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PLAYBILL OVER THE PAST couple of years, the articles we've published by John Clellon Holmes have been in the travel-memoir genre. Wherever he's gone—Munich, Florence, Naples, Los Angeles—Holmes has taken in the moods, the ghosts, the stone-and-wood realities of the place and written about it with vivid perception. In this issue, Holmes applies that same perception to a journey that was vastly different: he goes back three years in time to remember the day his close friend Jack Kerouac was buried. We feel especially fortunate to have his account, *Gone in October*, because he had intended to write nothing public about that gathering in Lowell, Massachusetts. "But I kept reading inaccurate reports of the day, plus other things about Kerouac that talked only about his *On the Road* image. So I decided it was time to stop watering the myths, to add something of the way he was those last, lonely years in St. Petersburg. And I wanted it to be as faithful to the truth as possible." Now Holmes has once again turned his attention to a "long-overdue novel" and tells us that his plans are "to keep going; to write."

In *Trouble in Paradise*, novelist John Knowles sounds a warning to all of you who have dreamed of cashing in your E bonds and fleeing to some sun-drenched rock in the Pacific to paint mahogany-colored natives. Knowles admits that he once had a similar dream himself, but he's always found that Americans trying to live in paradise tend to feel rootless and more than a little desperate as the abundance of scenery, weather and time becomes an immobilizing luxury. Knowles is currently writing a novel about what he calls "the most contagious disease in the world—madness," and has just returned from a trip to Guadeloupe, the Virgin Islands and Jamaica, where he safely avoided "trouble in paradise" by leaving before it got to him.

Our lead fiction this month, *Jack, the Traveler's Friend*, by Paul Theroux, a frequent PLAYBOY contributor, continues the worldly theme. It takes place in Singapore, where the narrator, a thoughtful, dedicated pimp who really cares about his clients, finds the business climate becoming less than ideal. From Singapore, we jump—very high—to the isolated Bugaboo Mountains in Alberta, Canada, where Contributing Editor John Skow traveled to find what many consider the best powder-skiing slopes in the world. So remote are the runs that you're transported to them by helicopter, which makes the whole thing doubly exciting, much in demand and, yes, staggeringly expensive. Needless to say, Skow considers this piece, *The Powder and the Glory*, the most enviable assignment he's had in his years of covering the sport. "Certainly, it's better than an assignment I once had from *The Saturday Evening Post*. They sent me to St. Louis to ski down a 50-foot artificial hill in a department-store parking lot." In addition to skiing, he has a related, equally demanding passion, mountain climbing, about which he's writing a book.

A couple of shady characters who don't mind flirting with the limits of the law for a buck are considered by George V. Higgins and Calvin Trillin. The second installment of *The Digger's Game* finds Higgins' antihero, Digger Doherty, down (about \$20,000) but hardly out. (There is, after all, Part Three next month.) The owner of the first erotic car wash, in Trillin's *Keep It Clean*, is doing nothing illegal—the district attorney's tireless efforts to uncover some obscure, violated ordinance notwithstanding—but is eventually done in by some unexpected competition. Trillin says this idea came from "a very funny friend named Bill Vaughan, who writes a column for *The Kansas City Star*. He suggested I should write a sex-in-the-car-wash piece as a sequel to my sex-in-the-bank story" (*Safely Deposited*, PLAYBOY, December 1971). We suggest you stay in touch with this guy, Calvin.

Two more articles for February: Tom Buckley's analysis of the North Vietnamese soldier, *The Spartans of Indochina* (illustrated by Kathy Calderwood), and PLAYBOY Associate Editor Douglas Bauer's *Oh, Little Town of Millionaires*, which, he explains, is "a look at how big money has affected a small community, by someone who's never balanced a checkbook." Finally, there's a *Playboy Interview* with the iconoclastic economist Milton Friedman; the results of the Playboy Jazz & Pop Poll, with text by Nat Hentoff and All-Stars' All-Stars portraits by Roger Hane; Mario Casilli's pictorial tribute to *The Ziegfeld Girls*, featuring actress Susan Clark (she's co-starring in Universal's upcoming film *Showdown* with Rock Hudson and Dean Martin); and two treatments of sexual fantasies: one a serious quiz, the second, artist Doug Taylor's *In Search of Love's Sure Thing*, illustrating some arcane aphrodisiacs with which to ply the love object of your desires. There's quite a lot more, including Playmate Cyndi Wood. And since you have fewer days than usual to take it all in, we suggest you get started right now.



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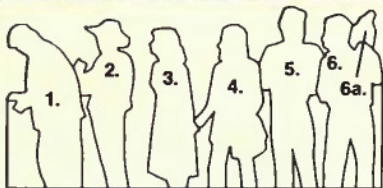
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In this picture everybody has a gimmick... almost everybody. Try picking the one who doesn't go along.

1. Nope. He's Alfonso Cliggitt, divorce lawyer. Gimmick: far out dress to intimidate the opposition. Smokes cigarettes made of dried tundra. **2.** Harold A. Baer, rare book expert. ("Books Old and Rare from Harry Baer.") Thinks rolling his own makes him look younger. A real

dingbat. **3.** If she's the Camel Filters smoker, the guy with the beard is Jean Harlow. **4.** Gene Harlow. **5.** Right! He's just himself. And he sees through all the gimmicks. That's why he smokes an honest, no-nonsense cigarette. Camel Filters. Easy and good tasting. Made from fine tobacco. **6.** A. Boswell Farquar. Gimmick: a white (not green) parrot. Hasn't seen a movie in years. They won't let his parrot in. **6a.** Parrot. Smokes a meerchaum pipe but has trouble keeping it lit.

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DEAR PLAYBOY

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ROLLIN VS. REUBEN

Betty Rollin's *Everything Dr. Reuben Doesn't Know About Sex* (PLAYBOY, November) is one of the most perceptive and truthful exposés I've ever read. I congratulate you on your courage and vision.

Katherine Gordon
New York, New York

As a newlywed wife, I had assumed Dr. Reuben's text was gospel. A few weeks after my wedding, I began experiencing orgasm for the first time. But the doctor's foolproof check of nipple erection failed to occur. After a time of severe mental upset, during which I doubted myself and my husband's capacity to please me, I simply decided to forget about the doctor's fail-safe test. But my doubts didn't disappear until I read Rollin's fine article. I thank her and PLAYBOY for setting the record straight.

(Name and address
withheld by request)

Rollin's exposé of Reuben is beautiful. Reuben's reams of misinformation are typical of the eighth-grade locker-room stuff this country gets when it demands the truth about sex. What's most hypocritical about our society is that I can pick up Reuben's jive at any five-and-dime, yet I have to go to an "adult" bookstore to get a copy of Masters and Johnson's books.

Doug Tousignant
Madison, Wisconsin

We, too, doubt that accurate and informative sex information can be found on the shelves of five-and-ten stores, but you needn't patronize a porno shop to locate most works by Masters and Johnson. If you can't find them, however, you can pick up Nat Lehrman's popularized version of their research, "Masters and Johnson Explained," by sending \$1.75 to Playboy Press.

I don't feel the single girl faces ostracism for being unmarried while she enjoys sexual relations. On the other hand, I think Dr. Reuben has a kind of genius for disseminating information on sex in a quiet and understandable way. He has helped thousands of people

and we were proud to run excerpts from both of his books in *Cosmopolitan*.

Helen Gurley Brown, Editor
Cosmopolitan
New York, New York

Rollin's article pinpoints several serious inaccuracies in Dr. Reuben's books and effectively challenges the credibility and magisterial tone of his statements. As a psychology teacher, what struck me most about Reuben's books was the unscientific mode of his evidence gathering. In response, Rollin rightly teaches us to maintain a healthy skepticism of self-proclaimed sex experts.

Fred Friedberg, Instructor
Department of Psychology
Brooklyn College
Brooklyn, New York

Since publishing Rollin's article, we have learned that we made two factual errors concerning Dr. Reuben's education and training. Our article cited published reports that he had had psychiatric training both in the Air Force and at Harvard and then went on to say that "both Harvard and the Air Force deny that Reuben has even this limited amount of training."

In fact, the American Medical Association has written, in a letter that recently became available to us: "Dr. Reuben served in the Air Force from July 1959 until July 1961 . . . assigned for five months to Strategic Air Command Project 1502 at Harvard Medical School as a clinical research associate in psychiatry." While in the Air Force, Reuben served as chief of psychiatry at the Walker Air Force Base Hospital at Roswell, New Mexico. The A. M. A. letter also states that he completed one year of residency in psychiatry at Cook County Hospital in Chicago, and that the 25th edition of the American Medical Directory lists him in the category "General Practice in Psychiatry."

We regret the errors and would like to point out that, unlike most mistakes, these were made through an excess of diligence, rather than a lack of it. PLAYBOY's research staff, while checking the facts in author Rollin's article, called both the Air Force and Harvard to verify Reuben's affiliations. Both institutions denied he had had any, and

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the article so reported. The reason that both replies were negative, we have since learned, is that during his student days, the doctor's name was spelled "Rubin." He has since changed the spelling for the stated purpose of avoiding confusion with the well-known psychiatrist Theodore Rubin. Neither institution, of course, has any records for a Dr. David "Reuben."

SUNSHINE PRISONER

My heart really bleeds for writer Garry Wills and those other idiots who got locked up (*Imprisonment Chic*, PLAYBOY, November). I wonder what Wills and his trendy cohorts would think if they had to sleep on the floor for weeks or even months at a time, or if they had to eat the slop served to the other inmates. Wills was lucky to get a cup of beef stew that was recognizable as such. If he and his merry band had really wanted to get the feel of imprisonment, they should have forfeited their bail money, their high-powered lawyers and the rest and, in return, shared the beatings and the deals and the degradation that prison life is all about.

Mitchell Lippert
Greenhaven Prison
Stormville, New York

I was there at the "militant" Washington action Wills describes. I felt as ambivalent as he did about my role and the demonstration's possible effect. And I have yet to talk with anyone there who did not feel the same. When Wills wrote a nationally syndicated column immediately after the event, it was a rather mild but positive statement that concluded with praise for Dr. Benjamin Spock's "class" in jail. Now, with some time to mull it over, he has apparently fastened on what he calls the "chic" side of the affair. I suppose there was a measurable element of radical chic to the event, but I'm disappointed that Wills chose to make this the focus of the demonstration. All of us who were there were prominent in our fields; that was the announced theme of the event. But we don't all eat caviar and I still wouldn't know Felicia Bernstein if I saw her.

Daniel D. McCracken
Ossining, New York

McCracken is a computer specialist, activist and author of "Public Policy and the Expert."

SAND MAN

I found David Stevens' *You'll Have to Talk Louder—I Have Sand in My Ears* (PLAYBOY, November) very amusing. He noted that the passengers on the safari were somewhat older than he had expected. The sad thing is that the younger people whom we'd really like to

see aboard our trips seem to have other interests. Perhaps one day, Stevens—together with a random selection of PLAYBOY Bunnies—would join us on a trip to Antarctica.

Lars-Eric Lindblad
Lindblad Travel, Inc.
New York, New York

I've skied the big runs such as Exhibition, Nose Dive, Riva Ridge and the Face of Bell. Yet in his article, David Stevens classifies me as a 37-year-old geriatric! I loved it, anyway. His account of our unforgettable expedition across the Sahara is one of the wittiest pieces I've read lately. It's accurate, too, down to every last unfortunate wrong turn, cocklebur and glug of Lomotil. Strangely enough, I really had a great time—particularly now that I think of it from an all-the-comforts-of-home, 3000-miles-away vantage point.

Mary Ellen Heintz
Cincinnati, Ohio

AN END TO ALL THIS

Sam Blum really did his homework in gathering the facts for his November article, *Suicide*. What's more, he tied it all together into an accurate, informative package.

N. H. Allen
American Association of Suicidology
Berkeley, California

Blum's article touched my wife and me very deeply, since we lost our son, Mark, last July. He was brilliant and handsome and appeared to have the world waiting to give him all he wanted. Why he hanged himself, we'll never know. There was no note and no prior communication to indicate he was unhappy. We want to know more about the causes of suicide and the organizations involved in its study and prevention. We want to help if we can so that others may be spared the tragic loss of a loved one. In our son's obituary, my wife and I requested that in lieu of flowers, we would accept donations to a fund that would be set up in Mark's name for suicide research. Maybe one day we'll know why he left us.

Alfred J. Archambault, Jr.
Henniker, New Hampshire

Suicide is representative of the current opinions and facts assembled in the field of suicidology. My own work, on college-student suicide, was most accurately presented. The statements of Dr. Thomas Szasz regarding the individual's rights to suicide are well known. The lay reader ought to know, however, that much of Szasz's energy in the field has been directed at attacking straw men. The vast majority of persons who threaten, attempt or even commit suicide

are, in fact, not seeking death but some alternative to an unhappy life. If a helping person can present them with such an alternative—and provide them with subsequent feelings of hope—their suicidal behavior can be obviated.

Dr. Michael L. Peck
The Institute for Studies
of Self-Destructive Behaviors
Los Angeles, California

Blum failed to emphasize one point of importance: Suicide is the sincerest form of self-criticism.

Steve Perrin
Lafayette, Louisiana

AUTHOR, AUTHOR!

Craig Vetter's *The Great American Authors Test* (PLAYBOY, November) is the best piece of humor to appear in your magazine in some time. I happened to be one of those dreamers who call themselves writers. Vetter is right. In your *Playbill*, he says he took the test and couldn't qualify as a writer for *The Farmer's Almanac*. I took the test and it told me I shouldn't even be writing this letter to *Dear Playboy*.

S. L. Blumenthal
Oakridge, Oregon

ATTACK AND COUNTERATTACK

By publishing *The Army vs. Anthony Herbert*, your November follow-up examination of issues raised by your July interview with the retired supersoldier, you have clearly demonstrated journalistic courage. Without publications like PLAYBOY, freedom of the press would be just another platitude.

T. W. Rentz
Oak Harbor, Washington

I cried after reading your follow-up. I cried for America.

Sgt. G. W. Moore
Huntsville, Alabama

The saddest thing about your follow-up report is that it proves that Generals Barnes and Sidle are nothing but talking Army puppets who lie even when they're not ordered to.

D. R. B., U. S. M. C. (Ret.)
Gilroy, California

Herbert reveals himself as both an egotist and a paranoid. To quote from an Army newspaper in defense of his Korean War record is really scraping the bottom of the barrel. I've been in the Service eight years, and everybody knows installation newspapers—and Officer Efficiency Reports—are often fraught with exaggeration. As far as Herbert's polygraph is concerned, I believe the phrasing of the report is suspect. PLAYBOY quotes the polygraph report thusly: "Did you advise Colonel

"Trapping a rhino looked like a cinch until someone handed me a lasso!"



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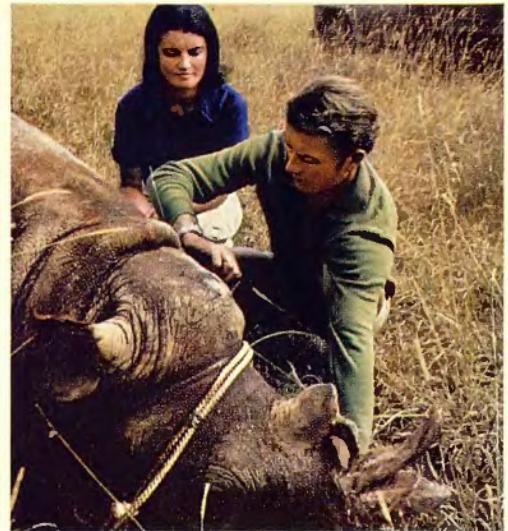
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"A bull rhino should wear a Do Not Disturb sign. But we had to rope and return him to the safety of Kenya's Tsavo National Park. The job, we found, was like playing tug-of-war with a tank.



"When our renegade came charging out of the bush, he caught us with our ropes down. But three tosses and twenty jittery minutes later, he was really fit to be tied.



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Franklin of the killing of Vietnamese detainees?" and "Did you personally request General Barnes to conduct an investigation?" In the first instance, "advise" could mean bullshitting over a glass of beer. In the second, "investigation" could mean any investigation. All of this is really too bad, because when I read your interview with Herbert, I believed he was a champion of reform.

(Name and address withheld by request)

As a member of the Armed Forces, you'd do well to study Military Assistance Command, Vietnam directive 20-4, which was issued "to provide uniform procedures for the collecting and perpetuation of evidence relative to war crimes." The directive orders: "It is the responsibility of all military personnel having knowledge or receiving a report of an incident or of an act thought to be a war crime to make such incident known to his commanding officer as soon as practicable." The matter of how a commanding officer learns of a war crime is of no significance.

Although I agree with Herbert that the Army needs vast changes, I would like to correct an error. Article 15 of the Uniform Code of Military Justice is not a statute that deals with "violations not punishable by court-martial." Article 15 deals with minor violations that may be handled without court-martial.

Capt. Bill L. Seifert, U. S. A. (Ret.)
Nashville, Tennessee

Captain Seifert is correct.

WATER, WATER!

Thomas Mario did a superb job in his article *Water?* (PLAYBOY, November). He turned up facts about our trade that even I didn't know.

John G. Scott
Mountain Valley Water
New York, New York

HUSTLERS?

Richard Reeves's article on *Hustling the Youth Vote* (PLAYBOY, November) showed me how the political chiefs tried to appeal to youth with everything they could possibly offer, with one exception: a better America. Perhaps neither political party feels it can provide that much. The most heartening thing about the November election was that no youth was hustled.

Richard Hodge
Bloomfield Hills, Michigan

Reeves, usually a fine reporter, seems impelled to mar an otherwise good story with a few gratuitous blows at the Scammon and Wattenberg theories of the electorate. I wonder why. Everything we said about the youth vote turned out to be so. As we predicted, youth voted in

lesser proportions than its elders, and it did not vote monolithically for the most left candidate. Instead, it voted only slightly more liberally than its elders. In short, we said all the things that Reeves said—except that we said them two years earlier, when the journalistic pack was still pursuing a phony notion that "the youth vote" was the electoral story of the century. Reeves notes that no "serious American politician" sided with Scammon and Wattenberg. In fact, I believe it can be demonstrated that, by Election Day, no serious American politician—including McGovern—sided with anyone but Scammon and Wattenberg: on youth or on the other issues we researched. In addition, Senator Jackson never ran against youth. Nowhere. No way.

Ben J. Wattenberg
Washington, D. C.

Contrary to what Reeves wrote, I was not the youth coordinator of Scoop Jackson's campaign. Paul Baicich headed the Jackson youth program, with several assistants who were all in their early 20s. I was the national coordinator of all the interest groups, except youth. Also, I regret that Reeves chose to tag me "Big Daddy." While I frankly admit that I have a weight problem—which I am wrestling with at the moment—the connotation of Big Daddy (à la *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*) is most unfair. Finally, while I did not advise Senator Jackson in his remarks to the Florida State University youth group, I tend to agree with him: The youth of today are OK—not any better than prior generations nor any worse. They just get more press.

Gerald R. Gereau
Washington, D. C.

Reeves replies: "I have read Scammon and Wattenberg's 'The Real Majority' too often to dispute fine points of theory with Ben Wattenberg the psephologist. But Ben Wattenberg the politician? Him I might kid a little. The short unhappy campaign of Henry 'Scoop' Jackson, even with Wattenberg's guidance, focused too sharply and simplistically on the 'unyoung, unpoor, unblack electorate,' so much so that Jackson wound up looking like something less than a serious politician, just as John Lindsay did by focusing so sharply on the Wattenbergian minority—the young, poor and black. No way, nowhere will anyone convince me that Jackson didn't make a conscious decision to run against youth, or, as I wrote, 'against shaggy, noisy students,' at least in Florida, where I followed the Jackson campaign. And as for Jerry 'Big Daddy' Gereau: When the article was being researched, Jackson headquarters consistently led PLAYBOY representatives to believe that Gereau was 'in charge' of youth, even

though young Paul Baicich had the title 'youth coordinator.' In an interview with a PLAYBOY staffer, Gereau was quite definite in his assertion that Baicich reported to him. Moreover, the interview also revealed that Gereau was the first to tag himself with the 'Big Daddy' label."

COLUMNIST OR CALUMNIST?

Your November interview with Jack Anderson made me sad. The average American has been ignored by his Government to an even greater extent than I had previously thought. As Anderson documents, even a letter to a Congressman gets short shrift. Most representatives seem to be more worried about re-election than about serving their constituents.

Mrs. Francis Scott
Clarksburg, West Virginia

Your interview with Anderson was great! Without him—and publications such as PLAYBOY—most of us would be left in the dark.

Robert L. Main
Citrus Heights, California

As a free-lance writer interested in the inadequacies of our Government, I have corresponded freely with Anderson and he has always responded to my questions in a forthright and candid manner. Lesser columnists have remained silent. Anderson had the courage to face the nation via network television and admit he was wrong about Senator Eagleton. To control corruption in Government, we need a thousand more Andersons.

Edward Johnson
Palm Desert, California

Anderson's description of Henry Kissinger throwing books in a fit of rage is amusing. I guess it is logical for a scholar to fling books when he is angry. I only hope Kissinger has the consideration to throw only books that he himself has written.

Joseph Gusky
Buffalo, New York

Anderson could serve a much more useful purpose in Congress than behind a typewriter. More effective anti-corruption legislation could be enacted with men like him in public office.

Stephen A. Kolkmeier
Cincinnati, Ohio

Anderson's provocative opinions and disconcerting discoveries are given the coverage they deserve in your interview, but his prejudices are laid bare as well. We begin to understand Anderson as more than merely a hero or a mountebank; your interrogation reveals that he is a human being capable of pettiness and prudery. Previously, it was hard to

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A&C Saber Tips

find the real person behind that aggressively public figure. I'm glad to see that PLAYBOY has discovered him.

Christopher Dickey
Hamilton, Massachusetts

I do not always agree with Anderson's research tactics, but his type of reporting is essential in keeping Government honest.

Geoffrey Moebius
Maple Heights, Ohio

On the first page of your interview, Anderson states that Richard Kleindienst should be convicted for malfeasance, John Mitchell should be "nailed" for perjury and Richard Nixon can't make up his mind what he wants. Then he justifies his misinformation about Tom Eagleton by telling us that he is only human. I'll never read Anderson's column quite the same way again.

Christopher Stone
San Diego, California

ICE CAPADES

Brock Yates's *The Hit Men* (PLAYBOY, November) gives long-overdue credit to the tough men on the ice. As a fan of Bryan "Bugsy" Watson's, one of the premiere defensemen in the National Hockey League, I was happy to see him—and his exploits—mentioned. Hats off to Yates and gloves off to Bugsy!

Glenn Christopher Gerard
Meadville, Pennsylvania

The National Hockey League is doing everything possible to de-emphasize fighting in hockey by making the penalties (in both minutes and fines) much stiffer. The "policeman" in hockey doesn't necessarily have to fight. He is distinguished by his ability and his durability. The Canadian-Russian series showed that skill and hard play are still the crucial factors in the game.

Bruce A. Norris, President
Detroit Red Wings
Detroit, Michigan

GRAZIE!

Your October pictorial essay *Fellini's Roma . . . Rome's Fellini*, by Bruce Williamson, is most provocative. I was overwhelmed by the intelligence of Fellini's remarks.

Fred Albright
New York, New York

Williamson's essay *Fellini's Roma . . . Rome's Fellini* was very satisfactory and entertaining; I thank him warmly. My regards and my gratitude are naturally extended to PLAYBOY.

Federico Fellini
Rome, Italy



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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



The real news from President Nixon's visit to China has lain dormant for one full year. Here follows the text of a memo unearthed by the editors of *The Washington Monthly*, whom we enthusiastically nominate for a Pulitzer Prize in personal hygiene. The date of the memo is February 8, 1972. It was printed on White House stationery and distributed in China to every American in the advance party that prepared the way for the President's tour.

To: All members of the American party
Subject: Health-care recommendations

The change of climate of this party has been much more severe than anticipated. Many of you have had colds, coughs and even fairly high fevers. We feel that this is primarily due to unnecessary exposure to the deceptively penetrating cold weather in this area.

We must, therefore, re-emphasize that everyone should be more concerned with proper clothing for outdoors, particularly hats, scarves and warm foot covering. We are grateful to our hosts for providing us with warm coats and hats. (If you don't have these items, ask one of the interpreters.) THESE MUST BE WORN!

We have also noted the first cases of "Baboon Syndrome," the rash on the buttocks similar to a poison-ivy response. This is due to unnecessary exposure to lacquered toilet seats. SIT ON THE PORCELAIN BOWL, NOT ON THE LACQUERED TOILET SEAT!

Up against the wall, gourmands: We have it on good authority that there's a restaurant in North Hollywood called Mother Phucar's.

We knew it all along: Kenneth J. Arrow, a Harvard professor of economics, was awarded a Nobel Prize for his Impossibility Theorem and his Theory of General Economic Equilibrium. According to a write-up in the *Harvard*

Crimson, "Arrow's Impossibility Theorem demonstrates that in principle there cannot be a perfect form of government."

Meanwhile, in Champaign, Illinois, Professor John Bardeen, who won a Nobel Prize in physics 16 years ago for developing the transistor, was late for a faculty to-do celebrating his receiving another Nobel Prize. His transistorized garage door refused to open, so he had to be driven to the affair by a colleague.

Deciphering the staccato prose of a Hollywood gossip column is difficult under the best of circumstances; when the linotypist screws up, the result can be heady, indeed. Joyce Haber's syndicated column, as published in *The Austin American*, informed Texans thusly of the prospective appearance of Mitzi Gaynor at a Los Angeles music hall: "Pretty Mitzi will follow Johnny Carson, who's known to be hard to follow. (Take head, Joanna Holland Carson!)"

It figures: One of the few newspapers to endorse Proposition 19, which, had it passed, would have legalized the possession of marijuana in California, was *The Weed News*, published in Weed, California.

We're fascinated by the news that the Salaried Social Club of Reynolds Metals Company's Brookfield, Illinois, plant is planning a "candlelight blowing party."

This imaginative—and perhaps effective—lost-and-found ad appeared in the *Calgary Albestan*: "Whoever picked up brown cowboy boots in Academy Parkade Tuesday is invited to call to get information on treatment of the rare foot disease he now has."

Lenin once wrote that the surest way to bring down a government is to debase its currency. Sometime last summer, this intelligence apparently penetrated the top ranks of the U. S. Air Force. According to the *New York Times* news service, there was a period of several months

when U. S. planes were not only dropping bombs on North Vietnam, they were dropping counterfeit North Vietnamese currency as well. By way of explanation, a State Department spokesman said that the funny-money barrage was designed "to cause discontent in the North Vietnamese population over steady inflation of the dong." As if they didn't have troubles enough.

We reported a few months ago the sighting, in Chicago, of an illegally parked auto, apparently protected by a windshield placard reading MAFIA STAFF CAR ON CALL. Now, from the same city, comes another sighting, this one of a vehicle parked quite legally in a high-crime neighborhood: ATTENTION, THIEVES: THIS CAR IS ALREADY STOLEN.

John Udaka, a Japanese-American chicken sexer who can separate newborn hens from roosters at a rate of 1200 an hour, revealed some trade secrets in a *Wall Street Journal* interview. Udaka doesn't smoke, takes vitamins and eats carrots—and engages in such exercises as eye rolling and knuckle cracking. "If I don't crack my knuckles," he says, "I'm not moving right with the first few chicks."

We don't know whom they're trying to impress, but Parke, Davis & Co. is offering its surgeon's gloves in "seven bright, beautiful colors": violet, blue, green, orange, yellow, red and natural.

The Houston, Missouri, *Herald* sent its readers into double or even triple takes with this headline, over a story on an attempted homicide in the neighboring town of Licking: "MAN SHOT, LICKING WOMAN CHARGED."

Our sympathies go out to 59-year-old parcel porter Tommy Mook, who, according to the *London Daily Mirror*, has been reprimanded by officials of the Lees and Hey Conservative Club, in

Lancashire, for giving audible vent to flatulence during concerts at the club. The *Mirror*, in a story headlined "ILL WIND UPSETS TORY CLUB LADIES," quoted Mook as saying he wasn't the one responsible for the unmusical notes emanating from the wind section; and, in a letter to club officials, Mook magnanimously offered to "write down on paper each time I break wind, so you can keep a check."

We're indebted to the women's department of the Muncie, Indiana, *Star* for forwarding this press release: "The ladies' golf association of the Maplewood Country Club held a ladies' invitational, with five guest clubs participating. Their theme was 'A bird in the cup is better than a ball in the bush.'"

The Tootsie toy division of the Strombecker Corporation has installed seat belts in its 1973 toy cars.

Indisputable sign in a department-store furniture display in Toronto: THE DIGNITY OF THE BEDCHAMBER IS ENHANCED BY AN OCCASIONAL PIECE.

When we heard that the young managers of a Laguna Beach restaurant named Love Animals, Don't Eat Them had been arrested for including a live camel and a rooster among the guests at their opening-day party, we decided to attend the trial, on the theory that this is Southern California and things like this come back to haunt you if you don't pay attention to them. A local police officer, discovering the beasts in the middle of the dining room, had advised the managers of a statute prohibiting livestock in restaurants. The managers had replied "We are all one" and said it violated their credo to discriminate against live animals, especially when dead ones are welcome in restaurants everywhere. This legal brief failed to sway the police officer, who informed them that the law is the law and, in Orange County, it's sometimes even worse than that. Then he busted them.

On the day of the trial—advertised by the defendants' supporters with 10,000 posters—the press lined up outside the courthouse in force. The gypsy-eyed vegetarians—about 50 of them—arrived with both criminals in tow: the camel, a one-humped dromedary named Boney Bananas, and the rooster, a Brahma named Colonel Sanders. Both were riding in the back of a 1964 Cadillac limousine whose passenger compartment had been carved out to accommodate them. Outside the courthouse, a warm-up trial unfolded. Boney was charged with being alive in a restaurant and faced a jury of his peers: two Japanese chickens, who found him innocent and wonderful and one. A television crew interviewed him after the mock proceed-

ings, and the dromedary distinguished himself by trying to eat their mike.

Inside the courthouse, 12 human beings sat in the jury box and pondered the defendants' arguments, which amounted to a plea that people don't need to kill in order to eat; that what might appear to be a restaurant to some eyes was a temple to others; and that Boney and the Colonel were, in fact, gods. This was all very well, the prosecuting attorney told the jury; he would be the last person to interfere with someone else's religion. But, he insisted, Laguna Beach gets a lot of tourists who might mistake the temple for a vegetarian snack bar. An unsuspecting customer might order a quick vegeburger and return to Oklahoma with dromedary fever. The jury retired to consider all this while a parrot named I Am, a partisan of the defendants, sat in a small eucalyptus tree, screeching. "Get high and fly . . . breeeck."

But the fun soon went sour. An Orange County animal-control officer pulled into the parking lot and observed the offending camel in the back seat of the limousine. He informed the vegetarians that this was an improper means of transporting a camel and cited them for inhumane treatment. Then the jury returned with a verdict of guilty. The judge fined the criminals \$35 and dismissed the riot cops who had been hiding in a back room waiting for trouble. And a health inspector told the group they would henceforth have to wear hair nets in their restaurant.

That was the straw that broke the camel's back. The group turned in its restaurant license and formally declared the establishment a religious temple: a place where worshipers can enjoy a free and fleshless dinner, commune with either a camel or a chicken and find a sympathetic ear for tales of police brutality. Vegetarians being placid types, the erstwhile restaurateurs weren't surprised at their treatment. "After all," one said, "what can you expect from a meat-eating judiciary?"

ACTS AND ENTERTAINMENTS

For 15 years, the most genuinely informal jazz room in New York was the *Half Note*, located in longshoreman country, near the Hudson River on the Lower West Side. At night, the neighborhood is deserted except for ominous shadows; but inside the *Half Note*, such regulars as Carmen McRae, the late Jimmy Rushing, and Al Cohn and Zoot Sims would light the nights—for both lay audiences and the many musicians who made the club a meeting place. Now the *Half Note* has moved to a converted carriage house in midtown (149 West 54th Street, 212-586-5383), across the street from that other vintage jazz spa, Jimmy

Ryan's. Still in charge are the Canterino brothers, Mike and Sonny; and, as it was down by the docks, Frank and Jean Canterino still head this jazz-struck clan. The new room, seating 175—including a comfortable bar decorated with blow-ups of Woody Herman arrangements—is not yet as instantly relaxing as the old *Half Note*, but it's getting there. The lighting is subdued, the waiters don't press and the musicians are fitting in with swinging ease. Among those who have been warming up the room are Bobby Hackett, Stan Getz, Jackie Cain and Roy Kral, Dizzy Gillespie and, of course, Al Cohn and Zoot Sims. Since the bandstand is expandable (the sides pull out like leaves in a dining-room table), the *Half Note* is also the New York base of Woody Herman's band, which will work there five or six weeks a year. Above the club is another floor, which the Canterinos may soon turn into a piano room. Meanwhile, downstairs, the bar opens at four in the afternoon and the music starts at 9:30. The club is open Sundays, with the big bands of Duke Pearson, Clark Terry and Thad Jones / Mel Lewis on tap. There is no minimum, but there is a music cover charge that varies with the price of the headliner but so far has averaged \$3 week nights and \$5 on weekends. Of the old *Half Note*, Jimmy Giuffre used to say: "The only way jazz can flourish, can breathe, is to leave it alone, let it happen. And that's what they allow here." At the new *Half Note*, the Canterinos keep allowing that same mellow *ambiance* for the musicians and the customers.

On the opposite coast, another jazz institution has relocated. Almost from its inception in 1949, Howard Rumsey was responsible for the jazz image of the Lighthouse; it was regarded as the incubator for the mutant sounds that became known as West Coast jazz. Now-familiar names such as Chet Baker, Gerry Mulligan, Shorty Rogers, Shelly Manne, Jimmy Giuffre, Bud Shank and Les McCann all spent their formative years working in all-star groups with Rumsey—a bassist and charter member of Stan Kenton's original big band—making the Hermosa Beach night spot California's jazz citadel. After 23 years, impresario Rumsey has left the Lighthouse and that economically blighted ocean city and gone ten miles up the coast to the handsomely refurbished pier at Redondo Beach, where his club, *Concerts By The Sea* (after a Fifties Erroll Garner album title), has become a resounding success since opening last August. Despite the ornate chandeliers and cushy concert-hall carpeting, the name of the new club is somewhat misleading, since the intimate atmosphere (only 200 seats) is more like that of a studio recording session. A remarkably dynamic quadrasonic sound system

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underscores that feeling; you imagine the floor reverberating beneath the dozen rows of theater seats, drink caddies on their arms, which offer unencumbered sight lines to the stage. During the first months of operation, that stage held such jazz heavyweights as vibraphonist Cal Tjader, guitarists Gabor Szabo and Kenny Burrell and trumpeter Hugh Masekela. With the alarming demise of local jazz clubs (Shelly's Manne-Hole, a Hollywood landmark, was the most recent closing), it's little wonder that many professional musicians drive the 40 freeway miles from Los Angeles to catch the pleasant sounds and sit in. On one of the nights we visited, amateur drummer Bill Cosby joined the hard-driving Willie Bobo octet. Concerts By The Sea is located at 100 Fisherman's Wharf, Redondo Beach. Admission charge: \$2 week nights and \$2.50 Friday and Saturday. Monday (Dixieland night) admission is free. Women are admitted free on Wednesday. Only drinks and coffee are served, but there are seven restaurants in the area. Doors open at 8:15 P.M. Four shows nightly, beginning at 9:15, one-drink minimum per set. No credit cards. Telephone: 213-379-1998.

BOOKS

It was only a matter of time before the changing attitudes toward sex in the Sixties were translated into new ways of living by individuals determined to liberate their sexual impulses from—as they saw it—the dead hand of the past. Young, and not so young, men and women are penetrating previously forbidden territory. Some are seeking to escape a sense of being aliens in contemporary society. Others, using curiosity as a compass, are testing the limits of their capacities to function in a twilight zone of morality where orgies, incest and sadomasochism are considered as natural as heterosexual intercourse. These taboo breakers represent a tiny fraction of the total population, but they tend to whoop it up—and the attention they've been getting from the reading public out there in normal land suggests that a lot of people are still searching for answers to questions that Dr. Reuben doesn't dream of. Unfortunately, readers are vulnerable to lies and half-truths. When a husband and a wife find their sexual relationship sagging, can anyone blame them for wanting to believe that if only they could permit each other to have intercourse with anyone desirable, even to watch each other swing, they would find their own sex life revitalized? Who can prove otherwise—without first trying? Especially when confronted by hallelujah testimonials such as those in *The Sex-Life Letters* (Tarcher), edited by Harold and Ruth Greenwald. The letter writers, who may or may not be

real people, sing the praises of practices ranging from whippings to urinating on each other. No trick is missed except corpse copulation. Somewhat more responsible is *The Civilized Couple's Guide to Extramarital Adventure* (Wyden), by Albert Ellis, the supersalesman of sex. Ellis takes a coolly rational approach. Instead of exhorting couples onward, upward and inward, he keeps asking: Why not?—and proceeds to argue all objections, to his own satisfaction, at least, out of existence. Ellis doesn't acknowledge the fact that mere mortals cannot by an act of will transform sexual intercourse into a transaction fundamentally indistinguishable from verbal intercourse, and he tends to illustrate his points with one-dimensional case histories. Still, he does go to the trouble of specifying unhealthy reasons for extramarital affairs; he does make a strong case for the avoidance of lying and for acceptance of a mutual extramarital policy; and he does conclude with a chapter on "How to Be Happily Monogamous in a Nonmonogamous World." Whereas Ellis writes about the subject impersonally, John and Mimi Lobell write as personally as possible. *John and Mimi* (St. Martin's) is a graphic documenting of sexual activities with assorted companions—the working out of a "free marriage." The two write alternate chapters, giving erotically detailed accounts of incidents that once upon a time were left to Henry Miller. In all of *John and Mimi* there is no grief, pain nor even unhappiness, except on the most superficial level. The Lobells are not only evangelistic but also exhibitionistic—and so the pleasure they get out of performing sexually in public may have different consequences if attempted by individuals who are more sensitive, reflective, private. Such people will find *Combat in the Erogenous Zone* (Knopf), by Ingrid Bengis, more perceptive. It is a profoundly subjective recollection of a woman who fights to avoid all generalizing, who insists that she can report only what she herself has experienced and thought—and yet produces more truth about the sexual experience than all the previously mentioned books put together. Bengis moves about freely in the sexual world and she reports back with integrity, chronicling all she has learned of what is required for one human being to respond sexually to another. John and Mimi Lobell would do well to read her; they might be astonished to find that although she is roughly the same age they are, she manages to understand so much more. Still struggling to come to terms with her urge to love/hate men, to love women and not lose her capacity to love men, Bengis offers much that is useful to the men and women of the Seventies who are crossing the sexual frontier into a wilderness that promises a rich harvest—to those who survive. She has learned that even in the

wilderness, the sun rises in the east and sets in the west; human nature, too, has its laws.

Can a novel be both beautiful and horrifying, enchanting in its tone and rhythm yet appalling, even physically nauseating in its events and subject matter? French writer André Schwarz-Bart's novel about the African slave trade in the 18th Century, *A Woman Named Solitude* (Atheneum), settles that question once and for all—in the affirmative. Schwarz-Bart's first novel, *The Last of the Just*, was one of the most powerful works of fiction to come out of the experience of European Jews in the deadly Nazi trap. Now he has turned his great gift for imaginative sympathy to the plight of the Africans who were torn from their native soil and forced to work as slaves on the plantations of the New World. Countless books have been written on the subject by both black and white authors, but Schwarz-Bart's novel performs the amazing feat—especially for a white man—of taking us into the heart of the African world and showing us the delicate yet strong culture that was destroyed by the slave traders. Two black women stand at the center of his novel, and both embody this culture in its most poignant form; that is, as a network of beliefs and rituals that tied the African to his land and to nature and could be shattered only at the expense of his wholeness as a human being. Schwarz-Bart has drenched his prose in the tastes, smells, emotions, symbols and magical events that produced the African and then, under the tragic impact of the slave trade, forced him to live a maimed existence. As we learn what the African was in his native land, we can begin to comprehend the extent of the human harm that was done him. Like all true works of art, Schwarz-Bart's book suddenly opens new perspectives on an old problem and, miraculously, it does this without a single word of overt interpretation or explanation. As one French critic put it, Schwarz-Bart doesn't simply tell this story: He lives it, suffers it, and each word is a drop of sweat, a bloody tear wrenched from his own entrails. A good part of the credit for this wonderfully vivid book must go to translator Ralph Manheim, who managed to preserve every delicate nuance and all the shimmering color of the original.

Eliot Aronson's *The Social Animal* (Viking), a smorgasbord of recent experiments conducted by social psychologists, touches on intriguing questions: Why do people conform to social pressure? What circumstances stop them from helping someone who is obviously in trouble? How can aggression be changed to cooperation? What are the

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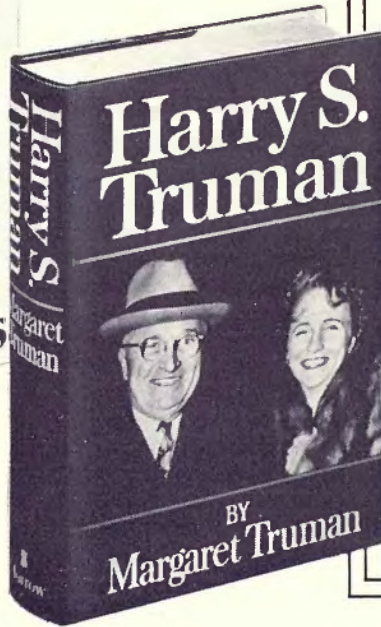
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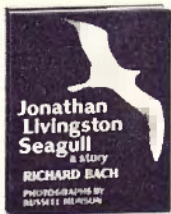
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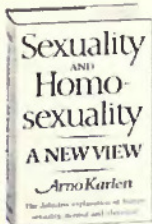
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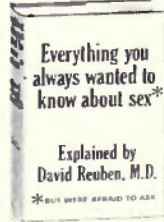
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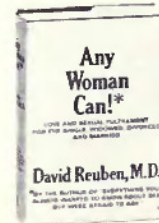


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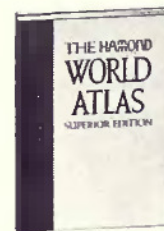
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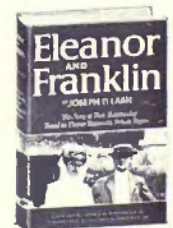
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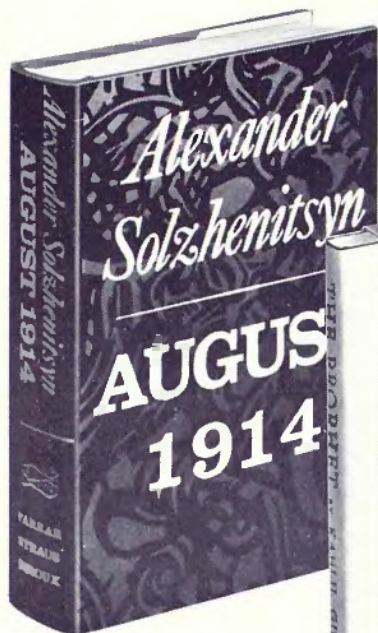


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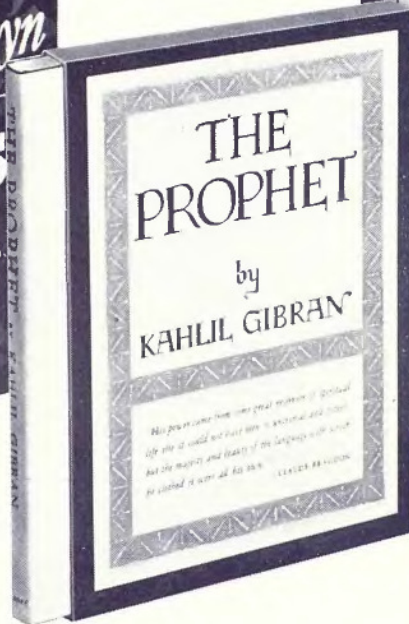
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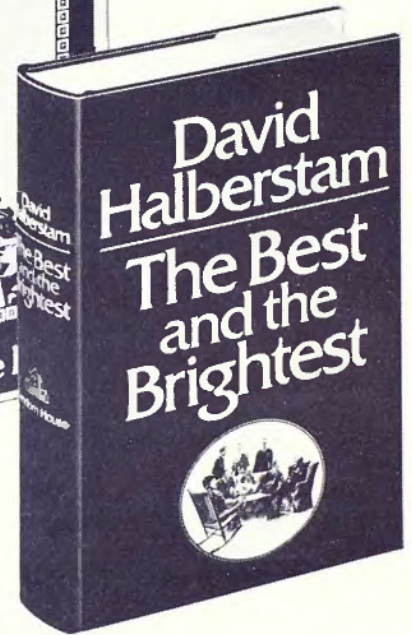
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factors that feed prejudice—and, on the other hand, what makes one person like another? Aronson, director of social psychology at the University of Texas at Austin, makes no attempt to give final answers. Instead, he reviews experiments that seek to illuminate small segments of human motivation and behavior. The most unsettling chapter in the book deals with self-justification. At its core is the "theory of cognitive dissonance" first proposed 15 years ago by social psychologist Leon Festinger. This theory holds that when we have two contradictory ideas, attitudes or beliefs, the contradiction is resolved by bending one to conform to the other so that we can feel comfortable. Thus, man is not a rational animal; he is a rationalizing animal, "motivated not so much to *be* right [but] to *believe* that he is right." Among other consequences, this leads to the justification of cruelty, as Aronson demonstrates with a number of distressing experiments. The higher an individual's self-esteem, it appears, the more likely he is to disparage someone he thinks he has hurt, reasoning that "because nice guys like me don't go around hurting innocent people, you must have deserved every nasty thing I did to you." *The Social Animal* raises more questions than it answers—but that's a plus, not a minus. If Aronson slips at the end into giving sensitivity training an endorsement that seems more optimistic than the evidence would support, it can be chalked up to the fact that, as a social psychologist, he is an empiricist—but as a philosopher, he is a humanist. And humanists have a way of hoping for the best.

Readers who remember the old Irwin Shaw may be surprised that the idealistic body puncher of *Sailor off the Bremen* and *Act of Faith* can be as light and funny—sometimes a little too light, but unfailingly funny—as he is in his new collection, *God Was Here but He Left Early* (Arbor House). The funniest of these five stories is *Whispers in Bedlam*, a novella first published in PLAYBOY, in which a 235-pound middling middle linebacker finds himself with a dimming left ear. Hugo Pleiss is a nice guy, but his football talent just bobbles along from season to season until surgery gives him superhearing to the point of telepathy. Now he can hear the other team discuss plays 15 yards away! Opposing players and the world's goodies fly into Hugo's huge arms. Can such a gift be anything but welcome? Yes, it can, as Shaw funnily demonstrates. Shaw demonstrates many things in this collection. A foolish woman is made pregnant at a ski resort by a handsome but indifferent Frenchman, and she seeks help from people whose heads are haunted by visions of burning Vietnamese villages. The juxtaposition of folly and tragedy cuts deep;

one could wish that the book included somewhat more of that quality. Still, it's amazing what mileage the master can get out of whatever he touches.

It sounds like a comic premise: the hijacking of a New York City subway train. But John Godey suspensefully plays it for real in *The Taking of Pelham One Two Three* (Putnam). This "underground" thriller has already achieved more than token success: Book-of-the-Month and Reader's Digest Condensed Book Club selection, a \$175,000 movie deal, a \$500,000 paperback sale. The novel's heroes—or antiheroes—seem almost modest by today's standards as they ask for \$1,000,000 ransom, but the step-by-step implementation of their plot is ingenious and the technical details of subway operation and *ambiance* seem authentic down to the last graffiti scrawl. Not so the characters, unfortunately. From the hijacking four (a soldier-of-fortune psychopath, an expelled *mafioso*, a discharged motorman, a gungel) to the hostage passengers (an off-duty cop, a drama critic, a black nationalist, an over-the-hill hooker), all are stereotypes. But then, how much depth do you want from a thriller—even one that runs below street level?

J. G. Ballard's novel *Love & Napalm: Export U. S. A.* (Grove) is the kind of book that must be worked at rather than simply read. And then, after you're all through sweating and straining, and you've figured out that the hero, who seems to be having a colossal nervous breakdown with almost cosmological implications, has been capriciously renamed every four or five pages by the author, that a good number of the episodes have absolutely nothing to do with the hero, his plight or anything else, and that the book's obscurity—a kind of mental smog—is there just to irritate you or, worse, to produce an appearance of profundity, what have you got? A simple-minded idea that everything violent in American life from auto accidents to muggings, political assassination and the bombing of Vietnam is really an expression of the sexual repression that seethes but an inch below all those intricate machines, superhighways, airports and sex lives that litter the author's pages. Which is to say, Ralph Nader really gets off on four-car collisions. It's the sort of idea that, once bluntly stated, would float away like the vapor over a garbage dump—so Ballard is careful to swathe it in his own particular brand of quasi-incomprehensible prose, tricked out with a vocabulary that sounds like the result of a punitive expedition into the land of technical dictionaries, starting with electronics and ending with mathematical physics. It seems that two other American publishers were supposed to publish this murky effort but backed out after consulting

with their lawyers—which only goes to show that lawyers can be better judges of literary horseflesh than the people who are paid to do the job. But nobody will be shocked, enlightened or moved to a libel suit by Ballard's soporific book. How he managed to mix up sex and violence, pseudo profundity and pseudo science into such a crashingly boring mishmash is one of those mysteries that, like everything about this item, is not worth going into.

On paper as in person, Romain Gary—lawyer, linguist, fighter pilot, diplomat, novelist, film maker—seems ready for anything. Now he's turned his fine Gallic hand to sci-fi. *The Gasp* (Putnam) has a breath-taking premise: What could happen if scientists found a way to capture the energy we all release with our final gasp? (Cf. Einstein on matter and energy.) A trio of French physicists, led by brilliant, flamboyant young Mathieu, devises a portable "gasper" that will imprison this energy anywhere within 150 feet of a death rattle. Its potency is almost infinite—one gasp could power a nation's entire industry. At first they just play with it to make cigarette lighters that will burn forever and to run their Citroën (nicknamed Albert after their dipso chauffeur, whose gasp they caught when he died of the d.t.s.). Of course, there's some leakage, and the lab often echoes with Beethoven or acid rock or the sounds of the sex act, depending on what was on whose moribund mind at that ultimate instant. Mathieu, showing off to his mistress—whose body might have been molded by Rodin but whose mind was molded by her native Texas—brings home one of the gadgets. She's convinced he's "stealing people's souls" and starts spending more time in church than in bed. But that's only the beginning. Mathieu, an idealist to whom "technology is the asshole of science," informs all the big powers of his breakthrough, hoping to avert a supernuclear arms race. Here M. Gary shifts gears, and a delightful *divertissement* becomes an unwieldy Strangeloveian satire, capped by an action climax that, if you stay with it, will pull you out of your chair. The trouble is, Gary lets his intellect sabotage his story thrust, and though individual episodes show great imagination, political insight and sardonic bite, the drama is dissipated. *Merde, alors!*

MOVIES

The heroine asks, "What are we doing in this apartment?" To which her paramour replies, "Let's just say we're taking a flying fuck at a rolling doughnut." If that sounds like dialog from the newest hard-core skin flick, guess again. The he and she quoted happen to be Marlon Brando and French movie newcomer

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Maria Schneider in *Last Tango in Paris*, a powerful drama (for a preview, see PLAYBOY's exclusive pictorial in this issue) by Italian writer-director Bernardo Bertolucci, maker of *The Conformist*. Everything about *Last Tango* is first-class and as far removed from the nether world of pornography as the art of Francis Bacon, whose portraits obviously inspired the film's sculptured intensity and gave a stylistic key to Bertolucci and cinematographer Vittorio Storaro. Unless Italian censors take scissors to the celluloid before it's approved for export, the language spoken and the sexual acts portrayed constitute a significant breakthrough in commercial films, particularly those featuring stars of Brando's magnitude. Some admirers of Marlon may be taken aback by his role here, though the part he plays—and plays brilliantly—fits him like nothing he has done before. Brando is deeply convincing as Paul, a middle-aged American in Paris whose tentative existence begins to collapse after his wife's suicide. Still in shock, he walks the streets, sees an apartment for rent and meets a seductive young girl (Maria) while looking the place over. On impulse, he rips off her underclothes and makes love to her, in standing position; and the odd-balling couple soon conclude a strange pact. They will have a completely physical relationship, no names given, no questions asked or answered. Thus, Bertolucci sets out to explore possibilities that have occurred, if only subconsciously, to everyone ever driven to despair by conventional romantic pairing. The final morality of *Last Tango* is its discovery that for-sex-only proves insufficient both for the man, who reveals his need for love in a hysterical outburst of passion and profanity beside his dead wife's coffin (a scene guaranteed to banish any shadow of doubt about Brando's emotional range), and for the girl, who ultimately opts for comfortable middle-class values. A case might be built against Bertolucci's self-indulgence in making her young fiancé (Jean-Pierre Léaud) an ebullient film maker and so a peg on which to hang irrelevant inside jokes about films and filming. But despite anal intercourse, genital word games and bedtime banter encountered only in the liveliest beds, Bertolucci is never vulgar by any standard that implies low aspirations or a simple desire to shock. At times, in fact, Brando makes love with his clothes on, when common sense would seem to demand that he join Maria *tout nu*. *Last Tango* is nonetheless a brave, outrageous, risky and exemplary film that shatters precedent while straining just a bit to achieve tragedy.

The chilling final moments of *The Assassination of Trotsky* almost save the entire picture, when Alain Delon as the

half-crazed killer is asked, "Who are you?" After a pause, he replies simply, "I killed Trotsky," as if that alone defined his theretofore meaningless existence. The scene works because names like Oswald and Sirhan still echo through recent history. Trotsky's assassin was a mysterious man named Jason, or Jackson—sometimes Jacques Mornard—who wooed a female disciple of Trotsky's in order to gain access to the famous exile's heavily guarded Mexican villa, and finished the job by plunging a pickax into his brain on August 20, 1940. Though experts still disagree about certain essentials of the story (some believe the assassin now resides in the Soviet Union, reaping whatever benefits may have accrued to the slayer of Stalin's archenemy), it is a fascinating tale, told rather woodenly for the most part by director Joseph Losey and scenarist Nicholas Mosley. Delon and Romy Schneider, as his gullible paramour, dominate the movie; Richard Burton, giving a measured performance in the title role, is hamstrung by dialog like "The truth, Sheldon . . . they cannot silence that!" *Trotsky's* uncertain mixture of death-in-the-afternoon poesy and violent political drama really congeals when Losey cuts away—and away—to the *corrida* to show us the destruction and dismemberment of brave toros. Such tourism reduces the complex tragedy of Trotsky to bull.

Atlantic City in winter light, exposed to maximum effect by cinematographer Lazlo Kovacs, is the setting for *The King of Marvin Gardens*, a down-in-the-mouth drama about the relationship of two brothers who never manage to synchronize their boyhood dreams of glory. The younger brother, played by Jack Nicholson, is a late-night FM monologist who talks out his inner life in a manner guaranteed to cure insomnia. The elder brother, played by Bruce Dern, is a ne'er-do-well con man fronting for black mobsters and trying to bluff his way through one more big deal—a scheme to finance a resort paradise on a coral atoll near Hawaii. The siblings meet in a dreary hotel to work out that dreary proposition in the company of two disconsolate whores—mother and stepdaughter (played respectively by Ellen Burstyn and Julia Anne Robinson). Life, it turns out, is rather more complicated than a game of Monopoly (Marvin Gardens . . . Boardwalk . . . Atlantic City—you remember), though possibly a bit less complicated than the movie tries to pretend. Scenarist Jacob Brackman (former *Esquire* film critic) and producer-director Bob Rafelson (*Five Easy Pieces*) collaborated on an original story that affects literary airs and conscientiously shuns simplicity wherever there is an opportunity to be

elliptical, symbolic or pretentious. Rafelson guides Nicholson through his first absolutely dull acting job and lets Dern become pushy and abrasive in a role that cries for at least a modicum of sleazy charm. Even the windy vistas of Atlantic City grow tiresome after a while, when the sad significance of an out-of-season carnival town is pushed at us for perhaps the 20th time.

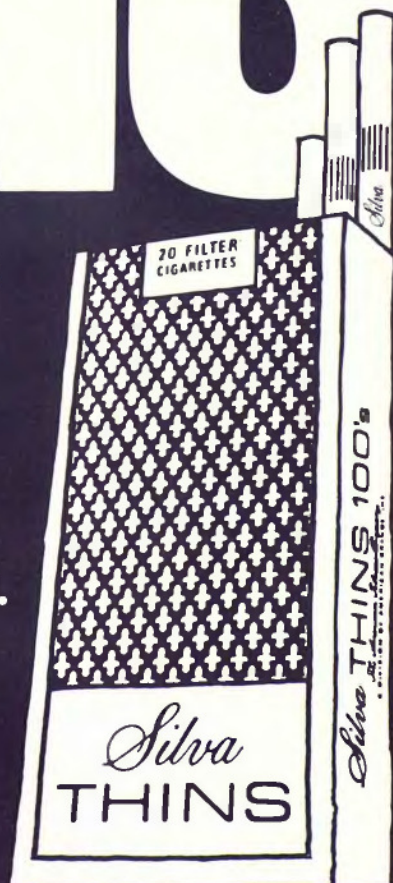
Tab Hunter, Anthony Perkins, Stacy Keach, Jacqueline Bisset, Ava Gardner, director John Huston and a black bear named Bruno play supporting roles to Paul Newman in *The Life and Times of Judge Roy Bean*, a Western so casually sportive that a moviegoer is apt to think the actors made it up between scenes. Though based on dubious legends about a real-life frontier character known as the hanging judge, *Roy Bean* has all the earmarks of a Huston prank in the vein of *Beat the Devil*. If light, outrageous humor were Huston's natural element, he would probably have chosen someone other than Newman to play the title role, for Newman is still too conscious of his own glamor to be entirely convincing as a raunchy, headstrong old bastard. Bean enters as a reformed bank robber who kills off an entire town because "they were bad men and the whores weren't ladies," then proceeds to make it over according to his own image of law and order, which means hanging just about anyone he doesn't like. He calls his town Langtry as a tribute to Lily Langtry, a theatrical idol he has never seen in person (portrayed by Ava Gardner in a wistful epilog). Among the mélange of episodes that never quite jell into a coherent whole, there is some passing fun about a pet bear that drinks beer, a splashy comic turn by Keach as an albino gunslinger who loudly calls himself Bad Bob and a nice debut by newcomer Victoria Principal as a spirited Mexican peasant girl with pure and simple amor on her mind. But in general, *Roy Bean* is doggedly frivolous without being notably funny.

Half a dozen talented black actresses make *Black Girl* both a poignant contemporary drama and a rousing good show. Briskly directed by Ossie Davis from a screenplay by J. E. Franklin, the film retains the stagy exposition that identifies its origin in Ms. Franklin's off-Broadway hit, but the staginess doesn't matter much after a while. *Black Girl* is filled with the emotional electricity that crackles through a houseful of women and children in a Southern small-town ghetto, and instantly establishes the experience of blacks raised in a matriarchal society where menfolk have become transient dudes and big-town hustlers, dropping in from time to time when

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they get hold of some extra bread. Brock Peters plays the absent daddy-o in this particular household, and his performance adds surface glitter to the film's compassionate, funny and fiercely realistic portrait of a spunky teenage girl struggling to break the ties that bind her family to hopelessness. In the title role as Billie Jean—who dreams of becoming a dancer but has dropped out of high school because a teacher hurt her feelings—movie newcomer Peggy Pettitt makes angry adolescent rebellion look like the beginning of awareness. Equally effective are three recruits from the original stage company—Loretta Greene and Gloria Edwards as a pair of homely half sisters who hate to see anybody succeed where they have failed, and Louise Stubbs as Mama Rosie, a lady whose firm resolve to see one or two of her wayward progeny get educated makes her hard as a clenched fist. Singer Leslie Uggams, in a relatively minor but crucial role as a foster daughter home from college, and magnificent Claudia McNeil as the venerable grandma whose beau shares her bedroom, just about wrap it up for *Black Girl* as a woman's picture with heart and soul to spare.

A fine, funky little movie called *Payday* charts the last day or two in the life of a country-and-western singing star whose chauffeur-driven Cadillac whips him through the Southland on a barnstorming tour. As Maury Damm, Rip Torn has his best screen role to date and performs it with furious conviction, whether singing (words and music mostly by PLAYBOY's Shel Silverstein), swearing or "hauling ass" down the open road. In the brief but erratic trajectory described by the film, he commits vandalism against his former wife's home, puffs grass, pays off a d.j., kills a man in anger and leaves a flunky to take the rap, picks up a hick-town chick (Elayne Heilveil) and mounts her in the back seat of the Caddy while his regular bimbo (Alma Capri, a sexpot who can act as well as simmer) pretends to be asleep. Canadian-born director Daryl Duke filmed *Payday* on location in Alabama and obviously felt at home amid the clutter of roadside honky-tonks and streamlined motels that are built to be seedy while still brand-new. Small, jagged bits of Americana comin' atcha with a real sting to them—rather like some smartass throwing beer bottles out a car window at 80 miles an hour: That's *Payday*.

Card-carrying members of the Ken Russell cult should find a lot to cherish (or defend) in *Savage Messiah*, opus number five from the wayward British film maker. *Messiah* is relatively mild stuff for Russell, but he creates his usual havoc with the real-life romance of a young French sculptor, Henri Gaudier-Brzeska, and Sophie Brzeska, a Polish

woman almost twice his age who shared her name with him, lived with him, starved with him, yet managed to keep the relationship heatedly Platonic until he died a hero in World War One. Two superb actors star in the principal roles: Movie newcomer Scott Antony bristles with promise as the lunging, frenetic Henri, and British stage star Dorothy Tutin—one of the best actresses anywhere, though seldom seen in films—makes the half-mad Sophie one of the more memorable eccentrics in screen history. "I don't like sex," she declares in a dusky tone of disgust that implies she has simply had her fill of it, every way imaginable. One long rambling monolog by Miss Tutin is a psychodrama that towers above the rest of the movie as a stunning tour de force. Where are the brave, beautiful young men of yesteryear? That's the question posed by *Savage Messiah*, and Russell answers: The best are dead. Behind the bombastic brilliance of his cinematic style, however, lurks a hint of hollow pretense. He fills the screen with striking images but seems at times to be making a mighty fuss over two poor creatures whose passion for beauty may amount to little more than certifiable lunacy. The secret of Russell's success appears to be that his wildest excesses are seldom predictable, and here he tops them all with the most provocative scene since the wrestling match of *Women in Love*—featuring statuesque Helen Mirren as a fey aristocrat named Gosh Boyle, who shows a gentleman caller through the family mausoleum without a stitch, and with the English cool of a duchess conducting a house-and-garden tour.

International superstar Charles Bronson plays a cryptic professional assassin in *The Mechanic*, a title presumably derived from the jargon of criminals in this specialized line of work. "Murder is only killing without a license," he says as he begins to teach the tricks of his trade to a cool lad whose father (played by Keenan Wynn) was a longtime friend and recent victim. Cast as the boy is young Jan-Michael Vincent, one of Hollywood's well-chiseled new faces. Bronson and Vincent carry out several contracts together in the course of *The Mechanic*, which was filmed on location in the Los Angeles area and is packed full of killing, karate and chase sequences—including one on motorbikes that strains credulity to the utmost but keeps the film's balance of terror intact. Our antiheroes turn out to be mechanical men caught in a completely predictable plot. Wind them up and they destroy each other—with maximum efficiency.

Jan-Michael Vincent reappears wearing a boyish grin and a loincloth as *The World's Greatest Athlete*, an above-average

potboiler from the Disney studios. There's another wild animal, naturally—a Bengal tiger named Harri, who steals the lion's share of the hero's affection from sex kitten Dayle Haddon, debuting as the coed hired to tutor Jan-Michael in biology. Vincent plays a teenage Tarzan whose running, jumping, pitching and tackling are noted by a pair of cow-college coaches (Tim Conway and John Amos) on a trek into darkest Africa on safari. In Vincent they see all the potential for a one-man varsity, woo him away from his godfather the witch doctor (Roscoe Lee Browne) and hurry home to register their prodigy in the freshman class. Everything that happens thereafter is as obvious as a pie in the face but sublimely silly at times, thanks to the situations and gags concocted by writers Gerald Gardner and Dee Caruso.

Tranquilizing drugs and shock therapy spell doom for the heroine of *Wednesday's Child*, a tortured girl from the English working classes who becomes a clinical model of incurable schizophrenia by the time family, friends and professional psychiatrists have done all they can to help her. Based on a BBC television play by David Mercer and directed by Ken Loach in the unvarnished style of a documentary case history, the story of poor Jan is unbearably poignant—a sick girl becoming steadily sicker as a victim of civilized society's institutional mercy. Former fashion model Sandy Ratcliff, who resembles Dominique Sanda after a week in Bedlam, rises to all the demands of her first important role as a creature stilled in an arid emotional climate where the young either run for their lives or wither away. Be a good girl: do as you're told; don't embarrass us. These are the rules set forth by a pair of nice, horribly average parents who force their daughter to undergo an abortion, scold her for having a nervous breakdown on a public conveyance and at last see to it that she's put away to be properly punished. There is chilling truth in every frame of film, and Loach's skill with inexperienced or nonprofessional actors is demonstrated by Grace Cave, a doughty English housewife whose well-meaning, vindictive, subtly monstrous mother makes most previous movie villains look like cream puffs.

The arch musical charade known as *1776* was Broadway's peace offering to middle-American audiences who were horrified by such outrageous entertainments as *Oh! Calcutta!* and *Hair*. The movie version, with most of the original cast intact, still has everything it takes to set a regiment of D.A.R. grandames tittering over their teacups. There's that old scalawag Ben Franklin (Howard Da Silva) nursing his gout and spouting maxims too racy for *Poor Richard's*

Almanac. There's testy John Adams (William Daniels), whose letters to his beloved Abigail burst into daintily suggestive songs ("Soon, madam, we shall walk in Cupid's grove together"). Not to mention lusty young Thomas Jefferson (Ken Howard), a founding-father-to-be who cannot beget the Declaration of Independence until he has fiddled his fiddle and diddled his bride. The picturesque authenticity of the film's settings—all water mills and Williamsburg façades—is so symmetrically framed for the cameras that 1776 seems deadest when it tries hardest to look alive, as though everyone and everything in it had been quick-frozen for posterity.

In his debut as a director in *Rage*, George C. Scott enjoys the incomparable advantage of having himself available for the starring role, which puts the movie in scoring position at the outset. Scott's earnest but blunt direction avoids gratuitous flourishes to concentrate on a kind of ecological horror story about a Wyoming rancher and his son who camp out with the herd one night and wake up next morning to find their livestock dead. At least the father wakes up. His son is semiconscious, and at the nearest hospital Scott finds everyone unwilling or unable to tell him why. Doctors, health-department officials, representatives of the U.S. military—nobody cares to discuss how hundreds of acres of grazing land came to be sprayed with a mysterious substance known as MX-3. A top-secret nerve gas, perhaps? Doomed himself, though he doesn't realize it at first, the rancher uncovers an answer of sorts when he finds his son's body on a slab in the hospital morgue. With an actor like Scott at hand, such a scene generates considerable emotional force but also marks *Rage's* decline into gun-blazing melodrama. One can feel grudging sympathy for the hero even when he's transformed into a murderous madman, yet an orgy of violence finally weakens the film's effectiveness as a fable about an insensitive bureaucracy that prefers to bury its mistakes.

RECORDINGS

Bonnie Raitt has that rare kind of voice that is elegant but still projects soul. Her first album showed promise, period. Her new one, with backing by some excellent Woodstock musicians, shows performance. Michael Cuscuna produced *Give It Up* (Warner Bros.), and it's to his credit that Bonnie has opened up, singing everything from country-style Dixieland to a poppish ballad (*Nothing Seems to Matter*). The title item, a bang-bang, up-tempo country blues with steel guitars, works the Dixieland vein, as does *You Got to Know*



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BY DROP

How, whose lyrics reflect the no-bullshit view of sex and love that Bonnie seems to favor. Eric Kaz, John Hall, Marty Grebb and John Payne are among the many talented people who helped out here, but Bonnie put it all together and it's her album.

Ray Davies and the crazy Kinks have come up with an ultimate statement about the dumb, demeaning, debilitating life of the pop star. *Everybody's in Show-Biz* (RCA) is a double album that demonstrates this in two ways. The first disc, done in the studio, is explicitly cynical about the business of touring and performing in America—the god-awful food, the turnpikes, the hotel rooms and especially the audience demands (*Look a Little on the Sunny Side*)—or the fantasy life of a Hollywood that makes everyone a star (*Celluloid Heroes*). Davies the songwriter has never been more direct. The second disc is a concert recording, showbiz in action, typically Kinky hard rock and music-hall buffoonery. This is life *onstage* and, for Ray, at least, it's full of ambivalence. The rock star is Mr. Grottesque, the ringmaster of a musical freak show . . . and yet he's obviously having a hell of a good time.

Jonathan Edwards is a skinny, freaky-looking guy with bony feet and a beautifully expressive tenor voice. His latest, *Honky-Tonk Stardust Cowboy* (Atco), shows that he can write songs almost as well as he can sing them. Jonathan's music celebrates the wonders of love and nature in down-home images, as in *It's a Beautiful Day*, a lovely, complex piece with subtle rhythm. Or he may try to evoke something of the folk performer's situation, as he does in three very different songs. The title ballad, for instance, is a musical *exemplum* about a sad, aging cat who wears cowboy boots and rhinestone suits and still wants to be a hillbilly star. There's a lot of magic in this album.

The Modern Jazz Quartet, rolling along like old man river, comes near cresting with *The Legendary Profile* (Atlantic). The group is, of course, as always: John Lewis on piano and electric piano; Milt Jackson, vibes; Percy Heath, bass; Connie Kay, drums. The music is a mix of Lewis and Jackson items, plus Tim Hardin's *Misty Roses*, and *What Now My Love*, which has been Gallic up to now but in the hands of the MJQ becomes a groove; they go very easy on the French dressing. The title tune and *The Martyr*, both by Jackson, are particularly beguiling.

Don't bother looking for the lyrics on *Eddie Harris Sings the Blues* (Atlantic). Harris has performed some electronic alchemy and turned his voice into yet

another instrument on three of the numbers in the album. The effect is truly electric and intriguing. Harris' wordless sounds often have a marvelous poignancy to them. On the three other tracks, Eddie limits himself to some "straight" stretching out on his electric sax. The backing is varied in number but consistent in its high quality.

Little Richard must really love music, because he keeps coming back to it. He came back to it once after a fling at being an evangelist, and he seems to have returned again after a successful run as a media celebrity. *The Second Coming* (Reprise) finds him reunited with his producer of the Fifties, Bumps Blackwell, and several of his backup men from that era. The results are some straight-ahead, rocking jams that are guaranteed to get you out of your seat. *Mockinbird Sally*, *Thomasine* and *Rockin' Rockin' Boogie* are right out of the Fifties; *Nuki Suki* and *Second Line* offer a modern r&b sound, despite the fact that the "second line" is a vintage rhythm from the *Vieux Carré*; *It Ain't What You Do, It's the Way How You Do It* has a slight country-rock taste, thanks to the guitar work of Sneaky Pete Kleinow and Mike Deasey; *Sanctified*, *Satisfied Toe-Tapper* is a primitive rock instrumental—seven minutes of jamming on one change—yet it's exactly what the title claims. Richard's vocals blend nicely with the band sound and, while he rap-sings on a couple of numbers, it's not the "Buy my image" stuff he unleashes on late-night TV. Our only complaint is that the cuts are a trifle overlong; if they'd been held in check, maybe another tune could have been squeezed in.

Blood, Sweat & Tears has reorganized: Its sound and approach are different, but some of the old group remains. *New Blood* (Columbia) features a few tunes, such as *I Can't Move No Mountains* and *Alone*, whose major/minor shifts and voicings will remind you of the old band, but now there's zap and variety where there used to be staleness and cliché. Jerry Fisher is a good lead singer, in some ways better than Clayton-Thomas, and the boys have a find in Georg Wadenius, whose singing and guitar playing (Slam Stewart style) make Herbie Hancock's *Maiden Voyage* the tour de force of the album. As they say, an auspicious beginning (or rebeginning).

Flutist Hubert Laws has just about wiped out everybody else in sight. If you doubt us, catch *Wild Flower* (Atlantic). Laws can be heard on flute, alto flute, piccolo and amplified flute and the backing, except for the closing *Yoruba*,

is by an orchestra-sized string section. *Yoruba*, a swinging item, is loaded for bear—pianist Chick Corea, vibist Gary Burton, bassist Ron Carter, drummer Bernard Purdie, conga drummer Mongo Santamaria and percussionists Airo Moreira, Warren Smith and Joe Chambers. Laws has tone, technique and ideas that stretch from here to there. Supersonic!

What a delight is *George Gershwin Plays Gershwin & Kern* (Klavier). Reprocessed from piano rolls America's premier popular composer made between 1919 and 1925, it has an astonishingly fresh, contemporary sound to it. Gershwin was no virtuoso of the keyboard, but he was no hack, either, and he obviously knew how to interpret his own compositions. What is surprising is the relish with which he threw himself into the works of his competition. Jerome Kern's *Left All Alone Blues*, *Whip-Poor-Will* and *Whose Baby Are You?* are well worth the price of admission.

Elegant Piano (Halcyon) is as aptly titled an album as we've come across in quite a while. Teddy Wilson and Marian McPartland—that pretty much says it all. Wilson has four solo tracks, McPartland one, and there are four duets that exude empathy and imagination. The LP leans heavily toward standards, all of which are anything but in the treatment given them. The session is honest, relaxed, intelligent and strictly first-class. Available by mail for \$5.98 from Halcyon Records, Box 4255, Grand Central Station, New York, New York 10017.

After a year-and-a-half recording hiatus, Tim Buckley is back, singing like a whacked-out version of Van Morrison. *Greetings from L.A.* (Warner Bros.) is what Buckley calls "full-out blues-rock type stuff," quite a change from his previous folk style. Mostly it deals with dat ole debbil, sex; and Tim's blackface, hard-on voice sometimes leaves us limp—not from exhaustion but from laughter. *Get on Top*, for instance, is what you might expect, a saga of squeaking bedsprings and talking tongues, but Kevin Kelly's zinging, probing organ is great. And so, in fact, is most of the music here.

Some charming oddities that came to light after his death in 1964 have been collected under the title *Unpublished Cole Porter* (Painted Smiles) by Ben Bagley, who calls this album a teaser for *Painted Smiles of Cole Porter*, a nostalgic musical extravaganza he plans to produce on Broadway by late spring. Karen Morrow, Alice Playten and that hardy perennial Blossom Dearie are among the cast members performing here, and their Porter words and music will grow on you, despite a few overworked musical arrangements. *I Could*

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Kick Myself is a fine, typically cryptic minor ballad, and the set's sprightliest novelties include . . . *I'm Only a School-girl*, *Pets*, *Humble Hollywood Executive* and a big-production song extolling the glories of *Les Belles Poitrines* (translated, that's "beautiful boobs," and no lyricist could match Porter at taking wicked liberties in French). According to Bagley, who produced the off-Broadway Shoestring Revues and an earlier Cole Porter revue (as well as a series of *Revisited* albums offering quaint, oft-forgotten show tunes by Irving Berlin, Vincent Youmans, Noel Coward and virtually everyone else identified with Broadway), the new album's cover—strewn with sumptuous costume and set designs by artist Shirley Kaplan—conveys a mere hint of the treasures in store when *Painted Smiles* prances onstage. Bagley promises a bevy of nude or seminude Glamazons, plus a troupe of performing midgets. With Cole Porter to help them, they just might make it.

THEATER

Pippin is cute—on a grand scale. This new musical keeps nudging itself and the audience in the ribs. Actors step out of character and make comments. If a snatch of dialog is terrible, we're told that it's terrible. One of the show's snappier numbers, *No Time at All*, sung senior-citizen style by Irene Ryan, is interrupted (and undercut) by the lowering of a mock-up of the sheet music so that the audience can follow the bouncing ball. At \$15 top, theatergoers deserve more than a community sing and lyrics with tag lines such as "Doo-dah" and "Yuk-yuk." Supposedly, this is a musical about Pippin, son of Charlemagne; but actually, the plot is a second cousin to *Dude*, a musical dud that preceded *Pippin* onto Broadway. This is misunderstood-youth country. In quest of self, Pippin samples war, sex, politics and revolution, finds them all wanting and chooses marriage. Roger O. Hirson's book is ballast, but Stephen Schwartz's music is sprightly. The cast, particularly Ben Vereen as the ever-present interlocutor, is bursting with energy and talent. And Bob Fosse's direction, aided by Tony Walton's scenery, Patricia Zippodt's costumes and Jules Fisher's lighting, is a paragon of theatrical ingenuity. Fosse's dances (and his dancers) are dazzling. If only there were a show worthy of the resplendent production. At the Imperial, 249 West 45th Street.

Berlin to Broadway with Kurt Weill, subtitled "A Musical Voyage," is a trip rocky enough to send any Weillophile to the railing. Weill is, of course, unparalleled as a composer of theater music, his genius surviving not only a change in atmosphere (the B. to B. of

the title) but a dazzling range of collaborators (from Bertolt Brecht to Ogden Nash). This show carries a full cargo of Weill's best music from *The Threepenny Opera*, *Lady in the Dark*, *Lost in the Stars* and other memorable shows, but the cast of five just isn't in tune with the composer. Instead of sardonically revealing their emotions, they grin and pose as on record jackets. The man most in evidence is an eight-by-ten glossy named Jerry Lanning, who delivers such numbers as *September Song* and *Lost in the Stars* as if they were pop tunes. Backed by an immobile set that's about as attractive as a subway station, a "tour guide" (Ken Kercheval) links the songs with a postcard version of the composer's interesting life. The narration alternately simplifies, sentimentalizes and condescends. "Text and format" are by Gene Lerner, who must therefore share the discredit with Donald Saddler, a choreographer turned director for the occasion. At the De Lys, 121 Christopher Street.

The idea for *6 RMS RIV VU* might have been retrieved from Neil Simon's wastebasket. Jerry Orbach and Jane Alexander play married (not to each other) New Yorkers who answer the same classified ad for a rent-controlled apartment—six rooms with a river view. Accidentally, but with some contrivance, the two strangers are locked in the apartment and immediately discover how much they have in common: education, friends, favorite restaurants, overly adjusted spouses—and fidelity. That last is soon reversed, between acts one and two. Fortunately, playwright Bob Randall has a feeling for contemporary chatter, director Edwin Sherin knows that this kind of comedy has to be believed to be seen and Orbach and Miss Alexander are two of the most agile light-comic actors in the theater. As Jerry plays his character, he is all adolescent impetuosity; he wants desperately to be on the other side of the generation gap. Jane is more pragmatic—but just as curious. In the first act, comparing lives and courting, they are funny (although the comedy begins to run down as consummation approaches). In the second act, the morning after, they return to the 6 rms accompanied by their mates and mask their mutual embarrassment with a hilarious pair of cold shoulders. The play is an anecdote, but the actors are welcome tenants on Broadway. At the Helen Hayes, 210 West 46th Street.

In movies, Alan Bates has specialized in withdrawn, sensitive characters. Now, onstage, Simon Gray's *Butley* allows him to be flamboyant, malicious and self-destructive. Ben Butley is an English professor who long ago stopped educating his dull students in order to amuse

himself at their expense. His early fondness for the poetry of T. S. Eliot has been replaced by an obsession with Beatrix Potter. Dressed as if from a rummage sale, his face a splotchwork quilt of razor nicks and worry lines, he is diving into despair. And he is going to drown everyone with him. His brief marriage is breaking up, as is a possibly homosexual relationship with a young protégé. Abandoned. Butley spreads futility like grass seed. This is a fiendish, spiteful character, but Bates manages to give him a certain dignity and enormous humor. The writing is acerbic and the direction by James Hammerstein, patterned after Harold Pinter's original London production, is precise. The playwright does not attempt to investigate the causes of Butley's collapse. All we know about him is what we see onstage, in his moment of crisis. It's the actor who transcends *Butley* and endows him, thrillingly, with dramatic life. At the Morosco, 217 West 45th Street.

Street theater. Radical theater. Guerrilla theater. They are supposed to wake us up politically, but what they usually do is send us to sleep with their familiar message: The system sucks! A lively exception is the *San Francisco Mime Troupe*, which has been playing S.F. parks for more than a decade and gets sharper every year. Whether or not you're in favor of replacing "a dishonest and boring system" with a Marxist one, as it is, the Mime Troupe knows that the first step to changing somebody's mind is to catch his eye. So its weekend open-air shows are loud, gaudy affairs, with oompah music and Indian-club juggling. All very *Music Man*—as is the brassy tone of the troupe's comedy sketches, which zap the usual: Nixonomics, male chauvinism, U.S. involvement in Asian hard-drug traffic. Originally, the company used a *commedia dell'arte* style that proved a bit academic for working-class audiences; now everybody gets all the jokes in the company's mock melodrama about women's rights and in its *Late, Late Show* version of CIA low-jinks in Vietnam, "The Dragon Lady's Revenge." Fast and funny, in the great tradition of coffeehouse satire, the bits don't end with the traditional what-can-you-do shrug but with a reminder that there is something we can do—such as throw the rascals out. Warned by your own laughter, you find yourself thinking that the Mime Troupe might just have something there. Two p.m. Saturdays and Sundays in various parks around the Bay Area. Call 415-431-1984 to find out which. The Mime Troupe will perform at the Kingston Mines in Chicago February 1-11 and at the University of Wisconsin in Madison February 15-17.



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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

While in Germany last summer, I ran across various ads for F. K. K. beaches and F. K. K. vacation villages. I didn't know what they were at the time and didn't look them up, but now a friend tells me that F. K. K. refers to beaches where you can go nude. Is he correct? Also, since I intend to return to the Continent this summer, where might I find other nude beaches?—T. P., Des Moines, Iowa.

Your friend is correct—the initials F. K. K. stand for *Frei Körperliche Kultur*—literally, “free body culture.” They indicate beaches and resorts that have restricted areas for nude bathing. Resorts on the shores of the Mediterranean that include nude beaches are on Formentera, Sardinia, Corsica, Mykonos in the Greek islands, Cap d'Agde, Ile du Levant and St-Tropez in France, and various spas along the Adriatic coast of Yugoslavia.

I'm thinking of converting my present stereo setup to quadraphonic but I'm uncertain what speakers might be best for the rear channels: small inexpensive ones or something on the order of the fairly costly ones I have now?—K. W., Detroit, Michigan.

The ideal loud-speakers to be used for the rear channels would be identical to the ones you're now using for stereo, which you should use as the front speakers in a four-channel system. The closer the rear speakers come to matching the front speakers, with respect to efficiency, directional characteristics, etc., the better the quadraphonic effect.

A married friend contends that because my fiancée and I are virgins, we will be disappointed with our first fling at sex on our wedding night. He suggests we take a “test drive” to find out if we're compatible before it's too late. My girl and I know each other very well and have discussed sex openly; we think it would be very romantic and just as enjoyable to play Adam and Eve on our wedding night as it would be to indulge in sex before our marriage. What do you think?—F. H., Lincoln, Nebraska.

Considering your commitment to each other, you don't see any necessity of saving your virginity for that high-pressured wedding night; and, indeed, you seem to be denying yourselves a great deal of pleasure by abstaining. Nor do we see why playing Adam and Eve on that particular evening should be more romantic than on any other evening, before or after the nuptials. However, if you have religious, moral or romantic scruples about premarital sex, suit yourselves. Don't get hung up on that overused word, compatibility; true, you may be

able to iron out some kinks by practicing the art of sex before you marry, but it's just as possible—considering your attitudes—that you might also incur guilt problems. In fact, if you've got the rest of your relationship going for you, if you're both physically healthy and if you continue to be honest with each other, your sex life should be happy and fulfilling, regardless of when you begin it.

I've had considerable discussion with my friends about the origin of the shape of the heart used on Valentine's Day cards. My contention is that it's derived from the underside of the head of the penis. Could you shed some light on the subject?—C. N., St. Louis, Missouri.

Sorry, Sigmund Freud was never involved with valentines. The shape of the valentine heart is simply a symbolic representation of the human heart and signifies affection and love. The first printed valentine, incidentally, appeared late in the 17th Century.

My husband of two years has come out of the closet and informed me he is bisexual. He's also become active in the gay liberation movement and found a lover with whom he spends most of his time. Although still affectionate toward me, he treats me more like a sister than a wife. The situation is making me an emotional wreck. Do you think there is any chance the pendulum might swing back? He has told me he just about cracked up while living “straight.”—Mrs. D. V., Columbus, Ohio.

If he's truly bisexual, as he says, then it's possible to save your marriage. It may not be like most marriages and, in fact, some kind of counseling or therapy for either or both of you might be required to help with the necessary adjustments if he remains actively homosexual part of the time. Only you and he can know if the relationship is worth the effort. But that seems to be academic, since if your description is accurate, your husband is a homosexual, not a bisexual (his actions should be more significant in making this judgment than his self-appraisal). If he is homosexual, then the prospects of a lasting marriage are nil. Assuming you want more than a brother figure in bed, we'd suggest you make your exit graceful but quick.

Though I was holding a confirmed ticket, I was recently “bumped” from a 707, apparently because the airline had oversold the flight. I was stranded in the airport for three hours before I could catch another plane. A friend claims I was entitled to compensation equal to the cost of my ticket—and could still have kept

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the ticket for a later flight or turned it in for cash, which would have amounted to a double refund. Was he right?—R. F., New Orleans, Louisiana.

Yes, he was. According to the rulings of the Civil Aeronautics Board, you were entitled to a "denied-boarding compensation" equal to the cost of the ticket (though not less than \$25 nor more than \$200). You also could have retained the ticket for a later flight or cashed it in for its full value, in addition to the compensation. Furthermore, you could have received the compensation right then and there or had a check for the amount mailed to your home address within 24 hours. But you can still apply for the compensation if 90 days haven't passed since the date of the flight; after that, most airlines destroy their flight records. Several catches: Oral confirmation doesn't count; it must be noted on your ticket. Also, if the airline can reroute you within two hours of the original flight, no compensation is given; nor is there a refund if you are bumped in favor of a Government official. And you must, of course, have checked in at least ten minutes before flight time. One thing more: If your flight is delayed for more than four hours, you may be entitled to free meals during normal meal hours, hotel accommodations during normal sleeping hours, plus transportation to and from the hotel. These services may vary, depending on the airline and whether you are flying first-class or coach.

How did the word ecdysiast, as applied to stripteasers, originate?—B. A., Minneapolis, Minnesota.

H. L. Mencken coined the word at the request of Georgia Sothern, a well-known stripper, who wanted a "more dignified" word to apply to herself. Mencken obligingly adapted the word from the zoological term ecdysis, which is "the act of shedding or molting an outer skin" and which derives in turn from the Greek ekdyein, "to take off, strip off"—in this case, clothing.

