn't believe in sex for that anymore. Just something he likes to do, like bowling or something."

"You can tell him that, too," the Digger said. "Matter of fact, tell him I tried both and I think it over, I hadda give up one or the other, it'd be bowling. I see the ghinny Pope coming around with a couple hundred a week, the next kid to eat and wear and go to school on, and some more for a bigger house so I can do what I like to do without the whole goddamned world looking on, well then I'll say: 'Thanks, Pope,' and maybe we'll think about having another kid. Otherwise, my way."

"If you didn't spend every cent on yourself," she said, "we wouldn't need the extra. I know lots of families that haven't got anywhere near what you make, and they live much better. Their kids're swimming in the ocean this week. Our kids're over the M. D. C. pool. They go to the Cape, the kids go to camp, and my friends're all nicely dressed. I never have an extra dime, and when I do, you come back and take it. You and your

wonderful friends, that's where the money goes. *You've* got the big convertible. *You're* going to the track. *You're* going to New York, to see the Giants. *We* can't afford twelve hundred dollars for *three weeks* at the Cape, but *you've* got a thousand dollars to go to Las Vegas. How much did you lose out there, Jerry, in four days by yourself?"

"All of it," the Digger said. "Just like you said."

"How much more did you lose?" she asked.

"We been through all of this before," the Digger said. "I told you, I was taking a hundred bucks extra. I didn't bring no checks with me. That's all I took. So all right, I'm a bastard. Get off my back."

"Eleven hundred dollars," she said. "A hundred less'n we couldn't afford for three weeks. All on yourself. Oh, Jerry, I think that's selfish. I think that's very selfish. I thought it was the limit when you paid out eighty dollars for the season ticket to the Patriots, but at least that'll give you something for it. I would've been able to see it, even, if you'd got more of them so you could take the boys once in a while. But this, this is the worst thing you ever did, Jerry, the absolute worst thing."

"Good," the Digger said. "That's about the twentieth worst thing I remember. Now maybe you'll just howl about Vegas all the time and give me a change from the car and the clothes and all."

"Those were the worst until this one," she said. "Now you've topped them. I hope you don't think of a way to top this. I don't understand it. I never will. How could you come from the same mother and father as Paul, and be so different? So inconsiderate and mean. That, that I will never understand."

"Paul is a great guy," the Digger said. "I agree with you."

"Couldn't you," she said, "couldn't you just try to be more like him? Couldn't you do that?"

"Well," the Digger said, "I could. 'Course, I'd have to get rid of you and them kids first, him being a priest and all, I don't think I could qualify. But I'll give it some thought, yeah."

"Think about us," she said. "Think about your family once in a while, instead of just yourself. What's happened to us, Jerry, think about that. If you figure it out, tell me, will you? Just tell me?"

The Digger stared at his coffee cup until after she had left the kitchen. "So far," he said to the cup, "so far it's really been a great day. I can hardly wait for the rest of it."

This is the first of three installments of "The Digger's Game." Part II of the novel will appear in the February issue.





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GORGEOUS GEORGE

(continued from page 114)

hitched to the powerful team of modern medical science and electronics? What if a trained psychiatrist were to deliver that catharsis on—television! As he subsequently wrote, in a technical paper delivered before the Society of Psychoanalytic Medicine: "A modern psychiatrist could give more therapy in a single prime-time hour in front of a camera than in a lifetime beside a couch."

Like Pasteur and Freud, Wagner found his careful reasoning greeted with bitter criticism by the more conventional spirits of the time. No less an authority than Dr. Max Rosenbloom of Downstate Medical Center wrote, "I cannot help but suggest that this Dr. Wagner is playing with less than a full deck."

Undaunted, Dr. Wagner pursued the logic of his premise. The choice of professional wrestling as his vehicle for mass therapy came easily: In 1936, while still in medical school, he had been the Olympic middleweight champion. He had long considered a wrestling match as one of the most direct forms of human interaction, rivaled in intensity only by an act of vigorous copulation. A violent confrontation between two adversaries, especially between a dislikable, unfair, sexually confused neurotic and a valiant, reality-oriented "normal," could be universally comprehended as symbolic of psychic struggle. Thus was born the basic good-guy/bad-guy dichotomy that has persisted as a staple of the sport to this day.

