ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

APRIL 1973 • ONE DOLLAR

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TENNESSEE WILLIAMS INTERVIEWED

"DEEP THROAT'S" LINDA LOVELACE

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PLAYBILL IN 1969, a British-born, Scottish-reared journalist, relatively unknown beyond the circulation limits of the *Glasgow Herald*, wrote a book of purportedly historical import: *Flashman: From the Flashman Papers*. It was about the improbable Afghan War adventures of Harry Flashman, the bully from the classic novel *Tom Brown's Schooldays*—but, according to *Time* magazine, ten out of 42 American reviewers swallowed it whole, as a genuine memoir. Recognizing a good thing, Flashman's creator, George MacDonald Fraser, produced a pair of sequels, featuring Flashman in exploits reminiscent of *The Prisoner of Zenda* and *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. Herewith, we're delighted to begin the fourth volume of Flashman's adventures: *Flashman at the Charge* (of the Light Brigade, what else?). It will be issued in book form this fall by Alfred A. Knopf. The latest yarn, of which the first of three parts appears this month (with illustration by François Colos), was "plotted and researched," says Fraser, "in the library of Trinity College, Dublin, and in hotels, planes and taxis between Kiev, Tashkent and Samarkand, in the intervals between losing to Mrs. Fraser at rummy."

Flashman, you'll discover, is a thoroughgoing—and irresistible—cad. Fiction often produces such appealing antiheroes. In this same issue, Robert L. Fish introduces us to Claude Biessy, the friendly French safecracker of *In the Bag*; and first-time PLAYBOY contributor Michael Rogers presents the inept protagonist of *Skin's Art*.

Real-life antiheroes are apt to be considerably less engaging. "Joey," a hired gun, tells his grimly fascinating story with the aid of Dave Fisher in *Killer*. (Playboy Press will publish a longer version—*Killer: Autobiography of a Mafia Hit Man*—June 15.)

When one meets Tennessee Williams—in person, on a talk show or in this month's *Playboy Interview*—it's hard to know where the playwright stops and the stagecraft begins. Is this a real man spouting fantasy or is it his plays that, through fantasy, tell the truth about the man? Interviewer C. Robert Jennings succeeds in getting Williams to strip aside more of his private veils than ever before.

We tracked John Skow down—or up?—at Copper Mountain, Colorado, where he was off on a skiing junket, to ask him what he'd been doing since he got back from observing *The Games of Munich*, which he describes here. Skiing, mostly, and working on his mountain-climbing book, he said. Like most of us, Skow found the Olympics depressing this time around. We suspect that Marshall Brickman had a good deal more fun writing his put-on version of *The Celebrated Ponce-Kmitch Match and Other Chess Classics*. Brickman *used* to have fun (and make money) writing for Johnny Carson and producing *The Dick Cavett Show*; last year he retired to co-script a Woody Allen screenplay. The picture, he hints mysteriously, will be "the only one filmed in 1973 with a hand-held producer."


DE DIENES


POWLEDGE


ROGERS


BRICKMAN


GREEN


MC LEAN


TAYLOR


FEGLEY


LAURENCE, MOODY, ZIMMERMAN

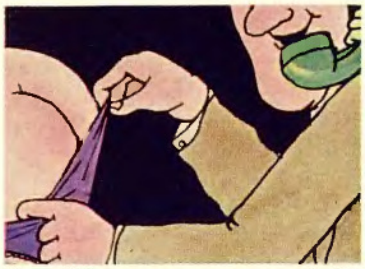
Fred Powledge, a Brooklynite who spends much of his energy pamphleteering for the A.C.L.U., takes time off occasionally to join the circus. He reports, in *The Big Top Wants You!*, that there's still life under the canvas. There is in the dirty-movie business, too, thanks in large measure to Linda Lovelace, star of *Deep Throat* and of our pictorial *Say "Ah!,"* photographed by Richard Fegley; and in Disney movies, as personified by lovely Dayle Haddon. The man who took her pictures for PLAYBOY is her boyfriend, Richard Taylor.

An entirely different slant on girls is provided by veteran camera artist Andre de Dienes in *Women—with a Twist*. And for a fresh view of forthcoming styles, we have *Playboy's Spring & Summer Fashion Forecast*, as prognosticated by Robert L. Green and illustrated by Wilson McLean.

There's more: Author/ex-big-game hunter/chef Jack Denton Scott serves up appetizing *Crepe Expectations* and Staff Writer Craig Vetter enters the 1984's-closer-than-you-think derby with his spine-chilling report on *The Lie Machine*. Finally, one thing almost everybody has in common is taxes—and a vague but well-founded mistrust about what Uncle Sam does with what he collects. Senior Editor Michael Laurence turned Research Editor Bernice Zimmerman loose in the bureaucratic labyrinth of our nation's capital, and she dug up all kinds of dirt. Whereupon Assistant Art Director Roy Moody wrapped up the package in the illustrative zaniness it deserves. Result of the threesome's collaboration is *Who's Doing What with Your Money*—after reading which you can cry all the way home from the bank, where you've just deposited your greatly diminished pay check. Just for the fun of it, we checked the income-tax rates for 1922, the year in which T. S. Eliot opened *The Waste Land* with the prophetic observation that April is the cruelest month. The average income tax for that year was two percent.

vol. 20, no. 4—april, 1973

PLAYBOY



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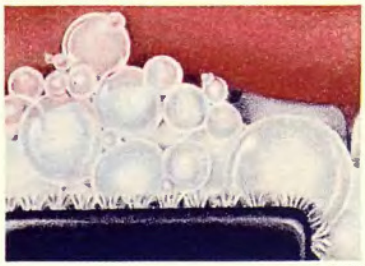

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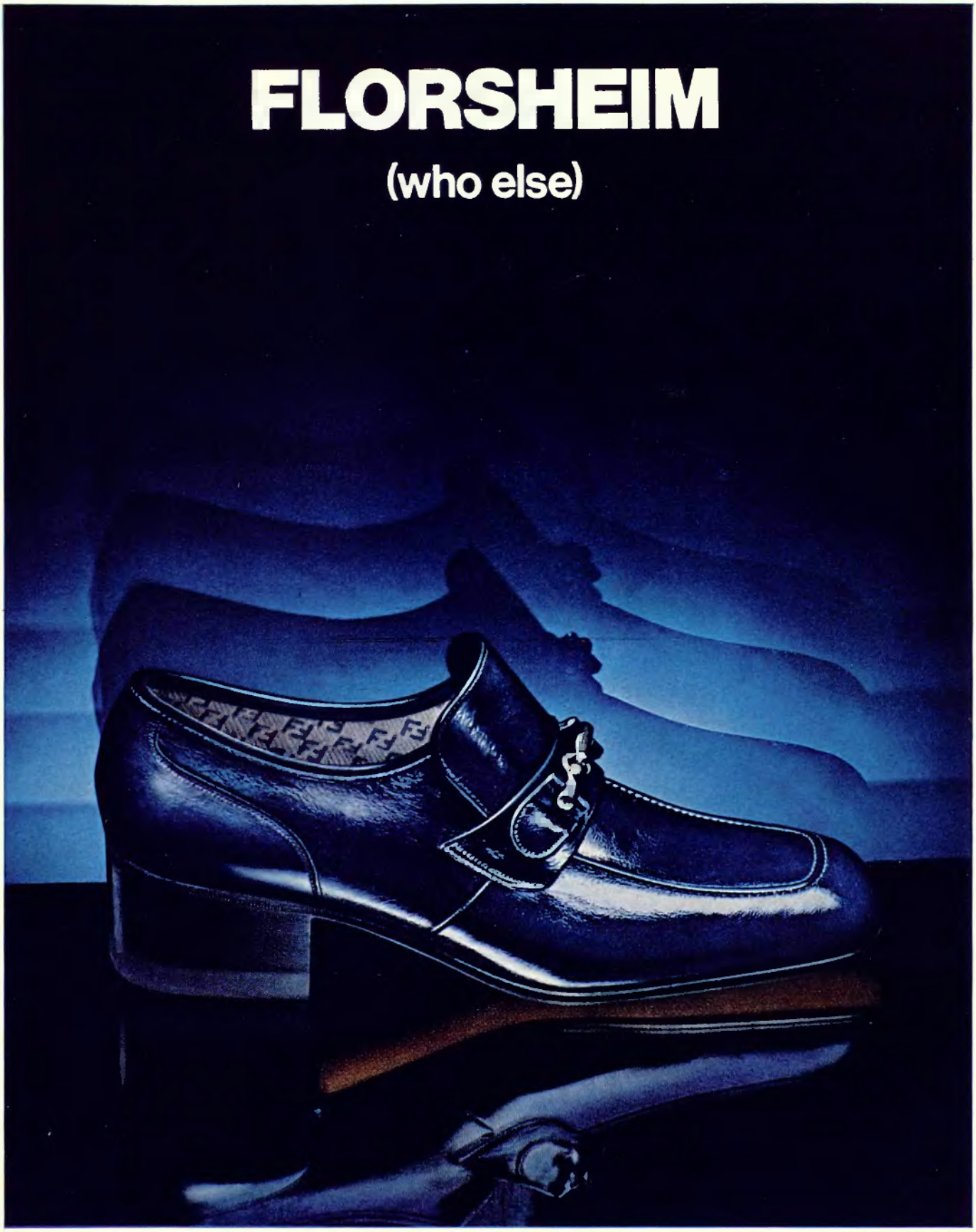
(who else)



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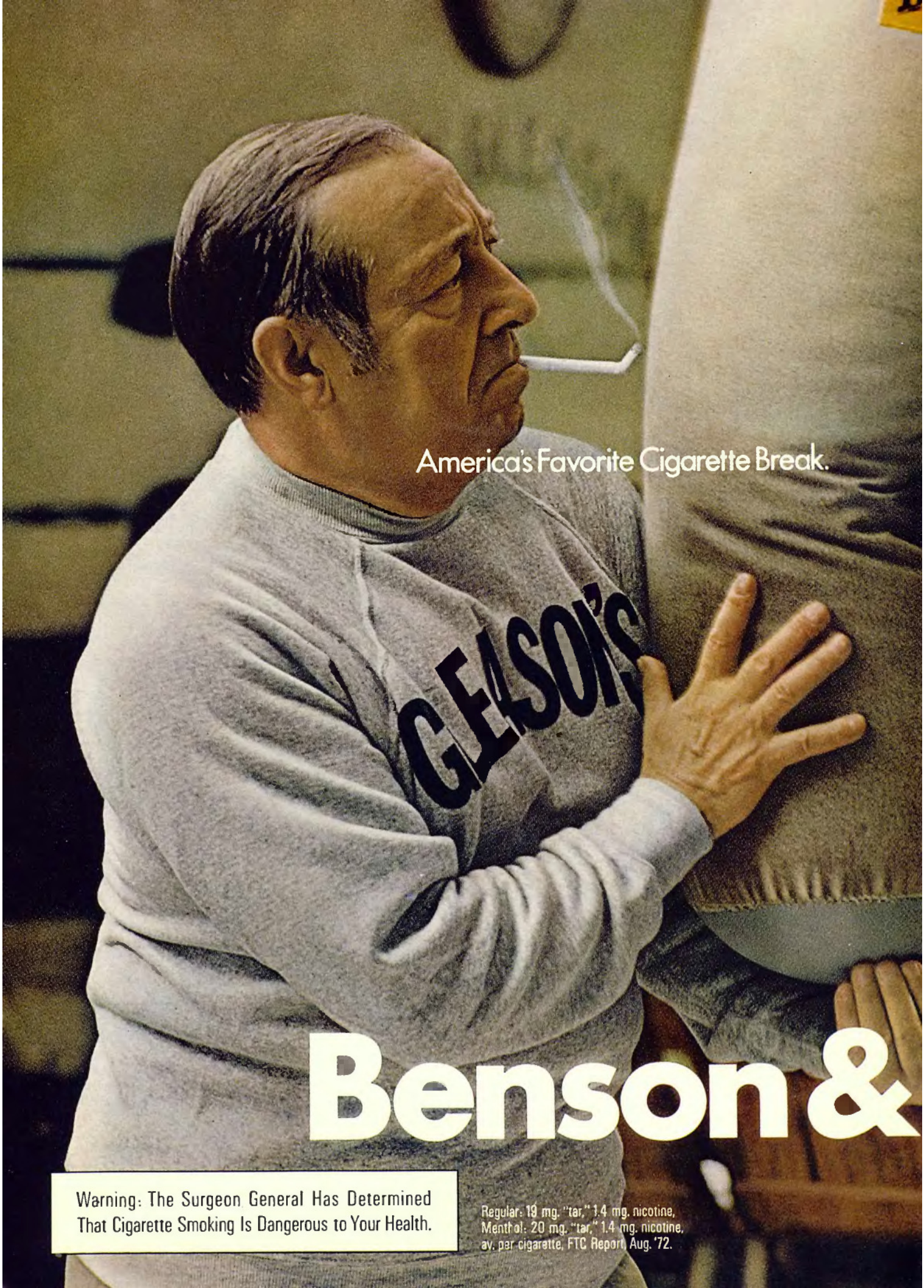
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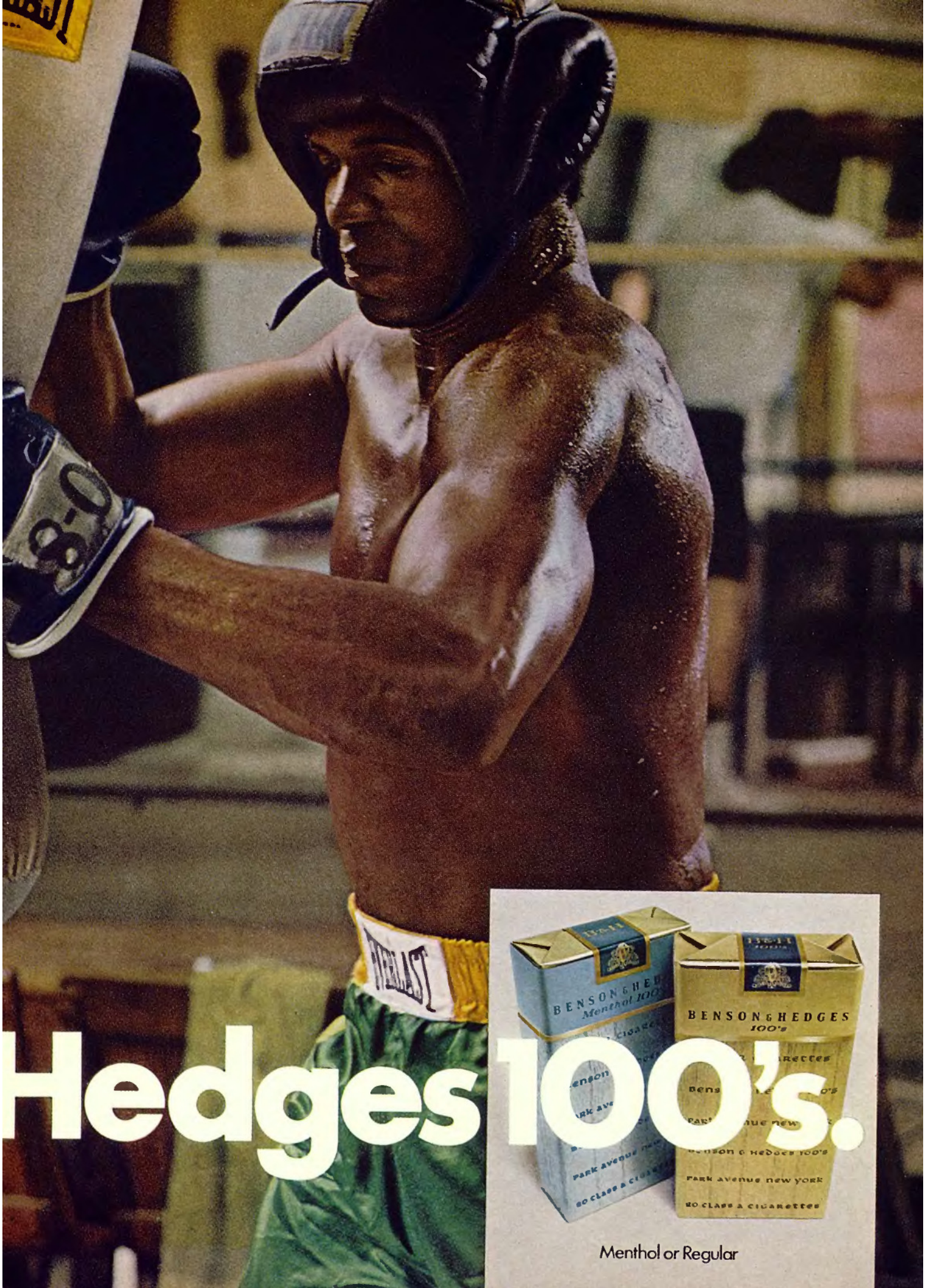
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DEAR PLAYBOY

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THE WAR BETWEEN THE SEXES

In *Seduction Is a Four-Letter Word* (PLAYBOY, January), feminist Germaine Greer has opened wide a heavily padlocked door of fear, prejudice and hypocrisy that has until now forbidden a scientific look at the subject of seduction. I've long admired Greer's intelligence and guts. Though I can't go along with everything she has written, I do wish there were more like her.

Carol Anne Michaelis
Toronto, Ontario

Skin pix and Germaine Greer: PLAYBOY gives equal time. Congratulations, Ms. Greer, on a fantastic article.

Sylvia Battley
Terrace, British Columbia

Congratulations for having published Greer's article on rape. Speaking for the National Organization for Women, I believe the article can do much to help our work in revising all laws governing statutory and forcible rape.

Colette Nijhof
National Organization for Women
Bethesda, Maryland

I don't know why PLAYBOY would encourage such an intelligent, enlightened and sophisticated view of rape and seduction in apparent contradiction to its own philosophy. I suppose your more yahoo readers might have gotten off vicarious jollies while perusing Greer's article, but in the process they were treated to a serious indictment of their sex. I think it's especially important that all the sexes take note of what Germaine expresses: that rape is a reality in every form of social coercion, from grand rape to romantic courtship to male rights in marriage. With that knowledge, women will enlarge the consciousness of their own vulnerability and start to fight back with a new intelligence. I guess the article is for women, really, so congratulations for printing it.

Jill Johnston
New York, New York

A self-described "Lesbian at large," Johnston writes a weekly column on dance, the arts and the liberation of women for The Village Voice.

In contrast to her well-reasoned best seller, Greer's article on the many guises of seduction is characterized by a distortion of the language—by a stylist who ought to know better. In her article, the meaningful distinction between persuasion and compulsion disappears from human sexual relations; according to Greer, seduction is rape. The word extortion might more accurately serve her purposes, but apparently linguistic accuracy plays a poor second to her need to press her views with the maximum immediate impact. In that light, it's necessary for her to portray women as victims; they cannot be seen as victimizers as well. Greer admits in the article that "some women are coquettish," but, she hastens to add, "far fewer than the mythology of rape supposes." It is illuminating to note that when she's delineating the sexual behavior of women, she chooses a quaint Victorianism such as coquette. When she writes of men, she uses brutalizing words such as rape and even force-fucking.

Richard Horwich
Department of English
Brooklyn College
Brooklyn, New York

Greer writes that she knows "a woman who has been repeatedly raped by her mentally retarded brother for 30 years." If this story is true, the woman's brother is not the only one who is retarded.

Robert C. Gilleo
Columbus, Ohio

As long as most women refuse to believe that sex can be enjoyed without true love or great affection, petty rape will flourish.

Daryl Mann
Las Vegas, Nevada

In her article, Greer claims: "In all cases of petty rape, the victim does not figure as a personality, as someone vulnerable and valuable." In the interest of giving petty rapists equal time, allow me to refute her undocumented statement. Personally, I've always liked my "victims." I am, however, glad to hear that rape centers are being established to help women recover from the ordeal. Hopefully, lesson number one

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instructs them to be the rapist themselves next time, rather than the rapee. What better way to further the feminist movement for equal rights, while simultaneously increasing the happiness of men?

Larry Van Allen
Detroit, Michigan

Contrary to Greer's pious declaration that women are less "fetishistic" about men's bodies than men are about women's, I contend that I have a fetish about men's bodies. I am an active member of the women's movement and, as such, proudly declare that I find nothing more stimulating or erotic than a well-proportioned male.

Deborah Carter
Arlington, Virginia

After reading *Seduction Is a Four-Letter Word*, I find myself wondering why I am still buying PLAYBOY. If I wanted to read the militant rantings of a feminist bitch, I would buy feminist magazines. If PLAYBOY is to become a sounding board for women's lib, say so and I will simply quit reading it.

Shawn Thomson
Westwood, California

PLAYBOY will continue to explore all aspects of human behavior.

I am a victim of rape. At the age of 16, I was grabbed from behind by two girls. A tight grip on my testicles made for my cooperation. I was tied hand and foot, blindfolded and gagged. After two coital orgasms, I was unable to achieve erection. I was forced into cunnilingus. After a very long period of time, I became erect again. Thereafter, I was continually brought to the point of orgasm, and denied. Finally, I was given my last orgasm via fellatio. When I managed to free myself, I discovered I had been molested for more than two hours. Unlike Greer's victims, my will was not shattered, nor was my ego broken. My dignity had not suffered at all. If anything, I felt flattered that the two girls chose me as their object of pleasure.

(Name and address
withheld by request)

BLEEDING ULSTER

The personal battles in Northern Ireland become visibly tangible in Tom Fitzpatrick's January article, *And So It Goes*. Unlike the cold reports in the broadcast media, Fitzpatrick's writing brings to life the human struggles of the real people caught up in a frightening situation.

C. Naisbitt
Chicago, Illinois

Fitzpatrick has given the seemingly insurmountable problems of Northern Ireland a superficial, emotional treatment. He presents nothing positive and nowhere indicates that anything other than chaos and hatred exists in Belfast. Perhaps he was so involved at the Europa Hotel that he never ventured into those parts of the city where Catholics and Protestants live side by side in harmony.

Carolle J. Carter, Lecturer
Department of History
San Jose State College
San Jose, California

BUNNY ROCK

While cruising along the Northern California coast near Albion, just south of Fort Bragg, I noticed this delightful

natural rock formation. I thought you might like to see it.

Bob Renfroe
Walnut Creek, California

TO CHINA WITH BUCKLEY

Somehow, William F. Buckley, Jr., seems to be more comfortable in your magazine than in his own, but that may be due to PLAYBOY's *ambiance*. In his book *Cruising Speed*, Buckley grumbled that nobody had read his PLAYBOY article about Russia. He was mistaken. I read it and admired it. And his latest article, *To China with Nixon* (PLAYBOY, January), was recommended to me by a Sinologist at the University of California at Berkeley. I'm sure it was read, critically and respectfully, by many people who don't ordinarily read *National Review*. This article not only delineated the Nixon trip but it also exposed the callowness of all the previous reports about it. None of the other journalists on the trip have been so acute in their observations. Nor have any of them, returned to their offices, written about their experiences with such lucidity and honesty. Buckley is a quick study and a keen obelist.