Our daughter has announced that her boyfriend will accompany her home from college on her next visit—and will share her bedroom. My wife and I appreciate the fact that she is no longer a child and we're willing to admit that today's sexual standards are vastly different from those that prevailed in our own youth. Nevertheless, having our daughter and a stranger flaunt their sexual liberalism in our own home would make us very uncomfortable. How can we veto her plans without creating the impression that we're being old-fashioned and overprotective?—G. K., Brooklyn, New York.

Tell her what you've told us: that she's free to follow her own sexual standards, but she is not free to make you

uncomfortable in your home. Your attitude is protective of your own feelings and, as such, is hardly old-fashioned. By asserting your rights, you may well regain the respect your daughter failed to show when she tried to bully you into accepting her plans without any prior consultation.

I've heard conflicting opinions about the durability of German white wines—unopened, of course. Could you tell me the facts?—S. D., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

Most ordinary German table wines are at their peak within two or three years of being bottled and pass their prime very quickly after that period. Better wines, such as those labeled Kabinett, which are made only from fully ripened grapes, reach their maturity within four or five years but can keep for as long as eight or more. Spatlese-quality wines, made from grapes picked after the completion of the normal harvest, can be kept in stock eight to ten years or longer. The very finest German whites—Auslese, Beerenauslese and Trockenbeerenauslese—can last for decades. Length of life, of course, depends on storage conditions that avoid extremes of heat and cold.

A few years ago, *The Playboy Advisor* stated that white shirts were the only ones acceptable after six P.M. Recently, I've noticed that at plays and at the better restaurants, about a third of the men are wearing shirts with color. Does the six-P.M. rule still hold?—W. T., Madison, Wisconsin.

Fashions change and so do we. While white remains a strong favorite, any color or pattern is acceptable at any time and in practically any place.

I'm thinking of driving to the West Coast, but instead of taking my own car, I'd like to contact someone who wants his car driven out there for him. Is there a business that specializes in this to which I can apply? If there is, what's the procedure to follow?—R. S., Chicago, Illinois.

There are many companies located in major cities that specialize in delivering the cars of private parties, companies or automobile manufacturers. To qualify as a driver, you must be at least 21, have a driver's license and put down a deposit of \$50, though the amount may depend on distance (the company insures the car for fire, theft and liability, usually with \$50 or more deductible). You must also fill out an application listing business and family references. Though it's possible for you to get a car the same day you apply, sometimes there's a delay, depending in part on your destination. At least in Chicago, more cars go to California and

Arizona become available once the weather starts turning cold—which should suit you just fine.

I question the tradition of a married woman's being forced to use her husband's name socially—for example, Mrs. George Brown, rather than Mrs. Helen Brown (or even her maiden name, Helen Smith). The usual form implies that the wife is her husband's property. I feel that my wife should be as free as I to choose how she'll be addressed. Comment?—M. F., Houston, Texas.

Formal etiquette is currently in a state of flux—women's lib is pressing for change in areas they consider demeaning to women, and we agree. Your wife should feel free to use whatever name she wishes in social intercourse, but she ought to be consistent. When it comes to legal matters, however—joint ownership, the handling of stocks, bonds, real estate, etc.—consult your attorney.

What can a guy do to relax an unwanted erection? I'm frequently subject to this in classes at college, which makes me sweat for fear it won't go away before the bell rings. Most of the time, I seem to get an erection without any obvious reason. Do you have any cures?—S. L., Phoenix, Arizona.

Let's talk about causes before we get to cures. It's common for young men to have erections when they're least needed, wanted or expected, for no apparent reason. But this is a relatively occasional phenomenon and should cause no discomfort or embarrassment (rest assured that even if noticeable, every male in the classroom has shared the experience and most females understand and are probably not offended by it). If your situation is chronic, it could indicate either that you have a very active fantasy life—in which case, we can only suggest that you try to concentrate harder on classroom matters—or that your erection is a reaction to a stress syndrome. Masters and Johnson have discovered that more men react to tension by becoming erect than has been previously recognized. If you eliminate the first reason and decide that stress is your problem, then you'll have to learn to relax under pressure—which is easier said than done and may require medical help.

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.





It's a whole different car inside. The 1973 Super Beetle.

For one thing, there's a lot more *inside*, inside. We're giving you plenty of legroom up front. And fantastic headroom.

We've also done a nice thing for your nose. Our new windshield is pushed way forward, and curved. It's actually 42% larger.

For comfort, the seats, too, are curved. The same way what you sit on is. And the same way your back is.

Inertia type seatbelts buckle up as standard equipment.

The padded dash is completely redesigned. To be read in a flash.

Getting in and out of the back seat of the Bug is now pretty easy even for non-athletic types.

And we've had some very fresh ideas about air. And how to circulate it. Our remarkable improved ventilation system even de-fogs the side windows.

Altogether, the interior of the 1973 Super Beetle is so radically different, you'd have a

hard time knowing it was a Beetle, except for the steering wheel insignia.

There remain, however, certain things that will give you the clue that you're driving a VW.

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The beauty of the new inside may be its beauty. But the fact that it comes in the car it does, is the most beautiful part of all.



Few things in life work as well as a Volkswagen.

How many times have you decided to give up smoking?

Nobody these days is telling you not to give up smoking.

But if you've given it up more times than you'd like to remember, the chances are you enjoy it too much to want to give it up at all.

If you're like a lot of smokers these days, it probably isn't smoking that you want to give up. It's some of that 'tar' and nicotine you've been hearing about.

So you tried cigarettes which were low in 'tar' and you found yourself checking every once in a while to see if they were still lit. Which drove you right back to your regular brand.

But now, there is Vantage.

Vantage cigarettes, either filter or menthol, have 12 milligrams of 'tar' and 0.9 milligrams of nicotine, considerably less than most cigarettes.

And what really makes Vantage special is our special filter which allows the tobacco flavor to come through.

Vantage isn't the lowest 'tar' and nicotine cigarette, but it sure is the lowest one you'll enjoy smoking.

And that's what makes all the difference.



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

Filter and Menthol: 12 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine—av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug. 72.

THE PLAYBOY FORUM

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

PRISON REFORMER CLEARED

Since you published my attorney's letter thanking the Playboy Foundation for its financial support of the American Civil Liberties Union in representing me (*The Playboy Forum*, October 1972), I thought you might like to know of my exoneration. Three prisoners had brought suit against me alleging that I was attempting to foment a revolution in Texas prisons. One of the three was paroled and vanished from the trial, a second changed sides and testified that prison officials had pressured him into suing me and the third stuck to his story. After six weeks, the U. S. District Court judge issued an opinion finding in my favor.

I am grateful to the Playboy Foundation for its assistance, which meant so much to us, and to PLAYBOY for publishing my story.

Frances T. Freeman Cruz
Attorney at Law
Houston, Texas

LONE-STAR LUNACY

The Texas marijuana law (two years to life for possession of any amount of the weed) continues to wreak havoc on the young people of this state. Dallas underground newspaper editor Stony Burns was convicted of possessing a minute quantity of marijuana seeds and stems. Since any sentence of ten years or less can be probated at the court's discretion, the jury thoughtfully sentenced Burns to ten years and one day.

In Wichita Falls, a many-times-decorated Vietnam veteran, Don Crowe, was convicted of selling one ounce of marijuana to an undercover agent. He got 50 years.

Generally speaking, a marijuana offender in north or east Texas stands a much greater chance of going to prison than one in south or west Texas. Dallas County, in north Texas, has 12 percent of the state's population, but it accounts for nearly 30 percent of the state's incarcerations. El Paso County, which has one fourth as many residents as Dallas County, has imprisoned only two marijuana offenders in the past year, compared with 234 in Dallas County.

However, public opinion is changing perceptibly in Texas. The fact that marijuana arrests have increased enormously during recent years has helped convince people that the anti-marijuana crusade

in this state has gone to an insane excess. Attorney General John Hill and Lieutenant Governor Bill Hobby have both called for an overhaul of the marijuana law. Dallas police chief Frank Dyson, a supporter of strict law enforcement, said recently that he favored reducing marijuana possession from a felony to a misdemeanor. This position is shared by the Texas Medical Association and the Texas Bar Association. A Dallas County grand jury has asked the legislature to review the marijuana-possession statutes.

The newly elected 63rd legislature is considering a new marijuana law for Texas. Young Texans will continue to be arrested by the thousands and jailed by the hundreds unless the existing law is changed. Texas/NORML has opened a state office in Austin plus four regional offices to dispense up-to-date information about marijuana to all parts of the state.
Stephen Simon, Director
Texas/NORML
Austin, Texas

DECriminalIZING POT

In answering a reader's assertion that "PLAYBOY crusades for legalization of marijuana" (*The Playboy Forum*, November 1972), you stated that PLAYBOY supports decriminalization, not legalization. That sounds defensive—as though you're trying to avoid sticking your neck out while maintaining a pseudoliberal posture. It also sounds absurd, because something that isn't a crime can't be illegal. Just what are you up to?

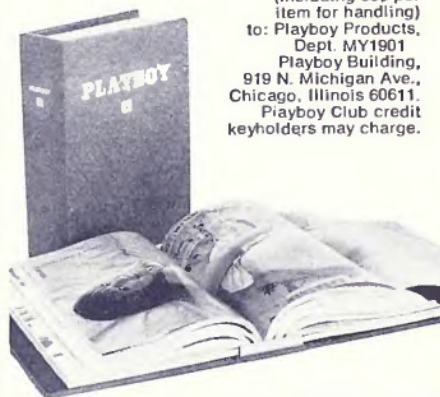
John Henderson
Des Moines, Iowa

At the moment, we're just trying to keep harmless people out of jail, which decriminalization would accomplish by eliminating criminal penalties for possession of small amounts of marijuana for private use. Legalization, as we understand the term, is different in that it would also authorize the distribution and sale of pot on the open market. Perhaps it seems absurd to support making legal the use of a substance that would be illegal to sell, but we do so for pragmatic reasons. We don't want to advocate full legalization without knowing the sort of regulations that will be proposed; e.g., what kinds of restrictions will be imposed on sales and who will enforce them? Will marijuana be merchandised like jelly beans, to anyone

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who wants it, at any age? Will it be subject to limited control like alcohol and tobacco? Will it be highly restricted like prescription drugs? Certainly, the answers to these and other questions cannot be known until research on the long-term effects of pot use has been completed. Meanwhile, the known effects of incarceration are much more severe than the known effects of marijuana use; beyond that, even if pot should prove to have long-term harmful effects, jailing people is a singularly cruel and ineffective approach to the problem. We think it should stop at once.

ATHEISTS IN UNIFORM

As one who does not believe in the existence of God, I agree with the admiral quoted in the October 1972 *Forum Newsfront* who said "an atheist could not be as great a military official as one who is not an atheist." Religious believers have always been the cruelest, bloodiest and most energetic warriors. They believe that they have superhuman powers on their side, that they are the epitome of goodness and their enemies the embodiment of evil and that if they die in battle they will be rewarded in an eternal afterlife. A non-believer, conversely, has no such aids to fanatical ferocity; he is more inclined to want to make the best of the world as it is, without risking the only life he has in the folly that most warfare turns out to be.

Thomas Sherman
Cleveland, Ohio

HANDLE WITH CARE

As quoted in the October 1972 *Playboy Forum*, Herbert W. Armstrong and his co-authors declare: "On the one hand, many boys have been told, falsely, that masturbation causes insanity, loss of virility, sterility, pimples, etc., etc." Then they say, "On the other hand, masturbation is a form of PERVERSION. It is a SIN! It does harm the boy—or the man—physically. . . ."

Now, I'm not worried about masturbation being sinful. However, I am concerned about the fact that the habit is not harmful "on the one hand" but is dangerous "on the other hand." Which is the safe hand to use—right or left?

Edwin James Doherty
Leavenworth, Kansas

MORE TO BE PITIED THAN SWUNG WITH

The letter titled "Myths About Swinging" (*The Playboy Forum*, November 1972) is filled with so much nonsense that my wife and I weren't sure whether to laugh or cry. Particularly outrageous was the statement: "Most of the nice, attractive couples you know are potential swingers, if not already there."

A few months ago, we became sufficiently curious about swinging to answer

FORUM NEWSFRONT

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

SOME PEOPLE HAVE DIRTY MINDS

The crime of indecency can take subtle forms:

In Minneapolis, a 29-year-old man was arrested for lying nude on the bed in his third-floor apartment while watching a football game on television. Two teenaged girls observed him from a neighboring apartment building and called the police. According to a newspaper account of the trial, the presiding judge pronounced the man guilty even before the defense presented its argument. When the public defender protested, the judge withdrew his ruling, then reissued it before the defense could give its closing argument. Again the attorney protested and was allowed to conclude his case before the defendant was convicted. Now police are looking for the man, who failed to return for sentencing. One observer commented: "He may have lost faith in our system of justice."

In Iowa City, Iowa, a man was arrested and jailed for three days on the complaint of a woman who said she saw him making obscene gestures in public. He explained to police that as he was trying to hook a trailer to a car, the trailer hitch came up and snagged his shirt, and he was trying to untangle himself. Charges were dropped when the woman failed to appear in court, and the state employment commission has since ruled that the man is eligible for unemployment compensation because the time in jail cost him his job as a cabdriver.

DENMARK DISPUTES "LORD PORN"

COPENHAGEN—A prominent Danish psychologist and legal scholar says that Denmark's experience with legalized pornography completely contradicts Britain's Lord Francis Longford—widely called Lord Porn—whose unofficial but much-publicized "report" denounces pornography as socially dangerous. Berl Kutschinsky of Copenhagen University's Institute of Criminal Science contends that the Danish experiment "could not have turned out better," and he cites the conspicuous drop in sex crimes in Copenhagen between 1965 and 1970. During that period, the total number of reported sex offenses declined 58 percent, with the number of child-molesting cases dropping from 220 to 96. Since 1967, Denmark has gradually legalized all types of pornographic material for adults.

KNOWLEDGE CORRUPTS

ROCKVILLE, MARYLAND—A Montgomery County citizens' group is blaming sex-education courses for the alleged rape of

a 13-year-old junior high school girl. Calling itself Parents Who Care, the group said in a press release: "Whether this was a case of rape or sex by consent, [we] consider it to be an intolerable act and condemn the Montgomery County public school system management for what has become the wholesale corruption of morals." Explaining the school system's responsibility, a spokesman for the group said that the sex-education courses "sort of dwell on sexuality."

THAT WAS NO LADY . . .

DERBY, ENGLAND—Foulmouthed female soccer players have managed to offend the gentlemen who referee Derby district soccer games. A district soccer official announced that henceforth women will be trained to referee women's matches. He explained: "Although the ladies' keenness is commendable, [male] referees who officiate at their matches rarely want to do so again. . . . The language can be quite startling."

NEW AND USED BRIDES

PORT MORESBY, NEW GUINEA—The local governing council in a remote part of Papua, New Guinea, has standardized prices on new and used brides. The maximum cost of a "brand-new bride" should be \$240 cash, five pigs and one cassowary (a large ostrichlike bird), according to the official pricing schedule. For a previously married woman, the cost should be no more than \$30, two pigs and one cassowary. Of the third-time bride, the council said, "Such women are of no commercial value."

NEVER ON SUNDAY

NASHVILLE—After a sudden police crackdown netted 31 businessmen for violating Nashville's Sunday-closing law, Judge Andrew Doyle declared that city councilmen "have their heads hid in a pile of hay" and instructed police to start enforcing local blue laws 100 percent. "The only thing you can do on Sunday is charity," he announced after studying the ordinance, so "bring me every preacher that preaches on Sunday, every bus that runs on Sunday, every picture show that opens on Sunday. . . . We are going to close this town down."

SAFE AT LAST

MC ALESTER, OKLAHOMA—An ex-convict, unhappy with the outside world, returned to Oklahoma's state prison and asked the warden to readmit him for four years so he could finish an art course. When the warden refused, he went to the district attorney's office and

falsely confessed to a number of crimes, but that didn't work either. Two nights later, he broke into a tavern, telephoned police that a burglary was taking place and waited on the sidewalk with his hands in the air until the squad cars arrived. A local judge reluctantly complied with the man's wishes and gave him his four-year sentence.

SLOW WHEELS OF JUSTICE

LE MARS, IOWA—A 70-year-old man has been freed after serving 17 years of a life sentence for a kidnap-murder of which he was wrongly convicted. A county district judge ordered the original charges dismissed and the man released when attorneys produced medical records showing that his confession was made while under the influence of LSD, stimulants and depressants. The drugs were administered in large doses while he was being held at a state mental hospital.

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT

PHILADELPHIA—An extensive study of juvenile delinquency suggests that simple punishment rarely fits the crime, doesn't deter it and may do more harm than good. A group of University of Pennsylvania researchers, headed by Dr. Marvin Wolfgang, compiled histories of 9915 boys born in Philadelphia in 1915 and found that one out of three had been arrested at least once before age 18. However, a "hard core" of only six percent accounted for some 53 percent of the group's total crimes. Race and socioeconomic status were found to be the most important factors both in delinquent behavior and in the disposition of cases. Whites, regardless of social and economic levels, generally fared better than nonwhites. On the effectiveness of juvenile-justice systems, the report observed: "Not only do a greater number of those who receive punitive treatment continue to violate the law but they also commit more serious crimes with greater rapidity than those who experience a less-constraining contact with the judicial and correctional systems."

The Philadelphia study tends to support the controversial decision by Massachusetts juvenile authorities three years ago to close down reform schools in favor of halfway houses, group shelters, forestry work, special counseling services and community programs. Dr. Jerome Miller, the state commissioner of youth services, reported that juvenile recidivism has declined by two thirds since the new correctional system was established.

LIBERAL POT LAW REVERSED

ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN—A local district judge has ruled that the city's five-dollar penalty for marijuana violations is an

unconstitutional "intrusion of the legislative body of Ann Arbor in the judicial function of the state." Last year, the city council put marijuana offenses in virtually the same category as illegal parking. The judge's decision reinstates the city's maximum criminal penalty of 90 days in jail or a \$100 fine, or both; but Ann Arbor's city attorney, who supports the new ordinance as "the only sane way to handle the pot question," said he would appeal the ruling.

KNOT TIED THROUGH LOOPHOLE

HOUSTON—Texas has become the first state to authorize a homosexual marriage, but it happened through an oversight that authorities are now trying to correct. The male couple, a former football player and a female impersonator, were wed after the Texas attorney general ruled that state law does not prohibit homosexual marriages, it only prohibits two persons of the same sex from obtaining the necessary license. In this case, the couple secured a license by applying in the small town of Wharton, where all brides are assumed to be female, especially when named Billie and wearing a miniskirt. The district attorney in Houston, where the ceremony was held, now insists that the license was obtained through fraud and the marriage is invalid. However, the Texas Family Code states that, except for bigamists or where a close blood relationship exists, "the validity of a marriage is not affected by any fraud, mistake or illegality that occurred in obtaining the marriage license"—which leaves state authorities still threatening to prosecute on fraud charges and the couple's lawyer threatening to sue if the state refuses to recognize the marriage. Meanwhile, the Dallas minister who performed the ceremony said: "We marry souls, not bodies. . . . As far as I'm concerned, they are married in the eyes of God and in the eyes of Texas."

MURDER AND MARIJUANA

In the eyes of Texas, marijuana is worse than murder, judging from some recent jury sentences:

In Belton, one murderer was given a two-year sentence, and another, involved in two killings, has been tried for one and received five years' probation.

In Dallas, an underground-newspaper editor was convicted of possessing one tenth of an ounce of marijuana seeds and stems and was sentenced to ten years and one day; and in Wichita Falls, a first offender was given 50 years for allegedly selling one ounce of pot to an undercover agent. (See letter in this month's "Playboy Forum.")

some ads in a magazine and an underground newspaper. We met about 12 couples; they had a great deal in common—all of it bad.

Physically, they were about as attractive as a school of mackerel. Almost without exception, they had no intellectual or cultural interests and could discuss nothing but their sexual experiences. Far from being open, honest and unhypocritical, as contended by the letter writer, most resisted discussing their names, addresses and jobs, and generally behaved as if they were ashamed of what they were doing.

We have never met a more depressing, uninteresting and lifeless assortment of people. We persevered as long as we did only because we kept thinking we were meeting the exceptions. Finally, however, we concluded that those who maintain swinging as a life style do so because they are so shallow and unappealing that they are unable to develop mature, benevolent and meaningful relationships. Meeting them is the quickest possible way to destroy one's taste for extramarital sex.

(Name withheld by request)
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

BREAST FANTASIES

In the October 1972 *Playboy Advisor*, you advise a woman whose otherwise good marriage is marred by her feeling that her husband is disappointed by her small breasts to forget it and keep working at her marriage. That's unfair on two counts. First, you should have apologized to her for the role *PLAYBOY* plays in glorifying large breasts. Second, you should have advised her to see a plastic surgeon.

When I was flat-chested, I had a string of impotent and undersexed male companions. I never had an orgasm, never received gifts, never made much money or had much fun. Then I had silicone implants, and tripled my popularity. Now I make much more money—as a topless, bottomless dancer—and enjoy men on my terms.

Publish this and get some reality into the lives of your readers. Reality is the best medicine for any difficulty.

(Name withheld by request)
San Francisco, California

First, we don't feel that publishing pictures of attractive, well-proportioned women is an effort to glorify large breasts or requires any apology. Second, we're happy that silicone worked for you, but we get the feeling that you are more attached to unreal ideas about breasts than most men are.

A LESS-THAN-MODEST PROPOSAL

I think I've got the answer to the problem of airplane hijacking. Since none of the methods of detecting smuggled weapons seems to work, I propose

the ultimate security measure: Everybody should ride nude. All clothing, as well as luggage, would be checked before boarding and returned to the passengers at their destination.

Airlines would benefit greatly; air travel would become even more popular, as passengers would constitute their own in-flight entertainment. Shy people could be provided with hospital gowns. Of course, stewardesses need not participate in the general nudity, but I would hope that the spirit of camaraderie would make them want to, as the phrase "friendly skies" acquires a couple of new meanings.

John Flynn
San Francisco, California

CHALLENGING FILM

If Americans think they are the only ones who have trouble caused by censorship regulations, they should hear what's happening in Canada. I ordered a historical 8mm movie from abroad (i.e., the U.S.) depicting steam locomotives of the Challenger type. After the package arrived in Canada, I was informed that it had been sent to Ottawa because it was pornographic. When I asked the clerk how he arrived at that conclusion and if he had actually examined the film, he repeated only that the package was pornographic and had been sent to Ottawa.

Several weeks later, the parcel arrived at my door without explanation or apology. I can only conclude that some clerks consider any imported 8mm film pornographic and, no doubt, that the title, *The Challengers*, inspired some wild fantasies.

Stefan Czereyski
Montreal, Quebec

SUPPRESSED INFORMATION

While recovering from my second abortion in less than two years, I read in the November 1972 *Forum Newsfront* about U.S. postal authorities citing the Comstock Act in an attempt to prevent student groups from sending abortion and birth-control information in the mail. I was infuriated. I receive junk mail every day, courtesy of the U.S. Postal Service, but if I'd had information on birth control two years ago, I might have been spared at least the first of the abortions. (The second one only goes to show that even if you use an approved method of birth control, pregnancy may still occur.) I hope this generation is a little wiser than our parents' generation was—wise enough to inform children about birth control and wise enough to get idiocies like the Comstock Act off the books.

(Name withheld by request)
Seattle, Washington

A U.S. District Court in Atlanta, Georgia, has found that the First

Amendment's protection of free speech includes information on how an abortion may be obtained. Therefore, the court stated, the U.S. Postal Service cannot refuse to accept this information for mailing. This decision will probably affect the similar cases mentioned in the November 1972 "Forum Newsfront."

ABORTION AND MA BELL

The state of Washington has legalized abortion, and I have been licensed to operate a clinic in which the procedure is performed on an outpatient basis. In a letter to the Pacific Northwest Bell Telephone Company, I requested that my listing in the Yellow Pages be amended to include my specialty by adding the line: "Practice limited to termination of pregnancy." They refused, stating it was against their policy to use the word abortion or any other terms connoting that procedure. They added that the Washington State Medical Association "informs us that it considers unethical the use of the word 'abortion' or related terminology in the Yellow Pages of the telephone book."

Since I am licensed to perform abortions, I think I should be allowed, as other physicians are, to list my specialty in the telephone directory.

Charles B. Arnold, M.D.
Tacoma, Washington

GENOCIDAL PREOCCUPATION

In your answer to my letter in the September 1972 *Playboy Forum*, you asserted, "A fetus is a nonhuman, or pre-human, organism not yet entitled to full human rights . . ." and concluded that it can be aborted with impunity. Keep telling people that killing a fetus is moral and eventually there will be no one left to read your magazine.

Richard J. Greene
Los Angeles, California

In your first letter, you stated that legalized abortion could lead to "selective extermination" and "no hope for human life." Now you tell us that calling abortion moral will wipe out PLAYBOY's audience. In your preoccupation with doom and gloom, you've missed two important points: The right to abortion permits a woman to terminate an unwanted pregnancy. There are plenty of wanted pregnancies. Also, selective extermination is practiced by governments claiming power over people's bodies. If we want to discourage such claims, we should keep government out of such matters as abortion (see the following two letters), leaving the decision up to the persons directly involved.

COMPULSORY ABORTION

Well, the very thing that pro-abortion liberals said would never happen has happened: A Maryland official has tried to force a girl to have an abortion, even

though she wanted to have the baby and marry its father. Apparently the teenage girl's mother had reacted to the news of her daughter's pregnancy by reaching for the nearest phone and arranging an abortion. When her daughter refused, the woman went to court and succeeded in getting an order not only commanding the girl to obey her mother and undergo the operation but also placing the girl in jail until the procedure could be carried out. The judge who made this decision reasoned that the state's liberalized abortion statute "was to encourage children not to have unplanned-for families. . . . I can't read into it that they have a right to consent and therefore they have a right to object, because the philosophy back of it is to get medical assistance to the people and prevent these unfortunate social consequences of early promiscuous sexual conduct on the part of young people who are totally incapable of dealing with these problems." Fortunately for the girl, her lawyer successfully appealed the decision.

I am delighted that the girl will not have to undergo an abortion, and I think her case indicates that those who are trying to have restrictive abortion laws repealed are either naïve or maliciously lying when they assert that they're only trying to maximize the choices available to women.

James Walters
Portland, Oregon

I've long been aware of the harm done by laws prohibiting abortion; now that such laws are gradually being repealed, I have been expecting that the authoritarian mentality would catch up and try to make abortion compulsory. Now it's happened. A 16-year-old, unmarried, pregnant girl was ordered to remain in jail by a judge in Kent County, Maryland, and to be taken by the sheriff to undergo an abortion. This young woman wanted to have her baby and stated that she believes abortion is murder. Nevertheless, an operation was scheduled at a local hospital. Fortunately, an emergency session of the Court of Special Appeals of Maryland reversed the order.

Obviously, the idea that certain decisions should be left up to the individual—that people should be in charge of their own lives—is completely alien to many people in this country.

Kenneth Jones
Baltimore, Maryland

EXPERIMENT ON HUMANS

It was with shock that I read in my local paper that 430 men with syphilis were allowed to go untreated since 1932 as part of a Federally sponsored experiment. Only about 75 of the men are alive today, and it is estimated that anywhere from 28 to 100 of them died as a direct result of untreated syphilis. The experiment was done, the article

stated, "so that doctors could determine through eventual autopsy what damage the disease does to the human body."

Apparently this would not have come to light except for an Associated Press story disclosing it last July, which led to a Federal panel's investigation of the experiment and its recommendation last October that, finally, it be ended. Thus, for 40 years, authorities in this country experimented on human beings to their detriment and without their knowledge—the sort of thing for which we condemned Nazi Germany. In this case, the victims were not Jewish but black.

Robert M. Mayo
Baton Rouge, Louisiana

SURVEILLANCE STYMIED

The number of ways the Federal Government can pry into one's affairs never ceases to amaze me. I was glad to learn that a U. S. District Court in San Francisco has taken the first step toward plugging one such peephole. It seems a law was passed in 1970 requiring banks to let the Feds examine their customers' deposits, withdrawals and other transactions. The court ruled that this law violates the constitutional right of privacy, though it upheld the portion of the statute that requires banks to report transactions involving foreign bank accounts. Even so, Senator John Tunney of California hailed the decision because "it says that a person's check is his private business," and the A. C. L. U. called it "an important victory in its continuing attempt to prevent surveillance by the Federal Government over the financial affairs of its citizens." I'm grateful there are people as unremitting in their efforts to protect freedom as Government agencies are in their efforts to invade it.

Robert Fong
San Francisco, California

KENT STATE LITIGATIONS

Some people may think the tragedy of Kent State is ancient history and should be forgotten. Actually, the various cases demonstrating the profound significance of the Kent State shootings and of the Federal Government's mishandling of the matter are only now reaching their critical phase.

Last October, the U. S. Supreme Court agreed to listen to arguments in the case of *Gilligan vs. Morgan*. In this suit, certain Kent State students and organizations are asking that a Federal court review and revise Ohio National Guard procedures and practices.

Also in October, an entirely different case, *Schroeder vs. Kleindienst*, was filed in the U. S. District Court for the District of Columbia. Its aim is to compel the U. S. Attorney General to stop preventing a Federal grand-jury investigation of the Kent State shootings. There

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is strong evidence that the acts of some National Guardsmen resulting in the deaths and injuries at Kent State were violations of Federal criminal laws. At the present time, this evidence is being held in the national archives under lock and key. It was deliberately withheld from the Ohio state grand jury by the special state prosecutors, and it has never been presented to any Federal grand jury. The evidence was examined by the Scranton Commission on Campus Unrest, but this commission refrained from making specific criminal charges and findings in its report, only because it had been led to believe that there would be Federal prosecutions. However, instead of proceeding with prosecutions, the Administration has tried to bury the evidence. In plain violation of a specific provision of the Public Records Act, the Administration has even refused to let a U. S. Senate committee examine this material.

Other Kent cases with far-reaching consequences are now about to be decided. In *Krause vs. Ohio* (a suit brought by Arthur Krause, father of one of the Kent State victims), which is now on appeal to the U. S. Supreme Court, the state of Ohio is claiming that it has sovereign immunity against suit for any deprivation of constitutional rights, even when it has cut off all other possible redress for the victim. In *Krause vs. Rhodes*, an unfavorable decision has been rendered, eviscerating the major remedy for civil rights violations provided by Federal law, and is being appealed. If we should be successful in either case, there will be a trial and the public will have a chance to learn what really happened at Kent.

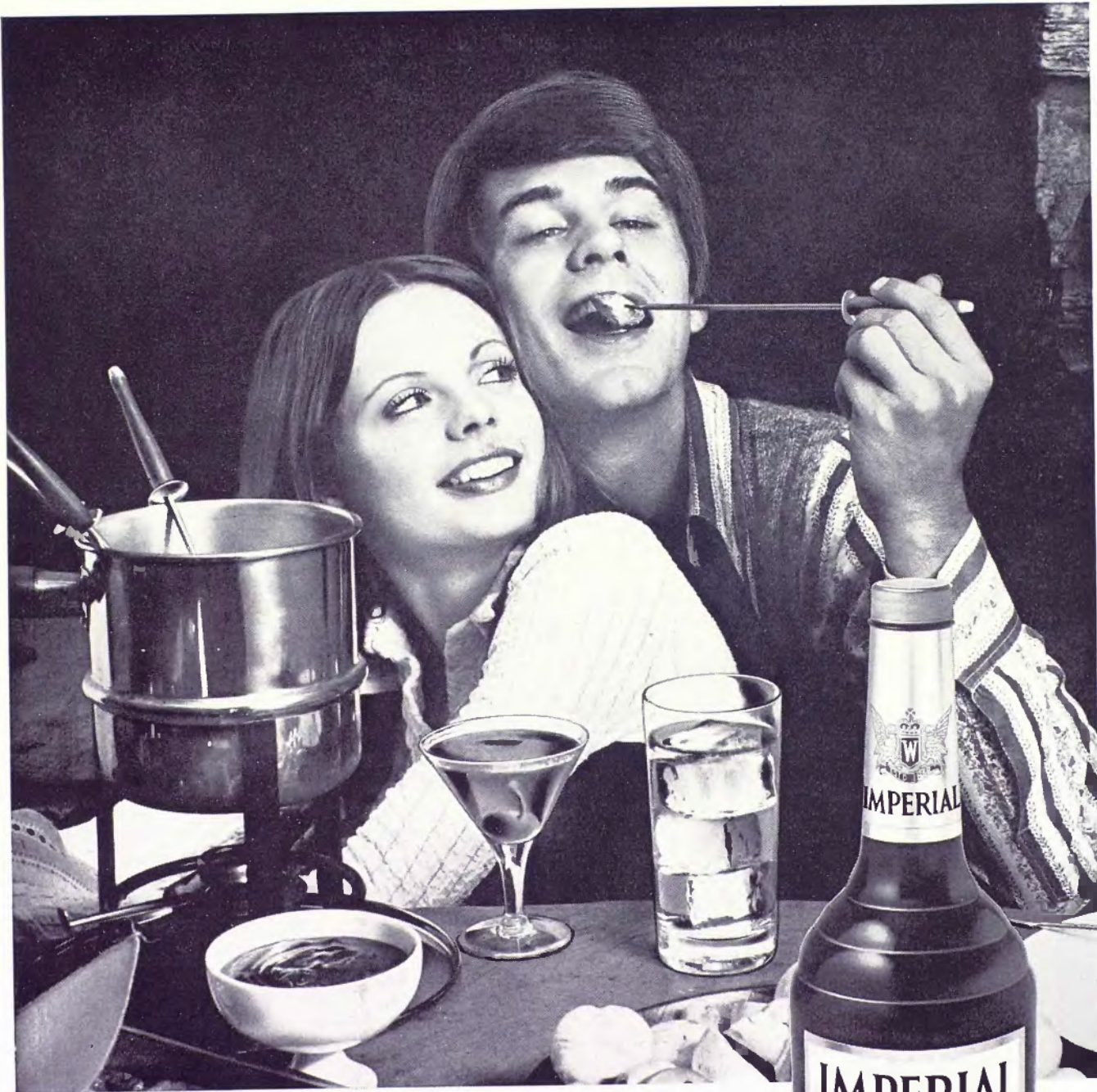
Three of these suits are being paid for by the Kent State Due Process of Law Fund (to which the Playboy Foundation has contributed). *Gilligan vs. Morgan* is an A. C. L. U. case. The attorneys are donating their services but the expenses still are substantial. Those who value a free, just and nonmilitaristic society can play an essential part in this struggle with a tax-deductible contribution to the Kent State Due Process of Law Fund, Department of Social Action, National Council of Churches, 475 Riverside Drive, New York, New York 10027.

David E. Engdahl
Associate Professor of Law
University of Colorado
Boulder, Colorado

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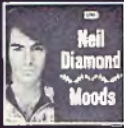
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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: MILTON FRIEDMAN

a candid conversation in which the maverick economist advocates the abolition of welfare, social security and the graduated income tax

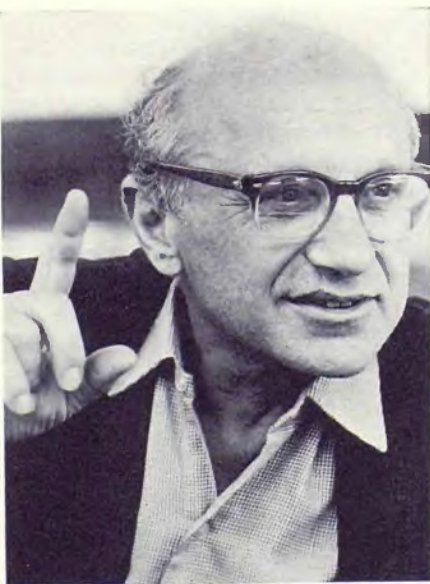
Bertrand Russell studied economics briefly but quit because it was too easy. Max Planck, the physicist whose breakthroughs in quantum mechanics were as revolutionary as Einstein's in relativity, dropped economics because it was too hard. They were probably both right. That sort of paradox seems to agree with Milton Friedman—and to surround him. Friedman's own reputation, for example, as the most original economic thinker since John Maynard Keynes, is due in large part to his exhaustive criticism of the theories first set forth by Keynes. There are other contradictions. Even though he had an ambiguous advisory role in the Goldwater campaign and supported Nixon's reelection—despite the fact that Nixon has said he is now a Keynesian in matters of economic policy—Friedman calls himself a liberal. (In his book "Capitalism and Freedom," he argues that "collectivists" have stolen the label.) He takes any number of positions that by themselves would appeal to the left, only to couple them with proposals that seem clearly right wing: He thinks we should close the tax loopholes—and eliminate the graduated income tax; and he is in favor of a negative income tax (in effect, a guaranteed income); but he wants to shut down Social Security.

If there is a single conceptual anchor for these proposals, it is Friedman's deep and abiding belief in free enterprise. In his view, the free market is the best device ever conceived for ordering human affairs, and he sees it everywhere threatened by the welfare state. Laissez faire and the intellectuals who support it had once sunk to such low esteem that John Kenneth Galbraith could joke that a meeting of free enterprisers held in Switzerland after World War Two broke up in disagreement over the question of whether the British navy should own or lease its battleships. It is testimony to Friedman's tireless, good-natured efforts and the vigor of his arguments that economic ideas once regarded as hopelessly out of date are now being seriously discussed again.

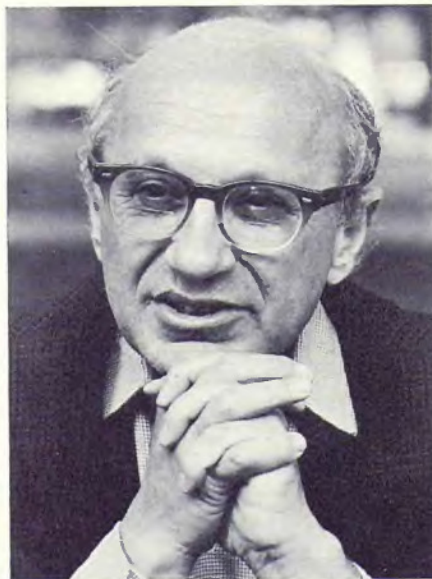
In a way, Friedman is proof of his own assertions about the free market and the opportunities it affords. His parents immigrated to this country from eastern Europe and settled in Brooklyn, then in Rahway, New Jersey, where Friedman grew up in working-class surroundings. Under a scholarship, he attended Rutgers University, where he studied math and was introduced to his life's work in a course taught by Arthur Burns, who is now the chairman of the Federal Re-

serve Board as well as a friend and student of Friedman's. He held a number of teaching and research jobs—encountering an occasional obstacle thrown up by anti-Semitism—before joining the faculty of the University of Chicago in 1946, the same year he took his Ph.D. from Columbia. The university has been the focal point of his life ever since, and the branch of economic thought that includes his ideas is called "The Chicago School."

Perhaps the best example of Friedman's migration from the wilds of economic theory to a position near center stage involves his approach to money. In his book "A Monetary History of the United States," a classic in its field, he argues that the crucial factor in economic trends has been the quantity of money, not what the Federal Government is doing about taxes or spending at any given time. While not all economists were convinced, they were impressed. And early in the first Nixon Administration, Friedman's ideas were finally implemented as well as discussed. His official influence has waned somewhat since then—Nixon subsequently introduced wage and price controls, which are anathema to Friedman—but the 60-year-old economist says, "I like to be



"Even the most ardent environmentalist doesn't really want to stop pollution. We can't afford to eliminate it. The answer is to allow only pollution that's worth what it costs, and not any that isn't."



"The Government solution to a problem is usually as bad as the problem. Take the minimum wage, which has the effect of making poor people—those it was designed to help—worse off than before."



"What kind of society isn't structured on greed? The problem of social organization is how to set up an arrangement under which greed will do the least harm. Capitalism is that kind of system."

an independent operator, anyway."

When he's not teaching at Chicago or traveling to a debate or lecture or testifying before a Congressional committee ("a waste of time and I generally try to get out of it"), Friedman can be found in Ely, Vermont, where he and his wife, Rose, who is also an economist and edits his books, have a home near the crest of a high, gently sloping hill that gives way to the Connecticut River Valley. Friedman spends almost half of each year on this hill, writing (he has a column in every third issue of Newsweek), skiing, relaxing and enjoying the good life—all pleasures to which few of us would have access, he would remind you, in a collectivist society. Senior Editor Michael Laurence, who is PLAYBOY's resident financial expert, and Associate Articles Editor Geoffrey Norman visited Friedman at his hillside retreat to conduct this interview. Their report:

"Friedman is the sort of man who really lives for ideas. His home and office are piled with books, papers, manuscripts, journals and correspondence, and his talk is generally academic, though relieved by an occasional anecdote or aphorism. He clearly loves intellectual give and take—so much that in the three days of our interview, he took time out to instruct our photographer in the merits of free enterprise and to take several phone calls from people in Washington who wanted his advice on and appraisal of recent developments in international finance.

"Whoever he was talking to, Friedman showed an almost childlike enthusiasm when his mind went to work on a subject, even if it was the formulation of a program he's been advocating since the early Fifties. There was also something about the very cogency of the man's ideas. The unity of his vision. His consistency. Whatever one thinks of his positions, we found it impossible not to admire the skill of his arguments and his nearly Socratic use of logic. Since neither of us had ever quite fathomed pure economics or been able to understand why economists—who wield such a profound influence over all our lives—have such difficulty in agreeing on anything, we began by trying that one out on him."

PLAYBOY: In every public debate on an issue involving economics, there seem to be nearly as many conflicting opinions as there are economists. Why can't you people get together?

FRIEDMAN: We do. But that seldom makes news. It's our disagreements that receive attention. For example, how much attention is paid to agreement between Galbraith and myself in opposing a draft and favoring an all-volunteer armed force, or in opposing tariffs and favoring free trade, or on a host of other issues? What is newsworthy is that Gal-

braith endorses wage and price controls, while I oppose them.

PLAYBOY: Yet in the past election, you supported Nixon despite his imposition of controls. Have you changed your mind?

FRIEDMAN: I haven't—and neither has Nixon. I'm still opposed to wage and price controls, and so is he. Incidentally, going back to Galbraith, in a note that I wrote to him shortly after Nixon imposed the controls, I said, "You must be as chagrined as I am to have Nixon for your disciple." So far, he hasn't replied.

I regret that he imposed them; yet in doing so, I think he behaved the only way a responsible leader of a democracy could. He resisted controls for nearly three years when there was strong pressure for their introduction. He tried to make the case against controls, to educate the people about the causes of inflation and the best methods of fighting it—namely, reduced monetary growth and lower Federal spending. But he failed and finally gave in to the popular demand for some kind of immediate and extreme measure to halt rising prices, and controls were the measure most people seemed to agree on. As a leader, that was a proper thing for him to do, even though he felt it was the wrong solution. He behaved the same way with regard to the war.

PLAYBOY: Aren't you saying that there's been a large element of political opportunism in Nixon's reversals?

FRIEDMAN: One man's opportunism is another's statesmanship. There is a very delicate balance between the two in our society. Good politics is what we should demand from our politicians—to a degree. We don't want our leaders to charge off in every direction trying to satisfy the latest public whim, but neither do we want them to completely ignore the will of the people. I think Nixon acted properly. The real problem is educating the public, and there he was unsuccessful.

PLAYBOY: Isn't it possible that Nixon was wrong? Wasn't inflation at a level that demanded drastic action such as controls?

FRIEDMAN: No. Inflation was already tapering off as a result of earlier monetary and fiscal measures when the President imposed controls. In any event, controls are the wrong way to ease inflation.

PLAYBOY: Why?

FRIEDMAN: Because they never work. We've seen that throughout history, ever since the time of the Emperor Diocletian. If controls are administered with any real zeal, people find ways to get around them. The current controls cover only about one third of all prices. Suppose those prices were kept down by controls. That would simply mean people would have more money to spend on the products represented by the other

two thirds and would drive up the prices of those goods and services.

In the case of wages, there are any number of ways of getting around the controls. If an employer wants, for some reason, to pay a higher wage, he can promote the wage earner, offer him fringe benefits, give him a car—all sorts of things. This takes place especially at the higher income levels, with corporate executives, and so forth. So the people who are hurt most by wage controls are those the program is said to protect: the hourly wage earner, the employee on a low salary—production-line workers and secretaries.

If the controls are tightened or expanded, people will find new and more ingenious ways of getting around them. And as the power of enforcement increases, you move farther and farther from a free society; this is the most damaging effect of controls. The apparatus required to make them effective in even a limited way will be unpopular in a free society. We saw that in World War Two; even then, when there was fairly broad agreement on the need for controls, there was resentment and there were black markets.

PLAYBOY: Why does inflation seem to be such a perennially insoluble problem?

FRIEDMAN: Technically, inflation isn't terribly difficult to stop. The real problem is that the favorable effects of inflation come early, the bad effects late. In a way, it's like drink. The first few months or years of inflation, like the first few drinks, seem just fine. Everyone has more money to spend and prices aren't rising quite as fast as the money that's available. The hangover comes when prices start to catch up. And, of course, some people are hurt worse than others by inflation. Usually people without much political voice—the poor and retired people on fixed incomes. Some people aren't hurt at all. And others profit enormously.

When you start to take some action against inflation, on the other hand, the bad effects are felt right away. People are out of work. Interest rates go up. Money gets tight. It's unpleasant. Only later do the good effects of an end to rising prices show up. The problem is getting through the painful cure without wanting another drink. The greatest difficulty in curtailing inflation is that, after a while, people begin to think they'd rather have the sickness than the cure. What they don't realize is that once the cure has taken effect, it's possible to have both economic growth and price stability. But as we saw with Nixon, there is terrible public pressure to junk the cure and go back to being sick—or drunk, to continue the metaphor.

PLAYBOY: Why is it so difficult to make the public understand this?

FRIEDMAN: That has to do with the rather complex causes of inflation. When a

shopper goes to the grocery store and sees that the price of meat has gone up ten percent or so, she screams bloody murder and demands that something be done about it. She writes her Congressman. Well, perhaps she's been admonishing that same Congressman to vote for Medicare and increased Social Security and Federal housing assistance. And, naturally, for no increase in the income tax. The Congressman has voted for all these things and the Federal Reserve Board has made it possible for her Congressman to pay for these measures, without increasing taxes, by expanding the money supply. Those are the basic sources of inflation and they are hidden. The shopper thinks the butcher is stealing and she wants it stopped. The butcher thinks his landlord is stealing when he increases the rent by 15 percent. The landlord, in turn, is upset about the increased costs of maintaining his building, and so on.

PLAYBOY: But why have costs and prices risen?

FRIEDMAN: Not because of greedy wage earners or avaricious businessmen. Prices have risen by 25 percent in the past five years because of what 19 identifiable men, sitting around a table in Washington, did with respect to such arcane subjects as reserve requirement, discount rates and purchases on the open market.

PLAYBOY: You're talking about the Federal Reserve Board?

FRIEDMAN: Of course. Now, I'm not talking about any kind of conspiracy, or even dereliction of duty. These men did what they thought best for the country. They would have acted differently had Government expenditures gone up less rapidly, had the deficits been lower.

PLAYBOY: But how does the Federal Reserve System cause inflation? Isn't it simply the Government's bank?

FRIEDMAN: That "simply" covers a lot of ground. The Fed, because it's the Government's bank, has the power to create—to print—money, and it's too much money that causes inflation. For a rudimentary understanding of how the Federal Reserve System causes inflation, it's necessary to know what it has the power to do. It can print paper money; almost all the bills you have in your pocket are Federal reserve notes. It can create deposits that can be held by commercial banks, which is equivalent to printing notes. It can extend credit to banks. It can set the reserve requirements of its member banks—that is, how much a bank must hold in cash or on deposit with the Federal Reserve Bank for every dollar of deposits. The higher the reserve requirement, the less the bank can lend, and conversely.

These powers enable the Fed to determine how much money—currency plus deposits—there is in the country and to increase or decrease that amount. The men with this power are appointed by

the President and approved by the Senate and are leading financial experts. But this is tremendous authority for any small group of men to have. These men have attempted for the past 60 years to predict where the economy is headed and to keep it on an even path of growth. I have studied the monetary history of the United States and written a book on the subject, and it's my opinion that there have been more severe crises in the years since we've had a Federal Reserve System than in the years from the Civil War until 1914. Even if you leave out the years covered by the two World Wars, the Fed seems to have failed in its mission of keeping the economy on a steady plane.

PLAYBOY: Why?

FRIEDMAN: Basically, I think because it's a system of men and not of rules, and men are fallible. The decisions of the people who run the Fed, as I said, are made in good faith. They want to do the right thing. But the state of our knowledge is incomplete. Often they don't have all the facts or they see one particular phenomenon out of proportion. In the Great Depression, they managed to shrink the total money stock by a third. They did this for the most honorable of reasons, but it was exactly the wrong thing to do. Just as banks all around the country were closing, the Fed raised the discount rate; that's the rate they charge for loans to banks. Bank failures consequently increased spectacularly. We might have had an economic downturn in the Thirties anyway, but in the absence of the Federal Reserve System—with its enormous power to make a bad situation worse—it wouldn't have been on anything like the scale we experienced.

PLAYBOY: Has the Fed's recent record been this bad, or have we learned from past mistakes?

FRIEDMAN: We've learned a great deal from past mistakes. Two decades ago, I argued that the U.S. was depression-proof because the monetary authorities would never again permit a collapse of the monetary system like the one that occurred from 1929 to 1933. But I went on to say that the danger now was a swing in the other direction, that in attempting to avoid recession and unemployment, the system would overreact and produce inflation. Unfortunately, that is exactly what's occurred. Even so, the record for the post-World War Two period as a whole is enormously better than for the prewar period. We've had a quarter of a century without a really serious recession or depression, and our inflation, while we regard it as serious, has so far been mild by world standards. We've done better, but not as well as we easily could have done.

PLAYBOY: What's the answer? Should we junk the Federal Reserve System and go back to private banking?

FRIEDMAN: No. But we can take some of the discretionary power away from the Fed and make it into a system that operates according to rules. If we're going to have economic growth without inflation, the stock of money should increase at a steady rate of about four percent per year—roughly matching the growth in goods and services. The Fed should be required to take the kind of limited action that would ensure this sort of monetary expansion.

PLAYBOY: Wouldn't the Fed lose its emergency powers—powers that would be useful in a crisis?

FRIEDMAN: Most so-called crises will correct themselves if left alone. History suggests that the real problem is to keep the Fed, operating on the wrong premises, from doing precisely the *wrong* thing, from pouring gas on a fire. One reason we've so many Government programs is that people are afraid to leave things alone when that is the best course of action. There is a notion—what I've called the Devil Theory—that's often behind a lot of this. The Fed was supposed to take power out of the hands of the conniving bankers, who were supposed to profit when the economy fluctuated wildly. The idea is to pass a law and do something about it. Put good men in charge; that's one line. The competing line is that there are problems in the world not only because of bad men but also because it's an imperfect world. People are imperfect. There are scarcities. Shortages. You can let things work themselves out or try to do something about them by passing a law. Of course, you know which idea is easier to sell.

PLAYBOY: But you prefer the laissez-faire—free-enterprise—approach.

FRIEDMAN: Generally. Because I think the Government solution to a problem is usually as bad as the problem and very often makes the problem worse. Take, for example, the minimum wage, which has the effect of making the poor people at the bottom of the wage scale—those it was designed to help—worse off than before.

PLAYBOY: How so?

FRIEDMAN: If you really want to get a feeling about the minimum wage, there's nothing more instructive than going to the Congressional documents to read the proposals to raise the minimum wage and see who testifies. You very seldom find poor people testifying in favor of the minimum wage. The people who do are those who receive or pay wages much higher than the minimum. Frequently Northern textile manufacturers. John F. Kennedy, when he was in Congress, said explicitly that he was testifying in favor of a rise in the minimum wage because he wanted protection for the New England textile industry against competition from the so-called cheap labor of the South. But now look at it from the point of that cheap

labor. If a high minimum wage makes unfeasible an otherwise feasible venture in the South, are people in the South benefited or harmed? Clearly harmed, because jobs otherwise available for them are no longer available. A minimum-wage law is, in reality, a law that makes it illegal for an employer to hire a person with limited skills.

PLAYBOY: Isn't it, rather, a law that requires employers to pay a fair and livable wage?

FRIEDMAN: How is a person better off unemployed at a dollar sixty an hour than employed at a dollar fifty? No hours a week at a dollar sixty comes to nothing. Let's suppose there's a teenager whom you as an employer would be perfectly willing to hire for a dollar fifty an hour. But the law says, no, it's illegal for you to hire him at a dollar fifty an hour. You must hire him at a dollar sixty. Now, if you hire him at a dollar sixty, you're really engaging in an act of charity. You're paying a dollar fifty for his services and you're giving him a gift of ten cents. That's something few employers, quite naturally, are willing to do or can afford to do without being put out of business by less generous competitors. As a result, the effect of a minimum-wage law is to produce unemployment among people with low skills. And who are the people with low skills? In the main, they tend to be teenagers and blacks, and women who have no special skills or have been out of the labor force and are coming back. This is why there are abnormally high unemployment rates among these groups.

PLAYBOY: How can you be sure that the minimum-wage law is the cause?

FRIEDMAN: In 1956, I think, the minimum was raised from seventy-five cents to a dollar—a very substantial rise. In the early Fifties, the unemployment rate among male teenagers was about the same for blacks as for whites. Both were about eight percent when the over-all unemployment rate was about four percent. In the late Fifties, after the minimum-wage rate was raised from seventy-five cents to a dollar, the unemployment rate of black teenagers shot up from eight percent to something like 20 to 25 percent. For white teenagers, it shot up to something like 13 percent. From that day to this, the rates for both black and white teenagers have been higher than before 1956. When they start to decline, a new rise in the minimum-wage rate comes along and pushes them up again. The black teenage rate has been very much higher than the white teenage rate, for reasons that are highly regrettable and that we ought to be doing something about: Blacks get less schooling and are less skilled than whites. Therefore, the minimum-wage rate hits them particularly hard. I've often said the minimum-wage rate is the most anti-Negro law on the books.

PLAYBOY: Couldn't those who are hurt by minimum-wage legislation be trained for more skilled jobs at better wages?

FRIEDMAN: The minimum wage destroys the best kind of training programs we've ever had: on-the-job training. The main way people have risen in the labor force is by getting unskilled jobs and learning things. Not merely technical skills: They learn such things as being at a job on time, spending eight hours a day at a job rather than standing around on street corners, having a certain element of responsibility, letting their employer know when they're not going to come in. All of those traits are very important. In an attempt to repair the damage that the minimum wage has done to traditional on-the-job training, you now have a whole collection of programs designed to take up the slack. The great proliferation of Governmental programs in which employers are subsidized to provide on-the-job training gives employers an incentive to hire people and then fire them in order to get other people for whom they can get more subsidies.

PLAYBOY: Even if minimum-wage laws have been as counterproductive as you say, isn't there a need for some Government intervention on behalf of the poor? *Laissez faire*, after all, has long been synonymous with sweatshops and child labor—conditions that were eliminated only by social legislation.

FRIEDMAN: Sweatshops and child labor were conditions that resulted more from poverty than from *laissez-faire* economics. Wretched working conditions still exist in nations with all sorts of enlightened social legislation but where poverty is still extreme. We in the United States no longer suffer that kind of poverty because the free-enterprise system has allowed us to become wealthy.

Everybody does take the line that *laissez faire* is heartless. But when do you suppose we had the highest level of private charitable activity in this country? In the 19th Century. That's when we had the great movement toward private nonprofit hospitals. The missions abroad. The library movement. Even the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. That was also the era in which the ordinary man, the low-income man, achieved the greatest improvement in his standard of living and his status. During that period, millions of penniless immigrants came in from abroad, with nothing but their hands, and enjoyed an enormous rise in their standard of living.

My mother came to this country when she was 14 years old. She worked in a sweatshop as a seamstress, and it was only because there *was* such a sweatshop in which she could get a job that she was able to come to the U. S. But she didn't stay in the sweatshop and neither did most of the others. It was a way station for them, and a far better one

than anything available to them in the old country. And she never thought it was anything else. I must say that I find it slightly revolting that people sneer at a system that's made it possible for them to sneer at it. If we'd had minimum-wage laws and all the other trappings of the welfare state in the 19th Century, half the readers of **PLAYBOY** would either not exist at all or be citizens of Poland, Hungary or some other country. And there would be no **PLAYBOY** for them to read.

PLAYBOY: Aren't there any Government programs that can successfully improve the lot of the poor?

FRIEDMAN: The actual outcome of almost all programs that are sold in the name of helping the poor—and not only the minimum-wage rate—is to make the poor worse off. You can take one program after another and demonstrate that this is the fact. Indeed, by now, I'm getting a lot more company than I used to have on this point. In a recent Brookings Institution report, the authors of Great Society programs such as the War on Poverty now admit that those programs spent a lot of money but accomplished very little except to create employment for a lot of high-priced poverty fighters. Sometimes these programs have been well-meaning—those who are naïve about the laws of economics think the best way to help the poor is to vote them higher wages—but often they are outright subsidies to the middle class and the rich at the expense of the poor.

PLAYBOY: Please explain.

FRIEDMAN: Take aid to higher education. In my opinion, that's one of the country's greatest scandals. There is an enormous amount of empirical evidence that subsidies to higher education impose taxes on low-income people and benefit high-income people. In the state of California, over 50 percent of the students in Government-financed institutions of higher learning—the University of California, the state universities, junior colleges and all the rest—come from the upper 25 percent of families by income. Fewer than five percent come from the lower 25 percent. But even that understates the situation, because what really matters is what the incomes of the people who go through college will be after they get out of college. If you have two young men, one middle class, who goes to the university, and the other poor, who doesn't—who goes to work as, say, a garage mechanic—the one who goes to college will obviously make more money over his lifetime. But the man in the garage will be paying taxes to support that other man's education—and perhaps his draft deferment. When I'm being demagogic about this, I say that the system in California is one in which you tax the people of Watts to send children from Beverly Hills to college.

PLAYBOY: There are probably liberals

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who would agree that some well-intentioned Government programs aimed at helping the poor don't work and are demeaning or unfair to the people they're supposed to help. Would you agree with them that the Government has a responsibility to protect the public—via consumer protection, for example—from the excesses of capitalism?

FRIEDMAN: The basic premise of the consumer "crusade" is that unless the Government moves in with inspectors and agencies, consumers will be defrauded by unethical producers and sellers. I can't accept that kind of solution. If a consumer finds he's being sold rotten meat at the grocery store, he has the very best protection agency available: the market. He simply stops trading at that store and moves to another. Eventually, the first seller gets the message and offers good meat or he goes out of business.

PLAYBOY: Isn't the issue more complex than that? One of the most serious consumer problems is mislabeling and misrepresentation of products that only the most sophisticated shopper can spot.

FRIEDMAN: Yes, it's more complex, but the model is valid. If there is devious misrepresentation—which isn't likely, because the return isn't that great—a few shoppers will spot it. Producers work on a margin, like everybody else. If the five percent of shoppers who are careful spot a clever misrepresentation, they'll leave the store. That's enough pressure on the store owner. The infrequent shopper assumes this when he goes to a store that's popular. There has to be a reason for its popularity, he decides. The reason is that it appeals to those who are very careful about measures and labels and that sort of thing.

PLAYBOY: Without some kind of consumer safeguards, how is the public to be protected from such things as injuries caused by faulty products?

FRIEDMAN: You sue. That's why we have courts. But in the case of a consumer-protection agency, that might not be so simple. Do you sue the manufacturer or the agency that didn't find the error and approved the product? I think most people would rather be able to sue General Motors than an agency of the Government.

PLAYBOY: But there *are* consumer frauds and there are dangerous goods put thoughtlessly on the market. Isn't there a way to prevent that rather than inflict punishment after the fact?

FRIEDMAN: The most effective deterrent a producer can feel is loss of profits. He's going to be careful about what he puts on the market because he doesn't want to lose business. He doesn't want to be sued, either. People like Ralph Nader are always talking about misleading advertising and mislabeling, but I believe it would be very hard to find any examples of mislabeling that can ap-

proach what is practiced by those of us who write for the public at large. We're the worst advertisers of the lot. We screech about how important our own products are, how good they are, how they'll cure every ill, and yet some of us complain when businessmen do the same thing. We don't want an agency to assure the public that we do or don't measure up to our claims. Critics and consumers do that.

One of the most dramatic failures of Government has been the case of the regulatory agencies. Even the strongest critics of the market and the warmest supporters of Government will agree that these organizations have become the servants of those they were supposed to protect the public *from*. Yet there is now a demand for a Federal consumer-protection agency. We never learn.

PLAYBOY: Do you discount the possibility that John Gardner or Ralph Nader might put together an honest-to-God consumer coalition—outside the Government—that would get effective legislation passed?

FRIEDMAN: Do I discount the possibility that water can run uphill? They're working against the fundamental nature of things. The interests of consumers are diverse and diffuse. You buy a thousand things, but you make your living producing a single product—let's say a magazine—and you spend the income from that on the thousand different things. When the chips are down, your willingness to promote your interest as a consumer of the thousand things will be far less than your willingness to engage in something that will promote your interest as a producer. You're going to lobby for postal subsidies for magazines, and you're going to make a much harder case than the people who only *read* magazines. That's in the nature of things.

PLAYBOY: You're talking about the assertion of individual self-interest. But you also seem to feel that it's in the nature of things for a Governmental agency—even one specifically created to protect the public from corporate self-interest—to put the welfare of industry before that of the consumer. Why?

FRIEDMAN: Because it's in the clear and immediate interest of the regulated industry or industries to either neutralize the effect of that agency or use it to their advantage. Since the interest of an industry is direct and focused, it will spend a lot more time, money and energy to accomplish its goal than the public will to protect its interests. The public's interest is diffuse, as I said. A consumer-protection agency might work for a brief period of time, but after the initial, faddish interest in the project dies down, the producers will move in with pressure for exemptions and other special rulings.

Take the historical example of the Interstate Commerce Commission, which was established to protect the consumer

from exploitation by monopolistic railroads. In actual effect, this created a tight cartel that was able to keep rates up. The railroad people themselves had been trying to set rates, to establish a cartel, but every time they got an agreement, some chiseler would break it and they'd be back in competition again. So the ICC was created and its initial effect was to enable the railroads to keep rates up and competition out.

Then trucking came along, which would have competed with the railroads. There was no monopoly argument whatsoever for including trucking under Government regulations. Nobody ever argued that, because there was an enormous amount of competition in the trucking business. Yet trucking was brought under the ICC on the claim that consumers had to be protected from unscrupulous truckers. Of course, the real reason for bringing trucking under the ICC was to protect the railroads from competition.


Or consider the control of air fares by the Civil Aeronautics Board. Now, it's perfectly clear that if you didn't have Governmental price fixing, air fares would be roughly 60 percent of what they are now. We know that because California is big enough to support rather a sizable airline, within the limits of the state. It is, therefore, not controlled by the CAB. If you compare the fares from Los Angeles to San Francisco on Pacific Southwest Airlines with the CAB-controlled fares from Los Angeles to Reno or Phoenix, which are roughly the same distance—or even with the earlier CAB-mandated fares between Los Angeles and San Francisco—you will find that the Pacific Southwest Airlines fares are roughly 60 percent of CAB fares.

PLAYBOY: Do P. S. A. and the other Federally unregulated airlines make a profit?

FRIEDMAN: P. S. A.'s rate of return on capital is as high as, and I believe higher than, that of the other airlines. It's clear that a large part of the effect of higher fares is simply to cause the commercial airlines to waste money. Since they can't compete on fares, they compete with free drinks, fancy meals, attractive hostesses and, most important, with service—all of which keeps the fares up, which means half-empty planes. If you look at the occupancy rate on P. S. A., it consistently averages much higher than that of the main-airline planes on similar heavily traveled routes.

PLAYBOY: So the CAB-regulated airlines aren't really benefiting from higher fares?

FRIEDMAN: Most of this "benefit" is eaten up in higher operating costs. But let's suppose some of it does trickle through. Where does it trickle through to? It trickles through to airline profits. Who owns the airline stock? The same income class of people that does most of the



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flying. Perhaps they don't realize it, but all they're doing is taking ten dollars out of their left-hand pocket in order to put one dollar into their right-hand pocket.

PLAYBOY: What about areas in which there is nearly a universal public interest? The regulation of television, for instance? Shouldn't the Government have some authority over the airwaves?

FRIEDMAN: TV is a more complicated case. The Federal Communications Commission has tremendous power over the networks, which are few in number, and the broadcasters have an ultimate interest in the decisions of the FCC. Consequently, they can and do exert influence on that agency. And the FCC has done a great deal to keep the big networks in business and to protect them from competition. Many liberals want stronger FCC regulation to improve programming and reduce advertising. Yet cable television would allow people to watch Shakespeare uninterrupted if they were willing to pay enough so that a producer could make a profit by supplying it to them. But the FCC has held up cable TV with regulations and delaying tactics that are completely acceptable to the big networks, which make their money through advertising. If you want to watch television, you watch what the networks provide—complete with the advertisements. So, in a way, the advertisers are being Federally subsidized. Of course, there are still substitutes. You can read or go to the movies. And even in television, which has been shackled by Government regulation, the free market is close to surmounting the problem. Technology spurred by competition will soon make video cassettes available. Since they don't require use of the public airwaves, they won't be subject to Federal regulation.

PLAYBOY: Do you think there's a constructive purpose to *any* Governmental regulation of commerce?

FRIEDMAN: No, I don't. All of these interferences with the market are justified as protection of the public interest, but, in fact, they endanger the public interest. In the absence of regulation and protection, we are told, we would be exploited and overcharged for shoddy service and unsafe products, degrading the quality of our lives and jeopardizing our safety. I've always found it amusing and paradoxical to behold the enormous success Nader has had in selling the idea that capitalism degrades quality.

Picture one of these dupes whom Nader feels for walking into his home and turning on his magnificent hi-fi set. Stop and think about the improvements that have taken place in electronics and hi-fi and ask yourself whether that was through Governmental action, whether it was due to regulation, whether it was due to standards set up by the Government. The answer is no. It was due to

straight private competition. He turns on his fancy stereo FM—which is living proof of a proposition contrary to Nader's—and listens to Nader telling a Senate subcommittee how production under capitalism, by business enterprises, is synonymous with reduction in quality, with shoddy goods. If Nader tried to carry that same message through letters handled by that efficient Government monopoly, the U. S. Postal Service, he would never be heard.

PLAYBOY: Why *do* we have such poor postal service?

FRIEDMAN: Precisely because it is a Government monopoly—and performs exactly like one. But we can't eliminate it, because a very strong interest group lobbies against its elimination. And that group, like all interest groups, has a focused interest as opposed to the diffuse, general interest. We've seen in the case of parcel delivery, which can be undertaken by private firms, that there is an opportunity for profitable and efficient delivery. United Parcel Service makes a profit and provides good service. But the postal union and the Government employees in the Postal Service aren't going to give up their monopoly on first-class mail.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about *private* monopolies? Should they be either broken up or closely regulated by the Government?

FRIEDMAN: The problem in this kind of discussion is making a distinction between the real world and the ideal world. For an ideal free market, you want a large number of producers. For an ideal Government, you want a saint. In the absence of both, you have three choices: unregulated private monopoly, private monopoly regulated by Government and Government monopoly. All three are bad, but, in my opinion, the best of the bad lot is unregulated private monopoly. The ICC and the railroads provide a good example of regulated private monopoly; the Postal Service is a good example of public monopoly. Those aren't really appealing cases.

PLAYBOY: Is there an unregulated private monopoly in existence?

FRIEDMAN: A recent historical example would be the stock exchange before 1934. You have so much regulation now that you'd have to take a total industry to find a good example. Iron and steel, perhaps. But there really is no such thing as pure monopoly, since everything has substitutes. Even iron and steel. The telephone is a monopoly, but it has substitutes in the other forms of communication.

There's never been anything like the monopoly domination of the economy that some people claim exists. It's a matter of relative size. While some people point to the automobile industry as a giant monopoly that disproportionately

influences the economy, they don't recognize that the wholesale-trade industry is twice the size of the automobile industry. Studies of labor unions indicate, similarly, that their influence is relatively small and unimportant—though obviously some of them have great power in limited areas.

Perfect competition is a theoretical concept like the Euclidean line, which has no width and no depth. Just as we've never seen that line, there has never been truly free enterprise. But the examples of monopoly that can be found in this country are nothing like the threat to our imperfect free-enterprise system posed by the Government's attempts to control monopoly "in the public interest." The examples we've been talking about are a case in point. Another very good example is the whole system of agricultural programs. Agriculture would be entirely competitive if it weren't for Government control of prices, which has hurt the consumer without benefiting the farmer.

One final thing on this subject: Free enterprise isn't necessarily strongly supported by one group in our economy and denounced by another. Both business and labor would like exemptions that would work to their advantage and against the public good. Both would like to behave as monopolies and receive special Government considerations. The oil industry fights hard for import quotas to keep foreign supplies out and its own prices high. All the while preaching the virtues of free enterprise. Tariffs are supported by certain elements of labor for the same reason. The essence of the problem is that once we begin to allow exceptions for special interests, we move from a system of private arrangements to a political system where everyone's freedom is limited and Government becomes a matter of trying to balance those interests. Nobody really wins under these terms.

PLAYBOY: If consumer protection—even from monopoly—isn't an area that is legitimately the province of Government, what about pollution?

FRIEDMAN: Even the most ardent environmentalist doesn't really want to stop pollution. If he thinks about it and doesn't just talk about it, he wants to have the *right amount* of pollution. We can't really *afford* to eliminate it—not without abandoning all the benefits of technology that we not only enjoy but on which we depend. So the answer is to allow only pollution that's worth what it costs, and not any pollution that isn't worth what it costs. The problem is to make sure that people bear the costs for which they are responsible. A market system rests fundamentally on such an arrangement. If you hit me with your car and you damage me, you are obligated to pay me—at least until we have no-fault insurance. The problem of pollution is

that if you emit noxious smoke that damages me, it's difficult for me to know who's done the damage and to require you to be responsible for it. The reason the market doesn't do it is that it's hard to do. The resolution does have to be through Governmental arrangements, but in the form of effluent taxes rather than emission standards. I prefer such taxes to emission standards because taxes are more flexible. If it's more expensive for a company to pay the tax than emit the pollutant, it will very quickly raise its own emission standards.

PLAYBOY: At its own expense or the consumer's?

FRIEDMAN: The consumer's, of course. There is a romantic notion that by cracking down on the producers, we will somehow end pollution without any increase in prices. Nonsense. We've already seen some firms go out of business because of antipollution legislation. They couldn't afford to stay in production. Why shouldn't consumers bear the increased costs of a company's effluent tax or of antipollution devices? They themselves are the only real producers of pollution. There is pollution from steel mills because people—consumers—desire steel. Otherwise, it wouldn't be produced. So those who desire steel are responsible for the pollution that's caused by its production, and they should bear the cost of reducing that pollution.

PLAYBOY: Suppose the effluent tax on, say, a paper mill isn't as high as the cost of reducing water pollution. Won't the customer pay higher prices for the paper—and won't the water still be dirty?

FRIEDMAN: Not necessarily. That depends on how the Government uses the revenue from the tax. The money could be spent on treatment plants—cleaning the water. Insofar as it's feasible, the effluent taxes collected could also be paid back as a tax reduction to the people who are harmed, if it can be proved who did what to whom. Which is preferable depends on whether people would rather have the money or the clean water.

PLAYBOY: Then the tax isn't really a solution?

FRIEDMAN: There is no perfect solution. It's a fact of life that there are hard, nasty problems that can be mitigated but not eliminated. This is one of them. The tax is the best—or, if you prefer, least bad—of the ways to mitigate pollution. Let me add that there are some ways in which the market works to resolve the problem of pollution, or at least to lessen its effects. Take a town like Gary, Indiana. To the extent that the pollution caused by the U.S. Steel plant there is confined to that city and people generally are truly concerned about the problem, it's to the company's advantage to do something about it. Why? Because if it doesn't, workers will prefer to live where there is less pollu-

tion, and U.S. Steel will have to pay them more to live in Gary.

PLAYBOY: Quite apart from emission standards and effluent taxes, shouldn't corporate officials take action to stop pollution out of a sense of social responsibility?

FRIEDMAN: I wouldn't buy stock in a company that hired that kind of leadership. A corporate executive's responsibility is to make as much money for the stockholders as possible, as long as he operates within the rules of the game. When an executive decides to take action for reasons of social responsibility, he is taking money from someone else—from the stockholders, in the form of lower dividends; from the employees, in the form of lower wages; or from the consumer, in the form of higher prices. The responsibility of a corporate executive is to fulfill the terms of his contract. If he can't do that in good conscience, then he should quit his job and find another way to do good. He has the right to promote what he regards as desirable moral objectives only with his own money. If, on the other hand, the executives of U.S. Steel undertake to reduce pollution in Gary for the purpose of making the town attractive to employees and thus lowering labor costs, then they are doing the stockholders' bidding. And everybody benefits: The stockholders get higher dividends; the customer gets cheaper steel; the workers get more in return for their labor. That's the beauty of free enterprise.

PLAYBOY: We've been discussing Government programs aimed at protecting the public. Do you reject the kind of programs by which the Government attempts to aid individuals directly? Social Security, for instance?

FRIEDMAN: If you talk about misleading labeling, Social Security is about as misleading as you can get. It has nothing to do with social and it has nothing to do with the security of society. What's called Social Security is a program that links together a particular set of taxes and a particular set of benefits. It involves an 11.7 percent tax on wages up to a maximum that is now \$10,800. The employer and the employee each supposedly pay 5.85 percent, but since the employer's half is part of his total wage cost, it's the employee who's really paying the whole bill. So here you have a regressive payroll tax.

On the other side of that, you have a benefit structure under which people above a certain age receive certain amounts. There are many things that can be said about it, but let me try to say the most important first: Is it a good buy? The answer is, if you take the law as it now stands, it's a very good buy for people in the older age groups, and it's a very lousy buy for people in lower age groups. If a person below about 45 invested the same amount of money in

a private annuity or just put it in the bank and let it accumulate interest, he would end up with a much larger annuity than he is now being promised by Social Security. On the other hand, older people are getting a larger annuity than their taxes would have paid for. They're getting it partly because many of them didn't pay during the whole of their working lives, since Social Security is a relatively new thing. The number of people who have been paying taxes has been growing more rapidly than the number of people receiving benefits. Also, when they started paying, the tax rates were much lower than they are now.

In addition to the old/young discrepancy, which is the most serious, there is also a poor/rich discrepancy that works to the benefit of the rich. People who have high incomes from property don't lose their Social Security benefits when they reach the age of 65, while those who have to keep working lose all or a part until they reach 72. But there's a much more important bias. The lower-income person will be likely to go to work and start paying taxes at something like 17 or 18 years of age, while the upper-income person might go from college to graduate school and not start working and paying taxes until he's 23 or 24. That means the low-income person will pay taxes for more years and, when you take account of the effect of compound interest, he will pay the economic equivalent of roughly a third more than the well-to-do person.

It's also an established fact of demography that upper-class people live longer than lower-class people, so the lower-class person not only starts paying earlier but he's less likely to receive benefits and, if he does, it will be for fewer years. So he pays more taxes and gets less in benefits. This biases the whole program in favor of the well to do, who don't need the money, as opposed to the poor, who do. This is offset only somewhat by the fact that the benefit schedule is biased in favor of low-income people.

Finally, it really is misleading to think of Social Security as an individual purchase of insurance, as if your payments were buying your benefits. There is almost no relationship between what you pay and what you get. What we have in Social Security is a tax system and a separate benefits system. I don't know anyone—whatever his political persuasion—who thinks that a flat-rate wage tax with a maximum on the amount of wages taxed is a good tax. It's equally hard to find anybody who would accept it as a satisfactory benefit system. If somebody happens not to have worked in a covered industry, for example, he gets nothing, no matter how severe his need. A man over 65 who is qualified can have an income of \$1,000,000 from investments and still get his full

benefits. A man of the same age, with no income from property, who works and earns over a certain amount, gets nothing. To add insult to injury, he has to keep paying the taxes. It's always been a funny thing to me that people who don't have a good thing to say about Social Security as a tax system or a benefit system regard it as a sacred cow when you tie the two together.

PLAYBOY: Would you be in favor of a Social Security system that eliminated the inequities by linking payments more closely to benefits?

FRIEDMAN: Let me accept, for the sake of argument, the false claim made for this system: that it really is an insurance program. There are still two strong reasons for objecting to it. One is that it involves *compulsory* purchase of retirement. Second, it involves compulsory purchase of that retirement *from the Government*. Suppose you're a young man of 30, but it so happens you come from a family that has a very short life span. Everybody in your family has inherited cancer, heart disease and what not and you look forward and say, "Hell, I'm not going to live beyond fifty." Is it irrational for you to decide that you want to spend your money on living now and not put it aside for retirement at the age of 65? What justification is there for the Government to say it won't let you do that? On the other hand, say you're going to live a long time—at least you think you are—but you just enjoy the present and you'd rather live it up now, knowing full well that this may put you into difficulty later on. The argument is that when you get into difficulty later on, you'll be a charge of the state. But you'll only be a charge of the state if the state wants to take you as a charge. If you decide to live it up now and take the consequences later, it seems to me that should be your right.

PLAYBOY: Realistically, the state would probably take care of someone under those circumstances.

FRIEDMAN: All right, let's suppose we're going to compel him to provide for his old age. Here I've got two people. Mr. X, a savings type, is going to be accumulating wealth and is buying a retirement annuity on his own. Mr. Y is not. Why, in addition to what X is doing on his own, should he have to buy it through the Government? If you're going to have compulsory retirement, shouldn't the Government specify that every individual in the community must demonstrate to the satisfaction of the authorities that he's providing for a retirement benefit of a certain kind, then let him do it however he wants? If you want Government to be in the business, let's require it to compete with private enterprise. Let it offer the terms on which it's willing to give a retirement benefit and let it be a self-supporting concern.

PLAYBOY: Even if your objections to Social Security were shared by a majority of the voters, don't we have too much at stake to abandon it for the program you suggest?

FRIEDMAN: We have too much at stake *not* to abandon Social Security. Replacing it would take some time, of course; we couldn't in good conscience renege on the obligations we've already undertaken. I have outlined elsewhere a program that would get the Government out of the business of providing for people's retirement while, at the same time, honoring present commitments. It's an involved program, however, too complex to get into here, but entirely feasible.

One final thing: Like any number of Government programs, Social Security was conceived as a method of dealing with special problems involving the poor. Like the other programs, it has expanded—as we've become wealthier as a nation—more rapidly than the nation's wealth. There is a reason for this. There is a particular group with a strong interest in maintaining and strengthening Social Security: the people who administer that program. As poverty declines, the pressure for more and more poverty programs increases. That pressure comes from the people who administer the programs more than from the poor themselves. This is just one more reason I propose a simple solution—a negative income tax—for the problem of poverty. It would eliminate this whole business of special categories and special programs.

PLAYBOY: Before we deal with the negative income tax, let's talk about your more fundamental suggestions for reform of the income tax itself.

FRIEDMAN: Well, I'd like to move toward an enormously simplified income tax, by eliminating all present deductions except for a personal exemption and substituting a flat-rate tax for the current graduated schedule. Let's consider the deductions first. I would eliminate *all* personal deductions, except for strictly occupational expenses. There would be no more tax deductions for charitable contributions, for interest payments, for real-estate taxes; no more special treatment for capital-gains income, for oil depletion or for all the rest. The income tax would then be based on what it was supposed to be based on all along: individual income.

From this figure, representing his total receipts in excess of business costs, each taxpayer would be entitled to deduct a sum—a personal exemption—that reasonably reflects the cost of a survival existence in the 1970s. When the income tax was enacted, the personal exemption was supposed to assure that there would be no tax whatever on people with very low incomes. The assumption was that everybody deserved a subsistence income before he was taxed.

But today, this concept has become a joke. We still have a personal exemption, but—considering the effects of inflation—it's lower now than it's ever been. I would double the present personal exemption, to \$1500 or \$1600 per person.

PLAYBOY: At what percentage of income would you place the flat-rate tax?

FRIEDMAN: If you eliminate the present deductions and retain the present personal exemption, you could scrap the current graduated rates—which run from 14 percent up to 70 percent—and raise the same amount of revenue with a flat-rate tax of around 16 percent. This sounds unbelievable, but it's true. Our current graduated rates, while they supposedly go from 14 up to 70 percent, are fraudulent. Very few people pay taxes in the higher brackets, largely because of the loopholes we've heard so much about.

PLAYBOY: According to the conventional wisdom, the graduated tax is a good way to democratically redistribute wealth by allocating the revenues to social programs. Doesn't it do that?

FRIEDMAN: The graduated tax, to the extent that it works, doesn't redistribute wealth. Not only does most of the tax revenue from the higher income brackets not go to the poor in the form of social programs, the graduated tax also *protects* rather than redistributes wealth. It is, in effect, a tax on *becoming* wealthy. It doesn't affect people who are already wealthy. All it does is protect them from the competition of those who would share the wealth with them.

PLAYBOY: Do you think a confiscatory inheritance tax would better solve the problem?

FRIEDMAN: There's no such thing as an effective inheritance tax. People will always find a way around it. If you can't pass \$100,000 on to your children, you can set them up in a profitable business; if you can't do that, you can spend the money educating them to be physicians or lawyers or whatever. A society that tries to eliminate inheritance only forces inheritance to take different forms. The human desire to improve the lot of one's children isn't going to be eliminated by any government in this world. And it would be a terrible thing if it were, because the desire of parents to do things for their children is one of the major sources of the energy and the striving that make all of us better off. Even an effective inheritance tax, if one could be concocted, wouldn't prevent the transmission of wealth, but it would put an enormous damper on progress. I've never been able to understand the merit of the sort of equality that would chop the tall trees down to the level of the low ones. The equality I would like to see brings the low ones up.

PLAYBOY: Would your flat-rate tax bring

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the low ones up or would it—at the expense of those in the lower brackets—benefit primarily those who would pay less under your system than they do now?

FRIEDMAN: I think it would be fairer to almost everyone than the present system, assuming you eliminated the loopholes. After all, loopholes are nothing more than devices that allow people with relatively large incomes to avoid high taxation. The Brookings Institution, which has been looking into this, estimates that if you eliminated all the loopholes, you would increase total taxable income by something like 35 percent. Given a 21 or 22 percent average tax rate on the current base to collect current revenues, you can see that on a base a third again as large, a flat-rate tax of around 16 percent would raise the same amount of money. Personally, I can't imagine many people saying that such a tax would be unfair. As you suggest, people who are very poor might make such a claim, with some justification. That's why I'd also like to double the size of the present personal exemption. Then it would take a flat-rate tax of around 20 percent to yield the same amount of revenue that the current system raises.

PLAYBOY: You make it sound almost simple. Yet few knowledgeable people besides yourself have ever seriously considered such a proposal.

FRIEDMAN: That's not necessarily an indictment of the soundness of the idea. But you have a point. The current system, with all its loopholes, makes many taxpayers—especially the influential ones, who have a large voice in Government policy—think they have a vested interest in the status quo. Probably most present taxpayers would prefer the current system of taxation to the one I've proposed. Yet the one I propose would probably save everybody money.

PLAYBOY: But tax reform can't save everyone money; the revenue has to come from somewhere. Surely the rich people who pay little or no taxes under the present system wouldn't benefit by the elimination of tax loopholes.

FRIEDMAN: You're wrong. You're not taking into account what it costs people to avoid taxes. This is one of the most important—and most overlooked—points in the whole field of taxation. Let me give you the simplest case: municipal bonds. As you know, the income from municipal bonds is tax-free. You're not even required to report it. For this reason, municipal bonds pay a much lower return; if corporate bonds are paying eight percent, municipals might be paying five. Suppose you buy some municipal bonds. You get the income from them, yet on the Government books, no taxes on this income are recorded. But still, you *do* pay a tax. You pay three dollars in eight—the difference

between what you could have got if you had bought corporate bonds at eight percent and what you did get buying municipals at five. That's a 37½ percent tax. It's not recorded, but you're still paying it. What happens, in effect, is that as a buyer of municipal bonds, you pay a 37½ percent tax to the Federal Government, which turns your money immediately over to the municipality.

A better example is the oil-depletion allowance. A man drills for oil. It costs him \$100,000 to drill the hole, but he expects to find only \$50,000 worth of oil. Still, he drills the hole because of the tax advantage of being able to deduct the drilling cost from other income. That makes it worth while to drill. But understand, he's not really drilling for oil, he's drilling for tax advantage. If it weren't for the tax laws, nobody would spend \$100,000 to find \$50,000 worth of oil. So there's \$50,000 of pure waste in such an undertaking. Businessmen call it buying a tax shelter.

PLAYBOY: Who actually bears this cost—the entrepreneur or taxpayers at large?

FRIEDMAN: A good question, and one not easily answered. Individuals enter such transactions, obviously, because they think others will bear most of the burden. If they thought they'd have to pay the cost themselves, they would probably never get involved. But when you have a whole nation of entrepreneurs, each seeking tax advantage, it's impossible to say just who pays the bill. In essence, we all do. All you can say is that when a man pays \$100,000 to drill a hole that will produce \$50,000 in oil, \$50,000 has been wasted. Given a better tax system, this waste would not have occurred. And that alone justifies changing the tax system.

PLAYBOY: The oil companies defend the depletion allowance on the ground that it encourages exploration for new oil reserves in the U. S.—reserves that might be crucial in a national emergency.

FRIEDMAN: They do, but have you ever seen them give an estimate of how much it costs to provide emergency reserves by this device rather than by others? Two different questions are involved here. First, do considerations of national defense require a large oil reserve for emergencies? Second, what is the best and cheapest way to provide such a reserve? The answer to the first question is far from clear, given the likelihood that any major war involving nuclear weapons would be extremely short. But even if the answer is yes, there are ways of providing a reserve that would be far cheaper than requiring consumers year after year to pay unnecessarily high prices for oil in order to finance exploration for additional wells, and then using the oil from these wells for current consumption, so you have to explore for still more wells.

But I'm getting away from the

question you raised: whether the rich could benefit from getting rid of the loopholes. My main point is that all these wasted expenditures, tax shelters—whatever you might label these evasive maneuvers by the well-to-do few—are largely at their own expense. True, they reduce the taxes they pay, but only at a high cost. Philip Stern wrote an article in *The New York Times Magazine* a few months ago entitled *Uncle Sam's Welfare Program—For the Rich*. His argument went like this: People like H. L. Hunt, let's say, pay \$2,000,000 a year in taxes. But if the loopholes were closed, he'd pay \$20,000,000. Therefore, Stern said, the current system is the equivalent of Congress' enacting an \$18,000,000 welfare grant for Mr. Hunt, paid for by the public. This is sheer demagogic nonsense, because it completely neglects what it costs Mr. Hunt to avoid the taxes. Maybe Mr. Hunt, to avoid paying \$20,000,000 in taxes, paid \$16,000,000—by buying municipal bonds, digging uneconomical holes, paying high-priced tax lawyers to find new loopholes. There probably is an element of welfare for the rich, but it's much less than many people imagine.

Joseph Pechman of the Brookings Institution has estimated that the loopholes reduce tax collections by 77 billion dollars a year. My guess—and it's just a guess—is that this 77-billion-dollar loss in taxes through the loopholes produces no more than 25 billion dollars for the people who use them. In fact, I'd be surprised if it produced that much. The rest, as I've tried to explain, is simply wasted.