By taking the bad-guy role upon himself, Wagner reasoned, he would be in an ideal position to tap America's vast reserves of pathology. "Like a lightning rod," he wrote, "I will draw to myself and harmlessly discharge the enormous destructive energy of the nation's leisure-time hostility. The more they hate me, the more they will be free to love one another."

George's final hypothesis was that though the American people had a richly varied spectrum of hates and resentments, the country would be unanimous in refusing to abide an uppity fruit. Dr. Wagner immediately set about preparing his "Gorgeous George" persona. First he assembled a file of the most revolting conceivable combinations of narcissism, transvestism, exhibitionism, aggression and cowardliness, drawn from psychiatric case studies. While he researched, he let his own normally short, dark hair grow down to his shoulders and bleached it blond. Then he picked the robes.

In a few short months, he parlayed his keen clinical eye, his hard-won dry-cleaning savvy and an innate color sense into one of the most imposing arrays of finery west of the Vatican. Today, many fine examples remain on display in the world's most prestigious wrestling museums.

By the spring of 1949, Dr. Wagner was ready to dazzle an American Psychiatric Association symposium by outlining his revolutionary theory and, simultaneously, parading an exquisite collection of crimson velvets, carmine silks and apricot lamés before his astounded colleagues. Again, the reaction was cool. Dr. Pincus Lelf, the well-known researcher in psychodynamics, remarked, "Nowhere is there the slightest shred of empirical evidence to support Dr. Wagner's inane hypothesis. It is a grave insult to the scientific community and to wrestling fans everywhere."

"Empirical evidence" or not, Gorgeous George became an overnight success. Not surprisingly, Dr. Wagner's psychiatric training had a marked effect on his wrestling style, and his behavior in the ring often took on what he liked to think of as the psychological subtlety of the Oriental martial arts ("I let my opponent's own latent homosexuality defeat him"). He cannily included in his grappling arsenal such cunning and devastating grips as "the headshrinker," in which he slammed his opponent to the mat, jammed a knee in his throat and repeatedly whispered: "What are you thinking?" An even more spectacular example was the "lairy mind waves" maneuver, which featured a beady-eyed George prancing gingerly around his bewildered adversary, "hypnotizing" him with a barrage of rapid-fire wrist flicks and driving him to distraction with quick, dry little kissing sounds.

Unhappily, the creative juices spilled over into his psychiatric practice. As his wrestling style became increasingly analytic, his consulting-room tactics began to reflect the influence of such non-Freudians as Haystacks Calhoun and Man Mountain Dean. According to some of his colleagues, he began ignoring such theoretical niceties as whether or not an association elicited under the threat of a flying headlock could in any sense be called "free."

By the winter of 1950, the level of outrage within the profession had reached the point at which the Committee on Ethics of the American Psychiatric Association felt it necessary to warn Dr. Wagner that his "flamboyant and unsavory public persona [was] inconsistent with the effective treatment of patients and with the traditional dignity of the psychiatric profession." In

effect, he was being asked to choose between wrestling and psychiatry.

With the tacit ultimatum of the Ethics Committee weighing heavily on his shapely shoulders, George launched a desperate campaign to justify his unorthodox activities. To an already staggering work load, he added a full schedule of charity cases and benefit bouts.

It was just too much.

On the night of March 7, 1950, he was in his dressing room at Madison Square Garden, preparing for his contest with Haystacks Calhoun. Suddenly, the call came: One of his patients at Bellevue was demanding to see him. He made his choice instantly. Leaving instructions for the preliminary bouts to be stalled even longer than usual, he threw on the nearest cape—the chartreuse and gold—and hailed the first cab he could get.

It had been a quiet evening so far at Bellevue. When a taxi disgorged a beefy figure in flamingo silk shorts, carmine tights and long flowing cape, a nervous murmur spread through the emergency room. The caped apparition loped confidently up to the head nurse. A cop approached the desk behind him, hesitantly fingering the butt of his revolver and involuntarily muttering, "All right, this is it!" over and over again under his breath.