Robert Daseler
Oakland, California

We knew he was a quick study, but we didn't know he played the obel.

I agree with Buckley that South Vietnam under Thieu probably isn't the "worst military despotism in history," but does Buckley think it is a libertarian democracy? Does it shine with those freedoms Buckley misses in China? Hardly. I also wonder just how Wilsonian it is for the U. S. to aid Greece, Spain, Portugal, Paraguay, Brazil, Nationalist China and West Pakistan. The battle to save those countries for democracy was lost long ago. In short, though I am a deeply convinced libertarian, I cannot accept Buckley's analysis of U. S. foreign policy. His suggestion that tolerance of dictatorships in such countries as China is subtly racist is, in the final analysis, facile. To presume to apply Anglo-Saxon standards of government to people to whom they are utterly alien is the sublimest cultural arrogance.

Charles Newlin
Arch Cape, Oregon

ASSAYING GOLD

Herbert Gold's magical portrait of San Francisco, *Candy-Coated Nightmares in Nirvana by the Bay* (PLAYBOY, January), brought tears to my eyes. For a charter member of a generation that pedaled its bikes down Market Street and entrusted its soul to those endearing two-dollar whores, it was refreshing to learn that the old girl, San Francisco, hasn't changed.

Victor F. Tolley
San Carlos, California

Gold's article substantially confirms what I have been saying about San Francisco for some time. I'm not sure whether the polite conversation between the lady and the rapist properly illustrates the culture of civility that sets San Francisco apart from every other city, or whether the conversation is supposed to illustrate a breakdown of that unique cultural trait. The "Manhattanization" of San Francisco, which Gold notes, ultimately reflects itself in the kind of life style the people have. But meanwhile, Gold seems happy with the city—or, at the very least, with his wife.

Irving Louis Horowitz
New Brunswick, New Jersey

Horowitz edits the prestigious social-science journal Society.

ARCHIE BUNKER'S WORLD

Your January interview with Carroll O'Connor was fascinating. I had previously thought that he was just like the character he plays on the tube. Now that you've introduced me to the real O'Connor, I will watch his show with greater interest. I wholeheartedly agree with his statement that "the world is rushing past Archie into a future that he can't see, and as it rushes by, it ignores him; that drives him wild." I only hope that the Archies all over America will wake up and join our fast-changing world.

Lance Young
Newberry, South Carolina

O'Connor hit the nail on the head when he concluded that the success of *All in the Family* is due to the bit of

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Archie in all of us. It is sad, however, that many of us see Archie only in our friends and neighbors, never in ourselves.

Bernard W. Peyser
Phoenix, Arizona

O'Connor's belief that Archie Bunker has more balls than anyone preceding him on television demands rebuttal. If anything, Archie's prejudices illuminate his fears and insecurities—in short, his *lack* of balls. Men like Archie get their courage from guns or lynch mobs. Archie is an impotent coward.

Selika C. Conover
San Diego, California

It's lucky for O'Connor that he landed the part of Archie. If he hadn't, this materialistic, obnoxious egotist would have no one to whom he could feel superior. O'Connor himself is a bigger threat to the American way of life than all the Archies of this country. *They*, at least, are too simple to pretend they are what they're not.

Karen Kuttner
APO New York, New York

LETTUCE LEAF

I wonder if Craig Vetter's January humor piece, *Confessions of a Lettuce Eater*, is labeled correctly. It seems to me that Vetter reflects the true feelings of lots of people who are fed up with so much worthless talk about social problems. His down-to-earth attitude is to be commended.

Ronald Rich
Mars Hill, North Carolina

MISSED KEY

Contrary to popular impression, all Bahamian islands don't look alike. The opening photograph of your December article *Hanging Out in the Out Islands* is identified as "Great and Little Abaco." This is wrong, and we ought to know. The place is our very own. It's on Great Harbour Cay, at a spot locally known as "the caves." We intend to keep our beaches just the way you captured them on film. While we can't guarantee two beauties to each man (as your photo shows), we *can* guarantee the water and the sun. Come see for yourselves.

Alan Chesler, President
Roberts Realty of the Bahamas, Ltd.
Berry Island, Bahamas

KEMPTON *MEA CULPA*

My essay in your December symposium, *Power!*, led with this quote: " 'If power tends to corrupt, the absence of power corrupts absolutely.' L. B. J. advisor John P. Roche, on Arthur Schlesinger, Jr." I have some misgivings about it. The obvious paraphrase of Acton's was not originally Roche's; it was first uttered by Ed Prichard, a young New Dealer of cherished memory. But that's not all that bothers me, because the quote itself is open to misinterpretation. Roche was President Johnson's advisor on relations with the intellectuals and served in that capacity with considerably more arrogance than has ever been imputed to his late boss. Roche's tenure was characterized by cheap wisecracks at the President's critics, which—as time went on—increasingly involved the civilized portion of mankind. For his part, Schlesinger had filled the same office for Kennedy, but, in contrast, he dispatched his duties with invariable courtesy. He was that rarest of creatures, the honest courtier. Therefore, I apologize to anyone who might have been misled, even on an authority as meager as mine, into accepting the opinion of John Roche on Arthur Schlesinger.

Murray Kempton
New York, New York

REVEILLE FOR RUNTS

Though I am only 11 years old and stand a mere 4'4", I, like Ralph Keyes, author of *Runts Lib* (PLAYBOY, January), often get the urge to yell: "Power to the Puny!" The only trouble is, I'm so short that I can't be heard.

Mike Sanford
Los Gatos, California

Runts Lib, like its subject, was short and to the point. As a policeman, I've often wished my partner on a crime call was an ex–professional football player. But police work today requires more brains than brawn; and in many cases, small officers are dynamite in both areas.

Gerald S. Arenberg, Executive Director
American Federation of Police
North Miami, Florida

As founder of the Little People of America, I enjoyed *Runts Lib* immensely. Our motto is "Think Big," but when we had our convention last year, the featured speaker didn't even notice when our membership gave him a standing ovation. I agree with Keyes that there shouldn't be a height discrimination in any profession; but I don't think you can call the police bigots because they have a height minimum. In fact, I'm pleased. If you think my 3'9" frame is going to chase a six-foot criminal down the street, you're nuts. Often people make smallness sound like a disease, but they don't know what discrimination means until they walk into a washroom. You wouldn't think they'd stoop so low.

Billy Barty
North Hollywood, California

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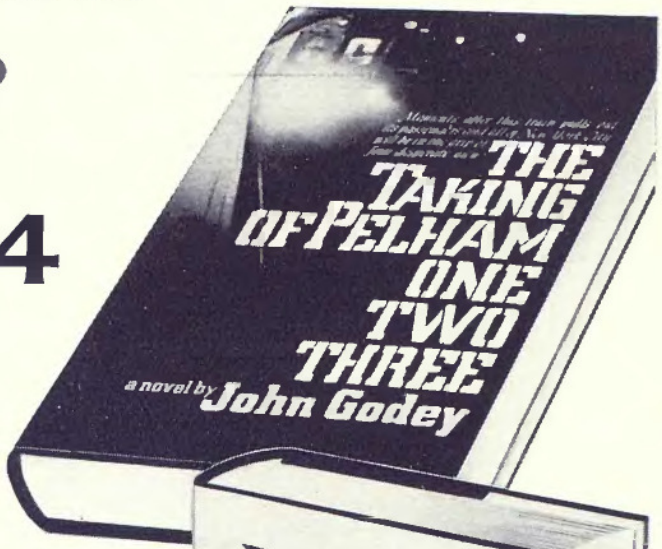

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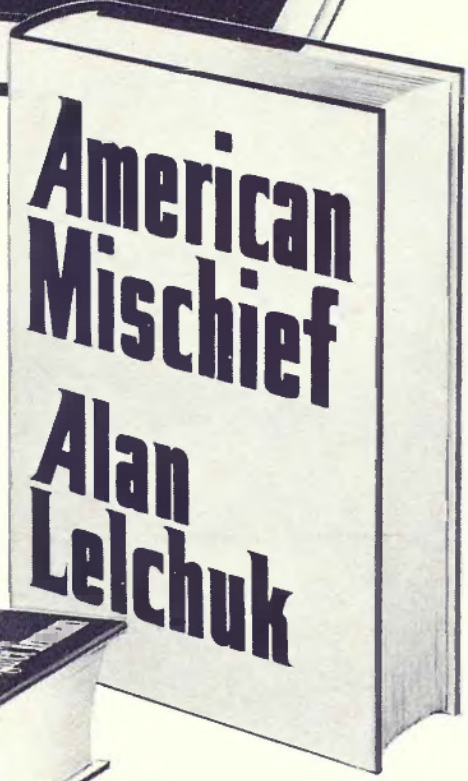

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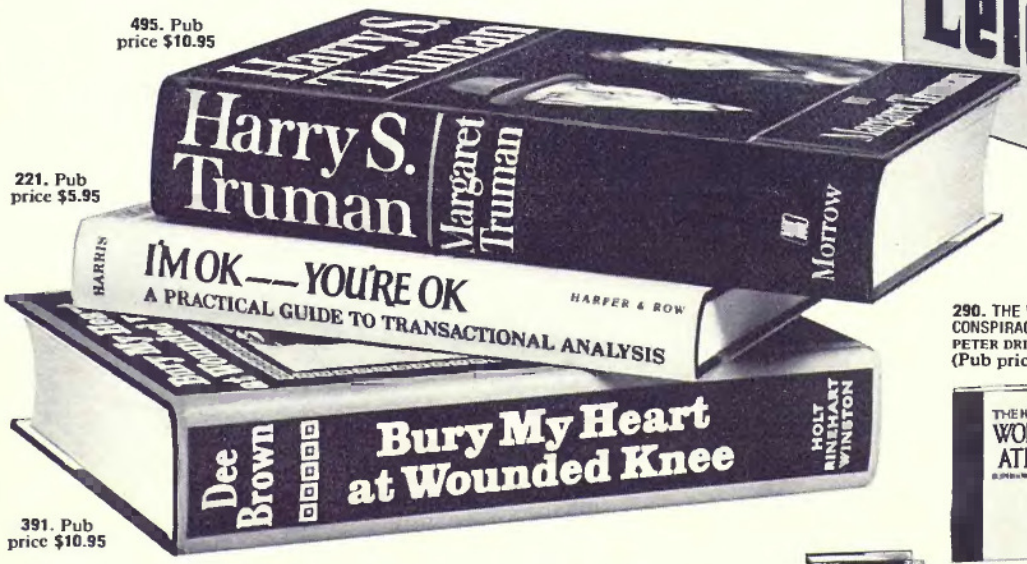

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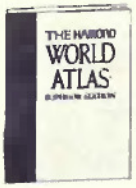

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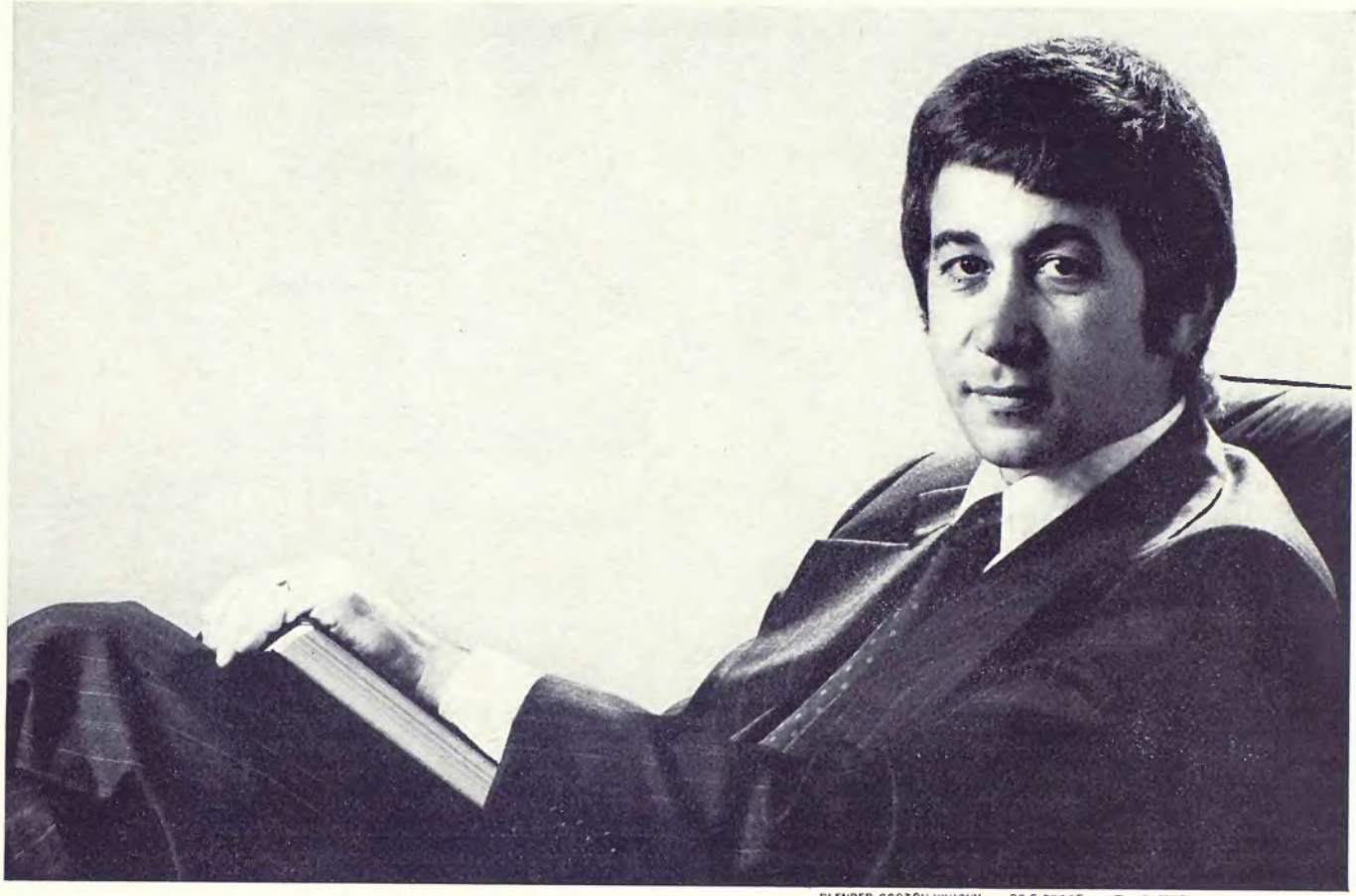

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LEONARD M. FREEMAN, M.D.

HOME: New York, New York

AGE: 35

PROFESSION: Physician specializing in Nuclear Medicine

HOBBIES: Theater, Sports, Travel

LAST BOOK READ: John Gunther's "Inside Australia"

LAST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Co-editing a basic textbook as well as a journal in his specialty of Nuclear Medicine

QUOTE: "There is a brighter day coming when the words 'nuclear energy' will no longer trigger the awful vision of destruction, but elicit instead our gratefulness for what this marvelous science will have accomplished in diagnosing cancer and saving lives."

PROFILE: Creative and incisive. An inquisitive, wide-ranging intellect with a propensity for the practical. An enthusiast and an articulate spokesman for his profession, who genuinely enjoys lecturing and sharing his special knowledge and experience.

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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

Retired Colonel David H. Hackworth, writing in *Harper's*, accused the Army of being run by incompetents and bogged down in bureaucratic red tape. The Army's chief of information, quoted in the *Durham Morning Herald*, replied to the charges: "I'm afraid that Hackworth spent so much time in Vietnam that he was pretty well out of touch with what the Army was really doing." We'll buy that.

•

No editorializing, please: A proposed revision of the Florida Criminal Code defines sexual intercourse as "the penetration of the female sex organ by the male sex organ, however slight."

•

A generation before Agent 007 emerged from Ian Fleming's pen, the elders of Toronto's St. James Square Presbyterian Church and the Bond Street Congregational Church merged their congregations. The result, still standing on the corner of Willowbank and Avenue roads, is the St. James Bond United Church.

•

Cleveland's newest monthly magazine, *Pest Control Technology*, hit the newsstands with a full-color centerfold photo of an Oriental cockroach. Says *P. C. T.*'s publisher, Rick Schroeder: "We want to make Cleveland the bug capital of the world."

•

A movie ad in *Newsday* publicizing a flick titled *Love Under 17* warned prospective viewers that no one under 17 would be admitted.

•

We knew it would come to this. "On the New York stock market," clacked the A. P. broadcast wire, "the Dow-Jones average of 30 blue-chip industrials declined over seven points under a wave of profit taking. No arrests have been made. Police are questioning several students."

•

A breathless feature story in the *San Jose Mercury-News*, describing the first woman truck salesperson in the United States, contained this intriguing performance evaluation from her boss: "We feel that she will keep all our salesmen humping."

•

Given the thrust of current events these days, we weren't too surprised to read the following headline in *The New York Times*: "DISCIPLES OF CHRIST ELECT NEW LEADER."

•

Asked by police if she could describe the man who held her up, a fashion-minded Detroit bank teller obliged. The thief, she said, wore "a black wig with a swirl effect on the left side, matching black-rimmed sunglasses and green lenses." A dark shawl was draped over the robber's shoulders, "accentuating his long-sleeved, multicolored shirt" but not covering his red bell-bottom trousers.

•

"Cino Cinelli and Company, the manufacturer of the often imitated but never equaled Cinelli racing bicycles," said an ad in *Bicycling* magazine, "points out that all his highly appreciated products known under the Cinelli and Unicanitor trademark are made exclusively in Italy. Affectionate customers are invited to distrust all those manufacturers and dealers who make no scruples to offer poor imitations, diffusing tendentious rumors." Invitation accepted, we think.

•

Not too long ago, Dr. Frank Miller opened his house-pet column (which runs regularly in the *San Francisco Chronicle*) with a question that was surely of interest to more than a few Bay Area entrepreneurs: "Dear Dr. Miller: I'd like to build a cat house. Are there standard plans available?"

•

In San Antonio, a young woman was acquitted of a burglary rap after the judge concluded that the only reason she and her boyfriend had broken into a local elementary school was so that they could make love. "Poor people don't have anything to do but make love and drink beer," Judge James Barlow observed. "And they don't have much money for beer."

•

Quiz time: Who is the patron saint of dentists? Why, Apollonia, of course. Her statue stands in the art museum at Ponce, Puerto Rico. In her right hand she holds a pair of pliers and an oversized molar.

•

A debate of more than passing interest was announced thusly in the *Chicago Daily News*: "EQUAL RIGHTS: SHOULD THE MAN OR WOMAN BE ON TOP?"

•

In Liverpool, telephone-talk-show deejay Jenny Collins announced that the day's subject would be apathy. She had to ad-lib the rest of the show, because no one called in.

•

Eating out tonight? If you're in Washington, D. C., there's Blimpie Base, a submarine-sandwich shop that advertises its wares as "the world's second-best taste treat."

•

In Sacramento, police responded to a call for help from a lady who had been mugged at the Greyhound bus station. They found the mugger lying bloodied in a nearby alley—victim of a mugging.

•

We wonder how many boys and girls in Richmond, Virginia, got up early one Saturday morning to tune in to channel eight after reading in the *News Leader* that *Fucky Phantom* would be shown.

•

Charley Smith, 131 years old and the oldest living American, was taken to Cape Kennedy by NASA to view the launching of Apollo 17, because he had earlier voiced his doubts about man's going to the moon. After lift-off, Smith still disbelieved. "I see they're going somewhere, but it don't mean nothing. I don't believe they're going to no

moon. They say they brought back rocks, but if they did, they took them with them." Smith's skepticism may be well founded. Before the Civil War, he was lured aboard a slave ship in Africa by a white man who told him that in America, pancakes grew on trees.

•

In Stoke on Trent, England, Polish *émigré* Demetrius Myiciura choked to death on a garlic clove. He had put it in his mouth to ward off vampires.

•

The world's first closed-circuit TV-cassette pornographic movie did not have a typical Hollywood premiere. No searchlights scanned the horizon, no starlets stepped from limousines to mumble how *lovely* it was to be there and nobody left sweaty palm prints in a newly paved section of Chicago's South Wabash Avenue.

In fact, only two men stood in front of Weird Harold's bookstore and modeling studio, peering closely at a window display of books and magazines with such titles as *Oral Lovers*, *Lesbian Love* and *Doing It with Daughter*.

"Filthy," said one.

"Disgusting," affirmed the other.

Despite their enthusiasm, since they couldn't prove they were members of the press, they were turned away. Actually, only the elite of the Chicago media scene had received formal invitations: "Mr. and Mrs. Harold Rubin request the honor of your presence at the best fucking time you ever had! 8:30 P.M. at Weird Harold's—widely known police hangout." And in smaller print at the bottom: "In order to insure privacy, our doors will be securely locked at 8:30 P.M."

Most of the local newspaper columnists were in attendance, as was a U. P. I. man from Germany (just passing through), a complete contingent of reporters (minus pencils and pads), an entire film crew from one of the local TV stations (without film or cameras) and several dozen others, crowded into the not-too-plush premises. These intrepid newshawks had collectively developed a nervous stomach. They eyed the bar wishfully until somebody called the watch commander at the local police station and inquired if there was the possibility of a bust. "Hell, no," the commander growled. "I'm not going to give the s.o.b. any more publicity." The party promptly picked up.

At 8:30, the front doors were securely locked, as promised, and we trooped down a carpeted hallway, past the massage parlors (small cubicles equipped with beanbag couches) and into a large, wood-paneled living room with more beanbags and a fake fireplace. Flanking the door as we entered were two tables, each with a large portable TV set. Earlier arrivals were watching a ball game, which was soon interrupted, as the premiere began. The fake fire in the fake fireplace flickered, a fake waterfall dribbled in front of it, and 50 assorted media types yelled "Down in front."

The films, in full color on a small screen, were not without redeeming social value. Pamela, after demonstrating the erotic possibilities of a vibrating dildo, confided to an offcamera director that she really preferred men. Giordana then demonstrated considerable dexterity in handling two such, simultaneously, after which she regaled the video audience with tales of her early life in a Canadian convent. Weird Harold didn't solicit written commentary, but the verbal criticism was just as enlightening. One of the few ladies in the audience was heard to comment: "Baby oil? I thought it was Janitor in a Drum."

Then followed a short featuring two girls and one man, and another with four men and two women (almost an anticlimax, after Giordana). And at this point, it was back to more ordinary television fare. As a Gillette commercial intruded itself, we talked to Weird Harold, a man who has been called "a natural" in the pornography trade by none other than *Chicago Daily News* columnist Mike Royko, who also considers Richard Daley a natural in the mayor business.