PLAYBOY: Under the graduated-tax system, the wealthy pay far more—in theory, at least—than those in any other income bracket. Under your proposed flat-rate system, they and everyone else would have to pay only 20 percent. But with all the loopholes at their disposal—even though you say they save less than they think by using them—don't the rich stand to lose more than anyone else under your system, with its no-loopholes stipulation?

FRIEDMAN: Not necessarily. If I were Howard Hughes, I'd rather pay 25 percent in taxes than buy a tax shelter that costs me 50 cents on the dollar. Wouldn't you? The only people this change would actually hurt are those who make their living by providing tax shelters for others. Statistically, these are a tiny minority. Moreover, money would be more economically invested than it is now, and these better investments would create more wealth, and thus generate more taxes, all up and down the line.

PLAYBOY: Most people would have less quarrel with the flat-rate tax than with the elimination of all personal deductions other than provable business expenses. Doesn't a man who's hit, say, with tremendous medical expenses one

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year deserve a tax break?

FRIEDMAN: I have a good deal of sympathy for the deductibility of catastrophic medical expenses—more than I do for almost any other deductions. Medical expenses are a sort of occupational expense—the cost of earning an income. But for the sake of this proposal, I'd eliminate *all* deductions. For any income tax to really work, it's got to be simple and straightforward—something you can fill out on one side of one page without too much trouble. Admit one loophole and you admit them all. —

As for how to cope with medical expenses if they're nondeductible, the solution is a simple one: Buy insurance. When a man buys medical insurance, he's betting the price of the premium that he's going to get sick and the insurance company is betting the cost of his medical bills that he won't. If he wins, he gets his bills paid for; if he loses, he's out the premium. But it was his own decision—and responsibility—to buy the insurance. If he *doesn't* buy insurance, on the other hand, he's betting that he's not going to get sick. If he loses, my question is: Why should the rest of us have to pick up his expenses by paying in taxes for the medical bills he deducts from his return? Let *him* pay the bills; that's what he risked when he bet.

PLAYBOY: But you assume that this man is a gambler, that he makes a calculated decision not to buy insurance. Don't most people fail to buy insurance because of either ignorance or poverty?

FRIEDMAN: We're not talking about poverty-stricken people here, we're talking about taxpayers. As for ignorance, that's not a valid argument. My fundamental belief is that you've got to hold people individually responsible for their actions.

PLAYBOY: Even as nontaxpayers, the poor can afford neither insurance nor medical expenses. Would you hold them individually responsible for such costs?

FRIEDMAN: Obviously, it bothers me, as it bothers anyone else, to see people destitute, whether through their own fault or not. That's why I'm strongly in favor of charitable activities, whether individual or joint. One of the worst features of the current system of Social Security and welfare arrangements is that it has drastically reduced the feeling of obligation that members of society traditionally felt toward others. Children today feel far less obligation toward their parents than they did 50 years ago. If the state is going to take care of the parents, why should the children worry? Similarly with the poor. Who feels a personal obligation to help the poor? That's the Government's job now.

PLAYBOY: To return to the point you raised earlier, you think a negative income tax will change this?

FRIEDMAN: I hope it will. But before we really get into that, let me stress one thing. If we were starting with a clean

slate—if we had no Government welfare programs, no Social Security, etc.—I'm not sure I would be in favor of a negative income tax. But, unfortunately, we don't have a *tabula rasa*. Instead, we have this extraordinary mess of welfare arrangements, and the problem is: How do you get out of them? You can't simply abolish them, because when we enacted these programs, we assumed an obligation to those who are now being helped by them. In fact, we have *induced* people to come under the protection of these programs.

PLAYBOY: What do you mean?

FRIEDMAN: I mean that the law of supply and demand works very generally. If there is a demand for poor people, the supply of poor people will rise to meet the demand. In setting up programs such as Aid to Dependent Children and all the other welfare programs, we have created a demand for poor people. Don't misunderstand me. I'm not blaming poor people. You can hardly blame them for acting in their own interest. Take a poor family in the South, working hard for a very low income. They learn that in New York City they can get \$300 a month—or whatever it is—without working. Who can blame such a family for moving to New York to get that income? The blame falls on those of us who set up the incentives in the first place. The blame also falls on us for creating a system that not only induces people to seek its benefits but forces them to stay in the program once they're enrolled and demeans them terribly in the process of helping them.

I remember how impressed I was, six or eight years ago, when a young man who was writing a book on welfare programs in Harlem came to see me. He said, "You know, I've been reading *Capitalism and Freedom*, where you talk about the extent to which Government bureaucracy interferes with the freedom of individuals. You really don't know the extent of this. *Your* freedom hasn't been much interfered with; *my* freedom hasn't been much interfered with. When do *we* meet a Government bureaucrat? Maybe when we get a parking ticket or talk about our income taxes. The people you should have been talking about," he said to me, "are those poor suckers on welfare. They're the people whose freedom is really being interfered with by Government officials. They can't move from one place to another without the permission of their welfare worker. They can't buy dishes for their kitchen without getting a purchase order. Their whole lives are controlled by the welfare workers." And he was absolutely right. The freedom of welfare recipients is terribly restricted. Whether we're doing this for good purposes or bad, it's not a wise thing to do. Not if we believe that individuals should be responsible for their own actions.

PLAYBOY: For those who don't know how it works, would you explain how welfare forces people to stay on the dole once they're enrolled?

FRIEDMAN: If someone on welfare finds a job and gets off welfare, and then the job disappears—as so many marginal jobs do—it's going to take him some time to go through all the red tape to get back onto the program. This discourages job seeking. In the second place, if he gets a job that pays him, say, \$50 or \$75 a week, he's going to lose most of that extra money, because his welfare check will be reduced accordingly—assuming he's honest and reports it. Since he gets to keep only a small fraction of his additional earnings, there's small incentive for him to earn.

Also, the present setup has encouraged fathers, even responsible fathers, to leave their families. Again, it's a matter of incentives. If a man is working and has an income above the minimum, he's not entitled to welfare. But if he deserts his family, *they* can receive welfare. That way, he can continue to earn his income and contribute it to his family, in addition to the welfare they get. Many ADC families are actually created by fake desertions. Of course, you have real desertions, too. If a deserted woman is going to be immediately eligible for welfare, the incentive for the family to stick together is not increased, to put it mildly. So the problem is: How do you get out of all this? And this brings us back to the question you asked a moment ago. I see the negative income tax as the only device yet suggested, by anybody, that would bring us out of the current welfare mess and still meet our responsibilities to the people whom the program has got in trouble.

PLAYBOY: How would the negative tax work?

FRIEDMAN: It would be tied in with the positive income tax. The two are similar. Ideally, I'd like to see a flat-rate tax above and below an exemption. I've already discussed the flat-rate tax above an exemption. The tax on income below the exemption would be a negative one. Instead of paying money, the low-income person would receive it. Consider the current tax system. If you're the head of a family of four, with an income of roughly \$4000, your personal exemptions, plus automatic deductions, plus low-income allowance, will mean that you pay no tax. Suppose you're the same family of four with an income of \$6000; you'd end up with a taxable income of \$2000—that is, \$6000 minus \$4000—and you'd pay a fraction of that \$2000 in taxes. Now suppose you had the same family of four with an income of \$2000, you'd have a taxable income of minus \$2000—that is, \$2000 minus \$4000. But under present law, with a taxable income of minus \$2000, you pay no tax

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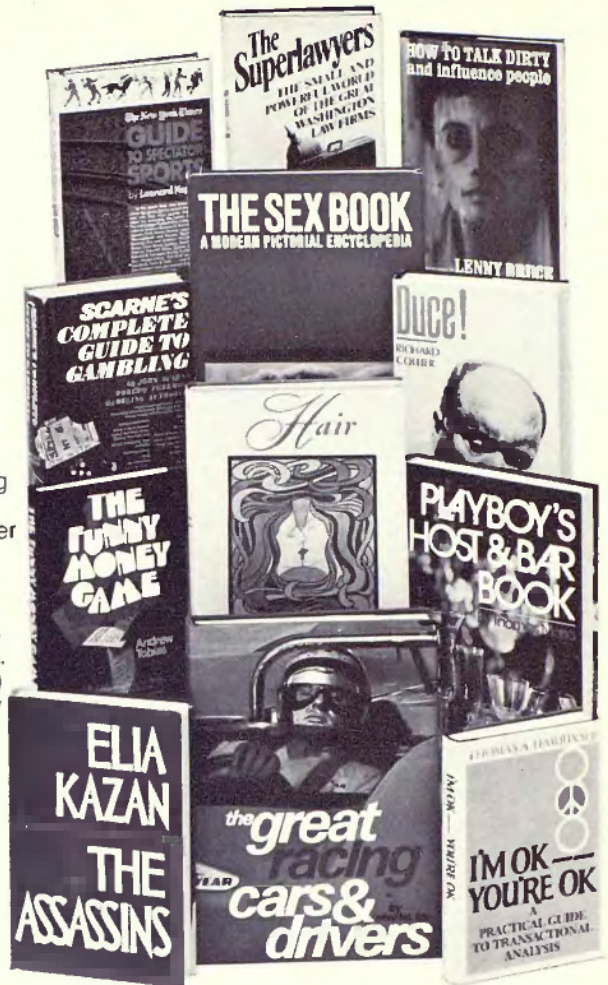
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3-20

and that ends the business.

With a negative income tax, an income of \$2000 would be subject to negative taxation. Instead of paying taxes, you'd *get* some money. Just how much would depend on the negative tax rate. If the negative tax rate were 20 percent, you'd get \$400. If the rate were 50 percent, you'd get \$1000. The 50 percent negative tax rate is simplest, so it's the one I always like to use for illustration. If you have no income at all, for example, you would have a negative taxable income of \$4000—that is, zero minus \$4000. You would be entitled to receive 50 percent of that: \$2000.

PLAYBOY: In other words, your system would amount to a guaranteed annual income of \$2000 for a family of four?

FRIEDMAN: Yes. But it's very important, in all systems like this, to keep in mind you're talking about two different numbers: the minimum income, which would be guaranteed to every family or taxpayer; and the break-even point, which is the point at which people would stop receiving money and start paying it. In the example I just gave, \$2000 is the base—the amount you'd receive from the Government if you earned nothing at all. On the way between the base and the break-even point, which is \$4000 in this example, you would receive 50 cents less from the Government for every extra dollar you earned, so you'd get to keep 50 cents. This provides a consistent incentive for additional earnings. Above \$4000, you'd be on your own. You'd receive nothing extra. In fact, you'd have to start *paying* taxes, partly to help those who are less fortunate than you.

PLAYBOY: Do you think your negative tax program would be an adequate substitute for our present welfare programs—Aid to Dependent Children, food stamps and the rest?

FRIEDMAN: I believe it would be far superior to the present programs—superior from the point of view of the recipients and also of the taxpayers. But you asked whether it would be adequate. I really don't think you can discuss negative taxation in terms of adequacy or fairness. You have to ask a different question: How much are you and I willing to tax ourselves in order to benefit someone else? The great fallacy in these discussions is the assumption that somehow somebody else is going to pay the bill. Early in his campaign, Senator McGovern came out with a proposal to give a grant of \$1000 to every person in the country. That was really a form of negative income tax, but one on a very high level. Essentially, what McGovern proposed was a \$4000 guarantee for a family of four, with a \$12,000 break-even point. The result would have been to sharply reduce the incentive to work for people in a very wide income range. It would have reduced the incentives for people making

between \$4000 and \$12,000 by enabling them to collect from the Government rather than pay taxes; and it would have reduced incentives for people making more than \$12,000 by requiring them to pay much higher taxes. And much of the extra money collected from people making above \$12,000 would have gone not to the desperately poor but to people with middle-class incomes.

We have to ask not only how much the recipients get but also who pays for it. Can you really justify taxing people receiving \$13,000 a year in order to raise the income of people receiving \$11,000 a year? So while I'm in favor of a negative income tax, I don't favor *any* negative income tax. I want one that has both the guarantee and the break-even point low enough so that the public will be willing to pay the bill, and one where the marginal tax rate, between the guarantee and the break-even point, will be 50 percent or so, low enough to give people a substantial and consistent incentive to earn their way out of the program.

PLAYBOY: Do you think any of these proposals you've been discussing—on taxes, welfare, and so on—has a chance of public acceptance?

FRIEDMAN: There have been some hopeful signs. Some things I've been saying for a number of years now are receiving a little more attention. Some of the proposals I've made concerning international financial arrangements, for instance. Also, the negative income tax has become a fairly respectable notion. But you see, the problem is twofold. First, you have to sell your ideas, to convince people that Government programs generally do the opposite of what their well-meaning proponents intend—that they aren't getting their money's worth for taxes. But even if people are convinced by the arguments, there is the problem of getting them to give up what they see as in their special interest. Everyone wants to make sure that he is getting his. Nobody will let go until he's sure the other guy is, too. And that's the biggest problem.

PLAYBOY: Is there a solution?

FRIEDMAN: If there is, it would be in bundling things together. That's how we keep Government out of the censorship business. It's not a matter of taking one case at a time and deciding each case on its merits. If we did that, we would have free speech for very few. Someone would be able to get a law passed prohibiting free speech for Seventh-day Adventists. Or vegetarians. Or Black Panthers.

We talked earlier about reducing the tax rates and closing the loopholes. The right wing would be more than willing to give up the loopholes in return for lower rates; and the left wing would probably be more than willing to give up the high rates in return for closing the loopholes. So it looks as if there's a deal to be made. But you can't make a

deal through the usual legislative channels, because neither side trusts the other—and both are right. The only way I can see to make such a deal is by a constitutional amendment that says, for example, Congress can impose an income tax as long as the only deductions are for strict occupational expenses and a personal exemption, and as long as the highest tax rate is no more than twice the lowest. Personally, I would prefer a flat rate, but to achieve consensus, it would be better to limit the degree of graduation. That would give both sides some assurance that the deal wouldn't come unstuck.

PLAYBOY: Even if a consensus of right and left could be achieved on a modified version of your flat-rate tax proposal, there are many critics—particularly among the young—of what they feel are your basic assumptions. How would you answer those who claim that capitalism cannot foster a just and orderly society, since it's based on the emotion of greed?

FRIEDMAN: What kind of society isn't structured on greed? As a friend of mine says, the one thing you can absolutely depend on every other person to do is to put his interests ahead of yours. Now, his interests may not be greedy in a narrow, selfish sense. Some people's self-interest is to save the world. Some people's self-interest is to do good for others. Florence Nightingale pursued her own self-interest through charitable activities. Rockefeller pursued his self-interest in setting up the Rockefeller Foundation. But for most people, most of the time, self-interest is greed.

So the problem of social organization is how to set up an arrangement under which greed will do the least harm. It seems to me that the great virtue of capitalism is that it's that kind of system. Because under capitalism, the power of any one individual over his fellow man is relatively small. You take the richest capitalist in the world; his power over you and me is trivial compared with the power that a Brezhnev or a Kosygin has in Russia. Or even compared in the United States with the power that an official of the Internal Revenue Service has over you. An official of the IRS can put you in jail. I doubt that there is a person in the United States who couldn't be convicted of technical violation of some aspect of the personal income tax.

One of the great dangers I see in the American situation is that there is a strong temptation in Government to use the income tax for other purposes. It's been done. When gangsters couldn't be convicted under the laws they had really violated, they were gotten on income-tax evasion. When John F. Kennedy threatened steel executives in 1962 to get them to drive down their prices, there was the implicit threat that all their taxes would be looked at. Now,

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that is a much more serious threat—the power an official has in the pursuit of his self-interest—than anything Howard Hughes is capable of. We want the kind of world in which greedy people can do the least harm to their fellow men. That's the kind of world in which power is widely dispersed and each of us has as many alternatives as possible.

PLAYBOY: Critics of capitalism feel that too many alternatives cause waste, that we don't need 47 models of Chevrolets when one would do.

FRIEDMAN: If consumers really preferred one model at a lower price than 47 models, G. M. would be foolish not to meet their desires. There are 47 models because that is what consumers want. That's what the critics really complain about—that under capitalism, consumers get what they want rather than what the critics think they should have. It's always amused me that the intellectuals who talk loudest about the waste of competition in business are the loudest defenders of the waste of competition in the intellectual world.

Isn't it absolutely wasteful that millions of writers should be deciding what to write on their own—100 writers may be writing on the same subject—with no social priorities being imposed on what subjects they write about? Isn't it deplorable that thousands of scientists should each be picking his own subjects for investigation? Shouldn't there be a central planning board that decides which subjects have the highest social priority and assign those subjects to the researchers most suited to pursue them, to see that there is no duplication?

Suggest this to any of the intellectuals who whine about the waste of competition in the business world and almost all of them will be horrified. Most of them would recognize that it would be terrible. It would be terrible because the essence of the intellectual world is that it's a search for the unknown, an attempt to find new things by a process of trial and error in which you have a great deal of duplication. For every nine people who go off on a bum lead, one person's going to go on a right lead. The same thing is true in the business world.

PLAYBOY: What about the criticism that capitalism leads to material extravagance and aesthetic starvation?

FRIEDMAN: The historical fact is precisely the reverse. The greatest opportunity for the expression of nonmaterial motives is in free-enterprise societies. The great triumphs of literature, art, architecture and science have all been the products of individuals. Are the great examples of architecture the state buildings of Russia or some of the homes Frank Lloyd Wright designed for private people? Did Thomas Alva Edison produce his inventions for a central planning board under a Five-Year Plan

or did he produce them under a system of individual incentives?

Only small minorities, whether in a Communist society or in a capitalist society, are concerned with nonmaterial ends. Nonmaterial undertakings, therefore, will flourish most in the society where minorities have the greatest opportunities. A free-enterprise society is precisely the kind of society in which a minority can more or less do what it wants. It's free to pursue its own interests, but not in a collectivist society: If it's a perfect democracy, it will be dominated by the majority; if it's a dictatorship, it will be dominated by one minority, but other minorities will not be free to move.

Say I'm in a collectivist society and I want to save an endangered species; I want to save the heron. I have to persuade people in charge of the government to give me money to do it. I have only one place I can go; and with all the bureaucratic red tape that would envelop me, the heron would be dead long before I ever saw a dollar, if I ever did. In a free-enterprise capitalist society, all I have to do is find one crazy millionaire who's willing to put up some dough and, by God, I can save the heron. That's why the variety of minority views expressed in the Western world is enormously broader than in a Soviet society.

PLAYBOY: Yet our minorities right now are criticizing capitalism for many injustices.

FRIEDMAN: Of course. Everybody always takes the good things in the world for granted and attributes all the evils of the world to the system. In addition, many of the difficulties they complain about are the result of Government action, not of the market.

PLAYBOY: Don't you think blacks have a legitimate complaint when they see that they can't be hired on an equal basis with whites in a job market that's controlled not by the Government but by individuals who are freely making the choice to discriminate against them?

FRIEDMAN: Of course they have a complaint. But are they better or worse off than they would be in an alternative system? The fact is that blacks are far better off in the U. S. than they are under other systems. Let's get some facts straight. The average income of blacks here is far higher than the average income of *all* the people in the Soviet Union. The official Government definition of the poverty line in the U. S. is higher than the average income in the Soviet Union: it's higher than the income received by 90 percent of the people on the world's surface. Now, that doesn't mean blacks aren't subject to injustice; of course they are. Of course there's discrimination. I'm opposed to it; I'd like to see it eliminated. But the point is that—even with discrimination—blacks are far better off under our present system than they would be under

alternative kinds of systems, and changing the system isn't going to eliminate people's prejudices.

Let me give you a different example. The Jews—because they were a persecuted people who had the same attitudes toward capitalism in the 19th Century as many blacks now have toward it in the U. S.—played a disproportionate role in the Communist Party and in achieving the Soviet Revolution. They were represented out of all proportion. Has that been good for the Jews? What country in the world today engages in the most extreme anti-Semitic persecution? The Soviet Union. It's not an accident, because if you have a society with concentrated power, if you have a collectivist society, it's going to be in a position to exercise the preferences and prejudices of its rulers. Moreover, it's going to have an *incentive* to do so, because it's going to need a scapegoat and it will choose some group like the Jews or the blacks to be the scapegoat.

I personally have been very sensitive to this issue because I'm Jewish and I'm very much aware of the history of anti-Semitism. One of the paradoxes I puzzle over is that few people in the world have benefited as much as the Jews from free-enterprise capitalism and competition, yet few other groups have done so much to undermine it intellectually. Let me ask you a question. In what institution in the U. S. are blacks most discriminated against?

PLAYBOY: Schools?

FRIEDMAN: Is there any doubt that they're more discriminated against in schooling? Is there any doubt, if you're a parent in a black ghetto, that the thing you will find hardest to acquire is decent schooling for your child? Is it an accident that the schooling is provided by the Government? A black in a ghetto who has the money can buy any car he wants. But even if he has the money, he can't get the schooling he wants, or at least he'll have to pay an enormously higher price for it than a white person will. A white person with that income can move into a nice suburb and get the schooling he wants. A black person will have great difficulty doing it.

Let's suppose, on the other hand, that you didn't have Government schooling. Let's suppose you had the kind of system that I'm in favor of, which is a system under which the Government, instead of providing schooling, would give every parent a voucher for a sum of money equal to what it's now spending per child and the parent could spend that at any school he wanted to. Then you'd have private-enterprise schools developed and blacks could buy much better schooling for their children than they can get under the Government.

Under free enterprise, a person who has a prejudice has to pay for that
(concluded on page 74)



WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

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for some unfathomable reason, the police had suddenly turned moral, so the red lights were going out all over singapore

fiction **By PAUL THEROUX**

ONLY YESTERDAY, Singapore was a very old city, not so much in years but in looks and attitude. The immigrants had transplanted their Chinese cities, duplicating Foochow in one district, Swatow in another, and, subdividing further in the manner of ancient towns, had established their enclaves of commerce. To say that there was only one street in Singapore where you could buy a mattress is to give some idea of the rigidity of the pattern. Ship chandlers occupied one street, coffinmakers another, banks another, printeries another. The brothels took up a whole block, mixed higgledy-piggledy with Chinese hotels from Muscat Street to Malacca Street, a self-contained area within borders of bars and noodleshops on one side and laundries and pox doctors on the other. All the excesses of Shanghai were available in the dream district—opium dens here, massage parlors and cockfights there.

"It's just like a movie!" my American clients always said. It was this unreal flavor of Chinese vice that attracted the outsiders and, at the same time, released them from guilt and doubt. This touch of fantasy, like quaint erotic art—Joyce Li-Ho, for instance, had a tattooed panther leaping up her inner thigh.

The sequence of ceremony in a Chinese brothel parodied Oriental hospitality: the warm welcome as the host bowed low from his waist, the pause for a smoke, the chat, the cold towel, the parade of girls to choose from. Money changed hands in the bedroom when the feller was naked and excited; then came the stunt itself. Afterward, there was a hot towel and a glass of cold tea on the veranda while some old amahs ironed bed sheets and yapped beyond the rail.

The Chinese customers, of course, treated all this with perfunctory dispatch—just as we'd drop in for a quick hamburger in a luncheonette. But my gawking travelers were bent on collecting a load of mental souvenirs. It was their chance to participate in a cultural secret, to be alone with an exotic Oriental girl in her ceremonial nakedness, to have that alien act of love to describe back home in years to come. The fantasy of marrying an obedient Chinese girl, of entering into the mystery of the Orient and all that. I kept a straight face; I never mocked them.

I must say that the show was well produced. The girls were noiseless and glittering, narrow as snakes; they looked like all the male world's idea of the Eastern concubine. They posed or

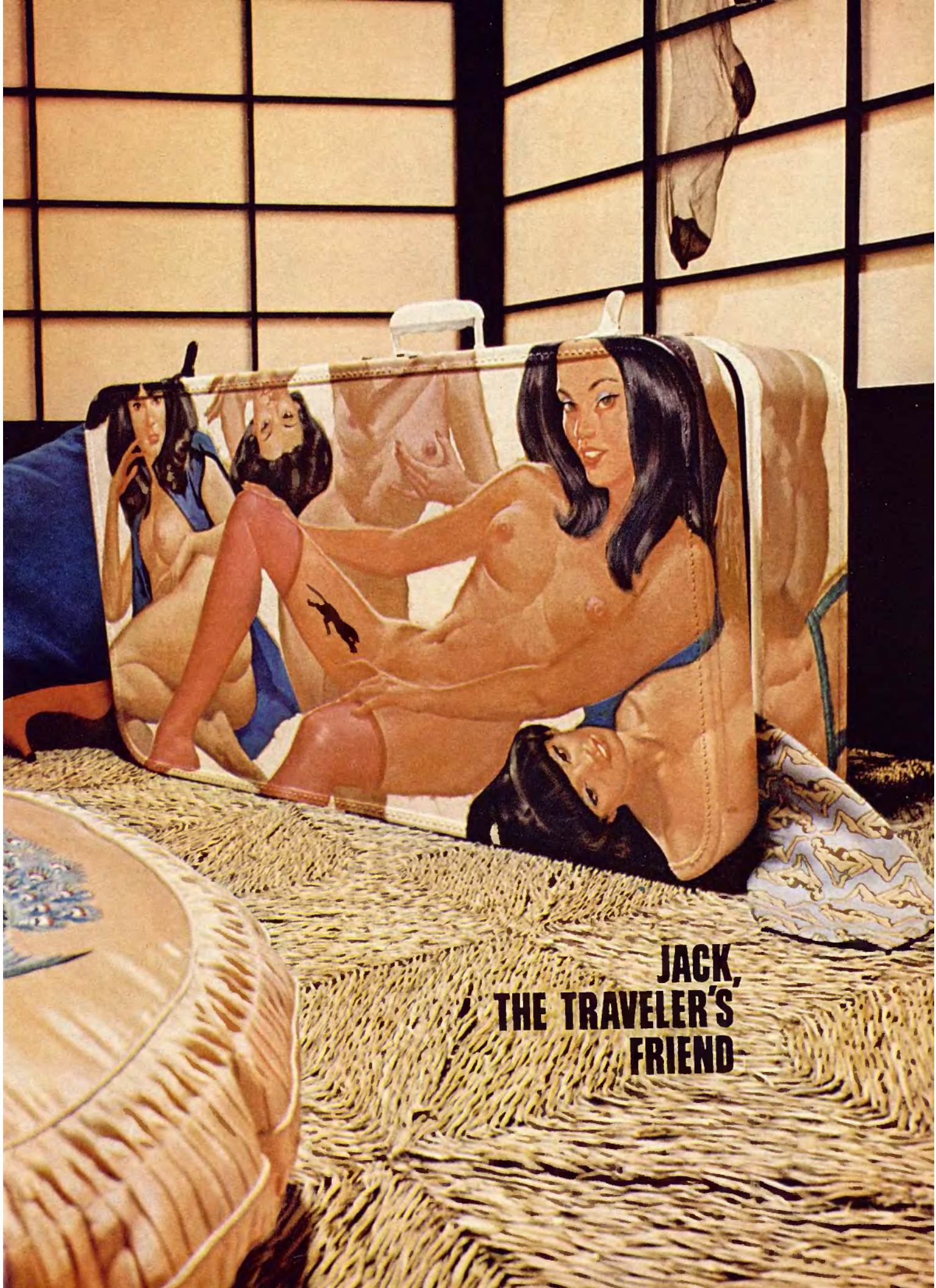
moved as if they were actresses born for their role. I knew them better and I had a different view. To me, they seemed always rather practical and businesslike. Their job was a kind of therapy—like sexy nurses assisting in a minor operation or a dentist's helpers soothing a feller during an extraction. They believed in ghosts; they had an equal horror of hair, kissing, stinks and dirt; they thought European men smelled like cheese.

They did their job convincingly without having the slightest interest in it. Lying spread out like all the golden, juicy dream of Cathay, they were really absent-minded, remote, thinking God knows what thought about faraway matters. Sometimes, one of them would ask serenely, "You finish, yes?" when the feller was just beginning. They were sensationally foulmouthed in English, but I was certain from the soft way they spoke among themselves in Chinese that they seldom swore in their own language. Dirty words stimulated some men but left others cold. I remember one in the Honey Bar who said, "I couldn't bring myself to fuck a girl who says fuck. It seems sorta crude."

Some of the girls, with an odd sort of modesty, would refuse to take their dresses off—and, unpredictably, they were much sought after. The silk dresses seemed to give these cold, quick girls an accidental allure, the quaint mystification of a secret half-discovered.

I knew those girls too well to consider them simple and kindly, but I did admit their virtues: obedience, reliability and good nerve. On one occasion when we were boarding a launch for a run out to a ship, Doris Goh—always present, never late—stumbled and fell into the water at the quayside. She could not swim and she went rigid as she sank. I hauled her out. She was half-drowned, streaming with dirty water; her dress stuck to her; her make-up was streaked; and her careful hairdo was now a wet rope. I told her that she could go home if she wanted to, but she said no and soldiered on, eventually earning \$40 in the wheelhouse while her dress dried on a hanger in the engine room.

My own small patch of virtue, if you could call it that, was dedication to the continued health and well-being of my clients. There was the money, of course—I wouldn't call myself a pimp with a heart of gold—but I can prove that I saved many fellers from harm and many girls from brutes. I knew the greedy cabbies, the curfew districts controlled by the secret societies, the streets where all the pretty girls were actually men



**JACK,
THE TRAVELER'S
FRIEND**

with sharp kukris in their handbags, the girls with pox, the sadists, the clip joints, the houses you came away from with the fungus known as Rangoon itch on your pecker. If they carve on my gravestone, HE SAVED A LOT OF FELLERS FROM RANGOON ITCH, it might not be the most saintly testimony to the dear departed, but at least it's one good deed in this naughty world. Aside from that, I took blame; I risked police and damnation; I didn't cheat. Maybe I'll order my gravestone to read, HE WAS A USEFUL MAN AND THE TRAVELER'S FRIEND.

It surprised me—my amusement crept upon by an old slow fear—when I opened the *Straits Times* and saw, under "ISLAND-WIDE VICE RING BROKEN—JOO CHIAT RAID NETS 35," a photograph of five girls being dragged by the arms toward a police van while grim Malay policemen watched, sturdily planted on widely spread bandy legs, holding truncheons and riot shields. The girls' faces were very white from the flash-bulb's brightness and their astonished eyebrows were high and black, their objecting mouths in the attitude of shouting. That they were objecting did not surprise me—they were indignant, an emotion as understandable in them as in any harmless lathe operator yanked from his machine. But that particular raid was a great surprise: The Joo Chiat house was thought to be safe, with a Chinese clientele, protected by the fierce Green Triangle secret society, whose spiderlike and pock-marked members could be seen at any time of the day or night playing cards by the back entrance, their knives and bearing scrapers close at hand. The article in the paper said this was "the first in an all-out campaign launched by the police to rid the island of so-called massage parlors."

There were two raids the following day; one at an opium den resulted in the arrest of seven elderly men, six of whose worried, sunken-eyed faces appeared in the paper; the seventh was pictured on a stretcher with his hands clasped—he had broken his leg when he slipped trying to escape across a steep tile roof. The second raid was at a massage parlor very close to Muscat Street, where all the girls, and the decor, were Thai. The raids disturbed me, but the picture I made of them in my mind was not of the girls—it was the terrifying vision of the old addict being hounded in his pajamas across a clattering rooftop.

I decided to lay low that night at the Bandung. "You don't understand the political background, Jack," Yates said. "I'd steer clear of Chinatown if I were you." Other club regulars joined in.

"Don't say we didn't warn you," said Yardley.

"I never go to Chinatown," said Frogget. "Bloody waste of time."

"Harry Lee's putting the boot in," said Smale. "I hate that little sod."

"I was just wondering what was going on," I said.

"Nothing that concerns you," said Yardley. "So keep out of it."

The next morning, I went to see Mr. Sim. He seemed suspicious at my arriving so early and reluctantly let me in. I asked him about the raids.

"Must be careful," he said. "How Kheng Fatt is keeping, OK?"

"He's doing all right. I'm only putting in a couple of hours a day, unless I've got business on a ship."

"So what you are worried? You got a job, neh?"

"If you want to call it that. Look, I earn peanuts there—little-little money. I can't bank on it. If they go on closing the houses down and arresting the girls, I'm going to be out of luck. And so are you!"

"Better than in jail."

"What are you going to do?"

He didn't look at me, but he showed me his face. He said, "Funny thing. You know new wireless I got? Yes? It don't work now. I enjoy that wireless set, but it need repair."

"Where are you planning to go?" I asked.

He discovered his shirt and smoothed the pockets.

"They say a lot of the cops are plain-clothesmen—you know, special-branch fellers wearing shirts like mine and plain old pants, pretending they want a girl. They pay up and just before they get into the saddle, they say, 'OK, put your clothes on. You're under arrest.' I think that's terrible, don't you?"

Mr. Sim twisted the tail of his shirt and he worked his jaw back and forth as he twisted.

"I'll level with you, Mr. Sim. The reason I came over is I've got a plan. We know they're trying to close things down—they've already nabbed about a hundred people. So why wait? Why not just put our heads together and set up somewhere safe? Like I was telling you. We'll go where they least expect us, rent a big house up on Thomson Road or near a cemetery, get ten girls or so and run a real quiet place—put up a sign in front saying 'The Wongs' or 'Hillcrest' or 'Dunroamin.' What do you say to that?"

"It is a very hot day." He went imbecilic.

"Come on, we haven't got much time. Are you interested or not?"

"It is a hot day," said Mr. Sim. "I am expecting my auntie."

"No taxis allowed—only private cars, no syces. Girls by appointment. If you think the Dunroamin idea is silly, we can put up a sign saying 'Secretarial School—Typing and Shorthand Lessons.' No one'll know the difference."

He had twisted his shirttail into a hank of rope and now he was knotting it. "My auntie is very old. I tell her to stop so much smoking—forty-over sticks a day! But old peoples. Kss!"

"OK, forget it." I stood up.

Mr. Sim let go of his shirt and leaped to the door. "Bye-bye, Jack. See you next time. Don't mention."

That night, I took a feller to Muscat Street. I had met him in a bar on Stamford Road, he had asked me if I knew a good "cat house" and I had told him to follow me. But the house was in darkness, the shutters were closed and the red light over the altar was turned off. I rapped the lock against the gate bar, but no one stirred. Mr. Sim had run out on me.

"This looks like a washout," the feller said. "I'm not even in the mood now."

"They're worried about the cops. There's a political party here that's putting the heat on—trying to close down the whole district. They've got everyone scared. It didn't use to be this way, but maybe if we walk over—"

"I don't know why it is," said the feller, "but people are always saying to me, 'You should have been here last year.' It really burns me up."

"That's natural," I said. "But you gotta understand the political background, you see."

"Political background is crap," he said. "I'm going back to the ship."

"If there's anything else you want, anything at all," I said. "I could find you a gal easy enough. Fix you up in a hotel. Bed and breakfast."

He shook his head. "I had my heart set on a cat house."

"We could try another one," I said. "But I don't want you to get in Dutch. How would it look if you got your picture in the papers? Cripe!"

"Makes you stop and think, don't it?" he said.

"Sure does," I said. "But if there's anything else—"

"Naw," he said, but, saying so, he laughed and said again, "Naw," as if he were trying to discourage a thought. I was hoping he didn't want a transvestite—it would be hours before they'd be on Bugis Street.

"What is it?" I asked in a whisper. "Go ahead, try me. God, you don't want to leave empty-handed, do you?"

"Naw, I was just kicking around an idea that popped up," he said, laughing

(continued on page 154)



Rowland B. Wilson

"We'll continue to have a population problem as long as screwing is more popular than dying."

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW (continued from page 68)

prejudice. Suppose I'm going to go into business producing widgets and that I'm a terrible racist and will hire only whites. You're going into business producing widgets, too, but you don't give a damn about race, so you're going to hire the person who's most productive for the lowest wage. Which of us is going to be able to win out in the competitive race?

PLAYBOY: That depends on the unions.

FRIEDMAN: You're departing from competition. One of the major sources of black discrimination has been the unions, but the unions are an anti-competitive element; they're a private monopoly; they're against the rules of free enterprise.

PLAYBOY: You blame the Government for discrimination against blacks in the school system because the Government controls the schools. But isn't this discrimination really based on residential real-estate patterns that are the result of individual choice?

FRIEDMAN: Yes, to some extent it is. But those residential patterns don't necessarily imply segregation of schooling. They don't imply segregation of the kinds of automobiles people have. They don't imply segregation of the kind of movies people go to. If you had a free-enterprise school system, you'd have a much wider variety of schools available to blacks—schools of a higher quality. Moreover, residential segregation itself is partly stimulated by the fact that Government provides schooling.

Let me illustrate. You're a well-to-do fellow and you want to send your child to a good school. You don't send him to a private school, because you're already paying taxes for schools and any additional money you'd pay for tuition wouldn't be deductible. So, instead, you get together with some of your friends and establish a nice high-income suburb and set up a so-called public school that's really a private school. Now you won't have to pay twice and the extra amount you pay will be in the form of taxes—not tuition, which will be permitted as a deduction in computing your personal income tax. The effect of this will be that your children's education will be partly subsidized by the poor taxpayers in the ghetto. The fact that schooling is generally provided by the state, paid for through taxes that are deductible in computing the Federal income tax, promotes a great deal of residential segregation.

The crucial point is this: In a *political* system, 51 percent of the people can control it. That's an overstatement, of course, since no government that's supported by only 51 percent of the people will do the same things that one supported by 90 percent of the people will do. But in a political system, everything tends to be a yes-or-no decision: if 51

percent vote yes, it's yes. A political system finds it very difficult to satisfy the needs of minority groups. It's very hard to set up a political arrangement under which, if 51 percent of the people vote one way and 49 percent vote the other way, the 51 percent will get what they want and the 49 percent will get what they want. Rather, the 49 percent will also get what the 51 percent want.

In a *market* system, if 51 percent of the people vote, say, to buy American cars and 49 percent of the people vote to buy foreign cars and the Government lets their votes be effective and doesn't impose tariffs, 51 percent will get American cars and 49 percent will get foreign cars. In a market system, if 40 percent of the people vote that they want to send their children to integrated schools and 60 percent vote that they want to send them to segregated schools, 40 percent will be able to do what they want and 60 percent will be able to do what *they* want. It's precisely because the market is a system of proportional representation that it protects the interests of minorities. It's for this reason that minorities like the blacks, like the Jews, like the Amish, like SDS, ought to be the strongest supporters of free-enterprise capitalism.

PLAYBOY: It's clear by now that you agree with Thomas Jefferson that the government that governs least governs best, that you don't think the Federal Government should interfere with any private, free-market arrangements whatsoever. But what about such efforts on the municipal level? Some communities, for example, are trying to keep out subdivisions, industry, nuclear power plants, and so on, in order to reduce the impact of commercialism. Do you feel they have this right?

FRIEDMAN: Of course. What you want is a world in which individuals have a wide variety of alternatives. You want pluralism, multiplicity of choice. When you get down to small units of government, you have it. If you don't like what one town does and can't change it, you move to another town. You have competition among towns for the provision of services. No reason you shouldn't. On the whole, the formal restrictions on governmental activity should be most severe at the Federal level, less so at the state level and least of all at the local level.

PLAYBOY: Then you aren't an anarchist?

FRIEDMAN: No. Although I wish the anarchists luck, since that's the way we ought to be moving now. But I believe we need Government to enforce the rules of the game. By prosecuting anti-trust violations, for instance. We need a Government to maintain a system of courts that will uphold contracts and rule on compensation for damages. We

need a Government to ensure the safety of its citizens—to provide police protection. But Government is failing at a lot of these things that it ought to be doing because it's involved in so many things it shouldn't be doing.

What we've really been talking about all along is freedom. Although a number of my proposals would have the immediate effect of improving our economic well-being, that's really a secondary goal to preserving individual freedom. When we began to move toward the welfare state back in the Thirties, the justification was that the defects inherent in capitalism jeopardized our economic well-being and therefore reduced freedom. In the ways I've shown, these programs have failed. But it's not enough to object to them simply because they didn't improve—or, in fact, made worse—the situations they were designed to correct. We need to resist them on principle. Someone will always come along and say the programs failed because they were underfunded; or because the wrong people were running them. Wage and price controls, for example, are unpopular with a number of people not because they reduce freedom but because they aren't working.

Galbraith said a few years ago that there wasn't anything wrong with New York City that couldn't be fixed by a doubling of the budget. Of course, that's happened and things are worse now than when he made the remark. So one of the things that encourage me just a little is the proven inefficiency of government, regardless of how big it gets. I think people are catching on to it. They sensed that McGovern wanted to ride still further the wave that was started with F. D. R., and they were fed up enough with that trend to vote overwhelmingly against him.

PLAYBOY: So you're hopeful?

FRIEDMAN: Not completely. You have to consider the ideological climate. The spirit of the times has gone against freedom and continues to go against it. There are still intellectuals who believe that concentrated power is a force for good as long as it's in the hands of men of good will. I'm waiting for the day when they reject socialism, communism and all other varieties of collectivism; when they realize that a security blanket isn't worth the surrender of our individual freedom even if it *can* be provided by government. There are faint stirrings and hopeful signs. Even some of the intellectuals who were most strongly drawn to the New Deal in the Thirties are rethinking their positions, dabbling just a little with free-market principles. They're moving slowly and taking each step as though they were exploring a virgin continent. But it's not dangerous. Some of us have lived here quite comfortably all along.



pictorial

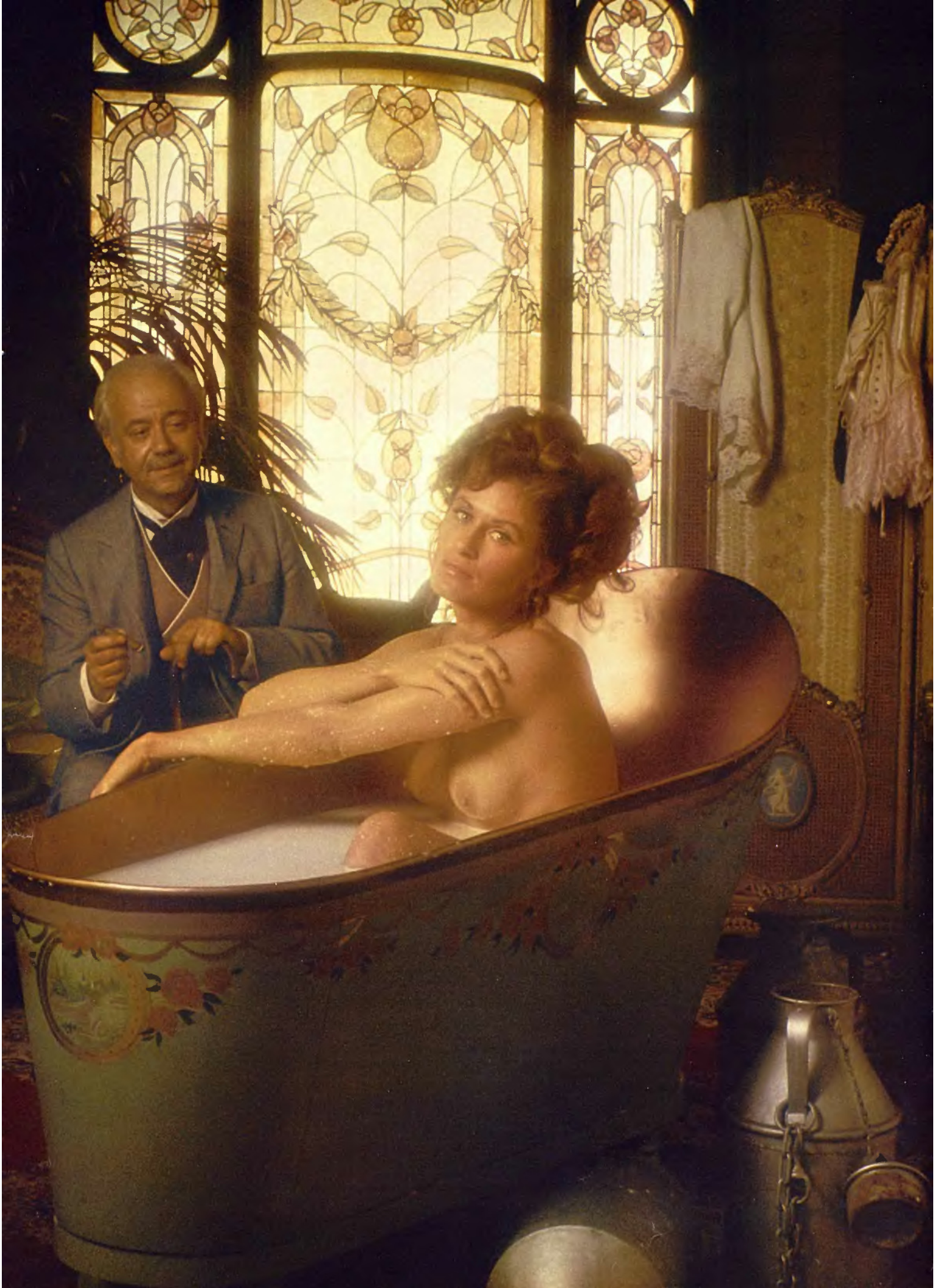


The Ziegfeld Girls

a dazzling revue starring the talking pictures' own susan clark

Imogene "Bubbles" Wilson (above), a Twenties Follies favorite known as "the most beautiful blonde on Broadway," is the first of the Ziegfeld Girls impersonated here by actress Susan Clark. Versatile Susan played Lady Macbeth onstage, is co-starring in Universal's *Showdown*; her favorite screen role, in *The Skin Game*, cast her as a con woman with multiple disguises. "I think that's what appealed to me about this feature: a chance to portray several fascinating women." She got interested in the Follies after meeting Ziegfeld designer Charles LeMaire. "I saw his scrapbooks and was impressed with the girls' sensuous quality."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARIO CASILLI





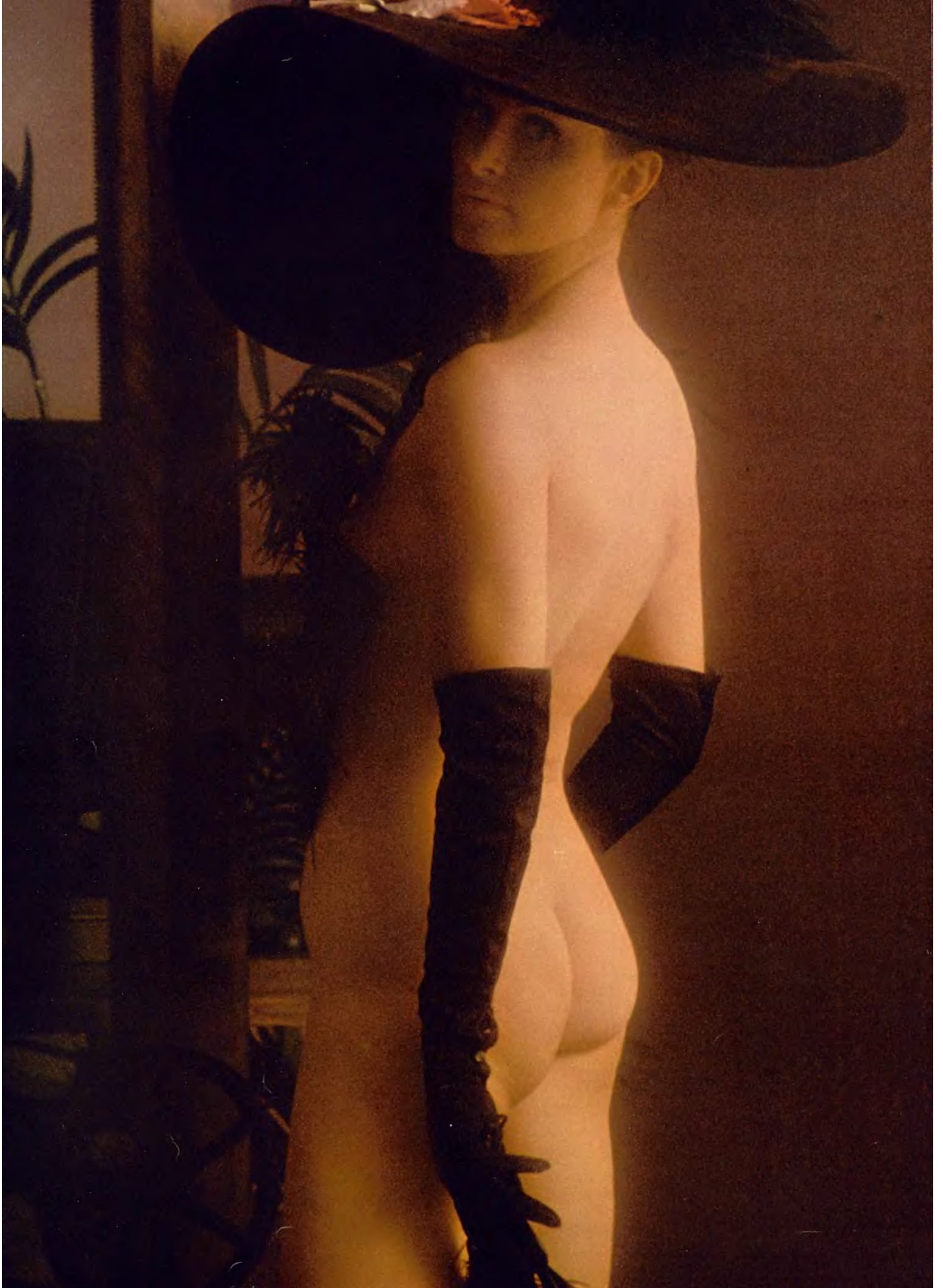
Anna Held (opposite) was the first of the Ziegfeld Girls. In fact, some say she inspired Ziegfeld, whom she married in either 1897 or 1901—reports differ—to stage the Follies. His inventive publicity gimmick, touting milk baths as the secret of the silky Held epidermis, was a boon to the American dairy farmer.

Nora Bayes (above) starred not only in the premiere 1907 Follies and its successors but in yet another example of Ziggy's promotional genius. Nora, it was announced, kept her wasp waist by sucking pre-prandial lollipops. The greatest of Nora's many hits over the years was the boisterous *Has Anybody Here Seen Kelly?*



Marilyn Miller (above), who grew up in the proverbial vaudeville trunk, burst onto the Follies stage in 1918, when she was 19. Widowed tragically at 21, she threw herself into a constant social whirl—always on the arms of at least three handsome escorts—and rapidly became known as America's favorite party girl.

Kay Laurell (opposite) made Follies—and American theatrical—history in 1914, when she stood undraped onstage in *September Morn*, first of the nude tableaux presented by the Follies as lifelike imitations of famous paintings. Other notable poses had Kay perched atop a huge globe and standing at the mouth of a cannon.





the spartans of indochina

to the grunts, the north vietnamese soldiers were little yellow men in ambush sites; to the generals, they were an enigma

article by tom buckley A curious demonstration took place one day in August 1969 at an American base camp near Saigon. A skinny, shockheaded North Vietnamese stripped to his undershorts, dropped to the ground and, quick and graceful as a snake, crawled 25 yards to the camp's outer defensive perimeter. There were two rolls of concertina barbed wire—each about two and a half feet in diameter—laid side by side on the red earth and a third roll on top, forming a rough triangle. They were braced with single-strand barbed wire stretched horizontally and diagonally from steel posts and were laced with dozens of empty ration cans containing loose marbles that rattled an alarm at the slightest pressure.

When he reached the wire, the Vietnamese paused for a moment, quivering like a hunting animal. He carefully spread two strands, then two more. He inched forward, paused again; then, expanding, contracting, twisting, he seemed to flow through the wire as though he existed in a different dimension. In less than a minute he was inside the perimeter, his body untouched by the thousands of barbs, without having rattled a single can.

The North Vietnamese, once a member of a sapper unit—the “death volunteers” who chalk their names on their coffins before an attack—stood and gazed straight ahead, his face expressionless. His staring audience, 200 men, support troops, mostly, red-faced in the stifling heat, flat-footed and overweight, breathed a collective “Son of a bitch.” They had seen a conjuror’s trick, and even in broad daylight, standing a few feet away, they could not understand how it had been done.

In his silence, his mastery, his will focused like a burning glass, the sapper personified an army that did what no one thought possible: It continued to survive, to fight, even to attack, in the face of the greatest concentrations of firepower ever used in battle. And ultimately, it seems likely, to win. For under the cease-fire plan that is being discussed as this is being written in late November, North Vietnamese forces will remain in South Vietnam, masters of a field from which the American forces will have departed.

Strangest of all is the fact that in the nearly seven years since the first troops of the People’s Army—matching the American build-up—began the long march to the south, so little has been learned about them. The Viet Cong, who were all southerners, were different. They were men and youths from the next hut, the next hamlet or the district beyond the river. Not many of them can have survived. But the North Vietnamese have remained cloaked in mystery, as though their secret weapon was a machine for clouding the mind of the West.

The record of wrong guessing is so complete, unbroken, final that it defies the odds: like being dealt 100 poker hands without a pair. “I personally . . . underestimated the persistence and tenacity of the North Vietnamese,” said former Secretary of State Dean Rusk in an interview not long ago. That will do for a beginning. The Pentagon papers are an anthol-

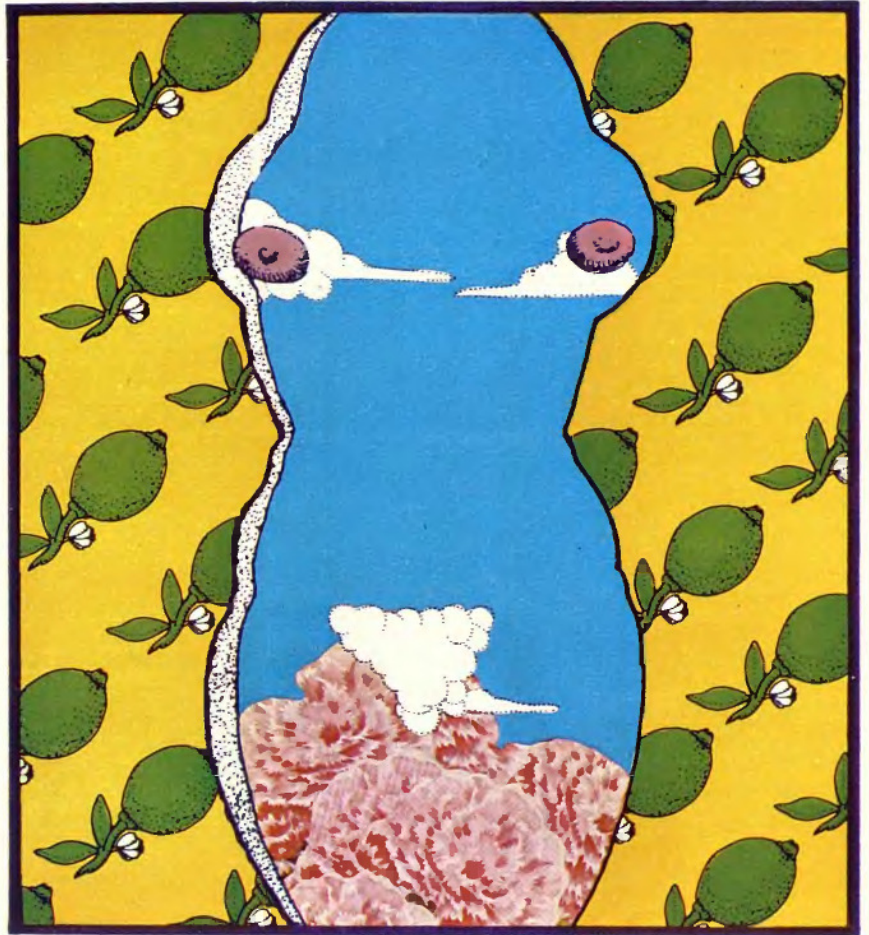
ogy of incomprehension. The beginning of wisdom came in January 1969, in National Security Study Memorandum Number One, prepared for the incoming President Nixon and made public recently by Jack Anderson. “As far as our knowledge of how Hanoi thinks and feels, we see through a glass darkly, if at all,” was the consensus view of the military community. A praiseworthy admission of ignorance, but strange, too, when we possess spinning satellites, black-painted reconnaissance planes whose cameras shoot miles of high-resolution film, infrared lighting, thousands of sensor devices that can detect the ammonia in urine—a water buffalo hitting a flat rock will trigger a B-52 mission from Guam—communications intercepts, computers to untangle Vietnamese codes, jungle scouts, double agents, across-the-border penetration teams.

Yet as the technology has been refined, the errors have multiplied. The pivotal Tet offensive of 1968 was a convulsive surprise. In 1970, after a year of “Vietnamization,” the South Vietnamese army went adventuring in Cambodia. One of its major objectives was COSVN, the Central Office for South Vietnam, the senior headquarters for the conduct of the war from the environs of Saigon to the tip of the Ca Mau Peninsula in the distant, haunted south of mangrove swamps, low-lying paddies and sodden jungle. The South Vietnamese found some ammunition, decaying tennis shoes, some sheds and rough bamboo furniture, but no sign of that underground city of arsenals, conference rooms and barracks—clearly a vision of hell itself—that President Nixon had conjured on television. Does COSVN exist? In a dimension inaccessible to us?

The next year, it was Laos. The South Vietnamese rode west on Highway Nine toward Tchepone, and right off the map. There were North Vietnamese in the trees and the roots, tunneled under the landing zones, waiting, waiting. One night an entire South Vietnamese headquarters staff disappeared. And at the end of it, the South Vietnamese infantry, desperate with the fear of ghosts, streamed back to Khe Sanh, clinging to the skids of helicopters, piled on tanks, or simply running, barefoot, their boots tied by the laces around their necks and bouncing on their chests.

Then, in April of last year, the biggest surprise of all. Ten divisions, or something like it, with tanks and armored personnel carriers at An Loc, at Kontum, and in the Demilitarized Zone. Unheard-of concentrations of artillery, tens of thousands of rounds of ammunition—all this weaponry deployed in secrecy. Only five weeks previously, Secretary of Defense Melvin Laird had told the Senate Foreign Relations Committee that no major enemy activity was anticipated, each inept word popping out of his tiny mouth like a bubble of swamp gas.

Before last April, few had ever seen the North Vietnamese alive. From the tall watchtower at Gio Linh you could look through binoculars and see, (continued on page 116)

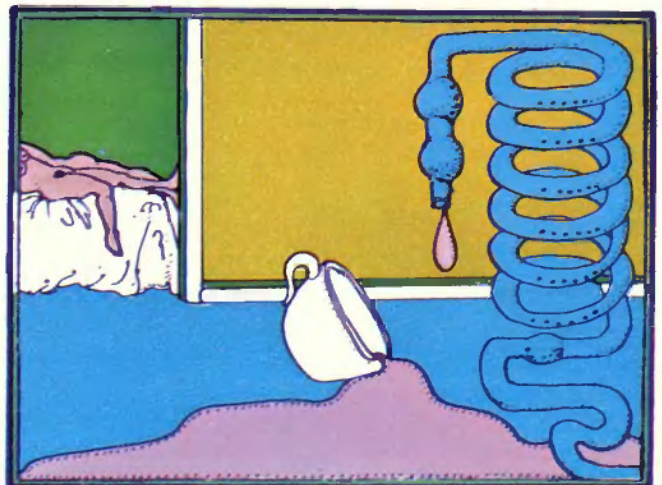
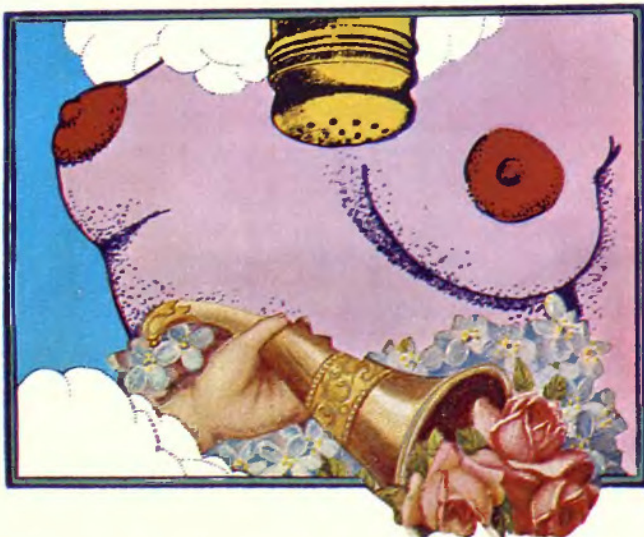


If you wish to tie an unbreakable bond, seek out, at the height of an especially sunny midsummer day, periwinkle blossoms. Brush—lightly—with poppy-flower powder and add a musk-and-lime mixture. When dry, sprinkle it all on a bouquet of peonies and send it quickly to your lover. If she wasn't expecting orchids, she'll never forget you or your gift.

A spoonful of the following recipe assures everlasting love: one dove's heart, one sparrow's liver, a swallow's womb and a hare's kidney. Dry until reduced to a fine ash. With an unused knife, cut your finger and moisten the ash with several drops of blood. It would probably be wise not to tell your lover the ingredients.

On Saint John's Eve, go to a Componula patch and pick one. Shape the plant into a cylinder and carry it, wrapped in linen, next to your heart for ten days. Grind up the plant and sprinkle over candy or flowers. Give them to your lady; she'll be overwhelmed by your love—if she doesn't first succumb to nausea.

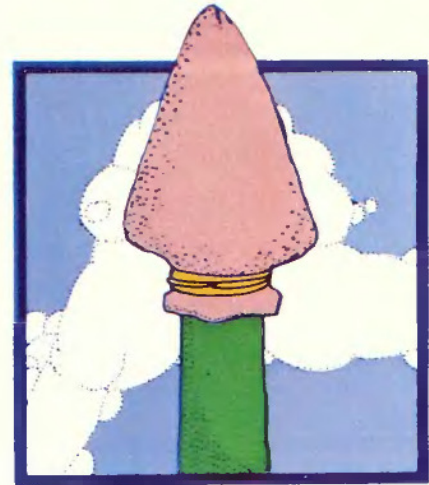
If your previous importunities have given you strong reason to suspect that the lady of your desire is frigid, slay a newborn rom or hare and distill the blood. Then invite her for tea and secretly mix a small dosage in her cup. After a sip, she should become extremely amorous; if she doesn't, you had best look elsewhere.



IN SEARCH OF LOVE'S SURE THING

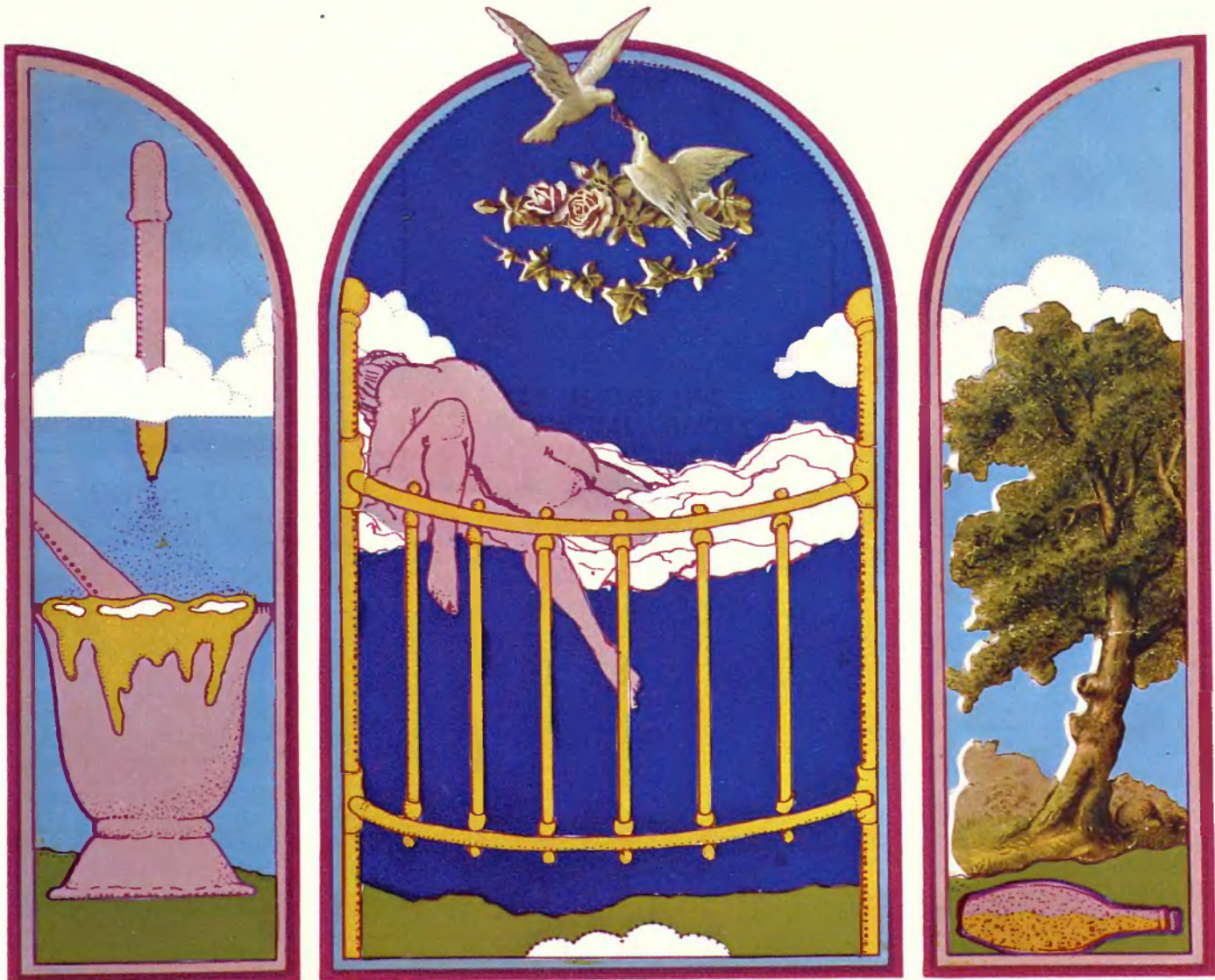
having trouble making the grade? try a powder, an herb, or maybe a platypus heart will turn the trick

THROUGH THE AGES, man has searched not for the Holy Grail but for the one, true aphrodisiac that actually *works*. How mind-boggling to think that a discreet drop or a tablet or a sly dose of some obscure powdered herb guarantees instant surrender. Artist Doug Taylor, while doing a little purely academic delving into the arcane, discovered that, in days past, aphrodisiac formulas were often outrageously complicated, requiring items that the impassioned pursuer was not going to find in ye olde medicine cabinet. They were a far cry from the more recent Spanish fly, a relatively simple but notoriously potent potion ("Well, no, I never used it myself, but I know someone who knows a guy whose cousin slipped some into this broad's drink and, I mean, what can I tell you . . .") guaranteed to produce instant lustful cravings in unsuspecting young things. Taylor was inspired to share some of his tidbits with others who might be interested; he has augmented them with symbolic illustrations that add visual spice to age-old recipes for stirring up passions.



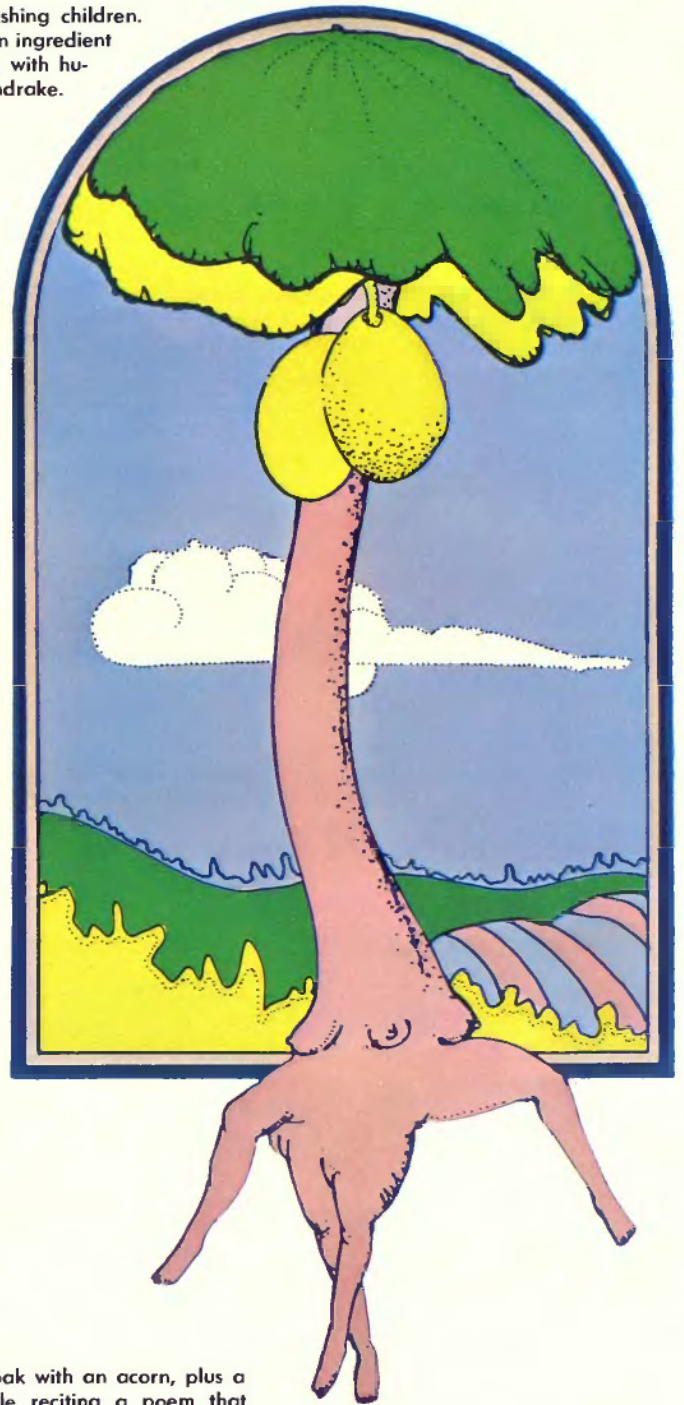
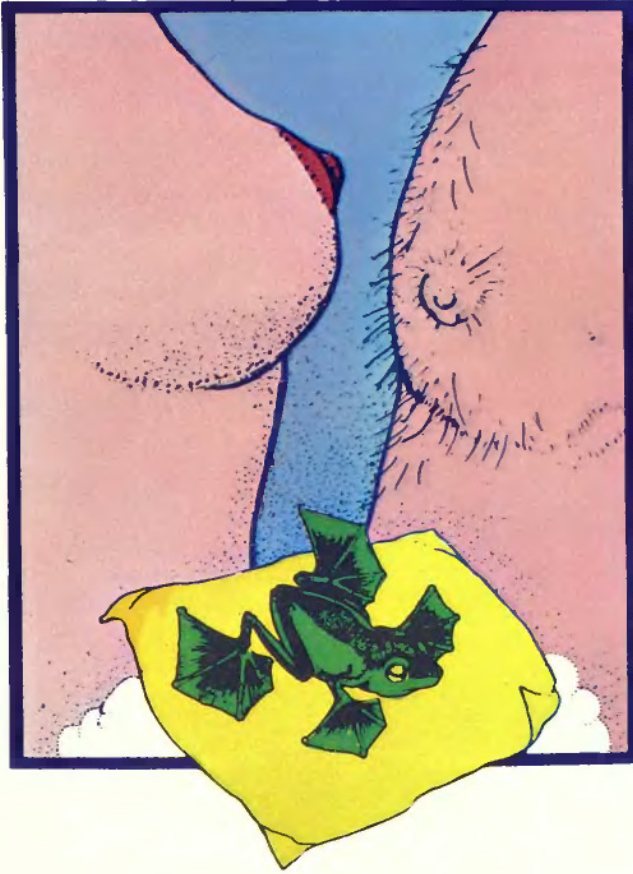
Besides piercing hearts, mythology's oldest love charm, the arrowhead, performs an equally important function as a powerful protector from the evil eye.

Mix together scammony, Roman camomile, cod bones and tortoise shell. Heat, then cool. Add male-beaver fat, flower oil and boil. Add honey, poppy-flower dew, opium and tobacco; bottle and place in sun for 95 days. Then store in cellar, under sand, for a season. Smear mixture over genitals before going to bed. We guarantee that you'll soon have swarms of either women or flies hovering around.



Be aware that the mandrake's root is a charm for those wishing children. (Its fruit is also known as the love apple.) The root is used as an ingredient in love philters. Some believe that the mandrake is endowed with human life and feels pain. Be very gentle when picking a mandrake.

Catch a fat, green frog. Burn its legs and place the ashes in folded virgin parchment. Carry this packet on a card around your neck for 30 days. You will be barraged with propositions from lustful women. When you finally give your body to one of them, remove the parchment packet or you'll crackle in bed.



Two-timers, beware the acorn. A forsaken lady who gathers a bit of oak with an acorn, plus a sprig of ash, and places it under her pillow for three nights while reciting a poem that begins "Acorn cup and ashen key / Bid my true love back to me" always retrieves her man.

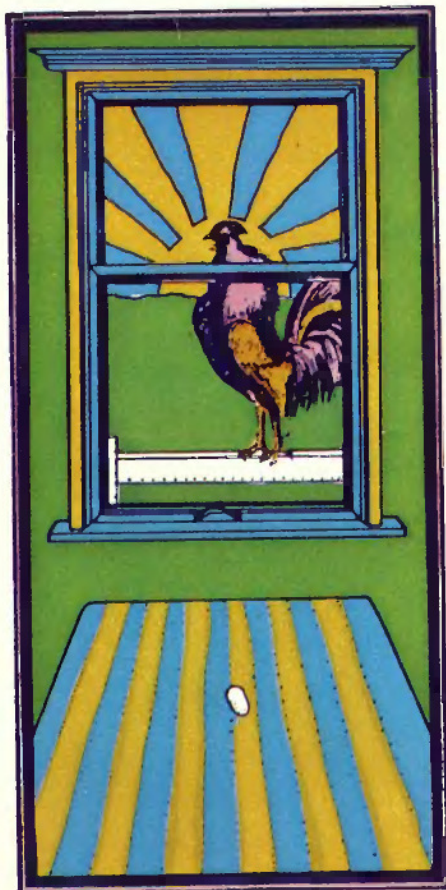




If you desire a woman's affection, feed her olives. If she consumes a sufficient quantity of the fruit sprinkled with chay-herb powder and o grain of dried mustard seed, you will have her odoration for the rest of your doys—if that's what you had in mind. Better think it over.

The word is out that acquiring a tattoo of any design is a sure means of increasing one's virility or sexual attraction, although some locotions work better than others.

If you have an olectorio stone, you're quite fortunate—and determinedly weird. Alectoriae grow only in the ventricles of cocks costroted at the age of three. The bean-sized stone will give you fame and wealth and assurance of o person's love.



A woman receiving a man's words of love near a blockthorn bush may look forward to o long marriage. Be sure you recognize the foliage.

If a woman ploces seven beans in o circle on the ground and you walk over them, you'll be irresistibly drawn to her. So wotch your step.



the digger's game

nothing personal, but when you don't make good your markers, a guy shows up with a louisville slugger to break your kneecaps

SYNOPSIS: THE DIGGER: *Aka Jerry Doherty; he is one of those hard Harps. You want a Zenith stereo or an RCA AccuColor, he can sell it to you very cheap. If it doesn't burn you when you touch it. You want a clean job of breaking and entering, you see the Digger. Right now, every little bit helps, because he is in \$18,000 worth of trouble. He went to Las Vegas on one of those package tours the other day, one thing or another happened, and he had to sign some paper before he left.*

THE BRIGHT RED: *A bar in Dorchester the Digger owns; this is one thing he won't sell or mortgage.*

AGATHA DOHERTY: *She's married to the Digger, and there are some things that bother her. For instance, where does he go at night when the rest of the family has gone to bed? Or the \$1100 he told her he lost in Vegas.*

FATHER PAUL DOHERTY: *Rector of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre; the Digger's brother; weight, 290 pounds. He lives in a comfortable rectory, has a cottage at Onset, goes to Ireland in the fall. He has bailed the Digger out of trouble before this.*

HARRINGTON: *He spends a lot of time in The Bright Red talking to the Digger. He could use about 35 big ones to buy the boat his wife has been after him about for the past eight years. His principal trouble is he's got a big mouth.*

RICHIE TORREY, aka Croce Torre, and MILLER SCHABB: *They run a package-tour business, sometimes for the Holy Name Society or the Knights of Columbus, but the main idea is to fill the planes up with suckers headed for some place with casinos in it. The organization put them in this business, but their trouble is, they got the Greek along with it.*

THE GREEK: *He has lots of muscles as a result of working out at the Y every morning before breakfast. They are not bad to have in the juice business, where some people object to the high rates of interest the Greek charges on things like gambling debts from Vegas. He has the paper on the Digger. He is going to see the Digger very soon.*

A TAN STUCCO WALL, eight feet high and capped with red tiles, shields the Church of the Holy Sepulchre from the noise of very light traffic on Larkspur Street in Weston. The driveway openings in the wall were built to accommodate LaSalles and Zephyrs.

Before noon the Digger eased the broad Oldsmobile through, reminding himself that he had managed the entrance before without gouging a fender.

The Digger parked at the edge of the oval drive, brushing the right fender with the heavy green foliage of the rhododendrons. Blood-colored hedge roses, pruned severely square, bloomed along the inside wall. Ponderous hydrangeas in white wooden tubs drooped before the roses. The air was crowded with fat honeybees around the flowers. On the lawns an underground sprinkling system put up low, whispering fountains in the sunlight; a few corpulent robins walked in the spray, shaking their feathers now and then. In the shade of tall black maples at the end of the lawns, a silky silver Weimaraner arose and padded off toward the rear of the rectory. Keeping a close watch for bees, the Digger walked to the door of the stucco rectory, pushed the bell and sighed.

Mrs. Herlihy was about to turn 60. She was gradually putting on flesh. She dressed in blue, simple suits, and might have been the hostess of a small tearoom known for its delicate pastries. Escorting the Digger toward the study, she said: "You could be twins."

In the study, the Digger looked at the mutton-stripped, glass-front bookcases and the seven-foot carved-cherry desk. The carpet was a rose-colored Oriental; it took the sun nicely where the French doors opened onto the flagstone terrace. At the corner of the terrace there were four potted tree roses; a small gray bird perched on one of them and sang.

"I hate that woman," the Digger said when Paul came into the study.

"Mrs. Herlihy?" Paul said. "I think the world of her. She runs the house perfectly. She has a very pleasant manner. I think sometimes we ought to

ordain Mrs. Herlihy and let her take over the rest of the work. I haven't said that to Mrs. Herlihy." Paul wore a pale-yellow LaCoste sport shirt and white slacks. He wore white slip-on shoes, no socks.

"You had your hair cut," the Digger said. "It's different. It's, it's a different color. You're touching it up. I gotta hand it to you, Paul, you look like a bishop. You live like a bishop, too. Not bad at all. I'm in the wrong line of work is what I think."

"Oh, come on," Paul said, "you do all right. A workingmen's bar in Dorchester? That's like a private gold mine. If Pa'd had something like that, he would've been in seventh heaven."

"He would've been in some kind of heaven," the Digger said, "and a lot sooner, too. Or else maybe down to the Washingtonian, drying out. He had enough trouble staying off the tea as it was. He hadda bar, I think he would've been pickled all the time. In addition to which it's no soft touch, you know, things the way they are. New law now, we gotta serve broads. Guys don't like it, guys' wives don't like it, I agree with them: Booze and broads don't mix. Also, I gotta put in another toilet, which is going to run me a good three thousand before I'm through and I lose space, too. Time I get it, it'll be time for Father Finn's regular sermon about the evils of drink and that'll fall the trade off for a week or two. It's no picnic, Paul."

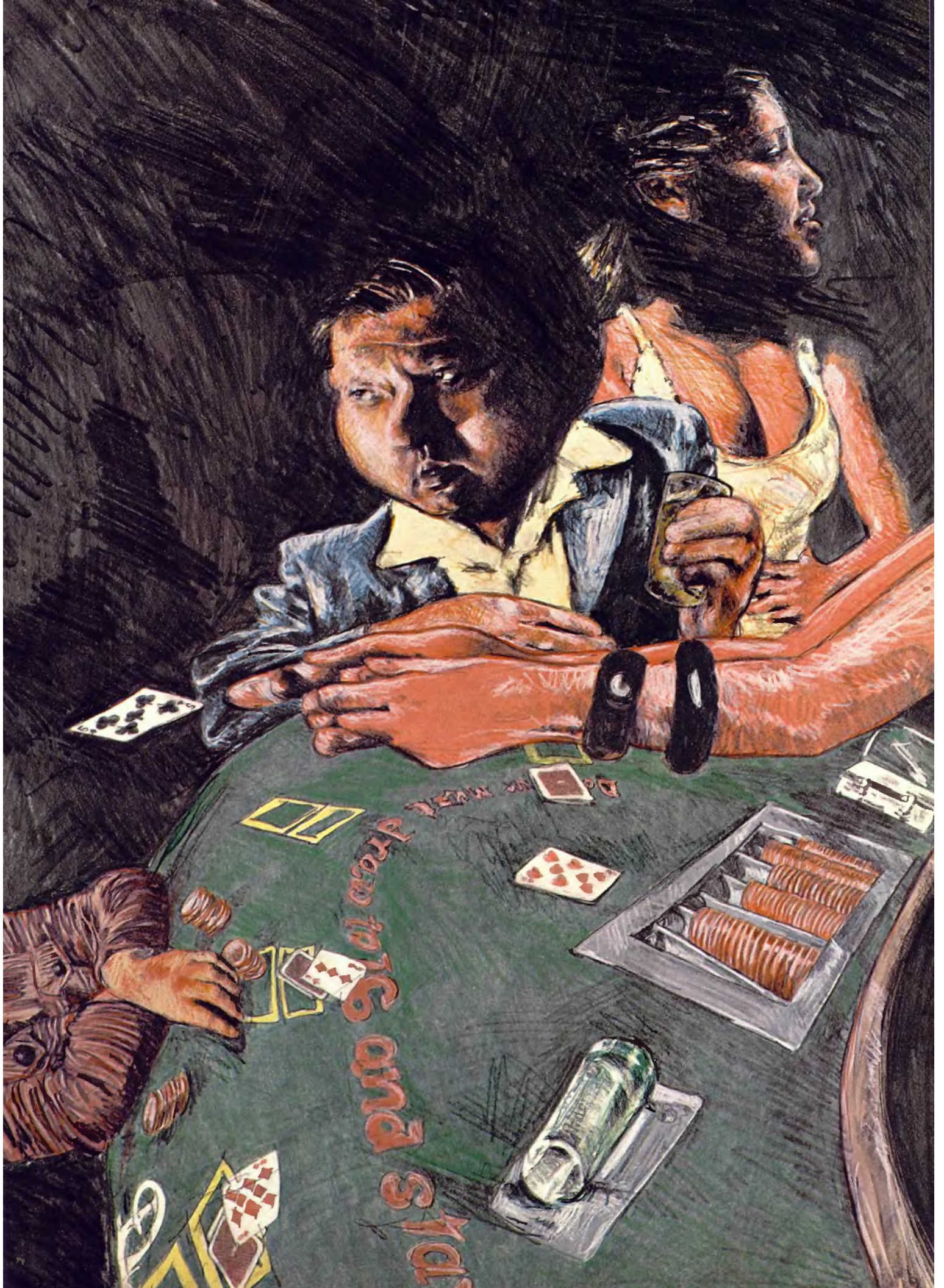
"I could speak to Father Finn, if you want," Paul said.

"I'd rather you didn't," the Digger said. "It gets Aggie upset and all, and it costs me money, but it also don't encourage anybody else, thinking about going to the Licensing for another joint. Ask him instead how he likes the ghinny assistant."

"Still your old tolerant self, I see, Jerry," Paul said.

"I been around," the Digger said, "I work hard, I seen a few things. I can think what I want. I don't like ghinnies is all. I got reasons."

"Heaven's (continued on page 92)



keep humor By CALVIN TRILLIN it clean

*faster than you could say "auto erotica,"
the kwik klean karwash became
the kommunity's kapital of kinkiness*

BEN BURNSIDE, who worked in a mobile-home plant just outside town, and Myrtle Harrison, a waitress at the Golden Doughnut Lounge, were, to their astonishment and delight, the codiscoverers of what the Kwik Klean Karwash was really good for. As it happened, they were in an amorous mood in the first place, and never would have stopped at Kwik Klean on their way to Ben's apartment if he hadn't been a fanatic about the cleanliness of his Pontiac Bonneville. So Myrtle was already over on Ben's side of the front seat when the Pontiac was hooked up by the attendant and started moving through the washing tunnel.

"It's really cozy in here," Myrtle whispered in Ben's ear.

"Ummm," Ben said, starting to toy with her hair.

"Hey," Myrtle said, nuzzling closer. "That's nice the way the water sprays on the windows. Gives me goose bumps."

Ben drew her closer. Another set of nozzles spurted water on the Pontiac. Then brushes filled with soapsuds started to massage the windows. "Hey, wow," Myrtle said.

"Yeah, wow," Ben said. As he pulled her down onto the seat, they could hear more water from the nozzles of the rinse section playing on the roof. "Wow!"

The blast of hot air at the drier end of the tunnel would have found them on the floor under the dashboard if Ben hadn't caught his ear painfully on the gearshift on the way down. Suddenly, they were in bright sunlight and two attendants were wiping off the last traces of water with chamois. Myrtle hastily rearranged her clothes.

"That'll be a dollar," a voice at the window said. Ben stared out at the sullen-looking hulk who doubled as chief chamois man and cashier.

"We want to go again," Ben said.

"Very funny, buddy," the cashier said.

"No, really. Once again," Ben said. Myrtle nodded enthusiastically.

"If you're trying to say we didn't get the dirt off this heap," the cashier said, "let me tell you that ten thousand Red Chinese coolies could work their asses off all day and they couldn't do nothing with the scum you got on that fender."

Ordinarily, a slighting remark about his Pontiac would have sent Ben Burnside into a rage, but his tone grew even more ingratiating. "No complaints," he

said. "You fellas did a real fine job. We just want to go again. Please."

"This ain't the Ferris wheel," the cashier said.

"Please, mister," Myrtle said.

"OK, go again if you want," the cashier said, shaking his head in wonderment. "But I ain't responsible."

So they went again. And again.

. . .

Marty Slovin, the owner of the Kwik Klean Karwash, found out what his car wash was really good for just as he was about to give up for good on his dreams of a Slovin business dynasty. For years, he had had dreams of establishing a big business that would gradually be handed over to the care of his son, Michael. In his fantasies, he could even see the articles that would appear in the business magazines about the Slovin father-and-son team. Marty Slovin, they would say, was a businessman who had worked his way up from nothing—the kind of boss who, as chairman of the board of a far-flung corporation, still was not afraid to get in there and work with his hands himself, the kind of boss who had once known every man on the line by his first name. His son, Michael, would be portrayed as the best of the new-style businessmen—a graduate of the Harvard Business School, maybe, or the Wharton School, who, working hand in glove with his brusque but lovable old man, had introduced the electronically operated machinery and computerized quality control that kept the Slovin empire a jump ahead of the competition.

Slovin did know every man on the line by his first name, because business at the Kwik Klean Karwash had never necessitated having more than four men on the line. He had never been in a business he was able to expand, nor even a business he could keep from contracting. He had failed with lawn-seed distribution, nonstick cookware and men's hats from Honduras. When Slovin thought of his old dreams of a business dynasty, he could take consolation only in the fact that his son seemed too witless to take over a business anyway. Michael appeared to be interested only in an endless succession of exotic-looking girls who qualified as what he called "kinky." The closest Michael had come to Harvard Business School was an arrest for lascivious cohabitation in

Cambridge with a flamboyant blonde.