"Good evening, I'm Dr. Wagner.

Where's my patient?"

The nurse gave the bobbing blond tresses a long, careful stare.

"Why don't you just wait here, ah, doctor? I'll get the resident."

The image of thousands of restless spectators flashed through George's overstressed mind.

"My fans!" he blurted. "My fans can't wait!"

He took a step toward his ward and felt the heavy mitt of the law on his brocaded shoulder.

For one tense moment, the careful equilibrium in which the separate characters of Dr. Wagner and Gorgeous George had been maintained teetered wildly. Then, in a flash, he slammed the patrolman to the floor with a deft flying-scissors kick, followed quickly by a crushing spread-eagle pounce and a bruising half nelson. The nurse's shrieks brought a pair of burly black orderlies leaping into the fray, only to be sent reeling by a whirlwind barrage of rabbit punches.

Locked by rage into his Gorgeous George persona, the caped psychiatrist pranced wildly up and down the corridors, delivering headshrinkers and fairy mind waves to staff members who tried to subdue him. Nurses wept, patients howled, an alarm wailed out over the intercom. Finally, a flying squadron of residents and orderlies managed to pin the "madman," and a drab strait jacket

enveloped the tattered remnants of his splendid costume.

It was Gorgeous George's final bout.

Though the age of television has moved into its second quarter century, our understanding of the effects of televised mayhem remains woefully incomplete. Many of Dr. Wagner's critics have used the unfortunate incident at Bellevue as a springboard for scurrilous personal attacks on his motivation and objectivity, but none of them has been able to muster a convincing body of scientific evidence against his theory. In fact, the continued popularity of professional wrestling, the knowledge that at least *some* TV violence has a purging effect on *some* viewers and the recent enthusiastic embrace of the Gorgeous George standard of unisex elegance all point toward a day in the not-too-distant future when this most daring and maligned of American psychiatric thinkers may at last be vindicated. Sadly, Gorgeous George will never see that day. After his Bellevue match, he retired quietly from both professions and opened a small bar and grill in Los Angeles. In the decade before his untimely death at 48 in 1963, he tended bar, worked on his autobiography, *Is There a Doctor in the Ring?*, and, according to that source, watched "an awful lot of television."



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AND SO IT GOES (continued from page 191)

Organ music flowed over the congregation. Voices began to boom as the collection baskets were passed around:

*"I love to tell the story,
'Twill be my theme in glory
To tell the old, old story
Of Jesus and his love."*

Paisley directed his flock to sing this chorus over and over. For perhaps 15 minutes they went on this way, with Paisley urging: "When we get to the last line, sing out Jesus and sing out love. Sing it out. Talk to Christ Jesus and earn the gift of his love."

The service was over. Paisley climbed down from his lectern. The congregation drifted out into the street. Many of them boarded buses that had transported them as much as 50 miles. "Dr. Paisley is right," the woman whose face I won't forget said to her husband as they headed toward their car. "The Catholics must be stopped."

In truth, Paisley had said nothing about stopping the Catholics. He had talked about love and unity. In Northern Ireland, people hear what they want to hear.

I remember, too, a long talk I had one night with Billy Irwin, a stern-faced little man who admires Paisley a great deal but professes that he is a political and religious moderate. Billy is 57 and, like so many Protestants, considers himself more English than Irish. "Sure enough," Billy said, "we were brought up under the Jack and we love our country. I went to fight in the British army during

World War Two. And where does the I. R. A. think they come off, anyway? When I was fighting the Germans, they were feeding the German submarine crews that used to put into Donegal Bay. That's part of the bitterness, too. They've always gotten along with the Germans."

Billy is typical of many who haven't taken part in the street fighting as yet but who see no way out other than civil war. "I hate it all," he said, "but I can't leave. All me money's in my home. And I'd have as good a chance of selling it and getting my money now as I would of selling a block of cells in the Crumlin Road Jail. So what do you do? I'm not a coward. When a man threatens me with a gun, I know what I've got to do. I've got to get a gun of my own."