Harold is 33, a stubby little man who looks like a fraternity beer drinker ten years after the last home-coming party. His bookstore-*cum*-modeling-studio has prospered for over two years now. He has been arrested for running a nude-modeling studio and for filming a stag movie at a local motel. The judge who acquitted him on the movie charge later performed his marriage ceremony. Harold has a simple formula for success in sexbiz: "It's like any other profession. If you want to be successful, you have to sleep, drink and eat this business."

As far as his TV cassettes go, Harold has big plans. He'll have couples-only nights, he'll lease cassettes for parties, he'll go to Copenhagen to create and stage his own productions. Eventually, he plans to give up the pornographic-book-and-magazine business entirely, in the manner of the worldly sinner retiring to the monastery. "Someday I'd like to rent video-tape machines with kiddie cartoons to shopping centers. You know, something for the kids to do while their old lady pushes her cart down the aisles."

In the meantime, there are limitless possibilities in the applied technology of sex. After all, Harold points out, there are no laws prohibiting closed-circuit pornographic television. And if the cops start knocking down the door anyway, a video-tape cassette can be totally erased in just six seconds.

And, despite his protestations about the demands of his job, Harold's life isn't all work and no play. "Look," he complains, "everybody thinks that people in the sex business do nothing but read magazines and look at movies all day. If I did that, I'd have no time for my personal life. I'm no different from anybody else—I like to relax and enjoy good sex."

ADVENTURES

Running the rapids of the Colorado River through the Grand Canyon isn't quite as hairy an exploit as it was back in 1869, when a one-armed Civil War veteran named John Wesley Powell led the first exploratory voyage through what was then uncharted wilderness. It took almost a month, and three of Major Powell's party never made it; deciding it would be safer to climb out of the canyon than risk further white water and the possibility of starvation, they left the main group and, it's believed, were killed by Indians on the canyon rim. Enough other corpses and memorial markers got scattered around the canyon in following years to keep the traffic down. In fact, by 1949—80 years after Powell—only 100 persons had made the trip. But times, as they say, have changed; thanks to the introduction of inflatable rubber boats and the boom in leisure-time recreation, Grand Canyon voyages have become so safe—and so popular—in the past few years that the National Park Service has had to limit passengers to a total of some 16,000 annually.

So you're not exactly in exclusive company when you sign up for a raft trip. But after you've splashed and bumped through your first set of rapids, you'll feel adequately adventuresome. We rode down the Colorado with one of the biggest outfitters, Grand Canyon Expeditions (P. O. Box O, Kanab, Utah 84741)—which this year offers 9- and 12-day, 300-mile trips from $395 per person, April through October (group rates are slightly cheaper). Air or other fare to Las Vegas, from which transportation is provided to Lees Ferry, Arizona, the starting point for the trip, is extra. You take your own jeans and toothbrush, but sleeping bags and camp gear are supplied.

Combination scouts, medics and expert chefs for each 14-passenger, motor-driven raft are the guides. All experienced white-water boatmen (and women), some are also geologists, psychologists or teachers in the off season, and they may make use of any or all of these skills on a trip. But their chief responsibility is steering the craft safely through the more than 200 rapids that dot the canyon. Before the most difficult, the guides stop the boat, climb up onto the bank and study every

Another one of those things your mother just wouldn't understand.

"Stuck? What's stuck? What did you say, Mom? What drawer? . . . oh . . . that drawer . . . er . . . that guy who lived here before me? . . . well he left that stuff here . . . yeah . . . I figured he'd be back for it . . . three years? . . . I been here that long, eh, Mom? . . . Well, he may pop in here any day now, y' know? Oh . . . that magazine is dated last month? . . . wonder how that got in there? . . . dirty? . . . Really? . . . Y' know I never really noticed . . . right . . . real gangster shoes . . . sex fiend? . . . I wouldn't doubt it Mom . . . whaddya worried? . . . of course you taught me better . . . incinerator? . . . hey that's O.K., Mom . . . you just relax . . . I'll take care of it later . . ."

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break and pull of the water as carefully as a Jack Nicklaus reading a green in Augusta. The Colorado changes its character completely from hour to hour, depending on whether the water level is high or low, they told us. The depth, regulated by several dams, depends partly upon the water requirements of the City of Los Angeles. What you float on one day may reappear in the tap of your hotel room in Hollywood the following week.

But Los Angeles is the furthest thing from your mind while you're on the trip. By the second day afloat, you're suffused with a true and splendid sense of isolation; you become preoccupied with the passing show provided by wild burro herds, mountain sheep, cactus and spectacular waterfalls (which also make handy showers). But the moments of highest excitement come during the riding of the rapids, which John McPhee in his book *Encounters with the Archdruid* so accurately described as feeling "as if you were about to be sucked into some sort of invisible pneumatic tube and shot like a bullet into the dim beyond . . . the raft folding and bending —sudden hills of water filling the immediate skyline."

Each day's journey stops at about 4:30; the raft is pulled ashore, usually on a sandy beach, and camp is made. On our trip, the guide/chefs worked culinary miracles. We'd been expecting peanut-butter sandwiches and something resembling C rations. What we got, hauled out of an iced storage chest and cooked over the campfire, were deep-fried shrimps, broiled steaks, amazing combinations of vegetables, omelets, cherry blintzes, pancakes. Nothing came from a can—except enormous quantities of cold beer, which, along with 25 gallons of wine and uncounted cases of soft drinks, quenched the considerable thirsts built up in the 90-degree heat of the canyon floor. After dinner, sleeping bags and portable johns appear. You're advised to shake out your bags at night and your shoes in the morning as a precaution against scorpions. None made an appearance on our trip; the only casualty was a young bride whose behind was peppered with spines from a cactus on which she'd unwarily laid her jeans while heeding the call of nature. One of the most enjoyable features of the trip is the variety of trippers; Grand Canyon Expeditions limits its river trips to 28 guests, and our journey included a brace of editors, a pair of retired automotive executives in safari hats, several college kids, some geologists and a little old lady who, at 76, was the spriest river rat of us all.

Finally, the rafts float out onto Lake Mead and head for a dock, whence a bus whisks you, far too rapidly, to the airport at Las Vegas. After nine days of exhilarating but disciplined existence —even cigarette butts must be stuffed into pockets, so strict are the rules against littering the Colorado—the neon and plastic of Vegas and the impersonal efficiency of airline personnel induce instant culture shock. Not surprisingly, many rafters return—some of them to try a 12-day oar-powered trip, others to sample the white water of different rivers. In addition to Grand Canyon Expeditions, similar companies offer many other trips through Canyonlands National Park and on Utah's Green River, Idaho's Salmon and Selway rivers, Oregon's Rogue River and through other wilderness areas of the United States. There are also trips in British Honduras and the Canadian Arctic. If you're interested in any of these, write PLAYBOY Reader Service for information. Whichever you choose, *bon voyage*.

ART

Diane Arbus killed herself in July 1971; last November a retrospective of 112 of her photographs opened to critical acclaim at the Museum of Modern Art in New York, before going on tour. It wasn't altogether a case of the artist's work being enhanced by death; during the past decade, Arbus' photographic vision—intense, powerful and disturbing—attracted a following among photographers and the public that assumed cult dimensions.

There are no hidden symbolic meanings in these photographs. Her subjects —ordinary people, retardates, nudists, hermaphrodites, transvestites—speak with painful clarity of the limitations of what it means to be human. They laid bare their psychic lives for Arbus' camera, and she never flinched. The differences between freaks and the rest of us all but disappear in her work. Even the children she photographed, shocking in their distance from the sentimental tradition of child photography, reveal the shape of the adults they will be as they stare at her camera with wariness and hostility. A suburban couple, sunning themselves on their lawn, surrounded by the paraphernalia of the good life, make a statement about 20th Century American values. But Arbus wasn't interested in large social statements. Her portraits, whether of freaks or "normals," are of individuals. And if the freaks seem to have more dignity, perhaps it's because they know where their hopes end.

What effect Arbus intended her photographs to have is impossible to know. A young photographer who studied with her claims that she delighted simply in the variety of her subjects. Whatever her intent, the effect of her work is to shake our accustomed view of the people around us.

Beginning this month, the Arbus exhibit will tour the country. From April first through the middle of May, it will be at the Museum of Contemporary Art in Chicago; from June 26 through August 19 at the Worcester Art Museum in Massachusetts; from October 15 through November 25 at the Baltimore Museum of Art. It's also scheduled for Minneapolis and Ottawa in 1974. If you aren't able to catch the whole show, you can sample these remarkable photographs in ***Diane Arbus*** (Aperture), a hardcover collection of her work.

BOOKS

"And now we have the Malcolm Legend," mourns Peter Goldman in a sensitive retelling of ***The Death and Life of Malcolm X*** (Harper & Row), "his gifts and flaws and passions and private ironies . . . all smoothed flat and stylized, like the holy men burning coolly in a Byzantine icon." Goldman's Malcolm is neither holy nor wholly profane, but rather a man in combat with his private demons. We see Malcolm the young Harlem tough, hustling, pimping, sniffing coke; Malcolm the convict, turning on to the preachments of the messenger of Allah, Elijah Muhammad; Malcolm the convert, winning souls for the Black Muslims, scaring hell out of "the white devils"; and finally, Malcolm the apostate, rejecting the messenger's word in favor of a message more militant, more *black*. In the end, says Goldman, Malcolm largely triumphed—if not over history, at least over his personal devils: "At some point in his life, feeling hate became a necessity for him no longer; he still enjoyed outraging white people, but his main purpose was to demonstrate to black people that . . . they could make Whitey shiver in his boots a little." In those vivid days, the racial wave of the future seemed nonviolent, and King, not Malcolm, was its prophet. But, as Goldman observes, "Malcolm's day came later, out of the ashes of the riots and the desperation they revealed in the black casbahs of the urban north." His vindication, being posthumous, quickly turned into cultism; enterprising promoters sold millions of Malcolm T-shirts, and two companies attempted movie biographies, with James Baldwin and Louis Lomax prominent among the relays of scriptwriters. Baldwin's scenario, ***One Day, When I Was Lost*** (Dial), is now available. It isn't very illuminating. We glimpse myriad flashbacks through Malcolm's rearview mirror, while Malcolm drives uptown to a speaking engagement at the Audubon

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CHRYSLER
Plymouth

Ballroom—to his death. All the obligatory bases are touched—Malcolm's early and pathetic dependence on "white folks," his conversion to Islam, his final, fierce commitment to black nationalism. But, true to Goldman's lament, it is "all smoothed flat and stylized." Malcolm comes through as a saint, still thundering from the tomb (voice over) against "the racist cancer that is malignant in the body of America," as the curtain falls.

•

As a charter chatelaine in what she calls "the small, fierce kingdom" of Manhattan's literary-showbiz set, Judy Feiffer has seen, in close-up, how many a writer hits it big by concocting novels about the sexual exploits of thinly disguised "names." So she has knocked one off herself. She calls it ***A Hot Property*** (Random House)—wordplay intended and abundantly, redundantly validated by its female protagonist. Seems that these authors have their own version of the three Rs: Rutting, Writing and 'Rithmetic, the latter being the heavy bread they get from royalties and residual rights. So here we see a pride of literary lions and lionesses (also a few hyenas) hopping from bed to book—sometimes trying to beat each other to the typewriter after a mutual screw. Mostly we see them through the eyes of Faye Oppenheim, wife of a top ten-percenter, who found her on the frayed fringe of Hollywood, dug what she called her T. A. P. (Tits and Ass Power) and married her. He sold her novel, *The Big Bed*, fathered her daughter (now, at 14, using daddy's client list to further her own sex education), then treated her with benign neglect. So when he urged her to write another book, Faye began flaunting her T. A. P. all over town, with some surprising results. That's the gist, and the jest, of Ms. Feiffer's first novel. It's short, sharp, satiric, with as much acerbity as ass, and an underlay of serious content dealing with dat ole debbil identity crisis. It's fun even if you can't guess the real names of the characters.

•

Spread the word that ***Word of Mouth: A Completely New Kind of Guide to New York City Restaurants*** (Lippincott) is just about the funniest and toughest takeout yet on Manhattan eateries great and small. Author Jim Quinn, a 36-year-old poet/food freak, spent a year researching and writing the book, and one would hope that all establishments he visited have received their just desserts. Quinn grades the restaurants—on food only—from A to F, and lets you know what *The New York Times* and Myra Waldo's *Restaurant Guide* thought of the place by including their ratings in small print right next to his own. Only Lutece was

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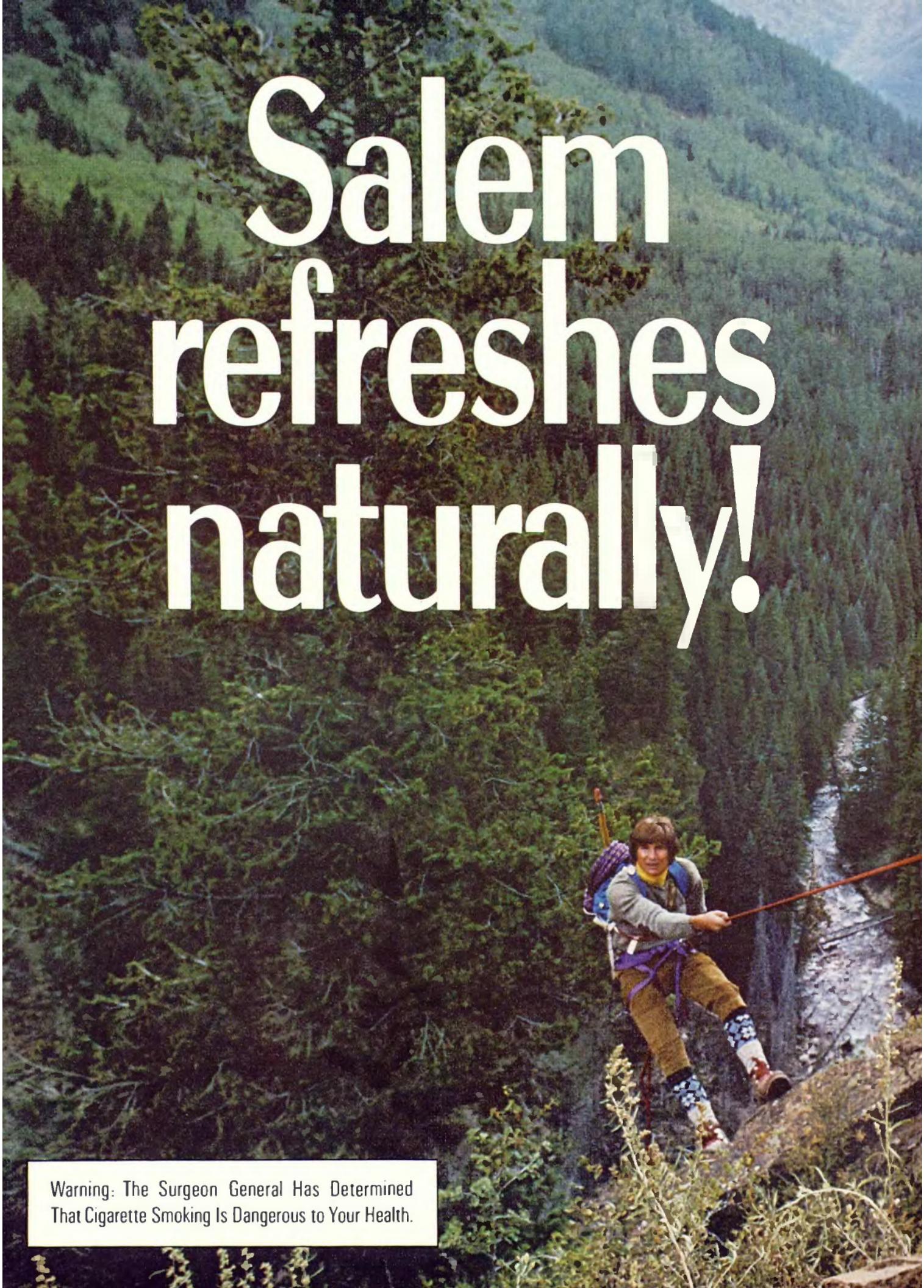
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graded A, but even in that temple of *haute cuisine*, Quinn found a bone of contention after having been seated in André Surmain's Siberia, a "closet for wrongos" on the second floor that "looks like an attic decorated by a cross-eyed paper hanger in a hurry." Of the five failing marks meted out, Nathan's Famous of Times Square was surely the lowest. Quinn compares its *ambiance* and clientele to that found in Malbowges, the eighth circle of Dante's hell and describes the ubiquitous French fries thusly: "Dark and mushy, flecked with the remains of potato eye, frost damaged, frozen, fried, refrozen, refried, left someplace warm to steam and soften in their own heat, they look like the artificial wounds some enterprising manufacturer added to its line of war toys." Quinn is busy eating his way through a sequel to *Word of Mouth*. One badly bitten restaurateur has already suggested a title—*Trash Mouth*.

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With the skillful help of *New York Times* correspondent James T. Wooten, Lieutenant Colonel Anthony B. Herbert, who was interviewed in our July 1972 issue, tells the story of his much-commended but ill-fated Army career in ***Soldier*** (Holt, Rinehart & Winston). Herbert, who has become something of a hero to the antiwar movement, can be so regarded only on the basis that my enemy's enemy is my friend. For Herbert was a hawk's hawk. Not only did he never question the Vietnam war but his whole reason for being was to kill the enemy. Still, he seems to have believed in a code of honorable warfare that was ravaged in Vietnam. When Herbert tried to hold the Army to its professed standards, his days were clearly numbered. And when he began to accuse higher officers of condoning atrocities, the end was inevitable. Even Herbert's remarkable reputation as trainer, fighter (most decorated enlisted man in Korea) and combat commander was no protection when he refused to play the game. There can be no doubt that he was a victim of gross injustice, yet there can be little doubt, too, that his constant waving of his integrity made him enemies he need not have made. His book is, however, a fascinating inside look at the war and the exciting story of—whatever else Herbert may have been—an extraordinary fighting man.

•

Jonathan James Whalen, the coming-of-age protagonist of Jerzy Kosinski's new novel, ***The Devil Tree*** (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich), wants to fill his inner emptiness with some of the power that inherited money should represent. He goes around looking like a hippie; cops smack him for the fun of it; pilots suspect him of hijacking planes; creeps approach him with proposals for big-time pimping and small-time swindles. Meanwhile, he's trying to find out where he came from and where he might be going. His father was a fanatic believer in the purity of American business who fired his valet after 20 years of service upon discovering that the fellow had changed the blade in his razor too often—"If that's what you think of American steel, Anthony, you needn't work for me anymore, because I feel responsible for the quality of this steel"—and broke off business relations with General Motors and Studebaker when they took to making cars of fiberglass. His mother was a hysteric whose medicine cabinet was packed with drugs to ward off "anxiety and tension" and who died from taking a wrong dose. Jonathan himself tries opium, hash, freewheeling sex, gliders, encounter groups and even contemplative probing into the past, with the harsh help of his stand-by girlfriend Karen, who likes men to love her but refuses even minimally to cooperate with them. She is the classic rich bitch and, Kosinski intimates, her sexual cruelty hastens Jonathan's end. Told in short episodes and glancing insights, in a cream-smooth style that has its moments of wit and brilliant grotesquerie, Kosinski's exploration of the waste spaces of the American psyche is the sort of book that can be easily read but not easily forgotten.

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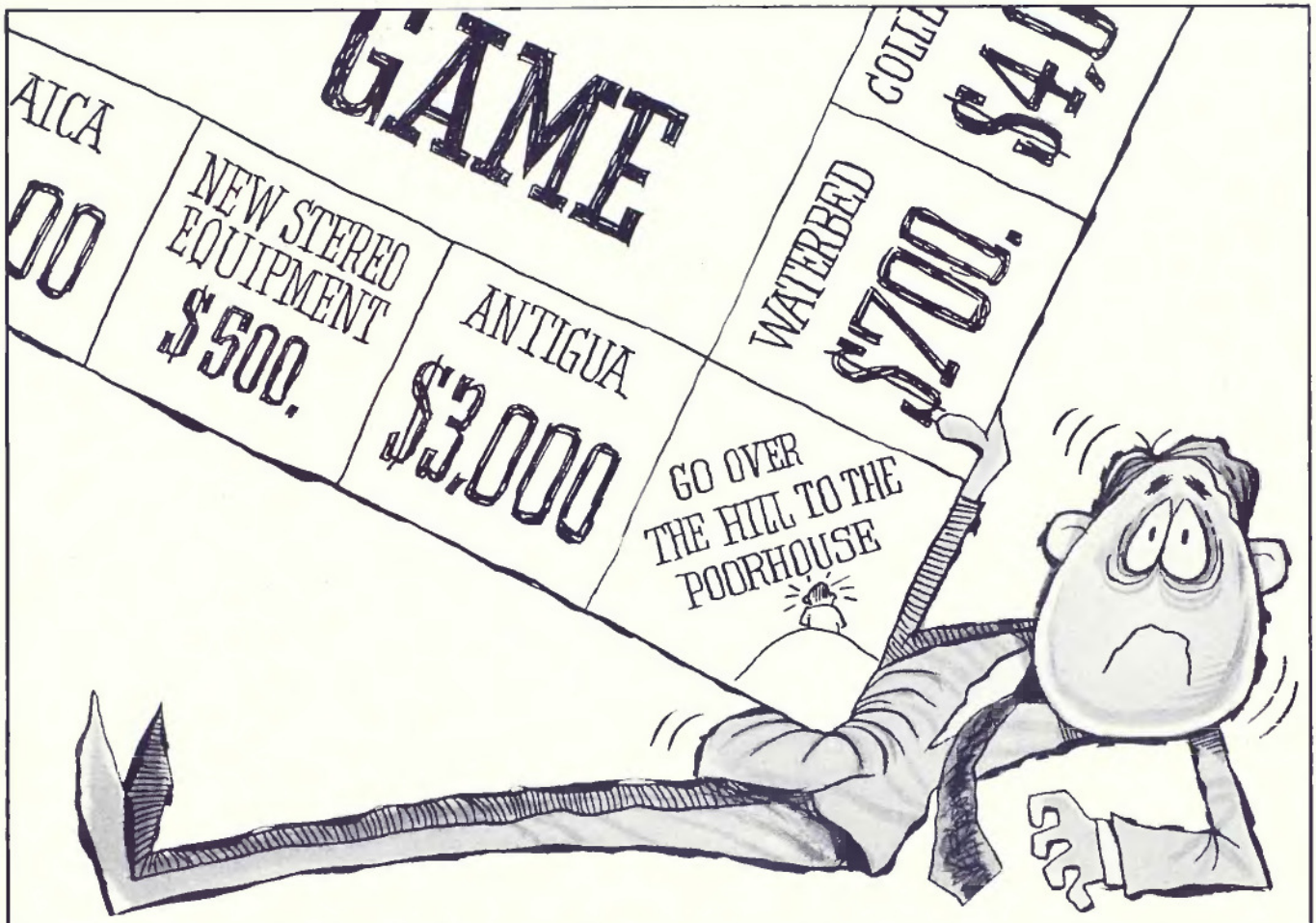
As we have all been told by now, the Nixon Administration, proclaiming its dissatisfaction with network TV news, has decided to expunge "ideological plugola" from the screen. Instead of uncorking another Agnewesque attack on the media, the President's counselors would do better to read ***News from Nowhere*** (Random House)—Edward Jay Epstein's thoughtful analysis of the national news as produced by the three major networks. The book, originally a Harvard doctoral dissertation, explores how the networks' organizational needs—the economic, bureaucratic and regulatory environment—shape the news, and the findings are appalling. The six to eight stories that each night purport to reflect the most significant events in the nation are filmed at enormous expense ($500 a minute), from three or four cities, by a handful of available crews and correspondents who face a series of crippling imperatives. They must get the story to New York by early afternoon, in time for editing; they must shape the story into dramatic form, or re-create events to make them sufficiently compelling; they must keep the story short and simple so that a viewer fresh from Tasmania can instantly understand it; and they must avoid giving offense to local stations. With such a



WHAT CAN YOU DO ABOUT YOUR MONEY SECURITY?

by GEORGE K. MORTON

Make sure you end up with the added money you need

TODAY, THE COST OF LIVING has climbed to an all-time high, and may go even higher. Unemployment is up in some areas, and even many people in secure jobs have begun to worry about the future.