Then, just as Slovin was about to accept the inevitability of his business failure, he began to notice odd changes in the routine of the Kwik Klean Karwash. It became obvious that there were more couples than usual. Business was picking up a bit during late-evening hours. He noticed that some people were asking to go through the tunnel twice, or even three times. One evening, Slovin stationed himself at the end of the tunnel to try to figure out what was going on. The expression on the faces of the first two couples out told him. He realized that his big business opportunity had finally arrived. He resolved not to lose it by hasty action but to exploit it cautiously and systematically. The first step, he figured, was to expand his audience from the mobile-home-plant crowd without alerting the authorities or inspiring competition. What he needed to do, he decided, was to plant the secret of the car wash in the mind of someone who circulated among the people who might be interested in trying a new sex thrill. Marty Slovin suddenly smiled, realizing that the first step could be taken that very evening at the family dinner table.

As usual that evening, the Slovins began dinner silently. Mrs. Slovin was eating slowly, her expression as she gazed at her son making it obvious that the only pleasure she expected in a long evening of listening to business problems was the pleasure of watching good, healthy food being consumed by Michael, whom she still thought of as her innocent little boy. Michael, wearing a buckskin jump suit and what Slovin took to be either large rings or small brass knuckles, was gobbling down his food with the vacant expression he wore in the presence of his parents.

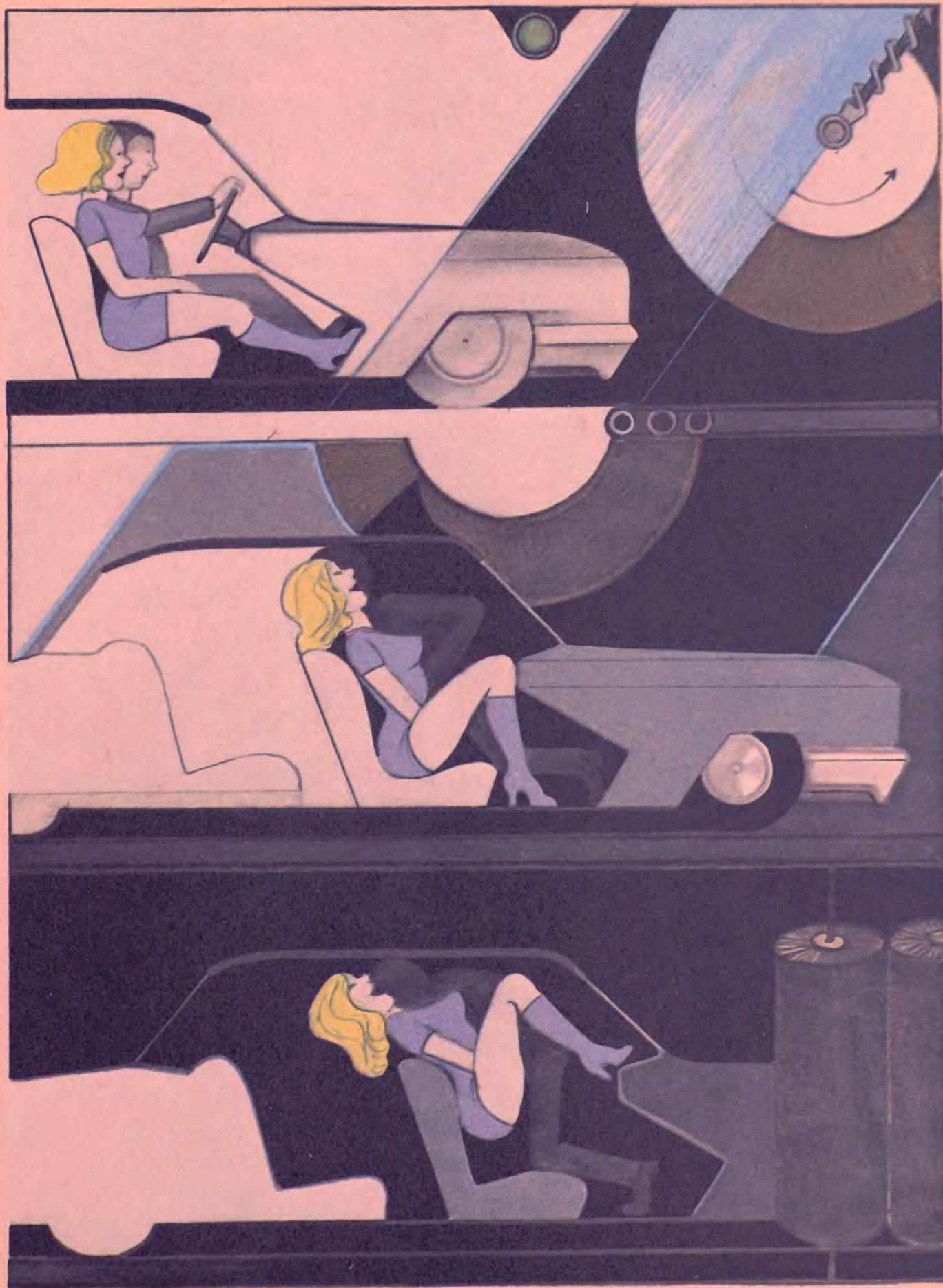
"As if I didn't have enough trouble," Slovin began in his usual way, noting as he said it that the phrase evoked the customary sigh from his wife. "As if I didn't have enough trouble, they're using the car wash for screwing."

"Martin!" Mrs. Slovin said. "Not in front of the boy!"

"As if I didn't have enough trouble," Slovin went on. "Someone found out there's some special thrill in there."

Michael, for the first time in years, looked at his father with attentiveness.

. . .





ILLUSTRATIONS BY TOMI UNGERER

Carson Burns, the district attorney, was silent. He had just been told by Francis McGuire, his number-one investigator, that an automatic car wash within his jurisdiction was being used for purposes of fornication. McGuire thought at first the district attorney had not heard him or, perhaps, was in shock. "Not just fornication," McGuire went on. "Kinky-type fornication."

Carson Burns sighed. "It is truly amazing," he finally said. "It is truly amazing the length to which citizens of this country will go in order to break the law or flout the accepted standards of public morality."

McGuire merely nodded, having heard the district attorney say precisely the same thing when he learned that the American Legion post was considering a plan to put slot machines in its clubhouse and when he learned about the girl who had emerged from the cake at the fire chief's retirement party. Carson Burns interpreted his duties so strictly that he had once raided the Wheelchair Vets Association's illegal bingo game—taking along ramps to facilitate wheeling the veterans into the paddy wagon. After the bingo raid, he had become known around town as Carson the Parson. McGuire had no doubt that Carson the Parson Burns would do everything in his power to close the Kwik Klean Karwash.

"A car wash," Burns was saying, almost to himself, as he reached for his lawbooks. "It is truly amazing."

Two weeks after Marty Slovin had used his own dinner table to let out the word on the car wash, business had already improved enough to necessitate the hiring of two more attendants for the late-night trade. Slovin restrained himself from raising the car-wash price to \$1.25, instead installing a small sign next to the drier section that said *rides were only 75 cents*. Two weeks after he put the sign up, he felt confident enough to talk to his supplier about extending the wash tunnel.

"To be perfectly frank with you, Mr. Slovin, I don't think it would pay you to get an extension to this unit," the supplier's sales representative said after a thorough inspection of the tunnel. "You're not going to improve your wash quality too much, no matter how long you make the unit, and your overhead is going to go sky-high—electricity, maintenance, and what all. I'd have to advise you against it."

"I'm a perfectionist," Slovin said.

Two weeks after the tunnel had been extended, Slovin arranged to have the belt machinery slowed a bit each day so that eventually the cars were traveling twice the distance at half the speed. Then, a week later, with no announcement or fanfare, he took down the sign

that said KWIK KLEAN KARWASH and put up one that said SLO-N-E-Z KARWASH.

"I don't suppose we could get them for running a disorderly house," Carson Burns was saying, almost wistfully.

"It's more like a tunnel, Chief," McGuire said.

Carson Burns sighed. He had already investigated and rejected a dozen different statutes for possible use against the Slo-N-E-Z Karwash, including the state law on corrupting the morals of a minor ("But cleanliness is next to godliness, Chief," McGuire had reminded him) and the city ordinance placing a limit on water usage during periods of officially declared drought. Nothing seemed to fit. "I will find some way to close that car wash," Burns said to McGuire.

"I'm sure you will, Chief," McGuire said. "Meanwhile, I'll just run the Olds through over there now and again, just to keep my eye on things."

Marty Slovin sat contentedly in his office, gazing at the line of cars waiting to submit themselves to the leisurely washing system of the Slo-N-E-Z Karwash. There was no doubt about the word's being out. Slovin suspected that those who disapproved of what was going on had avoided saying so publicly on the theory that attacks would just draw the attention of whatever small percentage of the population was not in on the secret already. Most of the cars in the line contained a couple—a man and a woman or two men or two women—but some had two couples and one spotlessly clean Volkswagen camper had four. Slovin spotted his son, Michael, now one of the regulars, in a Ferrari with a horsy-looking girl and a one-armed bearded midget who was wearing a dress. The radio in Slovin's office was playing the new local hit recorded by the country-and-western group that appeared Fridays and Saturdays at the Golden Doughnut—*I Don't Want to Wash My Car No More*. Slovin found himself humming along with the chorus:

*The fenders are so dirty it's a pity,
The dust is piled like blankets on
the floor.*

*Since you left me in this lonely city,
I don't want to wash my car no more.*

Slovin had been pleased to discover that a local fundamentalist minister who had once been a steady customer no longer came into the car wash—that, in fact, the minister had made his stand on the issue clear by permitting his car to become caked with dirt. The young couples who were considered the local style setters, on the other hand, were driving cars that had been washed so constantly they were in danger of losing their enamel. Slovin had heard indirectly that the way to ask the question young men always asked each other

about young women in places like the Golden Doughnut had become, "Will she wash?"

"I don't suppose we could make them get a cabaret license," Carson Burns said to McGuire.

"I guess not, Chief," McGuire said. "Some of the crowds I've seen going in there in sports cars must be doing some acrobatics, but it's not like anyone's charging anyone to watch them."

"In Minnesota, a Federal court upheld a district attorney who closed one of those hotbed hotels by using an ordinance against false registration to arrest anyone who used a fictitious name," Burns said. "I suppose they would consider it going too far to require people to register at a car wash."

"I guess they might, Chief," McGuire said.

Carson Burns remained silent for a while. "It is truly amazing," he finally said. "There doesn't seem to be any way we can prevent the operation of that car wash."

"Maybe not, Chief," McGuire said. "Well, me and the missus will drop by there a couple of times a week, just to keep our hand in."

Marty Slovin was a happy man. He realized that no action against the car wash by Carson the Parson in three months of operation meant that he must have given up. Slovin remained cautious, but gradually he began to put in a few changes. Whenever a chamois man quit—which happened less often than it had in the Kwik Klean days—he was replaced by a chamois girl. Slovin even began to consider the possibility of advertising Slo-N-E-Z as "an adult car wash." Then, four and a half months after Ben Burnside and Myrtle Harrison had discovered the secret of the Kwik Klean Karwash and handed Marty Slovin his one big opportunity, business began to drop.

Slovin discovered the reason as he was driving aimlessly around the city, trying to think of what could have gone wrong. A mile away from Slo-N-E-Z, someone had constructed, seemingly overnight, what at first glance appeared to be an elongated night club but turned out to be a sleek car-wash tunnel of a length that was the equivalent of at least five city blocks. A huge neon sign on the street said: CARWASHEROTICA—THE SUPER SOOTHINGLY SLOW CAR-WASH EXPERIENCE. A sign on the way from the street to the tunnel said: HAVE YOUR ENAMEL MASSAGED BY DANISH BRUSHES AND JAPANESE WATER JETS—ALL ELECTRONICALLY OPERATED. A large sign at the tunnel said COMPUTERIZED QUALITY CONTROL.

Standing next to it, directing operations with casual waves of his riding crop, was Michael Slovin.



digger's game (continued from page 86)

going to be hard for you," Paul said. "They're nowhere near as selective as you are, from what I hear."

"Yeah," the Digger said, "I heard that, too. I didn't hear it from Father Finn, of course, but I see Alioto's working around to that every so often. Coons and everything. 'Course, that's only true if there's anything to the rest of it, shade just doesn't go down and that's the end of you."

"You're not sure?" Paul said.

"Put it this way," the Digger said, "if they got that thing and all, it's not crowded. I sure don't know that many guys I'd expect to find there."

"You expect to get the chance to look, though," Paul said.

"Well," the Digger said, "there was Ma. Now, Ma, she did what she was supposed to do, and she laid off the other stuff, and she put up with Pa and me. So, and that other thing, she had a son a priest, which is the free ticket, the way I get it. So, it's all true, Ma is OK. Now, me, I figure the one chance I got is to kick off when it's raining—no golf, a weekday, say in April, no ball game, middle of the afternoon, so you already had your nap. I see it coming, I'm gonna say: 'Aggie, gimme the chaplain, baby. Call over to Saint Hilary's, Father Finn ain't in, try the Lutherans and then the Jews. Worst comes to worst, the black fella down in the store Columbus Ave., under the el.' Because that's the only chance I got, somebody comes by when I'm too weak to get in any more trouble and wipes it all off, says: 'Let him in, God. He made it.' Ma, Ma could've died in a closet when the Broons're playing Canadiens, there isn't a priest for miles. She still would've been all right. Maureen's inna convent. She goes and they say: 'Let her in, works for the Boss.' Kathy? Kathy married the Corola wine company. Either she goes straight to hell for marrying the wop or she goes straight to heaven for living with the wop, I forget which Ma finally decided. Either way, nothing she can do about it. You got the retirement plan. Me, I gotta be realistic. I go at a time when I can't get the house call, I'm sunk."

"Does it bother you?" Paul said.

"Yeah," the Digger said, "a little."

"Enough to do something about it?" Paul said.

"No," the Digger said, "not enough for that. I figure, I make it, great. They gotta, there's gotta be some reason they call it paradise. I don't make it, it's there to be had, well, too bad, at least I'll see all my friends in the other place. And if there isn't no place, either kind, well, at least I didn't waste no time worrying about it."

"I think that's a healthy attitude," Paul said.

"Yeah," the Digger said.

"I do," Paul said. "It's not that far off from mine. The way I look at it, I'm telling people what I really believe to be true. But maybe it isn't true. All right. If they do what I tell them, and it's true, I've done a lot of good. That makes me feel good. If they do what I tell them, and it isn't true, what've they lost? There's nothing wrong with the model of Christian life, even if there isn't any jackpot at the end. It's an orderly, dignified way to live, and that's not a bad thing."

"I don't think that's what Ma thought you were up to when you got ordained, there," the Digger said.

"I'm sure it wasn't," Paul said. "Ma was a good, simple woman. I don't think it's what I was up to when I got ordained."

"That's nice talk," the Digger said.

"I didn't mean anything," Paul said.

"I mean it: She knew what she believed in, and she believed in it. I'd give a great deal today for a church full of people like her. I offer Mass at least twice a week for the repose of her soul."

"Now, there's something I could use," the Digger said, "a little of that repose of the soul. That'd be just the item."

"Well," Paul said, "you had yourself a little excursion a week or so ago. Things can't be that bad."

"How'd you hear that?" the Digger said.

"I ran into Aggie," Paul said. "I had some business at the chancery and then I took the trolley in town and went to see Father Francis at the shrine, take him to lunch. Aggie was coming out when I went in. She had Patricia with her. Those are beautiful children, my nephews and niece, even if I am their uncle."

"I wonder what the hell she was doing in there," the Digger said. "She didn't tell me she was in town."

"You were away," Paul said. "I suppose she figured, well, the cat's away. Here's my chance to get roaring drunk. So, naturally, she stopped in at the shrine with your daughter to get things off to a proper start. She said you were out in Las Vegas and she was in shopping and stopped in at the shrine to say a prayer for your safe return. Nothing sinister about that, is there?"

"No," the Digger said, "I didn't mean that. I just didn't know she was in there is all. She can do what she likes."

"How'd you happen to be in Las Vegas?" Paul said.

"Oh, you know," the Digger said, "one thing and another. I know this guy, he's inna travel business, he had

this deal, he had some room onna plane, and did me and some of the guys want to go? So, you know, we hear a lot about Vegas, yeah, we'll go. So, you pay five bucks, you join this club, then they can give you the plane fare practically for nothing. They got this kind of a special deal with the hotel, so, really, it's pretty cheap, you do it that way. It's almost all the way across the country and all. You get your meals, couple of drinks, you can play golf. I played golf. It's really a pretty good deal."

"You like Vegas, huh?" Paul said.

"It's pretty hot," the Digger said. "During the day, it was awful hot. See, that's one of the reasons you can get the rate, going out this time of year. It's so hot a lot of people don't want to go. So the hotels, you know, they pay part of it. But it was still hot. One of the days it got up to a hundred and fifteen. I wouldn't want to live there. I just wanted to see what it was like."

"Of course, the main attraction's the gambling," Paul said.

"Well, but they have a lot of big-name entertainment there, too," the Digger said.

"Who'd you see?" Paul said.

"It was kind of funny, actually," the Digger said. "I was going to, they had this opera fellow that was supposed to sing there, Mario Lanza?"

"Mario Lanza's been dead about ten years," Paul said.

"Must've been somebody else, then," the Digger said. "Like I say, I forget his name. Anyway, he was sick. Nero. Franco Nero?"

"The only one I ever heard of," Paul said, "was Corelli. I doubt he sings out there."

"I dunno," the Digger said. "Whoever it was, he was sick. So they just had, it was some guys I never heard of. They had a comedian and they had this floor-show and a guy sang popular."

"Did you by any chance do some gambling, Jerry?"

"Well, yeah," the Digger said, "I did some gambling."

"How much gambling did you do?" Paul said.

"Now, look," the Digger said, "gambling, you know, I done it before. I know where Suffolk is, the Rock, Gansett. I even bet onna baseball game now and then. I didn't, I know about gambling, Paul. I didn't have to go all the way out to Vegas to gamble."

"Well, that's true, of course," Paul said. "Did you win or lose?"

"I lost," the Digger said.

"You lost," Paul said.

"Look," the Digger said, "I'm not one of them guys comes around and he's always telling you he won. People lose gambling. I lost."

"That's why they run gambling, I

(continued on page 138)



food **BY THOMAS MARIO** The fire burns, the caldron bubbles and each guest cooks his own dinner, while the host has only to offer encouraging words. That's the firepot, or hot pot, an Oriental fondue in which raw morsels are simmered in a circular saucepan over a chimneyed charcoal brazier. The party begins with an array of sliced meats, seafood and vegetables at the ready. Everyone is given a small wire basket into which he places his chicken or shrimp or whatever he singles out; he then lowers it into the bubbling broth,

waits only a moment, retrieves the cooked morsel and uses chopsticks or fork to swish it into one of several dips. Words are inadequate to describe the startlingly fresh, mellow flavors of firepotted foods such as beef, mushrooms and cucumbers; even a sharp soy-and-scallion dip or a curry dip only seems to add to the exquisite flavors of thinly sliced foods momentarily baptized in hot broth. At some firepot parties, guests are encouraged to mix their own dips from a variety of

FIREPOT PARTY

raw ingredients, but there can be (concluded on page 205)

bubble your pleasure with an oriental twist to the familiar fondue bit

*“Why, Count, I thought you
only bit people on the neck.”*





Vargas

THE VARGAS GIRL





Jack is dead in St. Pete. I was reading about him in an old journal when Shirley called out from downstairs, having heard it on the radio. There were the bad moments waiting for a repeat of the newscast; there were the waves of awareness coming up and receding. . . . I have always addressed my sentences to him, to his canny eye, and it will be different to write from now on. . . . Allen G. called. By happenstance, he will be in New Haven tomorrow, and we will go down. "He didn't live much beyond Neal," Allen said as a matter of interest. "Only a year and a half." I spoke to Gregory & Peter too—they were all at the Cherry Valley farm. . . . We wired Memère & Stella—useless words. Portents of his death somewhere, sometime, have plagued me for eight-ten years—as recently as last Thursday I thought of him dying in St. Louis or Chicago on some Kerouac-crazy trip. . . . I haven't dared think of his mind in its last hours. What can one say? He's gone. It's over for him.

—JOURNAL, OCT. 21, 1969, 12:45 P.M., OLD SAYBROOK, CONN.

GONE IN OCTOBER

article

By JOHN CLELLON HOLMES

*for raucous jack, eager jack,
jack of the tender eyes—the end of the night*

I

SHIRLEY AND I drove down to New Haven for Ginsberg's reading at Yale under clear high skies of blue. The trees had turned in the last days to full autumn, and it occurred to me that it was apt that Jack had gone away in October, which was his favorite month, and that it was one of those red-and-gold New England afternoons through which footballs used to loft in such brave arcs when we were young.

No more Jack, I repeated to myself as I drove, his death a fact too inexplicable, too final to go down. I'd known him for half my life. Whatever sort of man and writer I'd become was due in no small measure to our friendship. As young men, we had shared those important, exuberant years that sometimes shape the rest of life. *Damn him!* I caught myself thinking. *Why does he do things like this?* I'd talked to him for an hour on the phone not ten days ago, and we had bickered as we often did when he was drunk, and he had challenged me to call him back in an hour, and I hadn't done it, exasperated by his boozy monologs. And now the phone was permanently dead.

We parked near the Yale Co-op and walked through chilly streets to the Political Union Library, where the students were holding a reception for Allen. In a paneled upstairs room, 20 or 30 young people, drinking port and sherry, sat on the floor around the ringleted Karl Marx beard and dome of balding forehead that gave Allen the look of a worldly Talmud scholar who had retired to the Negev. Gregory squatted on his heels in an enormous George Raft overcoat, working on a tumbler of sherry, and Peter, now become a grizzled wrangler of bitter winters in Upstate New York, stared silently out from under the three-inch brim of a hat of Day-Glo red. It was the first time that we had all been in the same room in over five years.

In the middle of a long answer about ecology, Allen waved,

Circa 1956: Jack Kerouac, Allen Ginsberg, Peter Orlovsky, standing; Gregory Corso, John Clellon Holmes, kneeling. Artist's rendering based on a photo in "Scenes Along the Road" (Portents/Gotham Book Mart, 1970). 97

and Gregory came over, whispering, "What a time to get together, huh?"

Allen finished, and he and Peter worked their way through the crowd, and we all embraced. "Well, old Jack's dead, I guess," Allen said, and we looked at one another, wordless with the fact.

We straggled through the evening streets toward dinner with some of the students, arranging that the three of them would drive home with us that night and we'd all go up to Lowell the next day for the funeral. Then on to the reading, which was held in a large, high-ceilinged hall, already filled with young people in their Army jackets, beards, ragged blue jeans, maidenly falls of hair, love beads and peace amulets—recruits in the war against the death drive in the modern world, which, for some of us, had already been going on for two decades. We were taken down front to wait, and there on the stage was a paper banner, 12 by 4 feet in size, on which was written: IN MEMORIAM: JACK KEROUAC, 1922-1969, and below that: NEAL CASSADY, 1927-1968.

Allen and Peter came down the side aisle and up onto the stage with their harmonium, where they removed their jackets to get down to work. "We'll begin with a prayer," Allen said, and he and Peter began chanting a sutra, Jack's sutra, the Diamond, standing together in their shirts, Peter palming the bellows of the harmonium with the metronomic motion of a weaver with his beater, and both wailing the clear, high-pitched chant, which was followed by a scatter of applause from the perplexed, politicalized students, who expected something more inflammatory, or more "relevant." Allen was quietly remonstrative. "You don't have to applaud a prayer," he said.

Then he read three or four choruses from Jack's *Mexico City Blues*, repeating the *211th Chorus*, "The wheel of the quivering meat conception," because of the lines:

*"Poor! I wish I was free
of that slaving meat wheel
and safe in heaven dead"*

He repeated this three times for emphasis, as if to say: "See, there's your politics, that's your art, that's your reality, that was life to him." Then he read the last *Chorus* with some deliberation:

*"Vanish.
Which will be your best reward,
'Twere better to get rid o'
John O'Twill, then sit a-mortying
In this Half Eternity with nobody
To save the old man being hanged
In my closet for nothing
And everybody watches
When the act is done—"*

*Stop the murder and the suicide!
All's well!
I am the Guard"*

Perhaps no one on the outside of Jack's life ever really understood these lines, but years ago they had made me realize he didn't want to stay in such a world, and even say as much in *Nothing More to Declare*, and have him chide me about putting him in his grave.

After this, Allen read for almost an hour out of his own poems, and finally said: "I've been setting some of Blake's poems to music, and Peter and I will sing a few after we take ten minutes off, so John Holmes can hear them." After the break, they both turned to look down at me, Allen smiling with the healing euphoria of song, having been able to add something at last to our old master, Blake—if it was only these incantatory, Hebraic, singsong melodies that piped so wild.

When they were done, Allen opened it up to questions from the audience, and the questions weren't too silly, just a little solemn with the "nonnegotiable" puritanism of kids that year. At last, a blond kid got up, somewhat shy, bespectacled, grave and confused, and stumbled out that he thought they'd like to know what Allen thought about Kerouac's death, and where Jack fit into the scene today, and why he seemed to have drifted off into curious, cranky ideas in recent years, and should they care about him? Was he—well, *important*? They couldn't say. Would Allen?

Allen sighed and leaned on the lectern toward the microphone on his elbows, and didn't say anything for 50 seconds. I knew what he was thinking: How could you sum it up in a few glib words? How could you bring back the eager Jack, Jack of the tender eyes, the raucous Jack of midnights, Jack's earnest sweat, maddening Jack of the end of the nights, maudlin Jack of all the songs, the Jack who knew for sure, Jack simple as a cornflower, fist-proud Jack, the bongo Jack of saucepans, Jack of the Chinese restaurants, Jack mooning under street lamps about guilt, the Jack of Jacks?—when all they probably knew anything about was drunken, contentious Jack, bigoted, mind-stormed Jack, the Jack of sneers, who somehow now appeared to have drunk a hole in his Balzac belly. How could you? No way.

But Allen gathered his thoughts and leaned closer to the mike and simply said: "Well, he was the first one to make a new crack in the consciousness," and everything else—pot, rock, doin' your thing, make a new Jerusalem, etc., had come out of that crack. What he had done was to try to follow the implications of his sad-comic view of things to the bottom of his own nature and transcribe it in its own onrushing spontane-

ous flow, and leave it there for later, for others.

"So he drank himself to death," Allen said bluntly, "which is only another way of living, of handling the pain and foolishness of knowing that it's all a dream, a great, baffling, silly emptiness, after all." And then abruptly he said nothing more.

Allen and Peter had to go tape an interview for the university radio station, so Gregory and Shirley and I went to clean out the dormitory room they had been assigned but wouldn't need now. As we hurried through the bitter-cold New Haven streets, Gregory said of the students: "I always tell them, 'Listen, I was born when people smoked straights and drank booze. Let me have a drink and I'll noodle your doodle, or save your soul, whatever you're after.'" Laughing in a breathless, delighted little cackle, which, the next day, driving to Lowell, I would hear from the back seat—heh-heh-heh-heh-heh—and realize, "By God, it's Jack's laugh, Gregory laughs like Jack now, modestly, as at some private thought, *happy*." I'd forgotten Jack's old laugh; he hadn't laughed that way much in recent years, not that soft *heh-heh-heh* of pleasure, and I remembered it without a pang.

We went through shadowy quads as icy as your winter nose tip, shrouded students hurrying home under old elms, and up into the dorm to collect their stuff: Gregory's movie-camera case, a suitcase of what Jack used to call "needments," a green sport shirt, and a pair of Jockey shorts drying on the Venetian blind. Shirley made us a bourbon in the single tooth glass and we sipped it while Gregory told us about how they had gone out into the Upstate woods after they heard the news about Jack, just the day before, all of them up in Cherry Valley, and carved Jack's initials into a tree—"You know, in the name of American poetry."

We struggled all the baggage down into my car, and then walked down the block to the radio station, where Allen and Peter sat in a smoke-bleared recording booth with seven or eight student activists, Allen patiently going into his sixth straight hour of talk. Gregory and I went in for a minute, to be interviewed, too, but of course the four of us kept drifting into personal things, having had no real chance till then—such as how the rain water runs down the stone embankments in Eureka Springs, Arkansas, and how, yes, we'd all been there, though never together, and it was where Carry Nation conducted her last campaign against drink. The young men seemed bewildered by this and one of them finally said: "Why do you guys always talk about where people are from, and what happened

(continued on page 110)



Sokol

"We can't go on meeting like this."

*february's cyndi wood
finds a modeling career
fulfills her showbiz
ambitions—for now*

CLASS ACT





CAN YOU SING? Can you dance? Can you hot-cha-cha?" asks the Hollywood producer in a vintage comedy routine. We can't vouch for the hot-cha-cha, but when it comes to song and dance, February Playmate Cyndi Wood certainly has her act together. It's not surprising; her mother was an actress, her father a recording-company executive and, as a Hollywood native to boot, Cyndi naturally gravitated to the entertainment world. "My parents' friends were actors, producers and directors; my friends were their sons and daughters. And for as long as I can remember, my life was nothing but lessons." Cyndi admits that there were times she felt pressured. "Whenever there was a school play, I'd try out for it. Whenever the chorus auditioned, I was there. Between those activities and my dance and music instruction, I had little time to think about what *I* wanted to do." But she's far from bitter about the experience. "I've always liked being in the spotlight," says Cyndi. "When my parents stopped prodding me, I picked up where they left off." She got her first break as a professional—while still attending high school in Los Angeles—when she was asked to sing backup for a local rock group at a recording session. For three years thereafter, she sang what she calls "a lot of doo-wah stuff" for other local

Below: Some of Cyndi's modeling assignments require more than a mere quick change of clothes. In Chicago for an upcoming industrial show, she and (left to right) models Gail MacGuire, Gigi Williams and Mary Kane talk over a complex dance routine with choreographer-producer Erin Adair (back to camera) before they undertake running through it in rehearsal.





As Mary and Gail stand by, Cyndi practices a solo with Erin. "Some models," says Miss February, "don't like to do shows. But I'd rather take the time to rehearse than be just another clothes rack."

artists. That led to the formation of Collage, a studio group that recorded for Mercury Records. "With Collage," Cyndi recalls, "I was given the opportunity to sing lead. But except for a couple of weeks when we played the Dunes in Las Vegas, we performed only for the microphones. After two years of that, I knew I wanted something else." For a while, our Playmate tried her hand at fashion designing ("just for myself"), songwriting and even sound engineering ("I do some great mixing and can work off any 16-track"). But, in time, Cyndi decided those pursuits were only hobbies and resolved that the best way to further her musical ambitions would be to continue her education. In 1969, she enrolled as a music major at Los Angeles City College, transferred to Los Angeles Valley College in Van Nuys and began augmenting her composition courses with dramatic studies. Says Cyndi, "It seems to be a pattern with me that when I finally get committed to something, another interest comes along and I'm torn between the two. In high school, I was hung up between medicine and music. When I finally abandoned the thought of becoming a doctor, I discovered I liked *acting* better than music." Soon Cyndi found her theater-arts courses taking up more time than her music classes. "I couldn't find a direction," she says, "so I concluded that rather than spend years with a lot of required





Above left: Back in Los Angeles to sing a backup overdub at Sound City, Inc., Cyndi—with producer Bill Drescher at the console—listens to the master tape onto which her voice will be mixed. Above right: With headphone firmly in place, she then vocalizes her harmony part into the boom mike. But the day's music making is hardly over: Later, Cyndi is off to a friend's place (below) for an easygoing jam. "Of all the instruments I play," she says, "I like drums best, though guitar and piano, which I took up more than 15 years ago, aren't far behind."

subjects for a diploma, I'd simply learn about what I *wanted* to learn about." By late 1971, she had dropped out of college, though she continued to do occasional recording dates. Along the way, she was even offered a film contract; but she turned it down. "I didn't feel confident about acting, because I hadn't enough experience." Just when her life seemed to be "settling into a state of terminal disorder," Cyndi thought of modeling. "It seemed the perfect answer. I thought I'd just have to see an agent and all kinds of offers would come my way." It didn't work out that simply. "Most agents are a waste of time," she says. "It's only common sense that you're always going to work harder for yourself than an agent will." So, after initial setbacks, she sought—and won—her own modeling assignments for TV commercials, fashion shows and industrial conventions as a free-lancer. "I love being in front of people," Cyndi says. "I suppose it appeals to the actress in me. In fact, much of my work in commercials or trade shows calls for acting. Sometimes I even get a chance to sing and dance, too, and that's great." Obviously, Cyndi believes such assignments provide her with wonderful opportunities to polish her performing talents. And with a recording contract as a possibility and a film script already in the offing, Cyndi may have all the more reason to sing her favorite song, *It's Gonna Be All Right*.





MISS FEBRUARY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



In New York City to represent a menswear firm at a buyers' show (above), Cyndi is pleasantly surprised to find friend Jean Manson (at left) on assignment at the same event. Below: A lunchtime ride on the Staten Island ferry, with the skyline of Lower Manhattan in the background, gives Misses Wood and Manson the opportunity to get reacquainted and make plans for that evening.



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Two street workers happened to be standing in front of a brothel when a man in clerical garb stopped, glanced around and slipped into the doorway. "Did ya see that, Mike?" said one of the workmen disapprovingly. "That was a Protestant minister!" A short time later, another clergyman arrived, hesitated momentarily and then angled into the same entrance.

"Hey, Tony," exclaimed the other workman, "there goes a rabbi! What's the world coming to these days?" After a further interval, a priest swung down the street and into the building.

"Tony," said Mike, "some poor girl must be really sick in there."



As their illicit lovemaking neared its climax, the young thing strained up toward her brother-in-law. "Kiss me, Max!" she urged hoarsely. "Oh, kiss me, kiss me!"

"Kiss you?" panted Max. "Why, I shouldn't even be doing this!"

Winter, according to one householder, is when the air-conditioning repairmen leave for Europe and the furnace repairmen return.

*An elderly trooper named Sand
Had had a seduction well planned,
But he still couldn't muster
More luck than had Custer,
For Sand, too, had had his last stand.*

There's both a good and a bad side to these wage freezes," philosophized the drinker at the bar. "What's good is that my favorite callgirl won't be able to raise the price of her tail. What's bad is that I won't be able to, either."

One evening, an American tourist in France was arrested for allegedly driving while under the influence, and then was given a breath test at the *gendarmerie*. "Well?" he asked, somewhat belligerently, as the old desk sergeant slowly read the findings and began to enter them on the arrest report.

"Disappointing, monsieur," replied the cop, shaking his head. "Château Duvalier . . . 1962 . . . rather thin . . . has not aged well."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *municipal graft* as city haul.

A man who was about to be married mentioned to a friend that he was planning to take only two days for his honeymoon because he was so busy at the office. "That's too bad," said his friend. "You won't have much time. How far did you plan to go?"

"Oh," replied the groom-to-be, "all the way, naturally!"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *perfect secretary* as one who comes in for dictation with a notebook, pencil and towel.

A visitor from Colorado had heard just about enough about how big, rich and dry Texas was. "Look," he said to one particularly vocal Lone-Star braggart, "we've got more water than we need in our mountain lakes. Why don't we just run a pipeline from them down to your barren areas? And if you Texans can suck as well as you can blow, your troubles are over."

We've heard of a swinger who has labeled his little black book *Future Shack*.

"I can't understand it, doctor," the girl complained. "Every time I see a handsome, muscular man on the beach. I get this funny feeling between my toes."

"That's strange," the medical man ruminated. "Which toes?"

"The big ones," she sighed.

An expert has described the difference between a 20-year-old prostitute and a 15-year-old teeny-bopper as that between 20 dollars and 20 years.



"My boy," the father advised his young son, "while it is no longer considered true that the autoerotic habit will lead to insanity or blindness—a quaint delusion of our Victorian forefathers—I think you should be made aware that, according to the latest medical opinion, it can be the cause of a serious reduction in hearing."

"What?" said the boy.

The members of the hunting club had drawn straws to decide who would man the mess tent during their annual trip to the big woods, with the proviso that anyone complaining about the food would automatically replace the unlucky cook. Realizing after a few days that no one was likely to risk speaking up, Short Straw decided on a desperate plan. Having found some moose droppings, he added a generous amount to the stew that night. There were grimaces around the campfire after the first few mouthfuls, but nobody said anything until one member suddenly broke the silence. "Hey," he exclaimed, "this stuff tastes like moose shit—but good!"

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.



"The lobster looks damn good!"



THE POWDER AND THE GLORY

article **BY JOHN SKOW** THE TEMPERATURE in the room has passed 195 degrees. The rim of the sawed-off wine bottle is hot enough to hurt the lips. Surprisingly, the beer inside it is still cool, but the heat in the room is now solid and important. Respectful attention must be paid to it. We sit there in our skins, paying attention. We have begun to glisten and turn pink: two or three men in our late 30s or early 40s, tennis players, handball bulldogs and three-mile joggers, by the look of us; a boy of about 14; and a couple of chunky college girls. Nobody is wearing anything, except for one of the girls, who has a towel turbaned around her hair. She is the blonder of the two and has turned pinker. Sing ho for chunky college girls. Our mood is light and uncluttered, as far as I can tell. Each of us has wandered separately to the sauna, whose door lists no rules and no hours, poked his head in and thought, well, sure. The trace of sexuality in our happenstance is pleasant, partly because it is so faint as to be weightless. The white-pine chunks burning in the iron wood stove rule the room. I lie back on the hot cedar. The heat enters my shoulders and thighs and reads the day's history.

. . .

Seven A.M.: a profound breakfast, stretched to the limits of meaning. Then out to the helicopter for stupidity drill. Don't wander around the back of the aircraft, Ed Pruss, the pilot, is saying, because the tail rotor will kill you. Don't carry your skis on your shoulder, nor hold them vertically, because the main rotor of the big Bell 204 will hit them and they will fly around and kill you. He goes on to mention something else that will solve all your problems suddenly, but I miss it, because I am mooning about snow. I have been mooning all winter about the snow in this place. But we can't fly. Above 8000 feet, the mountains are socked in. I side-step up 100 yards and run some slalom gates, moodily and not well.

A cathedrallike lunch, then back out to the helicopter. This time, although conditions look no better, the thing is going to fly. Nine of us pack into its abdomen. Leo, who is running things, sits up front. We swing up into the weather. White, defined by dark green and shades of gray. Then, as we rise beyond the tree line,

ILLUSTRATION BY DOUG JOHNSON



a shock of cold air at 10,000 feet and a slow ski dance down the bugaboos

nothing at all but luminous white for seconds at a stretch. Astonishingly close, the gray of a rock wall. The gray drops behind again. What is there for Ed Pruss to brace his sight against? I strain to see through the fogged Plexiglas of the door and discover that I am looking at a motionless floor of snow a few feet away. We have landed. The door pops open; a shock of cold. Blown snow. Out into it, running crouched, the blades whuffing overhead. Kneel, the noise level rises, there is a blast of air. Blink, straighten, the copter is gone, a small diminishing noise in a light fall of snow.

Now no sound.

Leo yells. He has dumped the skis from the chopper rack and is sorting them. No time. The next team will be here in three or four minutes. We stamp out standing places in the new powder that has fallen. My legs are stiff. I can feel the chill through my down parka. I clamp my bindings and fall into line behind one of the other skiers as we shuffle up a slight rise.

Jumping off: Leo picks his line and yells for us to stay to the right of it. I have been in the mountains enough to know why: Our pitch is the uppermost fall of a glacier and the gentle shadow barely visible through the falling snow on the runout to the left is a big crevasse. Leo drops down the hang, curling slowly. He has 35 pounds of survival gear in a rucksack on his back and his skiing is strong, rather than beautiful. He handles the slope like a carpenter guiding a plank through a table saw.

Someone goes. Someone else. My turn: I am a tower of rust. Adrenaline has begun to work, but the effects have not yet reached my knees, where the joint mice play. One of the skiers ahead of me catches an edge and windmills, and it is obvious that the crusted ruts of last week's wretched weather lie under the softness of today's pretty powder. I revert to survival skiing and blast through my turns with too much force. I am still perpendicular when I reach Leo, a quarter of a mile below, but my track, as I look back to criticize it, is not a linking of smooth curves but a ridiculous jitter of zigzags.

By now, however, enough cold air has passed through my lungs to set my machinery in motion and skiing begins to look possible. "*Gemma weiter*," says Leo—Austrian mountain dialect for "Let's move it." Leo Grillmair and his partner, Hans Gmoser, emigrated 20 years ago from Linz, Upper Austria. They arrived in Calgary on top of a logging truck, frostbitten and broke. It is a matter of opinion, of course, but for several years now, a growing number of opinions have run in the same direction, toward the belief that this nest of mountains in Canada's Bugaboos, where Grillmair and Gmoser have set up their

helicopter operation, is the best place in the world to do powder skiing.

We track down after Leo. Looser now, swing free, accept the snow. To some extent, we do. And don't. Most of us are fairly good skiers, but the mystery the amateur athlete never manages to solve has nothing to do with technique, which he knows cold. It is how to find and keep his edge. We ski tentatively. Each of us is waiting to hear a single sound, the beat of great wings as grace descends.

The helicopter waits at about 7500 feet. It has been warm all week, with a snow-eating chinook blowing out of the west, and below this level what covers the ground is unskiable mashed potatoes. The helicopter freights us back into the snowfall and we scuttle out into it, better now at the guerrilla routine.

Some orderly soul asks where we are. "Groovy's Ass," Leo says. He is not joking. There is another run here called Holy Shit. Groovy's Ass, although not especially fearsome, figures in one of the great guest-book inscriptions of the Western world: "I left my teeth in Groovy's Ass." Yah, says Leo, somebody wrote that in the Bugaboo lodge book last week, after cracking up on the run and breaking off a couple of teeth.

Everyone is mightily cheered by this information, and although grace cannot be said to have descended, the group experiences a lively attack of competence. It is a mild version of a reaction I have noticed before in the mountains: The bells of hell go ting-a-ling-a-ling for you but not for me. Mountaineers are mostly decent types and they are no less empathetic than valley people, but there are so many opportunities to get into bad trouble that even the news of some other party's fatal accident, if heard during a climb, sometimes releases an odd shudder of energy that is almost exhilaration: I am not dead, therefore I feel very, very quick.

We run with some style for an hour or so. No one minds that what we are doing is not true powder skiing—only about six inches of new stuff has fallen so far and it is still possible to ski on the snow, as if it were a floor, instead of in the snow, as if it were a sea. We splash about in the shallows. At just the point at which first-day fatigue would tatter our elegance, snow and fog interpose tactfully and Ed tells Leo that flying is finished for the day. We ski down to the lodge out of what is now the beginning of a true storm.

The sauna has driven me out. My feet tingle. Their heat melts the snow I am standing on and it re-forms as ice under my toes. Snow grains blow on the wind. They sting the skin of my belly and thighs. My head feels clear and sharp and a little crazy. The storm is going to blow all night and there must be a foot

of new snow now up at 10,000 feet. Tomorrow morning there will be two feet, 30 inches, a full yard. We are rich.

. . .

Let us say that it is storming now at Zermatt, or Zürs, or Vail. Fine, light snow fills the streets to the height of a boot top and more of it is sifting down. Skiers hunching through the storm on their way to drinks at Gramshammer's or *Rehrücken* at the Walliserhof think about how it will be in the morning and their riches make them lightheaded. Yet there can be no knowledgeable skier at any of these great stations who would not prefer to be transported instantly to this small lodge in the Bugaboos, west of Banff.

The explanation lies mainly in numbers. The Bugaboos are spectacular, but they are not higher nor more splendid nor more snowed upon than the great peaks of the Rockies or the Alps. They are a good deal more private, however. Something like 300 square miles of the Bugaboos are easily reachable by helicopter from Hans Gmoser and Leo Grillmair's lodge. Beyond these miles are more miles, and in all of this vast area, in any given week, there are only 40 souls to make tracks in the powder. If you cross another skier's trail, it is because you want to.

There are other numbers bound up with the uniqueness of this place. The Bell 204 has places for a pilot, a guide, nine other skiers, ten pairs of skis tied outside the cabin in a rack on the landing gear and enough survival equipment and freeze-dried food to last two weeks. The price of so much lifting power is close to half a million dollars. It costs nine dollars a minute, or \$540 an hour, or far too much, to run this most sophisticated of all ski lifts.

The high-season price of a week of skiing, with 70,000 vertical feet of helicopter transport included, is \$610. This means that a skier from the East Coast, paying something more than \$300 for his air fare to Calgary, must lay out at least \$900 for his amusement. If he skis more than 70,000 vertical feet—and he can do that in two days if his knees and the weather are good—his expense can run to around \$1300. It is senseless to pay this much and use second-rate equipment, so he buys a good pair of powder skis and a set of bindings for \$225. Maybe—what the hell—he buys a pair of new, high-rise, plastic superskier boots for \$175. This hemorrhage of cash is so absurd that the last bite seems almost sane. The Easterner hears that the only goggles that will not fog up when he is ear-deep in powder are a double-lens model turned out (as it happens) by a powder-skiing dentist named Smith. Smith's good goggles cost \$20—cheap.

Disbursement on this scale limits the Bugaboos to the prosperous and the
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SITTING PRETTY

*a flock of high-fashion
chairs that please the
eye as well as the posterior*



PHOTOGRAPHY BY BEN ROSE

Of course, they were only kidding on *The Electric Company*—NET's educational funfest for Sesame Street graduates—when they called their mock soap opera *Love of Chair*. But there are chairs you can love, much as Pharaoh must have fancied his high-canopied, onimal-legged throne. Four of the finest: Matta's "Malitte" (opening page) is a five-piece modular system—shown in part—that can be stacked in a square. The parts are made of foam rubber and are covered with a nylon stretch fabric, from Knoll International, \$950. Genuine leather is the substance of Tobia Scarpa's award-winning model (left), from Atelier International, \$1100. Chrome steel with a pure-rubber sling, Stendig's \$500 trapeze chair (below) comes with a matching footstool, \$200. A yard deep and a yard wide, John Strouss's "Cylinders" lounge chair (right), \$765, was designed by John Mascheroni, features rubber webbing and foam on a hardwood frame and comes in a variety of fabrics. (A matching ottoman is also offered, \$420.) Be seated!





spartans of indochina

occasionally, figures moving in the hamlets north of the Ben Hai River, just inside North Vietnam itself. Outside Khe Sanh in the winter of 1968, they were a presence, pushing their trenches a few feet closer to the perimeter each night. In the central highlands near Dak To, you could hear through the jungle screen the thud of their AK-47s, a heavier, more solid sound than the signature of the Americans' M-16s. At Hué they fought from behind the walls of the citadel for three weeks. Two French correspondents, having crossed the Perfume River under a white flag, drank tea with their commander, but one night the North Vietnamese slipped away and the South Vietnamese would not or could not stop them.

Even dead, they were a rarity. In those days the bodies were almost always dragged away and properly buried so they would not become homeless, wandering spirits. I recall seeing a couple of corpses north of Con Thien, an obscure place where a Marine patrol had been ambushed. Putrefaction had inflated their bellies inside their mustard-colored khaki uniforms until they looked like footballs. On the wire at Bu Dop, an outpost near the Cambodian border, the bodies seemed, on the other hand, to have been hollowed out—wisps of flesh, missing parts—covered by flapping rags, looking by the brilliant light of day like the fading recollections of a dream.

Lieutenant Colonel Anthony Herbert commanded a battalion of the 173rd Airborne Infantry Brigade in the Tiger Mountains and the An Lao Valley, head to head with the North Vietnamese. He respected them and eventually was hounded out of the Army for protesting the systematic torture of them and of Viet Cong prisoners to extract information. It was a curious exercise, since the information, by the time it was extracted, was almost always useless.

"I never saw an NVA soldier I wouldn't have been proud to have in my unit," Herbert told me. "Their discipline, their fire control, their spirit were all superb. There was . . . there was an *aura* about them. They looked military even if they were in black pajamas in some village trying to buy rice. In fact, it used to give them away."

That was an old story by then. Americans had been coming back from Vietnam for years saying that we were helping the wrong Vietnamese. It didn't take a genius to realize that there was something very wrong with the South Vietnamese army, but it was a fact that could not penetrate the lead-shielded walls of the Pentagon war room or the situation room in the basement of the White House.

We all knew why the South Vietnamese were so bad—corrupt officers,

(continued from page 81)

badly led and badly treated troops, no cause to fight for, the feeling of inferiority to the Americans, who treated them with generally undisguised contempt, and to the North Vietnamese and the Viet Cong, who had defeated the French and were, for good or bad, the masters of their own fate.

But no one was certain why the North Vietnamese were so good. Various generals have told me over the years that they were overrated—most recently, S. L. A. Marshall, the retired brigadier general and journalist who has been studying American troops in combat since the Second World War. At other times it would be suggested that the North Vietnamese had been able to overrun this outpost or ambush that convoy because they had been using narcotics, a sad irony, considering the way thousands of bored American troops chose to amuse themselves in the years ahead.

From time to time, the South Vietnamese command would trot out a defector. There have been only a few hundred of these all told, and only about 800 prisoners until the great spring battles began last year, and most of these were wounded or ill when taken. The defector would say that the Hanoi government was bitterly unpopular, that press gangs were taking 15-year-olds from the villages, and that the morale of the fighters was disintegrating. To believe such stories required a denial of reality that was a prelude to madness, or was madness itself.

But the American strategy required that the North Vietnamese should be pounded until they broke. A member of Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara's staff, quoted in the Pentagon papers, called it the "ratchet effect," increasing the intensity of the pain—the bombing, the artillery, the village burning—a notch at a time, until it became insupportable.

Everyone was certain that Asians armed with rifles, machine guns and shoulder rockets, counting every precious cartridge, shivering with malaria, hungry more often than not, could not stand up indefinitely to tanks, heavy artillery, clouds of helicopters and fighter bombers and to the invisible avengers, the B-52s.

The scenario was simple enough: At some point, the North Vietnamese in the field would break up, rot. And the sickness would spread up the tenuous supply line. The replacements would no longer be willing to start the long march south to almost certain death. Without them, the Viet Cong, its villages put to the torch, paddies defoliated and families marched off to "refugee camps," would finally collapse and drift impotently into the hills and jungles.

It was a reasonable enough error to

equate the North Vietnamese with the North Koreans, or the Communist Chinese troops who lined up with them, or the Japanese in the Second World War. Particularly when no one had any information to the contrary. But a few people were not so sure. I remember the late Bernard Fall, who had seen much of the First Indochina War, telling a story about Dien Bien Phu. On the day the fortress fell in May 1954, an officer of the Vietminh—as the Vietnamese liberation army was called—was leading into captivity a French officer. Beyond the perimeter, bodies of the troops who had died in the final human-wave assault were piled in windrows. Avoiding one body, the Frenchman inadvertently stepped on the outstretched hand of another. There was a moan and the French officer bent toward the badly wounded man. Without turning, the Vietminh officer said, "Leave him. His service to the fatherland is complete."

But there were few illustrative anecdotes and even less hard information. We knew the army's leader, General Vo Nguyen Giap, who had organized the first platoon of the liberation army in the caves along the Chinese border in December 1944, had led its first attack, which destroyed a French outpost on Christmas Eve that year, had commanded the Dien Bien Phu battle, was now the minister of defense. A lawyer and onetime teacher of history at a Hanoi *lycée*, Giap seemed an authentic military genius who had refined and enlarged Mao's theories of guerrilla warfare and practiced them successfully against a far tougher foe than the demoralized Chinese Nationalists of Chiang Kai-shek. We knew its size, roughly. In 1971, according to the American intelligence community, the North Vietnamese army numbered 425,000—at least 85,000 in South Vietnam, 67,000 in Laos and 40,000 in Cambodia. This force included about 60 regiments of 2700 men each, 20 of them independent and 40 formed into 13 divisions. There were also six artillery regiments and support and rear-services units. But as to who commanded these divisions, how they operated, what their mission was, no one would say; and in the light of the April 1972 offensive, I think it was because no one knew.

Even what we know about the training of the North Vietnamese army is based on a series of guesses. A senior intelligence official told me he "thought" that men were drafted at the age of 18 on the basis of village quotas but that they were encouraged to volunteer for service; that basic training was 13 weeks, divided into roughly equal parts of physical training, military subjects and political indoctrination; that they were sent down the Ho Chi Minh Trail in replacement packets of perhaps 200 men;

(continued on page 173)



"Interested in a desk job?"

OH, LITTLE TOWN OF MILLIONAIRES

in forest city, iowa, children give you the closing dow-jones, farmers quote price-earnings ratios—and everybody bets on the home-grown stock



"Whoee!" said a voice



article **By DOUGLAS BAUER** Ben Carter's business day begins with ritual. He is the editor of the Forest City, Iowa, *Summit*, a profitable small-town newspaper with a clean, shadowless layout (it was one of the first weeklies in the state to be printed offset). Every morning, after opening the *Summit's* offices on Clark Street, Ben heads two blocks north to Gannon's Restaurant, where he joins other merchants for a half hour of coffee at nine o'clock. Walking briskly up Clark, the outline of his heavy body a series of soft parentheses, Ben waves to familiar cars and faces. He has observed this casual morning ceremony

from the back, "it's really movin'!"



for many years, sitting with Forest City's retailers whose shops face Clark Street, blending coffee and conversation. The time passes so pleasantly that a half hour would fail to hold the mixture in but for a second group that imposes its territorial rights to Gannon's tables at 9:30.

In recent years, however, Ben and others have risen for the door as early as 9:20. No fault of the coffee, nor of the company, but because something has been added to their simple pattern. Instead of returning directly to businesses, most of the men head south down Clark, past the *Summit's* brown-brick offices, for a visit to M. Wittenstein and Son's brokerage house. It comes as no small surprise to strangers when they learn that Forest City, a north Iowa town of not quite 4000 people, has a brokerage. But its presence is understood once you know that the town is home for Winnebago Industries, a company that builds more recreational vehicles—campers, trailers, motor homes—than any other and whose stock was the most profitable issue on the New York Stock Exchange during 1971. Starting at \$14 a share in December 1970, then soaring, splitting, climbing again, it finished the year with a gain of 462 percent. Although board chairman John K. Hanson and his family have the majority of stock, there are plenty of shares to go around—Wittenstein's brokerage has over 1700 customers—and, consequently, Forest City is rich. Current estimates as to the number of millionaires in town range from 25 to 35, and there are several hundred citizens worth more than \$100,000. No one has exact figures, but people in Forest City are eager to tell you that their town "has the highest per-capita income of any place in the United States."

Ben Carter is one of the 25 or 35. He is also secretary of the Forest City Development Commission, the group that originally coaxed the business into north Iowa (Hanson, a former furniture dealer and undertaker, who's also a commission member, began running the company after its first six months had produced bankruptcy) and was offered stock at the time of its first issue. So his morning-coffee club no longer needs a half hour, as Ben and others walk to the brokerage every morning to find out exactly how wealthy they are.

Bay windows swell to the sidewalk on either side of Wittenstein's screen door. Inside, both bays are filled with wooden ledges, the kind that hold trays of glazed doughnuts or stacked symmetries of Rexall products in other storefronts on Clark Street. In Wittenstein's window, however, a cardboard placard bears the name WINNEBAGO styled in the company's flying-W trademark and below it the number 881¼. The sign shows Winnebago's opening price on the New York Stock Exchange. Ben notes this morn-

ing's price with pleasure. The stock is climbing from a low of around 66 just a few days ago. "I bought at seventy-three and again at seventy-five," he says. "The thing's so volatile, you can make money on the swings." The numbers are changed throughout the day and when the closing price is determined. They are also posted at various locations inside Winnebago's plants and offices around town for employees unable to drive past Wittenstein's window. Recluses, shut-ins and children who don't read can avoid knowing the price of Winnebago stock. (Children who do read are interested. "My eight-year-old comes home from school," relates a Forest City mother, "and says something like, 'Hi, Mom. The stock hit eighty-five today.'")

Inside the brokerage, Carter walks past a secretary who sits behind the telephone center required for Wittenstein's four incoming lines. Its buttons blink with Forest City curiosity. He continues down a narrow hall to a large square room that is two unattractive shades of green: pale-chipped on its plasterboard walls, faded-worn on its carpeted floor. Couches and chairs with permanently relaxed springs line two walls. It's the kind of room, in small communities, that the Odd Fellows give over to the town's old men for drowsy afternoons of cardplaying and cigar smoking.

But this room is active and noisy with competing conversations. Forest City's stockbroker, Norman Stromer, is on the phone. "It's movin'. It's at eighty-nine now. Opened at eighty-eight and a quarter. Yeah, I'd say it's on a run. . . . OK, fine. . . . Yeah. . . . Uh-huh. . . . Yeah, OK, fine."

There are perhaps 20 men and women standing, sitting or leaning against walls, but Ben Carter's arrival has been noticed by none of them. They are staring at the far wall. Located there, high up near the ceiling, is a New York Stock Exchange Tele-Scanner. It runs almost the entire length of the wall and looks like an electric football scoreboard that's been stretched thin. It clicks with rhythmic incessance, like the Teletype behind Walter Cronkite, while letters and numbers—New York Stock Exchange symbols and prices—glide across its face. MOT, DD, BDK, TXT, DOW, TAP appear at the right-hand corner and move swiftly across the board. Each symbol seems to silently count, "One thousand one, one thousand two," allowing the one ahead to move a precise distance, then push off behind it, keeping the spacing even.

To a visitor, the letters and trailing numbers blur, leaving not a trace of evidence on the memory. But the men in Wittenstein's are experienced at this sort of thing and they pick off a symbol with reflexive ease. Also accompanying each symbol is information about its history and personality and recent perform-

ance that shows nowhere on the board, but the men know that, too. They choose one and expound.

"G.M.! Seventy-seven dollars on a thousand shares," says a prune-faced man wearing brown khakis and a blue golf cap. "Goddamn, if General Motors would just move, the Dow would hit a thousand. I don't understand it. There's no reason why that stock shouldn't be movin'." The symbols glide.

"BCC. Boise Cascade. Oooh, that's a lousy stock. Just keeps droppin'," says a young fellow wearing a Phillips 66 shirt. "The downside risk on Boise is gettin' less and less. Pretty soon there won't be no risk at all."

The man in the blue golf cap sneaks past fixed pairs of eyes, like someone entering a movie after it's started, to a couch.

"How's your General Telephone?" he's asked.

"I bought at twenty-one. Now it's thirty."

A good many people in town have begun to expand their portfolios, so they watch for special Scanner symbols giving private news of profit or loss. But Winnebago is the stock that holds everyone's interest. Civic pride and bared greed set off a roomful of response when wco floats right to left.

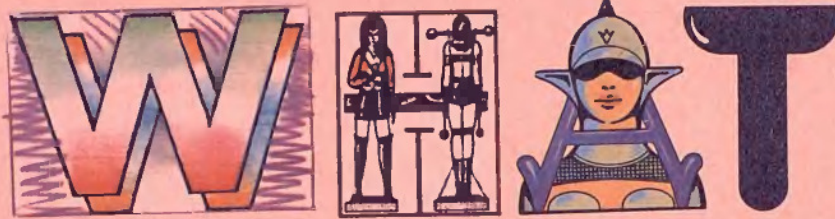
"Whooeee, look at Winnie go!" Stromer is excited. Winnebago is moving toward 90.

A feverish plea builds from the back of the room: "C'mon, ninety. Ninety! Ninety! Ninety!"

In the middle of the room, three men watch from folding chairs lined up behind a small table. On the table sits a small electronic calculator, companion to the Tele-Scanner, called a Tele-Quote. The man in the middle chair punches keys W, G and O and the screen fills with information about Winnebago: opening price, high and low prices for the year to date, volume traded. He runs fingers over keys with secretarial speed, wanting more information—price-earnings ratio, Dow-Jones average, other stocks, arcane facts. He is tall, deeply tanned, his blond hair combed so that it meets at the back of his head, leaving his face with too much room for features. He wears white shoes and a brightly patterned shirt with a tie that uses the same colors. His name is Doug Eddy. Since his father's death last year, he is sole owner of Eddy's Paint and Glass on K Street. Doug is also president of the Forest City Development Commission, so he got in big, early, on Winnebago stock. He is worth between \$4,000,000 and \$5,000,000. Eddy punches A, K and I and shakes a loosely clenched fist holding an imaginary pair of dice. Then he brings his arm forward, opens his hand and gives them to the air. The screen lights.

(continued on page 166)

quiz



a self-administered



poll of the



sexual circuits



of your mind





EARLY ALL OF US have a fantasy world, a sort of middle kingdom of experience that lurks somewhere between our real waking-working hours and the surreal moments of our nighttime dreams. It's a place each of us goes, alone usually, sometimes to escape, sometimes to play out relationships that are beyond or behind us in real life, sometimes to practice roles for which we're ambitious, sometimes to entertain ourselves past boredom, and sometimes even to frighten ourselves.

There was a time when fantasy was thought of as an almost totally negative thing. Silly stereotypes (Walter Mitty, the absent-minded professor) and bizarre, frightening ones (the mad scientist) served to keep serious attention away from the study of fantasy. Freud examined nighttime dreams as a trail to the unconscious, but only recently have thoughtful researchers begun to give real attention to our daydreams as a path to the same hidden places in man.

There are all kinds of fantasies, of course, but it is on our sexual visions that behavioral scientists are beginning to focus. The study you find here was designed by the Legal & Behavioral Institute of Beverly Hills, whose psychologists asked a random sampling of PLAYBOY subscribers to answer a slightly longer version of the same questionnaire you can now fill out. The results of the survey were then put together with the latest available data from other sources and analyzed into patterns—so that after you have answered the questions as honestly as your privacy permits, you can compare your own sex-fantasy life with that previously reported by others.

While you are checking off your answers, remember that no one but you need see the results. Although some of the questions may seem offbeat, they were designed to chart the fantasy life of basically healthy people. No answer will be interpreted as sick or abnormal.

Women as well as men may take the test; the interpretation, however, is based on the predominantly male sample for which the test was designed.

1. How often do you find your daydreams drifting to thoughts of sex?
 1. almost all the time
 2. much of the time
 3. occasionally
 4. almost never
2. Your sex fantasies are:
 1. almost always the same
 2. in general, different each time
 3. often the same
3. A. How often do you have fantasies in which you are admired by or sexually excite a person of the opposite sex?
 1. almost daily
 2. frequently
 3. occasionally
 4. rarely, if ever

B. What is it that turns on the other person in these fantasies?

 1. the attractiveness of your face
 2. the general shape and appearance of your body
 3. an aura of sensuality that you give off

C. Generally, the person who is turned on by you is:

 1. your regular partner
 2. a previous partner
 3. someone you know but have never had sex with
 4. someone you have seen or heard of but don't really know
 5. someone you have idealized or created in your fantasies
4. A. How often do you have fantasies of engaging in sexual intercourse?
 1. almost daily
 2. frequently
 3. occasionally
 4. rarely, if ever

B. The person with whom you engage in intercourse in your fantasies is usually:

 1. someone of the opposite sex
 2. someone of the same sex

C. Typically, the partner in these fantasies is:

 1. your regular partner
 2. a previous partner
 3. someone you know but have never had sex with
 4. someone you have seen or heard of but don't really know
 5. someone you have idealized or created in your fantasies

D. What position is most common in these fantasies?

 1. your partner on top
 2. your partner underneath you

E. How often do these fantasies include anal intercourse?

 1. frequently
 2. occasionally
 3. rarely
 4. never
5. A. How often do you have fantasies in which you perform oral sex?
 1. almost daily
 2. frequently
 3. occasionally
 4. rarely, if ever

B. Generally, your partner in these fantasies is:

 1. someone of the opposite sex
 2. someone of the same sex

C. Generally, the partner on whom you perform oral sex in these fantasies is:

 1. your regular partner
 2. a previous partner
 3. someone you know but have never had sex with
 4. someone you have seen or heard of but don't really know
 5. someone you have idealized or created in your fantasies

D. Generally, in these oral-sex fantasies, the activity:

 1. ends in orgasm
 2. serves as a prelude to intercourse
6. A. How often do you have fantasies in which your partner is performing oral sex on you?
 1. almost daily
 2. frequently
 3. occasionally
 4. rarely, if ever

B. Generally, the partner in these fantasies is:

 1. someone of the opposite sex
 2. someone of the same sex

C. Generally, the partner who performs oral sex on you in these fantasies is:

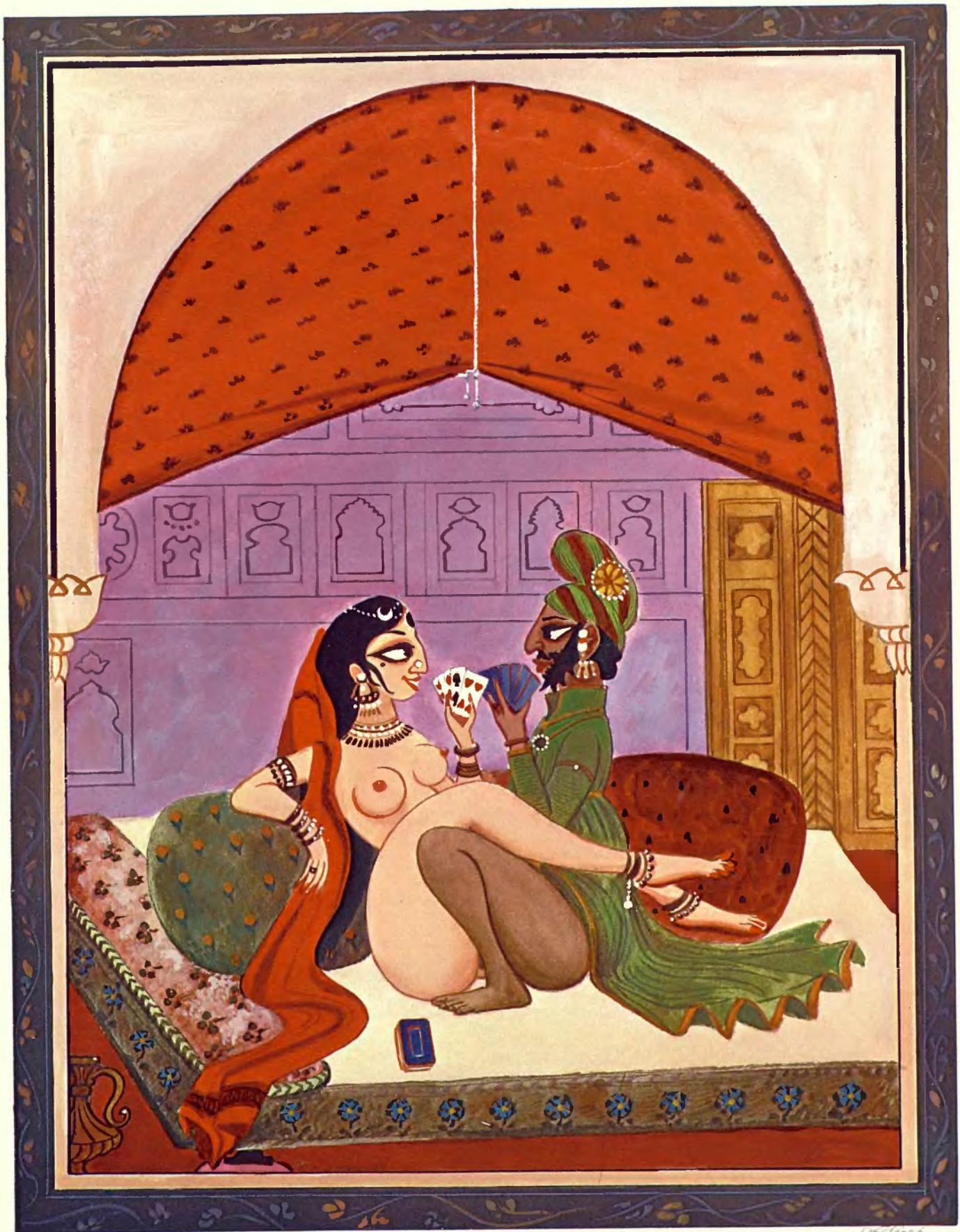
 1. your regular partner
 2. a previous partner
 3. someone you know but have never had sex with
 4. someone you have seen or heard of but don't really know
 5. someone you have idealized or created in your fantasies

D. Generally, in these oral-sex fantasies, the activity:

 1. ends in orgasm
 2. serves as a prelude to intercourse

E. How often do these oral-sex fantasies involve mutual oral stimulation?

 1. frequently
 2. occasionally
 3. rarely
 4. never
7. A. In daydreams where there is resistance, either by your partner or by yourself, the first thing that happens to overcome this resistance is:
 1. your partner undresses in whole or in part
 2. your partner undresses you



"Go fish."

- in whole or in part
3. you undress in whole or in part
 4. you undress your partner in whole or in part
 5. some physical contact is made—kissing, fondling, etc.
- B. Which of the following do you daydream about doing first with a new partner?
1. extensive kissing
 2. heavy petting
 3. performing oral sex on your partner
 4. having oral sex performed on you
 5. whipping, spanking or otherwise inflicting pain on your partner
 6. being whipped or spanked or having other pain inflicted on you
 7. being tied up by your partner
 8. tying up your partner
- C. Which of the following do you fantasize will happen next?
1. extensive kissing
 2. heavy petting
 3. performing oral sex on your partner
 4. having oral sex performed on you
 5. whipping, spanking or otherwise inflicting pain on your partner
 6. being whipped or spanked or having other pain inflicted on you
 7. being tied up by your partner
 8. tying up your partner
8. A. How often do you have fantasies of forcing someone to engage in sex with you?
1. almost daily
 2. frequently
 3. occasionally
 4. rarely, if ever
- B. Generally, the partner in these fantasies is:
1. your regular partner
 2. a previous partner
 3. someone you know but have never had sex with
 4. someone you have seen or heard of but don't really know
 5. someone you have idealized or created in your fantasies
- C. Which of the following acts are involved in your forcing fantasies? (Check all that apply.)
1. overcoming the resistance of a reluctant, fearful or shy partner
 2. forcing your partner to have intercourse
 3. forcing your partner to allow you to perform oral sex
 4. forcing your partner to perform oral sex on you
 5. whipping, spanking or otherwise inflicting pain on your partner
6. tying up your partner
9. A. How often do you have fantasies of being forced to engage in a sex act?
1. almost daily
 2. frequently
 3. occasionally
 4. rarely, if ever
- B. Generally, the partner in these fantasies is:
1. your regular partner
 2. a previous partner
 3. someone you know but have never had sex with
 4. someone you have idealized or created in your fantasies
- C. Which of the following acts are involved in these forcing fantasies? (Check all that apply.)
1. your partner overcomes your reluctance, fear or shyness in having intercourse
 2. your partner forces you to have intercourse
 3. your partner forces you to perform oral sex
 4. your partner forces you to allow him or her to perform oral sex on you
 5. your partner whips, spansks or otherwise inflicts pain on you
 6. your partner ties you up
10. A. How often do you have group-sex fantasies?
1. almost daily
 2. frequently
 3. occasionally
 4. rarely, if ever
- B. The people in the group-sex fantasies are:
1. all of the opposite sex
 2. all of the same sex
 3. of both sexes
- C. The fantasized group sex includes:
1. predominantly heterosexual activity
 2. predominantly homosexual activity
 3. both heterosexual and homosexual activity
- D. If homosexual activity is present in the group-sex fantasies, you are:
1. involved in it
 2. only an observer
- E. The partners in the group-sex fantasies are:
1. your regular partner and others known to you
 2. your regular partner and others largely unknown to you
 3. people known to you but *not* including your regular partner
 4. people largely unknown to you
11. A. How often do you have fantasies of secretly being observed in the nude?
1. frequently
 2. occasionally
 3. rarely
 4. never
- B. How often do you have daydreams of openly being observed in the nude?
1. frequently
 2. occasionally
 3. rarely
 4. never
- C. In these fantasies of being watched:
1. you are in your home
 2. you are performing in a show or a club
 3. you are engaged in some casual activity, such as lying on the beach
 4. only a picture of you appears publicly
 5. you are in a commune or other group-living environment
- D. The fantasy:
1. stops with just being observed
 2. is a prelude to a fantasy of sexual relations with one person
 3. is a prelude to a fantasy of group-sex relations
- E. In these fantasies, the people observing are generally:
1. the same sex as you
 2. the opposite sex from you
 3. members of both sexes
- F. How often do these fantasies of being watched involve your having sexual relations?
1. frequently
 2. occasionally
 3. rarely
 4. never
- G. In these fantasies, how often are you masturbating or otherwise stimulating yourself while being watched?
1. frequently
 2. occasionally
 3. rarely
 4. never
12. A. How often do you have fantasies of secretly observing someone in the nude?
1. frequently
 2. occasionally
 3. rarely
 4. never
- B. How often do you have daydreams of observing someone in the nude who knows you are observing him or her?
1. frequently
 2. occasionally
 3. rarely
 4. never
- C. The fantasy:
1. stops with just observing
 2. is a prelude to a fantasy of sexual relations with one person
 3. is a prelude to a fantasy of group-sex relations

(continued on page 148)

article By JOHN KNOWLES

*you've found it, the perfect place to do nothing or everything,
but what's that small dark cloud out there on the horizon?*

TROUBLE IN PARADISE

SOMEONE ONCE SAID that the worst thing in the world is not getting your heart's desire, and the next worst thing is getting it. One almost universal heart's desire is escape to paradise. People dream of moving to the French Riviera or fleeing to a Greek island, or of whiling their life away on a palmy island in the Pacific. I've had the occasion to do all three. It is dangerous to satisfy your heart's desire that way. It may destroy you.

I set out to see the world and find paradise at the age of 22. West Virginia and New Hampshire and Connecticut, where my life had been spent until then, seemed very humdrum to me. If I were going to be a writer, I would have to haunt exotic places, as Somerset Maugham had done. Even my literary idol, E. M. Forster, despite his secluded cast of mind, had found his passage to India and her mysteries. Beyond that, I knew there were a great many shut doors in my nature, inhibitions and self-deceptions and superficialities, and I counted on foreign atmospheres and emancipated peoples to relieve me of those.

The summer I was 22 I found the enchanting town of St.-Jean-de-Luz, on the southwestern French coast just short of the Spanish border. It had its ornate Old Quarter, including the site of Louis XIV's marriage to the Spanish infanta.

There were restaurants serving the excellent Basque cuisine—*confit*
(continued on page 128)



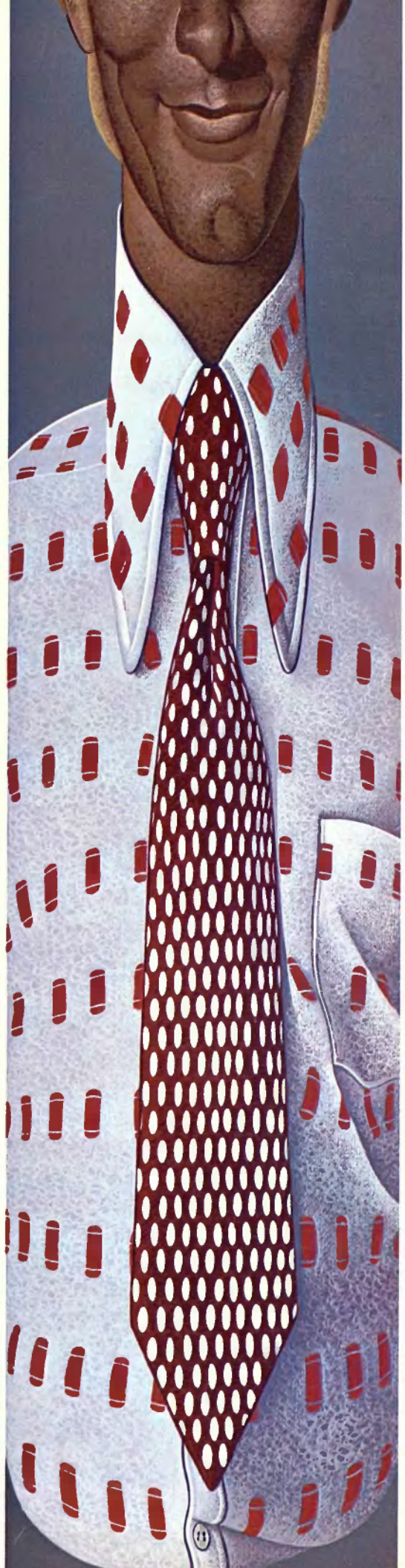


TEAM SPIRIT

attire
By **ROBERT L. GREEN**

*in the shirt
game, ties count*

You can forget the old admonition about not mixing your shirt and tie patterns. Unexpected combinations are where it's at today—and you're the judge as to whether or not they work. For example, at left is a patchwork shirt of Indian madras, by Byron Britton for Aetna, \$24, worn with a madras bow tie, by Bill Blass for Seidler Feuerman, \$8.50. Greater contrast is showcased in the illustration at right: a polyester-cotton shirt, by Enro, \$12, combined with a polka-dot tie, by Bert Pulitzer, \$8.50.





Solids on solids, geometrics on geometrics. It's the season of the peacock (except that all peacocks look alike). At left is a solid-colored polyester-cotton shirt with white long-pointed collar, by Eagle, \$13.50, punctuated with a plaid silk bow tie, by Liberty of London for Berkley, \$6.50. At right: a pair of complementary plaids. The polyester-cotton piqué shirt with barrel cuffs, by Hathaway, \$16, has an over-plaid reverse-dot pattern on a white ground; cotton patchwork-pattern tie is by Resilio, \$5.50.

ILLUSTRATION BY WILSON MCLEAN



TROUBLE IN PARADISE

de canard is the best-known dish. There were fast games of pelota (Basque *jai alai* to attend, a beautiful beach, all kinds of water sports and lots of young French and Spanish eager to make friends with an American. With them my school-learned French began to turn into French French. We made an excursion into Spain to see the bullfights, we explored deep into the Pyrenees. I went to sea for 24 hours with some Basque fishermen out for tuna and smuggling. That experience in its genuineness and novelty inspired the first good prose fiction I ever wrote, an extended sketch called *Martin the Fisherman*. It was slight in content, but it was vivid and true, and it had style.

My personal life among these people, my new French and Spanish friends, became more relaxed, more honest. They grew up faster than American young people, learned earlier to call a spade a spade. I remember one tiny but revealing example of this kind of honesty. On the beach one day, a boy playfully bit a girl on the stomach. "*Doucement*," she sighed. Not "Don't," but "Gently." I remember a very beautiful blonde Spanish girl, an aristocrat, gravely and sadly explaining to me that she would never be allowed to marry an American. I was the American she thought she wanted to marry.

But I did not want to marry her or anybody. I had learned to speak French and begun to take myself a little less seriously, less tragically, in St.-Jean-de-Luz. I was not hopelessly bottled up, sealed off from life, after all. The austere New Englander in me was beginning to unbend a little, my reflex defensiveness and reserve began to melt. If I let these people get close to me, I was not necessarily going to get hurt; on the contrary, I might finally be brought fully alive.

That much had paradise done for me; but I sensed that I had to go far deeper into it, and into myself, if I were to be the man, and the artist, I wanted to be, free in spirit, rich in experience and insight. In my mind's eye there was the image of what Tahiti had done for Gauguin. (Only later did I learn how miserable his life became there.)

So when I next got a chance to escape from America, years later, I headed for the perfumed gardens and emancipated souls of the other side of France, the Riviera.

I remember the first time I caught sight of it, this playground where I was destined to live, off and on, for a number of years.

I was in a *courette*, a kind of half-baked sleeping compartment, on a train from Barcelona into France through Marseilles and, as dawn broke, clicking

(continued from page 125)

along that stretch of Mediterranean coast known as the French Riviera. It was June. A washed blue sky spread limitlessly overhead. The cliffs falling to the glittering blue sea were a shade of burned orange, with the shiny green circles of umbrella pines scattered across them. Villas, confections in white or pink or blue, hung dreamily over the sea in the sunshine. Now and then we flashed by a cove where a circle of little waterfront houses and cafés enclosed a boat-crowded harbor. Through the train windows on the other side, the land rose gradually toward the formidable, snow-covered peaks of the Maritime Alps. I thought it was all miraculously beautiful.

Getting off the train in Nice, I sat outdoors at a café table and had the classic French breakfast, *croissants* with butter and *café au lait*, which is so novel and so good at first. (If, two years later, you find yourself nervously throwing down two fast cognacs for breakfast, well, so do French truck drivers.) The air was crystalline, champagnelike. Every cobblestone, every awning and tree seemed to sparkle in the morning light.

And so I stayed, and stayed, and went away but came back to stay some more. Writers can do that.

Eventually, I joined a skin-diving club in Antibes. Among its members was a beautiful American actress, married to a very rich man. (To protect the guilty, I am changing everyone's name in this article, except for Melina Mercouri, whom you will meet later. I would hate to hurt any of these charming, lost people; I liked them all, these victims of paradise.) I will call this actress Norma Grant. I was enchanted by her. Perhaps beautiful is not the word for Norma: light-blue eyes, the clearest features, small nose, ripe mouth, tawny hair, on the tall side, slender girlish-athletic figure. But Norma's strongest attraction was her personality; she was full of nervous vitality, artlessly candid about herself and everybody else. And Norma was funny, Norma could make you laugh till you cried, Norma could bring down the house. In her low-pitched actress' voice, she would describe her flying lessons and what it was like to effect her first solo landing with a giant hangover, putting her talent, her body, everything into it, and it was an experience not to be forgotten.

The hangover was significant in that story. At first I noticed only that a glass of Pernod seemed to be beside her very often. We all drank it, but Norma always seemed to be ahead. It only made her funnier, I thought.

The theory was that you could not skin-dive if you had been drinking heavily the night before. Descending to

the depths we habitually reached, 100 to 150 feet, the intense weight of the water would push against your gaseous stomach and make you sick.

Norma, morning after morning, disproved that theory.

She had been here in the south of France for quite some time, living in one of the most fashionable situations available, a private villa on the grounds of the superelegant Hôtel du Cap d'Antibes. Actually, the villa was dark and gloomy and old-fashioned, the kind of place rich people rot in, but she didn't seem to notice.

After all, she had her yacht. I remember it as being 200 tons. In any case, it was a very large motor yacht, there was a grand piano in the main saloon and a crew of about ten. Her story of crossing the Atlantic on board and having to lie spread-eagled on the saloon floor to keep from being thrown around as the ship rolled and pitched was one of her best.

Norma's busy stage and screen career became more and more inert as the months passed. "I've got to get out of that," she would say over and over as the date to begin some new assignment drew near. And she always got out of them. She didn't leave. Her child came for a while, but went back to New York with the governess.

Norma's tenth wedding anniversary arrived. Her husband virtually never came to see her, but for the anniversary he sent her a \$12,000 Aston Martin, and he also asked her to pick out whatever estate she wanted for herself here, since she seemed to like the Riviera so much. She bought, for \$400,000, a curiously unattractive place, a dated, Thirties-style spread, all featureless marble floors and boxy furniture, mirrors all over the place, lots of uninteresting grounds around it but still crowded-in feeling, because it was on an overbuilt hillside. The most memorable feature of the house to me was a huge bathroom with two toilets, out in the open and right next to each other. Why, I asked myself, why?

Norma invited me aboard her yacht for an overnight cruise to St.-Tropez. One of her crew picked me up in the speedboat at noon and took me to the yacht anchored off the Hôtel du Cap. I went up the outside ladder and saw Norma sitting on the long cushioned bench at the rear of the stern deck. Her lady secretary was talking to her. The back of the secretary's head blocked my view of Norma's face. I could see she had on slacks and a white sweater. There was a small piece of food near the neck of the sweater. She clutched a glass of Pernod. Then I saw her face; she didn't notice me; the secretary gave me a meaningful glance. Norma was hopelessly drunk. She had obviously



"You know what I miss? All the gossip and speculation about who's sleeping with whom."

been drinking steadily all night and all morning.

I remember that the chef prepared a lunch of ham sandwiches and Coca-Cola. The crew couldn't be bothered giving Norma adequate meals and service. The excursion to St.-Tropez had been my idea, and so they gave me many dirty looks.

Somehow she sobered up enough to dance in the *discothèques* of St.-Tropez that night, and there was the 17-year-old French boy she found, who sailed back to Antibes in her stateroom.

Norma's problem was simply that she didn't have anything to do in the south of France, and she was possessed of driving nervous energy and a need to be active. Skindiving was not an occupation. Yet she couldn't tear herself away from the ideal climate, the seemingly endless chain of perfect days and from the fun we all had together, and perhaps also from the myriad sexual possibilities of that part of the world. Sex in the south of France is treated the way farming is treated in rural areas. It is seriously, continuously cultivated, experimented with, analyzed.

So the Riviera got her down, but not, I am happy to say, out. Norma had too much class for that. She did leave at long last. She divorced the multimillionaire husband whom she did not love, and now she lives with her second husband in Scotland, of all places—Scotland the rugged, the dour, far from paradise.

Most northern natives hanging on too long here in the south seemed to suffer a decline and fall in the end. There was the jolly titled Englishman with the villa on Cap d'Antibes and the nonstop hospitality he provided there and on his big sailing yacht. One day he suddenly sailed away on the yacht, just before the police were going to arrest him for smuggling guns. After all, the Riviera is expensive. He had had to find some way to pay the bills in paradise. There was the very good-looking young Dutch couple who seemed happily married when they came to Antibes in June and were hopelessly, flagrantly unfaithful to each other by September. There was the American student, passing the summer before entering medical school, who lost all the money intended for his first year there in the inner room of the Cannes casino. There was the German lawyer who left his wife in the middle of the summer for a transvestite from Paris.

I myself did not go into one of these tail spins in the south of France. Quite simply, my work came first. I remember spending a summer there and late in August waking up to the fact that I was due to return to the States in a few weeks and I did not even have a sun-tan. I was working too diligently on a novel to get much time on the beach.

I found that I had learned all I could

learn, felt all I could feel about the south of France, so on my next trip abroad, I returned to my explorations in paradise and pushed deeper into the Mediterranean world, to Greece.

Once again, my first impression of this particular escape hatch was overwhelmingly favorable. The Aegean Sea may not be the Homeric "wine-dark," but it is a shimmering sweep of tranquillity, seemingly endless and motionless and quintessentially calm. Rearing up all through it are hundreds of islands, many uninhabited patches of earth, others memorably beautiful, if rocky, stark and angular, their white-washed fishermen's cottages glowing in the sunshine. There are olive groves, oleander, cypresses, dovescotes, all lulled by the monarchical sun and the unbelievably dry, pure air of the Hellenic world.

Of course, the Aegean can produce some of the most vicious storms imaginable, and stark beauty can become simply stark after a time, but I learned that only later.

I rented a fine white balconied house on the island of Synthos. It was halfway up the amphitheater of houses rising from the operatically picturesque port. There I settled down to write.

If the Spanish and the French had loosened me up, the Greeks broke down my reserve totally.

Life in Greece is hard for the Greeks, and has been for the past 1000 years at least. The land is stingy about producing crops, the sea almost fished out, there is little industrialization. The women are kept in seclusion, the men have to work incessantly at some usually boring job all their lives for a pittance. These rock-hard conditions of life produce people with a directness of approach, a downright attitude, a raw confrontation of the realities that, to me at least, was breath-taking.