Perhaps I met Billy at a bad time. His house is on the border line of a Catholic-Protestant neighborhood. Raiders from the Catholic side have repeatedly tried to set it afire. Perhaps that's why I remember him as the man with the angriest eyes I've ever seen.

All the other faces I take with me out of Northern Ireland are in turn sad, desperate and frightened.

I'll never forget the look that came over the face of Father Felix McGuigan when I asked him about the death—six months before—of one of his best friends, Father Hugh Mullan. Father McGuigan's eyes bulged. His expression became firm. "I'm afraid I can't say anything about that," he said. "You see, the inquest hasn't been held yet."

I had spoken with Father McGuigan just a day after it happened. He couldn't talk about it then, either. Now, six months later, it still had him tied in knots.

Father Mullan, a curate at Corpus Christi Church in the Ballymurphy estate in Belfast, had been shot to death, either by Protestant gunmen or by members of a British paratroop unit on August 9, 1971, during the fighting that broke out following internment.

Father Mullan was a tiny round man with a bald head and an infectious laugh. He had a natural rapport with children. He could play the guitar and carry a tune. Father McGuigan and John McKenna were with Father Mullan the day he died. All three were in McKenna's living room crouched on the floor, trying to avoid the rifle fire that kept zooming over the McKenna home from Protestant-dominated streets on either side of it. McKenna remembers that the shots were being fired not only by members of the Protestant Ulster Volunteer Force but by soldiers as well.

It was just past suppertime when the event that triggered Father Mullan's death occurred. Carrying a small child, a man tried to cross a weed-grown field directly in front of the McKenna house and was struck in the back by a bullet.

Father McGuigan saw him fall and raced through the door, intending to administer the last rites. He ran only a few steps and then turned and raced back. He didn't have the necessary vestments with him. "Don't worry, Felix," shouted Father Mullan, racing out into the field, "I'll do it. I have mine."

Father Mullan ran to his car, pulled a stole from a small black bag and began running across the field toward the wounded man. "I saw Father Mullan go down right after he got into the field," McKenna remembers, "and I thought he was a goner. But he got right up again. He had only tripped. He was carrying a white handkerchief and waving it over his head and he kept running until he reached the wounded man and knelt down beside him. Can you imagine they let him get all the way there and then they shot him?"

But that wasn't the end of it. Frank Quinn, 41, another member of the Corpus Christi parish, ran into the field to assist Father Mullan. Quinn was killed instantly by a bullet that struck him in the back of the head. Gerald Mooney, a 28-year-old former British soldier serving as a first-aid man, dashed out into the field next. He made it to Father Mullan's side. "I lifted the priest and cradled him in my arms," Mooney recalls. "He was praying to himself and when he realized I was picking him up, he shook his head and said: 'No use, lad. Run for



"It's Mrs. Santa Claus, of course, dear."

it. Save yourself.' The shooting grew heavy then and I had to drop Father Mullan and dive for cover. I could see the bullets hitting all around him. Then he groaned one last time and that must have been the bullet that killed him, because he was quiet after that."

For a long time after Father Mullan's death, a sign was posted on the spot where he died. THIS IS THE PLACE WHERE FATHER MULLAN WAS SHOT DEAD BY BRITISH SOLDIERS FOR TRYING TO HELP PEOPLE MOVE FROM THEIR HOMES, it read. The sign was crudely printed, as though it had been done by a child's hand.

Father Mullan had lived next door to the McKennas. He had been a close friend as well as their confessor. All of the houses on the street were constructed within the past two years. Every house has a fine view of the Black Mountains overhead. The air is fresh and clean. The day Father Mullan died, there were 125 families living on the block and the streets adjoining. Nine months later, all but six of those families had moved out. The newly constructed homes were vacated and their doors and windows bricked over so they could not be used as bases for snipers.

And Father McGuigan, who believes that if he had come prepared with his own chaste Father Mullan would be alive today, still refuses to talk about what happened. But he is only one of hundreds of people in Northern Ireland who have been damaged.