These facts have put millions of Americans of all ages in a difficult financial spot. As the cost of living goes up, it becomes harder and harder to save money for their immediate needs, as well as for long-range goals. Relatively few families have enough money set aside to last very long when something happens to the "breadwinner."

Most folks have tried to do something about this through a savings account or investments. But none of these can really solve the problem or stop the worry. It's hard, for example, to keep putting enough money into a savings account, and then resist the constant temptation to take money out for some current emergency. Investments, too, are loaded with uncertainty—no one can ever guarantee the average investor that he will have the security he wants.

But fortunately, there *is* a sensible solution to this problem. Now you can help guarantee yourself the added money you want for the future. No matter what your age, this added money can let you enjoy real worry-free security and pleasure.

With today's record-high living costs, all too many Americans do not have enough money available if something happens to them, and do not have enough money to really enjoy life the way they'd like after they stop working.

But it's easy to do something about it, thanks to protection that can help take a lot of the worry out of life by guaranteeing you added money at the time it's needed most. It's available in all states except Calif., N. Y. and N. J. from Bankers Life and Casualty Co., whose famous White Cross Plan policies now protect over 7,000,000 Americans.

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ILLUSTRATION BY BOB BOWMAN

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combination of incentives and inhibitions, it's small wonder that TV news is grossly inadequate; yet most people count on it for a daily picture of what's going on in the world. The results can be unfortunate. What viewer would not be moved by the sight of an emaciated, malformed infant who, the commentator reports, is dying of starvation at that moment? But that particular infant, notes Epstein, was actually "a three-month-premature child . . . whose parents were neither poor nor starving." Three years after this scene was played on the highly praised program *Hunger in America*, CBS executive Richard Salant defended the staging of death with the bland explanation, "In that area, at that time, and in that hospital, babies were dying of malnutrition." Compared with such claptrap, a dash of ideological plugola almost seems refreshing.

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Combining words and images from old movies, comic strips, scientific tracts and the latest generational jive, Thomas Pynchon has written a light book about a heavy subject—the V-2 rocket bombs that the Nazis invented and blasted London with at the close of World War Two. As Pynchon tells it, a bunch of scientists and other nuts are attempting to re-create the rockets, or at any rate, their spiritual effect. ***Gravity's Rainbow*** (Viking) is a promising work, but it soon bogs down in an inextricable welter of words, words, words—750 packed pages of them. Pynchon can be a terribly funny writer, every 200 pages or so, but he isn't willing to settle for the laurels of a De Vries or a Perelman; he is obviously out to write the avant-garde crusher of all time, putting Joyce, Kafka and Beckett in the shadows by piling extravagance on top of extravagance without a moment's pause for breath. His gift of way-out gab is amazing, his inventive faculties are inspired and his intimations of profundity are evident beneath the onrush of slicked-up verbiage—something to do with the baneful effects of technology and the fate of the modern world—but since there isn't one character or situation that manages to come alive and snare the reader's emotions, the whole dazzling performance falls as flat as a dud rocket.

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Also noteworthy: A PLAYBOY contributor and longtime writer on things automotive, Brock Yates decided to put his body where his words were and get a taste of competition driving firsthand. His determination culminated in a tour of the Trans-Am circuit, where the big kids play, and produced ***Sunday Driver*** (Farrar, Straus & Giroux), a top-gear account of his efforts. All things considered, Yates has nothing to be ashamed of; his driving was creditable and his

Will everyone who thinks auto insurance costs too much please stand up?

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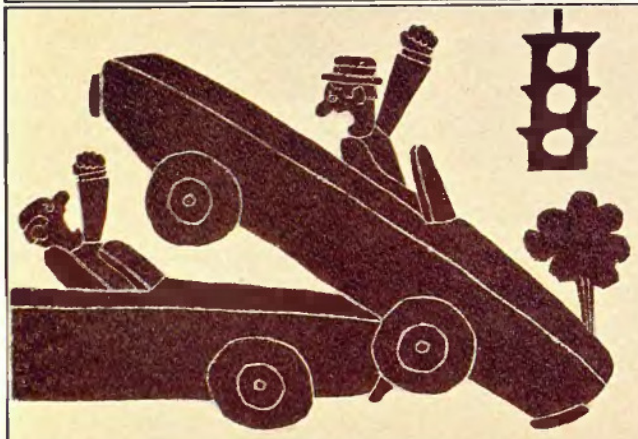
Now's your chance to be heard. State legislatures are convening and they're the ones who decide the kind of auto insurance you live with. Many have already scheduled discussions of No-Fault laws.



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It works, too. For example, a No-Fault law became effective in Massachusetts in 1971. The first year alone saved car owners more than $61,000,000 on the cost of their auto insurance.

You'd expect an idea this good would spread fast, but only a few states have done anything about it. Where the law is strong and eliminates most lawsuits, insurance costs have come down. When the law doesn't reduce lawsuits, little is saved. Most states have not acted at all.

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book makes fascinating you-are-there reading. The final chapter deals with Yates's own brain child, the Cannonball Baker Sea-to-Shining-Sea Memorial Trophy Dash—a coast-to-coast race with a cavalier disregard for speed limits that he and copilot Dan Gurney proceeded to win. A post-race Gurney quote—"We never exceeded 175 mph"—says it all.

DINING-DRINKING

Reading is an old brick-red Pennsylvania city, industrialized beyond its willingness. But for fanciers of the not-so-sacred mushroom, **Joe's** at 450 South Seventh Street is a mecca of earthy delights. The mushrooms, culled and culinaried by Joe and Wanda Czarnecki, don't come in cans, because the Czarneckis pick them in the Blue Ridge Mountains of Eastern Pennsylvania. The Czarneckis' restaurant can be best described as unobtrusive—distinguished only by a discreet sign next to what was the ladies' entrance back when ladies didn't enter by the front door. Once inside, however, you'll immediately notice that the walls are adorned with photos of—you guessed it—mushrooms, and a stately sideboard is laden with more of the same, dried, pickled and otherwise preserved. Obviously, this must be the place. Cocktails, overpriced but honest, are delivered by Wanda, a prompt and accurate woman who knows her wines and spirits as well as she knows her food. Imbibers beware, however, because Joe's is not a watering hole and you'd be well advised to limit yourself to a brace of drinks before anointing your palate with Joe's truly unique Wild Mushroom Soup, a rich, dark concoction—earthy and primeval—that smacks of Transylvanian wood choppers deep in a Carpathian forest. If you *must* try something other than the soup, make it a plate of pastries called *piroshkis*, delicious little nibbles stuffed with a mushroom purée, that are eaten with just a tad of spicy Chinese mustard. Like the soup and appetizer, Joe's salads are à la carte; the best is simply a plate of tossed greens topped with the house clear French dressing. Eight entrees are offered, ranging in price from a Stuffed Breast of Chicken with Chanterelle Sauce at $6.50 to the top-of-the-line *Filet Mignon en Croute* with Duxelles of Wild Mushrooms—a medium-sized Beef Wellington with puffball that's worth every penny of $8.25. As an alternative to the *filet*, try the delicious Baked Lump Crab Meat with Wild Mushrooms or a mushroomless Javanese Steak with Fried Rice (en brochette) cooked in a Javanese sauce with a Chinese mustard base. All entrees, incidentally, come with candied baby carrots and, alas, a rather pedestrian baked potato. Desserts at Joe's, you'll be relieved to learn, are not derived from the ubiquitous mushroom. Wanda makes them, and the best are the tarts (mocha rum, peach and black bing cherry) or Almond Cream Cheesecake. Later, as you linger over draughts of coffee, Joe may emerge from the kitchen and regale you with tales of his quests for the ever-beckoning mushroom, or discuss his mycological and ecological inclinations. Maybe he'll even invite you to go along on one of his hunts. Craig Claiborne does. Joe's is open Tuesdays through Saturdays from 5 P.M. to 9 P.M., except during August and September, when he and Wanda search for new growths. Reservations are absolutely necessary, since the dining room seats only 52 (215-373-6794). Most major credit cards are accepted.

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Chez Odette, located in an 18th Century inn on the banks of a canal in New Hope, Pennsylvania, is a mixture of pewter plates and old Quaker-style fireplaces, Paris *je t'adore*–type travel posters, crystal chandeliers and *toilé*-covered walls. In other words, frogified Federal. But it works. At the center of this conglomeration is Odette herself, Odette Myrtil, an ageless and outrageous French lady who made her American debut in 1917 playing a violin in the *Ziegfeld Follies*. (Only her violin was naked.) Later, during a long showbiz career, she starred with Bob Hope in Jerome Kern's *Roberta* and the musical composition *The Cat and the Fiddle* was written expressly for her. "Many of my customers think my first name is Chez," said Odette with a Giraudoux wink. "Only if I hate them do I tell them that *chez* means at. But we are all friends here. Everybody talks to everybody else in my joint." And when they're not talking, of course, they're eating; beginning, *certainement*, with a *Pâté Maison* that's a hearty, chunky mixture of duck, pig's liver and a dash of chopped pork bound together by herbs, brandy and a little white wine—not one of your anemic French restaurant *pâtés*. Odette's homemade mayonnaise—she never heard of Hellman's—is the *raison d'être* for another appetizer, *Shrimps à l'Oignon*. The healthy shrimps are caught in a Sargasso Sea of thinly sliced Spanish onions that have been marinated in the mayonnaise for at least three days. As your entree, try one of the house "Blackboard" specialties, Trout Stuffed with Escargot. "Trout is usually stuffed with crab," Odette says, "but the *escargot* is a mild animal, not an angry animal like the crab, so I always thought she belongs with trout." Other worthy alternatives include Beef Provençal, Langoustine Flambée, Steak au Poivre and Chicken Kiev. (The latter yields up a squirt on first forking; this, 'tis said, is the true test of a chicken kiev.) "We're not terribly good at desserts here," says Odette with a wave of her Malacca walking stick. What a *fib-beuse*! Her desserts are the greatest triumphs of French culture since the introduction of black garter belts. *Poire au Vin Rouge*, a pear in a red burgundy sauce, is particularly delicious, as is the house flan: a mystery of bits of angel-food cake marinated in Grand Marnier and then wedded and bedded under fire to a custard and a *crème brûlée* that starts out on the bottom during cooking but ends up on top for eating. "*Ou est Odette?*" asked a young woman who had just entered the restaurant. "Right here, *ma chérie*," answered Odette, who had been in the kitchen. "What is your name again? I have forgotten. You have been married so many times. Not that it matters, *ma chérie*, because in New Hope you can keep even a goat in your bedroom and nobody cares!" Odette's kitchen is open Monday through Saturday from 12 to 3 P.M. and 6 to 10:30 P.M. Reservations are a must (215-862-2432). Most major credit cards are honored.

MOVIES

It seems almost an understatement to call Ingmar Bergman's **Cries and Whispers** a masterpiece, for he has made more than his share of superlative films, but none so pure and definitive as this. The soul-searching anguish Bergman poured into *The Seventh Seal*, *The Silence*, *Winter Light* and similar tormented dialogs between man and God is no longer the major issue. The wiser, mellower Bergman of *Cries and Whispers* appears to accept the absence of faith as inevitable; yet in its place he feels an aching nostalgia and envies those innocents whose simple belief in God's love and goodness can still shield them against the inescapable pain of being alive. To spell out a touching and at times excruciating fable of human frailty, Bergman focuses his camera like a laser beam on four women in a country manor at the turn of the century—three sisters, two of them called home to watch and wait while a third suffers the climactic horrors of terminal cancer, and a housemaid named Anna, a devout peasant girl whose capacity for love and compassion represents a Biblical ideal. "Pray for us who are left here on the dark, dirty earth under a cruel and empty sky," intones the minister who has no certain faith of his own to give death a meaning. It is the Madonnalike Anna who cradles the dead girl in her arms—or dreams that she does—in a *Pietà* sequence after the surviving sisters have turned away in revulsion, sickened by death and unable to make life

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THE GANT ATTITUDE

bearable. The opportunities Bergman provides for actresses are legend, and *Cries* features four towering performances. Harriet Andersson as the doomed Agnes plays her protracted death scene with harrowing intensity, while Kari Sylwan's beatific Anna, and Liv Ullmann's shallow Maria—a spoiled beauty engaged in dalliance with the family physician—are only fractionally overshadowed by Ingrid Thulin in the film's most difficult and complex role. Thulin is Karin, the embittered eldest sister whose rage and loathing for her husband compel her (in one of the more striking of many flashbacks, which may be either real or imagined) to bloody their marital bed by grinding a shard of glass into her vagina. Cinematographer Sven Nykvist's creative collaboration with Bergman has never counted for more; *Cries and Whispers* is a poetic composition in movement, made up almost entirely of crimson-red backgrounds—with a choreographed ensemble of women in stark white or mournful black, implying volcanic passions under an immaculate overlay of Victorian reserve. On the sound track, Bergman reproduces a recurrent, subliminal murmur of whispers and cries that sound like faraway calls for help, echoes of the past. That the calls are rarely answered, that all of us are held incommunicado within a maze of unsynchronized mutual need is Bergman's statement—if a drama so rich and resonant can be reduced to a statement. And he makes it with the unquestionable authority of genius.

•

They meet in Marrakesh, match wits on the train to Casablanca, make love in Paris and fly home to New York—the fashion model to her career and the general mess she has made of her life, the U. S. Army deserter to face a court-martial. There in brief is the ground plan for ***Two People,*** whose whirlwind courtship covers slightly less than two days and a lot of highly scenic terrain. With such obvious ingredients, it ought to be corny as hell, but it turns out to be the kind of intelligent, touching contemporary love story that *Love Story* was supposed to be. *Two People* is a far superior film on all counts—written with some wit and restraint by Richard De Roy, photographed exquisitely by France's Henri Decae and handled smoothly throughout by producer-director Robert Wise. Only during the opening scene in Morocco does Wise surrender to the temptation to let local color distract him from the business at hand, which is to ignite emotional electricity between Peter Fonda and movie newcomer Lindsay Wagner. Lindsay's debut qualifies as one of those star-is-born occasions that herald the arrival of

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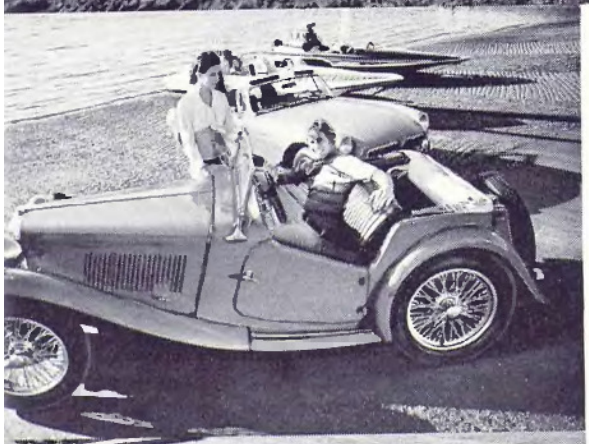

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someone like Ingrid Bergman or Lauren Bacall. There's a touch of both ladies in Lindsay, a tawny beauty with a voice like brushed velvet and an air of well-bred recklessness that lends class to her description of how she went on a peace march once "and got laid that night by a very famous liberal politician." Without discounting any of its agreeable secondary virtues, *Two People* is likely to stick in the public mind as the movie that introduced Lindsay Wagner.

•

Made for Italian television in 1969, before *The Conformist* and *Last Tango in Paris*, writer-director Bernardo Bertolucci's ***The Spider's Stratagem***—though less polished than his later films—is engrossing, suspenseful and stunningly sensuous. Freely based on a short-short story by Jorge Luis Borges, *Stratagem* demonstrates Bertolucci's debt to his brilliant cinematographer Vitorrio Storaro. Visually, the movie projects breath-taking beauty as well as a mood of timeless mystery in a sunny, somnolent Italian village where a young man arrives to investigate the murder of his father—a local anti-Fascist hero assassinated some 30 years before in a box at the opera house during a performance of *Rigoletto*. The son (Giulio Brogi) discovers a monument in the piazza dedicated to poppa, yet the townspeople greet him with suspicion and hostility. His encounters with three anti-Fascist colleagues and his father's former mistress (pungently played by onetime screen siren Alida Valli) are the stuff from which *Stratagem* spins an offbeat political thriller—told mostly through flashbacks in which the son learns that his father was not a hero but a penitent traitor who contrived his own death in order to give the anti-Fascist cause a martyr. What began as a search for truth evolves into a philosophical study of consequences. Bertolucci's convoluted tale is rich in texture and characteristically provocative as an early work by one of world cinema's acknowledged young masters.

•

Moviemakers continue to exploit racial tension and urban violence in the cynical belief that human values are outweighed by box-office returns. Thus, three new releases play upon an audience's worst instincts, peddling cheap thrills along with a carload of fear, hostility and sadism. ***Across 110th Street*** is the most virulent of the lot, because it is exceptionally well done by director Barry Shear (of *Wild in the Streets*), an expert in shock therapy. Some black hoodlums rip off $300,000 from the Mafia during a drug transaction in Harlem, after which *110th Street* becomes a simple orgy of gory vengeance involving men who look upon one another as wops (led by Anthony Franciosa as a sadistic *mafioso*), niggers (Yaphet Kotto as a police

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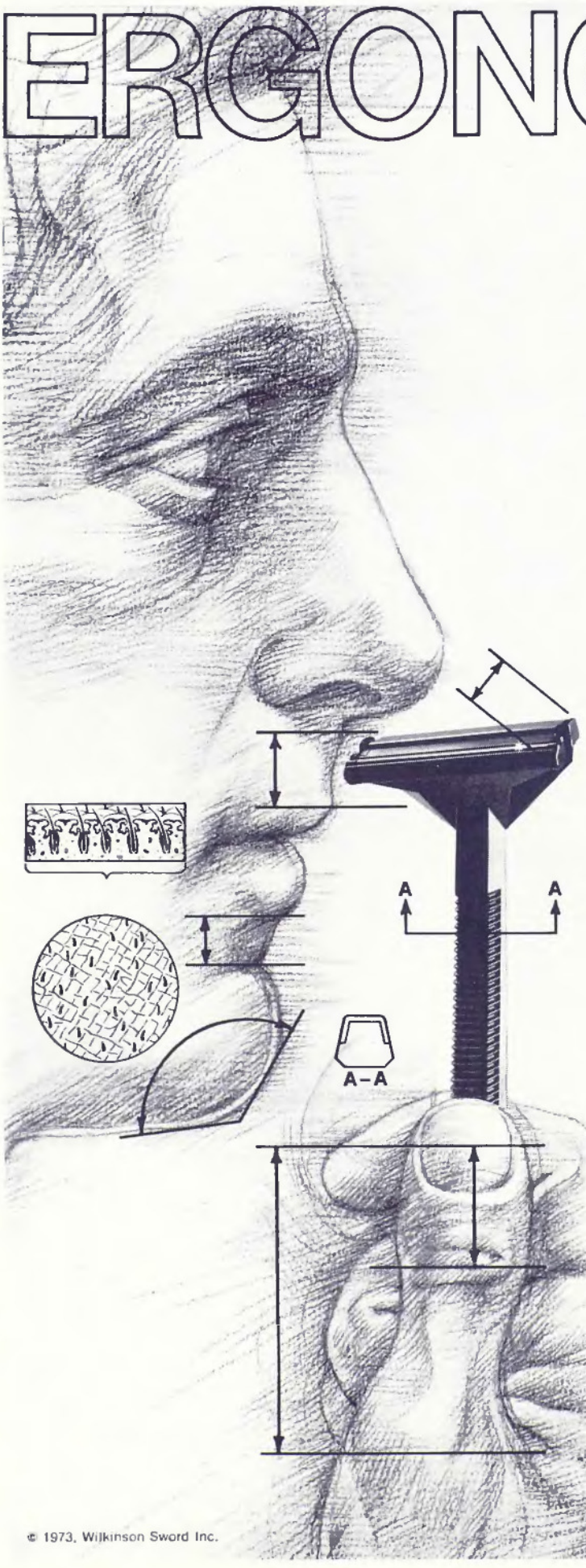
ERGONOMICS



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lieutenant, Paul Benjamin as the principal fugitive from justice) or pigs (mainly Anthony Quinn, as a corrupt racist cop). The white men are psychotic bigots who ultimately get what they deserve, while blacks triumph one way or another, even if only by dying defiantly, guns ablaze. Filmed on New York locations, the movie is raw, ugly and unnervingly real on the surface—hyped up by graphic bits about crucifixion and castration, as well as enough "motha-fucka" epithets to satisfy the smallest mind. In the title role of ***Black Gunn,*** husky Jim Brown also challenges the Mob when his brother is murdered for taking part in a robbery on Mafia turf. The keynote of *Gunn*'s publicity blitz tells you where it's at: "For every drop of black blood spilled, a white man pays." But while the poorly written, directed and acted flick talks mean and cool and black, what it lays on you, man, is heavy boredom. There is nothing deeply offensive about ***Hit Man,*** a scene-by-scene black replay of *Get Carter*, a crime thriller made in England a couple of seasons ago with Michael Caine. The setting has been changed to Los Angeles and Bernie Casey plays Caine's part as a tough guy wreaking vengeance on a ring of pornographers who have murdered his brother and starred his niece in a sex movie. As a dude with imperturbable cool, Casey is unquestionably Carter in blackface, settling his score with heels and whores of another color, if that grabs you. But why should it?