I lived there during the years just before the current rulers, the military junta, took over in 1967. The Greek national heroine then, their new Athena since her world-wide success in *Never on Sunday*, was the untamable Melina Mercouri. As the result of a magazine article I wrote about her and of the affinity contrasting temperaments can create, she and I became the closest of friends.

Melina's tremulous warmth toward her circle of devoted friends made us feel that she was so vulnerable she needed our constant protection; her tigerish courage before anything she considered wrong or unjust in life made us feel safe and protected. There was a constant live interchange between her and us.

I saw Melina not only in Greece but in New York and on the Riviera as well. It was all the same; wherever she was was Greece. Her dedicated companions, Anna and Angeliki, prepared Greek

food for her in Hollywood as in Piraeus. We had *ouzo* (the Pernodlike liqueur) and we had Greek wine wherever we were. In New York, Hadjidakis, who wrote the theme music for *Never on Sunday*, came to play her piano. We danced the Greek dances and we did not stop. The plates got broken underfoot and still we danced. My New England forebears were covering in their graves as the plates crashed and still we danced.

I wrote a book about some of my Mediterranean experiences, *Double Vision: American Thoughts Abroad*. It's very hard to evaluate your own writing, but the Greek section of this book has an unmistakable vitality. Life there had been an eye opener. I saw the basic bourgeois nature of what the French were and what they had taught me, and I enlarged my vision of life's possibilities among the elemental confrontations and realities of Greece. More of my hypocrisies and pretensions melted away under the ruthless sun of the Aegean.

But not every deluded northerner who wanders down there in search of salvation can have his destiny presided over by Melina Mercouri. Much more typical were two Canadian writers I met on Synthos, Max and Peggy Harding.

Every evening around six o'clock, all Synthos descended to the agora, the cobblestoned waterfront with its shops and simple cafés. A glass of *ouzo*, which has the effect of a strong martini, cost four cents. Fishermen, shopkeepers and the unemployed of the island passed among us, but rarely was any contact established. The English-speaking contingent—about a dozen artists in all—socialized exclusively with one another.

An acquaintance took me up to the plain wooden table where the Hardings nightly presided as the self-appointed leaders of the expatriate colony. They took precedence by right of longevity: They had lived on Synthos for seven years. They had never been farther from it than Athens, and rarely had they been able to afford to go there.

Peggy Harding had a scrubbed, wind-burned, intelligent face, a face that reflected an interested and even distinguished personality. She was, I suppose, about 40 and must have been attractive B.S., Before Synthos. Now her teeth were rotting and her brown hair was dried out and her spreading figure was dressed in an old washed-out dress. Max, tall and emaciated to an alarming degree, compulsively smoked and, coughing, sat talking like a scarecrow in shorts. Both talked incessantly and often fascinatingly.

He had been an important foreign correspondent during World War Two; she had had the promising beginning of a journalistic career. They got married and had four children. But both of

(continued on page 202)

brando resurgent—first as don corleone, now with a sex-drenched performance opposite france’s maria schneider in “last tango in paris”

LONG AFTER the wildest closing night ever to wind up the New York Film Festival, Manhattan movie buffs were still openmouthed over *Last Tango in Paris*, and not just because of Marlon Brando’s nude romp with a pouty Gallic pigeon named Maria Schneider, cast as the girl he meets, makes and remakes on very brief acquaintance in an empty apartment to let. Italian writer-director Bernardo Bertolucci, hailed for *The Conformist*, arranged an early U. S. premiere of his controversial new work partly to forestall censorship at home in Italy, where the film’s graphic language and rampant sensuality might well meet resistance. Granting his first interview on the subject to PLAYBOY Contributing Editor Bruce Williamson, Bertolucci said, “I will not cut a single line or scene, and intend to preserve

TWO TO “TANGO”



Clothed in mutual anonymity and nothing more, Jeonne (played by Maria Schneider) and Paul (Marlon Brando) begin warming up for their second rendezvous in a flat they have casually decided to cohabit. Outside, she has a boyfriend who wants to make a movie about her life, while he must face the agony of funeral preparations for a wife whose suicide he can't comprehend. Here, they sit flesh to flesh, friendly strangers convinced that carnal knowledge of each other is all they need.

my work in its original form at any cost. The movie is an accelerated course in Wilhelm Reich. To make moral judgments is not interesting." New York's response to the virtually nonstop erotic orgy between a man and a woman who leave few four-letter words unspoken or what they stand for untried astonished Bertolucci as much as the film itself amazed his opening-night audience. Some Lincoln Center board members and their fuming wives reportedly stalked out. One major critic avowed that he hardly knew *what* to think. Others declared *Last Tango* "an outrage" or "overpowering . . . not for the squeamish," or found its sexual decadence akin to *The Story of O*. Supermales and homosexuals were thought to like it least, though presumably for different reasons, while columnist Earl Wilson seemed to echo the consensus, fliply pegging it "the most erotic movie ever made." Added Bertolucci, wryly: "The film is simply a reflection of my own



Though the games they play include sodomy and rape, Brando bathes Maria in a tender scene, typically laced with flashes of mordant sexual bullying. Irritated by his stubborn silence about himself, the girl reminds her lover that he is pretty old. Brando snaps back, "In ten years, you'll be playing soccer with those tits."

life . . . exploring the complexity of love between people." Why the tango? Bertolucci smiled, frowned. "There's a phrase somewhere by Jorge Luis Borges; he calls the tango a way of walking through life. Of course, it's an ironic symbol . . . for coupling. But both characters are aspects of myself. Maria is a little bourgeois, my adolescent self. Marlon represents the adult part of me, which I enjoy less. Somewhat didactic, he teaches Maria that the conventions are useless, we have to get rid of them. The girl needs a father, the man's life has been destroyed, but there is no guilt or innocence in *any* relationship—you need two to tango. And why do people complain if Marlon says a word like pig-fucker? The man speaks this way, as many men do. Brando taught me the bad words, in English, and we improvised. There is nothing new in the language—except that audiences are not used to hearing it from the screen." Bertolucci obviously has broken the sound barrier.



Her naïve romanticism fires his bestiality, though it is he who finally invites tragedy in the name of love. Asked to appraise Brando, Bertolucci says, "A man desperate to be loved, yet at times he has the serenity of a saint." As for Maria: "Gifted in a way I have seldom seen . . . never false. She doesn't know falsity." 133



MARIA . . . you'll soon know a girl named maria—with "last tango," she's well on her way

ALREADY a show-business veteran at 20, *Parisienne* Maria Schneider is finally getting a chance to play with the big kids. Her first major film role, in *Tango*, is most assuredly not going to be her last. Mlle. Schneider is the daughter of a celebrated French stage-and-screen actor, Daniel Gelin; to avoid trading on his reputation, she chose to use her Romanian mother's maiden name. Born in Paris, Maria left school at 15 to make her stage debut—without benefit of formal training—as a dancer in the 1968 French comedy *Superposition*. Next she appeared in *Madly*, a 1970 screen comedy with Alain Delon. Other small movie parts followed—in *The Old Maid* and Roger Vadim's *Helle*. As you may have surmised by now, *Tango* is an ultra-erotic film—and much of its eroticism emanates from Mlle. Schneider. She's already filmed *Dear Parents*, with Florinda Bolkan, and her future plans include Michelangelo Antonioni's *Technically Sweet*. You can relax now, Maria; you've made it on your own.



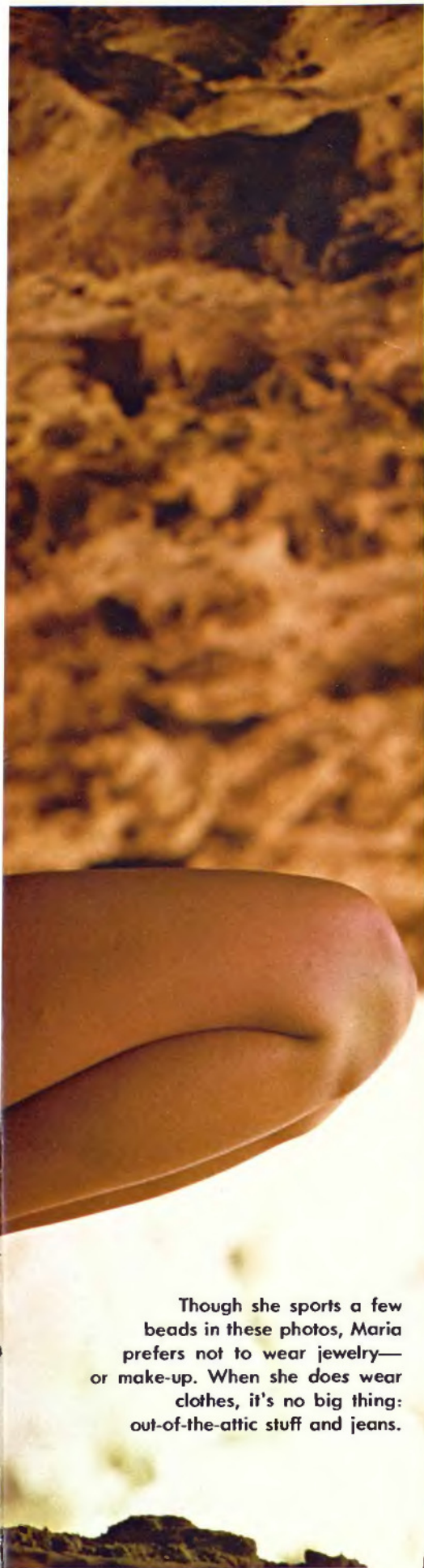
PHOTOGRAPHY BY RAYMOND OEPARDON



"Acting is a catharsis for me," says
Maria. "It's a way of living
through which I can reach people."







Though she sports a few beads in these photos, Maria prefers not to wear jewelry—or make-up. When she does wear clothes, it's no big thing: out-of-the-attic stuff and jeans.



digger's game (continued from page 92)

think," Paul said. "People lose their money at it."

"Mostly," the Digger said, "mostly, they do."

"How much did you lose, Jerry?" Paul said.

"Well," the Digger said, "if it's all the same to you, I'd just as soon not go into it."

"Jerry," Paul said, "I'd love not to go into it. You got a deal."

There was an extended silence. There was a ship's clock on the mantel of the fireplace in the study of the rectory of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. It had a soft tick, inaudible except in near-absolute silence. It ticked several times.

"How's your car running?" the Digger said.

"I've been thinking of turning it in," Paul said.

"Something the matter with it?" the Digger said. His face showed concern. "Car's not that old, you don't drive it all the time. It's, what, a six-thousand-dollar item? Oughta be all right for five years or so."

"It's two years old," Paul said. "Nineteen thousand miles on it. There's nothing wrong with it. I was just thinking, I might trade it. I always wanted a Cadillac."

"Those're nice," the Digger said. "I wouldn't mind one of them myself. I see one a while back, had a real close look at it. Really a nice car."

"Yeah," Paul said. "But I can't buy a Cadillac. The parishioners, they wouldn't mind. Most of them have Cadillacs themselves. But Billy Maloney, sold me the Buick, he'd be angry. And Billy's a good friend of mine. Then there's the chancery. They wouldn't like it. You buy yourself a Cadillac, in a way, it's sort of like saying: 'I've got all I want.' At least they're not going to give you any more, and that's about the same thing. I can't have a Cadillac. But then I started looking at those Limiteds."

"That's another nice car," the Digger said.

"And it's still a Buick," Paul said, "so it won't get anybody's nose out of joint. But it's the closest thing to a Cadillac that I've seen so far."

"What do they go for?" the Digger said.

"Bill treats me all right," Paul said. "This'll be the fourth car I've bought from him. I suppose, twenty-eight hundred and mine."

"He's using you all right," the Digger said. "That's an eight-thousand-dollar unit, I figure, you get it all loaded up. You do all right, Big Brother."

"Around seventy-four hundred, actually," Paul said. "My one indulgence, you know?"

The Digger looked around the room.

"Yup," he said, "right. Cottage. In the winter, Florida. Didn't Aggie tell me something about, you're going to Ireland in a month or so?"

"October," Paul said. "Leading a pilgrimage. Something like your Las Vegas thing, I suppose. Except Lourdes is supposed to be the highlight, no naked women and no gambling. Just holy water. Then you get to come back through Ireland and get what really interests you, the Blarney stone and that idiocy they put on at Bunratty Castle. All that race-of-kings stuff."

"Gee," the Digger said, "I would've thought the types out here'd be too fine for that, all that jiggling around."

"They are," Paul said. "You couldn't sell a tour in this parish if you put up ten plenary indulgences. In the summer, God bless them, the envelopes come in from Boothbay and Cataumet. The ones who aren't all tanned in February, from taking the kids to St. Thomas, are all tanned from taking the kids to Mount Snow. This is for Monsignor Fahey's parish, Saint Malachy's in Randolph. He set it up. Then his doctor told him he'd prefer the monsignor didn't travel around too much until everybody's sure the pacemaker's working all right. So Monsignor Fahey asked me to take it. Well, he was my first pastor, and he still gets a respectful hearing at the chancery. I'll do the man a favor."

"Look," the Digger said, "speaking of favors. I got a problem I was hoping maybe you could help me out with."

"Sure," Paul said.

"Well, I didn't tell you yet," the Digger said.

"I meant: Of course you have," Paul said.

"I don't get it," the Digger said.

"Jerry," Paul said, "am I stupid? Do you think I'm stupid?"

"God, no," the Digger said. "You had, what was it, college, and then you're in the seminary all that time. You went over to Rome there, you even went to college summers. Now you got all this. No, I don't think that."

"Good," Paul said.

"I never had any education like that," the Digger said.

"Because you weren't interested," Paul said. "Not interested enough to do what you had to do to get it."

"Well," the Digger said, "I mean, you wanted to be a priest. I thought Ma was always saying that's something you get from God. You don't just wake up inna morning and say: 'What the hell, nothing to do today, guess I'll be a priest.'"

"You could've done it other ways," Paul said. "You could've finished school in the Service. You could've finished school when you were in school, instead

of being in such a hurry to be a wise guy that you couldn't bother."

"I hated school," the Digger said.

"Right," Paul said. "That's what I'm saying. Nobody handed me anything I've got."

"I didn't mean that," the Digger said. "You earned it. I know that."

"I don't," Paul said. "I don't know any such thing. I think I lucked out. I was in the right place at the right time, two or three times."

"That's just as good," the Digger said.

"It's better," Paul said. "I'll take it any time. My problem wasn't getting it. My problem was keeping it after I got it. That problem is you."

"Now, just a goddamned minute," the Digger said.

"Take two, if you like," Paul said. "they're small. I've been here eight years. Eight years since Monsignor Labelle got so far into his dotage nobody could pretend anymore, and they put me in as administrator. That was in November. He was still alive in December, when Patricia was christened. After Christmas."

"I thought we might get into that again," the Digger said. "Funny thing. I did time and then I come out and I never been in trouble again. Governor even give me a piece of paper, everything's fair and square. But the other thing, I guess that's gonna go on for the rest of forever, that right?"

"Keep in mind how you got to be such buddies with the governor," Paul said. "And if you want to bring up that Christmas when I was Uncle Father and Daddy both, you can go ahead. I didn't plan to."

"I made a mistake," the Digger said. "I admit it. I didn't think it was a mistake at the time. Now I know. Move over, Hitler."

"Come off it, Jerry," Paul said.

"Come off it yourself," the Digger said. "Big deal. I went to a football game. The state'd forget about it by now, they couldn't prove after eight years I went to a football game and it was a crime. I think probably even Aggie forgot about it by now."

"She'll never forget," Paul said.

"You guys," the Digger said, "you guys know more about women on less practice than anything I ever see. You want to know something? That celibacy thing, I hope you get what you're after, stop a lot of this pious horseshit about family life we been getting every Sunday ever since I can remember. Serve you guys right."

"Aggie's a fine human being," Paul said.

"She is," the Digger said. "You never saw a better one. But the Blessed Virgin Mary she's not."

"So," Paul said, "she had your baby and then you couldn't make Christmas,

(continued on page 175)

Man's worst disaster in declining life:
 A bouncing beauty as a second wife.
 But though this warning's often told, and well,
 The news had failed to reach poor Hans Carvel.
 Her name was Meg. The wedding quickly drew
 The local studs, jammed into every pew,
 Who ogled with a bold, appraising air
 Of fruit-stall buyers at a market fair.
 "Hands off, sir! Please don't pinch those pretty plums."
 If looks were pinches and if eyes grew thumbs,
 Ripe, blooming Meg would soon have been abused,
 Her melons, peaches, cherries sadly bruised.
 The bridegroom, even as he pledged his vow,
 Felt horns asprouting from his fevered brow.

Once home, he issued certain rigid rules:
 No coquetry with gallants or such fools;
 No secret visits; no revealing gown;
 No wandering alone about the town.
 Her Bible reading, sewing, pious deeds
 Are all a well-bred housewife wants or needs.
 But, sad to say, his preaching moved her not;
 She listened, nodded and as soon forgot.

And in the days that followed, she pursued
 Whatever light diversion seized her mood:
 To dance at balls, play cards, to promenade,
 To smile at men and flirt quite unafraid.
 Poor Hans grew melancholic, for his part,
 Developed ulcers and a sinking heart.

One night, when company had come to dine,
 He soothed his fears with quantities of wine.
 At last, Meg bore him tottering off to bed,
 Sighed as he snored and covered up her head;
 While in his sodden dream old Hans Carvel
 Conjured a smiling devil out of hell.
 "I know your troubles, friend, but here's a charm."
 The demon said, "to keep your wife from harm.
 Here, slip your finger in this pretty ring,
 And while you wear it, never fear a thing."
 Hans put it on. Meg awakened with a start.
 With angry looks and agitated heart,
 She cried, "You drunken fool! How do you dare
 To thrust your beastly finger God knows where?"


—Retold by Robert Mahieu 



ILLUSTRATION BY BRAD HOLLAND

GONE IN OCTOBER

there? Does all that really matter?" How explain?

It was too hot in the booth and Shirley and Gregory and I went into another room and waited, and finally Allen and Peter got free, and we piled into the car and circled the large, deserted green, with its row of ghostly churches, and got onto the Connecticut Turnpike, and talked about Jack at last: "Isn't it weird?" Allen kept saying. "What are we all doing here? Do you know why he drank like that, John? I don't understand *that* kind of drinking. . . . But what did we do wrong? Do you think we should have made a greater effort to get down to Florida? Could we have *done* anything?"

I didn't think so. There was nothing one friend could do for another but accept his nature wholeheartedly, and in the last months, during those endless phone calls at unlikely hours that had become a habit with Jack, I had heard the booze speaking out of him like the voice of one of those baleful spirits that take possession of the soul in Gothic novels. But we had been far too close for the admonishments that are possible in shallower relationships. I knew he was serious, even about his dissipations, and the basic seriousness of a man's struggle with his destiny is beyond "help."

We drove the 35 miles home to Saybrook in the dark and cold, stars pin-bright like so many stars on so many driving nights when we had all gone somewhere for forgotten reasons, full of expectations when we climbed into the car, only to become quenched and ruminant as the hours went by in the huge, graphic winter night. Home to a fire, an immense bowl of Shirley's vegetable soup for famished Allen (who'd quit smoking) and whiskey for the rest of us.

We all went off to bed eventually, all of us dead out, Allen saying as he glanced around my shelves: "Well, you have all Jack's books, I see. I kept lending mine away and I haven't got them anymore. Now I'll have to sit down and read them again, I guess"—a funny, private little laugh admitting the ambiguities of the emotions at such a moment. Bone-tired, smoked out, I had one more booze but began to think, so didn't finish it, and slept the sleep of a hoarder of resources.

II

Up to the russets and ochers of an October day through which leaves scattered into bright drifts, a day that was bland in the sun but hinted at winter once you stepped out of it. I went off to get extra antifreeze, in case we had a sudden drop of temperature overnight.

(continued from page 98)

When I got back, we all sat around, while Shirley made biscuits and fresh coffee, and we ranged far afield in our separate intelligences.

At some remark of Gregory's, Allen launched into a description of the Gnostic theory of the universe. The basic idea (he explained) was that the creation was only the first instant of the Void's awareness of itself, from which original act of consciousness all successive enlayerings of consciousness had come, each covering up the insight of the other, but all seeking to hide the knowledge of the perfect emptiness of origins (the snake in the garden sent to tip us off to this truth), and from that, of course, the Western idea of evil had inevitably come.

"And you see, Jack knew all that," Allen said. "That's what he was writing about—the agony of differentiated consciousness. He knew it was all a dream."

It didn't seem unusual to be establishing a metaphysical ground from which to think about Jack's death. Simple sorrow for the friend was a private matter, an individual loss, but what he had been trying to say, the world of his unique eye, the still point toward which all the words were aimed, seemed necessary to know with some clarity that crisp October morning when at last we would all go to Lowell together. At one time or another, each of us had talked with Jack about doing it, and had made impromptu plans, only to lose them in a fume of booze or distraction, and only Allen had ever made it, for a night or two a few years before.

Over the coffee and biscuits, my mother arrived with maps to show me a quick route to Maine that would take us right by Lowell, and Allen put his arm around her in simple creaturely friendliness as she drew it out, though they hadn't seen each other in 14 years, and then we all sat down for a while and talked—organic gardening, root cellars, Scott Nearing, the properties of *bancha* tea. Gregory wanted to take movies of us all, and so we went out in front of the house in the cold sun and lined up like members of The Band, Allen saying of my mother, "Behold, the survivor!"—at which her eyes moistened, because she had known Jack for a long time and, like most mothers, thought of him as a gifted and unruly man, in whom she glimpsed the loyal and affectionate son.

But it was time to go, and we took off up the Connecticut Turnpike through rolling hills, as richly mottled with autumn foliage as the texture of a parti-colored sponge, the car's rear end slewing around with all the added weight, and the wind coming so strong across the highway that my wrists ached holding the car on the road. After a while,

Allen and Peter got out the harmonium and sang for an hour, Allen saying: "What would you like to hear next? *London*? Yes, we've done that," and they performed it. "All right, what's next? Call out your favorites. . . . No, I'm leaving *Tyger, Tyger* to the last, because it's the most obvious and the hardest to do. . . ."

The car rocked with wind and wailing voices as we passed through little towns full of crazy, every-man-for-himself Massachusetts drivers; and as we roared up Route 495 among the barreling trucks, the day gloomed over (as I knew it would, as it had to near the "Snake Hill" of *Doctor Sax*), the harsh, gray sky darkening with that hint of arctic north that always murmurs the mysterious word "Saskatchewan" to me—with its images of fir forests awesome in winter snow at twilight, and prairie immensities north of Dakota over the line, and finally the terrible majesties of the Canadian Rockies that make the mind ache with awareness of its own insignificance. In my time, only Jack had found a prose commensurate with the dimensions of the continent as they weighed on human consciousness. Most writers no longer even tried for that kind of range.

Lowell, of course, turned out to be an ugly, ratchety mill town in unplanned sprawl along the Merrimack: shuttered factories, railyards blown with hapless papers, unpainted wooden buildings with their date plaques blurred by weather over the doors, and the turreted town hall with the library next to it where Jack had read his Balzac when he was a polite, bow-tied, moody youth, when he was *Jackie* (as he was still Jackie to everyone who'd known him in Lowell)—all in a mad tangle of evening traffic on crazy, unmarked one-way streets of cobble, all of it plain with that New England mill-town brick-and-siding plainness.

My direction signals weren't working properly, the nerves of driving in the rush of cars hurrying home to supper were wearing me down, but we got parked near where Allen thought Nick Sampas (Jack's brother-in-law) had a bar. We'd go in there and get located. We tumbled out into a bone-cold little square, all but grassless, the air full of those vagrant swirls of snowflakes that always seem to blow so forlornly in squares in the run-down part of any town, where the drunks wander with chapped hands in old overcoats and the Ballantine signs in the saloons are the only coziness. We went into a bar that resembled Allen's recollection of Nick's place. Here we came—every honest Greek workingman's idea of what was wrong with the fucking country: long hair, beards, old coats, red hats, cracked

(continued on page 158)

ROBERTA FLACK
female vocalist



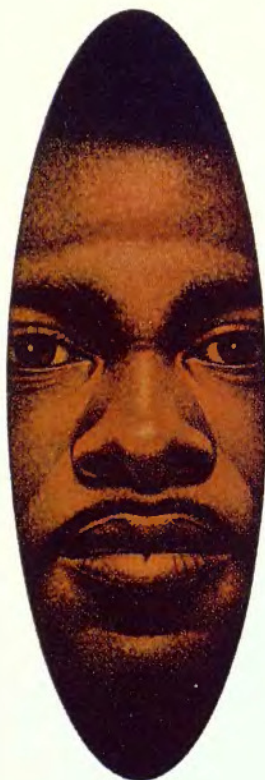
DUKE ELLINGTON
leader, songwriter/composer



STAN GETZ
tenor sax



THE 1973 PLAYBOY ALL-STARS' ALL-STARS



GEORGE BENSON
guitar



5TH DIMENSION
vocal group



BUDDY RICH
drums

article **By NAT HENTOFF**

JAZZ & POP '73

*a look at the current
music scene — plus the
winners of the 17th
annual playboy poll and
readers' choices for the
playboy jazz & pop
hall of fame and
records of the year*

THE PRESIDENTIAL campaign having spanned much of 1972, music people, too, were into politics. The fusion of music and message began well before the primaries, when, last January, Carol Feraci stunned the President at a White House performance by the Ray Conniff Singers. Speaking directly to him from the chorus, she said: "Mr. President, stop bombing human beings, animals and vegetation. You go to church on Sunday and pray to Jesus Christ. If Jesus Christ were in this room tonight, you would not dare to drop another bomb. Bless the Berrigans and Daniel Ellsberg." The counterculture, somnolent the previous year, began thereupon to return to "the arena" (as Saul Alinsky used to call the publicly partisan life). Carole King, Dionne Warwick, James Taylor, Cass Elliott, Mary Travers and Art Garfunkel, among others, helped raise sizable sums for George McGovern during the primaries. In the main bout, they were joined by Tina Turner, Judy Collins and Joni Mitchell, to cite a few. McGovern himself closed his acceptance speech at the Democratic Convention by quoting from Woody Guthrie's *This Land Is Your Land*.

Not all the year's singing and strumming, however, were for the Democratic nominee. Before he was wholly out of the campaign, George Wallace had such country singers as Tammy Wynette, Del Reeves and George Wallace, Jr. (the candidate's son), stumping for him. Nor was the incumbent bereft of musical support. While the President's rock backing was thin—the Osmond brothers being among the more prominent of that musical generation supporting him—Richard Nixon's most newsworthy musical coups were Sammy Davis Jr. and Frank Sinatra. The latter briefly came out of retirement in October to sing a tribute to Spiro Agnew at a Republican fund raiser in Chicago.

Meanwhile, perennial Presidential candidate Dizzy Gillespie decided to forgo

PHIL WOODS
alto sax



RAHSAAN ROLAND KIRK
flute, manzello, stritch



BILLY ECKSTINE
male vocalist



THE 1973 PLAYBOY ALL-STARS' ALL-STARS



HERBIE HANCOCK
piano



BUDDY DE FRANCO
clarinet



JIMMY SMITH
organ

RAY BROWN
bass



J. J. JOHNSON
trombone



GERRY MULLIGAN
baritone sax



MILT JACKSON
vibes



CHICAGO
instrumental combo



MILES DAVIS
trumpet

the 1972 contest. Describing himself as "the modern Norman Thomas," Dizzy said that his candidacy had always been based on "the dire necessity . . . of the unification of mankind." The Happy Warrior intends to continue working toward that goal. At the Indiana University press conference withdrawing his candidacy, Gillespie was asked if his growing number of campus appearances signified that jazz is coming back. "It ain't never left," he answered. But there were, indeed, signs of rising national interest in jazz—both in the cultural establishment and among the public. Dizzy himself was awarded New York's Handel Medallion—the city's most prestigious cultural diadem—by Mayor John Lindsay for his "superb and matchless contribution to the world of culture and music." The National Endowment for the Arts, after granting only \$50,000 for jazz the preceding year, sprang for \$246,925 to be shared by individual jazz musicians and composers, as well as by educational institutions (from elementary schools to universities) engaged in jazz education. Also included were such community organizations as the Black Arts Music Society of Jackson, Mississippi, and Young Audiences of Wisconsin. Appropriately, the one jazz force most signally honored by the official definers of American high culture was Duke Ellington. In July, the University of Wisconsin at Madison held a Duke Ellington Festival (Governor Patrick Lucey having proclaimed that period Duke Ellington Week in Wisconsin). For five days, there were concerts, open rehearsals, master classes and workshops—with academic credit for participation. Students came from a dozen states and

(text continued on page 146) 143

CHICAGO
instrumental combo



ROLLING STONES
vocal group



DOC SEVERINSEN
leader, first trumpet



KEITH EMERSON
organ



MILES DAVIS
second trumpet



J. J. JOHNSON
first trombone



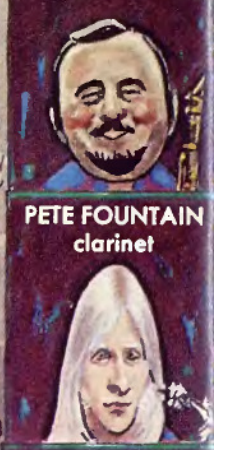
SI ZENTNER
second trombone



IAN ANDERSON
flute



PETE FOUNTAIN
clarinet



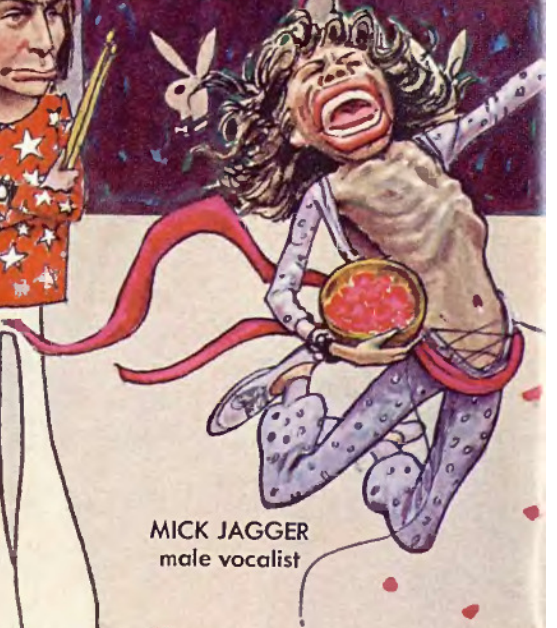
CANNONBALL
ADDERLEY
first alto sax



EDGAR WINTER
second alto sax



MICK JAGGER
male vocalist





BUDDY RICH
drums

LIONEL HAMPTON
vibes

PAUL McCARTNEY
bass

ELTON JOHN
piano

BURT BACHARACH—HAL DAVID
songwriter/composer

CAROLE KING
female vocalist

AL HIRT
third trumpet

HERB ALPERT
fourth trumpet

KAI WINDING
third trombone

SLIDE HAMPTON
fourth trombone

GERRY MULLIGAN
baritone sax

ERIC CLAPTON
guitar

STAN GETZ
first tenor sax

BOOTS RANDOLPH
second tenor sax

THE 1973 PLAYBOY ALL-STAR BAND

Canada, as well as from Uganda, Brazil and Switzerland.

Even more significant was the setting up by Yale University of a \$1,000,000 Duke Ellington Fellowship Program. It will encompass a visiting-fellows project, the development of archives of Afro-American music (including films), a scholarship program and the provision for teaching fellowships for black musicians at Yale and in the New Haven schools. The Duke Ellington division of Yale was inaugurated on October sixth with a weekend convocation at the university where 30 black musicians—Ellington heading the list—received the Ellington medal from Yale's president, Kingman Brewster. (Among the other recipients: Willie "the Lion" Smith, Mary Lou Williams, Charles Mingus, Jo Jones, Max Roach, Dizzy Gillespie, Harry Carney, Marion Williams, and Bessie Jones of the Sea Island Singers.)

As for the widening audience for jazz, more jazz musicians were hitting the college concert circuit—with some of the tours promoted by their record companies. And predominantly youthful audiences thronged New York night-club appearances during the year by Charles Mingus and Sonny Rollins, among other jazzmen. More young listeners were also evident on the jazz-festival scene, most notably at Ann Arbor's September Blues and Jazz Festival, but also at celebrations in New Orleans, Houston, Cincinnati, Atlanta, Oakland (the Bay Area Jazz Festival), Monterey and at Hampton Institute.

The year's most encouraging jazz event, however, was the successful transplant of the Newport Jazz Festival from Rhode Island to the Big Apple. Ranging through nine days in July, the 19th annual event included midnight dances and jam sessions, boat rides, street festivals and Gospel and jazz concerts at a number of sites in New York City—from Carnegie, Philharmonic and Radio City Music halls to Yankee Stadium and a Lutheran church. The Newport Festival, forced to close prematurely the year before because a marauding mob of young people broke down the fences and seized the stage, had buoyantly resurrected itself. Over 100,000 people attended the 27 events, employing over 600 musicians; and even *The New York Times* was moved to editorialize: "The sound was everywhere, and nobody who heard it could keep feet from tapping and spirits from soaring like a slide trombone."

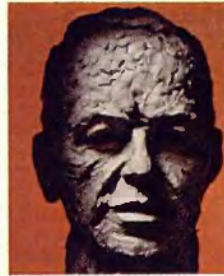
Impresario George Wein declared the Newport Jazz Festival—New York to be a permanent annual event, which this year may be extended to ten days.

Also certain to reappear in 1973 is the rebel New York Musicians Jazz Festival, which ran parallel to the Newport programs in July. Some 500 more-or-less "underground" jazz musicians, who felt that Wein's agenda insufficiently represented them, produced a busy schedule of improvisations at bars, churches, parks, music centers, and studios in Harlem and on the Lower East Side, in addition to a cracklingly exciting jam session on the Central Park Mall. This counterfestival, as Les Ledbetter noted in *The New York Times*, "gave rise to the possibility that festivals like Newport—with something for everyone—might not have much future in their present form if that everyone doesn't include the proud young black musicians."

Further evidence of the resurgent vitality of jazz was the creation by the New York Hot Jazz Society of the New York Jazz Museum—the first museum in America devoted to the whole living history of jazz. Rotating exhibits, regular film showings, live music and a "jazz store" are all part of the reverberating blue building in Midtown Manhattan. In another kind of institution long closed to jazz—the Catholic Church—black music scored impressive inroads, as jazz and other Afro-American forms increasingly mixed with traditional sounds of liturgy in many Catholic churches in black areas of the country. During the year, there was even a (text continued on page 194)



DAVE BRUBECK



FRANK SINATRA



LOUIS ARMSTRONG



DUKE ELLINGTON



ELLA FITZGERALD



COUNT BASIE



RAY CHARLES



JOHN COLTRANE



BENNY GOODMAN



HERB ALPERT



WES MONTGOMERY



MILES DAVIS



BOB DYLAN



JOHN LENNON



PAUL MC CARTNEY



JIMI HENDRIX



JANIS JOPLIN



ELVIS PRESLEY



MICK JAGGER



JIM MORRISON



GEORGE HARRISON



This year, instead of selecting three artists for our Jazz & Pop Hall of Fame, readers were asked to choose one only—and only the top vote getter would be enshrined. It was inevitable, perhaps, that Eric Clapton would get the mandate. In 1970, our readers picked Bob Dylan, John Lennon and Paul McCartney; they were followed in 1971 by Jimi Hendrix, Janis Joplin and Elvis Presley; and last year by Mick Jagger, Jim Morrison and George Harrison. A sign of the musical times: All of the above ten are pop stars—and five of them (six if you count McCartney) play the guitar.

ERIC CLAPTON As we went to press, Eric Clapton was in one of his periodic states of semiretirement. It was anybody's guess as to when he'd record again or when he'd perform again. It was even hard to imagine what he'd look like when he reappeared, since Clapton projected a greaser image with Derek and the Dominos, a hippy look with Delaney, Bonnie & Friends, and so on. Still, he was enjoying unprecedented popularity and interest, partly due to the release, by Atlantic, of the four-sided "History of Eric Clapton." Another factor in Clapton's victory is probably the degree to which the competition has been decimated—by death and by the living death to which so many rock "stars" are so quickly banished. Rock music needs stars, so it creates them—and then, because it craves new ones, it rejects them. The current Clapton vogue may be a sign of new maturity, since he has never been a pop idol or star in the expectably outrageous sense. He has always been—except for his early tours of duty as an art student and a designer of stained-glass windows—a guitar player, a sideman: a musician, if you will. Clapton's playing has undergone as many metamorphoses as his personal appearance (some analysts interpret all this as a search for the father he never knew), and he has survived the demise of several major groups. Clapton's impersonal but ever-changing image and his intense (but also chameleonlike) playing virtually embody the modern rock era, which can be defined as sound in search of style, and is to a large extent the result of explorations made by guitar players, from Chuck Berry and B. B. King to Clapton and Hendrix. Eric first gained prominence as the inventive lead guitarist of the Yardbirds, a blues-based British rock group that eventually became too regimented for him to handle. He then spent a year living, playing and obsessively practicing with John Mayall, primal sire of British blues. Then, after an interlude of jamming with people like Jimmy Page and Stevie Winwood, he became one third of Cream, the short-lived but explosive trio that included Ginger Baker and Jack Bruce, and which stunned audiences with its all-out improvisations. Cream turned sour, though—chalk it up to personality conflicts—and Clapton's next venture was Blind Faith, a much-heralded group that included Baker and Winwood and was also short-lived, for similar reasons. Clapton disappeared on one of his recurrent night-sea journeys, finally resurfacing as a prominent member of Delaney and Bonnie's entourage; it was Delaney who produced Clapton's first LP as a solo artist. But it was with his next combo, Derek and the Dominos—the first outfit he actually led—that Clapton, in the opinion of many, reached his greatest heights. The Dominos, however, didn't last long, either, and except for his appearance at the well-remembered concert for Bangla Desh, Clapton has not been active in some time. It's doubtful that the jamming guitarist—who, along the way, has found time to record with such soul stalwarts as Aretha Franklin and King Curtis—will remain out of sight much longer. As contenders for top rock guitarist flare in and fade out, Clapton's stock continues to rise, and he'll most likely appear soon with a new musical bag.

THE PLAYBOY JAZZ & POP HALL OF FAME

YOUR SEX FANTASY

(continued from page 121)

- D. How often does this fantasy involve your watching another couple have sexual relations?
1. frequently
 2. occasionally
 3. rarely
 4. never
- E. In these fantasies, how often do you observe someone masturbating or otherwise stimulating himself or herself?
1. frequently
 2. occasionally
 3. rarely
 4. never
13. A. How often do you have fantasies in which you watch your regular partner have sexual relations with someone else?
1. almost daily
 2. frequently
 3. occasionally
 4. rarely, if ever
- B. The other person in the fantasy is:
1. the same sex as your partner
 2. the opposite sex from your partner
14. A. How often do you have fantasies during the sex act?
1. almost always
 2. frequently
 3. occasionally
 4. rarely, if ever
- B. These fantasies involve predominantly:
1. your regular partner, with whom you are engaged in the sex act—but you are thinking about a different sex act with that person
 2. thinking about someone else while engaged in a sex act with your regular partner
 3. thinking about your regular partner while engaged in a sex act with someone else
- C. If you think about someone you have never had sex with, the person usually is a:
1. movie or television performer
 2. topless, bottomless or striptease performer
 3. model or Playmate
 4. cocktail waitress, Bunny or club hostess
 5. stewardess
 6. doctor, lawyer or other professional person
 7. prostitute
 8. man in uniform—soldier, policeman, airline pilot
 9. construction worker, laborer
 10. professional athlete
 11. other
15. A. How often do you have fantasies in which you dress in the clothes of the opposite sex?
1. almost daily
 2. frequently
 3. occasionally
 4. rarely, if ever
- B. In these fantasies, you are wearing predominantly:
1. outer garments
 2. undergarments
 3. both
- C. How often do you have fantasies in which your partner or you are dressed in special outfits or costumes?
1. frequently
 2. occasionally
 3. rarely
 4. never
- D. What sorts of costumes are involved? (Check as many as apply.)
1. leather outfits—boots, vests, etc.
 2. costumes of a particular period in history
 3. clothes of a special occupational group—policeman, soldier, athlete
 4. clothes like those worn by prostitutes
16. A. How often do you have fantasies of actually *being* a member of the opposite sex?
1. almost daily
 2. frequently
 3. occasionally
 4. rarely, if ever
- B. Do these fantasies include performing sex as a member of the opposite sex?
1. yes
 2. no
17. A. How often do you have fantasies involving a partner of a racial, ethnic or religious group other than your own?
1. frequently
 2. occasionally
 3. rarely
 4. never
- B. In these fantasies, which groups are involved? (Check all that apply.)
1. Caucasians
 2. blacks
 3. Orientals
 4. Arabs
 5. Jews
 6. Catholics
 7. Protestants
 8. other
18. A. How often have your sex fantasies involved a member of your family?
1. frequently
 2. occasionally
 3. sometimes
 4. rarely, if ever
- B. Which figures have appeared in these fantasies? (Check all that apply.)
1. father
 2. mother
 3. sister
 4. brother
 5. son
 6. daughter
 7. other relatives
19. A. How often do you have fantasies of engaging in sexual acts with animals?
1. frequently
 2. occasionally
 3. rarely
 4. never
- B. What kind of animal is usually involved? (Check all that apply.)
1. dog
 2. cat
 3. horse
 4. sheep
 5. monkey
 6. swan
 7. other
- C. What type of sexual act is usually involved?
1. genital intercourse
 2. oral stimulation, with the animal as recipient
 3. oral stimulation, with you as recipient
 4. anal intercourse
20. A. How often do you have fantasies of having sex with someone to gain control of or obtain equal station with that person?
1. frequently
 2. occasionally
 3. rarely
 4. never
- B. The person in these fantasies is usually:
1. a public figure
 2. an employer
 3. an employee
 4. a friend or neighbor
 5. a doctor, lawyer or other professional with whom you deal
 6. a lover
 7. a former lover
 8. other
- C. The person in the fantasy is:
1. someone you like
 2. someone you dislike
- D. The person is:
1. someone you want to like you
 2. someone who has power over you that you want to reduce
 3. someone you want to humiliate or get even with
 4. other
21. A. Generally, your sex fantasies are based upon:
1. actual experience you have had
 2. things you have not experienced
- B. Would you like your sex fantasies to come true?
1. yes
 2. some of them, but not all
 3. no
- C. Which of the following best describes your feelings about your sex fantasies?
1. they're pleasant and you enjoy them



"Say, honey, that's a funny-lookin' bruise you got there."

2. they're pleasant, but sometimes their contents disturb you
 3. they're upsetting
22. What is your sexual orientation?
1. heterosexual
 2. homosexual
 3. bisexual

The analysis of your responses to this quiz is divided into four parts, which determine (1) the intensity and variety of your fantasies; (2) the people involved; (3) the active or passive nature of your fantasies; and (4) an indication of their conventional or exotic nature.

Each answer is numbered 1, 2, 3, 4, and so on. Whichever answer you have picked is your score for that question. For example, if you answer question 1 with 2, "occasionally," your score on that question is two points. You will be asked to total your scores on specified key series of questions in order to place yourself on the general scale. (There is no need to total your answers to the entire series of questions.)

Part one: Intensity and variety of your sex fantasies. Your score here will be the sum of your responses to questions 1, 3A, 5A, 6A, 8A, 9A, 11A, 12A, 13A, 15C and 20A.

A score of 30 or less indicates your sex fantasies occur more frequently and in greater variety than the average and a score below 15 indicates that your fantasy scripts are highly embellished and pursue pretty much all known possibilities. Forcing your partner to engage in sexual acts, being forced yourself, watching someone and being watched, wearing costumes and using sex to gain power over others are all a part of your fantasies. You fantasize nearly every day as a source of self-stimulation, and often to augment the pleasure of real sexual acts with others. You like your fantasies on a large scale (often including more than one partner, as in an orgy) and you show little fear in pursuing them wherever they might go.

Scores between 31 and 39 show you to be a moderate fantasizer. Your fantasies, which tend to repeat themselves, feature conventional modes of sexual intercourse, with some oral-genital activity and strong visions of being admired by the opposite sex. You probably find yourself having a sexual daydream no more often than every few days and perhaps as seldom as once a week.

A score above 39 indicates that you rarely indulge in sex fantasies—and when you do, they fall within a narrow range. Daydreaming is not generally a source of pleasure for you, nor do you use it to stimulate yourself to sexual activity. As one respondent put it, "Fantasies somehow are not nearly as good as the real thing, so sexual daydreams don't enter into my daily living very

FLESHING OUT THE SEX-FANTASY QUIZ

The first two fantasies below are among hundreds that will appear in a book called "My Secret Garden," by Nancy Friday, which Trident Press will publish in June. Miss Friday collected her fantasies—all of them from females—through advertisements and personal interviews in the United Kingdom and this country. The two male fantasies that follow were collected by PLAYBOY editors.

"... We're at this Baltimore Colts-Minnesota Vikings football game, and it's very cold. Four or five of us are huddled under a big glen-plaid blanket. Suddenly we jump up to watch Johnny Unitas running toward the goal. As he races down the field, we all turn as a body, wrapped in our blanket, screaming with excitement. Somehow one of the men—I don't know who, and in my excitement I can't look—has gotten himself more closely behind me. I can feel his erection through his pants as he signals me with a touch to turn my hips more directly toward him. Unitas is blocked, but all action, thank God, is still going toward the goal and all of us keep turned to watch. Everyone is going mad. He's got his cock out now and somehow it's between my legs: he's torn a hole in my tights under my short skirt and I yell louder as the touchdown gets nearer. We are all jumping up and down and I have to lift my leg higher, to the next step on the bleachers, to steady myself; now the man behind me can slip it in more easily. He's inside me now, shot straight up through me like a ramrod; my God, it's like he's in my throat! 'All the way, Johnny! Go, go, run, run!' we scream together, louder than anyone, the two of us leading the excitement like cheerleaders, while inside me I can feel whoever he is growing harder and harder, pushing deeper and higher into me with each jump until the cheering for Unitas becomes the rhythm of our fucking and all around us everyone is on our side, cheering us and the touchdown... it's hard to separate the two now. It's Unitas' last down, everything depends on him; we're racing madly almost at our own touchdown. My excitement gets wilder, almost out of control, as I scream for Unitas to make it just as we do; and as the man behind me roars, clutching me in a spasm of pleasure, Unitas goes over and I..."

"... I imagine myself at some incredibly proper place, some very ele-

gant restaurant, for instance. The men are in dinner jackets, the women divinely coifed, the headwaiter aching with *savoir-faire*. We are all sitting around this table covered by a heavy linen tablecloth. (The tablecloth is important, because it hides the man underneath—who is between my legs.) I chat away amiably with the people on either side. How has this man gotten under the table? Interesting you should ask—because in my fantasy, I've taken care of that detail. Either he has quietly slipped under the table on the pretext of picking up a dropped napkin or he's excused himself—supposedly gone to the men's room—but, in fact, he has raced to the cellar below, only to emerge through a trap door at my feet, there gently to part my willing legs. (It's funny how little time, during a fantasy, it takes to sort out the mechanical details... but fantasy time is not like normal time.)

"There is always the most amazing amount of detail in the fantasy at this point: me, casually arranging the tablecloth over my lap so that no one can see he has raised my skirt, or see his head tight up against me, or his tongue... yes, there is a lot of the lips, actually seeing them, and the tongue. Or there is the intricate arranging of feet, like a ballet, under the table, with my praying that no one will bump into him with his feet! The funny thing is, all this detail makes it even more exciting. But mostly there is the fear—sweet agony—that someone may ask me to dance! Or, worst of all, that the man under the table will stop... that someone will call for the bill and say, 'OK, everybody up, let's go.'

"I put one hand on his head—don't stop!—and with the other hand, I accept a cigarette or toy with my salad, always this perfectly sociable smile on my face, but always the clutch: What am I going to do when I come? (I'm pretty noisy.) Until, thank God, there is a sudden power failure in the restaurant. The lights go out and pow! In the darkness of the fantasy restaurant, I have my very real, very loud orgasm."

"... What I do is think of myself in the aisle seat of a plane, relaxing after the dinner tray's been taken away. I've noticed one particular stewardess ever since take-off, a girl with an open face and enormous eyes. She's been walking up and down the aisle a lot and gives me her

Pollyanna smile every time she passes by. I don't know yet whether I'm being singled out, but what does get to me is the contrast between her freckled, innocent face and a body that's—well, she's wearing one of those plain white blouses that are just transparent enough for you to make out the lace on her bra, and her breasts are—not perky or jiggy, but *round*, like little bar bells. She's also wearing one of those incredibly tight blue skirts—the stewardess don't wear them anymore, I know, but I remember how they were—and old-fashioned high heels.

"Anyway, at one point, she stops and asks an old lady across the aisle from me if she'd like a pillow. Then she steps quickly onto the armrest to reach the rack above, and she's such a small girl that she has to strain to get the pillow. In this position I have a clear view right up her skirt to where it gets dark. And then, just before she steps off the armrest, while her legs are slightly spread, she looks down at me and—smiles!

"She's off, she hands the pillow to the old lady and turns toward me. I motion with my finger for her to bend down, and I whisper in her ear, 'Let's go back there.'

"I half expect this girl next door to slap my head off my shoulders, but she nods. I float down the aisle behind her and we reach the lavatories, one on each side of the plane. One of them is vacant and she looks around quickly and motions me in. I leave the door ajar and wait a couple of moments and she slips in beside me and throws the little latch. It's incredibly cramped in there, barely enough room for us to stand side by side. She turns around, the same smile, puts her arms around my neck, and in another couple of seconds she's practically swallowing my tongue. Still kissing, I maneuver her around and push her down gently so she's sitting on the toilet seat and I'm bent over with my butt against the door. She wriggles out of her blouse and then pops the hooks of her bra. She lifts her hips and I tug off her skirt and bikini panties and I practically rip my own pants to get at least one leg free.

"She's sitting down there on the seat, naked, and I have to figure fast. My body would have to bend backward to manage it, so I pull her thighs and she helps me so she's sitting on the very edge of the seat.

"I've only been in and out a couple of times, totally out of my mind, hoping it'll last, my little stewardess off the seat and suspended on my cock, going up and down, when I hear a *ding*; and in the mirror

I see the reflection of a lighted sign saying, RETURN TO YOUR SEAT.

"I hesitate, but she grabs me tighter, still rising and falling, and the bell keeps going *ding*; every couple of seconds, but I'm getting the rhythm back and feeling that I can't hold it much longer and then a sound at the door, a knocking, a knocking and a voice saying, 'Laura, are you all right?'—one of her goddamn stewardess friends—but we can't stop now, we keep going and going and going and *blowie*! together, and we crumple and the bell is *ding*-ing and the knocking keeps up and then my goddamn foot hits the *FLUSH* button and the swirling water starts and I'm going crazy and I look down at her and she's just smiling."

• • •
". . . I'm naked and being held prisoner in a room, tied to a post like someone about to be burned at the stake. I'm weak and have fits of semiconsciousness, but when I can get hold of my senses, I realize that my captors are a collection of very beautiful women who have somehow captured me, stripped me and tied me to this post. They are milling around me, laughing and touching me and, although I pretend to be drowsy and uncomfortable, I'm really loving the whole situation.

"After a while, I cease pretending that I'm groggy and, seeing this, they all begin to remove their clothes in a slow, rhythmic ritual, encircling me as I lean against the ropes that bind me to the post, moving toward me and touching and kissing my cock. I begin to come and have many quick, successive orgasms. First a tall blonde girl moves toward me, smiling and giggling and teasing me. She takes my cock as I smile and strain against my bindings and with just a few quick strokes she makes me spurt. I'm able to come every time I'm aroused and with no effort at all. All the girls continue smiling and giggling.

"After many hours of this, the women decide to untie me but to keep me on a chain. From that time on, I'm like a pet, still naked, lying around on the attic floor, except when one of the women decides she wants to be fucked.

"Then, quickly and without explanation, they decide to leave their attic hideaway. They dress and while they prepare to go, one of the girls again ties me to the post. A few minutes later, they all leave and I'm there, alone, to be found by a group of neighbors. I'm horribly embarrassed to be found, naked, my hands tied so that I am unable even to cover myself."

often. When they do, I find them pleasant and entertaining while they last. Since my life and my sex life are both fulfilling, I daydream less and less as I grow older."

Your age, as the comment above suggests, is related to how much and about what you fantasize. Males from the ages of 35 to 50 show a sharp decline in the frequency and variety of sex fantasies. But surprisingly, the fewest scores in the 39-plus range are found in males under 25 and in males 50 and older. The high scores of the younger men may perhaps be explained by lack of actual sexual experience and/or an abundance of free time in which to daydream. Younger men also have a more diffuse concept of their own appeal to women. They tend to fantasize that they possess some general aura of sensuality, whereas older men often daydream in terms of specific physical traits that they have found to be attractive to women.

Interest in realizing one's sex fantasies is also related to age. It appears that the older a man is, the more likely he is to want his sex fantasies to come true. And while younger men, particularly those under 25, more consistently have a broad range of sex fantasies, they are less likely to want all of them to come true. Since older men are generally more sexually experienced, they may be less likely to fear further sexual exploration than younger, less experienced males. This is partially confirmed by answers to question 21A, which asks whether or not sex fantasies are based on actual experience. Older men frequently replied yes, adding that they would like to repeat the experience; younger men said their fantasies were based on things not yet experienced—and they were not sure they wanted them all to come true.

Answers to some individual questions are also important in your analysis of part one.

For instance, not everyone with a score of 30 or below is comfortable with his broad and intense sex-fantasy life. If your total score in part one is below 31 and you answered 21C with number 3 (they're upsetting), then your sex fantasies are probably unwanted—sometimes frightening—intrusions into your consciousness. You are not likely to try to carry them into actual sexual activity; if you have done so, you have probably experienced considerable remorse afterward.

If you scored under 30 and chose number 2 in answer to question 21C, your wide-ranging sex fantasies are generally gratifying, although at times you may find your daydreams drifting into sexual activities that surprise you.

Answers to 21B are also important modifiers of your score here. If you chose number 1 or 2, your sex fantasies

are most often preparatory to real action. You are the author of a movie that you really want to see made, with you as director, star and audience. If, however, you checked number 3, you draw a marked line between fantasy and reality. Your sex daydreams, whether broad or narrow in scope, may be stimulants to increased arousal but are not a determinant of your real sex life. In practice, you probably enjoy a relatively restricted range of sexual activities, but you often take pleasure in fantasizing other, quite different modes of behavior.

If your score on part one is below 30 (and particularly if it is below 21), number 3 in answer to question 21B indicates that your sex fantasies provide a way in which you are attempting to resolve inner conflicts. By fantasizing all sorts of sexual acts but actually participating in only a small percentage of them you have the best of what you see as incompatible sexual worlds.

If your score in part one is 39 or greater and you answered question 21B with number 3, you are more consistent with yourself. Fantasy is not your preferred turn-on, and you have little interest in expanding your sexual horizons by translating daydreams into reality. As one respondent to our questionnaire put it, "Have you guys taken this quiz? You would have to be the most perverted son of a bitch in the world to dream all this stuff!"

Part two: People involved in your fantasies. Your score here is the sum of your answers to questions 3C, 4C, 5C, 6C, 8B, 9B, 10E and 14B.

The middle range for this part is 21 to 25. Scores in this range indicate that the characters in your sex fantasies are people you know and desire but with whom you have not been sexually involved. In general, it is the partner or partners just out of reach who tantalize you; once a woman has become an actual sex partner, she is no longer a typical subject for your daydreams. The pursuit of new partners is an important theme in your sex-fantasy life.

If your score in part two is below 21—particularly if it is below 15—your sex fantasies focus primarily on past or present sex partners. Perhaps they have been particularly gratifying to you and you find mental replays of previous sexual activities stimulating; or you may fear that fantasies "away from home" are just as unfaithful to your regular partner as actual sexual activities would be. For you, the memory of a previously satisfying encounter with your regular partner is the easiest way to become aroused again.

If your score in part two is above 26,

and particularly if it is near 32, your sex daydreams are filled almost entirely with unknown or imaginary partners. If you are young, lack of real sexual experience may dictate the need for imagined partners. If, however, you are experienced and still prefer to create your own objects of fantasy, other factors are involved. Some of the possibilities: You are a perfectionist and none of the real women you know fits your high criteria of eroticism; you feel that your sexual desires are too far out or dirty to be connected with the real women you know, so you invent fictional women to appreciate them; or during adolescence, real sexual relationships did not come readily to you, so you spent your time fantasizing about movie stars or women of your own creation. If these fantasies were pleasant and they became habitual, they're hard to give up now.

Part three: Active-passive role. This score is a little more difficult to compute, as it involves comparing two sets of scores. Set A is the sum of your answers to questions 5A, 8A, 12A and 20A. Set B is the sum of your answers to questions 6A, 9A, 11A and 13A. Add up each of these two sets of scores and find the difference between them.

If your two sets of scores are within four points of each other, you and your partner trade active and passive roles. Sometimes, in your fantasies, you are the aggressor. Other times you enjoy being made love to by your partner. This alternating of roles in your fantasies shows that you are sensitive to your partner's sexual needs and that, in turn, you demand sensitivity to your own satisfaction. You are probably disappointed if this is not part of your regular sexual relations.

If set A is more than four points higher than set B, you show a distinct preference for the active rather than the passive role. In your fantasies, you are the seeker of sexual relations with your partner or partners and you are less interested in receiving stimulation. The thrill in your daydreams comes from turning the other on; sex for you is a matter of striking the right keys for your partner.

If, on the other hand, set B runs four or more points higher than set A, you define sex in your fantasies as a passive-receptive act, in which you are nurtured by adoring females. Some version of the harem fantasy probably occurs to you quite often. On a fantasy level, you enjoy the idea of receiving from women, being the exclusive focus of their attention. One respondent suggested two fantasies that exemplify this passive orientation: "I daydream about a harem

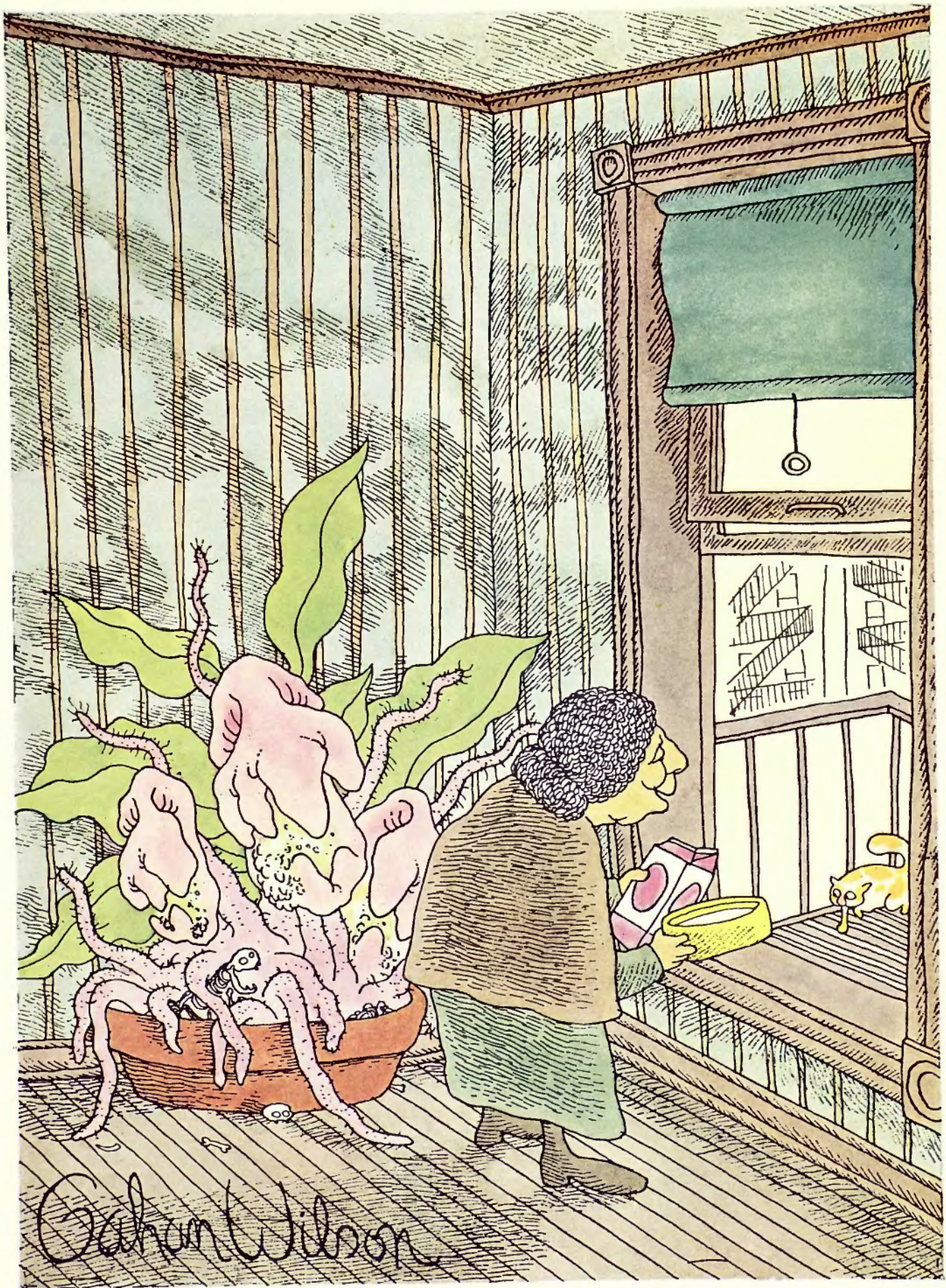
with 3000 women who exist only to satisfy me and I have recurring daydreams in which I merely glance at a strange woman and she immediately wants to make love to me."

Interestingly enough, the passive or active nature of our fantasies seems to relate to financial success, age and marital status. Although the man-on-top position is generally most favored in fantasies of sexual intercourse, males with lower incomes often visualize the female on top. All forms of oral sex rank high in popularity of fantasy behavior, but younger men tend to fantasize the active role (performing oral sex on the partner), while those over 25 are more apt to fantasize the passive role (partner performing oral sex on the fantasizer). Married men show a tendency to prefer fellatio as the first act, preliminary to intercourse in the sexual fantasy, with Jewish men showing a pronounced tendency in this direction; the young Catholic males surveyed preferred oral sex ending in orgasm. Younger men also have fantasies of undressing their new partners, while older men like to dream about watching a partner as she undresses herself.

Part four: Conventional-exotic nature of your fantasies. Your score in part four is the sum of your answers to questions 9A, 10A, 11A, 11B, 12E, 13A and 19A. If you score between 24 and 28 on this scale, your sex fantasies center on relatively conventional sexual activities, as our culture defines them. This would include heterosexual intercourse and oral sex. If your score is between 20 and 23, you will, on rare occasions, find your sex daydreams drifting to forms of sexuality that are more unusual by our cultural standards; exhibitionism, voyeurism and group-sex fantasies. At times, these modes of sexual activity may intrigue you on a fantasy level, but you don't permit your thoughts to linger on them for too long.

Scores from 7 to 19 indicate that you often find your thoughts drifting to rather uncommon sexual acts, such as dressing in the clothes of the opposite sex. You find the bizarre in sexuality attractive, as did one respondent, who wrote: "I have fantasies in which women have three breasts, I have a 28-inch penis and science-fiction creatures are involved in complex and novel sexual activities with me."

Once again, this scale is best understood in terms of answers to questions 21A, B and C. If you have indicated that your sex fantasies contain many exotic forms of sexual activity and you answer 21A with number 1 (indicating that the fantasies are based upon actual experience), you actually have a highly



"Here, puss, puss, puss!"

experimental sexuality, which you like to replay in your daydreams.

If you picked number 2 in 21A (not experienced), then you are fascinated with the exotic in human sexuality but may not be ready to engage in such relationships. Your answer to question 21B, which measures your desire to see your sex fantasies become reality, will clarify your feelings. Question 21C will further indicate whether these far-out fantasies are pleasing or disturbing to you. If you chose 21C, number 3, and have a score between 7 and 19 in part four, you are probably quite upset over what you see as a morbid preoccupation with bizarre sexuality. If, on the other hand, you answered 1 or 2 to question 21C, these exotic fantasies are a source of pleasure to you. One respondent put this exotic preference rather simply: "I dig impos-

sible sexual feats!" Another was more specific: "I am a 6'5" male," he reported, "and have two fantasies that include two activities at the same time. They are: 1. I would like a female sex partner with whom I could engage in sexual intercourse simultaneously with someone else while I engage in oral foreplay with her (she would have to be tall!); and, 2. I fantasize engaging in oral sex and intercourse simultaneously with the same partner."

Few people express themselves so colorfully, either on paper or in the less circumscribed arena of their daydreams. Nearly everybody, however, does engage in some sort of fantasizing—and for many, this overlay of erotic embroidery serves as agreeable ornamentation to the fabric of day-to-day sexual experience.



"All right, sweetie, where's all that erotic statuary or whatever you call it that you've been braggin' about?"

JACK, THE TRAVELER'S FRIEND

(continued from page 72)

down his nose. "I don't know, I've never seen one."

"Seen what?"

He stopped laughing and said gravely, "Back home they call them skin flicks."

• • •

The room was stifling with all the shades drawn, and the screen was a bed sheet, which struck me as uniquely repellent. We sat, six of us, wordlessly fixed on the blue squares jumping and flickering on the screen while the rattling projector whirred: the countdown—a few numbers were missing; the title—something about a brush salesman; the opening shot—a man knocking at a door. We fidgeted when the man knocked; no knock was heard. It was a silent film.

The absence of a sound track necessitated many close-ups of facial expressions; and a story was attempted, for both characters, salesman and housewife, were clothed, implying a seduction, the classic plot of conquest with a natural climax—an older concept of pornography. The salesman wore a tweed double-breasted suit and his hair was slick and wavy. I guessed it was late Forties, but what country? The housewife wore a long bathrobe trimmed with white fur, and when she sat down, the front flapped open. She laughed and tucked it back together. The salesman sat beside her and rolled his eyes. He took out a pack of cigarettes and offered one, a Camel. So it was America.

He opened his case of samples and pulled out a limp contraceptive and made a face ("Oh, gosh!") and shoved it back. Then there was an elaborate business with the brushes, various shapes and sizes. He demonstrated each one by tickling the housewife in different places, starting on the sole of her foot. Soon he was pushing a feather duster under her loosening bathrobe. The housewife was laughing and trying to hold her robe shut, but the horseplay went on, the robe slipped off her shoulders.

I recognized the sofa, a large prewar claw-foot model with thick velvet cushions, and just above it on the wall, a picture of a stag feeding at a mountain pool. The man took off his shoes. This was interesting: He wore a suit, but these were workman's shoes, heavy-soled ones with high counters and large bulbs for toes—the steel-toed shoes a man who does heavy work might wear. His Argyle socks had holes in them and he had a chain around his neck with a religious medal on it. His muscled arms and broad shoulders confirmed he was a laborer; he also wore a wedding ring. I guessed he had lost his job; as a Catholic, he would not have acted in a blue movie on a Sunday, and if it was a weekday and he had a job, he would not

have acted in the movie at all. Out the apartment window the sun shone on rooftops, but I noticed that he did not take his socks off. Perhaps it was cold in the apartment. Afterward, he walked back to his wife through some wintry American city and said, "Hey, honey, look what I won—twenty clams!"

The housewife was more complicated. Judging from her breasts, she had had more than one child. I wondered where they were. There was a detailed shot of her moving her hand—long, perfect fingernails: She didn't do housework. Who looked after her kids? From the way she sat on the sofa, on the edge, not using the pillows, I knew it was not her apartment. She took off the fancy bathrobe with great care—either it was not hers (it was rather big) or she was poor enough to value it. She had a very bad bruise on the top of her thigh: someone had recently thumped her; and now I could see the man's appendectomy scar, a vivid one.

Two details hinted that the housewife wasn't American: Her legs and armpits were not shaved and she was not speaking. The man talked, but her replies were exaggerated faces: awe, interest, lust, hilarity, pleasure, surprise. She kissed the man's lips and then her head slid down his chest, past the appendectomy scar—it was fresh, the reason he was out of a job: He had to wait until

it healed before he could go back to any heavy work. The housewife opened her mouth; she had excellent teeth and pierced ears—a war bride, maybe Italian, deserted by her GI husband (he thumped her and took the children). The camera stayed on her face for a long time, her profile moved back and forth, and even though it was impossible now for her mouth to show any expression, as soon as she closed her eyes, abstraction was on her face—she was tense, her eyes were shut tight, a moment of dramatic meditation on unwilling surrender: She wasn't acting.

Mercifully, the camera moved to a full view of the room. On the left, there were a wing chair with a torn seat and a coffee table holding a glass ashtray with cigarette butts in it (they had talked it over—*Are you sure you don't mind?*—perhaps rehearsed it) and, on the right, the face of a water stain on the wall, a fake fireplace with a half-filled bottle on the mantelpiece: the Catholic laborer had needed a drink to go through with it. There had been a scene. *If you're not interested, we'll find someone else.* And: *OK, let's get it over with.* It was breaking my heart.

There was a shot of the front door. It flew open and a large naked woman stood grinning at the pair on the floor—this certainly was the owner of the fancy bathrobe (the cameraman's girl-

friend?). She joined them, vigorously, but I was so engrossed in the tragic suggestions I saw in their nakedness I had not questioned the door. It was a silent movie, but the door had opened with a bang and a clatter. The feller beside me had turned around and was saying, "What do we do now?"

With some kidding ficator's touches, changing the time of day and my tone of voice to make it truer, by intensifying it to the point of comedy where it was a bearable memory, the story of my escape from the blue-movie raid became part of my repertoire, and within a year I was telling it at the bar of my own place, Dunroamin: "Then the chief inspector, a Scotty, says to me, 'Have I not seen you somewhere before?' and I says, 'Not the club, by any chance?' and he says, 'Jack, I'll be jiggered—fancy finding you in a place like this!' 'I can explain everything,' I says. 'Confidentially, I thought they were showing *Gone with the Wind*,' and he laughs like hell. 'Look,' he says in a whisper, 'I'm a bit short-staffed. Give me a hand rounding up some of this kit and we'll say no more about it.' So I unplugged the projector and carried it out to the police van and later we all joked about it over a beer. And to top it off, I still haven't found out which club he had in mind."



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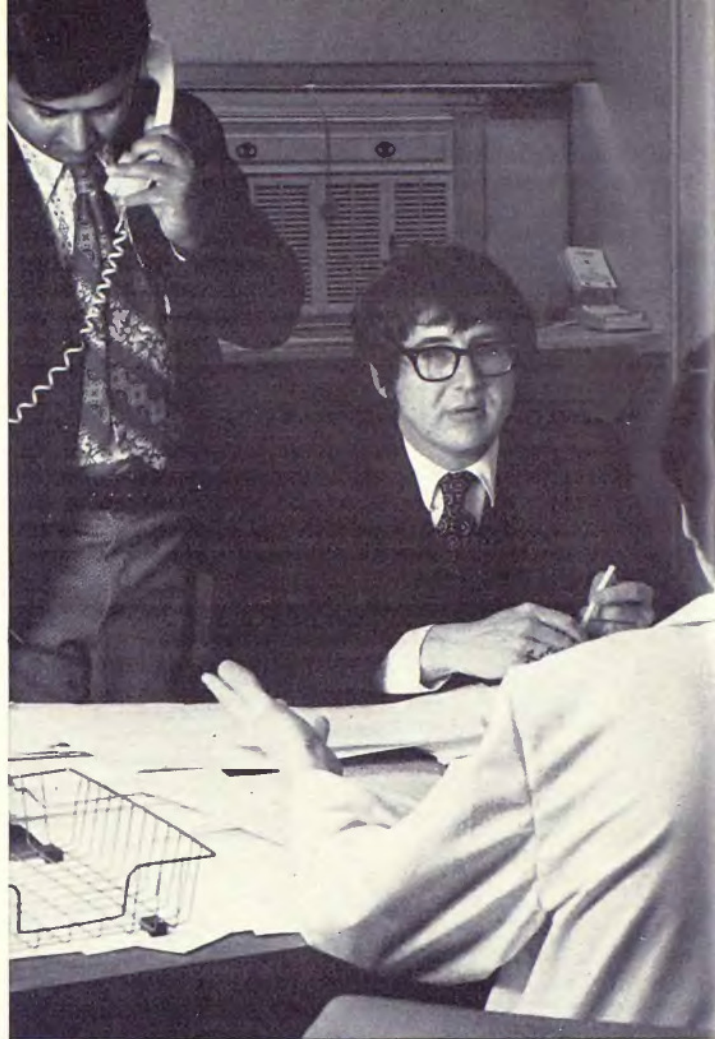
Tipalet
BY MURIEL



DR. QUENTIN YOUNG *medicine man*

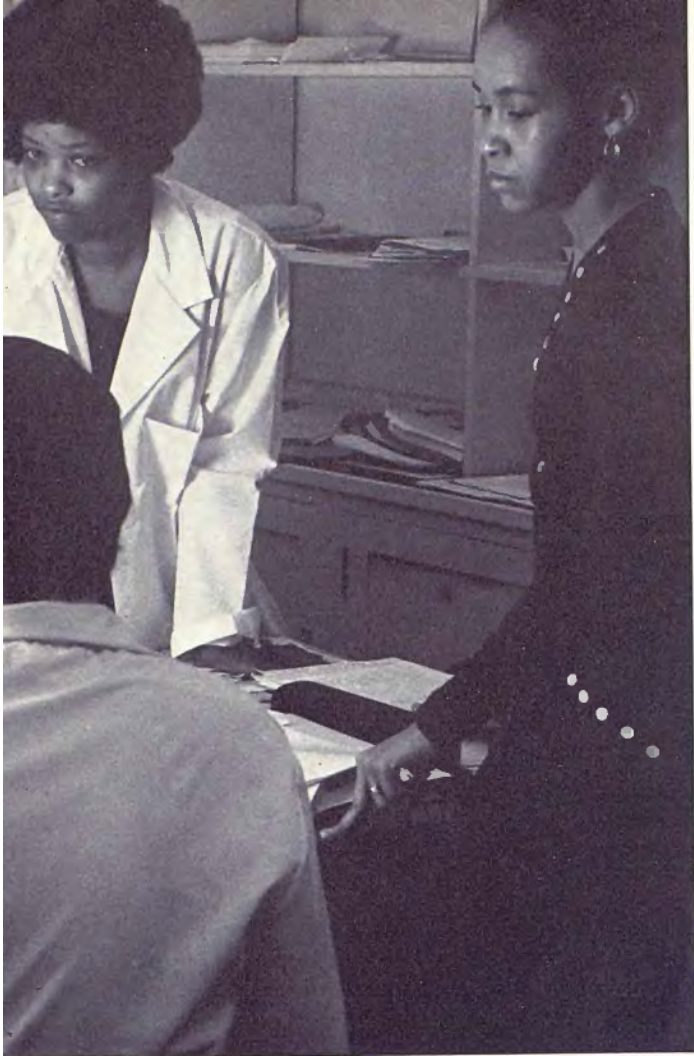
"I WAS a rather unexpected choice for the job," he says. One might wonder why he took it. When Dr. Quentin Young was appointed director of the division of medicine at Chicago's venerable Cook County Hospital last July, he inherited near chaos. There were a lot of reasons: politics (before formation of a nonpartisan governing commission in 1970, the hospital had up to 5000 patronage workers, each answering to his ward heeler, not to his hospital supervisor); run-down facilities; internal battles over the relative value of teaching and research. Charges were followed by countercharges and mass resignations—in the midst of which hospital commission director Dr. James Haughton astounded observers by naming one of the staff's most articulate rebels, Young, as head of medicine. Long a critic of the establishment, Young was a founder (and is current national chairman) of the Medical Committee for Human Rights, whose activities have ranged from bandaging the heads of antiwar and civil rights demonstrators to trying, unsuccessfully, to deliver medical supplies to Hanoi. Was this the man to bring orderly progress to Cook County Hospital? Half a year later, Young, 49, says: "It's going better than I had any reason to hope. Gradually we're attracting more doctors, and some of the dissidents, trusting me, have stayed on." Young believes physicians are basically altruistic. "Knocking doctors as greedy is a cheap shot. But the American profit-making approach to health care makes bad guys out of good guys." He is kindling recruits' enthusiasm with his vision of County—and prospective satellite clinics—as "the place where a new system will emerge. People now relate to a hospital as besiegers do to a fortress. Patients aren't passive anymore; they're knowledgeable—and demanding." If change doesn't come, he warns, we face "the collapse of medical care into the gap between what could be done but isn't and what the public expects but doesn't get."

CHUCK PULIN



BILL WITHERS *now there's sunshine*

THE BILL WITHERS METHOD for making it doesn't exactly conform to showbiz legend. It was while he was working for Lockheed Aircraft in California—after a lifetime's worth of odd jobs and nine years in the Navy—that the Slab Fork, West Virginia, native checked out some singers at local clubs, decided that their jobs looked better than his, and that he could do it as well as they. So he began writing tunes, saved his bread, rented a studio and hired musicians to cut some demos (after reading the backs of albums to find out who could best play his stuff). Then, for two years—during which he installed toilets on Boeing 747s and trained like an athlete for his performing career—he cast about for the right listener. That turned out to be organist/entrepreneur Booker T. Jones; once he got Withers out on Sussex Records, things began to move. *Ain't No Sunshine*, *Lean on Me* and *Use Me* have all gone straight up the singles charts, and the LPs—*Just As I Am* and *Still Bill*—haven't been lagging. The Withers sound is melodic and simple, with an occasional Gospel touch, and the messages are stories and perceptions out of everyday life. It's a personal style that touches one's emotions in a restrained way. In concert, the straightforward singer raps candidly with his audiences, which is unremarkable unless you know how long he's been saving his conversation. Withers, now 33, lived by himself, on a subsistence level, with precious little socializing or communicating with others—partly due to a lifelong stuttering problem that he overcame while in the Navy, with the help of a speech-therapy course—until his music brought him out of that strait-jacketed existence; now he can talk to anyone he wants to, and the girls dig him (though he wishes they'd discovered him when he was 19). What with his recordings, live performances and television shots—in one week, we caught him on at least four shows—he's communicating with a hell of a lot of people.



SUZANNE SEED

ON THE SCENE

PRINCE ALEXIS OBOLENSKY *lord of the boards*

"ALL YOUR KNOWLEDGE and skill can be wiped out by one roll of the dice." Prince Alexis Obolensky, president of the newly formed Backgammon Association of America, is sitting in his new Manhattan apartment discussing the fascinating unpredictability of backgammon. In a low, rolling voice that has collected bits of accents from all over the world, he explains, "Each player has 15 pieces, which he moves around a board, according to a dice roll. The first player to get his pieces completely around and off the board wins. That, of course, is stating it very simply. There's limitless strategy involved, plus the element of gambling—but I don't think that's as big an attraction as it has been. At first, the game was a diversion for kings and emperors. In most parts of the world, the masses haven't known about it." This wasn't true, however, in the Middle East, where Russian-born Obolensky learned the game. "My father was prominent in the czarist government and when the Revolution came, we fled to Turkey. Everyone plays backgammon there." Obolensky came to America in the Thirties and built a highly successful real-estate operation in Florida; at the same time, he became the unofficial head of backgammon in this country. Recently, with an assist from backgammon enthusiast Hugh Helner, the Backgammon Association of America was established. The first American championships were held in November and the world tournament was played in Las Vegas last month. Clearly, the popularity of the game is spreading far beyond international society. "I saw two guys playing in a gas station the other day," says Obolensky, "with a board from J. C. Penney's. The salesman at Penney's told me they'd sold 40,000 backgammon boards in 1972. It used to be that if anyone even knew what a board looked like, he thought of it only as the other side of a checkerboard." Now, to Obolensky's delight, more and more people are playing on *his* side.

VERNON L. SMITH



GONE IN OCTOBER

shoes. And what was a pretty woman, in her black-leather coat and black pumps, doing with that bunch of weirdos?

But, though we were strange to the drinkers there, they didn't freeze us with hostility, and Shirley and I had whiskeys, while the others sipped a glass of wine apiece. It wasn't the right bar, after all, but the men in there knew the place we wanted: "Sure, Nicky's place, used to be the old Sixty-Six Club, 'cross town, you go up here, take your first right at the light—" In the end, they scrawled out the directions on a beer coaster for Allen, who quietly and politely persisted through the blunt stares of men to whom he must have seemed as alien as Saint Francis in the Vatican.

Back to the car again. Peter took over the driving and we went up to the first right, made the correct turn this time, went down further dreary blocks and, yes, there was Nick's—we'd gone right by it on our way into the center of town. Beyond its steamy plate glass, it was overwarm and "modernized"—creamy indirect lights set into the back bar, captain's stools, a shuffleboard game, and a few tables in the eating half of the place, where you imagined rows of men dancing slow, arms-on-shoulders bouzouki dances on Saturday nights.

Yes, the bartender said, he had that day's Lowell papers with the funeral plans and, yes, he recognized Allen from the time Allen had been in there drinking with Jack some years ago and, yes, Nick would be back any time now. He'd gone out to Logan Airport to pick up Stella (Jack's wife) and Tony (another Sampas brother), who was bringing her up from St. Petersburg, but he'd be there shortly, and Jack's body was already in Lowell, having come in on an earlier flight. What did we want to drink?

We read the funeral announcement in *The Lowell Sun*: The body would be on view from seven to ten that night, the funeral was tomorrow morning at 11 in Saint Jean Baptiste Cathedral. "God, and here we sit, reading it, in *Lowell*," Allen marveled, "and where's Jack?"

At that moment, in came Nick—big-faced, bluff, blue-suited, with large, somehow heavy eyes, the eyes of a tired, harried man dealing with some bad turning that his life had taken; the talkative, assertive, helpful, bearlike brother, who was at home in the loquacities of winter taverns. Stella, he said, was outside in the car. So out we all went. Only Allen had ever met her, because when Jack had come to New York or Connecticut, he had always come alone.

There in the frigid street, with the wind at our backs and the northern dusk coming down with the implacability of a shroud, she looked up as Nick opened the car door, as startled as a bird

(continued from page 140)

but knowing for a certainty who we were, and got out—so much smaller than I had imagined, with a strong-featured, intense face, a wide mouth and bright black eyes that filled with tears at the sight of us (no, the eyes *sprung* tears against the mind's instructions), and she choked on a sob as if she'd been struck in the stomach and got out, "All of you here! *Why* didn't you come to Florida when he needed you?" with a tone of fierce, involuntary recrimination that was followed immediately by a kiss for Shirley, and then for each of us in turn, because we'd been his friends and had come to his funeral after all.

I leaned over and kissed her hand, and a smile—crooked, brave and somehow worse than the tears—managed to comfort her mouth: "He loved you all," she said. "He never stopped talking about you," the tears welling up again, just coming of themselves, and then she looked at Gregory and actually laughed: "Oh, Gregory, he used to talk—" shaking her head back and forth at funny stories Jack must have told her.

We were introduced to Tony Sampas—the thin brother, the lawyer, who lived over Nicky's bar with no wife in sight, and stayed up with the difficult drunks, like Jack, and perhaps slept in a single bed in a dim room with only a bureau and a chair in it; weary, dependable Tony, who had flown down to Florida immediately and hadn't slept in two-three days. "I'll take her over to the mother's place now," he said to me in an undertone, "and see you later. . . . And, really, it means a lot to her, and all of us, that you could come."

So we all trailed back into the bar again with Nick, who took over the details of the next hours with the gruff and thoughtful ease of the best of hosts: "Now, you'll have dinner right here, I'll make the dinner myself, a steak, how about steaks, and shrimp, some shrimp to start. . . . No, no, you'll eat here. . . . Now, you have your drinks, anything you want. . . . Walter, give them anything they want. . . ."

So there we were: Shirley and I with more whiskey, Gregory having *retsina*, Allen and Peter sipping sherry, and all of us going back into the kitchen now and then, where Nick was hauling out steaks and shrimps and lobster, and talking steadily, the big, heavy, tough, imploring eyes saying: Just don't worry, everything's taken care of, the Sampases appreciate your coming all this way, and of course you'll stay at Mike's (yet another brother), say no more about it—My God, why are they *protesting*? You mean, they should stay in some motel when they've come all the way up here for Jackie's funeral?

I was amazed at how difficult it was for us simply to accept the Sampases'

generosity—the opening of house, pantry, purse; the giving of beds and food; the willingness to include us in the rituals of their bereavement. We were continually trying to find words to thank them, as if each of us needed to remain poised in a kind of stoic equilibrium if we were to get through, and so had withdrawn slightly into ourselves, where even kindness was an intrusion. The Sampases, on the contrary, automatically drew together in the emergency and became a tribe once more, their differences from one another put aside for the moment, only the likenesses remaining. It came to me in the following hours that, as Jack had known, the primal basis for society is still the family, after all, and, uprooted from its supportiveness, our individual attempts at understatement seemed a pathetic psychic orphaning. For if death is one of the great life experiences, it is precisely because it awakens all the hungers that define our mortality—the need to weep, to laugh, to touch, to help—and its consolation is the reminder of human fraternity that it offers to anyone not too armored by fear to receive it. Thankfully, our "notorious" individualities melted and we joined the group.

Dinner was spread out on a long table in the eating half of the bar—a pile of steaks, a dish of lobster meat, shrimps, breads, a bottle of *retsina*—eat, eat, eat! While we did, we were occupied with the thought that we hadn't thought of flowers. There should be something from Jack's friends, from "American literature," as Allen said. So Gregory sketched out an elaborate floral symbol—a large red heart resting on a lotus, with spikes of fire shooting out of it and five thorns with our first names on them. But what to say on the ribbon? "Hold the heart," Allen suggested. Then the end of *Mexico City Blues* came to mind and I said: "No, *guard* the heart."

Later, the lotus and the spikes of fire, and even the thorns, proved impossible for the florist to create at that late hour, but a large heart of red roses was made for us, with white roses around it, and ribbons with our names on them, and these names added, because they were close friends of Jack's: Lucien (Carr), Bill (Burroughs) and Robert (Creeley). And in the center, *GUARD THE HEART*.