The manager of the restaurant in the Europa hotel is 51 years old now and she remembers the night the Germans bombed Belfast. She was formerly the manager of the lunchroom in the Grand Central Hotel, which was destroyed by an I. R. A. bomb. All she can talk about now is the bombing campaign of the Provisionals. She has reason to think about it.

"For years," she will tell you, "one of my best friends worked for me as a waitress. When I came over here to the Europa, she wanted to get a part-time job working for me. But I couldn't do it. She went on looking. Several days later, she came back to me all smiles. 'I got a part-time job,' she said. 'It's going to work out fine.' Two days later, the I. R. A. bombed the restaurant. I went to the hospital to see her. I couldn't believe it. She had lost both legs at the knees. She had lost the little finger of her right hand. She had lost one eye. She's fifty-three years old and she smiled at me and said: 'I guess I should say I'm happy to be alive, shouldn't I?'"

Leslie Dunne, the hall porter, just rang to tell me the cab is waiting. This has not been a good visit. The Europa has been bombed three times by the I. R. A. since it opened in August 1971.

The windows in this room do not shut. It's freezing. The door at the end of the hall was blown out. The wind whips down the hall with a great swooshing noise. They search you every time you enter.

My shoes are missing and the manager says I shouldn't worry. Probably someone has taken them as a joke, he says. It is not an answer that makes me feel much better. The shoes are gone rather than shined and it's I and not the Europa's manager who will be wearing white Adidas jogging shoes with red and blue stripes on the plane across the Atlantic. Oh, well, writers are supposed to be eccentric.

There is only one stop I want to make. I want to go up to the Clonard district, the great stronghold of the Provisional I. R. A., and see Lilly Hannaway before I leave. She lives in a depressing 100-year-old tenement on Cawnpore Street and she has been fighting the British for most of her 52 years.

Lilly Hannaway will never stop. Her husband, Liam, was picked up with the first batch and interned in Long Kesh prison camp. So were her three sons, Dermott, Terry and Kevin.

I'm in luck. Lilly is home. She looks tired but defiant. The imprisonment of the men in her family has hardened her. It has broken her heart and turned her life into a lonely, dreary ordeal. She lives for the day they will be released. She visits them at every opportunity, taking them encouraging news about the success of the bombing campaign. Then she returns to her tiny living room, sits in a chair and waits. "It broke my heart the day they came and took my men," she said, "but we're going to win in the end. Of course we are. This is our country, isn't it? Even if all we get when it's all over is enough ground to bury ourselves with."

It is a Saturday morning. My cab-driver is a Protestant. He has been terrified to drive his cab into the Clonard district, which is a well-known Catholic ghetto. Now that we are out of the area, he feels relieved. "We'll never give in to them," he says. "You can see what they're like. You've been here long enough. You've seen it, haven't you? They won't work. They don't keep their houses clean. They drink too much and have too many children that they won't care for. We'll never give in—even if we have to do them all in before it's over."

A soft rain is falling. The Divis Mountains are covered with green. The cab stops in front of the airport terminal. "Doing an article, are you?" the cab-driver says. "Here's my name and address. Send me a copy, will you? But for God's sake, don't use my name. You'll get me killed."



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Little Annie Fanny

BY HARVEY KURTZMAN AND WILL ELDER

HERE'S OUR SWEETHEART BATHING AT HER SUGARDADDY BIGBUCK'S NEWEST, POSHEST PENTHOUSE PAD ... AN ELECTRONIC PARADISE OF THE FUTURE, WHERE ENVIRONMENT, THE ECOLOGY, LIFE ITSELF, IS CONTROLLED BY PUSH BUTTON ... A PROMISE OF FANTASTIC AND JOYFUL THINGS YET TO COME. A BOON FOR MANKIND? NO. A BOON FOR THE ELECTRIC COMPANY? YOU BETCHUM!

DADDY'S NEW CLIMATE-CONTROLLED BATHROOM IS JUST TOO FABULOUS! PUSH A BUTTON FOR A WHIRLPOOL BATH! FOR STEAM! FOR SUNSHINE! FOR RAIN-



BLA'DOWM!