•

For his third outing as a movie director, Paul Newman chose Paul Zindel's prize-winning play, ***The Effect of Gamma Rays on Man-in-the-Moon Marigolds,*** and offered the pivotal role (as in *Rachel, Rachel*, his directorial debut) to his talented wife, Joanne Woodward, which may have been a mistake. As the destructive, 40ish widowed mother of two teenaged girls, Ms. Woodward runs herself ragged playing a part that came naturally to Eileen Heckart, who starred in a TV version, and supernaturally to Sada Thompson, who scored a triumph onstage. What's missing in this performance is the bitter, abrasive humor of a slum-bred slattern whose bad vibes are a menace to her children—comparable, in a symbolic way, to the gamma rays her youngest daughter is directing at a planter full of marigold seeds as part of a science experiment in school. Young things can grow up sad, or strange, or stunted; this bleak message of *Marigolds* heretofore escaped unrelieved depression through sheer theatrical pow. Under Newman's sober direction, Joanne sniffles and shuffles a bit more than necessary, as if to drive home the point that she is a glamorous film star in cunning disguise—but there's no pow. The quirky tragicomedy of *Marigolds* leaves Woodward at a loss, and leaves the acting honors to Nell Potts (the Newmans' eldest daughter, billed with a family nickname), as the diligent science student, and to Roberta Wallach (daughter of Eli Wallach and Anne Jackson), making a creditable debut as her epileptic big sister. Better still is veteran character actress Judith Lowry, repeating her stage role as the senile old woman stashed in the family's spare room.

•

Characters named Dr. Schmock, Helen Bed and Miss Carriage perform the hard-core sexual feats that keep ***Meatball*** in perpetual motion. Written and directed by "D. Furred," as he chooses to call himself, the movie is the newest pornocopia from film maker Gerry Damiano, creator of *Deep Throat*, which you must know by now—unless you have been held captive in Katmandu—is the controversial, highly profitable skin flick about a girl who discovers that her clitoris is located where her epiglottis ought to be. Though lacking a star with the unique talents of *Throat*'s orally gratifying superstar, Linda Lovelace—whom you'll meet on page 95—*Meatball* is equally slick, well photographed—and repetitious. It features a young lady listed in the credits as Singe Low, who will assume any position required by the plot. But there's little fun in the exploits of the mad Dr. Schmock, who invents a formula for beating the high cost of meat patties and accidentally discovers he has created a phallic Frankenstein—subject to hourly erections, too much for a single brave nurse to handle. Schmock is played with impressive staying power by "Harry Reams," alias Herb Streicher, an actor whom Damiano describes as "the Steve McQueen of pornography." Oglers who won't settle for second best may prefer to wait for *Deep Throat II*, a planned sequel already in the blueprint stage.

•

Some sexploiters, however, are getting the message that a sense of humor can relieve the monotony of hard-core porn. ***High Rise*** has a slick musical score by Jacques Urbont as well as a tricky little tale to tell about a girl named Suzy (Tamie Trevor), whose psychiatrist advises her to revitalize her enthusiasm for sex by ringing doorbells in a luxury apartment building. Suzy meets a lot of people that way, all at home and horny. One featured performer is billed as Gregory Pecker; things like this are bound to come up when gagmen get into sex. ***It Happened in Hollywood*** is billed as the "first in a series of great sex movies" being ground out by those wonderful folks who bring you *Screw* magazine. *Screw* editor Jim Buckley produced *Hollywood*—which was shot entirely in New York, of course—and it marks a small first for Buckley's

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uninhibited colleague Al Goldstein, up to some oral-genital hanky-panky as a diaphanously clad high priest in a porno version of *Samson and Delilah*. Writer-director Peter Locke stresses the raunchy fun of his showbiz saga about a girl who quits her job at the phone company to star in hard core and ultimately wins an Academy Award as "Best Actress in a Dramatic Fuck Film." Her acceptance speech is a gas, but the film's wildest bit is an audition sequence featuring a vaudeville act identified as the Flying Fucks, who perform with a trapeze and a weird device that looks like a bicycle intent on mass rape. For avid pornophiles, *It Happened in Hollywood* may prove to be the sexual revolution's *Sound of Music*. On *Screw*'s own Peter Meter for measuring a film's erection quotient, we'd rate it about 79.

•

Triumphant in Paris, where it outgrossed *The Godfather* and boosted two semibright stars into higher orbits, **Cesar and Rosalie** is a triangular romantic comedy about the inexplicable ways of love—with Yves Montand, Romy Schneider and Sami Frey (known on this side of the Atlantic chiefly as one of Brigitte Bardot's old flames). *Cesar* teams Romy with Montand in the title roles—she as an independent but somewhat indecisive divorcee, he as a rich, possessive, self-made man in the scrap-metal business. Cesar and Rosalie are happily living together most of the time until her long-absent paramour (Frey) turns up to initiate a scramble of battles, breakups and romantic realignments that ends with the two men alone together as the best of friends. While there is nothing overtly homosexual in their companionability, director and co-author Claude Sautet (who made a memorable but generally overlooked French film called *The Things of Life* a couple of years ago) does suggest with delicate irony that love relationships are as complex and individual as fingerprints, and involve much more than sexual attraction. Sautet supports his slender thesis with a series of skillfully conceived scenes that draw much from a single word, a sidelong glance, the way a woman in love watches her man playing poker or simply making a complete fool of himself. It subtracts nothing from Romy's and Sami's impeccable performances to say that the picture belongs to Montand, who is better than he has ever been on the screen as a rambunctious *nouveau-riche* go-getter who reaches for his checkbook in moments of crisis. Leisurely, subtle and graceful moviemaking.

•

The people who accept **Pete 'n' Tillie** as a heart-warming human comedy are apt to find *Cesar and Rosalie* a drag; it's the difference between a bottle of

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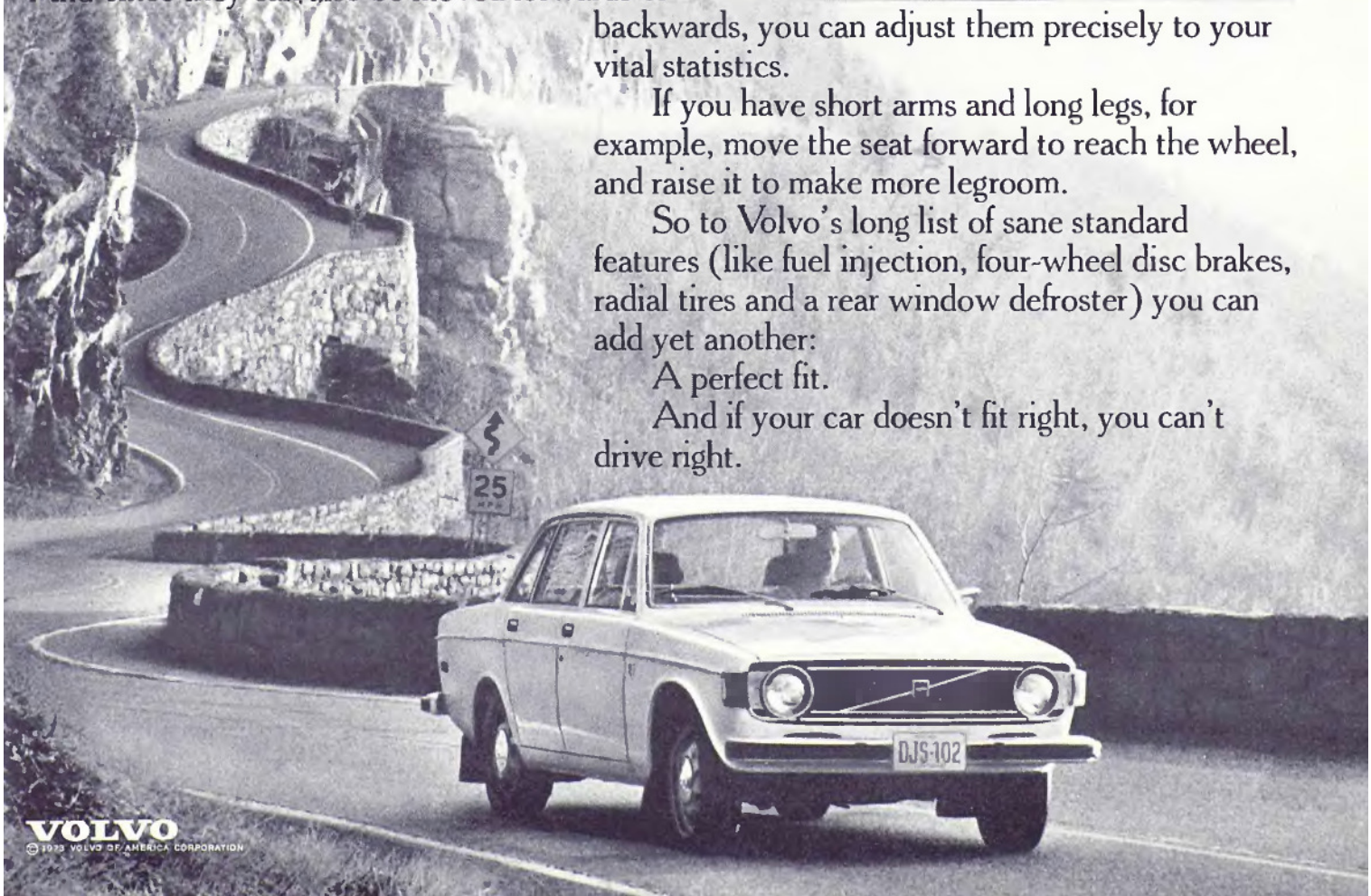

VOLVO

cold beer and a glass of fine red wine. Director Martin Ritt (*Sounder* and *Hud*) has Walter Matthau and Carol Burnett on hand to portray a San Francisco couple who meet on a blind date, shack up, marry, experiment with infidelity (his) and religion (hers), and are finally driven apart by the trauma of losing their only child. Pete and Tillie's son is a victim of leukemia, and the movie itself suffers from something like tired blood, despite an excellent beginning and several realistically funny scenes. Adapted from a *novella* by Peter De Vries, this chronicle of a marriage is best during the courtship phase—with Carol playing straight and very effectively as a 33-year-old spinster secretary who drinks nothing but milk, opposite Matthau as a motivation man who drinks everything else and likes to sit at the piano and pound out *Piano Roll Blues* with his clothes off. "The honeymoon's over, it's time to get married," Tillie announces at last, and thereafter the film becomes increasingly contrived and sentimental. The low point is an embarrassing burst of hysteria—out in the garden by moonlight, raging against God's cruelty—that looks jammed into the film as a specialty number for Carol, as if to prove that TV comediennes can really *act*. Ironically, *Pete 'n' Tillie*'s show-stopper turns out to be Geraldine Page, a dramatic actress proving how hilarious she can be as a social lioness who faints dead away when trapped into telling her age.

RECORDINGS

Finally, ***Tommy*** (Ode) has become what it ought to have been from the first, a bona fide opera. Four years after the initial, overpraised success of The Who LP, producer Lou Reizner prodded Pete Townshend to help flesh out the libretto to clear up the story line, contracted with David Measham and the London Symphony Orchestra and Chamber Choir, had Wil Malone arrange the music and, with much difficulty, got together a cast of 12 pop stars to sing the character roles. The result has all the continuity, force and musical drama that the original lacked. It's impressive to hear people such as Townshend, Sandy Denny, Steve Winwood and Richie Havens contributing their vocal talents to one production. Especially right for their parts are Roger Daltrey as Tommy, Merry Clayton as the Acid Queen and Rod Stewart singing *Pin Ball Wizard*. And the music, while it sometimes smacks of Bernstein, is functional and effective in amplifying the action. A bonus in this set is the packaging job, with stunning artwork and graphics. A stage production has already premiered in London, and there is talk of New York and a film. Whatever

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happens, the record is here now, and it has been worth waiting for.

•

Peter Townshend's first solo album, ***Who Came First*** (Decca), is fine. On it, he plays all the instruments and does the vocals, recording, synthesizing, mixing, engineering and production "in one gynomouse [*sic*] ego trip," as his notes have it. Incredible, but it works, and the man has beaten Todd Rundgren at his own game. There are Indian echoes to much of the music and to some of the words (which may sound vapid to Western ears), since Townshend dedicated the album to Meher Baba, the Indian mystic he has been involved with for several years.

•

John Entwistle, bass player for The Who, could use a little Babaism himself. His solo effort, ***Whistle Rymes*** (Decca), is a companion release in stark contrast to Townshend's. Though this disc is not quite as mean and demonic as Entwistle's last, *Smash Your Head Against the Wall*, there's a cynical, smartass, whining note to most of these lyrics and a lot of self-indulgence. If you can forget the words, you'll hear some fine playing by Entwistle, Peter Frampton and other English heavies—in *Apron Strings* and *Thinkin' It Over*, for example. But the dose of potential suicides, Peeping Toms, congenital creeps and victims is overpowering. For Chrissakes, John, cheer up and dig some Baba.

•

The big-band business is still alive, if not very well, but there are pockets of musical prosperity about; one that is flourishing is Woody Herman's aggregation. ***The Raven Speaks*** (Fantasy) provides all the clues to its success: great charts, fine soloists, stunning ensemble work and—perhaps most important—young ideas. Herman long ago learned to refresh himself at the musical fountain of youth; his band is *now* with a vengeance.

•

Azteca (Columbia), a West Coast group put together by Coke Escovedo, shows all kinds of promise of breaking out of the typical Latino bag. Yes, it has problems—among them, weak vocalists and voicings sometimes too typically Tito Puente, as in *Ain't Got No Special Woman*. But that tune, for instance, also has a nice vamp, good solos and strong section work. The band comes into its own on the second side, particularly in the title tune and *Love Not Then*, which features Flip Nuñez' organ. Azteca knows how to use musical textures, and its rhythm section is the equal of anybody's, Tito's included.

•

Pianist Eumir Deodato is busy fusing jazz, rock and "serious" music into some

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of the most interesting and eclectic sounds we've heard in a long while. ***Prelude*** (CTI) contains, besides Deodato originals and *Baubles, Bangles and Beads, Also Sprach Zarathustra* and *Prelude to Afternoon of a Faun*, and features a studioful of the best jazzmen in the business backed by a king-sized string section. *Zarathustra* is absolutely wild and very right—it builds and builds, each climax followed by yet another until it sounds as though it were going to leap off the record. And there are solos sprinkled throughout the LP that are worth the price of admission in themselves.

•

Dory Previn isn't much of a singer. One is filled with anxiety as she searches for the right pitch and relieved when she finds it, but that really takes nothing away from the fact that she is one hell of a songwriter. ***Mary C. Brown and the Hollywood Sign*** (United Artists) is black-humored, acid-dipped, melancholy —and beautiful. Writing about what she knows best, she takes on the movie community—as in the title tune, *Starlet Starlet on the Screen, Who Will Follow Norma Jean?* and *King Kong*—and breaks it down into its basest parts. Then there are her comments on the male-female relationship, which range from acerbic (*When a Man Wants a Woman*) to resigned (*The Perfect Man*) to compassionate (*Don't Put Him Down*). Dory Previn's voice may not be such a much, but as a vehicle for presenting her songs, it is torturously perfect.

•

You've heard *The Cisco Kid*, that saga of border violence with the loopy Latin rhythm of wah-wah guitar and timbales. The rest of War's album ***The World Is a Ghetto*** (United Artists) is just that good. The group has moved beyond its earlier Afro-rock, jazz orientation to experiment a bit more. *Four Cornered Room*, for instance, is full of interesting vocal, instrumental and electronic exchanges. Yet the sense of structure that was part of its best work is still there, as in *City, Country, City*, which builds dramatically. *Ghetto* is more than a typical concept album; it's War's musical affirmation.

•

The accordion is one instrument to which we have something less than an affinity. It is a decidedly unwieldy ax—except in the hands of such as Art Van Damme; then it's transformed magically into a thing of beauty. ***The Many Moods of Art*** (MPS), a twin-LP album recorded and released in Europe but previously unavailable here, features The Art Van Damme Quintet, made up of German talent, plus visiting musicians Freddy Rundquist and Joe Pass. There are 19 standards in all, and all are handled with consummate style, grace and inventiveness. Van Damme avoids those organlike chords that seem to be the stock in trade of most accordionists but which fall heavily on the ears. Not that we're Van Damme-ing with faint praise; what he does he does sensationally.

•

Ken Loggins and Jim Messina have followed up their past year's success, *Sittin' In*, with a disc not quite so ambitious but equally polished. ***Loggins and Messina*** (Columbia) contains a great rocking boogie number, *Your Mama Don't Dance*, which has been getting some air play, a subtle country-gypsy-Latin love ballad, *Thinking of You*, and a country lark, *Long Tail Cat*, with fine steel dobro by Rusty Young. There are also a jazzish jam, *Angry Eyes*, and some weird harmonies laced into firm structure in *Good Friend*, both of which tend to grow on you. Clearly, the group's propensity to experiment is still there, but its first-rate musicianship is what impresses most.

•

Art Pepper . . . The Way It Was! (Contemporary) is made up of previously unreleased cuts from sessions in 1956 (with tenor man Warne Marsh), 1957 and 1960, and the only question is why they haven't surfaced till now. Pepper always has been one of jazzdom's premier altoists and Marsh an instrumentalist who never really received his due. The numbers are all standards and the sounds are as fresh today as when they were first recorded. The Pepper-Marsh session is particularly intriguing; the two work off each other perfectly. This isn't nostalgia; it corrects an oversight.

•

French pianist Michel Beroff, at 22, has won more than the usual raves from the critics and more than his share of prizes from the academies. His two companion releases on Angel should win him popular acclaim. The ***Stravinsky*** disc features Beroff and the Orchestre de Paris, with Seiji Ozawa conducting. Beroff and Ozawa go well together, as both use a clear-cut and rigorous approach. Beroff obviously enjoys the kind of antiromantic humor in the *Concerto for Piano and Wind Instruments*, one of Stravinsky's most interesting, if not engaging, works—particularly the last movement, with its running display of compositional wit. There are fine pianistics throughout the *Capriccio for Piano and Orchestra* as well. In the ***Debussy*** offering, it is easy to see why Beroff has been compared to Walter Gieseking. This is Gieseking's approach to Debussy, skillfully controlled, dynamically structured, lucid. Besides *Pour le Piano* and the impressionist landscapes of *Estampes*,

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Beroff performs the two sets of *Images*, pinnacles in the Debussy piano literature, and his readings are as subtle and sonorous as any available.

•

Like any good stand-up comic, Loudon Wainwright III had his timing and delivery down pat in his first two albums. Now, in ***Album III*** (Columbia), he's become something more—a poet and a musician. His backup band, White Cloud, fits in perfectly and makes this disc a much more finished performance than its predecessors. The musical difference is clear from the opening cut, *Dead Skunk*, a grand country-rock assault on the nostrils. Wainwright's emotional perspective and verbal power to render the craziness and vulnerability of our lives has deepened, too. Whether he's offering up ambivalent images of man's alcoholic folly (*Drinking Song*) or playing seriously with clichés (*Needless to Say*) or plaintively telling about a first love from a present point of view (*New Paint*), the effects are telling and strong. There's a lot of whimsy and self-exposure here, and a lot of art.

•

There isn't much left to say about Erroll Garner that hasn't already been said—the fact that he doesn't read music, his grunt-alongs that are a part of every performance, those what's-it-going-to-be? introductions that provide a marvelous guessing game for his audience—but he still continues to amaze. ***Gemini*** (London) has Garner performing on piano *and* harpsichord. Backed by his three-man rhythm section, Garner does wondrous things with such old chestnuts as *Tea for Two*, *How High the Moon* and, of all things, *When a Gypsy Makes His Violin Cry*. There are, in addition, the lovely *It Could Happen to You*, *These Foolish Things*, an abbreviated version of George Harrison's *Something* and a couple of Garner originals—the title item and *Eldorado*—that are marvels of creativity.

•

Duane Allman has been dead more than a year now and there's nobody around to replace him. He played rock guitar with such range, facility and drive that, before the Allman Brothers Band existed, he was in constant demand as a session man. That part of his career is stressed in the recordings brought together in ***Duane Allman / An Anthology*** (Capricorn), a worthy selection, indeed, including some previously unreleased things. Of the early work (through 1969), Clarence Carter's *The Road of Love* is outstanding, and so is *Goin' Down Slow*, on which Duane *sings* and plays some fine blues choruses. There are also sessions with Wilson Pickett, Aretha Franklin, King Curtis,

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Eric Clapton, Boz Scaggs and others, leading up to several of the great Allman Brothers cuts, such as *Statesboro Blues*. *Layla* is here and so is a formerly unreleased duet with Clapton, *Mean Old World*. There's a 16-page appreciation / commentary by Tony Glover that adds a good deal to the picture of the man who, many of us thought, was just about the greatest rock guitarist around.

•

If you don't mind the ego tripping, there's some dynamite music on James Brown's new double LP, ***Get on the Good Foot*** (Polydor). The title tune—a syncopated toe tapper in J. B.'s most good-timey style—gets everything off on the good foot, indeed; other highlights include *Nothing Beats a Try but a Fail*, a soul ballad with some all-too-rare Gospel-hued vocalizing by The Man; an updated, instrumental version of *Ain't It a Groove*; and *Please, Please*, which finds James rapping and singing on a variety of subjects for over 12 minutes while the band plays a rock-hard riff, repeating it over and over ad infinitum, and somehow achieving an ingratiating kind of insanity rather than the boredom that almost any other band, given the same assignment, would produce. So far, so good. But if James Brown felt moved to get Hank Ballard back on records—a good idea, no?—why did it have to be in the form of a six-minute recitation on the greatness of James Brown?

THEATER

Every season Neil Simon writes another play and unfurls another hit high over Broadway. An expert jokesmith, he keeps threatening to write a serious comedy, but something—could it possibly be talent?—stops him short. His latest, ***The Sunshine Boys,*** isn't nearly serious enough, and it isn't quite as funny as Simon at his best (such as in *The Odd Couple*, which could have served as an alternate title for the current effort). But for Simonizers, it should be Neilly enough. The Sunshine Boys are a famous vaudeville team, long retired, Lewis (Sam Levene) having walked out leaving Clark (Jack Albertson) holding the straight lines. Now Albertson's worshipful agent-nephew (Lewis J. Stadlen) has coaxed the two inimical friends back together for a television repeat of their Dr. Kronkite skit. Simon's method is not, as in John Osborne's *The Entertainer*, to probe the torment beneath the laughter, but to brush in the surface reality. There is a happy humanity to The Sunshine Boys, but there is also a lack of penetration into the meaning of their partnership. This leads to reiteration rather than revelation. Despite their shared acerbity, Lewis and Clark are sweet souls and the actors endow the characters with additional amiability. It is Albertson's evening as he wrenches everything (even his own heart attack) into a comedy skit with himself as star performer. Levene is mostly called upon to react—double takes and slow burns. Aided by Alan Arkin's assured direction, *The Sunshine Boys* radiates nostalgia for the fair-weather days of vaudeville. At the Broadhurst, 235 West 44th Street.