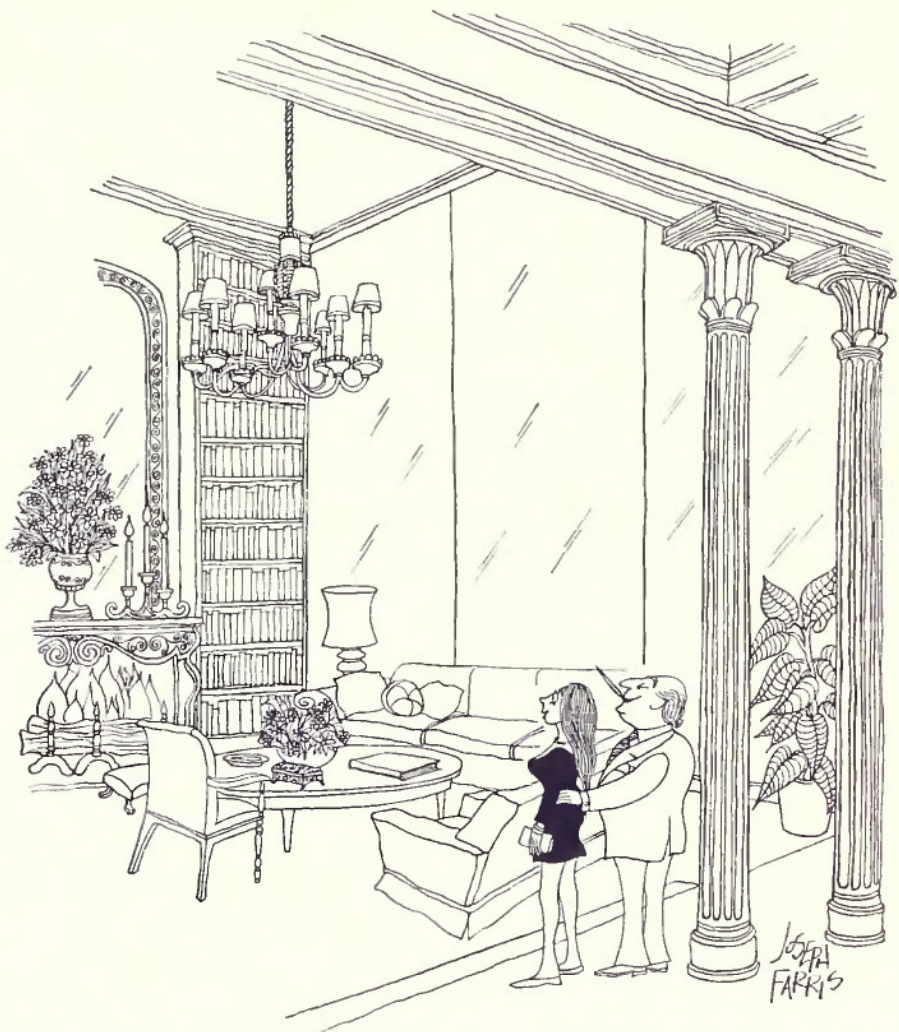
After eating, we sat in the bar, waiting to go to the funeral home. A flush-faced, sandy-haired young man, with the look of an ex-basketballer starting to lose his muscle tone to the beer, was hunched over a drink a stool away, and Nick insisted that we meet him, because he had gotten drunk with Jack so many times. He shook hands with each of us gravely and said: "He was something, though, wasn't he? I mean, I'm no slouch with the sauce myself, but Jack—" shaking his head at Jack's

prodigious thirst, his red-rimmed eyes sobered with shock.

I thought: How many hundreds of guys there must be who had gone along on historic, days-long binges with Jack and told the stories over and over ever since, not because Jack was Jack Kerouac but because he was a boozier's boozier, and something always happened, something uproarious or outlandish or mind-boggling, that often ended in the ludicrous jail tank in the ashes of dehydrated dawn. How many there must be who felt they were his good old buddies, because they had known the surprising intimacy and candor of his cups and remembered that florid, volatile face yelling or laughing, telling them with feckless exuberance. "Hey, I'm Jack Kerouac," but never giving too much of a damn whether they'd heard of him or not, because it was a great night, it was a good place, let's go somewhere else, let's find us a mad goddamn party. And how many had fastened on him just because he was Jack Kerouac—"Hey, man, you know who I got stoned with last night? Jack fucking-well Kerouac! Yah, you know, the beat writer! I'm going to drive him up into New England someplace next week." How many had laughed with him (or at him) and spent his money (or their own) and passed out to his voice still indefatigably trying to keep pace with the reel of his imagination, but never heard the drowning note of maddened fatalism that had blurred it recently.

These were the people among whom Jack had spent a lot of his last years—barflies, mechanics with a Saturday-night thirst, the jocks around the local saloon, tyro writers talking their books away, the punks of the night looking for a latch to build tomorrow on, the wifeless, overworked, bored, sweat-socked men and boys of bewildered inner America, who could recognize a certified roarer and his roll.

Why did he drink like that? I think it was because his was a deeply traditional nature, so sensitive to social and familial cohesions, and their breakdown in the modern world, that he intuited more about the contemporary human mood in his nerves and mind than anyone I had ever known. And yet most of his close friends were alienated, rootless urban types, and so he lived simultaneously in both worlds, a tremulous bridge between two realities bent on denying each other, a seismograph trying to register an earthquake in the middle of a tornado—and drink temporarily seemed to stabilize his psychic ground. He drank, as well, because he had no gift for even a saving cynicism, and couldn't act out the simplest role (much less the infinitely complex role of "spokesman" or "prophet"), and because, though he was the



"Now, who are you going to listen to—
Gloria Steinem or me?"

most insatiably gregarious man when tipsy, he was not easily sociable when sober and increasingly, as he got older, was occupied with the enigma of his own identity ("I'm descended from an Iroquois chief," he would announce. "I'm a Breton nobleman," he would insist a week later) and, finally, he drank because I don't think he wanted to live anymore if there was no place to direct his kind of creative drive, except inward. But I don't really know. All I know for sure is that it has pained *this* head for years to imagine the waste to him of those thousand barroom nights, and that something must be awry in an America where a man of such human richness, and such extraordinary gifts, would be most appropriately mourned in a hundred saloons because he felt he had no other place to go—the fraternal warmth for which his whole soul longed having been exiled to the outer edges of life in the America of his time.

Then we were off to Archambault's Funeral Home, with Nick directing us,

rolling down empty streets of small-city American neon, with cracked sidewalks down which one imagined *Doctor Sax's* manuscript "riffling" in the winter wind, which was how Jack had gleefully described it to me once outside the San Remo in the Village on a night as cold, when we were both in our 20s and bursting with Melville, five years before he wrote the book: "And then, see, this manuscript comes *riffling* down the sidewalk out of nowhere—this terrible, prophetic testament of what lies at the end of the night!"—a manuscript which (it has always seemed to me) Jack had spent the rest of his life transcribing out of the original vision.

Funeral homes are all alike, of course. Archambault's was Victorian in decor, with pale-green walls, lofty ceilings, an ornate balustrade going up from the vestibule to—what? The formaldehyde rooms. The butcher shops. Wherever it was they stored the coffins and showed them to customers susceptible in their bereavement. Two "showings" were going

on in opposite rooms, and the neatly lettered placards (like those in hotel lobbies telling you in which room your convention is being held) announced KEROUAC on the left and LEVESQUE on the right.

The Kerouac room was filled with people—middle-class, well-dressed Lowell people, and a few kids (Custer-bearded youths with grave, out-of-place faces and miniskirted girls, solemn with they-knew-not-what unclear emotions). Most of the local people seemed to be Sampas relatives, and suddenly I realized how few Kerouacs there had ever been. Later, we met a row of young Kerouac second cousins—pretty little girls with that dark, round-faced Breton look, and muscular, abashed boys from Dracut or Nashua. Among the crowd was Charley, the eldest Sampas, news editor of *The Lowell Sun*, a large, suave man with flesh on him, in a well-cut business suit, balding now, the successful head of the clan, his urbane eye on all the details. It was Charley who had encouraged Jack to write when Jack was best friends with his younger brother, Sebastian, who had been killed in Europe in 1944. Charley had told Jack that if he wanted to write, he ought to get out of Lowell, and perhaps Charley, too, had wanted something more than to be standing there in his expensive suit, with certain private ambitions unachieved, despite his position in the community. There, too, was Stella on a settee off to one side, out of the theatrical lights that bathed the coffin, the banks of fresh flowers and—Jack.

Down to it, I didn't much want to "view" whatever some mortician had thought to fashion out of what was left of him, but I knew I would. Allen and Peter and Gregory went right up through the crowd to have a look, but whether they had seen the handiwork of funeral homes before, I didn't know. Allen and Peter had observed dozens of corpses on the burning ghats in India, but (as Allen said later) that was natural, you see the husk of the body for what it is—organs, so much simple meat, just the garbage of our chrysalis from which the butterfly has flown, nothing but the residue of transitory life. But in the war I had seen half a hundred dead sailors being gotten ready for shipping home to inconsolable parents and wives, and later "viewed" my father laid out under the lights like a waxwork figure in Madame Tussaud's that is somehow *unlike* the person precisely because cold skill has so striven to make it resemble him, feature to feature, and you stand in utter perplexity wondering why it doesn't only to become aware that what is missing is not merely movement, animation, but something else, the invisible spark that makes the mask cohere, the soul lighting up the persona from within, the unique and irreplaceable Being

that invests the face with human possibilities.

Anyway, I pushed my way through the crowd alone, fearful I might be revulsed and that it would all come down on me if anything of Jack were actually there, and over the dark silhouette of a shoulder, I saw him—laid out in flowers, in the prescribed funerary attitude of tranquil slumber, hands folded with a rosary entwined, in a pale shirt, a natty bow tie and a sports jacket. No need to say that no one had ever seen him that way since he was Harcourt Brace's soulful young Thomas Wolfe 20 years before. And the face? It had been made to look as peaceful as a babe's, the brows slightly knotted, but with perplexity rather than pain, all the fevers gone, the mouth not his mouth at all, the color of the flesh a rather pale pink in the lights, Jack's sweaty, grinning, changeable expression nowhere to be seen. He looked thin, calm, waxen, almost choirboyish—and Jack had once been choirboyish, all right—but this was a faintly prissy, I'm-all-right-Jack Jack, and no Jack I'd ever known.

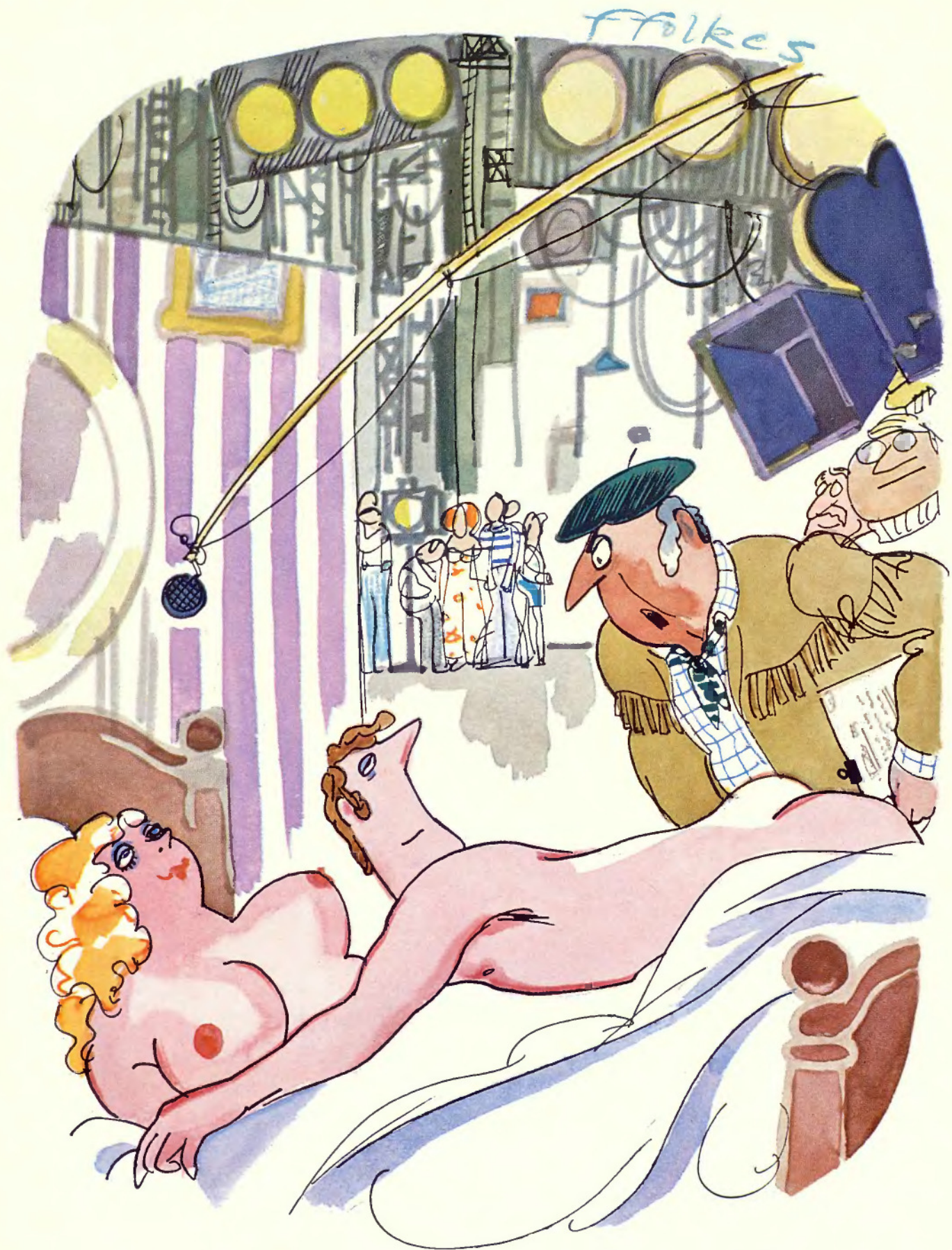
Gregory was kneeling at one side of the coffin, crying now, and I looked at Jack again and felt for just a moment the sheer obscenity of death, the irreparable period that it places at the end of portions of our lives, closing us off forever from the consciousness that has gone, and the first sick feeling of gut loss came over me. "It will be different to write from now on": The words came back and I hoped that no one would ever mourn me so self-centeredly. Tears welled up in my eyes, the involuntary tears that we sometimes shed for the mute flesh itself. He wouldn't walk, he wouldn't run, he wouldn't ever come into my house again, yelling like a banshee, or grinning pensively, or moody with his special thoughts. That's what I felt. His body died before my eyes and I had to accept that I was stuck in my own body, in my own flesh, and that this mannequin was the last I'd see of a friend of 21 years of feverish association. I put an arm around Gregory and we turned away.

I found Shirley, who had taken only the briefest look from a distance, and we went up to Stella, who broke down again as we bent over her, and Shirley knelt down and stayed with her for a while after I'd muttered a futile word or two, hugged her and cursed under my breath. Cursed what? My own closed throat that wanted to bring up something consoling, something that wouldn't push her over any farther. Better to stumble out: Jack's *dead!* What am I going to *do!* And all the while her eyes observed me, something going on behind her tears: "Is *this* John Holmes? Is this Jack's friend? Why isn't he suffering? Is he suffering? What kind of suffering is that?"

Hours, hours—the room too hot—too many people to meet—too many names to remember. After a while, Shirley and I went down into the Smoking Lounge (oh, the imaginations of morticians, all of whom aspire to the respectability of theater managers), where we sat and smoked and talked about other things and kept each other company. Then, coming down the stairs, I saw a face I recognized but couldn't place for a second. It was Ann Charters, who had compiled Jack's bibliography a few years before. She was wearing a large knitted tam and a chic suede coat, and her alert, intelligent face, with the observant eyes and quick smile, was pale with cold, and her husband, Sam, whom I'd never met, was with her.

We all started chattering at once (death makes you talk, you talk so as not to think, you chatter as if you'd found a similar soul at the worst cocktail party of all time), and at one point Sam said: "I reread your Kerouac chapter in *Nothing More to Declare* the other night, and it's the best thing on Jack so far." I felt a curious twinge in my gut but didn't recognize what it was, except that it wasn't just my old reflex of being unable to accept praise. "You should do the *book*," Sam said. "There's going to be a book, and you're probably the one to do it." *Twinge*. The next afternoon, Sterling Lord, Jack's literary agent and mine, would say to me: "You know, John, you're really the one to do the *book*. You knew him from the inside, but you can stand away from it all, too." *Twinge*. "No, really, you're the one to do it," and the twinge became knowledge. The idea of the *book*—that combination of authorized biography and cool critical assessment without which America does not know how to think about its most challenging writers—revolted me. It seemed a coffin no less inadequate to contain the Jack I'd known than the one in which he lay.

I didn't want to go through it all again. I didn't want to have to rifle my own memories, much less other people's, and try to be objective, measured, scholarly. I realized that I had loved him because, on an entirely private level, I had understood his point of view with an instant empathy that was the closest thing to clairvoyance in my life, and the goddamn *book* would have to be done by someone other than *this* survivor of the last, maddening quarter century, who had his own secrets, bad habits, awful mornings of hangover, resolutions to save himself, arduous days of getting through on nothing but nerve, futile hopes for two months' rest, for a calm life once the fever eased, for mint-fresh mornings of zestful work. For I *did* know why Jack drank. We talked to each other sometimes late at night, utterly different men with a similar cast of



"That's the fourteenth time you've stuffed your lines."

mind, the same wound in the heart, and he talked to me as an alcoholic in the Age of Pot. "How glum life is without the booze," he said to me once, raising his glass mockingly, able to say it right out to me, knowing I would understand just what it was that made men like us feel glum—our disappointed expectations, and the novelist's necessity to accept into his work the irreconcilables that his own personal hopes struggle to deny.

When we went back upstairs, people were starting to drift out of the "viewing" room, leaving Stella there, kneeling by Jack, caressing his face, kissing him, a hunched, small, abandoned figure in the theatrical lights, her shoulders heaving just a little.

We crowded into the car again to go to the Sampases' mother's house for "the wake," and finally stopped on a corner under a few spare trees, on a block of plain old commodious houses, with an empty lot across the street and a shuttered factory beyond a chain link fence. We piled out and went into the house across a small veranda.

It was already overcrowded with people. There was a baby grand in the front hall, off which was a pin-neat parlor with doilies on the chair arms and landscapes on the walls. Beyond was the TV room with a butt-sprung couch and a wall of photographs—Nick in his Army tunic, Mike as a young student, Sebastian in the central spot—a thin, beaming young man in uniform, with curly blondish hair, looking out of the Forties at this night. The kitchen was full of dark, heavily attractive women bustling about a large, restaurant-size coffee urn and shooing everyone out. A sumptuous spread was laid out on the dining-room table—*feta* in chalk-white wedges, heaping plates of pastries, slices of delicious spinach pie and cup on cup of coffee.

The house was too small for all the people who milled around the immense, 250-pound Sampas matriarch, who spoke little English and wheezed down into sagging armchairs in her bedroom slippers, and was brought food and drink by other, aging Greek ladies. Stella sat among these women, looking at everything as if from a new, strange distance—at the warm, thronged circle of Jack's Lowell within which moved his curious friends from the disordered city years—her eyes asking herself: Can all this be true? When will I wake up?

We ate and drank coffee, and Gregory came up to me with that day's copy of *The Harvard Crimson*, which had an obituary. "John, you've gotta read this . . . this says it all." What it said was what I had seen on the faces of the Yalies the night before and in the bewildered young men at the funeral home: We don't know exactly why it's such a shock. We never really read him much.

But today we realize that he meant something to us, after all, and we don't know why he's dead. And these curious last lines: "We should say a prayer for him: God give us strength to be as alive as Kerouac was. Send us more to help burn away the bullshit."

A word about this matter of the kids—the hippies, the activists, the *children* of the Beats. The next day, they were at the church, and again at the cemetery, in their scruffy duds and Franz Joseph wings of sideburn, each with a camera clicking away, getting "shots," as if they were recording an event the meaning of which would become clear only in the developer, and most of them seemed to have been impelled to come for reasons that they began to comprehend only once there. They all looked as if this were their first funeral, and they were uneasy about being that close to the death they talked and sang about so much, but I don't think most of them had thought very much about Kerouac in the past few years. They had probably read *On the Road*, or one of the easier books, when they were 15 or 16, and had written him off in the light of his recent political statements, tuned out by his unfashionable love of his country and his disinterest in their subculture and its heroes. And yet they came.

At the cemetery, I overheard a young reporter from *Rolling Stone* say to Sterling Lord: "Well, it was his politics—I mean, we can't relate to all that America shit," and I heard myself break in and say: "Don't understand him too easily. His politics began on another level than yours." But how could I say what I meant? The Jack who came out for William Buckley, who occasionally was about as tolerant as Archie Bunker and sometimes skirted perilously close to anti-Semitism—how could I say that he really wasn't that way? "All right, smart-ass," the young man could quite reasonably have demanded, "what's your evidence?" There was nothing I could say but this: *I know in my heart the man wasn't that way.*

I had argued with him over issues for 20 years, only to realize that politics weren't real to him at all, convinced, as he was, that most "issues" were evasions of our actual human complicity and that truth lay elsewhere—down in what Yeats had called "the foul rag-and-bone shop of the heart." Also, Jack had the impatience with logic, and the cartwheeling leaps of insight, that sometimes characterize the alcoholic mind. But above all, he was a lonely, disappointed man, who had been down all the roads—the drugs, the screws, the fantasies, the highs, the hopes—and knew in his own ravaged nerves what was left at "the end of the night." Beyond that, I think he felt emotionally disenfranchised by the polarization of an America that no longer

seemed to care about the urge toward harmony that he believed to be its founding truth.

It was too soon to say that he was wrong, and so I said nothing more to the young man from *Rolling Stone*. Still, the presence of those kids at his funeral leads me to conclude that the obit in the *Crimson* accurately reflected a feeling of mysterious kinship that Jack's sudden death aroused in so many of the young.

The evening inched along with exquisite slowness. We were all depleted, our brains numbed remembering names, and some of us longed for a drink, and others for sleep, and finally Stella got up and padded through the crowds without a word and went to bed. We stayed on for a while, and then piled into the car again and went on to Mike's house, following the red eye of his taillight.

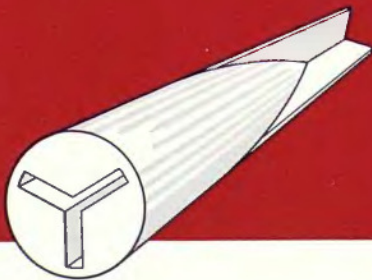
The house was a large, three-storied Victorian mansion with a porte-cochere, in a style that might be dubbed Mill-owner New England. We took our bags and our weary eyes into a huge, dark-paneled kitchen. Betty, Mike's wife, a Protestant girl from Marietta, Ohio (her direct, hospitable nature shaped by the splendid curve of the river there, as particular rivers shape the natures of those who live beside them), was there—a chubby, good-looking woman, a non-nonsense nestler of children, quietly observant, the kind of woman who likes to sink down into an easy chair after the day is over and have a convivial drink with her husband. She had been around most of the evening, pleasant but unobtrusive, keeping in the background the way an "outsider" in a large, tight-knit, boisterous family usually does. But now she was in her own house, and she got our drinks while Mike took us up to the third floor and our rooms.

We went up through the enormous house with its 12-foot ceilings and heavily varnished woodwork, its black-and-gold-marble mantels and ornate brass fixtures in the bathrooms. Two little boys were sleeping so soundly in one room that even our tramping through didn't cause them to stir, and there were two little girls in another room amid a profusion of dolls and Twiggy posters, and there was Tony, the son of 12, who had his room up on the third floor near ours. It was a jumble of hi-fi, flower power, Charlie Brown and, lo, a huge Allen Ginsberg poster photo. The boy was giddy with the idea that *he* was actually in his very own house, and you could feel his impatience for tomorrow, and school, and his buddies. Allen promptly whipped out a pen and wrote his name and a line or two on the poster.

Downstairs, the 15-year-old daughter, a self-contained young creature with a fall of fine brown hair on her shoulders and a pretty, coltish face, sat with us in

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one of the parlors as, exhausted, we finally had a big drink with her parents. Peter had resolutely gone off to bed and Gregory got himself a drink and went off too. Allen sat with Shirley on a couch, I sank into a large armchair to savor the taste of the bourbon on gums anesthetized by too many cigarettes and we talked of death, the girl listening gravely, saying little or nothing, but very adult in her attention.

"It's really strange," Allen said. "With all of you, all of this, all Lowell. . . . Do you think it mightn't have happened if he'd stayed here instead of moving down to Florida?"

"Well, we could have at least protected him a little," Mike said. "I mean, you know, the police all knew him here, and we'd go down and get him out of jail when he went on a binge. We could have looked after him. . . . We shouldn't have let his mother insist on the move. I mean, Jack and Stella didn't really want to go down there. He wrote Tony just two weeks ago that somehow they'd come back in the spring. We didn't do enough, I guess"—this solemn, worried man, resembling none of the other Sampases (none of whom resembled any other, as if the loins of the parents had contained whole tribes), with his dark brows of puzzled concern, his bony nose; a man kept thin with worry as his wife got plump with childbearing; an upright man worried about his responsibility for the death of a crazy brother-in-law.

"Well," Allen said, "I was interested to see his face. Did anyone think to take a picture of him?" This tightened my gut a little, but I understood Allen's long view, and time makes most proprieties seem silly. "And by the way, I really think one of his friends should be a pallbearer."

I, too, felt that one of us, one of Jack's friends, should help bear his pall, but rejected Allen's notion that we draw lots and insisted that he be the one, being the oldest friend among us, and he accepted the suggestion. But I was dead out, and gulped a quick second drink, and Shirley and I went off to bed up under the eaves of that many-chambered house, opening the shutters of one window to look briefly out at the fierce stars burning over New Hampshire, under which Jack and I had discovered that we had both walked (me, along the Pemigewasset River; he, along the Merrimack into which it flowed) on the same windy night after the big flood of 1936—only one of the many odd coincidences (like the fact that we had been born on the same day in March) that had lent our friendship a special, brotherly quality.

III

The morning dawned fair and milder than the day before, with tall, white, supple birches outside that high win-

dow. I shaved as Shirley packed us up. Probably we wouldn't be coming back here. Allen had to go to New York that night and he would be driving into Logan with the Charterises. Peter and Gregory would go back to the farm with Robert Creeley, who was coming over from Syracuse for the funeral. We would just go on home.

Down in the kitchen, two of Jack's friends from Albany were going into their 20th hour awake. I'd seen them the night before at the Sampas house, and afterward, as it turned out, they'd gone on to the bars to mourn and carouse, and now they had turned up at Mike's for coffee and some of Betty's French toast. Allen appeared, his face scoured by sleep, not a psychic burr on him, and had a cup of tea. Gregory came down muzzily and sipped a light whiskey. We were due at the funeral home at ten, as it turned out, so that the cars could be properly lined up for the procession to the church. I had hoped to go out for a walk on my own, just to get the air, to sniff out Lowell *ambiance*, but there wasn't going to be time. Suddenly, in fact, it was ten of ten and Peter was awakened with only time to gulp a quick mug of coffee and we were off.

Morning Lowell reminded me of Fall River or New Bedford—trampled school lots full of children, factories as smoke, the mild air of autumn amid the yellowing trees. The street in front of Archambault's was full of funeral directors in gray-suede gloves, striped trousers and the self-satisfied faces of traffic managers in communion with the mysteries of logistics. We were gotten into the line and went inside.

It was just like the night before, except that a pale-yellow, Chekhovian sun bathed the room where Jack lay in his waxy, musing pose. Gregory took movies to the silent shock of Sampases, and Shirley and I sat in the vestibule, waiting. Then our names were called and we went back to the car again and pulled out toward the church. There were cops and more funeral directors in the narrow street, people were thronging up the wide steps of the cathedral, a wan sun gilded the brick-red upper stories of commercial buildings. We double-parked in the line, got out and queued up with the "family & friends"—who, according to the logistics, were to troop in solemnly at the last moment. Inside, the church was all lofty light, pale-marble columns, dark-wood pews, the stained-glass windows over the altar—blue and



green and red in the lovely sun—depicting saints in the tall, Grecoesque majesty of their robes.

We were led down to a point just behind the pews reserved for the family, and Shirley (shrouded in a black-lace scarf that had materialized out of her purse) pulled down the knee rest automatically, ex-Catholic as she was, and all at once I could feel her grief. She was tensing toward the austere words of the Mass that would finalize it all for her. There was no help for her now, she was going to have to endure that celebration of the mystery of Death from which the renegade Catholic can flee, but never far enough, and she couldn't just "get through it," as I could. The fact was going to be nailed down in her consciousness. She and Jack had been lapsed Catholics together, they had had that between them like the stoicism of cigarette smokers who accept the cancer statistics but refuse to quit, and so much else, too—a certain bantering camaraderie; a line-perfect memory for the lyrics of all the songs; an unspoken acknowledgment of the frailty behind life's poses; *me*. To Shirley, I knew, Jack's death had been an inevitability, not because of the booze (she was married to a boozier of sorts, she'd nursed my groanings, she'd learned to accept the prodigious thirsts of a secret idealist whose private motto was *Break the Black Heart*) but because down in herself she believed that the best of life came down to this. She believed that there was a mortality that tracked every one of us out of season. She was a soldier who was revulsed by the war of life but stubbornly wouldn't desert it. She had that toughness that comes only from certain bitter acceptances made when one is too young to recognize the sadder, more ambivalent options, and she had learned to hold on to people who were special to her with open hands—and Jack had been special to her in a way that had little to do with me. And now the ritual of the Mass, which would have been a catharsis for the devout, promised her nothing but the cold clarities and losses of the morgue.

The coffin and the pallbearers came down past us (Allen there in his beard and beads) and the Mass began. It was a High Requiem Mass, performed in English, with the priest facing *us* instead of the altar, but I couldn't concentrate on it. I got up and stood, I sat when others sat, I listened to the chants, the responses, and registered none of it. I stared at the coffin and thought of Jack inside it. The priest, an old friend of Jack's of whom I'd heard stories for 20 years, gave the eulogy, a good eulogy, too (in my doubter's troubled mind, I thought it a good job of work), and I got up and stood dumb in my shoes, and sat down, and couldn't pray, but said the

words of the Lord's Prayer when it came, and honestly hoped their hope, thinking that Jack's hunger for continuity, Jack's essential reverence, was being well served. Communion. And at last Shirley wept.

Then it was finished, the priest circling the casket with the swaying censer as the funeral directors came up, genuflecting automatically with the wheeze of too many lavish dinners, shepherding the pallbearers to their proper places, and we filed out, down the long aisle behind Stella and the family, out into the sun again, where photographers jumped about, and Allen stood next to the hearse being interviewed, a crisp wind ruffling his beard there in the traffic-jammed street. Suddenly, there was Robert Creeley, too—wiry as a guitar string, and graceful, with the meticulous small beard of a bravo or a cavalier, in a proper suit and short overcoat, his one busy eye saying, "Yes. At last. Funny. Well. We all *do* exist, after all," as we were introduced.

We piled into the car and again moved off in the procession, Creeley coming along with us. There was nothing to say, and so we chatted. Peter drove and I lit cigarettes for him, and Shirley commented on the brevity of the new Mass, and I thought about these streets, every name of which I'd known for two decades, and it seemed to be miles before we reached the cemetery gates, where the line of cars paused, then moved on, then came to a stop at last. We got out into the musing, somber air that New England graveyards exude, the leaves drifting amid old stones and meandering walks, and there, beyond some trees, a green canopy had been raised over the fresh-dug grave.

Brief ceremonies to which I didn't listen. The late October breeze stirred in the elms, the crowds milled, photographers posed getting poses. But no ceremonies ease the sight of a coffin poised over a grave's raw hole, and Stella stood there before it, shrouded now in widow's veils, her arm held by Charley, the eldest, as the last stark prayer was said.

Then there was a rush to grab flowers and toss them onto the casket. I looked on, a few steps away. Allen and Peter and Gregory were selecting roses from our flower heart, red roses that they laid on the burnished-bronze surface of the casket. I went up and took a white rose and put it over the place where Jack's head lay. The young man from *Rolling Stone* was at my elbow, asking irrelevant questions. Why did Jack drink? Was he, in my opinion, a significant writer? What had he thought of rock? I took note of all this but felt nothing.

I saw Allen and Gregory standing near the coffin that was about to be lowered, and I broke away. I didn't have another word in me. I stood with them,

and the funeral man pressed some sort of button and, easy as grease, Jack went down into the ground. "Here, you should throw the first dirt," someone said to Allen, a strange young man in work clothes, and Allen reached down to the pile and clenched up a handful and tossed it. Then Gregory, the same. It was hard to get a real handful because of the stones. Then me. I took up the stones, too, and openhanded them down onto Jack's head.

Confusion, milling again. I stood around and didn't know what to do. Shirley stayed on the edges of the crowd, which was dispersing now. Creeley looked on with a cold eye, doing it his own way. We all tarried, and then turned to leave, but the gravediggers were spading the dirt down onto the casket, joking to one another, so we turned back there under the cold, fluttering trees and watched the pile of earth fill the hole. I don't know why we all turned back at the same time—some last awareness of what was being sealed off from us by the spades, I suppose. And then we'd all had enough, and drifted back to the car to finish it up.

There was a lighter mood in the little rooms of the Sampases' mother's house now, a mood not unmixed with that familiar upwelling of relief that follows a bad experience. There were paper cups of Scotch and cans of soda and beer and another lavish spread—the fish that is traditional on such occasions with the Greeks, plus macaroni dishes, rolls, salads, all brought around in the crowd by those large, darkly beautiful women.

I was looking for an opportunity to talk to Stella, so I waited my time and ate some of the good food. Then Sterling Lord was nearby, against a wall in the dining room with his plate, and we talked a little. No, Jack hadn't been "drinking heavily for three days," as most of the papers had it, just drinking along as usual, but he'd been feeling baddish for a month, and all of a sudden he'd started to hemorrhage, and didn't want a doctor, but Stella had called the ambulance anyway, and they'd worked over him for hours, then his liver quit, and the surgery didn't help, and that was that. No, he probably hadn't been conscious much after he'd been taken from the house.

At that moment, I noticed that Stella was sitting near the door with a friend and I went up to her. She seemed put together, though again the sight of me brought tears up into her eyes, tears that acknowledged the strange situation between us: We had never met, yet there was no way for us to be reserved, polite or cautious with each other; we had to stumble through some reference to the occurrence that had brought about our meeting at last; the irony was too bald to be covered by a witticism. So we said the words: what Jack had meant to me,

what I had meant to Jack. And that being over, she could brighten a little and we could get to know each other.

"I've had a few drinks," she said, dry-eyed now, small, a fine toughness of fiber emerging. "You know, I never drank with Jack. He didn't want me to. . . ." We laughed about that, because Jack had the boozier's secret disapproval of booze, and he viewed it in moral terms.

Those last days—I'd never know the fun they'd had together! The Mets' pennant run, the Series. He'd taught her to play chess, she'd taught him to play poker. They'd done a lot of sitting around. He hadn't wanted to leave the house much. And that place, St. Pete—it was no town for younger people. Jack hadn't known anyone there. It was only because of his mother that they'd ever moved from Lowell. She shook her head, able *not* to say some of the things that were stirring up in her. "But those vultures!" she said suddenly. "The people who came around to see 'the famous writer.' . . . You know how Jackie could never say no. And they'd say, even to his face, 'I'm gonna use you, you ol' bastard!' You know—supposedly joking, but they *weren't* joking."

I'd seen it, particularly in the first days after *On the Road* appeared: the curious mixture of adulation and resentment that a certain kind of celebrity seems to bring out in others; that combination of sycophancy and petulance that *demand*s attention; all the energy and exacerbated ego of the idle and purposeless who see a famous writer having a drink at the bar and figure that writer has nothing better to do than go to a party, or on a three-day bat, or drive to Cincinnati on a whim. I'd lost Jack often enough in the early stages of an

evening because he'd been drawn away into all that swirl of nerves and wastage and anticipated kicks. He had never learned to conserve himself, not if the story was interesting enough, or the person seemed to have anything unique in his spiel, or there was some promise of gaudy forgetfulness for a few hours. And all the time he was burning up the strengths that enabled him to keep upright in the yawning contradictions of his nature.

Stella's friend expressed concern about her finances and she said: "Well, I can always go into the factories, if I have to . . . as long as Memère is taken care of. . . ." The friend thought she could probably lecture about Jack if she wanted to, but something hard came up into her face: "I'll *never* do that," she said harshly. "I'll never use him that way. No, *never*," her voice fiercely jealous of her private memories, as if she could already feel Literary History making its unseemly claims on them.

I crouched at her feet and we talked some more for a while, not about Jack but about other things, nothings, getting a little acquainted, studying each other, discovering that, yes, we liked each other. It was a moment of that brief, intense comminglement between strangers that death sometimes makes possible.

It was getting late, nearly three o'clock, and there was all that road ahead, and we had to get Allen and the others together to go back to Mike Sampas' to pick up their things. We started circulating through the rooms, saying our goodbyes. We had been warmed by them all, we had been welcomed without reservation. I'd often felt that it was this older, simpler communion, this natural flow of emotions outward from one's self, that Jack had looked for so

tirelessly in his contemporaries. Now, of course, like so much in his life, something like it had emerged among the young in America, but emerged, for him, too late. They were forming communes, and the spiritual perspectives, the religious ecstasies, of which he had written, were the common coinage of these endeavors. Visionary drugs, music as group sacrament, the nonviolent witness to the holiness of all sentient life—all this had surfaced as he knew it would and, far from being derided in the media or patronized by the academy (as had happened in his case), it was being heralded as the unique culture of a New Age. And Jack? Jack had dropped out of it, and been ignored by it, and grown querulous with drink and age, embittered by the unrelenting indifference to the scope and intention of his life's work, so that when he died, *The New York Times* had had to call *me* up, asking if I could direct their obit man to a sober, critical assessment of that work, and I had had to say that I didn't know of a single one and that (aside from his friends) I had never met anyone who had even read the entire, vast cycle of the books. He remained an essentially unknown element in our literature.

I felt the parting with Stella keenly now, because, perhaps better than anyone, she had known the loneliness and anger and physical horror of his last years, and I wanted her to know I knew. I told her straight-out, and embraced her, and we left.

Outside, in the trampled little yard, Gregory was horsing around, and I knew he wanted more, and didn't want it all to end, and was being lured (by the promise of bottles and talk and high-jinks) into driving off with Jack's



Mal

friends from Albany. Tony Sampas took my arm. Exhaustion had drained his face like a balloon with a slow leak, his shirt collar hung around his neck loosely, and once more he thanked us for coming—this perceptive man who took on the dirty jobs stoically.

"My God, Tony," I said, "where else would we have been today?"

Back at Mike's, we collected everything. The Charteres were parked in the street, waiting to take Allen to Logan. We said goodbye to good, worried Mike and calm Betty with her arms full of little children, and waved at the Charteres, and had started down the driveway when I realized that I hadn't said goodbye to Allen and craned out the window with my hand raised, yelling, "Goodbye, man!" There he was, with the pale-gold light of midafternoon shining on that high, sallow dome of forehead, waving and calling out, "Goodbye, John. Stay sweet!" This was the way it usually happened with us. We stood side by side, we chattered, we got distracted, and then lost each other in confusions, with too much left unsaid. There was never time for our fellowship.

Shirley and I drove home without a break through a crisp, gathering dusk of reds and golds, the sinking sun drawing the sap up into the last of the day, that apple tang of late autumn elusive as leaf smoke in the air. We were quiet and close, and we found a letter from Don Wallis, an ex-student of mine, when we

finally opened our door, a letter that said in part: "I came to see what I had always, I think, sensed: that Kerouac was a true and magnificent ORIGINAL whose vision of America was a true and magnificent one, at least for me; that thing I keep going back to, whenever Nixon & company drive me to it, is something of the open-souled country that lives in Kerouac and is alive fighting to get free throughout the land. For you who knew this long ago, and knew him, and knew all along the stupid & careless neglect or willed misreading he got from most everyone, I am sure his death is that much harder to accept. . . ." And, yes, that's true, but accept it I do, because the only alternative is a bitterness that demeans the spirit a man must serve, or a grief that belittles the love he feels. And accept it I can, because I finally had my own private wake once we got back, and decided to write up this account when I felt I could.

Words! Sometimes they nauseate a wordman with their easy evasions, their slick sentiments, their ultimate futility to catch anything but the barest shadow of events, the fleeting aftertaste of emotions. But Jack, like all serious writers, knew that writing was a vow in the continuity of life, a vow that often had to be fashioned out of all the little deaths that precede the big one.

And now he's gone in October, but it's no less true.



TOWN OF MILLIONAIRES

(continued from page 120)

"What's AKI?" someone asks.

"Alaskan Interstate," says Eddy. "It's really gonna take off if they run that oil line through Alaska."

"Is it for sure?"

"I think so. Some ecologists are tryin' to get them to run it through Canada. They say it'll destroy Alaska's balance of nature, but I can't see 'em going twice as far, just to save a few fuckin' reindeer. Hell, for that price, they can build 'em all pens."

"Punch Winnebago for me, Doug," asks Stromer, on the phone again. Eddy turns to the calculator, hits the keys, rolls his dice and snaps his fingers.

"Winnebago! Ninety!"

Brief celebration sweeps the room. Winnebago has hit 90 for the first time in its history. "Go, Winnie!"

"It's ninety," says Stromer. "Yea, right, first time."

"Winnebago, ninety-one!" shout men watching the Tele-Scanner.

"Ninety-one!" reports Stromer into the telephone. "It's goin' great. Can you believe it?"

The phones ring constantly now, the town wanting Winnebago's run confirmed, and the brokerage fills with people rushing in to take some of the mood. The stock holds at 91 for a few minutes, then settles back to 90. Everyone smiles at everyone else and the crowd wanders out. After a few more minutes, WGO floats by on the Scanner with the number 89¾ trailing. "C'mon, Winnie, get back up to ninety."

"Naw," says Doug Eddy. "We don't want it to close at ninety. Eighty-nine and three quarters is just right. Ninety sounds high. Eighty-nine's a Jewish price. At eighty-nine, they'll keep it or buy more."

Businessmen who come to Winnebago's corporate offices stay in nearby Clear Lake, a resort town of nearly 6500, so they can enjoy its restaurants and motor-inn bars. (A Winnebago executive explains, "They'll serve you a drink with lunch out at the Forest City Country Club now. But that's the only place. And you know, these fellows who fly in here from Chrysler, they can't have lunch without a few drinks.")

Liquor has a place in Forest City at night, but many natives, preferring places free of festive salesmen, drive country roads to steakhouses that dot remote inlets of the lake. The Harbour Inn is one that Norm Stromer frequents.

Stromer drives out of Forest City, past Winnebago's main plant, where white motor homes in tight rows run back from the road until they become only block shapes. Cars usually slow as they pass the lot, drivers and passengers squinting into the distance to measure



"Of course, France and Italy have the great museums, but Germany offers a better chance to get laid."

the long lines in the manner that they "row" beginning beanfields. Stromer turns onto a back road to escape the highway's semi traffic. On his right is Forest City's aircraft hangar: its landing strip will soon be lengthened so that Winnebago's Fan-Jet Falcon, arriving from France in a few weeks, can use it. (A few farmers owning land taken by the longer strip delayed things for a while. "They wanted nine acres of mine," explains Peter Green, one of the landowners, "but the way the strip's gonna run, it'll cut me off from getting to twenty-five more acres on the other side of it. How am I gonna farm those twenty-five acres when I got a jet running back and forth between me and my land? They finally paid me for all thirty-four acres. It was a good settlement. Check came just last week.") The Fan-Jet Falcon will be flown by a man named Johnny Spatz, who was once Frank Sinatra's pilot.

Farther down the road on Stromer's left is his newly purchased acreage on which he plans to build a lake deep enough for stocking trout. Many Forest City citizens are redoing their land. More than anything else, they seem to be spending the new money to make Forest City beautiful. These people's root instincts run deep and hold them here, although there are more scenic parts of the country—communities near Colorado mountains or Northwest pine forests—that could meet their needs for size and calm just as well. So they remain in north Iowa, which is not as pretty as other parts of the country; but with enough money, they think their part of it *can* be. Plans call for the Winnebago River, which runs through town, to be deepened, its banks widened, parks created at its edge.

A number of hog farms can be seen from the road. Forest City is surrounded by miles of splendid green, undulating land that's perfect for hog raising—put a hog on a hill and it'll stay there; rain and gravity take its waste to the valley. God's natural sewage system.

Stromer recalls his days as a farmer in Garner, just down the road, before he quit to learn commodities. "It used to drive me crazy to be out there on that tractor with no one to talk to. I just like to talk with people." Stromer looks like a man in his 20s but is old enough to have teenaged children. He talks and moves in bursts that seem planned and rushed to completion. "So I quit and eventually went to work for Wittenstein's, traveling the area, selling commodities. Sort of a door-to-door stockbroker. I liked the business, but the traveling part was starting to get to me. I was covering this area and every time I'd stop in Forest City for a cup of coffee or something, the conversation would get around to what line of work I was in. When I told people I was a stockbroker, they'd jump up and run



"It's the flavor of the month."

over to ask me questions. Winnebago stock was just starting to be bought then and everybody wanted to know about the market. This town's always been full of gamblers, anyway. It's in their blood.

"So I told the people at Wittenstein's. 'Hey, why don't we start a branch office in Forest City?' After a lot of haggling back and forth, they did.

"The people here have made me feel a part of the community. We have a good time on Thursday night out at the country club. That's stag night and everybody gets pretty soused. Everybody but me, that is. I daresn't get drunk. My boss in Des Moines tells me, 'One thing you cannot do is get drunk. That's a no-no. You absolutely can't go out there and get drunk. Now, the rest of 'em, it's their town, so they can do anything they want.' And it's true, I know it."

At the Harbour Inn, Stromer sits at a table and looks out over the water, chatting with friends and clients. He's a friendly man who enjoys being kidded about undeserved fortune and defending himself against charges of bad advice and open thievery. Between conversations, he works at a steak that hides its plate.

"You got to be honest. Now, when a man asks you about a specific stock, you know he wants to buy. So you spend at least 15 minutes telling him how risky it is, but you keep indicating that it *might* go, 'cause you don't want to *lose* the sale. Then, when it goes down, down, and he blames you for it, you can say, 'Remember what I told you?' And he'll say, 'By God, you did.' So you never have to worry about a down market. All

that stock I sold in a down market. I'd say, 'For gosh sakes, if you wanna buy Winnebago, you are assuming a risk.' That was back in 1969, 1970, when it was dropping to *ten*. Boy, the brokerage was dead then. They were calling me Doom Gloom Stromer. I was mopin' around, guys were asleep on the couches. It was just dead in there.

"Of course, I didn't have the Tele-Quote and the Tele-Scanner in then. They told me at Wittenstein's when I put it in, 'That Scanner will be important. That'll get 'em goin'. Their heads'll get swingin' back and forth. And keep it a little dark in there. That'll help. And you should smoke a cigar and stay away from 'em, so you don't even see 'em. All of a sudden, they'll get dizzy, come up to you and buy XYZ and walk out the door. Then they'll kind of come to and say, 'Why'd I do that for?'"

"The guy at Wittenstein's said, 'You gotta learn to keep your mouth shut. They'll take care of themselves. . . . Ha, oh, golly. . . . But the Tele-Scanner, it *does* make a difference. It's real surprising. The days I make the most sales are days I'm so busy that I don't come out of my office and they sell each other. They get talkin' it up and sell each other.'"

. . . .

Winnebago stock has become a kind of charitable currency in town. Those who have it share it with those who don't and another Forest City imperfection is eliminated. John K. Hanson does it frequently and with impact, because he has the most—about half a billion

dollars' worth—and because he knows two of our society's most pioneer motivations: love for roots and desire to build a business.

"The company has gotten to the point where it's hiring people from all over the country," explains Ben Carter, the newspaper editor. "People with different backgrounds from those of us who've lived here all our lives and who've been the only employees Winnebago has had until recent years. That's changing now. John knows this and he wants the town to be able to accommodate them. Now, most of us in town are Lutherans or Methodists. It just happens that the poorest church here is the Catholic church. But with the growth of Winnebago, new families coming in, some of them are bound to be Catholics, so Hanson wants a proper church for them. He went to the Catholics and gave them 1000 shares of stock for a new church. Then he went to the Baptists and did the same thing for them. So now we've got two brand-new churches across the street from each other on the west side of town.

"Forest City is changing in another way, too," adds Carter. "It used to be you could walk down the street and you'd know everybody you met, but you can't do that anymore. . . . That's good and it's bad. You used to know people by their faces. Now you know them by their stocks."

Hanson is financing much of the new hospital and also the proposed new country club, a project that touches a fundamentalist nerve in a few and also threatens the existing hierarchy that rules the present nine-hole course on the east side of town. But most people want it eagerly, some so much that attitudes turn selfish. A man in Gannon's Restaurant said, "Winnebago just paid twelve hundred dollars an acre for a farm. They're gonna use it for storage. Think of it, twelve hundred dollars an acre for pasture. Hell, if they got that kind of money, why can't they just pay for the whole country club?"

Forest City's money, tentative and new, has affected people in ways that match, predictably, their age. In the case of the older millionaires, Ben Carter, car salesman Chub Buren, druggist Lehman Pinckney, their manners and style have moved like a minute hand, so slowly that they're impossible to see, so impossible that maybe they haven't moved at all. Some of the younger ones, especially Doug Eddy, show the town that they are rich. "Doug bought his wife a Cadillac Eldorado," says Ben Carter. "He's really the exception. He built an indoor swimming pool that's bigger than my house. He likes to talk about it."

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The pool is lovely, nine and one-half feet deep, encased in a mammoth redwood room, indoor-outdoor carpeting in

a blue-green mix soaking up puddles of exuberance. The water is kept at 88 degrees. It is empty this afternoon, recovering from a high school commencement party the night before. (Eddy's daughter was class valedictorian.) Eddy sits in a lounge chair at the pool's edge, chatting idly with a friend and fellow millionaire, dentist Jack Soderling. The two men decide to drive through town and inspect the parts of Forest City they are building.

Soderling's face is tanned from mid-day golf and his hair is clipped short on the sides, with a small concession to a longer style on top. Thick arms and wrists show below his short-sleeved shirt. He and Eddy have been friends since high school, and they're victim to an easy Mutt and Jeff comparison, for Soderling is short and stocky. Eddy moves with a fluid, confident walk, so that Soderling seems always hurrying to catch up.

"I remember my very first stock purchase," says Eddy, backing out of his driveway. "It was a company that helped build the Mercury rocket. I bought ten shares of it with all the money the Navy paid me when I got out. I figured it'd be great. Well, the rocket went up about four feet and blew, and so did the stock. That was my initiation to the stock market. That was a long time ago. Shit, now I don't own any stock that I don't have at least a thousand shares of. It's funny, if I don't have at least a thousand, the stock just doesn't hold my interest." He turns the car onto the street. He's just bought property next door on which he's having foundation poured for a "three-hole garage." Men are busy with trowels and shovels. Rain has washed yesterday's work away. Eddy slows the car and rolls down the window to speak to the foreman. "Hey, Joe. How's it goin'?"

"Fine."

"Looks good. God, I'll bet you guys didn't know whether to shit and go blind or squint and fart when you saw that rain comin' last night, didya, Joe?"

Both men laugh.

A decaying old home on a corner next to Eddy's house looks small and ashamed against its elegant surroundings. Eddy owns three lots of the four that make up a large rectangle. "There's an old widow lady owns that house," he says, chewing gum. "She's in a nursing home now. We'll buy it eventually and landscape it all. Then I'll put up a flagpole right there on the corner and run my own flag up. Some people might not be proud of it anymore, but by God, I am."

They drive to the north edge of town, where Winnebago's new corporate offices are nearly finished. Brown-armed men in T-shirts and hard-hats move quickly outside the new building, taking rolled squares of lawn from pickup trucks and fitting them to the earth.

Their haste has been ordered. Tomorrow is Winnebago's annual stockholders' meeting and, although the great majority holding shares live in the area, there'll be New York analysts and other visiting investors to notice the landscaping.

"That grass is just pantin' to be laid," says Eddy, observing the activity. "They'll have it looking sweet by tomorrow morning."

"You know what we should do, Jack, for the good of the town? We should each of us put up about three thirty-thousand-dollar homes for the middle executives at Winnebago. Shit, they just lost two guys out there 'cause they couldn't find places to live."

"Um-hum," says Soderling, peering through the passenger-side window at the workmen.

Eddy steers the car onto a gravel road where a low steel building frame rises with the late-May corn. Soderling is constructing a bowling alley and lounge that will be managed by the couple that rents from him. They know and like this work. When the stock Soderling has purchased in their name is rich enough, they will pay him back and become the bowling alley's owners.

Eddy voices his preference for the modestly pitched roof that Soderling has selected over a more severely sloping one and gives assurance that all the glass for the building, ordered from his store, will arrive in time.

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Forest City is noisy. Every morning the town fills with the sounds of strong motors. Giant yellow road graders, clumsy on the narrow streets, look for gravel surfaces. Orange trucks with WINNEBAGO INDUSTRIES—MAINTENANCE DIVISION on their doors hurry from plant to plant. Motor homes to be delivered leave town in steady procession. All this oversized traffic moves back and forth over tree-lined streets with branches that meet high overhead and hold the motors' roars.

Today, May 25, is the community's most important, the date of Winnebago's annual shareholders' meeting. But Forest City is not as noisy as usual, for the preparations have been completed. The grounds around Winnebago's corporate offices are combed and convincingly green and small hills of dirt that couldn't be sodded have been raked to a fresh blackness.

Seemingly in honor of the day, Winnebago stock is making Forest City wealthier. It has been selling at something more than 90 for the past few days and now rises and drops at a level around 92. So Wittenstein's brokerage is crowded. Eddy, his friend Jack Soderling and a heavy man wearing a hard-hat have the choice chairs at the Tele-Quote table, Eddy working the machine. He hits the keys and leans over the machine

like a mystic above a crystal ball.

"Hey, there's John K.," says someone at the open back door. There's a rush to the door to see John K. Hanson walking on Fourth Street. He has stopped at Eymann Implement Company to talk with Chub Buren, interrupting the conversation to wave at and greet passers-by, his hand finding empty, swinging arms and turning them into extended ones. Hanson is small, stooped and bald, looking older than 59 but showing a vigorous energy as he flails and shouts and walks, sending out eager, thrusting rhythms that catch the people on Fourth Street.

Hanson moves along, stopping shoppers, little boys, grandmothers in pairs, dispensing pills of furious conversation in 30-second doses. People answer with big, anointed smiles, then repeat his wave. At the corner of Fourth and J, Hanson turns left and out of sight. Those who have watched the scene return to their places in Wittenstein's, the short recess over. Having lost control for a few minutes, the Tele-Scanner resumes its hold on the room and people begin speaking to scurrying numbers, or to themselves.

"How's the Dow?"

"Look at that Xerox. It's selling way too high. Wish I had some."

"I told John he oughta split the stock, so I could find out how many shares I got."

"Remember that Nord Tech you were fooling around with?"

"I've been thinking about American Motors."

"They're pleadin'—what's the Latin phrase for 'no contest'?"

"Nothing but good things from American Motors."

At the back of the room, a man in a dull-green shirt silently watches the Tele-Scanner over the top of his glasses. He has gray, receding hair and eyebrows that are inverted Vs with four or five hairs sprouting like cat whiskers at each apex. He leans forward in his chair and holds his hands together, fingers intertwined. As he watches, his fingers squeeze tight, then relax, then repeat the pressure. Squeeze, relax, squeeze, relax. He listens to all the conversations at once, or tries to. When word of Winnebago surfaces somewhere in the room, his head pecks forward for the information.

It is nearing 2:30, the New York Stock Exchange's closing hour. Central daylight-saving time, when he suddenly rises from his chair and meets Stromer, the broker, in the hallway.

"Well, I guess I'll take a hundred shares."

"OK, fine, whatever you say."

"Yeah, a hundred shares. Don't you think I should?"

"Well, now, you're in here every day. Golly, I can't tell what it's gonna do for sure. I think, frankly, it's a risk

to buy it. But you know, it just goes up and up."

"I know," says the man. "But I'll just leave it up to you, I want to buy a hundred. You tell me when to sell."

"OK, fine. I'll put your order in."

The man walks outside as Stromer returns to his office.

"Did ol' what's-his-name finally buy some?" Stromer is asked.

"Yeah. Did ya hear him?" says Stromer. "He dumps it in my lap. Geez, he's sat in here every day for three years, asking people if he should buy."

"Hell, I told him a long time ago, buy some."

"I know. Poor guy's been watching that stock for so long. I remember when it was dropping and he said, 'I'll buy at forty.' When it got to forty, he said, 'Twenty.' He had a chance to buy it at sixteen, and he said he'd do it at ten." Stromer pauses. "Oh, well, I'll make him five hundred dollars and he'll be happy."

After leaving the brokerage, the man walks up Clark and enters Don's Food Mart, just a few doors north. His name is Don Clauson and he has owned this grocery since 1938, inheriting it, like so many in town have their businesses,

from his father. Clauson has lived all his life in Forest City, never more than half a block from his present home on B Street. When he was small, one of his neighbors was the Hanson family. Clauson remembers Hanson herding milk cows toward a pasture east of town. They are still neighbors, both men having moved their addresses east down B, and Hanson now lives directly across the street. Soon, however, Hanson's new \$300,000 home on the edge of town across the highway from Winnebago's main plant will be finished and they will be neighbors no more.

Clauson paid 92½ for his Winnebago shares, an all-time high. He talks as if he's owned stock for some time, although Stromer says today's order is the first Clauson has placed with Wittenstein.

"We have some Winnebago, yes," Clauson says. "We're not like some of the others. We waited until we got things cleared up and paid for. It's a good thing we've got something more than just the stock to base the town on. I've always said, Something a bit more solid. Some of them, they got so much stock it's almost a bigger headache worrying about it; 'course, I suppose



"You're waiting for an explanation, aren't you, dear?
How about waiting in the outer office?"

they got so much now they don't need to worry about it.

"Yes, we have other stocks, too. A few. I was talking to the trust officer at the bank and he says they're gonna announce at the annual meeting tonight that earnings are double again this year. That's what John keeps sayin', you know. 'Double, double, double.'"

Clauson will not be at the annual meeting this evening. He must drive to Garner to buy meat for his grocery, instead. But *this* year, were he able to attend, he could.

. . .

At 7:30, the hour the annual meeting is scheduled to start, there are still long lines waiting outside the Forest City Municipal Auditorium. It is more accurately a field house. Inside is a basketball court—now covered with folding chairs, brown bleachers and, across from them, a stage trimmed in dark-purple curtains. The place is beginning to fill now and, with people, becomes uncomfortably warm. Some men lower the knots of fat white ties and remove resort-knit jackets. The less stylishly dressed need only fan the air for comfort.

Watching the crowd, from a table onstage, is Hanson. Everyone in town says that he is first of all a salesman, and his success is due to the fact that he brought a hustler's gift to the recreational-vehicle industry. Many also considered him a wild schemer in the old days, when he sold couches and primped souls for heaven. He would post signs in his store window announcing: *IRS SALE: MUST RAISE MONEY TO PAY MY TAXES.* What did that mean? Was it simply a sales gimmick, or had John fallen to another wild notion? His ideas always took him to the moneylenders, you could predict it. This was how much of the town regarded him. Then he started selling house trailers.

He always set goals for the company, but with profits coming easy, they've become harder to invent. It seems that everyone in town has heard different sets of John K.'s goals, but one that appears on all the lists is his dream of making millionaires of his children. That he has given wealth to an entire town is a by-product of that dream.

Hanson traveled a lot in the early years, but for different, harder reasons than he does now. He traveled then to sell his product and quickly grew unfond of the road. Now his journeys take him to Chicago and New York on abstract corporate business, still necessary but hardly so basic to the matter of making it or failing; yet his disposition for being anywhere but home hasn't changed. "I'd rather eat a bowl of shredded wheat and a cheese sandwich at home than the best meal out," he says.

There is good news for the people tonight. Sales up. Profits up. Stock at its highest. But there are two points that

flirt with concern. The company is involved in a lawsuit. Somebody named Baker who used to be in the motor-home business is claiming that Winnebago stole some of his trade secrets in order to develop its product. Hanson has sat in court for weeks listening to Baker's lawyers present charges, but there seems little doubt in most people's minds that Baker has no case.

A lot of citizens also fear the recent news that General Motors is entering the motor-home field. But Hanson feels there is room for them, that the market can accommodate two giants. Competition. That's part of the game, after all, and he's said again and again. "This is all a game. Life's a game. Business is a game. You get the best team, you win the game."

Hanson walks to the podium. He is known for long, rolling addresses that heat to evangelical intensity. Some believe the stock price reacts to the inspiration of his words.

"Thank you all for coming tonight," he begins. "Without you, this company would never have got going." Hanson's voice is a deep rumble of words that bump into each other. He sounds like Lawrence O'Brien after martinis. "So we always feel a special gratitude at this time every year. It's great to see so many Winnebago people in the audience tonight. Let's get a showing. Will all the Winnebago employees stand up, please?"

More than half the audience jumps to its feet, proud to be counted.

"That's just great. Let's everyone give the Winnebago employees a hand."

Applause acknowledges the standing crowd.

"We have a lot of business to go over tonight, so I won't take much more time. I just want to say that people are always asking me the secret to our success. 'How come you made it work?' they say. And I tell them, 'Well, we hired a lot of dumb farmers who didn't know the job was impossible, so they went ahead and *did* it.'"

After listening to proxy tallies and earnings reports, Hanson says, "Now I'll turn the meeting over to your president, John V. Hanson. You can tell he's my son because of his bald head."

The younger Hanson walks to the podium. He is much larger than his father, more than six feet tall, and his bald head is the only physical similarity. Black wings of hair flow back from his temples. He has recently shaved a handsome beard for lawsuit testimony in district court.

"Are there any questions from the floor?" he asks. "If you have anything on your mind, we'd like to hear it."

The large number of people intimidates free dialog for some minutes and Hanson repeats his invitation. Finally, someone asks, "What's the feeling on the lawsuit?"

The company's legal counsel responds. "We were convinced, seven or eight weeks ago, when this came to trial, that those who brought the suit had no case whatsoever. Nothing we have seen since that time has changed our minds."

"Yea!"

Now the mood has relaxed.

"What's going to happen with General Motors coming into the motor-home business?"

John V. takes that question. "We've felt, from the first, that this would be good for Winnebago. We think it will act to force a lot of the small companies out of business and the name G.M. will add prestige to the entire field." Then he gets to the essence of the question: "Besides, I was looking at some photos of G.M.'s prototype just today. I think they made about all the mistakes I'd hoped they'd make."

"Hurrah!"

The lights are dimmed now to show a long promotional movie and the older Hanson slips down to a side chair on the floor to watch it. Periodically, men leave their seats and approach him, bending to his ear, whispering while patting his arm. After the movie, the meeting adjourns for refreshments, then spills outdoors.

On the grass, men drink coffee from paper cups and eat cake. One of them wears a knit shirt with the name *TY* stitched above the breast pocket. "Sounded pretty good in there, don't you think?"

"Yeah. Gee, I can't see selling any. Just last week I bought a boat, and I went to the bank to get a loan to buy it instead of selling some stock. I just can't let go of it."

"I don't know what to do," says Ty. "I started buying it in Nineteen-sixty. . . ."

The other man shakes his head, knowing that if Ty bought stock that long ago, he's in an enviable position. "You're all right," he smiles.

"But, listen," Ty pleads, as if needing to confess his wealth, "I've never sold *any* of it."

Stockbroker Stromer emerges from the building with a man dressed in overalls looking earnestly into his face. "Norm, should I buy some?"

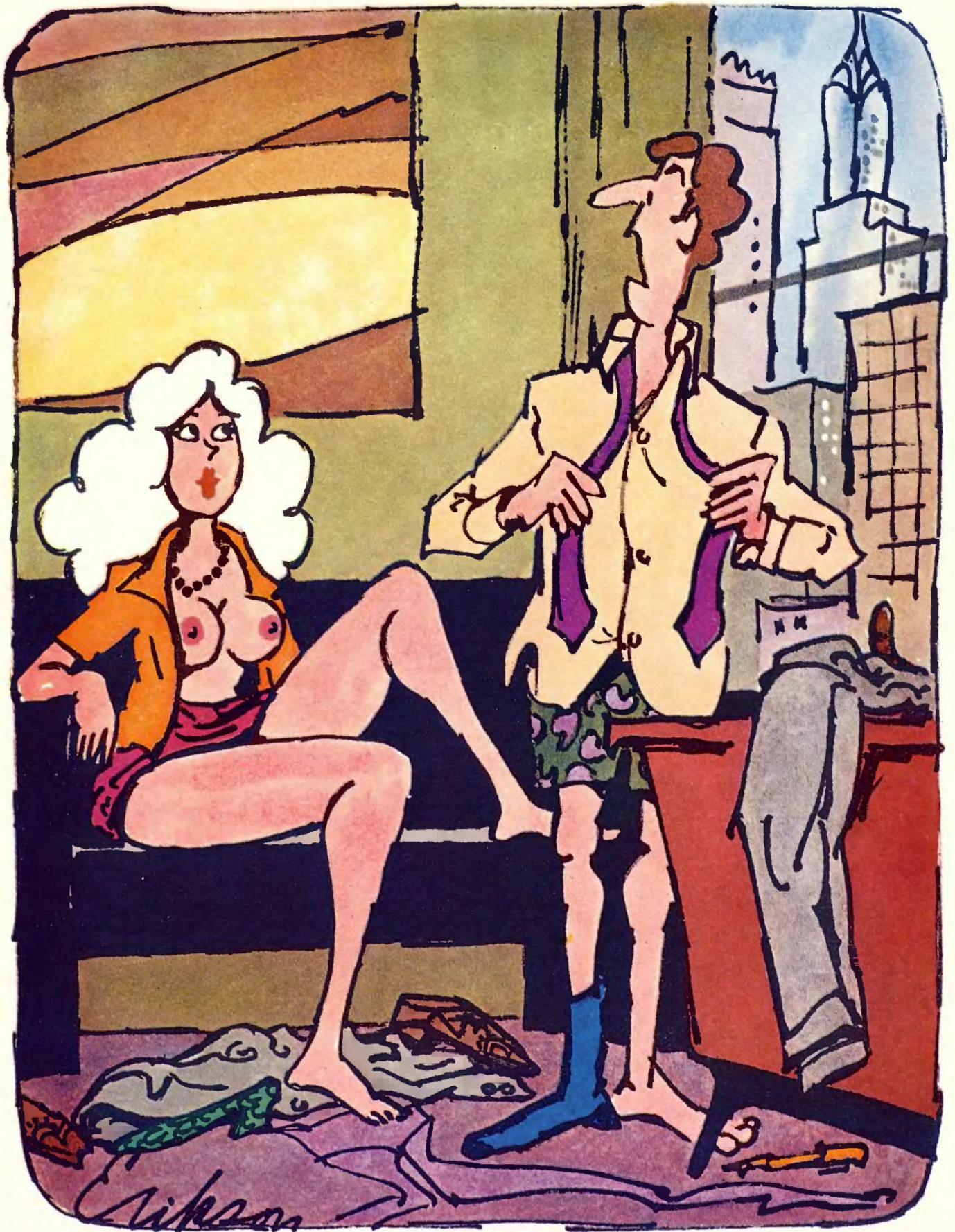
"No," says Stromer. "Gee, I'd wait, if I were you. . . . Wait until it drops a little. It's selling right now at eighty times earnings. It's still quite a risk."

. . .

On May 26, the morning after the annual meeting, Winnebago opens at 94, starts a run and, warming to Forest City's full, faithful optimism, continues to climb.

The Tele-Scanner clicks importantly in Wittenstein's back room, seems to pause and catch its breath from time to time, then gives a half-step click and again falls smoothly into it.

Moments later, the local Ford dealer,



"Premature ejaculation, indeed! Young lady, my time happens to be worth thirty-eight dollars a minute!"

a regular but quiet figure at the brokerage, enters the back room. With him is his eight-year-old son, a thin boy in gray T-shirt, cutoff jeans and sandals. He looks around the room, shows a small fear of its dusty dilapidation, then sees the Tele-Scanner's flashing figures.

"It's his first time," says the father, as his boy moves curiously to the Tele-Quote calculator. "Go ahead, Steve, punch Winnebago. There are the keys. Just punch them."

The boy hits W, G, O. Then they appear, all the figures, throbbing with good news: wgo 95 $\frac{1}{8}$.

"Hey, it's up some more."

"OK, let's go, Steve," says the father. He turns to leave and takes a few steps, then stops to wait. His son doesn't want to leave. He's walking slowly, staring at the Scanner.

"Come on," says the Ford dealer, and he reaches for his son's hand. They walk toward the door, the boy looking back, his eyes moving with the screen.

. . .

About a week after the shareholders' meeting, Winnebago stock split two for one, so a single share worth \$90 became two shares worth \$45 each. The stock appeared still full of energy after the split, rising a few points, then moving fitfully above and below 45. By the end of June, however, it began a slow, steady drop, indifferent to Forest City's encouragement, falling past 40, 35, 30, and finally settling on a bottom of 22 before showing any recollection of how it felt to rise. Winnebago common stock was now worth half its peak price.

Many factors were held responsible for the performance. Some blamed the market in general for a string of listless months. Others pointed to a *Wall Street Journal* article that had decided all recreational-vehicle stocks were selling too high and predicted the very plunge that dutifully took place. And a few talked about the lawsuit against Winnebago that still, after six months, refused to go away.

Autumn is done well in north Iowa. Even in the last days of October, color remains in a robust mix on the trees, although so many leaves have fallen that they make a dense, flaky crust for the ground. Forest City's building has progressed at a steady rate. Jack Soderling's bowling alley has 12 lanes busy with local leagues and needs only the completion of its snack counter to be fully operational. Ben Carter's *Summit* office will soon have a modern glass front. Doug Eddy's garage addition is finished, so the home is now L-shaped and bends ominously around his neighbor's old house. And the exterior of John K. Hanson's new home, its brick the color of turned-brown oak leaves, appears nearly finished. Forest City does not look like a town that is half as rich as it was.

The mood inside Wittenstein's is, for

the most part, remarkably unchanged. The same faces watch their fortunes drift past on the Tele-Scanner and get just as excited when Winnebago jumps from 23 to 24 as they did, five months ago, when it left 91 for 92. There is a thin tension shown only when they talk about the lawsuit. Then the regulars in the room slap each other's back and exchange grim keep-the-faith looks, like high school athletes with spasmodic stomachs before a game. There are slight variances of opinion regarding the effect of an unfavorable verdict, but all speak from ignorance. They have not watched any of the trial, held an hour and a half away in Fort Dodge, because the company has asked them to stay away. They know only that this fellow Baker has sued Hanson and Winnebago for \$400,000,000, claiming that they stole his trade secret for building motor homes. They know that the trial has lasted nearly six months and that the jury is made up of ten women and two men. And they're absolutely certain that Baker has no case.

"It doesn't make any difference as far as the company's concerned," says one of the men in the back room of the brokerage. "If they do decide to give Baker anything, it'll be so little, John K. will just write the guy a check and tell him to get the hell out of town."

"That'll never happen, anyway. Of course, you can *never* tell for sure what ten women are gonna do."

Broker Norm Stromer acknowledges the ponderous potential danger of ten feminine minds working in a closed room. "I haven't followed the trial too much. But from my dealings with women, I'd have to say that they can be easily influenced. I had one in here the other day. She'd never been in a brokerage before, and I think I could have convinced her that the moon was square."

"The trial makes no difference," says Chub Buren, the millionaire Pontiac salesman. "The fact is that the company is in fantastic shape. They're adding another shift out at the plant. They're selling more motor homes than they ever have. They're building a huge new plant in Reno, Nevada. So all the indicators are good. We know this and that's why we're not worried about the fact that the stock is down. Hell, the whole market's down. Look at Champion, Redman, all the motor-home builders. We're in comparatively great shape." (Buren was right: The jury eventually decided that Winnebago had violated contractual agreements with Baker and awarded him \$4,000,000. But it reached no decision on the charge that Winnebago had stolen his trade secret and the stock did not react to the verdict.)

Attention is quickly turned to the Tele-Scanner as wgo moves by at 24.

Then the room ignites when the board shows that 25,000 shares of Winnebago stock have just been sold at that price.

"Twenty-five thousand shares! God, that's a ton of shares."

"Twenty-five thousand at twenty-four dollars . . . that's a six-hundred-thousand-dollar sale we just watched go by."

"Good God. A man can't do that every day."

"I can't do it but once a week."

The sale is still being fervently discussed minutes later when the screen door opens and John K. Hanson, wearing a brown trench coat and a plaid wool hat, enters. He walks to the back room and is met with enthusiasm. Then a silence spreads out and waits for him to speak.

"How's it looking, boys?" he asks.

"Oh, about the same, John. Around twenty-four."

A long moment passes as everyone scrutinously studies the Tele-Scanner, and then someone says:

"Say, John. We just saw a twenty-five-thousand-share sale on Winnebago."

"Oh, really?" says Hanson. "That's very interesting."

"Does that mean, John, that the mutual funds are going to start dropping Winnebago?"

"No," says Hanson. "That means a buyer and a seller got together and agreed on a price. And that's all it means." He watches the screen for a few moments more, then turns to leave. "It had to be a bank, or some big operation, that sold those twenty-five thousand shares. But it doesn't mean anything, except that the little man doesn't have much to say about the market anymore." Hanson leaves these last few words in the room as he hurries out the door.

"John didn't seem as nervous to me today as he did last week," says a voice from the couch.

"John wasn't nervous at all," says a fellow behind the Tele-Quote table.

Broker Stromer hurries into the back room from his private office with an announcement. "OK, I've got a deal for you guys that's going to cost you only five hundred dollars." He explains to the cluster of men that he is selling a 90-day straddle option on Winnebago stock. This intricate package is based on the buyer's presumption that Winnebago will fall and rise considerably over the next three months. Everyone in the room listens carefully and they all immediately understand the offer; but after some minutes of discussion and good-natured remarks concerning Stromer's blemished honesty, all decline the invitation.

"That kind of deal would be a real good investment," Stromer explains later, "for someone who was worried about his Winnebago stock."



spartans of indochina

and that the estimated annual loss of 50,000 men killed or seriously wounded was more than made up by the 100,000 or so who turned 18 each year.

Not much to go on, is it? But then I came across a publication that answered most, if not all, of my questions. It was the most recent in a series of studies prepared since 1965 by the Rand Corporation for the Department of Defense's Division of International Security Affairs and the Advanced Research Projects Agency. Published in 1970, it is titled "Conversations with NVA and V. C. Soldiers: A Study of Enemy Motivation and Morale."

This study demolishes the argument of the hard-line hawks that, misled by chickenhearted journalists and politicians, we blew a clean-cut victory in Vietnam by not hitting hard enough, by lacking the courage to turn the ratchet a couple of more times. The study, based on in-depth interviews with prisoners of war, flatly contradicts this thesis. It paints a picture of troops who are almost too good to be true—men who believe in what they are fighting for, who are not afraid to die, who have absolute certainty of ultimate victory and who, far from being robots driven forward by fanatical officers, appear to have a good deal more to say about their unit's operations than does the American GI.

"The enemy's picture of the world, his country, his mission and our [the U. S.] role in his country is remarkable by its simplicity, clarity and internal consistency," the Rand report says. "And the tenor of his responses is remarkable for the control of his passion and by his matter-of-factness and clarity. Finally, the responses are impressive by their straightforwardness. Unlike interviews with prisoners or defectors of World War Two, the Korean War, or refugees from behind the Iron Curtain, these interviews reveal few attempts of the Vietnamese prisoners to ingratiate themselves with the interviewer. . . . Analysis . . . indicates that *neither our military actions nor our political or psywar efforts seem to have made an appreciable dent in the enemy's over-all motivation and moral structure.* [This passage is italicized in the original report.]

"The men emerge as the opposite of certain totalitarian types who 'parrot' one half of a 'line' but either do not accept or cannot remember or yield under pressure the other half. . . . The men do not simply 'mouth' what they have been told but seem to have fully absorbed and assimilated it, rendering it in their own terms, illustrating it with their own examples and experiences. Thus, what may have begun as indoctrination has become sincere conviction, opinion and emotion, and may, therefore, be regarded as virtually impossible

(continued from page 116)

to dislodge. . . . They can perhaps be killed, but they probably cannot be dissuaded either by words or by hardship."

Men who have lived through North Vietnamese assaults say that there is something unearthly about the resoluteness with which they obey their officers, even when going to what must seem like certain death. During the offensive that began in April, the fact that infantry troops could keep their cohesion and continue to attack despite the heaviest aerial bombardments the world has ever known constitutes a military miracle.

So the conclusion the Rand interviewers came to on the subject of death is perhaps not so extraordinary, after all. "We [the U. S.] feel that the soldier should perform even if he is plagued by fear of death," the report says. "The enemy seems to feel that fear of death itself can and must be overcome. In fact, in captured documents, we sometimes found enemy soldiers admitting, under the rubric of self-criticism, that 'I still experienced a fear of death.'"

A North Vietnamese cadre told the interviewers, "I was almost killed right in my first battle. Of course, everybody prefers to stay alive. However, when I went south, I knew that I would either be killed or captured. I accepted my fate. . . . The point is, sometimes one should accept death so that the younger generation will grow. One feels better when he knows about this fact of life."

But it is not the quick-and-clean death, the Hollywood-fantasy death on the ramparts of the Foreign Legion outpost, inside the circle of covered wagons, at the controls of a crippled Sopwith Camel. This is everyman's death—exhausted, sick, hungry—blasted into nothingness by B-52 carpet bombing from over 25,000 feet, ripped apart by the miniguns of a Cobra helicopter gunship, incinerated by napalm and white phosphorus spinning from under the wings of a neat-looking F-4 Phantom.

How to keep men functioning under these conditions? The Rand report goes into the question in detail, and there are several parts to the answer: the three-man cell; the *kiem thao*, or self-criticism session; the political officer; and the mutual confidence that flows back and forth through the squad, platoon and company.

The three-man cells, in the words of the Rand report, "live, work and fight together, encourage and supervise one another and are duty-bound to help each other in combat, to help their wounded buddies to the rear or to remove their dead bodies." The cell also provides a means of continuous checking for signs of flagging morale. The system is accepted, Rand says, "without any bitterness or anger." Many came to depend on it. A North Vietnamese soldier: "During the infiltration to the south, the other men in my cell had given me a lot of assistance, such as carrying my gun and ammunition when



"I remember you now—you like to get on top and yell 'Bingo!'"



"Well, Miss Webster, it took some doing, but here we are alone at last!"

I was tired or sick. That attitude of the other men in the cell was so encouraging that I was even more determined to endure the hardships in order to arrive in the south."

The purpose of the self-criticism meetings "is to assist the individual as well as the collective group . . . to improve performance by improving relations between man and man, man and cadre and cadre and cadre, by analyzing and thereby correcting past mistakes in battle and by relieving individual anxieties and hostilities before they can expand and corrode individual or collective morale."

A North Vietnamese master sergeant: "I was pleased when the company cadres criticized me for my mistakes, because, thanks to them, I could make corrections and they were not known to the troops, who might lose confidence in me."

Matters that might call for a court-martial in the American Army are dealt with by *kiem thao*. A cadre recalled that he had been criticized for fleeing from a battle although he was only slightly wounded. "I did not feel depressed or discouraged, because I admitted I was too scared and ran away, although the wound on my hand was not serious," he told the interviewer.

A North Vietnamese private: "I would compare criticism sessions to a mirror with which I could look at my face. If my face had a stain, I could see it through the mirror in order to clean it up."

The political officer's main task, according to Rand, is "to mobilize the spirit" of the men, like a sort of lay chaplain, "listening to their troubles, consoling them and rebuilding their morale if it is adversely affected by the

death of some comrades, by failure in battle, by nostalgia for family or by other factors. In contrast to the combat leaders, who are on the whole very tough, the political officers are generally described as 'gentle, affable, friendly.' From past interviews they emerged as universally liked and respected men."

But a certain amount of boredom and cynicism about the political officers seeps into the interview. "We all obeyed his orders," a private said, "but I don't think the men liked him very much. He used to talk too much, especially during the night meeting, when we were all tired. . . . He said we should go on trying harder and harder, doing this and avoiding that, which we all knew about already. Young fighters do not enjoy listening to lengthy speeches."

The Rand study also focuses on the fact that, to a remarkable degree, company and platoon commanders take their men into their confidence in discussing military operations and are open to suggestions for changes. This is not always possible, and in such cases, the North Vietnamese, like other soldiers, must obey orders first and argue afterward.

"For example," said a North Vietnamese private, "once we stopped and stayed the night in a jungle. There were plenty of trenches and foxholes around us, but the company commander insisted that each fighter had to dig a new hole. We were very tired . . . and we felt that this order was unreasonable. Actually, some fighters dug their holes without enthusiasm. During the next day, in the criticism session, we criticized the company commander for wasting our labor. He explained that he expected more troops would be coming

to our camping site. They might need more holes just in case of enemy attack. We agreed with his explanation, and the ones who did not dig new holes admitted their shortcomings."

Not an army for Western man, perhaps, but what a painful contrast to our uniformed cover-up artists, buck passers and careerists! We have created, or had created for us, a military machine without a soul, without even a functioning brain, modeled on the most incompetent of modern corporations—Lockheed, or General Dynamics. That's what the military-industrial complex means: one big happy bunch of guys peddling the world's costliest and most profitable activity, war.

If the generals are the executives in this model, the enlisted men are the assembly-line workers: drafted, trained—more or less—anonously shuttled into their low-skilled jobs by an individual replacement system, spending a disagreeable year or less, then departing, either on foot or in a box, as unnoticed as they arrived.

Troops must be a terrible nuisance to the Pentagon. Using dope, letting their hair grow, visiting coffeehouses, publishing subversive broadsides, deserting, refusing to obey orders. There hasn't been a militarily reliable unit in Vietnam for a long time—that is, one certain to carry out its orders to the best of its ability. It's doubtful whether such a unit exists even in peaceful backwaters like West Germany and South Korea.

No wonder the generals and admirals talk so much about "the electronic battlefield," laser-guided "smart" bombs—for dumb pilots, presumably—and an all-volunteer Army that will fight anywhere, without opinions, for the old American inducement of a fat pay check.

The North Vietnamese get a dollar or two a month, with no place to spend it. Why, then, do they fight so bravely? For love of comrades, country, communism? For fear of their commanders and political officers? To smash a foreign, and white, invader? Because fighting and living and dying have all become part of an endless present? I don't know, but I think I can hear those harsh, earnest, singsong voices, carried on the Pacific wind, arguing about digging bunkers. I see them writing in their diaries, crawling to the wire, shriveling to ash under a splash of napalm. How many are still alive? How many have joined the numberless army of their dead since Giap organized that first platoon 28 years ago? I pay them and the Viet Cong the supreme compliment of not feeling the same pity for them that I do for the 45,000 Americans who died in Vietnam, the 180,000 South Vietnamese troops—poor peasants mostly—and the countless civilians North and South. For the North Vietnamese, there was something like glory in their going.

digger's game (continued from page 138)

because you wanted to go down to Miami. That was a mean thing to do."

"It was," the Digger said. "Eight years later, I see it now. I had it thrown up to me enough. I asked her, she mind if I went to the football game. 'No.' I go. All right, I knew she didn't like it. But I figure, she don't, it don't make her mad enough to say she don't like it. So I go. Then she gets a whole lot of backer-uppers like you and I get more shit about that game'n I get for stolen goods. The judge was easier on me and he put me in jail. At least that ended sometime."

"I tell you what," Paul said, "let's act like adults. The game was Kitty Lee. Forget the charming story about the game, all right? Aggie never believed it, anyway. I did, but I'm naïve. I was naïve. I believed you."

"Well," the Digger said, "we went to the game."

"Sure," Paul said. "Then in February I had Monsignor Labelle in the ground and I was trying to get this shop on an even keel again. Trying very hard, because I'd been a priest sixteen years and this was the first parish I really wanted. Thirty-eight years old, and a prize in my hands if I didn't mess it up. And you showed up."

"I did," the Digger said.

"Yeah," Paul said. "Kitty was a year shy of the age of consent when you went off to that game with her, and the Chinese family didn't take to that kind of mistake, did it, Jerry?"

"The old man was a little pissed," the Digger said.

"That's a very handy way of putting it," Paul said. "He'd been to the district attorney, in fact. So I had to call Eddie Gaffney down at Saint Pius and get him to speak to somebody who knew the assistant D. A. on the case. And I also had to explain to Eddie why it was that my half-witted brother, whom he'd gotten a pardon for, out of the goodness of his heart, was in trouble again."

"Somebody got a thousand dollars for that pardon, I remember it," the Digger said. "I think it might've been Goodness Gaffney's thieving lawyer brother up to the Statehouse there, was the fellow, I think about it long enough."

"Jerry," Paul said, "a lawyer represents you, he gets a fee."

"Somebody else does," the Digger said. "it's a bribe they call it."

"I call it a fee," Paul said. "Since I paid it, I think I ought to get to call it what I like. I thought that was all it was going to take to set you up, so I wouldn't have to worry about you anymore. Then Kitty Lee came along and I was in for it again. It was harder that time. The Lees were mad and they were, what were they, anyway, Jerry, Congregationalists?"

"Some kind of Protestants," the Digger said.

"Congregationalists," Paul said. "Eddie Gaffney had to call Father Wang. Father Wang called the Reverend Dr. Wong. Dr. Wong seriously exaggerated your contrition to the Lees. Where the hell did you meet Kitty Lee, anyway?"

"Inna bar," the Digger said. "I was down to the Saratoga, there, she come in with a couple guys I knew. I scooped her. She was a cute kid."

"That was a great idea, Jerry," Paul said.

"I know," the Digger said. "I should've asked to see her license."

"Five thousand dollars for not asking," Paul said.

"I thought that was steep at the time," the Digger said.

"I didn't," Paul said. "If Mr. Lee'd wanted twenty, I would've given it to him. Statutory rape. Mann Act. Great stuff for me, Jerry. Five thousand was cheap. Dirty, but cheap."

"It was still high for hush money," the Digger said.

"Maybe," Paul said, "but it was my check. It was my money. I knew I wasn't going to get it back. If I'd've thought you could get five thousand dollars together in a bank vault with a rake, I might've asked you. As it was, I took Mr. Lee's offer before he changed his mind."

"Half of it was mine, anyway," the Digger said.

"Half of what?" Paul said. "Half of what was yours?"

"The five," the Digger said. "I'm not knocking you. I appreciated what you did. But half that five, that should've been mine, anyway. The rest, the rest was yours."

"From what?" Paul said.

"The Hibernian insurance," the Digger said. "Ma had five from the Hibernians, she died. You got it all."

"I was the beneficiary," Paul said.

"Sure," the Digger said, "and she's inna rest home. I went over there every goddamned morning before I go down the place, I stop at the store first and I buy her a pack of Luckies and the paper. Rain or shine, and I talk to her at least an hour. I think I missed once, the whole eight months she was there. I had the runs and I couldn't get as far away from the toilet as it would've taken me to drive there. I got hell for that, too. Listen to her, day after day, bitching about the way they treat her, they treated her good. That's a good home. 'What am I doing here, you'd think I didn't have a family,' all the rest of it. Every damned day."

"I know," Paul said, "I caught some of that, too."

"I got a seven-room house," the Digger said. "I'm a good Catholic, I got

four young kids. Two oldest in one room and Patricia and Matthew in the other one, she keeps him up all night with the crying, makes him cranky as hell all the time, she was just a little kid. They were both little kids, and Aggie's taking care of both of them, she's not getting no sleep, I got to listen to Ma. Where am I supposed to put her? She started in on me one day, I was up late and I guess probably I was a little hard on her. 'Ma,' I said, 'you can sleep inna god-damned yard, all right? No. I'll do better'n that for you. The garage, put a nice cot there. Beat the hell out of the car, but, and I got to warn you, might be a little chilly this time of year. Better wait till she warms up some. Then you can come and live inna garage, all right? Wait till May.' She got all pissed off, hollering and yelling, raised me from a pup, she wallops the pots over to the Poor Clares, this and that, now she's old and sick. Jesus, it was awful."

"I know," Paul said, "I got some of it, too."

"Well," the Digger said, "where the hell're you gonna put her? You're over to Saint Stephen's then. You put her inna tabernacle, maybe?"