LEAPIN' LIZARDS ... I JUST CAN'T BELIEVE I'M STANDING INSIDE AN APARTMENT IN A FAKE THUNDERSTORM!

CHIRP! CHIRP!

DOOIT! DOOIT!

FAKE ROCKS

FAKE POND

FAKE WATERFALL

FAKE SOUNDS

FAKE PLANTS

FAKE INSECTS

ANNIE, CHILD, DON'T MOVE! YOU'RE STANDING OUTSIDE THE APARTMENT IN A REAL THUNDERSTORM!!

REAL LEECH



I DIDN'T MEAN TO INTRUDE, MY DEAR.

AFTER THE "DADDY" BATH ONE MUST ACHIEVE TOTAL RELAXATION. COME LIE DOWN HERE ON MY REVOLVING, GENTLY VIBRATING COUCH WHILE I SET THE TIMERS, TURN DOWN THE RHEOSTATS, FLIP THE GIZMOS AND SNAP ON THE WHATCHAMACALLITS.

OH, DADDY-



I CAN GIVE YOU SPECIAL EFFECTS... WALL PROJECTIONS WITH ELECTRONICALLY CONTROLLED BREEZES AND PRERECORDED SOUNDS OF LOVE. BUT FIRST, I'LL PUNCH UP SEVERAL HOURS OF JACKIE GLEASON MOOD MUSIC WITH A DASH OF MANTOVANI ON MY QUADRAPHONIC SOUND SYSTEM.

-I FEEL SO GOOD-



I'LL GIVE YOU THE SALTY SCENT OF THE SEA... OR PERHAPS YOU'D LIKE THE FRAGRANCE OF A BRAND-NEW BENTLEY INTERIOR... OR MAYBE THE SMELL OF COLONEL SANDERS' FRIED CHICKEN.

-SO RELAXED-



I CAN BRING US IN ON THE CLOSED-CIRCUIT CAMERA. AND WE CAN WATCH AN INSTANT PLAYBACK OF OURSELVES ON THE TV MONITOR IN SLOW MOTION, VIA SATELLITE, WITH AN ASTUTE, PLAY-BY-PLAY ANALYSIS BY HOWARD COSELL AND DOCTOR JOYCE BROTHERS.



HOW WOULD YOU LIKE THAT, EH, CHILD?

CHILD?!

DZZ



LATER

OH! OH!

OH! OH!

AHH!

AN! AHH!

AAH! MAYBE MAYBE!

AH, YES, MY DEAR... GAVE ME A CHANCE TO SLIP INTO SOMETHING MORE COMFORTABLE.

OH! I MUST HAVE DOZED OFF.

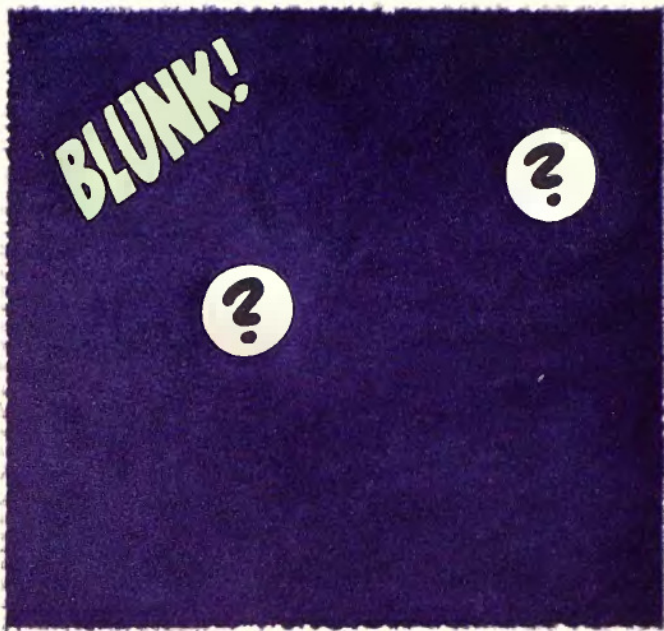
OH! OH!