•

This is Jules Irving's final season as artistic director of The Repertory Theater of Lincoln Center and the future of the company, like its past, is questionable. Ironically, Irving's last stand began as one of his finest. At the Vivian Beaumont, his main-stage theater, he presented ***Enemies*** (a rediscovered classic by Maxim Gorky) and Sean O'Casey's ***The Plough and the Stars***. The productions were imperfect, but the plays proved timely and in each there were performances meriting superlatives. The Gorky, directed by Ellis Rabb, was distinguished by Douglas W. Schmidt's expansive, fluid set—a depiction of an elegant estate in Russia at a time when the peasants were turning along with the century. Some of the actors, namely Nancy Marchand, Frances Sternhagen and Philip Bosco, inhabited the set as if to the manor born. Joseph Wiseman gave a stupefyingly uncomic rendition of a comic role—but the play's vibrancy shone through, as did the author's soulful intelligence. Some years after *Enemies* took place, the Irish were banding under the banner of the plow and the stars, a troubling event recorded by O'Casey with wit and compassion. The late great actor Jack MacGowran lent an Irish identity to Dan Sullivan's production, with his incisive impersonation of Fluther Good, the pragmatic carpenter. Meanwhile, Lincoln Center's experimental Forum Theater closed its season right after it opened—for lack of funds. But the Forum's brief contribution was stunning —a ***Samuel Beckett Festival***. Director Alan Schneider, together with actors Jessica Tandy and Hume Cronyn, gave rare revival to *Happy Days*, *Act Without Words I* and *Krapp's Last Tape*, and then offered the world premiere of Beckett's *Not I*. With only her mouth—garishly lipsticked—visible, Miss Tandy delivered a madwoman's hysterical confession. Hypnotic and haunting, *Not I* quivered with emotion, caging the audience within a frenzied psyche. Unfortunately, it was not enough to keep the Forum from going dark.

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

I am Catholic and Caucasian, and my fiancée is Oriental. Both of our families would be dead set against our forthcoming marriage if they knew it was pending—and that's the problem. How do we break the news to them? We intend to go ahead but would like to do so without hassles, broken hearts and severed relationships. We're not trying to run away from our backgrounds or customs nor trying to be what we're not. We love each other and want to marry but would like to do so without having to give up our parents. How should we proceed?—E. G., Brooklyn, New York.

Openly and directly, by immediately announcing your marriage plans to both families. Their response, as you are probably painfully aware, may be unreasoned. But if your parents are given no encouragement in their objections, their opposition may not last long. It's true you run the risk of breaking your relationship with them; at the same time, they run the same risk. While we can't offer any guarantees, it's likely that their affection for you both will ultimately overcome their initial adverse reactions.

What is the origin of and the reason for the cover charge imposed by our better restaurants and by many clubs that offer entertainment?—T. C., Indianapolis, Indiana.

The phrase takes into account the restaurant's expenses involved in the soiling of the cover for your table—the linens, china, goblets, silverware, etc. With the advent of supper clubs, the phrase cover charge came to include the cost of the entertainment, since there is no obligation for you to order food.

I consider myself well adjusted, happy with life and optimistic about the future. I have had long-lasting, meaningful and satisfying relationships—sexual and otherwise—with women. My problem is that my love for my best friend is stronger than the feelings I have had in these other relationships. I've been in love with him for five years and the compulsion to tell him so has grown steadily. (I am, incidentally, no stranger to the gay world.) I do not know how he would react; it could very well be that he harbors similar feelings toward me. I could lose a friend—or gain a lover. Should I go on pretending that he's just a good buddy—or should I be up front?—S. L., Miami, Florida.

If the strain is such that you can't continue the friendship on its present level, you have little to lose by telling him your feelings. By remaining silent, you run the risk that he'll find out about your homosexual tendencies anyway and feel that you have not been an honest friend. On balance, it appears that you should be honest with him. If he is a worthwhile friend, he will remain one, no matter how he swings.

A London vacation has left me addicted to English-style tea, which seems quite different from the domestic brew. I'd like to make an occasional cup at home and I'm wondering if the secret is in the leaf or in the preparation.—E. W., Clayton, Missouri.

It's mainly in the brewing, although some English mixtures may be more aromatic than the domestic kind. Regardless of the blend, we suggest you pass up tea bags in favor of the loose variety. Fill the teapot with boiling water and let rest for a while, then empty. Use one teaspoon of tea per cup, plus one for the pot, and pour fresh boiling water over the leaves. Let it steep for three to five minutes, according to the strength desired, and serve with milk for a truly British brew.

Because I fall asleep with my stereo set turned on, I recently bought an electric timer that turns it off automatically. It also turns off my tape deck, which is plugged into the amplifier. My concern is that my deck will be damaged if its controls are left in the ON position for eight hours or more, although no power gets to the set. Is my worry justified?—A. T., New York, New York.

Yes. The timer is fine for turning off your tuner, but a tape deck or a turntable is best turned off by hand. On either of them, the manually operated OFF *switch disengages various idler wheels when it cuts the power. A timer turnoff leaves the wheels in contact with other mechanical elements and the wheels might develop flat spots.*

While I was home on leave from the Navy, I had an affair with a woman slightly older than myself who seemed highly emotional and in need of help. One of the reasons I became involved with her was to provide that help; another reason was that I prefer older women as sex partners. Unfortunately, she fell in love with me and says she will go crazy if we ever break up—which is, of course, exactly what I now wish to do, though I am worried about

the consequences. Any recommendations for getting me out of this fix?—Sp/4 C. N., APO San Francisco, California.

Unless you grossly misled her as to your intentions, we don't believe you should be overly bothered by her possible withdrawal symptoms; it's quite likely that she suspects that you wish to break up with her and is using threats in an attempt to manipulate you. Inform her gently but firmly of your intentions; if you have mutual friends, have them recommend agencies at which she can find help if she needs it. And next time, we suggest you make a clear distinction between your social work and your sex life.

I note that aged beef costs considerably more than regular beef. Why can't I buy unaged steaks and age them in my own refrigerator?—G. L., Chicago, Illinois.

Because beef hangs and ages in sides —preferably marbled with thick layers of fat. It hangs in coolers with controlled humidity, constant circulation of air and temperatures between 34 degrees and 39 degrees Fahrenheit, so that enzymes can tenderize the tissue. Beef usually hangs from 5 to 18 days, though special grades may hang longer. If it's aged too long, it can develop an off-flavor or lose much of its savor. In the aging process, the meat shrinks, so the price expands. The high-steaks game is for pros.

The first time a friend of mine smoked a cigarette called Gauloises, I thought he was smoking pot. Since then, I've wondered what gives the cigarette that pungent odor. Can you tell me? And can you also tell me where it's made?—C. T., St. Louis, Missouri.

According to the manufacturer, Gauloises owes its aroma (not odor) to a blend of French tobaccos that are called caporal. They grow in the best wine areas of France and are combined with leaf from South America and Turkey. Gauloises, which is the most popular brand in France, is also manufactured in Canada, Switzerland, Belgium, the Ivory Coast, Madagascar and South Africa. Pungent it is.

My husband swears he loves me but says that love and marriage don't necessarily go together. I'm 25 and he's 30, and we have one child. For the past year, he has begun to indulge in "experiments" designed to explore his "needs as an individual." This involves staying out several nights a week until three or four A.M., going on vacation by himself and, most recently and drastically, taking an apartment of his own. He absolutely refuses to tell me anything about where he goes or what he does when we're apart. He says he's "looking for something," though he doesn't know what. I'm looking for something, too—a husband. What should I do?—Mrs. G. S., Towson, Maryland.

Your husband's behavior could be the product of an erratic mind, or he may simply be undergoing a temporary identity crisis. The best way to find out what's driving him away from you is for both of you to visit a marriage counselor for an open, three-way discussion. In the meantime, it might be a good idea for you to re-examine your own role as a wife and mother; if—as is often the case —your appeal has become more maternal than nocturnal with the passage of time, try increasing your value as a companion and bedmate, in an effort to show your husband that experimentation can begin at home.

What is ginger beer?—T. W., Madison, Wisconsin.

Ginger beer—which is not a beer at all —is a drink made by fermenting ginger, cream of tartar, yeast, sugar and water. It is bottled before it has finished fermenting and served as a pale, frothy brew more gingery and less sweet than ginger ale. Old-time ginger beer had a proof that ran as high as 10 and 12 percent; the modern version ranges from none at all to less than two percent.

I have often heard that a full lower lip on a woman is an indication of innate warmth and sexuality and, conversely, that thin lips indicate sensual limitations. Does this constitute a reasonable rule of thumb for preliminary judgment? —S. F., San Diego, California.

This would win an award in a Myth America contest and is about as reasonable as believing that people with thicker thumbs have better luck hitchhiking from east to west than they do from north to south.

My salary is about to be raised to $13,000 and suddenly I feel trepidations because of my intense superstitiousness. Why is 13 considered unlucky?—F. S., Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Christ's Last Supper did a lot to contribute to the bad reputation of the number, since Jesus and his apostles made a total of 13 at the table. But the bias actually dates back to a Norse tale about another dinner party to which 12 of the gods had been invited. Loki, the evil son of a giant, was snubbed but crashed the party anyway, making 13 in attendance. Subsequently, Loki caused the death of Balder, the favorite of the gods. Thirteen's reputation is such that some American skyscrapers have no 13th floor, some airlines omit 13 when they number seats and some cities in France omit that number when they assign street addresses. Perhaps you can convince your boss that $13,000 per annum will bring you bad luck—and have him make it $14,000, instead.

During the past year, my girlfriend was offered two trips to Europe and three domestic skiing weekends, all by relative strangers. I immediately tried to match the offers (and more or less succeeded), but if this sort of thing continues, it may drive me into bankruptcy. Unfortunately, I know that if I can't match the offers, I will lose her. I find it difficult to think of a way out. Can you?—B. W., Atlanta, Georgia.

Yes. The door. Quick.

I'm a divorced mother, a student and a reasonably contented weekend mistress of a very sexy, jealous young guy. (I'm not interested in marriage, having just recovered from one disaster.) Our weekends together are always spent at home, usually in bed, which is fine with me, as I really dig sex. Unfortunately, I have problems. The minor one is that my guy gets very upset if I even suggest my going out socially with someone else. The major one is that my upbringing and my years as a housewife who frowned on people like me are in direct conflict with my new liberated life. At times, I get very depressed when I think of myself and my prospects. How can I persuade myself to enjoy the moment and not look for trouble in the future? —Miss H. D., Iowa City, Iowa.

Part of your hang-up is that you've burdened yourself with guilt-laden terms such as mistress (unless you're referring to a financial or similar understanding that grants your boyfriend exclusive access to your time and person), and these conflict with your own sense of liberation. Nor is the latter helped by accepting the social boundaries established by your boyfriend's jealousy. Nevertheless, as a weekend lover, you seem to have found a workable compromise between your natural desires and your inhibitions, which should serve you well for a while. Don't look too hard for a cloud behind that silver lining.

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

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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

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

DUTIES OF THE PRESS

In your November 1972 interview with Jack Anderson, he stated, "The press has the duty under the Constitution to be a watchdog on Government." Is that so? I am familiar with the Bill of Rights. I remember the amendment on freedom of the press; but I was not aware that this gave the press, besides the duty to inform, also the duty to decide on right and wrong. This seems to me to be what Anderson is implying.

I agree with Anderson that our leaders possess the whole range of human virtues and vices, but I do not accept his views on who is to do the judging. The days of yellow journalism supposedly went out 70 years ago. Instead, I believe that an "honesty in government" foundation, as proposed by Stewart Mott (one of the larger contributors to the Presidential campaign of George McGovern), could use the existing laws to take a wide range of legal actions.

Where our society is concerned, we should appoint our own guardians and not rely on those who assume the positions themselves.

Robert A. Combs, Jr.
Kansas City, Missouri

The press does, indeed, have a duty to inform without passing judgment, and at its best, it does this in its news columns. But it is also the right of any citizen and the specific role of the columnist to express their personal opinions and to criticize public officials and their policies. No one "gives" Jack Anderson the right to judge what is right or wrong; it exists under the Constitution, as "The Playboy Forum" explains in the special report beginning on page 60 of this issue.

CENSORING TELEVISION

In the September 1972 *Playboy Forum*, you published a letter about an organization called the Society for the Christian Commonwealth, whose avowed purpose is to "make America Christian." This group has now spawned an offshoot called Stop Immorality on TV. Stop Immorality apparently aims to make what we watch on television conform to its own moral standards. Judging by the views expressed in letters by the organization's executive director, Robert Fox, those standards are narrow, indeed. He wrote, "In our opinion, *Laugh-In*, *The Dean Martin Show* and *The Carol Burnett Show* are examples of TV programs that project a low moral tone." In the same letter, Fox attacked ABC because the "*Movie of the Week* titled *That Certain Summer* featured Hal Holbrook explaining his homosexuality to his son." Anyone who saw that intelligent and very unsensational movie will be able to detect Stop Immorality's wave length from that judgment alone: They are the sort of people for whom the mere mention of a sexual problem on the airwaves constitutes immorality.

The organization urges people to write to networks and advertisers, complaining about so-called immorality. With groups like this abroad in the land, it would be a good idea for open-minded people to be quick with their pens as well, letting broadcasters know what they like and protesting censorship.

Douglas E. Cohen
New Hyde Park, New York

CDL UNDER INVESTIGATION

I was interested to read in the January *Playboy Forum* that Charles H. Keating, Jr.'s massive fund-raising drive for his anti-pornography crusade is being investigated by the Minnesota attorney general's office to see if it complies with state statutes on charitable organizations and consumer frauds. When you add this to Citizens for Decent Literature's questionable claim that contributions to it are tax deductible (despite the organization's clear intent to influence legislation), its use of nonprofit-organization mailing privileges and the patent phoniness of the Keating letter itself, these censorship advocates don't appear to be very nice people. Has there been any progress in investigating them?

James Kirk
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

The Minnesota investigation continues. Meanwhile, "The Playboy Forum" has received a letter from the office of New York State attorney general Louis J. Lefkowitz informing us that it is also scrutinizing CDL and is interested in learning of complaints about the organization.

THE GREENING OF *NATIONAL REVIEW*

I'm a charter member of Young Americans for Freedom and the author of "American Conservatives Should Revise Their Position on Marijuana," which was published in the December 8, 1972, issue of *National Review*. The

article urges readers to consider the consequences of marijuana laws: "If the effect on individuals is tragic, the effect on society is disastrous—disastrous for our institutions, the rule of law, political stability, even public health."

Having spent last summer in Washington doing volunteer work with Keith Stroup of the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws, I heartily commend PLAYBOY's support of NORML in particular and the marijuana-law-reform movement and civil liberties in general. I hope to be able to communicate with conservatives on the subject of marijuana-law reform, and I plan to spend as much time as possible working on changing the laws here in Texas.

Richard C. Cowan
Fort Worth, Texas

Last December, the conservative magazine *National Review* published four articles on marijuana—three favoring reform of the laws and one opposing change. In the anti-marijuana article, by Dartmouth professor Jeffrey Hart, I found this particularly revealing statement:

> Marijuana is indeed an integral part of the counterculture of the 1960s, and I use the word integral advisedly. The *meaning* of marijuana—and, as I say, I care not a fig for its physical effects—has to do with this cultural symbolism. And though the laws may indeed be excessively harsh . . . *or* . . . imprecise . . . the *meaning* of those laws in the current historical circumstance is plain enough. They aim to lean on, to penalize the counterculture. They reflect the opinion, surely a majority one, that the counterculture, and its manners and morals, and all its works are *bad*.

I've closely followed the marijuana controversy in the U. S. for over a decade and I've never seen anything that expresses the true reason for the persecution of marijuana users more clearly than this. Without such a motive, the refusal of foes of marijuana to accept scientific evidence and their insistence on retaining laws that inflict irrationally harsh penalties for harmless activities would make no sense. Everything falls into place when you grasp the fact that foes of marijuana care, as Hart puts it, "not a fig" whether or not the drug is harmful. The real point is that marijuana is an issue in a cultural civil war. Partisans of the established culture are using every means, including the law and the police, to try to suppress the so-called counterculture.

The amazing thing about Hart's article is that he openly admits that he supports laws prohibiting the use of marijuana purely as a device to facilitate

FORUM NEWSFRONT

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

ALL OVER BUT THE SHOUTING

Before the ink was dry on the U. S. Supreme Court's historic abortion decision, the powerful contending forces that had driven the issue to the highest court were planning further campaigns.

The Court ruled that:

• During the first three months of pregnancy, abortion is strictly a matter to be decided between a woman and her doctor and must be "free of interference by the state."

• After the third month of pregnancy, a state may regulate abortion procedures, but only in the interest of the pregnant woman's physical safety.

• After the fetus becomes viable, about ten weeks before delivery, a state may prohibit abortion, except when a physician decides that it is necessary to preserve the woman's physical or mental health.

Family-planning and women's-rights groups are advocating nonprofit abortion clinics throughout the country and planning a nationwide toll-free telephone-referral system. The foes of abortion are considering a campaign to restore strict anti-abortion laws with a constitutional amendment and another campaign to persuade women and doctors to disregard the Supreme Court's ruling.

CATHOLICS AND CONTRACEPTION

More than two out of three married Catholic women ignore Church doctrine on contraception and use artificial methods of birth control, according to a nationwide fertility study. The survey was conducted in 1970 by Charles F. Westoff of Princeton and Larry Bumpass of the University of Washington and published in Science *magazine. Its findings indicate that 68 percent of married Catholic women use contraceptives, 14 percent use the Church-approved but undependable rhythm method and 18 percent do not practice birth control. The survey attempted to distinguish between nominal Catholics and those who regularly receive Holy Communion and found that even among the latter, 53 percent used prohibited birth-control methods. Among women under 30 who had attended college, the figure was 78 percent.*

In Mexico, Catholic bishops have issued a carefully worded statement that appears to support the government's family-planning program, which includes the distribution of free contraceptives. A Message to the People, signed by 80 bishops, avoided the term birth control in favor of family planning, but said, "This decision of husband or wife about the most important thing—to have another child or not—implies the right and the responsibility to decide upon the means." Concerning the means, the message said only that the decision must be one "loyally following what their conscience dictates."

WIN A FEW, LOSE A FEW

SACRAMENTO—*The state board of education has decided to allow the teaching of evolutionary theory in California public schools, but it also has adopted a new policy on sex education aimed at preventing "immoral" discussions of premarital sex and homosexuality in classrooms.*

In a compromise with a number of prominent scientists who entered the debate, the board decided that science texts would not have to present the Biblical version of creation as long as Darwinian evolution was taught as pure speculation rather than as fact. Under the new guidelines, a statement such as "Life began in the seas" would become "Most scientists believe life may have begun in the seas."

In limiting sex-education topics, the board's new policy calls for classes to emphasize the family unit and especially moral values, including the "harmful effects of premarital sex." It also requires local school superintendents to authorize any guest lecturers in sex-education classes. The new rule was drafted after board members complained that homosexuals had been invited to speak to classes in San Francisco–area schools.

Meanwhile, a California legislative committee killed a bill that would have allowed the sale of prophylactics in vending machines after an opponent argued that this would "encourage immorality"; and Governor Ronald Reagan vetoed, for the third straight year, legislation that would have allowed unmarried teenagers to obtain contraceptives without parental consent. The governor said that just because some young people engage in sexual intercourse "does not mean the state should make it any easier for them."

RESURRECTING DEATH

RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA—*The supreme court of North Carolina has held that the state can, after all, impose the death penalty. It based its decision on the loophole through which a number of other states are hoping to escape last year's U. S. Supreme Court ruling that execution is cruel and unusual punishment imposed arbitrarily at the discretion of judges and juries. The state court*

HAPPY HOUR MIXOLOGY

44 DRINK RECIPES

PLUS A PRIMER OF HAPPY HOUR ASTROLOGY


ARIES


TAURUS


GEMINI


CANCER


LEO


VIRGO


LIBRA


SCORPIO


SAGITTARIUS


CAPRICORN


AQUARIUS


PISCES

HOW TO STAR AT MIXING GREAT DRINKS

and shine at Happy Hour Astrology talk!

ZODIAC

If you were born between	*Your Birth Sign and Symbol are:*	*Your Ruling Planet is:*
March 21–April 19	ARIES The Ram ♈	*MARS* ♂
April 20–May 20	TAURUS The Bull ♉	*VENUS* ♀
May 21–June 21	GEMINI The Twins ♊	*MERCURY* ☿
June 22–July 22	CANCER The Crab ♋	*MOON* ☽
July 23–Aug. 22	LEO The Lion ♌	*SUN* ☉
Aug. 23–Sept. 22	VIRGO The Virgin ♍	*MERCURY* ☿
Sept. 23–Oct. 22	LIBRA The Scales ♎	*VENUS* ♀
Oct. 23–Nov. 22	SCORPIO The Scorpion ♏	*MARS* ♂
Nov. 23–Dec. 21	SAGITTARIUS The Archer ♐	*JUPITER* ♃
Dec. 22–Jan. 19	CAPRICORN The Goat ♑	*SATURN* ♄
Jan. 20–Feb. 18	AQUARIUS The Water Bearer ♒	*URANUS* ♅
Feb. 19–March 20	PISCES The Fishes ♓	*NEPTUNE* ♆

This handy barguide not only makes you an expert at mixing drinks, but also gives you enough savvy to be a sharp conversationalist when Happy Hour talk turns to the fascinating subject of Astrology. It even shows you how to get your own Zodiac key ring, and suggests drinks for each Zodiac sign. In fact, it has easy-to-follow recipes for the most popular drinks made with all basic liquors: Bourbon, Scotch, gin, vodka, rum, Southern Comfort—plus mixing tips.

How to improve drinks: secret of the "pros"

The experts' greatest tip is this: You can improve many mixed drinks simply by "switching" the basic liquor called for in the recipe—to one with a more satisfying taste. An excellent example is the use of Southern Comfort instead of ordinary liquor to get a smoother, tastier base for your Manhattans, Sours, Old-Fashioneds, even tall drinks like the Collins and Tonic. The big difference, of course, is in the unique flavor of Southern Comfort. It adds a *deliciousness* no other basic liquor *can*. First, mix one of these drinks the usual way: then mix the same drink with Southern Comfort. (Both recipes are in this guide.) Compare them. The improvement is truly remarkable! But, to understand *why* this is true . . . make the simple taste test shown in this guide.

Intent of astrology data herein is simply to inform; any personal application is individual's responsibility.

some fundamentals for Happy Hour astrology

Man's fascination with what's "written in the stars" dates back over 5,000 years. Astrologists say that the position of the sun, moon, and planets at the time of your birth affects your entire life. Thus people who are born at different times of the year will tend to have different potential characteristics.

Every person is said to be born under a "sign of the Zodiac." The Zodiac is a kind of cosmic calendar—a giant imaginary circle encompassing what seems to be the sun's yearly path around the earth. Its 12 parts are named for ancient star constellations; each has a characteristic symbol or "sign." The part in which the sun is located at the time of year you were born denotes *your* sign. Basic character is often "read" by this sun sign alone. The moon and planets, especially your "ruling" planet, also add their influence. Here the *hour* you were born is important; since solar bodies move at different speeds, their related positions constantly change. An astrologist uses these positions, plotted on charts called "horoscopes," as the key to your character and abilities . . . thus formulating a guide to your path for the future.