"Not me," Paul said, "I could do no wrong. You."

"Oh," the Digger said, "beautiful. I was also getting it when I wasn't even around."

"She was a querulous old woman," Paul said. "She had a lot of pain. She was immobile, and she'd always done for herself. She was sick."

"And when she died," the Digger said, "she had five thousand bucks, which she didn't leave to me."

"Look," Paul said, "I'll add some things up. If you want, when I get through, I'll split down the middle with you, all right?"

"Deal," the Digger said.

"Coughlin nailed me fourteen hundred dollars for Ma's funeral," Paul said. "Twenty months before, eleven-hundred for Pa's. I paid it. I looked him right in the eye. I said: 'You know, Johnny, I thought eleven was pretty high when I settled for my father. This was almost the identical funeral, same casket and everything. I think fourteen hundred's a little steep.'

"I know it," he said, in that oily voice he uses when he's giving you the business," Paul said, "but I can't help it, Monsignor, to save myself. Everything's going up all the time. I just can't keep up with it. I sympathize with you, believe me. This is rock bottom."

"'Calling me Monsignor doesn't ease the pain, Coughlin,' I said," Paul said, "and I paid him. That was the last time Coughlin saw anything the archdiocese had to hand out. That was the most expensive fourteen-hundred-dollar funeral

that devil ever ran, I can guarantee you that."

"I thought Dad's insurance covered his funeral," the Digger said.

"It did," Paul said. "He had five with the Hibernians, too. A thousand from the union. Social Security was a little over two hundred."

"So that didn't come out of you," the Digger said.

"Sorry," Paul said. "I got the canceled check for his funeral, if you'd like to see it. The insurance went to Ma. I never asked her for it. She had nothing else. No Social Security from the Poor Clares, no retirement, either. That insurance was all she had."

"Bastards," the Digger said.

"If they had it," Paul said, "guys like you'd have to pay for it. Since they don't, guys like me have to pay for it. No complaint: The Church didn't treat Ma like it should've, and that was bad, but it treated me a lot better'n it probably should've, and I took it. So she washed the floor and she walked on it and she slipped and she broke her hip. How many years'd she done that?"

"Ever since I can remember," the Digger said.

"Sure," Paul said, "you take it in stride. The hospital was thirty-three hundred dollars that I paid, *plus* whatever she paid."

"Hey," the Digger said.

"That was before the nursing home," Paul said. "Flynn runs a good home, as you say. He also charges all outdoors. In two months of drugs and special nurses and the man who cuts toenails, she went right through all the money in the bank that I hadn't asked her for. Then I started writing checks again. Every week, two-fifty-three, two-fifty-seven, two-fifty-six. I figure, thirty-five hundred dollars or so. OK, want half?"

"No," the Digger said.

"You're sure," Paul said. "Eleven for Pa's funeral, fourteen for hers, thirty-five hundred for her being sick, in the home, plus the thirty-three I paid the hospital, you sure you don't want half of the Hibernians?"

"I didn't know," the Digger said. "I figured, Ma's probably pissed off at me, I went inna can. I didn't know you spent all that dough."

"What is it you want, Jerry?" Paul said.

"Money," the Digger said.

"That," Paul said, "that I know. When Aggie told me where you were, I went inside the shrine and offered up a prayer. Before I saw Father Francis. I asked God to grant you a safe return. I also asked Him to keep you out of games you couldn't afford. I even asked Him to let you win. I was praying for me. I said: 'God, You're not paying attention. He's going to get in trouble. Please get him out.'"

"Father Doherty," the Digger said, "I got some bad news for you about the power of prayer."

"How much?" Paul said.

"Eighteen thousand dollars," the Digger said.

The ship's clock ticked several times.

"That," Paul said, "is a very impressive sum of money."

"I think so," the Digger said. "I know I was impressed. I didn't really know, you know, how bad it was. Then I get back to the room, and I add everything up. Well, I had an idea. But I add it up. I was, I was impressed. I felt like somebody kicked me in the guts is how I felt."

The clock ticked several more times.

"I can understand that," Paul said. "Of course, the question is, where're you going to get the money?"

"Well," the Digger said, "I got some of it."

"How much?" Paul said.

"About two thousand," the Digger said.

"That leaves you sixteen thousand to get," Paul said.

"That's the way it come out when I did the figuring onna way over here," the Digger said.

"Where do you plan to get it?" Paul said.

"I been running a little short of ideas," the Digger said. "I know where to get sixteen, but it's probably gonna get me in a deep tub of shit. That don't appeal to me. That's why I come out here. Now you say, you remind me, all them times I come out here, I'm inna bind. Right. But I don't like asking you, you know? I know you're pretty sick of it. I'm a big pain in the ass. But it isn't I don't *plan* all them things, you know? I just got a way, it seems like I can stay out of trouble just so long, and then there I am, in trouble again. And here I am again. I had some way, getting that dough, Paul, I wouldn't be here. But I don't. I haven't got any way of getting it, won't get me in worse trouble'n I'm in already."

"Who," Paul said, "to whom do you owe all this money? Forgive me, I'm innocent. Is it some casino? I never knew anybody in a scrape like this."

"Well," the Digger said, "actually, probably, I don't know yet. Some loan shark."

"How much time will he let you have," Paul said, "to raise this money?"

"Time?" the Digger said. "He'll let me have the rest of my life is what he'll let me have. That's the way he wants it. It's me, I don't want the time. I figure the vig goes me four and five hundred. Probably five, maybe I hold him off for four, it's somebody it turns out I know."

"Four hundred dollars a month," Paul said.

"Four hundred a *week*," the Digger said. "I got two grand. That's either vig plus sixteen off the nut or it's five weeks to raise the eighteen. See, that's what I come out here, find out, what do I do, what do I plan on? I dunno how I use the two."

"Say it," Paul said.

"Say what?" the Digger said.

"Say what you want me to do," Paul said. "Those other times I listened to your story and then I said I'd try to help you, and you said: 'Thanks,' and I started making telephone calls and presuming on friendships, trying to find a way out for you. This time I want you to say right out what you want me to do. I think it might do you good to hear yourself say it."

"I want you to give me sixteen thousand dollars," the Digger said.

"Not *lend*," Paul said, "*give*."

"Yeah," the Digger said, "I admit it, I'm not looking for no loan."

"No," Paul said.

The clock ticked.

The Digger cleared his throat. "Paul," he said, "you know, maybe you don't know, you know what this means. It don't matter, what shy got the paper, you know? They all work the same way. They're going to come around and say, where's the money? And I got to have the money for him is all. Otherwise, well, they got, every one of them has got a guy or so with a Louisville Slugger, come around and break your kneecaps for you or something. I mean that, Paul. I could get my knees broke."

"I believe it," Paul said. "You convinced me, a long, long time ago, that if anybody knows how those things're done, you do."

"Furthermore," the Digger said, "furthermore, I'm not *getting* the knees broke. It just don't appeal to me. I'm not gonna sit around and wait, I'm gonna do something before it happens."

"That seems to have a threatening sound to it," Paul said.

"You can take it any way you want," the Digger said. "One way or the other, I'm getting that dough. You don't give it to me, I'm getting it some other way. But I am getting it. I don't need the kind of grief a man gets if he don't."

"Well, now," Paul said, "let's see. There aren't an awful lot of ways you can do that. Seems to me as though about the only thing you can do is go to a bank and get yourself a mortgage man."

"That's one of the first things I think of," the Digger said. "I can hock The Bright Red. Then I think, I'll be lucky, somebody'll give me ten onna place. So that means: The house, I got to hock the house. What's that good for? I

suppose I could probably get five onna house. I was to go out and look for it. So I'm still short, and not only that, what's Aggie got then? Nothing. So I think, I say, I'm not gonna do it. It's not Aggie and the kids' fault. I need that kind of dough. It's something I did. I can't go out and do that to them. I gotta keep them things free."

"Very touching," Paul said. "Of course, it doesn't leave you much room to maneuver, but there it is."

"There it is," the Digger said. "I'm not looking for no credit, Paul. I'm just telling you, I'm not getting no more mortgages. So that leaves me, that leaves me with some of the other things I think of to do."

"Which are?" Paul said.

"Well," the Digger said, "I don't know as I oughta answer you that one. See, some of them could be kind of risky, and you might get nervous."

"Now, that," Paul said, "that is very definitely a threat. As little as I know about being threatened, I can recognize that. Just what do you plant to do, Jerry? Rob the poor box down at Saint Hilary's?"

"What I got planned," the Digger said, "it's none of your business, Paul. You don't want to help? OK, you don't want to help. I give you credit, you lay it right onna line. You don't gimme the long face and say: 'Jeez, Jerry, I don't have it.' Man knows where he stands with you, at least. Until the kneecaps go, anyway."

"I have got it," Paul said.

"There you go," the Digger said. "Of course you got it. You got the fancy dogs running around and the hair, dyeing the hair, the whole bit. 'Course the kneecaps aren't yours, but that don't matter, does it?"

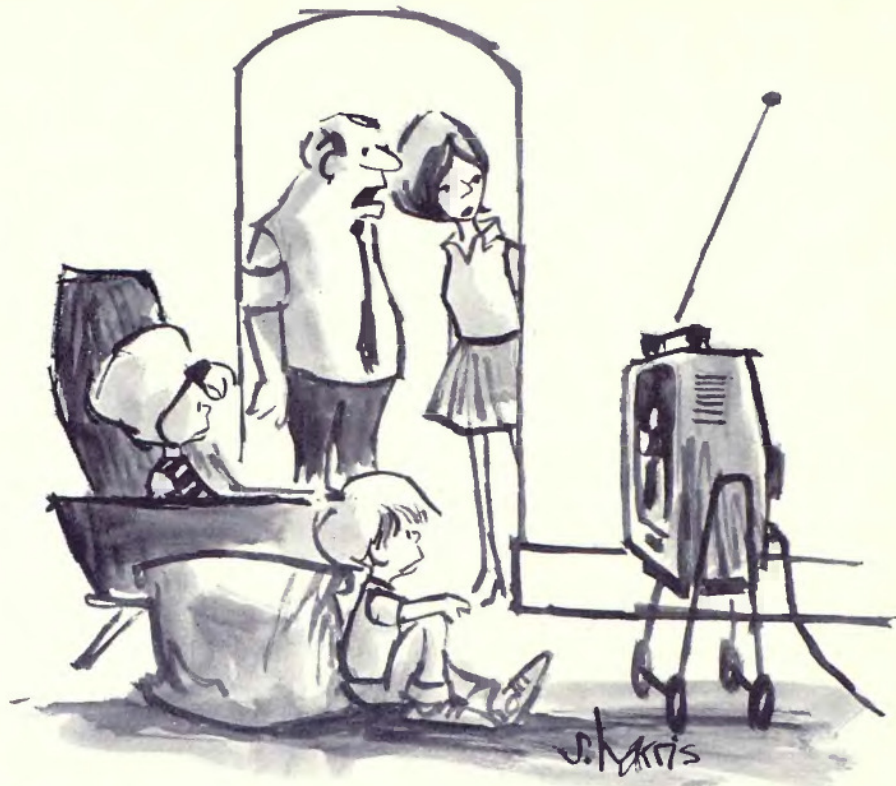
"Oh, come off it, Jerry," Paul said. "None of this belongs to me and you know it. It all belonged to Labelle before me, and it'll belong to somebody else after me. None of this is mine, Jerry."

"But you're still all right, right, Paul?" the Digger said. "Long as Paul's all right, that's all that matters."

"The car's mine," Paul said. "The clothes're mine. I've got a couple of very small bank accounts, when you think about how long I've had to work to get them. I couldn't live two years on what I've got in the bank. The rest belongs to the Church."

"You got the place at Onset," the Digger said.

"I have," Paul said. "I paid fifteen-five for that place seven years ago. I've reduced the principal considerably since then, mostly by putting money into it that I might've liked to spend on something else. It's about twenty-eight thousand now, with appreciation and inflation and the improvements I've made.



"Sex and violence! Sex and violence! We shouldn't let them watch the news so much."

I owe three thousand on the note now. So, in equity, I've got twenty-five thousand dollars, say. About that."

"That's what I was saying," the Digger said.

"Those things," Paul said, "American Express'll trust me for a month and I've got a new set of Walter Hagens. I've got five thousand dollars' worth of A.T. & T. I spent twenty-four years of my life grubbing up that very little pile. If I retire at sixty-five the way I expect I'll have to when I get to be sixty-five, I've got nineteen years left to add to it. If I can stay on till I'm seventy, or don't die or something before then, I'm precisely halfway along. Otherwise, I'm on the decline.

"Now, what is it you want, Jerry?" Paul said. "You want those twenty-four years to pay for three or four days of you making a goddamned ass of yourself. That's what your position is. You're forty-two years old and you're still acting like you never grew up, and you expect me to pay for it. You want me to turn over everything I've got, to you, and start over. I won't do it.

"That house in Onset is my retirement home. I've got to pay it off before I get on a pension, because I won't be able to carry more than the taxes when I retire. Maybe not even those. I'd better not live too long is what I'm saying. If I mortgage it now, to pay off some

bookies in Nevada, I won't have it when I quit. I just won't. I'll have to sell it and throw the money into the common pot of some home for drooling old priests and spend the rest of my years getting chivied about by jovial nuns. No, thanks. This time you want more'n I can afford."

"I'm sorry I came," the Digger said.

"You're nowhere near as sorry as I am," Paul said. "That doesn't mean I'm not sorry you got yourself into this mess, though. Now, you told me what you wanted me to do, and I told you I won't do it. And you're mad. If you're interested, I'll tell you what I will do, and you can take it or leave it. If you'd rather be mad, you can be mad. Suit yourself."

The Digger had started to get up. He sat down again. "I'm desperate," he said. "I'll take anything."

"Oh, I know that," Paul said, "but this is a little more than that, taking something. This is a deal. A deal, you have to give something, am I right?"

"Yup," the Digger said.

"I'll give you my Limited," Paul said. "I've got three thousand dollars in a special bank account, what I got for Christmas and Easter and baptisms and weddings over the past few years. There isn't going to be any more of that now, the pastor's special get-rich-slow scheme, but that's the way it goes. The Electra's



"I may not know what's normal, but I know what you like."

good for at least another year, and my Limited's probably not as important to me as your kneecaps are to you. Or to me, for that matter. You can have three thousand dollars, free, gratis and for nothing. You don't have to pay it back."

"But I got to do something," the Digger said.

"Correct," Paul said. "I get your solemn word: This is the last time. You're my brother, but you're a little old now to need a keeper, and I've had my share of the job. I don't want it anymore. I never had much luck at it, anyway."

"I don't ask for miracles, Jerry," Paul said. "They're nice, but they're hard to come by. You'll be in another mess next year. You know it and I know it. I don't want promises of good behavior."

"OK," the Digger said.

"What I want," Paul said, "what I want is peace and quiet. I want a promise that you'll go to someone else the next time you get in the soup. You won't even *tell* me about it."

"OK," the Digger said.

"I'm not finished," Paul said. "I'm at the point where a man has to drive a hard bargain. I should've done it before, but I didn't. Now I've got to, or you'll just keep on coming back until you beggar me."

"You started talking about risky things," Paul said. "I know your history. You went to prison for minding Dimmy Hand's cellar full of stolen jewelry, twenty years ago, and you didn't learn a solitary thing. You almost went to prison when they found out about those television sets and stereos in the cellar of The Bright Red. It was all I could do to persuade them the help put them in there and you didn't know about it, and you know I was lying, Jerry, and I knew it, too. Your vacation was all that saved you, that time, that and the silence of your friends."

"I know the way your mind works," Paul said. "I don't like it, but I know it. When you get the chance, you steal. The trouble is that you're not a very good thief. You've been caught twice. The last time you were next door to a long sentence. You got away that time. You won't get away again. You see, I know them, too, from dealing with them in your behalf. They remember a man who got one free. If he slips again, they land on him."

"Just out of curiosity," the Digger said, "what do you care, this is the write-off and all? I don't mean nothing by it, I'm just asking."

"I've been here two years short of the magic number," Paul said. "Nobody's ever been pastor of Holy Sepulchre for ten years without making domestic prelate. I'd like to, Jerry, I'd really like to. I'd like for you not to foul it up for me."

"That's what I thought," the Digger said.

"What you think is your business," Paul said. "Your family deserves something better'n weekends traveling back and forth to Walpole to see Daddy. I deserve something better'n coming downstairs every year to hear about Little Brother's latest calamity. You tell me you won't mortgage the house or the saloon to get the money that you lost all by yourself. But there's no other legal way to get it. So you're telling me you'll commit crimes. And I'm telling you you'll get caught. Don't give me that pious stuff about your family. I'll give you three thousand dollars. For that I get your promises: no more emergency visits *and no more crimes*. You'll get caught."

"You're buying me off," the Digger said.

"I'm buying me," Paul said. "I'm buying *me* off. I told you. I'm making provision for my old age. I'm through bailing you out. Now I'm buying me off. I want those assurances. For three thousand dollars, we're quits. Take it or leave it."

"Take it," the Digger said. "You got my word."

"I'd better have," Paul said. "I was really looking forward to that Limited."

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"Jesus Christ, Dig," the Greek said, "you got way in over your fuckin' head. I saw that fuckin' marker, I almost fuckin' *shit*. The fuck's the matter with you, you lose your fuckin' *mind* or something? Guys, guys like us, you haven't got that kind of fuckin' money. What the fuck happened?"

"You'd make some guy a great fuckin' wife, you know that, Greek?" the Digger said. "That fuckin' mouth of yours, come inna my place and start playing it like it was a fuckin' radio, anybody ask you to do that? Fuck you, Greek."

"Fuck you, Dig," the Greek said. They sat at a table at the rear of The Bright Red. They had draught beers in front of them. It was early in the afternoon and the air conditioner made a steady white ripple of interference across the ball game on the television set above the front door. "That's my fuckin' eighteen K you're getting so fuckin' big about. It was your eighteen, you had eighteen K, I might come around and be nice. But it's my paper and I know fuckin' well you haven't got the dough and that makes you a big fuckin' *problem*. Them I don't like."

"Look at that," the Digger said, "a hundred and sixty-five thousand a year and the bastard can't get the fuckin' ball outa the fuckin' infield, for Christ sake."

"I assume you're not down on them," the Greek said.

"Line's wrong," the Digger said. "No way them bastards get five more'n Cleveland, McDowell there. I laid off."

"Still at it," the Greek said. "I'm beginning to see it, now, how it happened. You just haven't got no fuckin' *sense* is all."

The Digger thought for a moment. "That's about right," he said, "I think that's about right. I start off, blackjack, twenty-one, they call it. I had eight hundred and twenty bucks and three days and I'm there the first night, I just couldn't wait."

"The fuck you doing playing blackjack?" the Greek said. "My little kid knows enough, don't play blackjack."

"Look," the Digger said, "my little kid, too. My holy brother. Everybody knows that, got any fuckin' brains at all. But see, I see this old bastard, brown sports coat. He's betting thousand-dollar bills. I never saw more'n two of them in my whole fuckin' life, and one of them was queer. A guy, stupid shit, wanted to sell me a hundred of them. This guy, he's got the genuine and he's peeling them off like they're onna outside of something he's gonna eat, all right? So, I got to be all right, I see that. I pay a grand, the trip, the eight-twenty's somebody else's, I'm peeling fives, it's gonna last me a long time, I lose every god-damned hand. Which, of course, I'm not gonna do, I'm too fuckin' smart for that. So I win some, I lose some. You been to Vegas, Greek?"

"Nah," the Greek said. "I went to fuckin' Havana before that fuckin' Commie took over, I lost my fuckin' shirt. Nothing like what you did. About five hundred. I said: 'I'm not doing that again.' Got hell from my wife, too. I don't go for that shit, making other guys rich with my money."

"Your wife," the Digger said. "My fuckin' wife, she knew about this she would fuckin' *kill* me. Anyway, the old bastard's got a credit card. Shows it, he can cash checks. He writes out the check and this sleepy-looking cocksucker OKs it. The old bastard gets his own thousands back, he starts in again. Only now, of course, he's out the check. Now right fuckin' *there*, Greek, is when I should've quit, right onna fuckin' *spot*. But I don't."

"I think," the Digger said, "I think I'm different, not like the old coot. I had about sixty of the house money. I had eight-eighty. Beautiful, I think, old bastard's using up all the bad luck. I'm gonna sit there and make hay. He sits there, calm as hell, nerves like he's got, he oughta be robbing banks, all I gotta do is bet steady and fast and I make a bundle."

"See what I mean?" the Digger said. "Stupid. No more fives. Twenties. Some good cards, some bad cards, I win some and I lose some, they deal them fuckin' cards like they're coming out of a pistol,

bang, bang, bang. Pretty soon I haven't got no money left.

"I was surprised," the Digger said. "I had eight-eighty when I start playing twenties. I wasn't playing that long. I win a few. Can't be. But there it is, they got the whole eight-eighty back and I, I'm out of money."

"Now," the Digger said. "I'm not like the old bastard. I haven't got no credit card. But, the tour there, special arrangement and all? I can sign a marker. You know about that, right? You being the guy that winds up with the markers."

"Uh-huh," the Greek said. "and the outcome is you owe the fuckin' money, Dig. You signed the paper, you owe the dough. No other way."

"I did," the Digger said. "That night I sign five of what you got."

"That's when you should've quit," the Greek said.

"Yeah," the Digger said. "I should've quit when I get onna plane, me giving the Greek all that, plus the eight-twenty I give them that they give me. My wife, well, it. I lost almost six K and it's still early when I get up, and you got no idea, the shit I took, my wife, I told her, I'm spending a grand, go to Vegas. Boy, I got up from that table, almost six grand down, it's like they had one of them hookups, I could hear her and she don't even know it yet. She still don't know it."

"I went to bed that way," the Digger said. "All that stuff they give you, all the broads in Vegas? Well, I don't screw around much. But I had it in mind, you know, things go all right, maybe I try a little strange tail. Well, that night I'm not interested in no broads. I couldn't've got it up on a bet. I was fuckin' sick is what I was."

"The next day I get up. I feel awful. The kid, his girl didn't get her period, two weeks late? I'm the same way. I'm not doin' that again, no, sir. No more fuckin' cards. Breakfast and then I'm gonna have lunch and then I'm gonna have dinner, but no more cards for the Digger. This is the first day I'm there, I'm already onna ropes. I'm gonna be a good boy. And think about how I come up with five for being stupid."

"Now, that place," the Digger said. "they got that place laid out pretty good. The pictures they give you, you got swimming, you got the golf, the horseback riding, you can shoot pool, and tennis, they got tennis, you want to sit around the pool, they got broads with big tits to look at. Great. Except, it's over a hundred, we're there, all three days. I never rode a fuckin' horse in my life, and I don't want to. And besides, they got, they don't want you riding no horses, they got them casinos open day and night. You go down for fuckin' breakfast, people gambling. Gambling's

what they got for you to do. That's all they got for you to do. Unless maybe you wanna go the library, down the airport, watch the planes'r something."

"I'm not gambling," the Digger said. "I sit around the pool. I see a lot of dumpy old fat kikes with baggy tits, they got white and blue hair and their skin, you could make shoes out of it. All these guys look like King Farouk flap-pin' around in them rubber things they wear on the feet, and they're all smoking cigars. Now and then, you see something go by, little short of seventy, the old bastards look at her and you know, hundred-dollar whore, made out of sheet metal, you fucked her and you'd cut it off on a rough edge."

"I took about all of that I could," the Digger said. "Then I go to the movies. I fly all the way across the country and I go the movies. I gotta stay out of trouble."

"How's the movie?" the Greek said.

"Shitty," the Digger said. "One of them spy-story things. They show half of it, I don't care about the rest. You can't believe it. It's all shit. But I stay. I don't stay, I can go down the street and watch them press pants or something. It's not as bad as the fuckin' pool and at least I'm not losing no money. Of course, I'm not making no money, and making money, that is what I'm thinking about. Every single goddamned minute. That and how if I don't think of something, I'm gonna spend the rest of my life, probably, being married to a sawmill."

"I go back the hotel," the Digger said. "I still haven't got anything in mind. I meet Mikey-Mike, couple the other guys, we have dinner. Food isn't bad, that I give them. OK, and we see a show, and a couple after-dinners, and we pay and I get the change in quarters. They're all going back and forth, one of them gets a hundred off the slots, grabbed it right after this jerk in a raincoat that dumped about five hundred into it, next guy plays roulette, buck a turn, drops two-fifty the night before, still in pretty good shape and all, six hundred buckos left and he likes golf, he's out all day and he feels pretty good. Tonight he gets it back. And Mikey-Mike, shacked up all day, hundred and a half, one of the guys says to him: 'Lot of bread.' Mikey-Mike says: 'No, not for what they do to you for that. It's dirt-fuckin'-cheap.'

"So I'm all," the Digger said. "I feel bad, you know? Everybody's having a good time, got sense enough, pace themselves, I hadda spend the day inna movies because I'm a big asshole. So I think: Shit, I can't spend two more days like this. I'll be an old man, the time I go home. I'll play the slots. Man's got to do something."

"Eight fuckin' quarters," the Digger said. "two fuckin' dollars. You lose six,

two bucks more, don't scare you much. I play nice and slow. Make them last. Them things're rigged there. Every so often you win a little something, keep you interested. Pretty soon, though, no more quarters. There's this woman there, got to be four hundred years old. Plays three machines all at once. I watch her. She talks, you know? Can't hear what she says, just talks all the time. I was lower'n I've ever been in my life. I get change a five. The Digger. I got nickels. I'm playing fuckin' nickels."

"I lose and I lose," the Digger said. "The old lady leaves, probably going someplace, have a nice quiet heart attack or something. I jackpot nickels. Beautiful. Why the fuck don't I jackpot quarters? Never mind. God don't hate me after all. I got, I got probably two hundred and fifty nickels. In paper cups. I take them over the change booth. 'Gimme quarters.'

"Two paper cups full of quarters," the Digger said. "I take one the old lady's machines. Might as well get it over with. Eight quarters. Ten quarters. Twenty quarters, it keeps on eating them. I haul the lever. Jackpot, quarters. Fifty bucks."

"I go the change booth again," the Digger said. "Half dollars. I'm halfway down the first roll. I jackpot the halves and now I got, it's one of them machines, you can play three lines at once, I got three jackpots."

"Now," the Digger said. "anybody beats the machine, there's this red light, flashes, they make some noise about it. Gets the other dumb fucks hungrier. You hit one on the fifties on all three lines, they put you inna Hall of Fame. Take a Polaroid of me, two girls in cowboy suits. One of them says to me, couldn't hear it unless you happened to be standing next to her. 'You wanna get the best French inna desert?' I'm too smart for that. 'The money,' I say, 'gimme the money.' Twenty-five hundred in silver dollars."

"So you go back to the blackjack table," the Greek said.

"Not on your fuckin' life," the Digger said. "I said: 'Folding money. Gimme paper. I can't carry this stuff around.' Well, they got a lot of trouble finding that. I say: 'Look, no shit, all right? I'm not putting it in the dollar slots, I gotta get a truck, take it home. Gimme hundreds. I'll take fifties, hundreds is what I want.' They piss and moan a lot, but they do it."

"I go back to the room," the Digger said. "I went to bed, I felt a hell of a lot better'n I felt when I got up from it inna morning, I can tell you that, I'm not even, but at least I got something to work with. Tomorrow I'm gonna get up and think some more, maybe I end up getting my ass outa the gears."

"I get up the next day," the Digger

said, "I feel pretty good. I go out the pool and have breakfast, a little vodka and orange juice, I read the paper. All the time, I'm thinking, How do I get out of this? How'd I get into it? Doing something they know better'n I know. Playing cards. I didn't play cards, fifteen years. I was always getting my brains beat out, playing cards. I don't know cards, cards're not my game. I know sports. I make a buck, it's because I know sports, I'm betting against somebody else, maybe knows sports, don't know sports so good. OK, sports action. They also got sports action up the ass in Vegas."

"That particular day," the Digger said, "I see in the paper Oakland at Boston. Oakland, Vida Blue. Sox've got Siebert listed. You do any bookin', Greek?"

"Bookin's for jerks," the Greek said. "No."

"Lotta rich jerks around, then," the Digger said.

"Because there's a lot of guys like me around, collect their stuff," the Greek said. "Look closer the books, next time you see a rich one, is my advice. There's a few. Not many."

"Well, I go down there," the Digger said. "Santa Anita Race Book. No change inna pitchers. They got Oakland, six and a quarter."

"Now, that don't sound bad, you just come up and look at it," the Digger said. "Blue's hotter'n hell. But Blue's pitching in the Fenway. I remember a southie, pitched there once or twice, done all right, but that's Mel Parnell and he don't play for Oakland. He's a little retired, the way I hear it. Also, anything hot as Blue's due to lose. And anyway, say what you want about Siebert, he's smart and he can throw that thing, and by now he's been around the Fenway long enough, he don't throw up when he comes out and looks at the wall. I think: Digger, you got something here, isn't anybody else knows about it. So, they don't take no credit, the books, I put the twenny-five down on the Sox. Guy hears me, kind of laughs and says: 'You guys from Boston, you're too loyal.' I think, nobody gets six offa Siebert inna Fenway, but I don't say anything."

"They're four, no, three, they're three hours behind us," the Digger said. "Game's, the game's at night. Quarter of seven out there, starts seven-thirty here, over by quarter of ten. All I got to do is find something to do till supper. I'll play goll. It's just what I need. I ask the hotel, can I rent clubs. I get out omma course. I played thirty-six holes. It's over a hundred. I'm all alone. I hate what I'm doing and I'm lousy at it and there's all these fat bastards zooming around inna carts and having a hell of a time, and I walk and I sweat and I walk and I sweat some more. I played nine. I had three beers. Nine more, I had a sandwich and a couple more beers. Then I play eighteen more. Front nine, four

beers. I don't sweat at all, now. I don't piss. I'm drying up. Back nine, I had three more.

"Now," the Digger said, "I'm half drunk, full of beer. I go back the hotel, my head's all full of air or something. All that sun, too. So I stop in the bar, do something sensible: I have a few beers. I got to do something. I'm waiting for the fuckin' game, I'm too fuckin' nervous to eat. I don't want to take a shower, it's too much goddamned trouble, go up the room and go through it, even if I do smell like a wet horse. Hell, I lose. I stink like shit anyway. I win, I'm a rose. Blow the shower. Have another beer. Six-thirty, I stroll around to the book, nice and casual. They go extra innings. I'm gonna have a baby or something. Results up: It's a final, I win. I am fuckin' goddamned *even*."

"Good old Sonny Siebert," the Greek said.

"He'd've been there, I would've bought him a drink," the Digger said. "So I take the dough. I go back the hotel, king of the fuckin' world, all right? Take a shower, have dinner, all that kind of stuff, and I'm gonna fuckin'

enjoy it, you know? I see Mikey-Mike and we go and we have dinner, and I really, I hadda great meal. 'So,' he says to me, 'what about tonight? You wanna get laid?' I say: 'Nope, not me. I'm gonna be a good boy.' Well, all right, Mikey-Mike's gotta leave, he's got this appointment to get blown and that, and I say: 'Go ahead. I'll sit here a while and then I go watch the show.' See, by then I'm getting over all that beer I drink.

"Well," the Digger said, "they got this goddamned fairy, comes out and what's he gonna do? He's gonna sing. Not to me, he isn't gonna sing. I call the waiter over. 'I thought I was gonna see a show.' I say, 'What's this faggot doing? I thought there's naked women or something.' He says: 'Inna lounge. Revue's inna lounge, week nights.'

"I go in the bar," the Digger said. "I get a Wild Turkey and I sit down. Then I get another Wild Turkey. Then the show starts. Waiter steered me right: naked women. I start to think: Maybe Mikey-Mike's right, I do wanna get laid, after all. Then the top girl comes out. That's when I decide, I do wanna get



"Is she insulting us or inviting us to a party?"

laid. That broad, who was that broad with the big tits, got killed in the car accident?"

"I dunno," the Greek said.

"Mansfield," the Digger said.

"Jayne Mansfield," the Greek said.

"Yeah," the Digger said, "her. Remember the tits she had on her?"

"They were big," the Greek said. "I remember that."

"This girl had bigger tits'n Jayne Mansfield," the Digger said. "I couldn't fuckin' believe, I never saw anything like that in my life. There's this guy sitting next to me, I'm at the bar? I said to him: 'Look, I know I'm seeing that. I haven't gone nuts or anything. But that, that's two guys in a girl suit or something. There's nothing like that in the world.'

"That's Supertits,' he says. 'She's full of silicone. Had one of them Japanese jobs. Fifty inches.' I say: 'Them things oughta go twenny pounds apiece. That broad, she shouldn't be able to walk around.'

"They're just like rocks, too,' he says," the Digger said. "You ask nice, you can get some of that. I don't recommend it, but you can. Three hundred an hour, isn't worth it. It's like fuckin' onna goddamned ramp, anyway, and she thinks, she lets you pull 'em, she earned her money. You can pull those, you can stretch bricks. I was you, I wouldn't do it. You want to get laid, go get a good ho and get laid. They'll give you a ride for the dough. Less dough, too.'

"I say: 'No, thanks,'" the Digger said. "'Way things've been going for me, I'd probably get cancer.' So he says: 'You been playing against the house. Everybody gets cleaned out. doing that. What you need is a nice friendly game.'

"Oh, he's got a great line of shit," the Digger said. "This and that, we get a group of guys together, he's up from L.A. with a group of guys from the barbershop, he runs a barbershop in L.A. comes up to Vegas because you meet a sophisticated kind of guy there, knows what he wants."

"You fuckin' dummy," the Greek said. "You oughta go to the home, you shit-head."

"I didn't go for it, Greek," the Digger said. "You can call me all the names you want, you got all the paper there, I still, I ain't lost my fuckin' marbles, you know. I know when I'm gettin' hustled. I don't walk out in front of trucks, somebody asks me to, I said: 'No.' So he says, well, he says, what am I gonna do? I'm going to bed. 'Good Christ, man,' he says, 'it's ten-thirty. You come to Las Vegas, go to bed at ten-thirty?' So I say, I told him, thirty-six holes of golf, all the excitement, I'm not as young as I used to be. Yup, I'm going to bed. So there I am. Quarter of eleven, I'm inna rack. Haven't been to bed so early since I was ten. I was fuckin' exhausted."

The Digger sighed. "One o'clock inna morning. Right on the dot. I'm awake. I'm burning up. Big white blisters on my arms. I got a couple on my neck. My face is on fire. Scalp's on fire. Now I know why them guys're running around onna course in the carts under the awnings. I got a Charley horse in my leg. Goes on and off. This tremendous pain in the left arm. I don't know what it's from. My stomach feels fuckin' awful. My head's still all full of air, only now I got this headache, I hadda headache like I never seen before. I stink. I stink so bad I can't stand the smell. Then all of a sudden, the pain in the arm, it's the heart attack. I did too much in one day. I'm havin' a fuckin' heart attack and I'm gonna die. Oh, *Jesus*."

"Then I let this tremendous fart. I could've blown myself outa bed, all that beer, and it stinks to high fuckin' heaven. I'm sicker'n I was before, it stinks so bad. I got to get up. I got to throw up."

"I go inna bathroom," the Digger said, "I heave and I heave and I heave. The roast beef I had for dinner, the sandwiches, things I didn't even eat, I heave. Then I throw up bile, dry-heave for probably about three days. My spine's coming up any minute."

"Finally I stop. Terrible taste in my mouth, I have a drink of water and I brush my teeth. The water tastes good. I had three glasses. Makes me sick again. Back down, heave up alla water, dry-heave some more. That time I don't drink no water."

"I get up," the Digger said, "weaker'n a cat. I got to get some Coke or something. Sweating like I did a mile and six furlongs. I'll go out into the bedroom and give the air conditioning a shot at that terrible stink inna bathroom and get room service bring me about eight Cokes."

"The bedroom was worse," the Digger said. "While I'm sleeping I probably been farting in there for about two hours, and the air's way behind catching up. I got to get out of there, the air gets changed, or I'm gonna be sick again."

"I thought," the Digger said, "I thought I was gonna have to beat up the bartender to get a Coke off him with no booze. I had three of them, he keeps looking at me. 'Costs almost the same,' he says, 'sure you don't want a sticka rum in it?' I start to feel better, stomach's quieting down. All that sugar, I threw up everything I owned, of course, sugar's the only thing keeping me alive."

"Stomach's working," the Digger said, "now, the head. I go out, find a drugstore. Beautiful night, cold, clear. The air really feels good on the face, you know? Different from inside. Inside smells like old ladies. I find a drugstore. Two Alka-Seltzer. I'm starting to feel halfway human again. I'm gonna go back the hotel and go to bed."

"You gotta go through the casino to go to bed," the Digger said. "You died in that place, they'd have to carry you out through the gambling. Nobody'd mind. They wouldn't even see you."

"I feel great," the Digger said. "Come off a bender like that, always feel great, the head's clear, nothing in the gut, besides, you feel good after you feel lousy, feeling good feels even better, right? You appreciate it. Anyway, now I don't want to go to bed. Room needs time to air out, anyway. I'll play a little blackjack."

"That was a great fuckin' idea," the Digger said. "Right up there with Jack Kennedy goin' down to Dallas, see how things're going."

"I pull up a stool at the high stakes," the Digger said. "I pull out the roll which Sonny Siebert's nice enough to get for me. Girl starts dealing the cards. Barmaid comes along, would I like a drink. Sure. I get a very tall screwdriver. Playing along, ten bucks a hand, staying about even, girl keeps bringing screwdrivers, I keep drinking them, tipping her with chips, and I stay and I stay and I stay. This new dealer comes on. Nice set of boobs, nothing like the monsters inna bar, but she's about thirty, they're cranked up nice and high there, I can look at them as long as I play. I play. I tip the barmaid a few more chips. All of a sudden, it's daylight. I had about eighty dollars' worth of screwdrivers, if you count what I tip the broad for them, probably a pint and a half of vodka in me, no food, and I'm losing."

"Jesus Christ, am I losing," the Digger said. "I'm in a panic. I go up to twenty, got to get it all back. Sox don't play before we leave, no way I can get it back off them. Girl with the nice boobs leaves and this other one comes on, got a mouth she got in a store, very mean mouth. Deals just as fast, and I can't buy a hand."

"I think it's about eight in the morning," the Digger said. "Mikey-Mike comes in, been out getting laid, three hundred bucks and they kept him leaping around all night and he's *all* shot. Not as bad as me, though. Comes up, says: 'Digger, Jesus, you don't look so good. What happened, your face? You been up all night.'

"That finally makes me get up," the Digger said. "See, you want to talk to somebody, you gotta get up and leave the place, somebody else can lose his shirt. Mikey-Mike says: 'You look down, Dig. You lose the five you win, right?' Yeah. 'I hope you didn't go around signing no more things, there.' I pull out the paper. 'How much, Dig?' I don't know. I can't even tell him. He stops right there, we're inna middle of the casino and all these dead people're playing the machines and stuff, inna corner somebody jackpots and the lights're flashing and everybody goes whoop,

whoop, whoop, and he counts and I stand there. "Thirteen, Dig, that include the five?" Uh-uh."

"What the fuck'd you do?" the Greek said.

"Look," the Digger said, "I couldn't kill myself, all them cocksuckers around, they wouldn't've paid no attention. Don't do me no good, eat the paper. All I got's copies, I'm sick and I'm drunk the second time in a day and I don't have nothing on my stomach, I just look at him. He says: 'Come on, Dig, time to go home.' I slept all morning and they got me up and load me on the plane and I slept on the plane and we get home, I go down to Mondo's there and I have breakfast and coffee and I come home, sleep about ten more hours, get up and I said to myself: 'All right, professional fuckin' dumb shit, you're inna jam. You been inna jam before, you got out. Let's see how we get out of this one.'"

"I'd be interested to hear what you come up with," the Greek said. "You got a little problem here. It isn't like I don't understand and all, but still, Dig. . . ."

"Whaddaya mean, I got a problem?" the Digger said. "This, this's Tuesday. Friday I got a problem. I got two days before I got a problem."

"Friday you got two weeks of problem," the Greek said. "I can't give you no special consideration, Dig, you know that, but, well, I'm not nailing you no vig for last week, today, Friday, Friday you owe for two."

"Uh-uh," the Digger said, "you're late. That's your tough shit. I was right here Friday. Nobody come around, see me about no paper. You can't sit there, tell me, you don't come around. I'm supposed to send a check to somebody, I don't even know who's got the paper, is that it? None of that shit."

"Dig," the Greek said, "Friday you owed the money the hotel."

"Right," the Digger said. "Way things're going, this week, too, most likely. But I didn't owe it to you last Friday, because if I did, you would've been around. I don't see the hotel here. They come around, I'll deal with them. You, no juice for last week."

"Dig," the Greek said, "fair, OK? You lost the money. You don't pay the money, you pay the vig. I got to pay the vig, you gotta pay the vig me. That's the way it is."

"Greek," the Digger said, "you're a nice guy, I like you and you always treated me all right. I don't, I don't blame you for nothing, all right?"

"I'm glad to hear you say that," the Greek said. "I always thought, I was saying—"

"But you're a fuckin' liar," the Digger said. "You being an old buddy and all, I don't like to say it, but it's God's

honest truth. You're a fuckin' liar and that's all there is to it."

"Dig," the Greek said, "I hope we're not gonna have trouble here, all these years, account a simple matter of business."

"Me fuckin' too," the Digger said. "But you don't owe no vig the hotel, and I know it, because I checked up on it and I know. You don't owe no vig the hotel. There's just one thing you gotta do: You gotta front the money back. That's all. They stand you thirty-sixty-ninety, just like you went into Kennedy's and bought a fuckin' suit. There ain't no vig, the hotel. I checked it. So don't gimme no more of that shit."

"Yeah?" the Greek said. "And where the fuck I get the money, the hotel? You want to tell me that? I'll tell you. I get it, my business's where I get it. I gotta get vig on dough I don't collect, I gotta pay out. I don't care what anybody told you, I gotta pay outa my regular cash. Who told you?"

"This angel," the Digger said. "come to me in a fuckin' dream. The fuck do I care, problems you got in your business? I got problems, my business, too. I come around and tell you, no dough this week, I got business things? No. Guys forget, ring up the beer, drivers leave nineteen cases, charge twenty, I don't come bitching to you. The vig starts

when the paper's onna deck. Not before. You got some kinda problem with the hotel, that's between you and them. Nothing to do with me."

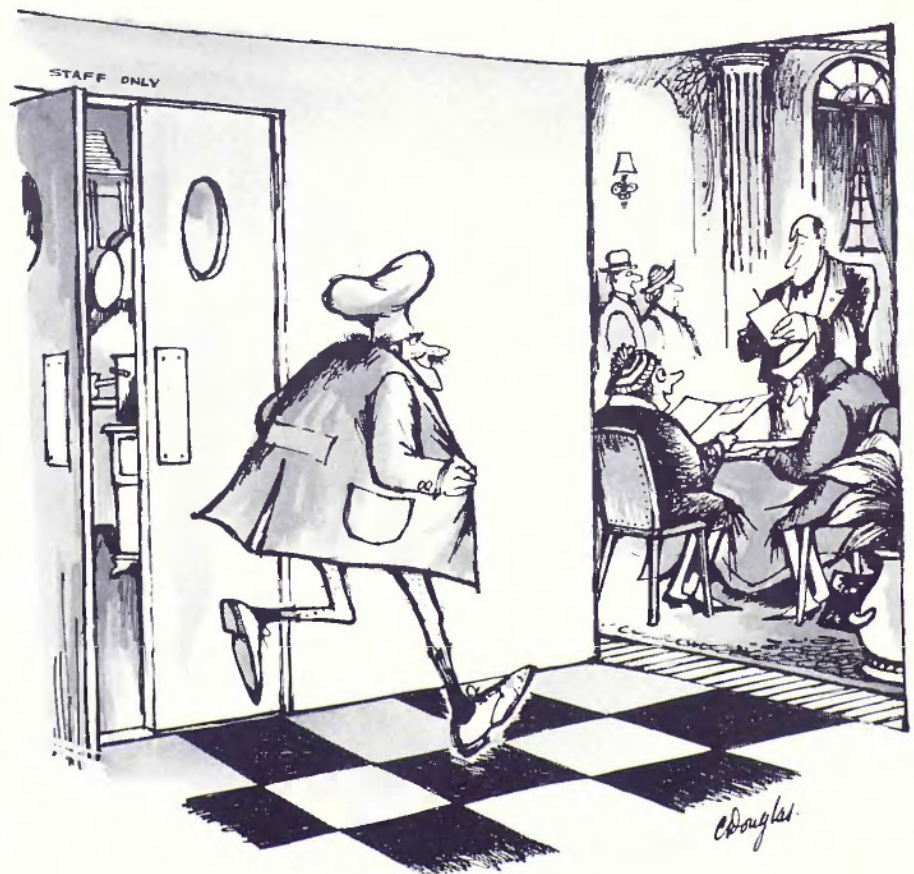
"Dig," the Greek said, "right this minute, today, you owe me six hundred. Not Friday. Today, Friday, twelve. Six and eighteen today, twelve and eighteen Friday. Now, how you gonna pay, or am I gonna have a problem with you?"

"Six?" the Digger said. "More shit? What's this six?"

"I'm doing you a favor," the Greek said. "Six is low."

"You think I'm a fuckin' chump, Greek," the Digger said. "I dunno as I go for that. You think you're gonna whack me six on eighteen and I'm gonna sit still for a screwing like that, I'm just gonna fuckin' let you do it to me? You know who you're talking to? I'm gonna take your fuckin' head off and serve it on a fuckin' platter to my fuckin' dog is what I'm gonna do, and I haven't even got a fuckin' dog. I'm gonna have to go out and buy one, and I will, too, Greek, you know me, you know."

"You're gonna juice me over three points a week on eighteen?" the Digger said. "You know the fuckin' rate's about two over five hundred. You know that. You're throwing shit at me. You come in



"I think we'll try the 'chef's surprise.'"

here looking for money, I'm willing to give you money, I didn't think you're trying to make a fool out of me."

"This is no shit, Dig," the Greek said.

"You better change some things, then," the Digger said, "some of the way you're thinking. *Nobody* shits me and lives. *Nobody* shits the Digger."

"Friday," the Greek said, "I'm coming back here. Twelve big ones from you, and I see you the next one. Otherwise, eighteen and six big ones now."

"Greek," the Digger said, "Friday I'll be here. You get eighteen and six big ones, or you get six big ones and you see me again the next one. But there is no way inna fuckin' world you see twelve big ones Friday. No way inna world."

"You're pushing me," the Greek said. "I run a business. You know that. The juice's six. It's the normal. You signed the fuckin' papers. You pay the fuckin' rate. Everybody gets treated the same."

"Everybody that don't, that don't know he's being shitted and can do something about it," the Digger said. "I know, see, that's the difference, and I can do something about it, too. Try me out, Greek. I'm not one of your dumb shits, and you think I am, you think I changed, this oughta be fun after all."

"I'm not gonna fuckin' *argue* with you," the Greek said. "Friday I come in for the twelve. You haven't got the fuckin' eighteen and I know it. Maybe then you'll be ready, talk sense, I got some work I could put your way. Maybe we can straighten this thing out."

"I'll be here," the Digger said. "Come in. I think now I'm looking forward to it."

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"Marty, look," the Digger said. They sat in The Saratoga Club, members only. It was a long, narrow room on the second floor of a three-story building near the North Station. It was open at 3:25 A.M.

Marty Jay had heavy jowls and fat cheeks; his eyes were large, almost bulging. He had very little hair. From time to time, he wiped his skull with a maroon-silk handkerchief and the hairs stood up in swirls.

"I seen the Greek today," the Digger said. "Yesterday. I went to work, the Greek comes in. The Greek's got the paper."

"Huh," the fat man said, "I figured Bloom for that operation. Looked to me like something Bloom'd be interested in doing."

"It was Bloom," the Digger said, "things'd be different. It ain't Bloom. It's the Greek."

"I wonder how come the Greek," the fat man said. "Richie's got that. He's got some piano player in there, but it's Richie's. He never had no respect for the Greek. Well, OK. What's the Greek want?"

"Six on eighteen," the Digger said.

"You're shittin' me," the fat man said. "From you the Greek wants that? In-fuckin'-credible. It's three a week, three points, and you cut it down. Five is right on eighteen. You, he oughta go you four. He's crazy."

"That's the Greek," the Digger said.

"Small shit," the fat man said. "Always was. I wonder why the fuck Richie gets the Greek. I wouldn't touch the Greek with a pole if I was drownin'. You know something?"

"No," the Digger said.

"Things're all fucked up in this town with the shys, Mr. Green dead and all."

"Mr. Green's not dead," the Digger said. "You got a thing, you're dropping people off tonight."

"Mr. Green's doing twenty down to Atlanta," the fat man said. "If that ain't dead, it's close enough."

"Oh," the Digger said, "well, and that. I agree with you."

"Fuckin' guys," the fat man said, "the only thing they want, get their name inna paper. Go charging around and they're doing this and they're doing that, ends up, you got the Greek doing things he don't understand. Lemme tell you, Dig, somebody's gonna get hurt, result of this. Nobody gets hurt, Mr. Green's running things, things're always quiet and nice. Now? Shit."

"Look," the Digger said, "I'm not gonna keep on payin' the Greek no six."

"Shit," the fat man said, "see Bloom. Bloom'll use you all right. Bloom's fair."

"Yeah," the Digger said, "but then I gotta pay Bloom four on eighteen. But I, I gotta wipe it up, I got five, I gotta get thirteen."

"Don't make no waves, Dig," the fat man said. "You start making waves, somebody's down to Atlanta. You, I thought you're retired. Better stay retired. Things're too hot. You're liable, somebody else's gonna go down Atlanta, you stir them bastards up."

"Marty," the Digger said, "I did something for Mickey."

"I *heard* that," the fat man said. "I didn't believe it. 'Not the Digger,' I say, 'Digger's retired.' You unretired?"

"I told you, Marty," the Digger said, "I need dough. I didn't hear nothing from you, Marty."

"True," the fat man said. "Of course, you gotta keep in mind, I didn't know you're inna market. That kinda stuff's sort of out of my line, too. Although, I hear what Mickey gets, I think, I thought about maybe going back into it."

"What'd Mickey get?" the Digger said.

"Hey," the fat man said, "Mickey's in here this night, tells me he's satisfied with the world, all right. Said you clouted him thirty checks, right?"

"Right," the Digger said.

"Construction company," the fat man

said, nodding, "they use that account, payrolls. Also, credit rating. Ninety K in that account, every week, payrolls come in, put in what they think they're gonna need, runs about a hundred and thirty K. So, they meet the payroll, and anybody calls up the bank, says: 'Am I gonna get paid, my rock wool?' the bank's gonna say: 'Sure, baby, you and everybody else inna world.' Only this week, the bank's wrong. The payroll's ninety thou heavier. That's Mickey's."

"Jesus," the Digger said, "that's beautiful. How's he know?"

"Broad inna bank," the fat man said. "That guy, he must fuck them into blindness, things they do for him. 'Course, he don't screw you inna bed, at least, you done all right for him, too. He's gonna run about five K, expenses, on ninety, he's Fat City and everybody else's full of shit. You included."

"Shit," the Digger said.

"Don't cost no more," the fat man said, "go ahead, if you like."

"Look," the Digger said, "you got anything?"

"I heard about something," the fat man said. "First time, I turn it down. Too fuckin' risky. Nobody experienced to go along. Now I hear about it again. Don't sound so risky, I had some help."

"The fuck is it?" the Digger said.

"What the fuck," the fat man said, "it'd take a guy and a guy, and a guy and a car, and they'd all have to be good guys."

"That's two plus us," the Digger said. "I can get the two."

"And a car," the fat man said. "The rest of it, there's some other things, I can take care of them. A kid and some stuff."

"What's it worth?" the Digger said.

"All in all," the fat man said, "I would say, a hundred and ten."

"Tell me how much for me," the Digger said.

"I got trouble with the physical," the fat man said. "The guy and the guy and the car, you pay them out of yours."

"Right," the Digger said.

"Down the middle," the fat man said. "Just like always."

"Fifty-five," the Digger said.

"Plus the guy, and the guy with the car," the fat man said.

"Must be pretty rough," the Digger said.

"Not for the right guys," the fat man said. "Look, Mickey's stuff's smoother. You get hooked, straight B and E. This is tough. All kinds of people around. It's got some problems."

"Fifty-five," the Digger said.

"For the right guys," the fat man said.

"I tell you what," the Digger said, "I'm gonna talk to a guy. I think I know another guy, got a car."

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In the doorway of The Regent Sportsmen's Club, the Greek said: "Where the fuck is Y. A. Tittle?"



"Now I ask you, ladies and gentlemen. . . ."

"Hey, Greek," Schabb said, "who?"
 "Richie," the Greek said. He shut the door. "Richie's in Concord, I hadda guy, used to do some work for me, in Concord same time's Richie. Richie's onna football team. Quarterback. Tittle's the big hambone with the Gynts, then, they all start calling Richie Y. A. Tittle. Where the fuck is he, still in bed? Man oughta be able to be around by noon, good night's sleep, even if he does have a lot to do before he finally goes to sleep."

"Antigua," Schabb said. "Called me up last night, said he wouldn't be in, couple days'r so. Lining up a deal down there."

"Broads," the Greek said. "Richie never lined up a deal in his life. He's down there getting laid."

"No," Schabb said, "guy called him, really looks good. We need it, too, compete. The other outfits, they got Curaçao and Caracas. Those're good items, you get the carriage trade with them, not just the hackers you get with Vegas and Freeport. Aruba, too. Richie's going to fly down there and look things over. KLM, they practically pay you to fly people into Aruba."

"Beautiful," the Greek said, "fuckin' beautiful. He'll fuck himself out down there. At my expense. I'm buying the bastard a third of ten pieces of ass and a tan he'll use to get more ass up here. I'm losing my grip. I didn't use to be such an asshole."

"Look," Schabb said, "what difference it make? He said it'd be worth the ride to look into this. I agree with him. I don't care if he gets laid. Nothing wrong

with getting laid. We didn't think it'd bother you."

"My friend," the Greek said, "I'm up here working for a living. I got problems, which I got from the last great idea you two guys had. He's down in the sun, goofing off. I'm paying for it. Who's tending to business, we don't all go to shit?"

"Look," Schabb said, "what's the problem?"

"The Digger," the Greek said, "just like I said, I was over there yesterday, that tony joint he runs for hard guys, he practically told me: Go fuck myself."

"He won't pay?" Schabb said.

"He'll pay," the Greek said. "Said he's gonna pay, anyway. Gonna pay Friday."

"I still don't see," Schabb said. "I thought you figured he wasn't gonna pay."

"He's not paying the vig, the first week," the Greek said. "He's not, he says he can get better'n the three points I hit him. Some stupid shit put it out we don't have to pay juice, the hotel. So, I get screwed the first week, I get screwed the price on this week, it's getting out all over I'm high onna rate, and then the son of a bitch practically tells me: Go fuck myself. I think he *did* tell me, go fuck myself. And you can bet, he's gonna mention that around town a few times, told the Greek to go fuck himself."

"So what?" Schabb said. "What the hell you care what he says? We're getting the money. That's what we're after."

"I got a regular business," the Greek said. "I got money out from here to Worcester. The way I do business, I

make money having money out at good points. I get them points because people know the Greek don't fuck around. Now, thanks to you and Richie and your goddamned fuckin' bright ideas. I got this fat shit down to Dorchester running around telling people I'm high. I scare, and go ahead, just tell the Greek, go fuck himself. That kind of thing. I came into this to get more business. I didn't come into this, get a lot of shit stuck on me, fuck up my old business. I was after easy dough."

"Well," Schabb said, "there's all that other stuff. You must be doing all right on that."

"I am," the Greek said. "The Jewish paper, fine, no sweat. Them guys go in for six points, they pay six points without a fuckin' whimper. I like doing business with them guys. How'd you get them?"

"When I was selling stock," Schabb said, "I had a little red book. It had good names to call, when I wanted to move a large lot fast. Interested, and the money was right there. Then, when I had a good deal or something I knew about, I would also call one or two of them. I want to tell you, Greek, I had one or two good dinners on calls like that. I like an appreciative client, boy."

"Dinners," the Greek said, "you must be an asshole, telling guys when to buy and then they make a mint and you get a dinner."

"Greek," Schabb said, "the way things are, it's not when to buy. Any jerk can tell you when to buy: Buy when it's low. It's when to sell. When it's not going higher. That's what I knew, and that's what I told them. Those dinners're in

Paris, and there's six or seven of them, and they're all at Maxim's, get it? You check in at Pan Am, you don't pay for anything. The girl that's with you, your wife ever saw you, you'd be in serious trouble. On the way back, she gets off in New York. You never see her again. You don't pay her anything, either. You go down to Miami Beach, you stay at the Doral and you play golf. You don't pay for that either. When I went to dinner around here, I went in a Cad, and I didn't pay for the Cad any more'n I paid for the dinners. There're dinners, Greek, and then there're dinners. It all depends where the dinner is, hack it?"

"Oh," the Greek said.

"I didn't get in the shit because I was crooked," Schabb said. "I got in the shit because a guy that told me when the stuff was at the top, the guy that was making it go in the first place, got himself in the shit with the SEC. He was very tough, that guy. The minute they grabbed him, he squawked like a chicken. I'm one of the guys he squawked about. They didn't even prosecute him, just us. Bastard."

"I was wondering," the Greek said.

"Look," Schabb said. "I was no more crooked'n anybody else. I was good and crooked. I just thought Mr. Cool'd stay clear, and he didn't, and I guess I thought if he ever got caught, he'd keep his mouth shut, and he didn't. So I took it right on the chin, and when I did, I took that little red book with me. Those guys're reliable. They always pay. It's probably a good thing the bank examiners aren't around too soon after they pay, too soon, anyway, because I've got just the slightest idea it's somebody else's money they're paying with. But you give one of them bastards a pen and a phone and the market open, you'll always get your money, and right off. A month later, he'll have that thing smoothed over so fine nobody'd ever be able to pick it up. You got honest money on that paper."

"Pure gold," the Greek said, "a hundred and eighteen thou, out in a week, two at the most, straight juice, a flat six K at least and we never loaned them guys a fuckin' cent. That is my idea, a tit."

"How about my other friends?" Schabb said. "How you doing with them?"

"The Protestants," the Greek said.

"Very few of them," Schabb said. "Some, maybe, but very few."

"All of them think they are," the Greek said. "Professional guys. Guy like that, starts in omnia high living, he's generally good for about thirty-five K a year, got the house and the car and wears four hundred worth of knits and a twenny-dollar tie and he's getting his hair styled. Once they get that old razor cut, they think they know fuckin' everything. And boats, big onna boats."

"Those're the ones," Schabb said.

"Right," the Greek said. "I meet a little resistance, that kind of guy. He's got a house, OK, it's got a mortgage, he's been paying the mortgage awhile, he's run it down some, the house went up a lot. He don't have no dough he can get his hands on, but he's got the equity, you know?"

"Regular margin accounts," Schabb said, "that's where I got them. They call up and buy eight K, then they want the certificate fast. They're hocking it. Very little actual cash. Credit up the yin-yang."

"Sure," the Greek said, "I got a regular side line in that kinda guy. Take the honey down to Puerto Rico, don't want the wife seeing no canceled checks. OK, he's into me for a grand, he pays it back. They got it. The thing is, you gotta kinda pry it off them, gotta make him understand, he's gambling, OK, he got nothing for something. They're not used to that. Used to seeing something back for two or three K. New boat, god-damned station wagon, three weeks in Europe. Cards, he already seen the cards, dealer had twenty, he had nineteen, they don't want to remember that. Didn't happen. I gotta convince them it did. Takes time. Gotta call at the office, frighten the little honey, call the house, scare the wife, you heard me omnia phone, you'd think I had something wrong with the throat. Where is he? I call him the office, he ain't there. I call him the house, he ain't there. He lives inna garage, that it? I understood he's a respectable citizen, owes me some money. Better have him call me." They always call. Sooner or later, they call. They get used to the idea, they gotta pay. They go out, first they talk the wife down, Christ sake, I'm gonna kill them. Then they hock the Master Charge and the stock and the insurance and they meet me and they pay off the whole nut. Them guys don't haggle. They pay the rate. Just takes a little time, get them used to it. I'm doing all right with them."

"So," Schabb said, "how much we make off my friends?"

"Four-four out," the Greek said, "five points a man, out by Labor Day. Eight, nine K."

"And you're still bitching," Schabb said. "We're making out all over the place and you're bitching. There's things about you, Greek, I'm never going to understand."

"Mr. Schabb," the Greek said, "that wraps it all up. Lemme ask you a personal favor, all right? You just tell Richie that, OK? You just said the whole of it, right fuckin' there."

• • •

"Harrington," the Digger said, "how you doin' on that boat of yours, you getting anywhere?"

"Look," Harrington said, "everybody else inna world, it's Friday night, they haven't gotta go to work tomorrow. I gotta go to work tomorrow, no Saturday for Harrington. You know why that is? Because I gotta, that's why. Just leave me alone, all right, Dig? Lemme have a couple beers, just like it was Friday night for me, too. No guy that's gotta work six days a week to make the payments on what he's got is gonna see a boat he hasn't got already. I wished to God I never sold the boat I used to have."

"I know something you could do, 'd get you the down payment onna boat," the Digger said.

"Yeah?" Harrington said. "And then what about them others, I gotta stop going down to Saint Hilary's for my laughs every Sunday, hear what the Portugee's got to say this week about them poor unfortunate thieving Puerto Ricans that haven't got no money. I can work Sundays, too."

"Well," the Digger said, "you played your cards right, might not be all that many of them, you know? You oughta be able to get a pretty good boat for thirty-five hundred or so, you could pay for more'n half of it right off."

"Oh-oh," Harrington said. "Excuse me, I think I'm gonna have to go home right about now. I gotta go to work tomorrow, you know. I'll see you the first of the week, probably. I'll come in for a beer, we can talk about how the Sox do Sunday."

"The fuck's the matter with you?" the Digger said.

"Look," Harrington said, "I got a nervous stomach. I come in here a few days ago, your problem is, you're inna hole eighteen and juice. Now you're giving me, you're saying you got a way, I can get about, what, two grand, I do something you got in mind. You're talking about somebody else's money, I think."

"How much you make inna week?" the Digger said.

"None of your fuckin' business," Harrington said.

"Not enough for a boat, though," the Digger said.

"Not enough for a wife and three kids and a car and a house in Saint Hilary's," Harrington said. "Not enough for no lawyer, either, and it's a lot more'n I'd get making license plates inna can, too."

"Never mind the can," the Digger said.

"Right," Harrington said, "and don't do nothing that's gonna get you put into it, either, that's what I say. Lemme have another beer."

The Digger returned with Harrington's beer. "You can make two thousand dollars for less'n three hours' work," the Digger said. "You're sure you wanna turn that down, OK, I can get somebody

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else. I'm tryin' to do you a favor. You like working six days, you don't want no boat, OK, be a shit, if you want, all your life. Just thought I'd give you the chance. Two grand for three hours."

"That's more'n I make at the Edison," Harrington said. He drank some beer. "The trouble is, the Edison never told me, go out and kill somebody important, and I never had the cops looking for me, anything I did at the Edison. Which is probably why it don't pay as good."

"Nobody's gonna get hurt," the Digger said. "Nothing like that. You'd just have to drive your own car."

"Sure," Harrington said. "Of course, while I'm driving it, the motor's running and I'm outside a bank and you guys're inside holding it up, and all the driving I got to do is get it in gear and make it go like a bastard and hope I don't get shot. Like I said, I finish this beer. I'll go home and say the Rosary with Father Manton onna radio, I think. Got saved from the temptation, there."

"Look," the Digger said, "the only way you could shoot a guy on this job is, you'd have to bring a guy along to shoot is all. If I ever see a tit, Harrington, this here's a tit."

"What is it?" Harrington said.

"Uh-uh," the Digger said, "that's not the way it goes. I make a rule. long time ago, I don't tell anybody what it is until after he decides, he's in or not. You in or not?"

"How can I, what do you think I'm gonna do?" Harrington said. "Say I'm gonna do something, I don't even know what it is I'm gonna do? I never done anything like this before. Take pity onna guy, Dig, tell me what I'm gonna do. I tell you I'm gonna do it."

"Look," the Digger said, "week from tonight. Labor Day weekend, right? You're gonna pick me up and then you're gonna pick up two other guys, and you take us, about a twenny-minute drive," the Digger said. "This is before midnight. About two hours later, some time around two in the morning, you pick up, you pick us up and you drop us off. That's it."

"I finally get to bed Labor Day, I'm gonna have two thousand onna bureau I didn't have when I get up?"

"No," the Digger said, "nobody's got the dough Monday. You'll have to wait a little bit."

"How long?" Harrington said.

"Look," the Digger said, "I dunno. It can take a little time to get the dough, one of these things. Inside a week or so. I guess. But I personally guarantee you, you get the dough."

"Yeah," Harrington said, "but maybe something happens to you. I still get the dough? I mean, where's that leave me?"

"Better off'n I am, something's gonna

happen to me," the Digger said. "Look, I get hit by a truck, you haven't got your dough, you do the best you can. You might get fucked."

"That's what I thought," Harrington said. "I don't know about this."

"OK," the Digger said, "that's fine. I'm gonna take that, you're not interested. And one more thing: Forget you had this talk with me, right? I wouldn't want to think you went out and told somebody anything."

"I didn't mean that," Harrington said.

"You're a nice guy," the Digger said, "I like you. But you either gotta shit or get offa the fuckin' pot is all, I haven't got time to wait around while you go this way and that and say, 'Gec, Digger, gee.' I like things to go right when I do something, get everything all set up ahead of time, so everybody knows what he's gotta do and what the other guys've gotta do. So make up your fuckin' mind."

"I wished I knew more about it," Harrington said.

"You know all you're gonna know unless you come in," the Digger said. "I told you as much as I'm gonna."

Harrington said he would have another beer. When the Digger brought it, Harrington said: "Look, this's gotta be something pretty big we're after, two thousand for cab fare. There's, how many of us?"

"Probably four," the Digger said.

"OK," Harrington said, "four. I got probably the easiest thing to do, I'm getting the two, you said, you told me, it's gonna get you clear on the eighteen. Now, I figure, that's twenny thousand dollars, and them other guys, they're not working for nothing. So there's gotta be quite a bit of money coming out of this."

"Harrington," the Digger said, "the two is tops. Don't gimme none of that shit. I can get five guys in ten minutes, do it for a grand. I'm being nice to you, get it?"

"No," Harrington said, "I didn't mean that. It's just, this isn't no bank or anything, is it?"

"No bank," the Digger said.

"OK," Harrington said. "OK. No bank, I'm in."

"Beautiful," the Digger said. "I guarantee you, you'll never regret it."

"Now," Harrington said, finishing his beer, "tell me if I'm wrong. It's jewelry, right? Gotta be jewelry. Isn't anything else worth that kind of money, except money, four guys can move that fast."

"Isn't jewelry," the Digger said. "Look, you read the paper, what kinda ads you see inna paper this time of year?"

"I don't read them," Harrington said. "I'm always giving the wife a whole bunch of money for stuff, kids're going back to school and that, we gotta practi-

cally buy out Zayre's. I dunno. We're not stealing kids' clothes?"

"No," the Digger said. "You oughta look at them ads better. All them guys down the Beach, they think: This is the year I get the wife a mink stole. Them other guys can afford the minks, their wives already got a stole, wear to the supermarket or something. They want a nice chinchilla. So naturally, all them guys, sell furs, got the ads in. All over the place there's them trucks coming in with furs. And that is the real stuff, you know? That stuff moves. We're gonna get ourselves a trailer load."

"We got a buyer?" Harrington said.

"Well," the Digger said, "the less you know, the better off you are, but he's also the guy, you go back far enough and you look at everything and all, that we're stealing the furs from. He knows we're stealing them."

"Ah," Harrington said, "insurance."

"Yeah," the Digger said. "See what I mean, this's a tit? We're stealing insurance. See what I mean, safe?"

"Beautiful," Harrington said.

"You bet," the Digger said. "We take them furs out of the place that the guy owns, and we turn them over to a guy runs another place, and the guy that owns the other place is gonna sell them and the first guy howls like a bastard, all his furs're gone. Then he's gonna get the insurance, and he keeps his stock up, he's gonna buy from the guy we sell to. He's gonna buy his own stuff from the guy we sold it to, with the insurance money. Nice, huh?"

"Jesus," Harrington said, "I'd rather know him'n you. He's doing better, any of us."

"You see the Super Bowl?" the Digger said.

"Yeah," Harrington said. "Shitty game, I thought. Baltimore."

"Onna field goal," the Digger said. "Last-minute fuckin' field goal, all right?"

"The guy that owns the stuff," the Digger said, "he missed the spread on that field goal. Cost him one hundred thousand dollars. He's been paying juice a long time. He's through. He's getting even."

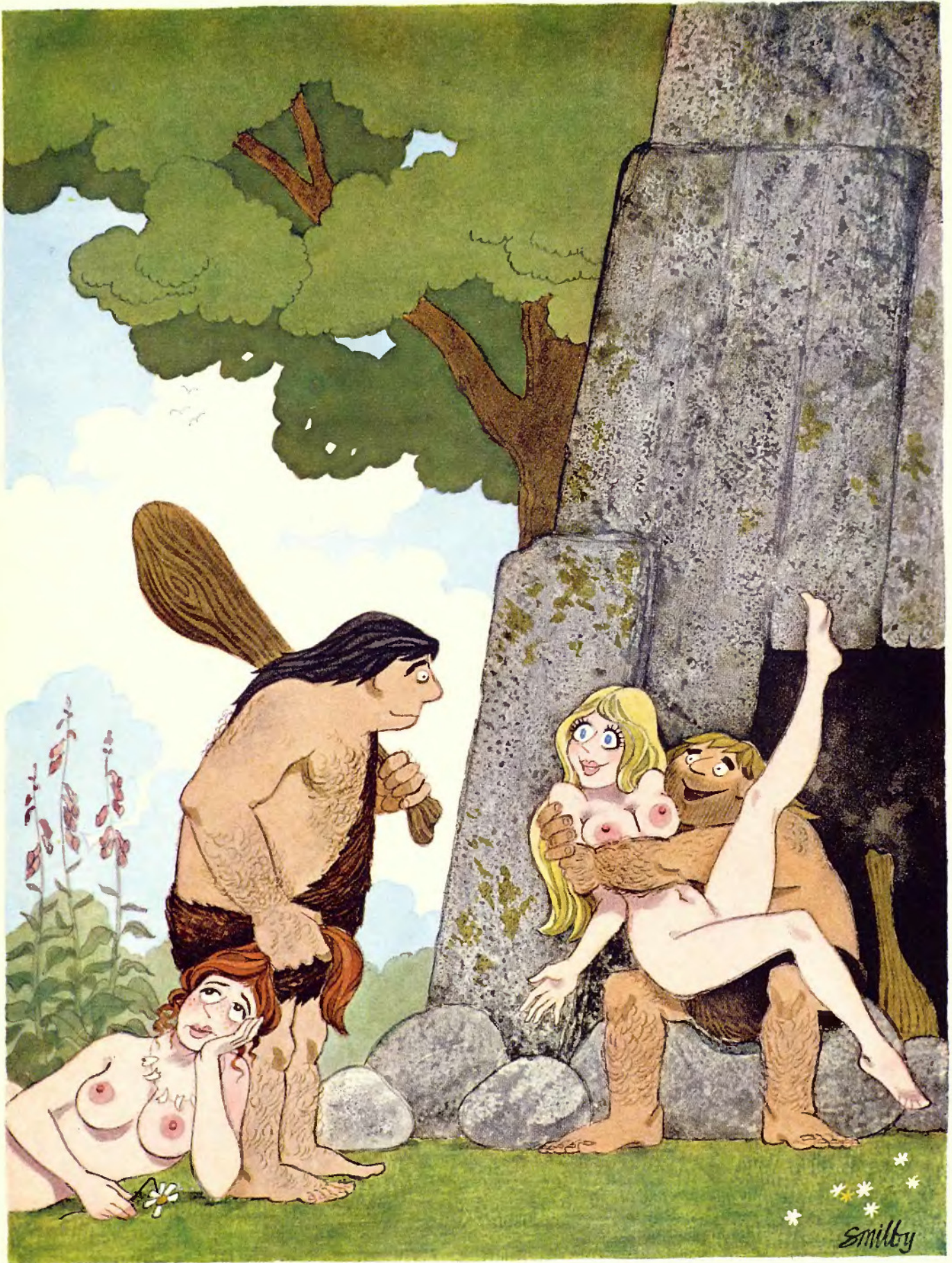
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"The Greek was in," Schabb said. "He had a whole lot of things on his mind."

"I know, I know," Torrey said. "I got home, one this morning. I was absolutely *beat*. I actually, onna way up, there's this girl, little heavy, but I look her over and she didn't mind, you know? I would've invited her up for a drink. Not this trip. I was so tired all I wanted to do was sleep."

"Well," Schabb said, "the Greek was right about that one, anyway. He *said* you'd fuck yourself out down there."

"The Greek, the Greek," Torrey said. "That don't make me tired. I been onna



"I call it 'foreplay.'"

steady jump for almost a week. You see a guy and you talk to him. Then you see somebody else. Looks like a pretty good deal, but first you better check and see what this other guy can do. You're making calls, it's this and that, you got to fly all over the place on these dinky little planes that scare the living shit out of you. It comes right out of you. I, the screwing's not as good there as it is here."

"Keep that quiet," Schabb said. "I plan to say something else, it looks as though saying something else'd make a difference."

"Shit," Torrey said, "tell them there's an ocean full of mermaids down there, you want. They'll have a better time gettin' screwed'n I had setting up the screwing, no matter what you tell them. Then I get home, I take a couple aspirin, practically fall on my face I'm so drunk, I drink like a bastard onna plane, only way I can stop myself from jumping out, and then bang, six-thirty, the phone rings. It's the Greek. That fuckin' guy, he was probably in bed before it's dark last night."

"He didn't go for the trip," Schabb said. "That was one thing that bothered him."

"I know," Torrey said. "And the Digger paid him out and pissed on his shoe for him, and now it's this and that, that fuckin' guy. That fuckin' guy. He's turnin' into a regular fuckin' pain in the ass."

"What the hell's the matter with him?" Schabb said. "He was all right when he started. Now nothing you do suits him."

"He's got two things the matter with him," Torrey said. "He lost his nerve. That's the first thing. Then he gets greedy. All at once. He diddles along for twenny years with this pissy-ass little operation of his. Then he gets this. He starts counting his dough from this, and he likes that all right, but he's still sweating the diddly shit he gets from the other."

"That's his regular business," Schabb said.

"His regular business is dogshit," Torrey said. "He's down the G. E. all the time, two hundred guys, five bucks apiece, six back on payday. The really big stickers go for twenny, twenny-four back. Chickenshit six for five, week after fuckin' week. He's had about three K a week turning over there ever since the Korean War, and he takes out six big ones a week. He don't pay more'n a point a week back. he's had it so long, two at the most, he's probably got his own dough in it now. Fifteen, sixteen, twenny, thirty a year he takes in, and he's loving it. He should've stayed at it. Nobody ever would've bothered him. He was small shit and he was happy

being small shit. He could've joined the fuckin' chamber of commerce.

"Then the fuckin' strike force gets Mr. Green," Torrey said. "I still say it's a bad rap, conspiracy to, for gambling. Shit. Mr. Green never touched no gambling in his life. Strictly money. He wouldn't know a horse from a fuckin' beagle, for Christ sake. He looked like a fuckin' minister or something. That guy was big. He probably had, I would say he probably had two or three million moving around."

"Cash?" Schabb said.

"Cash," Torrey said, "checks made out to cash he gets back from the heavy trade, two mill at least. I bet I'm low. He was thinking about taking this, his case's on appeal and he decides it's probably not worth the risk. But he wasn't very hot for it, anyway. Too small for Mr. Green, this thing."

"We can generate five thousand dollars a week in points on this," Schabb said.

"He figured that," Torrey said. "Matter of fact, he thought it might go ten, even more. 'But it's spread all over the place,' he says. 'I got to have guys running around. And this thing I've got, it could be problems. I tell you, lemme think about it. I'll give it to somebody for a while, this thing gets settled. I trip over something, I could get five or six years for this. I gotta be careful.'

"Yeah," Torrey said, "well, they turn him down, appeal, and he's getting ready, do the five. Only, see, his lawyer didn't tell him something, so he don't know, he thinks all he needs is somebody mind the store maybe two or three years. So he cops out, he says he can't beat it if he tries it, there's no way around it, his great lawyer says, he'll just end up getting more time if he does. Only, they got this new thing, they can do before they try you, they got this, they say: 'Organized crime.' You know what that does?"

"No," Schabb said.

"No," Torrey said. "Mr. Green didn't know, either. Well, they get you on something with a five-year top, they can whack you *thirty fuckin' years*."

"Ah," Schabb said.

"And they did it to him," Torrey said. "Thing comes up, one of them motherfuckin' micks up there, and they give him twenty years. His lawyer's standing there, big dumb grin on his face, the judge gives him the twenty. He says, right inna courtroom, 'Twenty years? I hear you right?' The clerk says: 'Twenty years, to be served.' Mr. Green says: 'You fuckin' asshole,' see, he's talking to his lawyer. The judge gives him another six months for contempt, on and after. Then the lawyer sees the judge after, talks him out of the six months. But he's still doing twenty."

"So now," Torrey said, "now, they re-

voke bail on him, and he's gonna appeal again, incompetence of counsel, but he's going away while they think that one over, he don't have no time, make arrangements, nobody can see him except his family, which he don't tell nothing to, and his fuckin' dumb lawyer, that he's all through talking to, he can't do nothing. So the other guys get together, they take Jesse Bloom and the Greek and they just, they give Bloom the heavy stuff and they give the Greek me. 'Take care of things awhile. Just take care of things, we figure something out. Don't get no ideas it's yours.'

"All of a sudden," Torrey said, "all these years, Greek and Bloom're big league. Bloom, I think he would've made it anyway. The Greek, no way. He's playing with more dough inna week, he's used to seeing inna month. It threw him is all. He's got everybody all upset. He's treating major guys like they're into him for ten a week down the G. E. People're getting calls: 'The fuck is it with this guy, he's gonna piss his pants or something, somebody doesn't do something.' And they stall around. And the Greek, he decides he needs some muscle up the Beach, he sends up a couple guys and he don't set them straight, they beat up a wrong guy, doesn't owe the Greek money. And he happens to be a guy, he's not into anything, but he knows who is, and he's a guy that, as a result, knows some guys to call. And he calls them. And they don't care what Mr. Green says, and they don't care what nobody else says, it's either the Greek gets taken off that stuff or they hit him. So he gets taken off, they take him off that and they give him something a baby couldn't fuck up."

"Mill," Torrey said, "you can't shine shit. This's what they give the Greek. They give him me. They give Bloom the heavy stuff, the way they see it, they give me the Greek. See what happens, you got a nice thing up to Lynn and you start thinking, you got your feet up onna desk someday and you think: 'This could be all right? You get the word back, go ahead, expand, and then they tell you, you win the Greek.'

"Oh, no," Torrey said, "I tell them that. That's what's the reason, nothing's moving up there, the word's out the Greek's got the old business and he's fuckin' crazy. You gimme Bloom. Mr. Green comes out, I'll have a nice thing going here, I got a good man, help me, Mr. Green can leave Bloom this and Bloom won't bitch at all. Gimme Bloom.' But they're not giving me Bloom."

"I go see the Greek," Torrey said. "I hadda lot of trouble doing *that*, even. I call him, I get his wife. She says: 'He's not here.' I say: 'Have him call me.' Then I wait. He don't call. Next day, I call him again. I get his wife. 'He's out,

he's not here.' OK. I tell her: 'Have him call me, willya? It's important.' I wait. He don't call.

"I know what he thinks," Torrey said. "He thinks: 'All them guys screaming and yelling, Richie's calling for the office. Gonna take things away from me.' I know that. He's not calling me because he don't wanna hear that. He's calling other guys, though, he's got time enough for that, he gets them calls all right. He's telling them how good he's doing, he wants them to call me off. I want them to call me off. They're all laughing at both of us.

"So finally," Torrey said, "one of them says: 'For Christ sake, Greek, willya leave me alone, call Richie, willya? He don't want anything you got. It's something else.'

"He calls me," Torrey said. "It's like I'm tryin', collect a bill off him. You know where he picks, I'm supposed to meet him? Onna plaza, front of city hall, lunchtime.

"I say: 'Look, Greek, you look to me like a man that was worried about something.' He says: 'I got a lot of big money out. I gotta be careful.' Careful, he says. Sure, we're talking about business in front of the whole goddamned world, he's telling me about being careful, fuckin' asshole. I say: 'Greek, willya calm the fuck down? The office, they gimme something, I'm supposed to see you about business. There's no contract, all right? Nobody's gonna do anything, you.'

"After that, I call them," Torrey said. "I told them, this guy's gonna have a fuckin' baby. He's hearing footsteps. He's not gonna work out. I got a good thing here. He's gonna ruin it. For Christ sake, gimme Bloom. put the Greek back on six for five. *Please*.

"'No,' they say," Torrey said. "The Greek's my responsibility. He's, I'm what they're doing, the Greek, keep him quiet, Mr. Green gets out. 'Mr. Green's not getting out,' I tell them. 'He gets out, the Greek's gonna fuck things up so bad by then, Mr. Green's gonna have to sell razor blades, for Christ sake. Gimme Bloom, for Christ sake.' No, I gotta keep the Greek, Mr. Green's gonna get out, the Greek'll have this, everything's gonna be all right. I don't believe them, they don't believe me. No, I got the Greek."

"Well," Schabb said, "I don't know about them, but I believe you, Richie. That guy has gone haywire."

"Of course he has," Torrey said.

"Well, all right," Schabb said. "Now, what it is, the Greek. From what you say, the only way he's comfortable is to have a lot of small-timers on the string. They don't interest us. If there's a guy that wants to borrow five bucks for three days, and that's what the Greek's interested in, for God sake, let the



"Like, which head of the household do you want to talk to, man?"

Greek have it and we'll work this. We can really get something going. If the Greek's out, he's out. No hard feelings on my part. This may be a little hard. From what you say, the Greek wants the tit. OK, let him have it. Get him out of this. They ought to understand that. The possibilities this thing's got, it's stupid to have the Greek in."

"That's what I tell them," Torrey said. "That's exactly what I tell them. It's stupid."

"He could wreck it all," Schabb said. "Look, this's important to me, you know? We oughta have a receptionist. We can get a good kid, eighty-five a week, all right? No shorthand or anything, but what we need her for is to answer the phone. It makes a nice impression, when we're both out of the office. We can make this into a high-class operation."

"Sure," Torrey said.

"We should get some rugs in here," Schabb said. "A nice blue shag, sort of turquoise. The tile doesn't make it. Somebody wants a big tour lined up, you think I'll bring him up here? This looks like a boiler room. We need more space. We should knock the wall out and go through. We should have private offices. We should have about six drawers, six stacks of filing cabinets."

"What're we gonna put in them?" Torrey said.

"You stick around," Schabb said. "I met a girl the other night. Works down

at the airport. For two bucks a copy, she's going to get me a copy of every international passenger manifest that comes through her desk. Name and address, every son of a bitch that's got the dough to fly out of the country."

"Some of them're on expense accounts," Torrey said.

"Because they're making big money," Schabb said. "That's why they're flying out of the country on expense accounts. That's what we put in the files. This could be a blockbuster operation, we had a chance."

"Except for the Greek fucking it up," Torrey said.

"That's the way I see it," Schabb said. "That's the way you tell it to me, and I don't have any reason to argue with you, either. I really need this, Richie. I'm used to having things better than I got them right now. I'd like to see this turn into something, Richie." Schabb said, "we gotta do something about the Greek."

"Well," Torrey said, "there's only one thing you can do, make the Greek fit to live with."

"Which is?" Schabb said.

"Lemme think awhile," Torrey said. "Lemme talk to some people, too."

This is the second of three installments of "The Digger's Game." Part III of the novel will appear in the March issue.

PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement

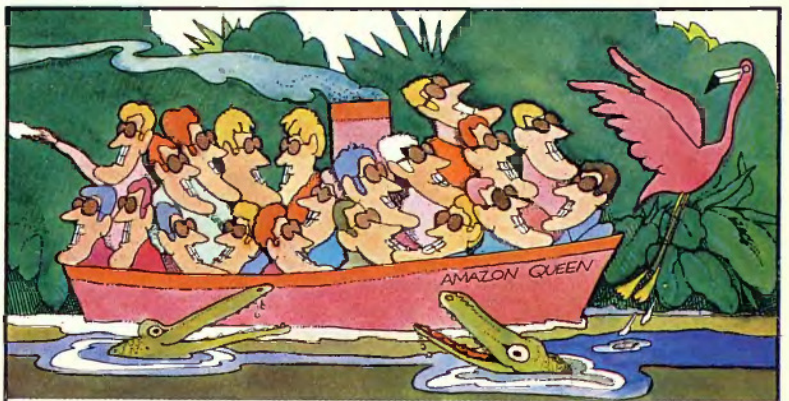
SIGNS OF THE TIMES

"The neon-sign business is dying," claims lighting designer Rudi Stern. Actually, the situation is less severe; but with increasing frequency, outdoor advertisers are turning to other forms to get their messages across. So, to the rescue of what Stern calls "an art form that's as much a part of us as our highway system" comes Let There Be Neon, a New York gallery at 451 West Broadway. Selling both antique and contemporary designs starting at \$60, Stern has a deal on IRVING'S KOSHER DELICATESSEN. For you, \$200.



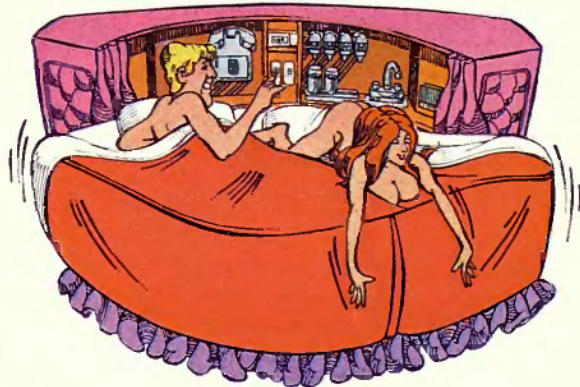
EINE KLEINE NACHTMUSIK

No, we're not referring to the Mozart serenade but to a new Harold Prince-directed, Stephen (Company) Sondheim-scored musical, *A Little Night Music*. Based on the 1957 Ingmar Bergman film *Smiles of a Summer Night*, which *The New York Times* described as "a tale of turn-of-the-century high-jinks at a Swedish chateau," the musical, which opens on Broadway February 25, will star Glynis Johns, Len Cariou and Hermione Gingold. *Musik, maestro!*



SOUTH AMERICA, TAKE THEM AWAY!

Cruising the Amazon will take on new meaning this year, as Colours—an offshoot of Colt Studio, publishers of photos and books featuring nude male models—sponsors an \$850 for-men-only tour of Colombia and Brazil. The 15-day excursion, among four planned to different parts of the globe, leaves Miami February 24 and, according to its brochure, will visit places of "special interest," including Manaus, Brazil, where men outnumber women eight to one, and Rio during Carnival. Travel arrangements are being made by Hanns Ebensten Travel, Inc., at 55 West 42nd Street in Manhattan, which hastened to inform us that it's *not* a gay firm. To allay the fears of Nervous Nellies, Colt stresses that the natives "will be friendly."