NONO! YESYES!

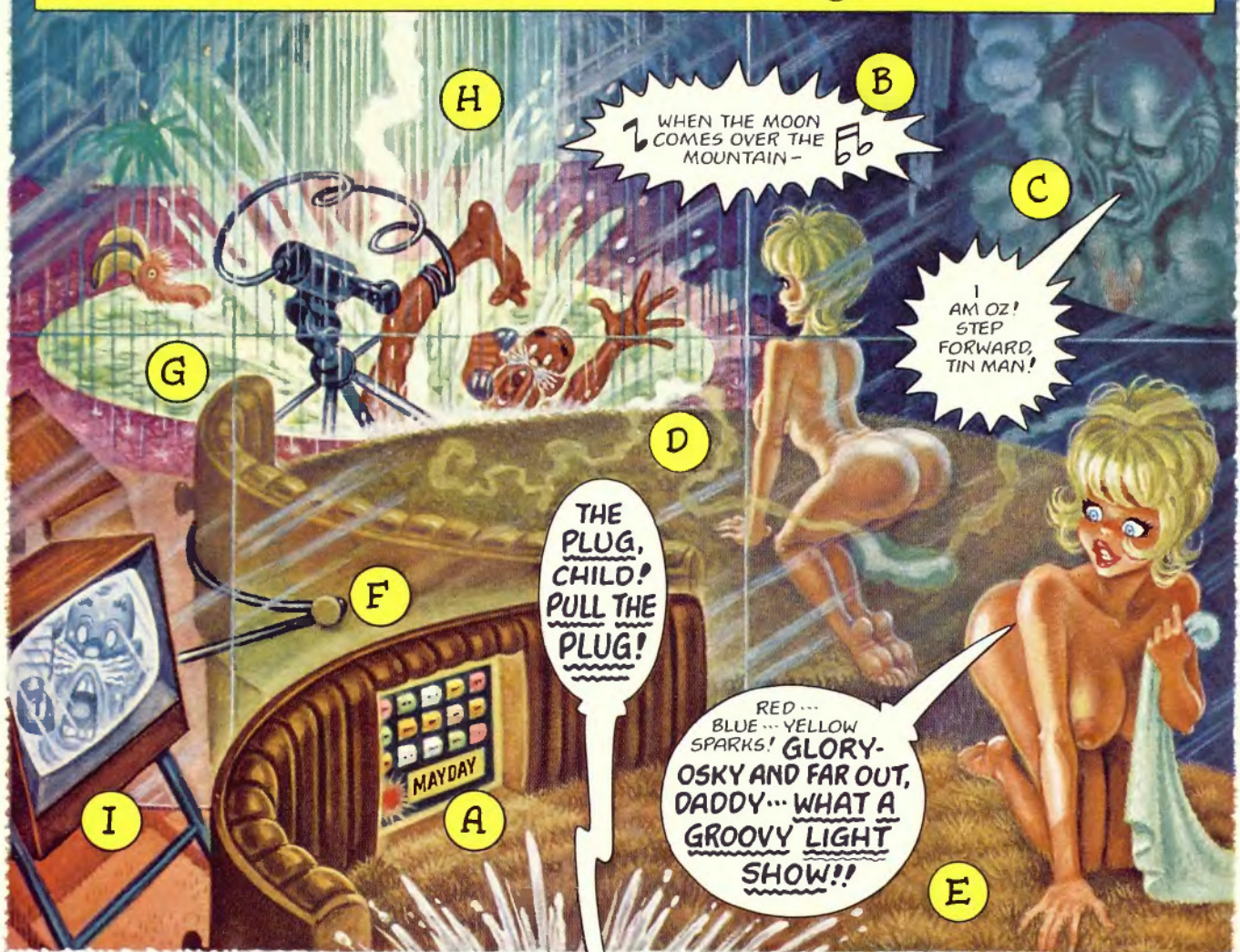
OIY! OIY!

SOMETHING MORE COMFORTABLE

AHH!