Astrology has many contradictory interpretations; we offer only a capsule of those most widely accepted. Associations such as birth gems, lucky days, colors, numbers, etc., can also be traced to this intriguing subject.

What is Southern Comfort?

Although it's used just like an ordinary whiskey, Southern Comfort tastes much different than any other basic liquor. It actually tastes *good*, right out of the bottle! There's a reason. In the days of old New Orleans, one talented gentleman was disturbed by the taste of even the finest whiskeys of his day. So he combined rare and delicious ingredients to create this unusually smooth, *special* kind of basic liquor. Thus Southern Comfort was born! Its formula is still a family secret . . . its delicious taste still unmatched by any other liquor! Try it on-the-rocks . . . then you'll understand *why* it improves most mixed drinks, too.

make this simple taste test and learn how to improve most drinks

The flavor of any mixed drink is *controlled* by the taste of the liquor you use as a *base*. To realize the importance of this, pour a jigger of Bourbon or Scotch over cracked ice in a short glass. Sip it. Now do the same with Southern Comfort. Sip *it*, and you've found a completely *different* basic liquor—one that *tastes good* with *nothing* added! That's why switching to Southern Comfort as a base makes most mixed drinks taste much better. Make both Manhattan recipes shown on these pages. Compare them. One sip will convince you.

ordinary MANHATTAN

1 jigger (1½ oz.) Bourbon or rye
½ oz. sweet vermouth
Dash of Angostura bitters (optional)

Stir with cracked ice; strain into glass. Add a cherry. Now learn the experts' secret . . . use the recipe at right. You'll see how a simple switch in basic liquor improves this famous drink tremendously.

Women's fashions by White Stag.

improved MANHATTAN

1 jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort
½ oz. *dry* vermouth
Dash of Angostura bitters (optional)

Mix it like the ordinary recipe. Then sip it. The improvement is remarkable. The delicious flavor of Southern Comfort makes it taste much better.

Comfort* Manhattan, stars under any sign at Paul Young's Restaurant, Washington, D.C.

**Southern Comfort®*

See Yourself as the Star-gazers do!

ARIES: You are aggressive, a pioneer—positive, often fiery, with energy, originality, eager to try the new. A leader who attracts many friends.

TAURUS: Artistic, musical, you love luxury, are affectionate, loyal, serene—and very self-willed. Practical, persistent, you are adept at finance.

GEMINI: Versatile, witty, restless, and intellectual, you have an airy charm, love people and travel. You are well informed, have journalistic talent.

CANCER: You are home-loving, patient, sympathetic; your changing moods make you highly responsive to others. You are shrewd at business.

LEO: Born to rule! Leos are the sun's own people ...proud, dynamic, single-purposed, commanding, confident. Your warmth and generosity reach all.

VIRGO: You are discriminating, keenly analytical, exacting, often a perfectionist. You are helpful and encouraging; yours is the sign of service.

LIBRA: You are intelligent, just, well-balanced, deliberate. You have a high sense of honor, work toward harmony, are artistic, a gracious host.

SCORPIO: You are intuitive, ardent, decisive, explosive, with strong likes and dislikes. You are quick-witted, and have the stamina to excel.

SAGITTARIUS: You are impulsive, extremely candid, aim high and drive straight to the point. You are a philosopher, love sports and nature.

CAPRICORN: Conservative, dependable, you persevere determinedly to reach high goals. You are cautious, loyal to friends and your convictions.

AQUARIUS: You are scientific, socially aware, and often unconventional. You champion change, are inventive. Yours is the sign of a new age.

PISCES: Sensitive, idealistic, creative, you love beauty, have great insight and sympathy for others. Yours is the spiritual and mystic sign.

Birth Gems and Colors

ARIES: gem is the brilliant diamond; color is bright, fiery red.

TAURUS: gem is the emerald. Colors are Spring's green and yellow.

GEMINI: gem is the lustrous pearl; colors are clear blue and gray.

CANCER: gems are ruby and moonstone; colors are silver and white.

LEO: gems are sardonyx and ruby. Colors are sunny orange and gold.

VIRGO: gem is the heavenly sapphire. Color is sapphire blue.

LIBRA: gem is the flashing opal; colors are airy blue and gold.

SCORPIO: gem is the golden topaz. Color is deep, glowing red.

SAGITTARIUS: gem is the intriguing turquoise. Color is royal purple.

CAPRICORN: gem is the garnet. Colors are black and rich brown.

AQUARIUS: gem is the alluring amethyst. Color is electric blue.

PISCES: gem is the aquamarine. Colors are sea green and lavender.

***ordinary* TOM COLLINS**

½ jigger fresh lemon juice
1 jigger (1½ oz.) gin
1 tspn. sugar • sparkling water

Use tall glass. Dissolve sugar in juice; add ice cubes and gin. Fill with sparkling water. Stir.

John Collins: Use Bourbon or rye instead of gin.

***smoother* COMFORT* COLLINS**

1 jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort
Juice of ¼ lime • 7UP

Mix Southern Comfort and lime juice in tall glass. Add ice cubes; fill with 7UP. The best tasting — and easiest to mix — Collins of all!

Loved by Leos and sun-lovers at Hotel Fontainebleau, Miami Beach

**Southern Comfort®*

HONOLULU COOLER

Poured for Pisceans & partners at many famous Hawaiian hotels!

1 jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort
Juice of ½ lime
Hawaiian pineapple juice

Pack a tall glass with crushed ice. Add lime juice, Southern Comfort. Fill with pineapple juice; stir.

RUM SWIZZLE

Juice ½ lime • 1 tspn. sugar
2½ oz. light rum • 2 dashes bitters

Stir vigorously in glass pitcher with lots of crushed ice till mixture foams. Serve in double Old-Fashioned glass.

Super swizzle: Use Southern Comfort, ½ tspn. sugar.

COMFORT* WALLBANGER

Brilliant new drink starred at the Alta Mira Hotel, Sausalito, Calif.

1 oz. Southern Comfort
½ oz. Liquore Galliano® • orange juice

Fill tall glass with ice cubes. Add liquors; fill with orange juice; stir. It's delicious, fabulously smooth.

HARVEY WALLBANGER: Use vodka instead of Southern Comfort. Add Galliano last, floating it on top.

COMFORT* ON-THE-ROCKS

For the sign and ege of Aquarius, as mixed at Anthony's Pier 4, Boston

1 jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort

Pour over cracked ice in short glass; add a twist of lemon peel. Southern Comfort has such a delicious natural flavor it's one of the most popular on-the-rocks drinks.

Hint: Ice is important! For best results, buy packaged ice. It's free of air bubbles, chemicals, impurities . . . is tasteless, clear, slower melting. Makes drinks taste–and look–better.

GIN 'N TONIC

Juice and rind ¼ lime
1 jigger (1½ oz.) gin
Schweppes Quinine Water (tonic)

Squeeze lime over ice cubes in tall glass and add rind. Pour in gin; fill with tonic and stir.

Switch to a smoother, better-tasting drink. Skip the gin and enjoy Southern Comfort's talent for tonic.

GIN RICKEY

Juice and rind ½ lime
1 jigger gin • sparkling water

Squeeze lime over ice cubes in 8-oz. glass. Add rind and gin. Fill with sparkling water and stir.

To "rev up" a rickey, use S.C. instead of gin.

COMFORT* JULEP

Favorite at Churchill Downs, home of the Kentucky Derby

4 sprigs fresh mint • dash of water
2 ounces Southern Comfort

Use tall glass; crush mint in water. Pack glass with cracked ice. Add Southern Comfort; stir till frosted.

Bourbon julep: Add 1 tspn. sugar to mint; replace Southern Comfort with Bourbon.

COMFORT*, BABY!

1 jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort
2 jiggers cold milk • 1 tspn. sugar

Dissolve sugar in milk in 8-oz. glass. Add S.C., ice cubes; stir.

RUM 'N COLA

Juice and rind ¼ lime
1 jigger (1½ oz.) light rum • cola

Squeeze lime over ice cubes in tall glass. Add rind and pour in rum. Fill with cola and stir.

Instead of rum, see what a comfort S.C. is to cola.

Check your sign for the lucky Happy Hour drink in your future!

ROB ROY

A hit with Sagittarians!

1 jigger (1½ oz.) Scotch
½ jigger (¾ oz.) sweet vermouth
Dash Angostura bitters

Stir with cracked ice and strain into cocktail glass. Add a twist of lemon peel. (This drink is often called a "Scotch Manhattan.")

MARGARITA

Cancer's chosen one!

1 jigger (1½ oz.) tequila
½ oz. Triple Sec
1 oz. fresh lime or lemon juice

Moisten cocktail glass rim with fruit rind; spin rim in salt. Shake ingredients with cracked ice; strain into glass. Sip over salted rim.

COLD TODDY

In vogue with Virgos!

¼ tspn. sugar • 1 oz. water
2 oz. Scotch or Bourbon

Stir sugar with water in short glass. Add ice cubes, liquor, twist lemon peel.

A toddy pleases anybody, mixed with Southern Comfort.

DAIQUIRI

In the swim with Pisceans!

Juice ½ lime or ¼ lemon
1 teaspoon sugar
1 jigger (1½ oz.) light rum

Shake with cracked ice until shaker frosts. Strain into cocktail glass.

To give your Daiquiri a new accent, use Southern Comfort instead of rum, only ½ tspn. sugar.

COMFORT* OLD-FASHIONED

Lucky libation for Libras and mates, at the Gaslight Club in Chicago

Dash of Angostura bitters
½ tspn. sugar (optional)
½ oz. sparkling water
1 jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort

Stir bitters, sugar, and water in glass, add ice cubes, Southern Comfort. Add twist of lemon peel, orange slice, and cherry. It's superb!

Ordinary Old-Fashioned: 1 tspn. sugar, Bourbon or rye instead of S.C.

FIND YOUR LUCKY DAY & NUMBER

ARIES: your lucky numbers are 7 and 8; your lucky day is Tuesday.

TAURUS: your lucky numbers are 1 and 3; your lucky day is Friday.

GEMINI: your lucky numbers are 3 and 6; your lucky day: Wednesday.

CANCER: your lucky numbers are 8 and 3; your lucky day: Monday.

LEO: your lucky numbers are 5 and 1; your lucky day is Sunday.

VIRGO: lucky numbers are 8 and 5; your lucky day is Wednesday.

LIBRA: your lucky numbers are 6 and 4; your lucky day is Friday.

SCORPIO: your lucky numbers are 5 and 4; your lucky day: Tuesday.

SAGITTARIUS: your lucky number is 9; lucky day is Thursday.

CAPRICORN: lucky numbers: 7 and 8; lucky day: Saturday.

AQUARIUS: numbers are 8 and 1; day: Saturday.

PISCES: lucky numbers: 8 and 2; day is Friday.

HOT BUTTERED COMFORT*

Warms sporting Sagittarians at the Red Lion, Vail, Colo.

Small stick cinnamon
Slice lemon peel • pat butter
1 jigger Southern Comfort

Put cinnamon, lemon peel, S.C. in mug; fill with boiling water. Float butter; stir. (Leave spoon in glass to pour hot water.)

Sign of a good host: serve friends their own Happy Hour drink!

DRY MARTINI

Terrific for Taureans!

4 parts gin or vodka
1 part dry vermouth

Stir with cracked ice and strain into chilled cocktail glass. Serve with a green olive or twist of lemon peel.

For a Gibson, use 5 parts gin to 1 part vermouth, serve with a pearl onion.

SCARLETT O'HARA

As intriguing as its namesake!

1 jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort
Juice of ¼ fresh lime
1 jigger Ocean Spray cranberry juice cocktail

Shake with cracked ice; strain into glass. It's as enticing as the French Quarter, and stars in any crowd.

GIMLET

Gemini's gem of a drink!

4 parts gin or vodka
1 part Rose's sweetened lime juice

Shake with cracked ice and strain into a cocktail glass. (Optional: serve with small slice fresh lime.)

COMFORT* 'N BOURBON

Attracts Aquarians at Ambassador Hotel's Grove in Los Angeles

½ jigger (¾ oz.) Southern Comfort
½ jigger Bourbon • ½ jigger water

Pour liquors over cracked ice in short glass; add water. Stir. Serve with a twist of lemon peel. Enjoy a deliciously smooth combination.

*Southern Comfort®

HAPPY HOUR DRINKS FOR A HEAVENLY BRUNCH!

SCREWDRIVER

Sign of a sunny turn for Scorpio!

1 jigger (1½ oz.) vodka • orange juice

Put ice cubes into a 6-oz. glass. Add vodka; fill with orange juice and stir.

A new twist: Use Southern Comfort instead of vodka.

BLOODY MARY

Red and right for Aries!

2 jiggers tomato juice • 1 jigger vodka
⅓ jigger fresh lemon juice
Dash of Worcestershire sauce

Salt, pepper to taste. Shake with cracked ice; strain into 6-oz. glass.

WHISKEY SOUR

1 jigger (1½ oz.) Bourbon or rye
½ jigger fresh lemon juice • 1 tspn. sugar

Shake with cracked ice; strain into glass. Add orange slice on rim of glass, and cherry. Now use recipe below. See how a switch in basic liquor greatly improves this drink.

Improved sour, lionized by star-gazers at Hotel Mark Hopkins, San Francisco

COMFORT SOUR*

1 jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort
⅓ jigger fresh lemon juice • ½ tspn. sugar

Mix it like the usual recipe. But you'll enjoy it far more. The use of Southern Comfort gives your drink a superb flavor no other sour can match.

*Southern Comfort®

famous PEOPLE

born under your sign

Compare personalities with

ARIES: Charlie Chaplin, Leonardo da Vinci, Thos. Jefferson, Robt. Frost

TAURUS: Harry Truman, Willie Mays, Florence Nightingale, Sigmund Freud

GEMINI: Patrick Henry, Bob Hope, Queen Victoria, Marilyn Monroe

CANCER: Helen Keller, Rembrandt, Louis Armstrong, Pearl Buck

LEO: Henry Ford, Cecil B. DeMille, Napoleon, Ethel Barrymore

VIRGO: Queen Elizabeth I, Lafayette, Sir Walter Raleigh, Greta Garbo

LIBRA: Dwight Eisenhower, Eleanor Roosevelt, Wm. Penn, Helen Hayes

SCORPIO: Martin Luther, Charles de Gaulle, Marie Curie, Pablo Picasso

SAGITTARIUS: Mark Twain, Beethoven, Louisa M. Alcott, Winston Churchill

CAPRICORN: Martin Luther King, Ben Franklin, Joan of Arc, Robt. E. Lee

AQUARIUS: Abraham Lincoln, Douglas McArthur, Babe Ruth, Clark Gable

PISCES: Michelangelo, George Washington, Albert Einstein, Alex. G. Bell

GRASSHOPPER

Toast to talented Taureans!

¾ oz. fresh cream
1 oz. white creme de cacao
1 oz. green creme de menthe

Shake with cracked ice or mix in electric blender; strain.

STINGER

A Scorpio symbol!

1 jigger (1½ oz.) brandy
½ jigger white creme de menthe

Shake with cracked ice; strain.

Southern Comfort instead of brandy makes a stinger that's a humdinger.

ALEXANDER

Great for Virgos, cheered by Capricorns!

1 part fresh cream
1 part creme de cacao
1 part Southern Comfort or gin or brandy

Shake with cracked ice; strain.

OPEN HOUSE PUNCH

One fifth Southern Comfort
3 quarts 7UP • 6 oz. fresh lemon juice
One 6-oz. can frozen orange juice
One 6-oz. can frozen lemonade

Chill ingredients. Mix in punch bowl, adding 7UP last. Add drops of red food coloring as desired (optional); stir. Float block of ice or add ice cubes; add orange and lemon slices. Serves 32.

Make it faster and easier with Bar-Tenders' Brand Instant Open House Punch Mix. Get it at your favorite store . . . just add Southern Comfort, 7UP, and water. Makes 32 drinks.

COMFORT* EGGNOG

1 cup (8 oz.) Southern Comfort
1 quart dairy eggnog

Chill ingredients. Blend in punch bowl by beating; dust with nutmeg. Serves 10, pleases all.

Single serving: Add 4 parts eggnog to 1 part S.C. in short glass. Stir; dust with nutmeg.

Special Offer!

Save on these handsome Southern Comfort

Steamboat Glasses

Popular new straight-side shape with broad gold lip, just like the latest expensive glasses. Blue and gold decor.

A. HIGHBALL GLASS
Generous size for serving highballs and other tall favorites.
Set of 8 glasses (12-oz. size) **$4.95**

B. DOUBLE OLD-FASHIONED
All-purpose glass for highballs, on-the-rocks, even coolers.
Set of 8 glasses (13½-oz. size) **$4.95**

C. ON-THE-ROCKS GLASS
On-the-rocks, mists, "short" highballs.
Set of 8 glasses (8-oz. size)
PLUS matching Master Measure glass "E" (9 glasses) **$4.95**

D. ON-THE-ROCKS STEM GLASS
Popular new shape for on-the-rocks and "short" drinks.
Set of 8 glasses (7½ oz. size) **$5.50**

E. MASTER MEASURE GLASS
Versatile single glass enables you to pour all the correct measures. Marked for 2 oz.; 1½ oz. (jigger); 1 oz.; ¾ oz. (¾ jigger); ½ oz.
sold alone **$1.00**

F. "STEAMBOAT" NAPKINS
Color-mated to glasses, napkins say "Smooth Sailing."
Four packages of 25 each **$1.00**

G. TALL COOLER GLASS
New tall, slender shape for serving Collinses and coolers.
Set of 8 glasses (12½-oz. size) **$4.95**

Print your name and address. Order items desired by letter and send check or money order to:

Dept. 73S, Cocktail Hour Enterprises
P. O. Box 12430, St. Louis, Mo. 63132

Prices include shipping costs. Offer void in Canada, Georgia, New Hampshire, Tennessee, and other states where prohibited.

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Party Invitation Offer!

HAPPY HOUR PARTY KIT

Get a large "Happy Hour" Flag, plus Invitations, Envelopes and Napkins

(enough to host 24 couples)

Large, festive flag, 12" x 18" size, blue and red on white cloth (pole and cord not included). PLUS 24 invitations with envelopes, 50 quality cocktail napkins; flag decor.

only **$1.90**

Price includes shipping charges.

Print name and address. Send check or money order to:

Dept. KS, Cocktail Hour Enterprises, P. O. Box 12428, St. Louis, Mo. 63132

Offer void in Canada, Georgia, New Hampshire, Tennessee, and other states where prohibited.

complied with the High Court's decision and reduced a convicted rapist's death sentence to life imprisonment, but it did so by finding that the death penalty is unconstitutional only when imposed at the discretion of a jury. As a result, North Carolina juries will no longer have the legal authority to recommend life sentences in capital cases; the death penalty now is mandatory.

Elsewhere:

• In California, voters overwhelmingly approved a proposition to restore capital punishment for train wrecking, for perjury in which an innocent person was executed, for treason against the state and for deadly assault on a prison guard by a life-term convict.

• Governor Reubin Askew of Florida has signed a bill restoring the death penalty for premeditated murder and other crimes, to be applied at the discretion of a judge and jury, inviting a rematch with the U. S. Supreme Court. The Pennsylvania legislature has passed a bill to reinstate the death penalty for certain crimes and similar bills have been introduced in the legislatures of Indiana and Illinois.

• At a meeting of the National Association of Attorneys General, nearly all of those present voted for a resolution recommending the death penalty. The legal officers appointed a committee to draw up model legislation that would meet what the chairman, Oklahoma attorney general Larry Derryberry, called the problem of "how to write a law the U. S. Supreme Court will approve."

• A recent Gallup Poll found that 57 percent of Americans favor the death penalty for murder, as compared with 49 percent in 1971. A nationwide survey of 18-to-24-year-olds reported that a plurality of 45 percent favors capital punishment for some crimes.

SUPPORT MENTAL HEALTH

NEW YORK CITY—*A New York Civil Liberties Union lawyer has obtained the release of a 91-year-old man held 22 years in mental institutions for a murder another man had confessed to and was executed for. The lawyer, Bruce Ennis, charged that the Dutchess County district attorney's office "has known for at least 18 years that it had no case against him. . . . I think they were embarrassed to tears to admit it and wanted him to live out the rest of his life in the hospital." Ennis said the man was involuntarily committed when the confessed killer claimed to be under his "thought control," and he denounced what he called a pattern of cooperation between law-enforcement and hospital officials to "justify holding a man under criminal charges when the state does not have the evidence to prosecute."*

In New Orleans, the Federal Court of Appeals for the Fifth Circuit has been asked to resolve conflicting decisions by two Federal district judges in Alabama and in Georgia concerning the rights of the mentally ill. The Alabama judge handed down a series of decisions giving to any person who is involuntarily committed the constitutional right to "adequate treatment from a medical standpoint," and later established standards for such treatment. However, in a virtually identical Georgia case, the judge there held that there is no constitutional right to medical treatment. An attorney who filed the Alabama suit has asked the appeals court to uphold the Alabama decisions because they bring "the protection of the Constitution to helpless people who have been too long victimized and denied the constitutional rights enjoyed and taken for granted by other citizens."

DON'T DO IT YOURSELF

WASHINGTON, D. C.—*The Food and Drug Administration has ordered the recall of Ova II home pregnancy-testing kits. The agency said that the commercially available kits, which supposedly enable a woman to determine if she is pregnant by analyzing her urine, are "inaccurate, unreliable and prone to give false results." It added that it knows of no reliable nonprescription pregnancy-testing kits.*

The FDA also ordered the recall of 35,000 Gonodecten kits, for detecting gonorrhea in men, because of a lack of proof that they work.

TELEVISION INTERFERENCE

WASHINGTON, D. C.—*Three high Government officials have endorsed a newly formed coalition of right-wing religious and women's groups seeking to rid TV programs of "bad taste, crime, violence and vulgarity." Speaking before the group, which calls itself the Crusade Against Moral Pollution, Federal Communications Commissioner Robert E. Lee and Surgeon General Dr. Jesse L. Steinfeld urged members to boycott the sponsors of the offensive TV programs and to protest to local stations and the FCC. Federal Maritime Commissioner Helen Delich Bentley asked rhetorically, "Why not use television to restore morality and patriotism? Television could be used to make the patriotic spirit fashionable once again. . . ." The coalition's president, Martha Roundtree, denied any intention to censor TV—only to persuade stations to "confine their programing to presentations . . . acceptable in a family setting." The most applauded speaker was singer-actress Ilona Massey, who called for the restoration of capital punishment, strict law enforcement, decreased welfare assistance and a return of "God into the schools."*

the use of state-sanctioned force against a way of life and a body of ideas. It's hard to understand this attitude, because we were all taught in our civics classes that this is a free society—indeed, this is supposedly what young Americans have been dying for in wars around the globe. But Hart states in the same article, "I don't care much for all that 'free society' rhetoric." The mere existence on paper of a Constitution and a Bill of Rights is not enough to overcome man's age-old tendency to hate anything that's different.