GOOD NIGHT, SUITE PRINCE

Fourteen hundred dollars *per night* for a Holiday Inn *motel* suite? And in *Gaithersburg, Maryland*? Man, it had better be *fantastic!* It is, right down to the gold-dolphin faucets. What you get are seven rooms, including three bedrooms and master bath, plus a library, conference room and office—all furnished and decorated at a cost close to \$200,000. For that kind of money, you know it's got some mighty fancy built-ins; specifically, a six-foot-square sunken tub with whirlpool; cedar-lined sauna; marble fireplace; and, best of all, a \$20,000 round master bed that rotates, tilts, vibrates and has stereo, TV and drapery controls built into the headboard, along with spigots for martinis, Scotch and bourbon. Oh, yes, the Holiday people also toss in limo service at no extra charge. But who'd want to go out for a ride?



GO FUR BROKE

We don't expect to see Jackie Stewart at speed in one, but for the high-fashion car freaks, there now are his-and-hers fur-covered crash helmets. Created by designer Leo Cerruti, his is done in bushy silver fox; hers comes in nothing less than mink. Both are available at Cerruti CXIII on 55th Street in Manhattan. Better ask for a test drive—they go for \$500 per hairy helmet.

EARLY WARNING

It's sold, says the advertising, "to increase driver awareness." Heh-heh. What the new, superpowerful detector called the Snooper really does is beep a warning when you're within 3500 feet of police radar. The five-inch-high unit, which easily adheres to the windshield or the dash, can either be plugged into the car's cigarette lighter or hooked up to the radio power lead. The price is \$59.95 sent to Autotronics, Inc., Box 31433, Dallas, Texas. Beep!



SLOT STUFF

If you recall our December feature on pinball machines, you might have been struck by their imaginative designs. Well, with the publication of the book *Slot Machines: A Pictorial Review, 1889-1973*, it can readily be seen that Yankee ingenuity—especially in the realm of coin gambling gadgetry—wasn't limited to the pinball. *Slot Machines* is available for \$7.50 from author-illustrator David G. Christensen, 12601 N. E. Shoreland Drive, Mequon, Wisconsin. It's no lemon.



SUPERLIBERAL EDUCATION

Want to buy a Ph.D. for \$100, with no questions asked? Try the freest free school we've ever heard of, Rochdale College in Toronto. Even though the Ph.D. stands for Phony Diploma, your bucks will go for a good cause—supporting a student-run experiment in communal living that at times seems crazier than a Marx Brothers movie shown in reverse. Rochdale's 18-story building houses, among other things, a photography workshop, medical clinic, drama group and printing house. All the info you want (and then some) is available from Rochdale, 341 Bloor Street West, Toronto 181, Ontario. School's out—far out!



PIG FETE

If you're tired of the same old party fare, Pfaelzer Brothers, the famous Chicago mail-order meat firm at 4445 West District Boulevard, has added something new to its gourmet line. It's an oven-ready suckling pig, delivered to your door packed in dry ice and complete down to roasting instructions and the traditional apple in its mouth. The porker is available in sizes from 12 to 30 pounds, at prices ranging from \$55 to \$100, postage paid. Order one for your next luau and watch your hungry guests eat high on the hog.



JAZZ & POP '73 (continued from page 146)

week-long workshop at New Orleans' Xavier University to explore ways of encouraging more use of black music in the Mass.

In a Baptist church in Watts, meanwhile, Aretha Franklin climaxed her career thus far with a stunning album for Atlantic, *Amazing Grace*, that was clearly the year's most powerful soul stirrer. But, as Aretha says, soul music is not exclusionary: "White kids appreciate soul because they want honesty in their music and that's what soul is all about."

For many white listeners, kids and older, soul music did, indeed, continue to be a vital, multicolored element of the wide world of rock—a music that kept on truckin' during the year. There was a lot of listening to the past, with rock radio giving more time to "golden oldies" and rock-'n'-roll revival concerts drawing large audiences from Hollywood to New York. Yet another life in the limelight had been saved for such as the Shirelles, Chubby Checker, Bill Haley and the Comets, Chuck Berry, and Bo Diddley.

But there was also a revivification of support for newer rock; and the rock festivals—which seemed in danger of extinction after a number of ugly mishaps the year before—came back to glowing good health. More than 200,000 of the young recalled the spirit of Woodstock, coming from as far as California and Florida to camp on the Pocono International Raceway in Pennsylvania for a July communion with Three Dog Night; Faces; Emerson, Lake & Palmer; and other secular rousers of the spirit. The month before, in Dallas, rock went explicitly religious as the Jesus movement drew 75,000 high school and college students to what no less an evangelist than Billy Graham characterized as "a religious Woodstock." Indicative of the viewpoint of the bands at hand was a group called The Armageddon Experience. Elsewhere in the country, festival audiences, as at Pocono and Dallas, were notably nondestructive in their exuberance, the shared vibrations generally excluding violence trips.

Except, that is, for some of the stops on the Tour of the Year—The Rolling Stones' 30-city safari in June and July. There was tear gas in Tucson and Minneapolis, rock throwing in Vancouver and a brawl between the police and Mick Jagger and Keith Richard in Providence. But the over-all *ambiance* of the Stones' triumphant tour (500,000 applied for tickets for three Madison Square Garden concerts) was that of loud joy. After ten years, the Stones had proved to be the most ruggedly enduring of the superstar rock groups. And, as John Cotter of the Associated Press observed, although "they're nearing

their 30s, fathering children, the flash is still there."

Aside from the Stones' proving their boss status, the other most marked phenomenon in rock during the year was an accelerating move by many groups and individual performers toward what some critics call "vaudeville rock." Don Heckman, the *New York Times* resident rock commentator, noted: "Theatricality is the idea whose time has come for pop music this season. Theatricality in dress, in manner, in presentation and in attitude."

Vivid, to say the least, illustrations of that point abounded—David Bowie; T-Rex; Emerson, Lake & Palmer; Alice Cooper; Dr. John, the Night Tripper; and Rod Stewart. The latter explained: "There are a lot of colored guys who can sing me off the stage. But half the battle is selling music, not singing it. It's the image, not what you sing. There are lots of guys who could sing Jagger off the stage, but there ain't many who could blow him off when it comes to lookin' at him."

And so, shaking his silver sequins, Rod Stewart tosses beer bottles and kicks red soccer balls into the crowd; David Bowie and his colleagues dye their hair various startling colors (the leader's is orange); Alice Cooper performs with a menacing 11-foot boa constrictor; and Keith Emerson pitches knives into his Moog synthesizer. Although theatricality is hardly new to rock (witness Little Richard, Jimi Hendrix and Peter Dinklage), one reason for the current intensification of bizarre visual effects, according to the *Times*, is the "paucity of new musical inventiveness."

The year, however, wasn't all that limited in musical imagination. After all, it was also a year during which two strikingly original singer-writers began to impress themselves on the popular-music public. John Prine, for instance, a former soldier and mailman, emerged as a country-tinged bard with extraordinary ability to plumb the loneliness submerged in the silent majority. Loudon Wainwright III, a more comic but no less compassionate chronicler of his and our times, finally got it all together toward the end of 1972; and he is sure to be, along with Prine, one of this year's commanding presences. Another breakthrough was that of John Fahey, an astonishingly mind-expanding guitarist-composer whose knowledge appears to go back to the beginning of musical time.

Among the more appealingly fresh groups starting their ascent were the country-rocking Eagles; Clean Living, a serene and witty folk-rock unit from Amherst, Massachusetts; and Vinegar

Joe, a driving, lusty British combo with a gloriously abandoned vocal soloist in Elkie Brooks. Also worth watching for in the year to come is English singer-composer Claire Hamill, who looks like the hard-times heroine of a Dickens novel but who sounds eerily far wiser than her 17 years. In another time, she might instead have been a writer of compelling short stories.

The ability to tell provocative tales and weave probing spells continued last year to define the growing maturity of a key sector of our popular music—as in the deepening work of Randy Newman, Harry Nilsson, Joni Mitchell, Roberta Flack, Tom Rush, Van Morrison, Kris Kristofferson and Melanie. In this respect, American music has finally matched and even excelled the French tradition of the *chansonnier*. We now have our indigenous equivalents of such musical psychohistorians as Charles Trenet, Georges Brassens and Yves Montand.

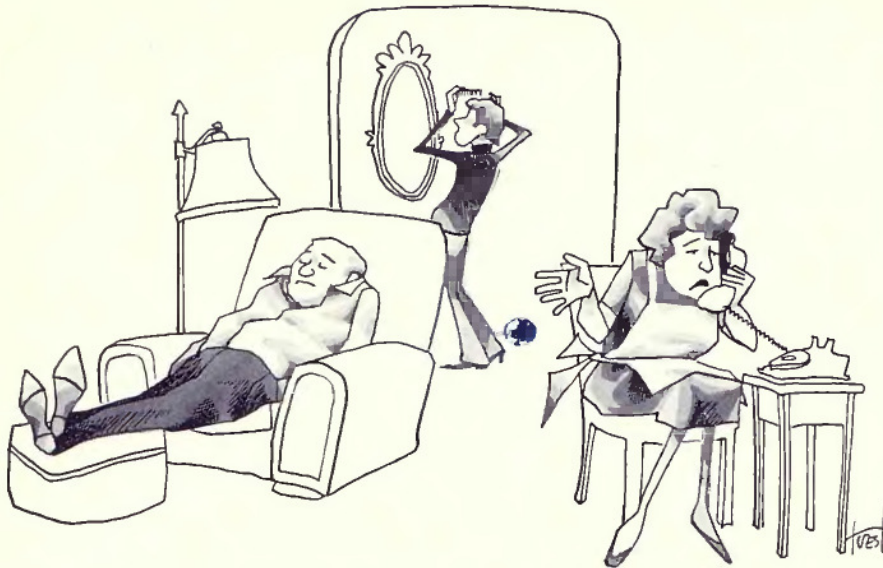
Quite outside any category, the Grateful Dead remained able to sustain a fuller and more satisfying communion with its audiences than any other American group. Also undisturbed in their places in the rock pantheon were Leon Russell and Carole King, the latter winning four firsts in the 14th annual Grammy Awards presented by the National Academy of Recording Arts and Sciences. Neil Diamond, meanwhile, pointed a new direction for superstars—risking a 20-performance stand at Broadway's huge Winter Garden, the first such engagement by a rock performer at a New York legitimate theater, and then having all the tickets sold out by opening night.

One of the year's more remarkable musical, rather than showbiz, achievements was the artistic growth of Booker T. (Jones), once the chief alchemist of "the Memphis sound." In their A & M album *Home Grown*, Booker T. and his wife, Priscilla Coolidge, revealed new dimensions of soul expression through their richly intertwined black-and-white roots. A graduate of the same Memphis soul scene as Booker T., the shaven-headed Isaac Hayes, who had hit big the year before with the title song from *Shaft*, also continued to multiply his musical powers. Looking ahead, and not only for himself, the 28-year-old former sharecropper said: "The one thing I've learned from *Shaft* and from all my records is that pop music doesn't set any restrictions anymore. You don't just have to go up there and sing a song because that's the way it always was done before. Use whatever means necessary, be it rap, sing or arrangement, to get across to people. Styles are so broad now that you can use anything you want."

Isaac Hayes's dictum is clearly true in jazz and rock (witness the farther frontiers, transcending previous barriers



"I just adore these musical evenings, don't you, Miss Chalmers?"



"My husband is turning into a vegetable and my son is turning into a fruit."

between musical forms and cultures, being explored by Weather Report, Miles Davis, Ornette Coleman and John McLaughlin's Mahavishnu Orchestra). And now, some of country music is also getting decidedly broader. Earl Scruggs and his long-haired sons, for example, juxtapose blues with bluegrass, rock rhythms and jazz lines with traditional high, lonesome harmonies. Merle Haggard is still faithful to the basic lineage; but last year he kept discovering new and wider sources of that tradition, ranging from a diversity of clapboard church sounds to ways in which to stretch the present boundaries of country storytelling in somewhat the same direction Kris Kristofferson has taken.

Additional signs of country-music expansion were evident in the inclusion of rock and jazz strains during what had been expected to be a familiar festival of country music at rural Dripping Springs, Texas, last spring. At this largest outdoor gathering ever held for country music, listening to the new fusions—as well as to Tex Ritter, Roy Acuff, Hank Snow and Loretta Lynn—were not only cowboys and farmers but also hundreds of long-haired youngsters. Earl Scruggs was not surprised, noting after his performance that 90 percent of his engagements are now played on college campuses and that some black students are beginning to come to hear this still-growing good old boy. "Matter of fact," Scruggs drawled, "I've got some banjo-pickin' buddies who are black."

In recent years, moreover, the breaking down of all kinds of boundaries through music has not been solely a domestic phenomenon. The impact of

changes in music here is world-wide. An index of this long-distance effect on other cultures was the reporting from vast, remote Siberia, by Hedrick Smith of *The New York Times* who, upon visiting Novosibirsk last year, was asked by a college senior about the most recent records by Aretha Franklin and Blood, Sweat & Tears.

Another traveler was the indefatigable Pete Seeger, the Johnny Appleseed of folk music. He sang and strummed during the year in North Vietnam and China, among many other places. Naturally, in one North Vietnamese village, Seeger taught the kids, as so many American children have learned from him, how to join in Woody Guthrie's *Put Your Finger in the Air*—in voice and in gesture. In Peking, he gave sound advice to the U.S. State Department with regard to forthcoming cultural exchanges with China. "What [the State Department] should not send are large orchestras and ballets, things which require a lot of orchestration—although I am sure they will—but people who represent really traditional music."

It remains to be seen, of course, whether Seeger's advice is heeded so that the Chinese can be introduced to such of our artists as, let's say, Earl Scruggs, Ornette Coleman, the Staple Singers, the Grateful Dead and B. B. King. King, in any case, came close—performing in Bangkok and Hong Kong in October during his first world-wide concert tour, which reached from Japan to Israel to Europe.

Another 1972 B. B. King undertaking, one that was paralleled by other singers and musicians, involved an increase in the number of his performances in state and Federal prisons. King also joined

F. Lee Bailey in setting up the Foundation for the Advancement of Inmate Rehabilitation and Recreation (FAIRR). Its intent, as noted on the floor of the House by Rhode Island Congressman Robert Tiernan, is "to expand prison programs by arranging appearances by other entertainers, lawyers, sports personalities, writers, musicians and a wide range of public figures, in a series of concerts, discussion groups and training programs."

Other musicians following B. B. King and Johnny Cash in expanding the prison concert circuit last year were Sarah Vaughan, Dizzy Gillespie, Link Wray, Taj Mahal and Elephants Memory (John Lennon's backup band). The New York State Council on the Arts, in a move that could well be emulated throughout the country, funded a series of appearances in that state's prisons by Thad Jones and Mel Lewis, Chico Hamilton, Marian McPartland, Earl Hines and Herbie Mann. Taking music beyond its customary audiences ought to be the kind of spirit-quickening activity that does not require a quadrennial Presidential election to be activated.

One singer who, for years, gave both her music and her enormous strength of spirit while performing in prisons was Mahalia Jackson. The inevitable choice to sing at the 1963 March on Washington (*I Been 'Buked and I Been Scorned*), Mahalia Jackson died in January 1972 at the age of 60. In Chicago, nearly 40,000 people stood in line to pay their respects. Among them were Mrs. Martin Luther King, Jr., the Reverend Jesse Jackson, Sammy Davis Jr., Ella Fitzgerald, Clara Ward and Aretha Franklin, who exemplified the continuing flow of Mahalia's soul force by her singing of *Precious Lord, Take My Hand*.

Another huge loss was the death of Jimmy Rushing at 68. One of the warmest and yet most poignant of all jazz, ballad and blues singers, Rushing, as Ralph Ellison wrote, imposed "a romantic lyricism upon the blues tradition, a lyricism which is not of the Deep South but of the Southwest, a romanticism native to the frontier."

But the beat of life goes on. Edward Ellington II, grandson of the Duke, an alumnus of Howard University and sometime guitarist with the Ellington orchestra, entered the freshman class of the Berklee College of Music in Boston last year. His major: instrumental performance. And playing in concert with Dave Brubeck at Carnegie Hall were two of his sons, Darius, 24, and Christopher, 20, both also leaders of their own combos. Among other playing sons of musician fathers on the scene during the year were the scions of Stan Getz, Jackie McLean and Jimmy Heath. And in the same Berklee class as Edward Ellington II were Edward Heywood, son of pianist Eddie Heywood, and Alan Dawson, Jr.,

son of the brilliant Boston-based drummer and Berklee faculty member.

The once and former Beatles are still too young to have performing progeny, but John Lennon and Yoko Ono did start a project during the year to open free music libraries—one in Greenwich Village and one in Harlem—that would include recordings of all kinds of music and provide free music lessons for all children who came. The music libraries would also function as day-care centers.

The Lennons, in addition, were embattled in the politics of nations, though not in the usual sense. The U. S. Immigration and Naturalization Service moved to deport them in April on the ground that Lennon had been convicted and fined in England in 1968 when a small amount of "Cannabis resin" (hashish) was found during a search of his home. (Hashish is not mentioned in the Immigration and Nationality Act, which denies residence to persons convicted of possession of "narcotic drugs or marijuana." An expert witness for the Lennons, Dr. Lester Grinspoon, testified that Cannabis resin is neither.)

Thousands of people put their names on petitions to stop the deportation proceedings and grant the Lennons permanent residence in the United States. Among their supporters, either as witnesses at the deportation proceedings or in public statements, were: Mayor John Lindsay; Dick Cavett; the Reverend Paul Moore, Episcopal bishop of New York; Saul Bellow; John Cage; Bob Dylan; Allen Ginsberg; Norman Mailer; the late Edmund Wilson; and Thomas Hoving, director of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. ("If John Lennon were a painter," Hoving told the court, "he would be hanging in the Metropolitan Museum.")

Even *The New York Times* had been sufficiently touched by the counter-culture to observe editorially: "The Lennons have been enthusiastically involved in projects which enlist music for the betterment of deprived children's lives. They came to New York as visitors three years ago and say that they have fallen in love with the city and its ways. It would be ironic if the guardians of this country's private morals and public safety were to become known as the authors of a new slogan: 'America—Love It and Leave It.' What the Beatles might have done with such a refrain!"

The hearteningly broad range of support for the Lennons was consonant with the letter—though not necessarily with the spirit—of what President Nixon told Ray Charles when they met in the White House in September to trade impressions of their travels abroad. The President noted that the Japanese "have become very Europeanized, but you don't see that in China. I

think that's a good thing. We don't want everyone to be alike."

By year's end, a final decision had not been rendered in the case of John Lennon and Yoko Ono, who surely animate—as does the jazz and popular music of the past decade—the President's point: "We don't want everyone to be alike."

Perhaps early in his second term, the President will involve himself in determining the justice of the ruling against the Lennons, as he has in the decision against Lieutenant Calley. But not even Dizzy Gillespie is advised to hold his breath until then.

ALL-STAR MUSICIANS' POLL

One of the annual highlights of our Jazz & Pop Poll is the balloting whereby the incumbent All-Stars select their own favorite musicians and groups. This year, in an attempt to render the All-Star club less exclusive, ballots were sent not only to last year's winners but to all musicians who garnered enough votes to be listed among the finishers. As it turned out, six categories underwent a change in leadership, and there was a lot of jostling beneath the top men, resulting in several multiple ties and a new catholicity of choices.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR LEADER: Ellington again set the pace, as Count Basie was tied for runner-up honors by Quincy Jones. A resurgent Stan Kenton entered the top five as Oliver Nelson and Woody Herman dropped out. **1. Duke Ellington;** **2. Count Basie, Quincy Jones;** **4. Stan Kenton, Doc Severinsen.**

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR TRUMPET: Miles retained first place but was closely pressed by Freddie Hubbard, as Dizzy Gillespie slipped to third, Clark Terry, third last year, slipped from the top five as Maynard Ferguson moved in. **1. Miles Davis;** **2. Freddie Hubbard;** **3. Dizzy Gillespie;** **4. Doc Severinsen;** **5. Maynard Ferguson.**

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR TROMBONE: J. J. Johnson and Urbie Green remained the men to beat, but there was turmoil below as George Bohanon, Bill Watrous, Curtis Fuller and veteran Al Grey moved into the listings, displacing Kai Winding, Bob Brookmeyer and Frank Rosolino. **1. J. J. Johnson;** **2. Urbie Green;** **3. George Bohanon, Curtis Fuller, Al Grey, Bill Watrous.**

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR ALTO SAX: Phil Woods came on strong enough to edge Cannonball Adderley for first place. Paul Desmond dropped a notch to third and Hank Crawford, not among last year's leaders, took the fourth spot. Lee Konitz was tied for the fifth position by Joe Farrell and Sonny Stitt. **1. Phil Woods;** **2. Cannonball Adderley;** **3. Paul Desmond;** **4. Hank Crawford;** **5. Joe Farrell, Lee Konitz, Sonny Stitt.**

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR TENOR SAX: The tenor men were again led by Stan Getz, but Zoot Sims and Eddie Miller dropped from contention as the next two chairs went to Joe Henderson and Stanley Turrentine. Johnny Griffin and Sonny Rollins, who didn't place last year, came on to tie Wayne Shorter to round out the division. **1. Stan Getz;** **2. Joe Henderson;**



"That's not the way to leave the order."

3. Stanley Turrentine; 4. Johnny Griffin, Sonny Rollins, Wayne Shorter.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR BARITONE SAX: It was Gerry Mulligan one more time, as Harry Carney and Pepper Adams, who were second and third a year ago, exchanged places. Howard Johnson replaced Benny Crawford in the top five. **1. Gerry Mulligan;** 2. Pepper Adams; 3. Harry Carney; 4. Cecil Payne; 5. Howard Johnson.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR CLARINET: Buddy De Franco stayed in charge, but there were changes below, as Tony Scott and Jimmy Hamilton moved into contention; Jimmy Giuffre and Alvin Batiste were the dropouts. **1. Buddy De Franco;** 2. Benny Goodman, Tony Scott; 4. Pete Fountain, Jimmy Hamilton.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR PIANO: The younger generation made itself felt here. Herbie Hancock came up from second place to knock off Bill Evans, with Evans dropping to third and Oscar Peterson advancing a notch to second. Hank Jones moved into the top five, displacing Chucho for fourth place. The big news, though, was the three-pianist jam-up in fifth place, with a couple of rock musicians involved. **1. Herbie Hancock;** 2. Oscar Peterson; 3. Bill Evans; 4. Hank Jones; 5. Chick Corea, Nicky Hopkins, Leon Russell.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR ORGAN: Perennial winner Jimmy Smith turned the trick again—but, as in so many other categories, little else remained stable. Khalid Yasin came from limbo to claim second; Isaac Hayes also moved into contention as Groove Holmes, Owen Bradley and Keith Emerson got lost in the shuffle. **1. Jimmy Smith;** 2. Khalid Yasin; 3. Billy Preston; 4. Wild Bill Davis, Isaac Hayes.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR VIBES: The results here, strangely enough, almost duplicated those of last year. The only changes were in the fourth and fifth spots, which were traded by Roy Ayers and Lionel Hampton. **1. Milt Jackson;** 2. Gary Burton; 3. Bobby Hutcherson; 4. Lionel Hampton; 5. Roy Ayers.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR GUITAR: George Benson, third last year, was a surprisingly easy winner. Last year's All-Star, Jim Hall, came in second; Kenny Burrell also dropped a notch, to third. Gabor Szabo and Herb Ellis faded as Joe Pass and John McLaughlin entered the top five. **1. George Benson;** 2. Jim Hall; 3. Kenny Burrell; 4. Joe Pass; 5. John McLaughlin.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR BASS: Ray Brown and Ron Carter matched their one-two finish of last year—but Miroslav Vitous, Eddie Gomez and Jack Six were blocked out by Chuck Rainey, Richard Davis and Stanley Clark. **1. Ray Brown;** 2. Ron Carter; 3. Chuck Rainey; 4. Stanley Clark, Richard Davis.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR DRUMS: Here, too, the first- and second-placers—Buddy

Rich and Tony Williams—held on; but Bernard Purdie, Elvin Jones and Roy Haynes took over from Philly Joe Jones, Mel Lewis and Jack De Johnette. **1. Buddy Rich;** 2. Tony Williams; 3. Bernard Purdie; 4. Roy Haynes, Elvin Jones.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR MISCELLANEOUS INSTRUMENT: Here, too, there was a collision in fifth place. Rahsaan Roland Kirk was unshakable at the top, but Hubert Laws made a strong showing in taking second place. Last year's runner-up, Herbie Mann, tied for third with newcomer Airto Moreira; Keith Emerson and Pharoah Sanders were among last year's leaders but did not make it this time. **1. Rahsaan Roland Kirk, flute, manzello, stritch;** 2. Hubert Laws, *flute*; 3. Herbie Mann, *flute*; Airto Moreira, *percussion*; 5. Paul Horn, *soprano sax*; Charles Lloyd, *flute*; Jean Thielemans, *harmonica*.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR MALE VOCALIST: Billy Eckstine, pressed by Tony Bennett, took the laurels as last year's leader, Ray Charles, failed to make the top five, and newcomers Leon Thomas and Donny Hathaway tied for third. **1. Billy Eckstine;** 2. Tony Bennett; 3. Donny Hathaway, Leon Thomas; 5. Joe Williams.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR FEMALE VOCALIST: This was Roberta Flack's show, as she came up from fifth place to take it all. Last year's winner, Ella Fitzgerald, slipped only to second; but Dionne Warwick, third a year ago, dropped out as Carmen McRae moved up. **1. Roberta Flack;** 2. Ella Fitzgerald; 3. Sarah Vaughan; 4. Aretha Franklin; 5. Carmen McRae.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR VOCAL GROUP: The 5th Dimension remained in first place, but the Staple Singers took over second as the Jackson 5 slipped into a four-group standoff for third. The Carpenters and the Four Freshmen, in the top five for 1972, did not return. **1. 5th Dimension;** 2. Staple Singers; 3. Bread, Jackson 5, Poco, Sly & the Family Stone.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR SONGWRITER-COMPOSER: Ellington repeated his victory of last year, but runner-up Jim Webb fell to fourth, in another jam-up of major proportions—further evidence that today's music scene is remarkably diffused, with no particular style or idiom in a clear position of dominance. Prominent dropouts from last year's list were Burt Bacharach—Hal David, Henry Mancini and Johnny Mandel. **1. Duke Ellington;** 2. Michel Legrand, Carole King; 4. Isaac Hayes, Quincy Jones, Kris Kristofferson, Wayne Shorter, Jim Webb.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR INSTRUMENTAL COMBO: The All-Stars agreed with the readers this year as they made Chicago number one, over Miles Davis, who won last year. All of last year's other leaders—the Bill Evans Trio, Blood, Sweat & Tears, the Oscar Peterson Trio and the

Modern Jazz Quartet—failed to repeat. **1. Chicago;** 2. Miles Davis; 3. Cannonball Adderley Quintet, Mahavishnu Orchestra; 5. The World's Greatest Jazzband.

RECORDS OF THE YEAR

As is our custom, we asked our readers to vote for the albums they considered tops for the year, in three categories—best LP by a big band, best LP by a small combo (fewer than ten pieces) and best vocal LP. Here's how it turned out.

BEST BIG-BAND LP: *Procol Harum Live in Concert with the Edmonton Symphony Orchestra (A & M)*. Classical-rock—not to mention the fortunes of Procol Harum—got a big shot in the arm from this concert, which found the group getting assistance from 24 extra singers and 52 symphony musicians on such items as *Conquistador* (a hit single) and *In Held 'Twas in I*, a side-long medley including four of the group's tunes, plus a *Grand Finale*.

BEST SMALL-COMBO LP: *Chicago V (Columbia)*. On its first release that didn't include at least two discs, Chicago didn't break any new ground but maintained its usual standard of excellence, combining the singing of Robert Lamm, Terry Kath and Peter Dinklage with tight instrumental work; some of the highlights of the session were *A Hit by Varèse*, *Dialogue* and *Saturday in the Park*.

BEST VOCAL LP: *Harvest / Neil Young (Reprise)*. Aided at times on this LP by Crosby, Stills and Nash, at other times by such folk-rock luminaries as James Taylor and Linda Ronstadt, and elsewhere by the London Symphony Orchestra, Young delighted his followers with yet another program of melancholic, deceptively simple songs, such as *Heart of Gold*, *Old Man* and the title tune.

BEST BIG-BAND LP

- Procol Harum Live in Concert with the Edmonton Symphony Orchestra (A & M)*
- Concert for Bangla Desh (Apple)*
- Shaft / Isaac Hayes (Enterprise)*
- Rich in London / Buddy Rich (RCA)*
- Smackwater Jack / Quincy Jones (A & M)*
- Clockwork Orange—Sound Track (Warner Bros.)*
- Tears of Joy / Don Ellis (Columbia)*
- Brass on Ivory / Henry Mancini / Doc Severinsen (RCA)*
- Together: A New Chuck Mangione Concert with the Rochester Philharmonic Orchestra (Mercury)*
- The Godfather—Sound Track (Paramount)*
- Sixteen Great Performances / Doc Severinsen (ABC)*
- M. F. Horn / Maynard Ferguson (Columbia)*
- Different Drummer / Buddy Rich (RCA)*
- Stan Kenton Today (London)*
- Frank Zappa's 200 Motels (United Artists)*
- Maynard Ferguson (Columbia)*

17. *Carlos Santana & Buddy Miles! Live!* (Columbia)
18. *Summer of '42—Sound Track* / Michel Legrand (Warner Bros.)
19. *Friends & Love . . . A Chuck Mangione Concert* (Mercury)
20. *Jesus Christ Superstar* (Decca)
21. *Lighthouse Live!* (Evolution)
22. *Don Ellis at Fillmore* (Columbia)
23. *Let My Children Hear Music* / Charles Mingus (Columbia)
24. *Live-Evil* / Miles Davis (Columbia)
25. *Mancini Concert* / Henry Mancini (RCA)

BEST SMALL-COMBO LP

1. *Chicago V* (Columbia)
2. *Thick as a Brick* / Jethro Tull (Reprise)
3. *Trilogy* / Emerson, Lake & Palmer (Cotillion)
4. *Eat a Peach* / Allman Brothers Band (Capricorn)
5. *The Inner Mounting Flame* / The Mahavishnu Orchestra with John McLaughlin (Columbia)
6. *Exile on Main St.* / The Rolling Stones (Rolling Stones Records)
7. *Chicago at Carnegie Hall* (Columbia)
8. *Pictures at an Exhibition* / Emerson, Lake & Palmer (Cotillion)
9. *Santana* (Columbia)
10. *Fragile* / Yes (Atlantic)
11. *School's Out* / Alice Cooper (Warner Bros.)
12. *Push Push* / Herbie Mann (Embryo)
13. *Led Zeppelin IV* (Atlantic)
14. *Manassas* / Stephen Stills (Atlantic)
15. *B, S & T #* / Blood, Sweat & Tears (Columbia)
16. *Aqualung* / Jethro Tull (Reprise)
17. *The Low Spark of High Heeled Boys* / Traffic (Island)
18. *Killer* / Alice Cooper (Warner Bros.)
19. *The Allman Brothers Band at Fillmore East* (Capricorn)
20. *Ennea* / Chase (Epic)
21. *Layla* / Derek and the Dominos (Atco)
22. *The Chuck Mangione Quartet* (Mercury)
23. *Meddle* / Pink Floyd (Harvest)
24. *Jazz Blues Fusion* / John Mayall (Polydor)
25. *Abraxas* / Santana (Columbia)

BEST VOCAL LP

1. *Harvest* / Neil Young (Reprise)
2. *Exile on Main St.* / The Rolling Stones (Rolling Stones Records)
3. *Honkey Château* / Elton John (Uni)
4. *Thick as a Brick* / Jethro Tull (Reprise)
5. *Eat a Peach* / Allman Brothers Band (Capricorn)
6. *Fragile* / Yes (Atlantic)
7. *Never a Dull Moment* / Rod Stewart (Mercury)
8. *Moods* / Neil Diamond (Uni)
9. *Led Zeppelin IV* (Atlantic)
10. *Carney* / Leon Russell (Shelter)
11. *American Pie* / Don McLean (United Artists)



"I'm sorry, but we've decided not to have our TV set repaired."

12. *Concert for Bangla Desh* (Apple)
12. *Madman Across the Water* / Elton John (Uni)
14. *Tapestry* / Carole King (Ode)
14. *Teaser and the Firecat* / Cat Stevens (A & M)
16. *America* / Alice Cooper (Warner Bros.)
17. *Who's Next* / The Who (Decca)
18. *Paul Simon* (Columbia)
19. *Trilogy* / Emerson, Lake & Palmer (Cotillion)
20. *A Song for You* / Carpenters (A & M)
21. *First Take* / Roberta Flack (Atlantic)
22. *Manassas* / Stephen Stills (Atlantic)
23. *Every Good Boy Deserves Favour* / The Moody Blues (Threshold)
23. *Nilsson, Schmilsson* / Harry Nilsson (RCA)
25. *Roberta Flack & Donny Hathaway* (Atlantic)

JAZZ & POP HALL OF FAME

There were several new entries in this year's Hall of Fame sweepstakes—won by Eric Clapton, whose victory is celebrated elsewhere. Sentiment for the late

Duane Allman undoubtedly played a part in his second-place finish, as it did a year ago in the strong showings by Jim Morrison (one of last year's inductees) and King Curtis. Chuck Berry, godfather of the rock generation, came into his own this year; he finished fifth, in his first appearance among the contenders. Other new entries are Ian Anderson, Leon Russell, Keith Emerson (who did well in several categories of the Readers' Poll, besides copping top spot among the organists), Rod Stewart, Keith Richard (no longer just another Rolling Stone), John Mayall, Dizzy Gillespie (the only bona fide jazzman on the list) and Isaac Hayes. Neil Diamond, Doc Severinsen, Elton John, Paul Simon and Ringo Starr moved up; backsliders included Carole King, Burt Bacharach and, most notably, James Taylor, who skidded all the way from eighth to 25th. Disappearing from the list altogether were B. B. King (tenth last year) and Joan Baez (13th), as well as Johnny Cash, Henry Mancini, Dionne Warwick, King

Curtis and Joe Cocker. Here are the top 25 vote getters:

1. Eric Clapton
2. Duane Allman
3. Neil Diamond
4. Doc Severinsen
5. Chuck Berry
6. Neil Young
7. Elton John
8. Ringo Starr
9. Carole King
10. Burt Bacharach
11. Ian Anderson
12. Frank Zappa
13. Leon Russell
14. Paul Simon
15. Barbra Streisand
16. Buddy Rich
17. Keith Emerson
18. Peter Dinklage
19. Rod Stewart
20. Keith Richards
21. Stephen Stills
22. John Mayall
23. Dizzy Gillespie
24. Isaac Hayes
25. James Taylor

ALL-STAR READERS' POLL

The greatest surprise of this year's Readers' Poll, perhaps, is that there are no great surprises. Sure, there were the normal fluctuations of individuals and groups within the various categories, and some new heroes made the scene. But there were few startling leaps or falls and there was no change in the basic pattern established by the voting over the past several years, which has found rock people dominating the

group categories, while jazzmen—mostly middle-of-the-road jazzmen—continue to hold their own in the horn sections. The only categories that saw a change of leadership this year were organ, with Keith Emerson ousting Booker T., who slipped to fourth, behind the advancing Isaac Hayes and Billy Preston; male vocalist, where Mick Jagger, third a year ago, bumped Rod Stewart off his throne (Stewart is second this year, while James Taylor, last year's runner-up, is down in the 14th spot); and vocal group, as The Rolling Stones ended the reign of The Moody Blues, who came in second this time around. Those who retained their laurels included big-band leader and trumpeter Doc Severinsen, trombonist J. J. Johnson, alto saxophonist Cannonball Adderley, tenor man Stan Getz, baritone man Gerry Mulligan, clarinetist Pete Fountain, pianist Elton John, vibist Lionel Hampton, guitarist Eric Clapton (also elected to the Jazz & Pop Hall of Fame), bassist Paul McCartney, drummer Buddy Rich, flutist Ian Anderson, vocalist Carole King, the songwriting team of Burt Bacharach and Hal David, and the instrumental combo Chicago. A number of newcomers made strong showings. Chuck Mangione came from limbo to place seventh among the big-band leaders; trombonist James Pankow, unheard from last year, made the fifth spot in his category; alto saxophonists Edgar Winter and Chris Wood, both nowhere a year ago, placed second and fourth, respectively, while Grover Washington, Jr., riding a string of soul-jazz hits, also came

from obscurity to place 12th; pianists Robert Lamm (eighth) and Billy Preston (11th) made their first appearances, as did Donny Hathaway, in 24th place. Phil Kraus, 12th among the vibraphonists, and bassists Peter Cetera and Carl Radle (fifth and eighth, respectively) are also newcomers. So are Flügelhorn player Mangione and steel guitarist Rusty Young, both appearing for the first time in the other-instruments results. Among the drummers, veteran jazzman Billy Cobham came out of left field to take the tenth spot, thanks to his exposure with the Mahavishnu Orchestra, while Carl Palmer and Daniel Seraphine showed significant upward mobility. Guitarist John McLaughlin, leader of the Mahavishnu Orchestra, made his first appearance, in sixth place—a formidable entry and evidence that the PLAYBOY electorate still has ears for a progressive jazz sound. The ninth, tenth and 11th spots under the male-vocalist heading show names that weren't on the list a year ago: freak-rocker Alice Cooper, songwriter Nilsson and the resurgent Van Morrison. Among the female vocalists, upward progress was made by Roberta Flack, Chér and Carly Simon; the newcomers were Helen Reddy and Merry Clayton. Also in ascendancy were two new entries, the Allman Brothers Band and Yes, among the vocal groups; first-timers Robert Lamm and Nilsson in the songwriter-composer category; and Weather Report and Danny Davis & the Nashville Brass—both new—among the instrumental combos. The gap between the readers' choices and those of the musicians themselves continues to be a noticeable one: For instance, Billy Eckstine, our All-Stars' All-Star as male vocalist, did not place in the Readers' Poll. Neither did Duke Ellington, the All-Stars' choice for songwriter-composer. And George Benson, voted top guitar picker by the musicians, could do no better than 24th in the Readers' Poll. (Speaking of guitarists, rock patriarch Chuck Berry, enjoying a new wave of popularity with *My Ding-A-Ling*, appeared in the results for the first time, in 20th place; he also finished fifth in the Hall of Fame balloting.) In some categories, the readers and the musicians agreed: J. J. Johnson, Stan Getz, Gerry Mulligan and Buddy Rich took top honors in both polls. But the results differ in the other categories—and that, of course, is why we have two polls.

Listed herewith are the most popular artists in each category. The names in boldface are those of the All-Stars; they will receive silver medals, as will those whose recordings were adjudged best of the year by our readers. Eric Clapton will receive an additional medal in recognition of his election to the Hall of Fame.



"Well, Mr. Willoughby, you missed World War Two, Korea and Vietnam, but you got caught right smack dab in the middle of the Sexual Revolution!"

BIG-BAND LEADER

1. **Doc Severinsen**
2. Burt Bacharach
3. Henry Mancini
4. Quincy Jones
5. Buddy Rich
6. Duke Ellington
7. Chuck Mangione
8. Don Ellis
9. Ray Charles
10. Count Basie
11. Stan Kenton
12. James Brown
13. Sun Ra
14. Charles Mingus
15. Maynard Ferguson
16. Lionel Hampton
17. Bobby Rosengarden
18. Woody Herman
19. Frank Zappa
20. Les Brown
21. Thad Jones / Mel Lewis
22. Gerald Wilson
23. Louis Bellson
23. J. J. Jackson
25. Harry James
25. Si Zentner

TRUMPET

1. **Doc Severinsen**
2. Miles Davis
3. Al Hirt
4. **Herb Alpert**
5. Dizzy Gillespie
6. Bill Chase
7. Hugh Masekela
8. Don Ellis
9. Maynard Ferguson
10. Clark Terry
11. Billy Butterfield
12. Nat Adderley
13. Harry James
14. Freddie Hubbard
15. Bobby Hackett
16. Snooky Young
17. Blue Mitchell
18. Pete Candoli
19. Cynthia Robinson
20. Jonah Jones
21. Donald Byrd
22. Chet Baker
23. Thad Jones
24. Don Cherry
25. Luis Gasca

TRUMPET

1. **J. J. Johnson**
2. Si Zentner
3. Kai Winding
4. **Slide Hampton**
5. James Pankow
6. Bob Brookmeyer
7. Urbie Green
8. Dick Halligan
9. J. C. Higginbotham
10. Jimmy Cleveland
11. Carl Fontana
12. Al Grey
13. Chris Barber
14. Buster Cooper
15. Turk Murphy
16. Benny Green
17. Dickie Wells
18. Quentin Jackson
19. Bill Harris
20. Curtis Fuller
21. Wayne Henderson
22. Dave Bargeron
23. Garnett Brown
24. Benny Powell
25. Frank Rosolino

ALTO SAX

1. **Cannonball Adderley**
2. **Edgar Winter**
3. Paul Desmond
4. Chris Wood
5. Fred Lipsius
6. Yusef Lateef
7. Ornette Coleman
8. Zoot Sims
9. Paul Horn
10. Bud Shank
11. James Moody
12. Grover Washington, Jr.
13. Art Pepper
14. Eric Kloss
15. Sonny Stitt
16. Bunky Green
17. Benny Carter
18. Phil Woods
19. Sonny Criss
20. Paul Winter
21. Hank Crawford

22. Charles McPherson
23. Gary Bartz
24. Lou Donaldson
25. Jimmy Woods

TENOR SAX

1. **Stan Getz**
2. **Boots Randolph**
3. Rahsaan Roland Kirk
4. Eddie Harris
5. Jim Horn
6. Pharoah Sanders
7. Eddie "Lockjaw" Davis
8. Yusef Lateef
9. Zoot Sims
10. James Moody
11. Bob Cooper
12. Charles Lloyd
13. Sonny Rollins
14. Buddy Tate
15. Gene Ammons
16. Wayne Shorter
17. Al Cohn
18. Joe Henderson
19. Curtis Amy
19. Archie Shepp
21. Stanley Turrentine
22. Sam Butera
23. Bud Freeman
24. Corky Corcoran
25. Joe Farrell

BARITONE SAX

1. **Gerry Mulligan**
2. Jim Horn
3. Bud Shank
4. Charles Davis
5. Sahib Shihab
6. Pepper Adams
7. Chuck Gentry
8. Leroy Cooper
9. Lonnie Shaw
10. Benny Crawford
11. Bill Hood
12. Cecil Payne
13. Harry Carney
14. Jimmy Giuffre
15. Jerome Richardson
16. Jay Cameron
16. Ronnie Ross
18. Pat Patrick
19. Clifford Scott
20. Raphael Garrett
21. Charlie Fowlkes
22. John Surman
23. Frank Hittner
24. Ronnie Cuber

CLARINET

1. **Pete Fountain**
2. Benny Goodman
3. Woody Herman
4. Rahsaan Roland Kirk
5. Fred Lipsius
6. Acker Bilk
7. Buddy De Franco
8. Phil Woods
9. Jimmy Hamilton
10. Art Pepper
11. Peanuts Hucko
12. Buddy Collette
13. Pee Wee Spitzler
14. Jerry Fuller
15. Jimmy Giuffre
16. Bob Palmer
17. Alvin Batiste
18. Bob Fritz
19. William Green
20. John Carter
21. Tony Scott
22. Ray Burke
23. Frank Chace
24. Walt Levinsky
25. Matty Matlock

PIANO

1. **Elton John**
2. Leon Russell
3. Nicky Hopkins
4. Burt Bacharach
5. Dave Brubeck
6. Neil Young
7. Peter Nero
8. Robert Lamm
9. Ramsey Lewis
10. Ray Charles
11. Billy Preston
12. Herbie Hancock
13. Oscar Peterson
14. Keith Emerson
15. Chick Corea
16. Duke Ellington
17. Lee Michaels
18. Thelonious Monk
19. Erroll Garner

20. Bill Evans
21. Count Basie
22. Les McCann
23. Sergio Mendes
24. Donny Hathaway
25. André Previn

ORGAN

1. **Keith Emerson**
2. Isaac Hayes
3. Billy Preston
4. Booker T.
5. Stevie Winwood
6. Jimmy Smith
7. Lee Michaels
8. Al Kooper
9. Ray Charles
10. Ray Manzarek
11. Garth Hudson
12. Johnny Hammond
13. Brian Auger
13. Dick Hyman
15. Walter Wanderley
16. Groove Holmes
17. Sun Ra
18. Bill Doggett
19. Keith Jarrett
20. Gregg Allman
21. Wild Bill Davis
22. Brother Jack McDuff
23. Shirley Scott
24. Jimmy McGriff
25. John Evans

VIOLIN

1. **Lionel Hampton**
2. Gary Burton
3. Cal Tjader
4. Milt Jackson
5. Stu Katz
6. Terry Gibbs
7. Don Elliott
8. Buddy Montgomery
9. Bobby Hutcherson
10. Roy Avers
11. Red Norvo
12. Phil Kraus
12. Dave Pike
14. Larry Bunker
15. Johnny Lytle
16. Tyree Glenn
17. Tommy Vig
18. Victor Feldman
19. Mike Mainieri
20. Gordon Emmanuël
21. Gunter Hampel
22. Emil Richards

GUITAR

1. **Eric Clapton**
2. George Harrison
3. Carlos Santana
4. Jimmy Page
5. José Feliciano
6. John McLaughlin
7. Chet Atkins
8. B. B. King
9. Peter Townshend
10. Cat Stevens
11. Terry Kath
12. Keith Richard
13. Jeff Beck
13. Stephen Stills
15. Alvin Lee
16. Jerry Garcia
17. Johnny Winter
18. Charlie Byrd
19. Mason Williams
20. Chuck Berry
21. Glen Campbell
22. Kenny Burrell
23. Tony Mottola
24. George Benson
25. Mike Bloomfield

BASS

1. **Paul McCartney**
2. Jack Bruce
3. Jack Casady
4. John Entwistle
5. Peter Cetera
6. Charles Mingus
7. Ray Brown
8. Carl Radle
9. Rick Grech
10. Bill Wyman
11. Ron Carter
12. Jim Fielder
13. Donald "Duck" Dunn
14. Buddy Clark
15. Bob Haggart
15. Monk Montgomery
17. Richard Davis
17. Percy Heath
19. Art Davis

20. Greg Lake
21. Joe Byrd
22. El Dee Young
23. Eddie Gomez
24. Philip Upchurch
25. Rufus Reid

DRUMS

1. **Buddy Rich**
2. Ginger Baker
3. Ringo Starr
4. Keith Moon
5. Carl Palmer
6. Charlie Watts
7. Daniel Seraphine
8. Gene Krupa
9. John Bonham
10. Billy Cobham
11. Elvin Jones
12. Joe Morello
13. Louis Bellson
14. Mitch Mitchell
15. Sandy Nelson
16. Bobby Colomby
17. Jim Keltner
18. Bobby Rosengarden
19. Grady Tate
20. Art Blakey
20. Cozy Cole
22. Shelly Manne
22. Tony Williams
24. Buddy Miles
25. Hal Blaine

OTHER INSTRUMENTS

1. **Ian Anderson, flute**
2. Keith Emerson, *Moog*
3. Herbie Mann, *flute*
4. Bob Dylan, *harmonica*
5. Ravi Shankar, *sitar*
6. George Harrison, *sitar*
7. Stevie Wonder, *harmonica*
8. John Mayall, *harmonica*
9. Paul Butterfield, *harmonica*
10. Earl Scruggs, *banjo*
11. Walter Parazaider, *flute*
12. John Hartford, *banjo*
13. Chuck Mangione, *Flügelhorn*
14. Rusty Young, *steel guitar*
15. Sugar Cane Harris, *violin*
16. John Sebastian, *harmonica*
17. Dick Hyman, *Moog*
17. Rahsaan Roland Kirk, *flute, manzello, strich*
19. Hubert Laws, *flute*
20. Ry Cooder, *mandolin*
20. Clark Terry, *Flügelhorn*
22. Mongo Santamaria, *congas*
23. Pete Drake, *steel guitar*
24. Jean-Luc Ponty, *violin*
25. Yusef Lateef, *flute, oboe*

MALE VOCALIST

1. **Mick Jagger**
2. Rod Stewart
3. Neil Diamond
4. Neil Young
5. Elton John
6. Cat Stevens
7. Leon Russell
8. Elvis Presley
9. Alice Cooper
10. Nilsson
11. Van Morrison
12. Sammy Davis Jr.
13. David Clayton-Thomas
14. James Taylor
15. Gordon Lightfoot
16. Paul McCartney
17. George Harrison
18. Tony Bennett
19. Isaac Hayes
20. Andy Williams
21. Stephen Stills
22. Stevie Winwood
23. Joe Cocker
24. Bob Dylan
25. Don McLean

FEMALE VOCALIST

1. **Carole King**
2. Roberta Flack
3. Grace Slick
4. Chér
5. Barbra Streisand
6. Carly Simon
7. Melanie
8. Joni Mitchell
9. Joan Baez
10. Dionne Warwick
11. Aretha Franklin
12. Rita Coolidge
13. Liza Minnelli

14. Judy Collins
15. Linda Ronstadt
16. Ella Fitzgerald
17. Vikki Carr
18. Laura Nyro
19. Tina Turner
20. Melba Moore
21. Helen Reddy
22. Karen Carpenter
23. Nancy Wilson
24. Merry Clayton
25. Diana Ross
25. Buffy Sainte-Marie

VOCAL GROUP

1. **The Rolling Stones**
2. The Moody Blues
3. Allman Brothers Band
4. Three Dog Night
5. Carpenters
6. The Who
7. Yes
8. Led Zeppelin
9. 5th Dimension
10. Emerson, Lake & Palmer
11. Bread
12. Grateful Dead
13. Sonny and Chér
14. Creedence Clearwater Revival
15. The Band
16. Sergio Mendes and Brasil '77
17. Dan Hicks and His Hot Licks
18. Grand Funk Railroad
18. Jefferson Airplane
20. Ike & Tina Turner
21. Guess Who
22. Poco
23. Bee Gees
24. Four Freshmen
24. Kenny Rogers and the First Edition

SONGWRITER-COMPOSER

1. **Burt Bacharach-Hal David**
2. Mick Jagger-Keith Richard
3. Elton John-Bernie Taupin
4. Neil Young
5. Bob Dylan
6. Neil Diamond
7. Carole King
8. Frank Zappa
9. Isaac Hayes
10. Cat Stevens
11. Leon Russell
12. Paul Simon
13. Robert Lamm
14. George Harrison
15. Peter Townshend
16. Kris Kristofferson
17. John Lennon
18. Henry Mancini
19. Quincy Jones
20. Paul McCartney
21. Randy Newman
22. Nilsson
23. Stephen Stills
24. Ian Anderson
25. Gordon Lightfoot

INSTRUMENTAL COMBO

1. **Chicago**
2. Jethro Tull
3. Emerson, Lake & Palmer
4. Santana
5. Blood, Sweat & Tears
6. Alice Cooper
7. Mahavishnu Orchestra
8. Bread
9. Mothers of Invention
10. Chase
11. Jefferson Airplane
12. Dave Brubeck Quartet
13. Bee Gees
14. Chuck Mangione Quartet
15. Allman Brothers Band
16. B. B. King
17. Grand Funk Railroad
18. Modern Jazz Quartet
19. Herbie Mann Sextet
20. Ramsey Lewis Trio
21. Ventures
22. Miles Davis
23. Cannonball Adderley Quintet
24. Danny Davis & the Nashville Brass
24. Weather Report



TROUBLE IN PARADISE

them, in the tradition of journalists, wanted to write that serious book, that work of art. Unlike most journalists, they both had a real talent for it. And so one fine, fatal day, they took the plunge so many contemplate and so few commit: they sold everything, burned all their bridges and moved with their few belongings and their four children and their promise of literary talent to Synthos.

These Greek islands are sun-baked and vibrating with Greek and foreign vacationers during the summer. But through the long out-of-season months, they are almost empty, and almost stripped of distractions, and subject to one of the most obstreperous climates anywhere, the Aegean with its fearsome winds and monumental storms.

Here were the Hardings after seven years of this. Both had produced several books. At first they were well received, although not money-makers, but within a few years, neither had any real living material to draw upon except their life on a rock in the Aegean Sea (Truman Capote, cutting through the surface allure faster than most, landed on Synthos, exclaimed "Alcatraz!" and promptly re-embarked). Their later books, although they found publishers, failed to interest any public. They had just enough money to live on this exceptionally cheap island—I believe the family subsisted on about \$3000 a year. They could not escape; they had no means of living in Canada again for even a few months. Max had drifted far from the world of foreign correspondents.

Neither learned to speak enough Greek for social closeness with the natives, and so relied on visiting foreigners and the few other English-speaking residents for friends. Day after day after day they sat on their rock. They had their writing, they gave the same dinner party a thousand times, they had their *onzo*.

And after seven years of this, the bottom began to come at them fast. One drunken night, Max broke a wine bottle over the head of the chief of police. Their 14-year-old daughter was robbing them to give the money to her Greek lover. Peggy could no longer write at all. The dream of primitive beauty and art had shriveled to a nightmare of futility and suffering; but unlike real nightmares, theirs had no end in sight.

Then the miracle happened, the *deus ex machina*. Max desperately ground out one last book and it was selected by a major book club. Real money reached them at last.

They fled Synthos, they fled Greece as though the Furies pursued them. In Canada, they were curiosities—celebrities for a little while. But Peggy's teeth were too bad, Max's hacking cough too irri-

(continued from page 130)

tating, for wholehearted acceptance. Moreover, they were no longer Canadian literati, they were Aegean wanderers, denationalized and defeated. They tried to make their Aegean years sound like an immensely romantic adventure, but their eyes and their skin and their nerves told a different story, the story of two more fugitives from paradise lost.

I was often tempted to buy a house on Synthos. All the expatriate colony there, desperate for someone new to talk to, urged me on. I wavered. I thought about it, never did. For, despite Melina, I might have ended up in a mental hospital like another American writer who settled there, or become a rattled drug addict like the lovely Swedish girl had, or retreated into a marble insanity like the painter from Des Moines, or castrated an English tourist like the youth from Boston. The Synthos message was written as large as, and echoed exactly, the words over the entrance to Apollo's great shrine at Delphi: NOTHING TOO MUCH. Taste paradise, sample Eden, and then go, flee, you were not born here and you do not belong here.

Melina's influence prevailed. No one danced later nor broke more plates than she did, but Melina was out for fun, not for self-destruction. "I was born Greek" was her proudest and truest statement: fun, not self-destruction, a Greek life is too painfully earned to be thrown away. A Greek island paradise could not destroy her for one simple reason: She was *born* Greek.

I was lucky. The Hardings were typical.

Their experience is as old as Judaeo-Christian culture. Adam and Eve were the prototypes of all I am describing. In every Eden there is a serpent, and those privileged beings who live there cannot in the end stand the perfection of Eden; the serpent in the end always forces them to face themselves and so be driven out.

Nor is the fact that one is sent in a professional capacity any guarantee of survival. The American journalists and businessmen I met in Beirut all seemed well on the road to some crack-up or other. Beirut, to be sure, is not everybody's idea of paradise. The war with next-door Israel may break out again at any moment; every male above the age of ten seems to be armed; it is worth your life to attempt to cross a busy street; the government commits such vagaries as running out of postage stamps; people in apartment houses throw their garbage out the window. But despite all these and other drawbacks, Beirut has its unique magnetism. A magical Asiatic flux and mystery, a flow of exoticism engulfs you there, as pervasive as the sensual whine of the Arab music, minor-

keyed, insinuating as a lie. The life is loose, the habits are unhinged, the possibilities unknowable, and nothing really matters, because you are so very far from realities of home.

In Beirut you can lie on a palm-fringed beach and look up at the mountains not far inland, where skiers schuss in the sun. You can gamble your last piaster away in the glamorous casino. French restaurants, French stylishness, French quick-wittedness give a surface patina to the Asiatic substructure.

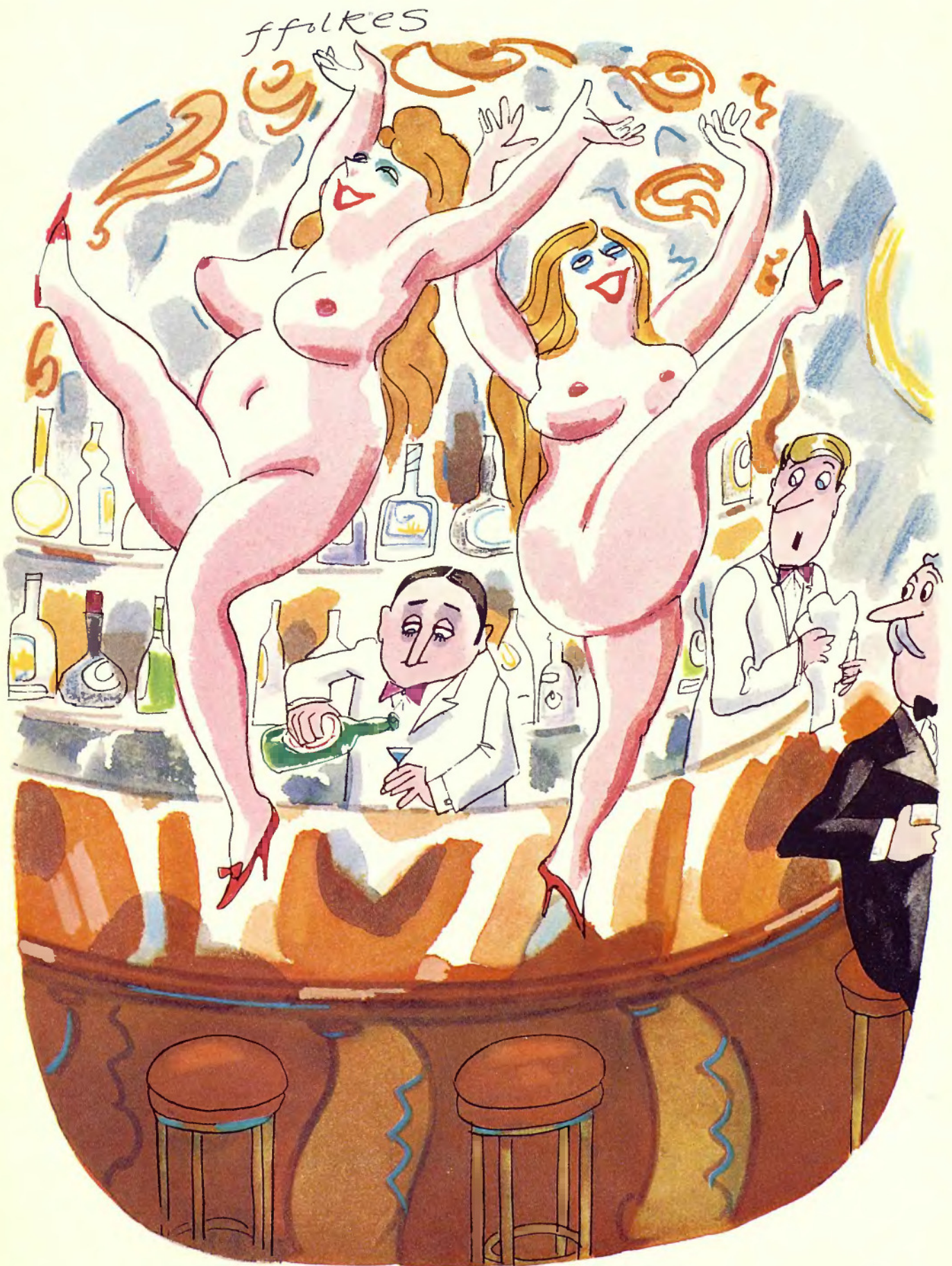
Here the American professional people were slowly going to pieces. Ralph Summers, correspondent for an important American publication, went skin-diving in the Mediterranean every day and filed only an occasional dispatch, which never seemed to see print. His beat was the entire Near and Middle East and he flew off to investigate some story or other in the interior now and then, but it was very hard to pin down a fact in this part of the world, next to impossible to get a straight, unequivocal story from anyone, so nothing much ever seemed to come from these excursions. Journalists who came in, found a story and got out before the ambiguities of the Arab world got them did better.

One day Ralph took me skin-diving with him. After we had dived for a while, we returned to the rowboat and the boatman helped us clamber back aboard. Then, in the way that an American might offer us a beer, he offered us a cigarette. I knew enough about Lebanon to know that it would contain the local marijuana. I have never used drugs, but I had had marijuana once or twice with negligible results, so to be congenial, I took a few puffs. But this was not marijuana, this was kif dipped in opium, and in a matter of seconds I was high as a satellite.

The rest of that day and that night, as I added drinking to the kif and opium, I remember as a miasma of Oriental dancers in dark night clubs, of elegant houses of prostitution, of squalid back alleys, of roaming the dark streets, the whine of music and the rich, shadowy interiors of very private bars, and finally, because God takes special care of drunks and Americans, getting back to my room at St. George's Hotel, picking up a book in French, which I read haltingly, and sailing through it as though it were a first-grade English reader.

The next afternoon, when I woke up, my French was halting again, my head splitting, my body aching everywhere, and I wanted to die.

This kind of outing seemed to happen often to the Americans living there. Whether they were in journalism or public relations or oil, they dived deep into the Oriental undercurrents of the Levant; but because they were not used to such a caressing climate and to such



"There's something wrong with Charley. Never spills a drop."



"All right, anything on the top shelf."

powerful stimulants, they often went overboard, started breaking up bars and diving into the sea and driving off cliffs. The intrigue in Lebanon is as thick as molasses, and as sweet and slow-moving and sickly. You have to be born to it. It is heady and dangerous, tolerable to the Lebanese because they are fatalists; and if they break their neck or lose their fortune or their spouse, they have the phlegm to accept it. Others, the American, the Britisher, the Scandinavian, lost in the fumes of this portal to the East, suffer, alter, decline.

But the true, safe paradise is surely not these decaying Mediterranean haunts, people will argue. It is a smiling, simplehearted island in the Pacific. There you will be safe.

I arrived in Honolulu at three in the morning. Two nuns met me, threw leis around my neck and kissed me on the cheek. Then they drove me to my penthouse on top of the Hilton Hawaiian Village Hotel (I was a guest speaker at a convention of English teachers). Too overstimulated by my first whiff of the Pacific world to fall asleep, I sat out on my balcony and watched the dawn move in. It was spectacular: Clouds like galileons, like immense gray hanging vaults,

dominated the sleeping ocean. Waikiki Beach, a golden strip far below, slumbered motionlessly as a curling silver surf murmured against it. Off to the left, Diamond Head extended into the sea with the profile significance of a face on Mount Rushmore. The air seemed full of flower scents coming across the water from far away.

And the fascination of this Pacific world deepened when I spent several weeks on the Kona coast of the Big Island of the group, also called Hawaii. Rural, serene, the Big Island has such elemental novelties as an active volcano, Mauna Loa, which flings geysers of yellow lava hundreds of feet into the air; there is plentiful wild-pig hunting, and off the Kona coast is reputed to be the best deep-sea fishing in the world. It rains a good deal on the other side of the island but just enough on the Kona coast to keep it brilliantly green and flowered; the natives are very friendly; everything seems conducive to an ideal life.

Why, then, does "rock fever" set in after a time? Sooner or later, mainlanders are overcome with an urge to drive their car straight ahead for hundreds of miles without drowning, with a desper-

ate need for a chilly day, a terrible aversion to *Lovely Hula Hands* and the other overplayed, too restful songs, a longing for *change*. I believe you have to be born to the South Pacific islands in order to live on one of them contentedly. If they are not in your blood, they will sooner or later get on your nerves. The sameness will stifle you.

I had planned to push deeper into the Pacific world, to Samoa and Tahiti, but I found that I did not want to. A palmy island is a palmy island, sun is sun and surf is surf. I had a growing suspicion that I was now as emancipated as mingling with strange peoples and cultures would ever make me, and as much as I wanted to be. Also, while I had been pursuing personal liberations abroad, a large section of the American young and not-so-young had suddenly become, in terms of behavior, among the most liberated people in the world.

The dimension that life abroad brings to writers like me had penetrated my work as far as it was likely to. I turned my face back to East Coast United States, where my roots were, and where life now looked more interesting and challenging, as well as more difficult (inflation, assassinations, riots, crime, racial conflict, war-weariness) than anywhere else in the world. The United States was the cockpit of the world and, God help us, the wave of the future. Where else should a writer be if he was a native of and heir to that country?

After all, I had learned that it was not only futile but dangerous to settle in these idyllic places and attempt to function. I gave up the endeavor. So I thought. But in the course of writing this article, I got a fresh look at myself and my situation.

Right now I am at my writing table. Through the big window in front of me, one of my dogwoods is flowering. Birds are chirping around me in my woods. The house is cedar and glass, contemporary in design. It is next to a superb golf course, overlooking magnificent Peconic Bay and located in the Hamptons, the ideally beautiful eastern end of Long Island.

I have just faced up to the fact that this place is another paradise, recognized as such everywhere. I never thought of it before, but now I see that I am at it again. And as I recognized this, an uneasiness crept over me. There is a serpent somewhere in this gorgeous countryside. There is always trouble in Tahiti. Will I drink too much here? Will the world pass me by? Am I being lulled by this perfect fresh air, these postcard villages, the surf, the sun? There is only one word for those of us who are compelled to pursue these dreams of paradise. Beware.

FIREPOT PARTY

a traffic problem with so much criss-crossing and entangling of arms around the table that eating shifts into low gear. A much better plan is to allot a few previously cooked dips in individual portions at each place at the table. Of course, the firepot is much more than just another utensil for cooking food; conversation thrives in the communal atmosphere that's apparent as soon as the broth begins bubbling and continues to the end, when the host adds noodles and a vegetable or two to the firepot and serves it, in true Oriental style, as the finale to the dinner. (A wide, shallow chafing dish or an electric skillet can pinch-hit for the firepot.)

FIREPOT (Serves four)

- 1 lb. boneless shell steak or rib steak
- 1 breast of chicken (2 halves), boned and skinned
- 1 lb. medium-size shrimps
- 1 medium cucumber
- ¼ lb. fresh firm mushrooms
- 1 lb. bean curd
- 1 small bunch *bok choy* (Chinese cabbage) for soup
- ¼ lb. snow peas
- ¼ lb. fine-size noodles for soup
- 2 quarts chicken broth

Steak should be machine sliced by the butcher 1/16th in. thick and cut into pieces for dipping about 3 ins. by 1 in. or as close to that size as possible. Shops specializing in Japanese foods frequently offer beef sliced in this manner. If the meat is bought in one piece, it may be semifrozen and then sliced by hand. Separate fillet under top of chicken breast from rest of breast and pound each piece with meat mallet to 1/8-in. thickness. Cut breast crosswise into strips about 1/2 in. wide. Peel and devein shrimps and cut in half lengthwise. Peel cucumber, cut in half lengthwise and remove seeds with spoon. Cut crosswise into 1/4-in. slices. Cut mushrooms from top of cap through stem into 1/4-in. slices. Cut bean curd into 12 squares. Wash *bok choy*, cut off root end and cut crosswise into 1/4-in. diagonal slices. Remove tips and strings from sides of snow peas. Cook noodles in salted water until tender. Drain. Cover with cold water and store in refrigerator until needed. On a very large platter or individual plates, arrange, in neat groups and as symmetrically as possible, the steak, chicken, shrimps, cucumber, mushrooms, bean curd, snow peas and *bok choy*. Cover platter with clear plastic wrap and refrigerate until serving time. Just before serving, bring broth to a boil on kitchen stove and keep warm. Light charcoal in fireplace or in hibachi and when glowing hot, carefully place it in firepot, which should rest on asbestos

(continued from page 93)

pad or table protector. Fill circular pan of firepot with chicken broth to a depth of about 3 ins. Add more broth during dinner, if necessary; it reduces during cooking. At each guest's place, there should be a pair of chopsticks or a fondue fork for lifting food from platter to basket, a dinner plate, a soup bowl and a soup spoon—preferably, a Chinese porcelain spoon. At dinner's end, the host drains noodles and adds them, along with the *bok choy* and any remaining snow peas, to the firepot for soup.

Stand-ins for beef: leg of lamb or pork tenderloin.

Stand-ins for shrimps: scallops, oysters, clams, sliced abalone or small frogs' legs.

Soy-and-scallion dip: Mix 1/2 cup soy sauce, 1/4 cup chicken broth, 2 tablespoons cocktail sherry or sake and 2 tablespoons very finely minced scallions; serve cold or at room temperature.

Curry dip: In top part of double boiler, blend 2 teaspoons cornstarch in

1 tablespoon brandy; slowly stir in 1 teaspoon soy sauce, 2 tablespoons vinegar, 2 tablespoons sugar and 4 teaspoons curry powder; when very smooth, stir in 1 cup stock; cook over simmering water, stirring constantly and scraping bottom frequently, until thick; beat 2 egg yolks and slowly add a few tablespoons sauce to yolks; stir egg-yolk mixture into sauce and cook 1/2 minute longer, stirring constantly; may be served warm, cold or at room temperature.

Almond-sesame dip: Place 2 tablespoons sesame seeds in heavy dry pan over low to moderate heat and stir constantly until seeds are browned; pour seeds into blender and blend until pulverized; add 1/2 cup almond butter, 1/2 cup cold chicken broth and blend until smooth; serve cold or at room temperature.

Prepared condiments: prepared Chinese mustard, plum sauce, hoisin sauce or pureed chutney.

So gather round and get acquainted.



"No, Fred, I wouldn't care to swap wives. But I might consider renting mine to you."

POWDER AND GLORY

fanatic. Most of my companions this week are successful business honchos in their 40s, old jocks. Several of the rest are orthopedic surgeons, cheerful, healthy men, slightly less fit than the honchos, amiably determined to complete the circle of their lives by plowing their bonesetting profits back into the snow. But not everyone here is loaded: a citizen whose mental moorings have been loosened by fantasies of powder skiing will cash in his life insurance or sell his car to get to where the powder is.

There are men here, I am certain, who have made promises to their wives and their banks that can't be kept, and one or two women who have abandoned their men with a kiss and instructions for operating the drier.

With this assortment of hard cases I pass the evening. Yesterday morning, waiting in the lobby of the Calgary Inn, we went through the squinty-eyed routine with which every expedition begins,

(continued from page 112)

inspecting one another without delight and wondering which unrevealed character would be the casualty, which the complainer. Now everything is friendly and uncritical. We have agreed that we are splendid people. As the week progresses, there will be minor modifications of this view, but now we apply Bushmill's superior Irish liniment to unadmitted aches and exchange the comfortable fribble of ski talk. Smugness carries the night.

• • •

If it is agreed that the triple forward flip is a baroque excess, outside the classic canon, then the most spectacular maneuver in recreational skiing is undoubtedly the great-circle route by which a beginner at powder skiing gets down a mountain. The great circle offers speed, terror, unpredictable action, heartbreaking displays of courage and blood on the sand. It is as stirring as a good train wreck. A New Hampshire

friend of mine, upon being excavated after his first great circle, which he performed on Bell Mountain at Aspen, said it all: "That was a pissah."

Picture your beginner, then, at the top of a big *Steilhang*. The German word means "steep-hang" and is expressive; the snow does not lie on the ground, it hangs on what is almost a cliff face and now and then lets go in an avalanche. Powder skiing is done on *Steilhangs*, because when the powder is really deep, the pressure of it on the skier's thighs and waist would bring him to a stop on a normal slope. The powder skier needs steepness for the same reason that a water skier needs a fast boat.

So the beginner, who is not a beginner but something of a hot-shot back home on the packed-down trails he is used to, adjusts his goggles and his white-silk scarf, brings his right thumb and forefinger together gallantly and steels his nerve. In addition, he steels his arms, his backbone, legs and feet, and clenches his jaw. Thus, he is totally rigid as he launches on the great circle. The reason is panic, for his instincts and training tell him that snow is a solid. This solid now entangles his feet and skis (he believes with fear and trembling) and will catch his edges and cause him to capsize over his ski tips, ripping out all the tendons in both legs. The only turn that can be made in deep snow in a condition of total rigidity is the stem. Given the steepness of the slope, the arc of the stem turn made by the desperate beginner is fantastically large. It is, in fact, the dreaded great circle. The physics of a large arc on a steep slope mean that the beginner is moving at a sickening rate by the time he starts to pull out of the downhill phase of his dive.

At this point, the most insensitive on-looker turns away. Any variation in slope, snow texture, light or wattage of terror will cause the beginner to lose the balance he is fighting to keep and he will, as pilots used to say in World War Two, auger in. A high-speed fall in powder is not always disastrous, since the stuff is soft, but it is always messy and always tiring. It is incredibly hard, on a steep slope at 9000 or 10,000 feet, to find and dig out skis and poles, clean and reset bindings, scrape snow off boot bottoms, clamp the bindings and take a swipe at smeared sunglasses with the thumb of a wet ski glove. It is even hard to stand up before starting this salvage operation, because the powder offers no floor to push against. The capsized beginner rages. If his control is steady, he rages silently, and if not, he shrieks ragged curses. He apologizes when he reaches his friends, who are waiting in



"Did you yawp, sir?"

disgust on the flat below, but what is in his heart is murder.

As it happens, I am past all this, although one or two sufferers in our group are not. I no longer perform my celebrated interpretation of the great circle, because I have realized, after augering in more times than now seem necessary, that powder snow is not a solid but a fluid. I respond to it with whatever fluidity I can squeeze from a gristly, awkward body, and make uncalamitous turns. My skiing is workmanlike.

Workmanlike is not good enough, however. Look here: Sepp Renner, a big, laughing kid from Andermatt, one of the Swiss guides, is going down a *Steilhang*. He carries the usual guide's rucksack, packed with a tent, stretcher, food, stove and jointed probe to use when someone is caught in an avalanche. I have skied with a rucksack enough to know that it limits what you can do, no matter how strong you are.

But watch Sepp. He could ski like a stone, schuss the hang at flat-out speed, and in complete control, but that is not what is on his mind. What he does is to swash from side to side down the fall line, so slowly that it does not seem possible for motion to be arrested to that degree. It is a dance. He has filmed himself in slow motion.

The rest of us follow. Those who imitate well throw themselves down the hang without thought. The rest, and I am one of these, try to explicate the poetry with close textual analysis. Observe: This exceptionally strong man uses no strength at all, and no quickness, only balance and serenity. Watch now: He rises, falls . . . I build serenity from these Tinkertoys of technique.

Beer in the sauna. An inordinate dinner. Chess. I have cased the talent, know I can win and do win—my kind of gamble. I ascend to my upper bunk at 10:01 and am asleep by 10:02.

• • •

Hans Gmoser has appeared. He has been skiing to the north, in the Cariboo Mountains, where he runs a second helicopter operation. He is thin, fairly tall; a tough, loose, acute man whose manner is quiet. He has a quality I have seen before in one or two other Austrian mountaineers I know, several race-car drivers and not many others. It is hard to say what this quality is. Perhaps it is that he and his conception of himself are more nearly congruent than is true of most men.

Gmoser (pronounced Gmoser; there is a run here called Gmadness) runs a climbing school in the summer here in the Bugaboos. He has never done any Himalayan climbing, but he did put a new route up Mount McKinley a few years ago. He tells a long, amusing, self-deprecating story about bivouacking on

McKinley in an igloo whose tunnel entrance eventually stretched to several yards, because snow fell without letup for four days. Several of us are sitting after supper in the dining room of the Bugaboo lodge. It is warm and cheerful and someone has ordered more wine. It is very funny to think of Gmoser and his partner crawling farther and farther each day to get outside, and of the snow whistling past their bare bottoms at 100 miles an hour as they squat to relieve themselves. (The humor of mountain stories is a matter of viewpoint. Once some friends and I spent one night, not four days, in an emergency igloo that we had built to keep ourselves from freezing to death on a glacier in Switzerland. Not one of us thought that it was funny at the time.)

Heading out to the helicopter at 7:15 A.M., I stop, unzip my kidney pack and look inside. The Skadi is there. I take it out and hold it to my ear. It is beeping, as it should be. I knew it was in the kidney pack, beeping correctly, because I had checked both things ten minutes before. But the Skadi is comforting. It is the single most effective piece of survival gear ever developed for skiing or climbing in avalanche country.

The next-best safety measure, after a Skadi, is the forlorn system generally used in the Alps and in the rest of North America: You tie a long red string around your waist, let it trail behind you and hope that part of it shows after the avalanche has buried you. The Skadi is a little radio sender-receiver. If you are carrying one and are buried, your friends switch their Skadis to receive and track you down. The method is fast and accurate to about six inches. We proved this one morning by exhuming Sepp, whom the other guides had buried with snow shovels while we ate breakfast. Afterward Sepp mentioned, laughing and yelling insults in *Schweizerdeutsch* at his friends, that this was the second time he had been dug up by a party using Skadis. "Yes?" "Ja," said Sepp; the other time was last year. He was buried not by snow shovels then but by an avalanche, here in the Bugaboos.

• • •

I think I have it. We are at the bottom of an amiable escarpment named Ego by someone who turned around, looked at his tracks and found them good. Hot damn, I think, finding my track good, it looks just like the ski magazines!

It even feels that way: straight down the face, a kind of dancing fall, astonishingly slow, with never a surface to touch. I have heard the beat of great wings.

For the rest of the run it works, and for a few pitches here and there throughout the morning. Flight is not in my nature, nor physical grace, but for a short time I am an aerial being.

The gods smile. As a reward for skiing good snow more or less correctly, they

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send me a mountainside crusted with mean, ridged, rackety bad snow. I am an Eastern skier and this is the sort of briar patch I know and love. A few boulders and some frozen mud would make me feel even more at home, but the deep white-pine forest through which we are running is a good substitute. I run the big pine trunks as if they were slalom poles, then hare off on a wild series of jumps. One of the women skiers, a pretty Westerner with wind crinkles at the corners of her eyes, has fallen on the evil crust and is sliding down the hillside on her slick nylon parka and wind pants. She is helpless; her speed is not increasing, but it is not diminishing, either. Will she slide on until she is arrested by the Bugaboo lodge 1500 feet below? Will she miss the lodge and slide to the town of Spillimacheen, worn to a few nylon threads and a couple of eye crinkles? Not at all; the Green Hornet is at hand. He pulls jauntily out of a jump and stops her with his sinewy body, unhurt but angry and swearing like hell. There is no end to my splendor.

• • •

Ed, the pilot, is a mild, square-shaped man in his 40s. When he is not flying skiers in the Bugaboos, he flies oil geologists and drilling crews in the arctic. The drillers, he says, are a hairy-eared bunch, big-macho types, and some of them, on their first tours in the arctic, tend to think that safety rules are a bit candy-assed. "I had told this new guy," says Ed, "that you don't throw things near a helicopter. But he was a type who hadn't listened to anyone yet in his life and he wasn't going to start with me. What he threw, when we were unloading a drilling rig, was a five-pound package of dynamite. The package hit the rotor and detonated. The blast knocked a big piece of rotor off and the machine just about vibrated itself to pieces before I could get it shut off."

Ed does no downhill skiing, but he handles the helicopter the way a downhill racer would. Control is better at speed, he says. "I like to brake to a landing with a flare, because it uses less power. It looks flashy, but there's a reason. At sea level the Bell has 1100 horsepower, but at 12,000 feet it only turns about 800, and if you try to lower it straight down on nothing but the engine, you don't have much left to handle a wind gust."

• • •

It is Friday evening. Tomorrow is getaway day. The group is drawing apart and, by way of apology, its members are exchanging addresses. We have flown five and a half days out of a possible six, which is unusually good, and at least three of these days have been spectacular, unimprovable-on. Gmoser's

reckoning is that I have skied 116,000 vertical feet, which is about average for the group.

It has been a good week, but the New England conscience—yes, thanks, another Scotch, and some more of those hummingbirds' tongues—worries about the huge cost of helicopter skiing. Is the Bugaboo circus merely a particularly excessive instance of the suburbanization of skiing? A sport that once was clean and hard and fairly simple is cheapened—thanks, just a touch more, and some ice—by glitter and glut. There are too many credit-card machines in ski country, and the rule holds: Anything you can buy with plastic is plastic. Is it organic to pay \$825 for a week of helicoptering?

It's not an easy question and I am inclined to leave it open. Gmoser, who is a tasteful man, has taken the curse off conspicuous consumption by avoiding any egregious luxury in the lodge. His food is imaginative and good, but it is eaten on simple plank tables. The beds are comfortable, but they are bunks. You shave in a communal bathroom.

Gmoser, who grew up in thin times in Austria to a job as an electrician's apprentice, feels that the costs are out of proportion. He would like to run his operation without the helicopter, he says, but U.S. and Canadian skiers just won't walk up mountains with skis and skins in any great numbers. And, as I know well enough from ski-mountaineering in the Alps, if you climb 7000 feet in four active hours, you have very little energy left to spend on improving your deep-snow technique. If it is bad, it stays that way. The helicopter skier can ski like a Holstein for two runs and still have energy left to analyze his mistakes and ski like a Thomson's gazelle on the third.

I assuage the New England conscience—rare, please, and some of the Bordeaux—by meditating in this swampy fashion for 15 minutes and by going off in the morning with Gmoser on one of the ski-and-skin tours he runs each year, mostly to keep himself honest.

We start from Banff, where Gmoser's firm, Canadian Mountain Holidays, has its office, and ride a bus to Sunshine, a ski area nearby. It is tremendously satisfying to be climbing on skis again and to leave the prepared, mashed-down slopes of Sunshine in the direction of Mount Assiniboine, 20 miles away over a couple of passes. The day skiers watch us leave in horror.

We are a very mixed group of 14 climbers and among us is a beginner who has gone trustfully to the camping store. In mild weather, he wears a down-stuffed vest, down parka and down wind pants. He carries a large variety of splendid gear, including a big still camera, a big movie camera and a bottle of

whiskey. Within 250 yards of easy upward plodding, he is soaked with sweat and has turned dangerously red. We do what we can. We peel off his feathers and that night we lighten his pack by drinking his whiskey.

The journey to Assiniboine takes two days at our easy pace. Halfway there, we stop at a trapper's cabin. It is crowded and I decide to sleep in the snow. Since I have a bivouac sack with me—a large plastic bag, waterproof and windproof—the decision involves no risk, and no more discomfort than sleeping on the cabin floor and having my colleagues step on my face. But the beginner is much impressed. In the morning, he puffs out of the cabin, banging his hands together to keep from freezing, to view my frozen corpse.

Gmoser, it develops, admires Scandinavian cross-country wax. For an Austrian, this is heresy, but he is encouraged by a couple of old Norwegian Resistance fighters, now Canadian businessmen, who are making the trip on narrow cross-country skis. (The rest of us, of course, are using normal ski-mountaineering equipment—downhill skis, with bindings that let the heel rise when we walk.) The wax functions magically for Gmoser and the Norwegians but not for me. I do not believe, and to walk uphill with wax, you must be a true believer. I am used to skins—fibrous nylon pads that allow even skeptics to climb with ease. I slip back two feet for every three I ascend, like the frog in the riddle.

A warm log lodge, a frozen lake, a big, sharp-spined mountain, Assiniboine, rising on the opposite shore. We spend three days there, climbing for a couple of hours in the morning and a couple in the afternoon, and skiing what we climb. It is just strenuous enough to justify a lot of pleasant laziness.

On the walk out, at 8000 feet in Allenby Pass, I hear a wild humming that puzzles me. After a time, I understand. The wind has set the magnesium struts of my pack frame to vibrating.

For almost an hour one morning, we follow the fresh tracks of a running cougar and a rabbit. Then the tracks veer off. We never learn who won the race. A mile or so farther, crashed in Brewster Creek and weathered to scraps, is the carcass of an elk that did not survive the winter.

On our last night, a tough, elderly chemist who has made the trip produces a bottle of overproof Canadian rum. He is a hero; he has packed it all the way to Assiniboine and halfway back. He mixes it with lemon juice and magic herbs. We call the resulting potion the Allenby Pass, in honor of our stiff thighs, and we celebrate, of course, the Allenby Passover.





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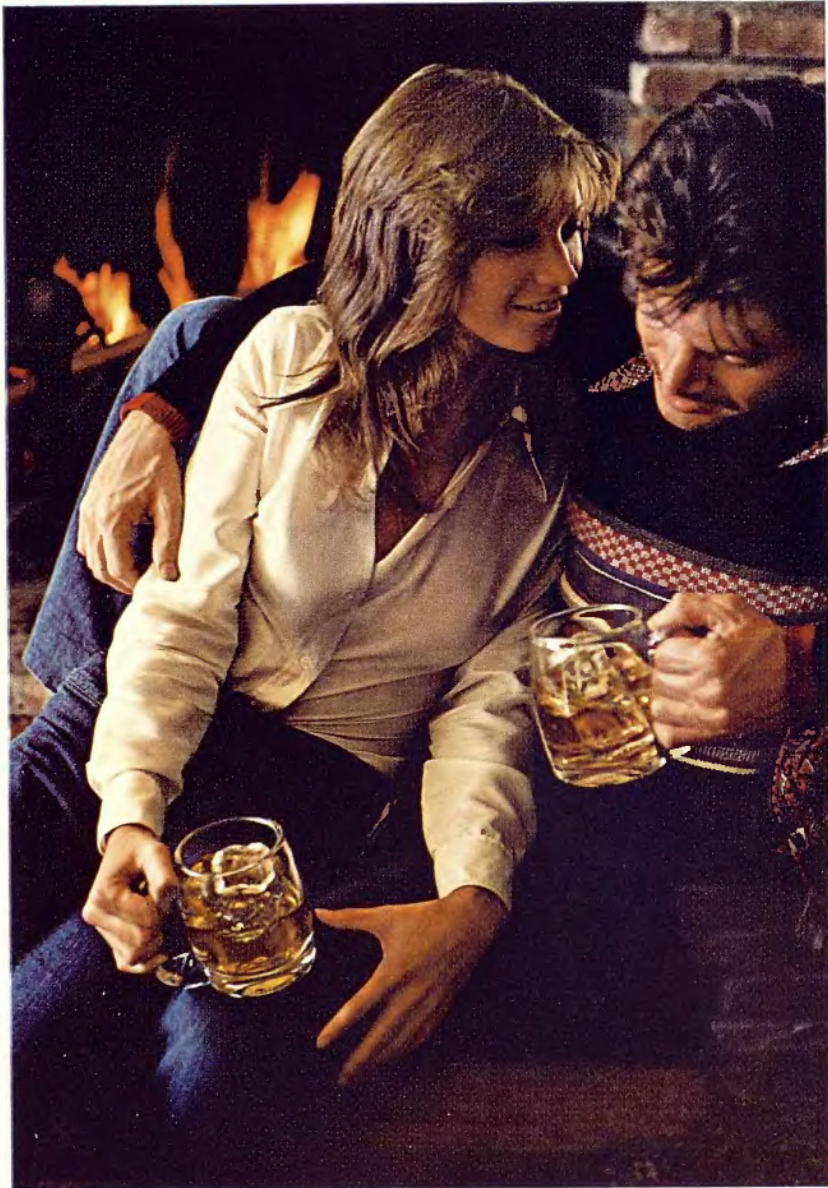
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