THE RETURN OF POWER ACTIVATES THE ELECTRONIC CONTROL PANEL (A), WHICH, UNATTENDED, SENDS THE QUADRAPHONIC SOUND SYSTEM INTO A MEDLEY OF KATE SMITH OLDIES (B), MAKES THE WALL PROJECTIONS RUN AMUCK (C), ACTIVATES THE SCENT OF WET SWEAT SOCKS (D), SPINS THE REVOLVING BED (E), WHICH, IN SPINNING, SNAGS THE TV-CAMERA CABLE (F), DRAGGING CABLE, CAMERA AND DADDY BIGBUCKS INTO THE "DADDY" BATH (G), AND CASCADES GENTLE SPRING RAINS AND A WATERFALL OVERALL (H), WHILE THE CLOSED-CIRCUIT MONITOR (I) INSTANTLY PLAYS BACK OF DADDY BIGBUCKS BEING ELECTROCUTED (I).



WHEN THE MOON COMES OVER THE MOUNTAIN -

I AM OZ! STEP FORWARD, TIN MAN!

THE PLUG, CHILD! PULL THE PLUG!

RED... BLUE... YELLOW SPARKS! GLORY-OSKY AND FAR OUT, DADDY... WHAT A GROOVY LIGHT SHOW!!



LATER

SEE, DADDY, I TOLD YOU GRASS WAS GREEN!... ISN'T NATURE GRAND?

TWEETIE TWEET!

HARK! THERE'S AN ORIOLE!

TWEETLE TWEETLE WOOP!

THAT'S A BROWN THRASHER!

BEEP! BEEP!

IT'S GOOD TO GET AWAY FROM THE ELECTRONIC WORLD OF MECHANICAL PLEASURES, EH, CHILD?

... THAT MUST BE A ROAD RUNNER... OR IS IT A TOYOTA CORONA?



AU CONTRAIRE, MY DEAR. THAT'S MY POCKET BEEPER. HELP ME TO THE PHONE, ANNIE. IT'S BY THE MICROWAVE OVEN ABOVE THE ELECTRIC WATER PIC IN THE BATHROOM OF THE HELICOPTER.

LEAPIN' (SIGH) LIZARDS!

SIGNAL

END

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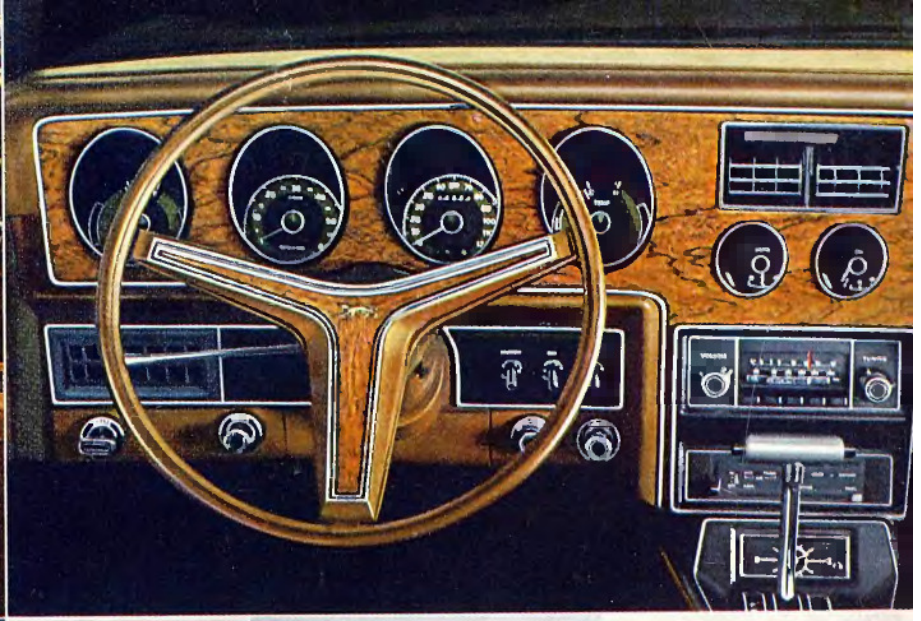
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