Joseph Farrel
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

BIASED RESEARCH

I was interested to read in the January *Forum Newsfront* that a report from the University of Texas medical branch in Galveston noted "sleep disturbances and lethargy" in 14 volunteers who smoked marijuana regularly for ten days.

As one of those 14 volunteers, I would like to comment on the study. First, I would be very surprised if any of the participants had a normal night's sleep during the experiments. I smoked two joints just before retiring each night—on a roll-away bed that sank in the middle, with electrodes stuck all over my head and face and with a night watchman and cleaning people rattling around outside my door at all hours. Sure, I had many sleep disturbances, but the experimental design and control of variables were so poor it would be impossible to assign their cause to the marijuana.

As for the lethargy that was reported, I would like to know what criteria and evidence they used to find it. I certainly didn't feel lethargic, nor did two of my friends who were also volunteers. We all were, and are, employed, hard-working, productive members of society. In discussing our experience, my friends and I felt that there was a general air of negativity about marijuana displayed by the researchers.

Lonnie Hazlewood
Austin, Texas

AND, ALSO IN TEXAS

I was arrested in Austin, Texas, for possession of 21 pounds of marijuana. My lawyer advised me to take my case in front of a jury and plead guilty. I consented. The only facts the jury heard during the trial were that I was 18 years old, I possessed 21 pounds of marijuana when arrested and this was my first criminal offense. My lawyer was not permitted to establish anything further about my character and he did not put me on the stand. The district attorney freely made remarks such as, "It is these

(On pages 60 and 61, "The Playboy Forum" presents a special report on the Nixon Administration's efforts to harass and control the press, radio and TV. Letters continued on page 62.)

A Special "Playboy Forum" Report

MR. NIXON AND THE MEDIA

Why should freedom of speech and freedom of the press be allowed? Why should a government which is doing what it believes to be right allow itself to be criticized? It would not allow opposition by lethal weapons. Ideas are much more fatal things than guns. Why should any man be allowed to buy a printing press and disseminate pernicious opinions calculated to embarrass the government?

Why indeed? Vladimir Ilich Lenin, Russia's first Communist dictator, asked the questions. They were rhetorical; Lenin answered critics with terror. There are alarming indications that Richard M. Nixon has asked the same questions, and that he and his appointees are exploring different, more insidious solutions—some crude and brutal, some subtle and complex, but all legal, and all obviously aimed at the same goal that Lenin had.

President Nixon and his appointees clearly are determined to stem the free flow of news about what they are doing in the high offices they hold; they are arraying formidable resources against persons who gather and disseminate news.

The Administration is tampering with one of the oldest American traditions, which was described in 1945 by the Supreme Court of the United States as "the assumption that the widest possible dissemination of information from diverse and antagonistic sources is essential to the welfare of the public [and] that a free press is a condition of a free society."

The Administration's assault is ruthless and it is alarming. Congressmen are alarmed. The New York State Trial Lawyers Association is alarmed. Historian Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., is alarmed. The International Press Institute, which has 1700 editor and publisher members in 62 nations, is alarmed. Even the conservative *Chicago Tribune* is alarmed. Reporters who are being imprisoned are more than alarmed; they know that the Administration means business.

A pattern of prosecution, repression, secrecy, vituperation, punitive legislation and manipulation makes it clear that:

(1) President Nixon has little confidence in the American people ("The average American is just like the child in the family"; if you "pamper him and cater to him too much, you are going to make him soft, spoiled and eventually a very weak individual").

(2) President Nixon has an abiding hostility toward the news media and those who man them; he regards critical reporting as bias and opposition as disloyalty.

(3) President Nixon has withdrawn more and more into secrecy; the recently concluded peace negotiations have served as an excuse, but an inadequate one. The *Chicago Tribune* press service found it "difficult not to suspect an aloof arrogance in the White House." Republican Senator William Saxbe of Ohio has denounced the President's secrecy, aloofness and contempt for the rest of the Government.

The Administration is driving us along the road to an elitist Government that tolerates no criticism of its policies, feels insufficient responsibility to Congress and abhors meddling journalists who persistently embarrass the Administration and disagree with White House interpretations of news.

• • •

The nation's founding fathers had a healthy suspicion that power corrupts. They knew that the interest of rulers do not always coincide with the interests of the ruled and that an informed public is the best safeguard against governmental dishonesty, stupidity and tyranny. Accordingly, they wrote, in the First Amendment to the Constitution, a provision that Congress should make no law abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press. This assurance is woven into the fabric of the United States; over the years, the courts consistently reaffirmed the guarantee and extended it to individuals who gather and disseminate news. It became clear that when a reporter learned, and reported, that a public official had his hand in the till, the reporter should not be required to identify the source of his information, because identification probably would be most unhealthy for the source and discouraging to others who knew about other hands in other tills.

The reporter's right to protect his informant thus came to be considered essential to a greater good—the exposure of abuse, misfeasance and malfeasance in high places, political scandals and criminal operations about which the public has a constitutional right—and a need—to know.

In 1936, the Supreme Court articulated the concept:

> The primary purpose of the grant of immunity here invoked was to preserve an untrammeled press as a vital source of public information. The newspapers, magazines and other journals of the country, it is safe to say, have shed and continue to shed more light on the public and business affairs of the nation than any other instrumentality of publicity, and since informed public opinion is the most potent of all restraints upon misgovernment, the suppression or abridgment of the publicity afforded by a free press cannot be regarded otherwise than with grave concern. . . . A free press stands as one of the great interpreters between the Government and the people. To allow it to be fettered is to fetter ourselves.

The case of Earl Caldwell of *The New York Times* upset this doctrine. On June 29, 1972, the Supreme Court ruled that Caldwell could be required to disclose to a grand jury his source of information about Black Panthers and could be imprisoned for refusing to do so. The Court reasoned that the public-interest need to bring a criminal to justice overrides the reporter's need to protect his news source.

Other reporters have gone to jail for refusing to disclose sources, but the *Caldwell* case was the first to have the blessing of the Supreme Court. Nixon appointees tipped the balance in a five-to-four decision.

• • •

The tide is running, and in this flood President Nixon is consistent. He started modestly by spraying Spiro Agnew all over the journalists who annoyed the White House. That had its lighter moments. But Mr. Nixon was deadly serious:

ITEM: The Justice Department shocked the nation in June 1971 by asking the courts to prevent *The New York Times*, *The Washington Post* and *The Boston Globe* from publishing the Pentagon papers. No Administration in our 200 years of national history had made so serious an effort to enforce prior censorship of the press. The effort failed. But then the Justice Department prosecuted Daniel Ellsberg and Anthony

J. Russo, Jr., for espionage in making secret documents available to the newspapers. And Samuel Popkin, professor of government at Harvard, who saw the papers and refused to implicate other scholars who may have studied them to evaluate their significance, made history when he was put in jail for refusing to violate professional confidences.

ITEM: President Nixon is trying to silence many news and public-affairs programs and comment shows by vetoing an extended-appropriations bill for the Public Broadcasting System. And he has appointed Henry W. Loomis to be president of the Corporation for Public Broadcasting, which controls PBS funds. PBS personnel, according to *Newsweek*, say that Loomis, who is a former deputy director of the United States Information Agency, the Government's ministry of propaganda, is out to create a domestic equivalent of the USIA—a Nixon network.

ITEM: The Administration is proposing a law under which the Federal Communications Commission could refuse to renew the license of any TV or radio station that persists in "bias." Mr. Nixon's spokesman, Clay Whitehead, explained that local stations will be required to demonstrate "responsibility," pursue "sense" instead of "sensationalism" and eschew "ideological plugola" and "elitist gossip in the guise of news analysis." "Station managers and network officials who fail to act to correct imbalance or consistent bias in the network, or who acquiesce by silence, can only be considered willing participants, to be held fully accountable . . . at license-renewal time," he said.

Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., noting that the proposed law also would give longer-term licenses and other benefits to radio and TV stations, commented that the Administration was making the broadcast industry an offer it couldn't refuse.

ITEM: Second-class postal rates, paid by publications, already have begun increases that will more than double mailing costs. The Administration defends the increases as economy measures, although the Postal Service will continue heavy subsidies for junk mail. Most large magazines can manage, but the increases may kill many small, unprofitable intellectual and political journals that provide a forum for opposition viewpoints and criticism of government. This undermines a tradition; from the outset, the U. S. Government encouraged the distribution of papers and magazines by providing low postal rates, in the belief that it was important to have an informed electorate.

The New York State Trial Lawyers Association has stated that the U. S. is "in the throes of attempted massive suppression of news media and the attempted decimation of viable and aggressive journalism. Not in a long time has the First Amendment come under such a major attack."

• • •

A Gallup Poll provided proof that Americans believe in their right to know and in a free and independent press. The Gallup question was: "Suppose a newspaper reporter obtains information for a news article he is writing from a person who asks that his name be withheld. Do you think that the reporter should or should not be required to reveal the name of this man if he is taken to court to testify about the information in his news article?" Fifty-seven percent of the respondents thought he should not be required to reveal his source; 34 percent thought he should; the remainder were undecided. Respondents who had attended college sided with the newsman seven to three.

Some 20 states now have laws that offer the journalist at least some protection from legal harassment by authorities. Governor Reagan of California, no liberal, has signed a bill strengthening the state's immunity law because, he said, "a free press is one of this country's major strengths, and the right to protect his source of information is fundamental to a newsman in meeting his full responsibilities to the public he serves." Governor Rockefeller of New York signed a newsman's law in 1970; two years later, he noted dryly that "Reading about one's failings in the daily papers is one of the privileges of high office in this free country of ours." The New Jersey legislature has passed a similar bill and Governor Walker of Illinois has expressed strong support for such a law.

What we need now is a carefully drafted national law to protect newsmen from Federal intimidation and prosecution and to provide a model for all the states. The Congressional machinery has begun to shape legislation. Designing such a law is no simple matter. The journalistic community recognizes that a reporter is first and foremost a citizen, and that there are occasions when his duties as a citizen should take precedence over his privileges as a newsman. The question is whether absolute immunity will lead to abuse. The record indicates that it will not: until *Caldwell*, reporters *had* such immunity, in practice, and any abuse was heavily outweighed by benefits. The Constitution already subordinates swift justice to the long-term public interest—in the Fourth Amendment (which excludes even damning evidence if it is obtained unlawfully), the Fifth Amendment (which protects even the vicious criminal from self-incrimination) and the Sixth Amendment (which respects lawyer-client confidences). The quest for justice and factual information yields every day to laws that respect husband-wife, doctor-patient and priest-penitent relationships as being in the public interest. Certainly the public interest served by an unintimidated press and its investigative reporters is no less compelling. As *The New York Times* stated in an editorial:

> To have to call for Federal legislation is indeed an indication of the erosion of the First Amendment. It has long been our conviction that the language of that amendment: "Congress shall make no law . . . abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press" was perfectly clear. And until recent developments we preferred to stand on that language. But constant attacks on one of the pillars of our democratic system now lead us to believe that the public's as well as the press's requirement of freedom can best be served by Federal law giving newsmen protection of the same general kind as the common law has traditionally extended to those other professions whose very functioning also depends on their ability to honor the trust of persons who place their confidence in their hands.

Congressional approval of an immunity measure would reaffirm our heritage of freedom and would deliver an unmistakable message to the Administration.

It is in the basic design of this country that the people may not challenge the Government with weapons and that the Government may not silence the people or the press.

18-year-olds who go to junior high schools and push weed." I haven't been near a high school or junior high school since I graduated from the ones I attended, but I had no opportunity to defend myself. The D. A. recommended a 42-year sentence—two years for each pound of grass. After an hour's deliberation, the jury sentenced me to 25 years in prison.

My lawyer continually told me not to worry about anything; therefore, I didn't feel that I had to call upon anyone to testify for me. But I do have parents, relatives and friends of all ages who would have testified to my good character if asked. Nor was the jury given any information about marijuana, such as the fact that President Nixon's commission on drugs concluded, "There is no evidence that experimental or intermittent use of marijuana causes physical or psychological harm."

As things stand now, I will not be totally free from legal supervision until May 1996. I will be 43 years old.

I urge readers to write to lieutenant governor William P. Hobby or to speaker of the house Price Daniel, Jr., presiding officers of the Texas legislature, and recommend that the upcoming session pass a new marijuana bill that would lower all penalties for marijuana —the current statutory penalty for first-offense possession is two years to life— and to make sure that the law is retroactive.

Frank Allan Demolli
Ferguson State Farm Unit
Texas Department of Corrections
Huntsville, Texas

LEGAL AID FOR PRISONERS

PLAYBOY's readers might be interested in knowing more about the work of the National Prison Project, which is assisted by the Playboy Foundation along with the American Civil Liberties Union. The project has existed since 1972, and one of the most significant parts of its work has been the creation of a national network of cooperating lawyers to go to court on prisoners' problems. We've also encouraged other groups to engage in political, social and legislative actions. We work at this by making personal visits throughout the country to give advice and direction to local prison projects and by sending materials and advice to persons or groups engaged in any aspect of prison reform.

We've also started major court actions dealing with the Federal parole system, the military prison system, the Federal Bureau of Prisons' policy of transferring outspoken prisoners from one institution to another and the breakdown of the criminal-justice system in Brooklyn. As for the future, we have two long-range goals: getting men and women out of prison and back into society, and opening the prison system to inmate and public scrutiny as long as men and women remain in prison.

Alvin J. Bronstein, Executive Director
National Prison Project
Washington, D. C.

ASTRO-LITTER

I read that Apollo 17 astronauts Eugene Cernan and Harrison Schmitt left a bag of equipment on the moon so they could carry back to earth an extra 120 pounds of rocks they had collected. As we reach out to explore the universe, why must we be so blind to considerations of environment? With pollution already a serious problem on earth, it seems amazingly stupid that man insists on cluttering more of the universe. Tossing a bag of equipment on the moon's surface is as reprehensible as dumping rancid garbage into a stream on earth.

Keith Krisciunas
Naperville, Illinois

ENVIRONMENTAL ACTION

Now that Spaceship Earth is three solar revolutions into the Environmental Decade, it is important to assess how much progress has been made in the war against pollution. Our organization, Environmental Action, was formed by the national staff that coordinated Earth Day in 1970. We're working to focus the generalized desire for a clean environment on some specific targets.

In addition to winning some well-publicized legislative victories, such as passage of the Clean Air Act and defeat of the supersonic transport, our movement is winning minor skirmishes that help build a body of law that citizens can use to clean up the environment in their communities. We've also won battles in courts and state legislatures.

But as the truly radical implications of the ecology movement become evident, the fight becomes harder. While everyone is still for a clean environment, we have found that some are not as eager to pay the cleanup price as others. Vested interests are digging in for a long fight. Through our grass-roots network and our periodical magazine, *Environmental Action*, we are trying to distinguish between rhetoric and reality so that people will know what corporations, government bodies and environmental organizations are doing. Those interested in learning more or in helping us can write to Environmental Action, Room 731, 1346 Connecticut Avenue N.W., Washington, D. C. 20036.

Sam Love, Coordinator
Environmental Action
Washington, D. C.

CONTRACEPTIVE EDUCATION

Birth Control Institute would like to thank the Playboy Foundation for its grant to us, which will be used to buy and equip a mobile van. This unit will travel throughout Los Angeles and Orange counties and neighboring areas with literature and information regarding human sexuality, birth control, venereal disease, abortion and voluntary sterilization. Our agency is currently developing new programs in several of these areas and specifically in sex education. We are conducting outreach campaigns on university, college and junior college campuses, and we're helping California State College at Long Beach set up a unique Campus Sexuality Information and Education Center.

We strongly agree with the editorial comment in the May 1972 *Playboy Forum* that until information on all aspects of human sexuality is available to everyone, the threat of government intervention in our lives in the form of compulsory birth control will always hover near. The idea of compulsory birth control is frightening, not only in concept but also because it seems that many people are willing to let conditions deteriorate to the point where government intervention will be inevitable rather than adjust their thinking to support comprehensive sex education for all. This accounts in great part for the fact that aside from its general counseling regarding birth control, B. C. I. each month counsels over 500 women on abortion alone. Most of those counseled are school-age girls whose problems have resulted from lack of information. Hopefully, our new mobile education unit will help give people in general and young adults in particular the information they need to help create a society in which government-imposed compulsory birth control will never be needed.

Wayne D. Lamont, Executive Director
Birth Control Institute, Inc.
Orange, California

NO-FAULT DIVORCE

Chuck and Donna Thibodeau of the Divorce Education Association erred in stating that no-fault divorce eliminates the need for a lawyer (*The Playboy Forum*, December 1972). As an attorney, I know that contested divorces are nearly always based on disagreement about support, child custody or property division, and that fact has not been changed by no-fault divorce, which we have had here in Hawaii for several months. The only thing eliminated is the legal requirement that one party blame the other in a divorce action. Of course, the elimination of even one needless wrangling point is to the good.

The Thibodeaus were also misleading regarding the evils of the "third-lawyer clause" of the proposed Uniform Marriage and Divorce Act. Granted, it might require a divorced person to pay three

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lawyers; but the assumption that the interests of children will be identical with those of at least one of the parents is not always true. In some custody fights, the children really do need their own lawyer who will fight for their right to live with neither parent.

Of course, divorce-law reforms are needed. In situations where there are few complications and the parties have worked out an agreement on their own, attorneys' fees are generally outrageous. Here, the standard rate is about $325 for a case that I can usually run through my office in from one to three hours (which is why I charge $60 per hour—still high, I suppose, but far cheaper than the flat rate). Exorbitant costs such as these should be forced down; one way to help do that is to make it easier for people to serve as their own attorneys.

I must ask that my name be withheld, lest sensitive colleagues claim that I'm violating professional ethics regarding solicitation of clients.

(Name withheld by request)
Honolulu, Hawaii

DEMONSTRATING INTERCOURSE

A couple in St. Petersburg, Florida, were arrested in 1971 for answering their eight-year-old son's questions about where babies come from by performing sexual intercourse in front of him. When the mother appealed, the Florida supreme court held that the right of privacy does not include the privilege of engaging in sexual intercourse in the presence of others. I've written an article for the *Stetson Intramural Law Review* challenging that opinion.

My article points out that two U. S. Supreme Court decisions, *Griswold vs. Connecticut* and *Stanley vs. Georgia*, hold that privacy is a fundamental right that may not be abridged unless there is a compelling state interest. In *Griswold*, the Court declared unconstitutional a Connecticut law that made it a crime to use contraceptive devices. In *Stanley*, the Court held that an individual may not be punished for mere possession of obscene matter in his home. State courts and lower Federal courts also recognize the right of privacy.

Unfortunately, the court did not address itself to the constitutional issue in the case of the mother who demonstrated sexual intercourse to her son, *Chesebrough vs. Florida*. I commented in my article:

> It appears that appellant was in good faith demonstrating to her son the method of procreation in the human species. In the privacy of her own home, with no persons other than her family present, she believed that she was fulfilling her duty as a parent to instruct her child in the biological facts of life. That her method was reprehensible to the average person is not a proper motive for governmental intrusion into her home.

Finally, I stated what I consider to be the true significance of this case:

> It is difficult to imagine a state interest compelling enough to warrant regulation of the conduct of affairs within a family. The very foundation of our country rests on the rights of the individual. *Griswold* and *Stanley* announce the position of the Supreme Court of the United States that acts of individuals, married couples and families are protected so long as they do not affect areas outside their bounds. The present case, however, seems to negate the spirit of *Griswold* and *Stanley* in the state of Florida. It leaves each of us wondering what we can and cannot do behind the locked doors of our homes.

Charles R. Stepter, Jr.
St. Petersburg, Florida

GAY RIGHTS

In Minnesota, the Gay Rights Legislative Committee has secured sponsors for a bill that would outlaw job and housing discrimination based on interpersonal orientation. This phrase is defined in the bill as choice of partner for sexual intercourse according to gender. The bill emphasizes that, at present, gay people can lose their jobs and their housing for the crime of dancing with or holding the hand of a person of the same sex in public.

There was a time when gay liberation was defined in terms of being left alone. For some middle-aged gays, that is still true. But the new generation of gay people wants, in addition, the right to express emotions honestly and publicly —in short, the right to love. We are receiving unparalleled support from nongay people who are revolted at the idea of a person losing his job or his home simply for expressing affection for another human being.

Jack Baker
Minneapolis, Minnesota

Gay liberation spokesman Baker was granted the right to take the Minnesota state bar examination, though his application had been challenged on the ground that he had fraudulently obtained the license for his marriage to another man. Baker served two terms as University of Minnesota student president.

ARRESTED FOR MASTURBATING

I was arrested and charged with committing "an act as of a nature to corrupt the Public Morals or outrage the sense of Public Decency, by Masturbating in a Public Place." The public place referred to was a fully enclosed toilet stall in a men's room in a park. One Saturday afternoon, I stopped to use the toilet. There was a man standing at the urinal as I entered the stall. After remaining in the rest room for about ten minutes, he suddenly kicked open the door of the stall and arrested me. I was searched, taken downtown in a paddy wagon, booked, photographed, fingerprinted, and jailed because I couldn't post a $500 bond. It was the next afternoon before my friends and family could post a cash bond and obtain my release. The judge found me guilty as charged, but sentence has not yet been pronounced. The bond is still being held by the city and my attorney wants $300.

Since my trial, I have found another attorney to help me appeal the case. I still have enough faith in the court system to believe that an appeals court will rule that my constitutional right to privacy was violated and will overturn the conviction. Though absurd, this charge could do me much harm; what employer would want a public masturbator working for him?

The only evidence on which I was convicted was the vice-squad man's testimony that I was masturbating in the stall, which I was not. There were no other witnesses present. I am hoping that, if there really is such a thing as public decency, it will come to my rescue soon.

(Name withheld by request)
Tampa, Florida

DISTURBING WHOSE PEACE?

The January *Playboy Forum* included a letter from three young people who had been arrested and charged with indecent exposure for skinny-dipping in a secluded section of California's Trinity River. They have now been tried and found not guilty—of indecent exposure, that is. They *were* found guilty of disturbing the peace. Given that their arrest, as they described it, occurred in the midst of a pathless woods, I can't see how this decision was reached. The case is under appeal.

Tom Wooten
Arcata, California

BAD-ASSED JOCKS

I was dismayed to find in the sports pages of my newspaper the kind of pious moralizing that's normally limited to speeches by Richard Nixon. Emblazoned across one page was a headline saying that Joe Namath has morals that are "not for youth to follow." Bill Glass, an ex–football player turned minister, has taken umbrage at the bad image that guys like Namath give pro football and has written a book portraying the sport as a clean-cut, racially enlightened, drug-free paragon of all the virtues to which we wish our kids would aspire. Except

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Where-To-Buy-It? Use REACTS Card — Page 205.

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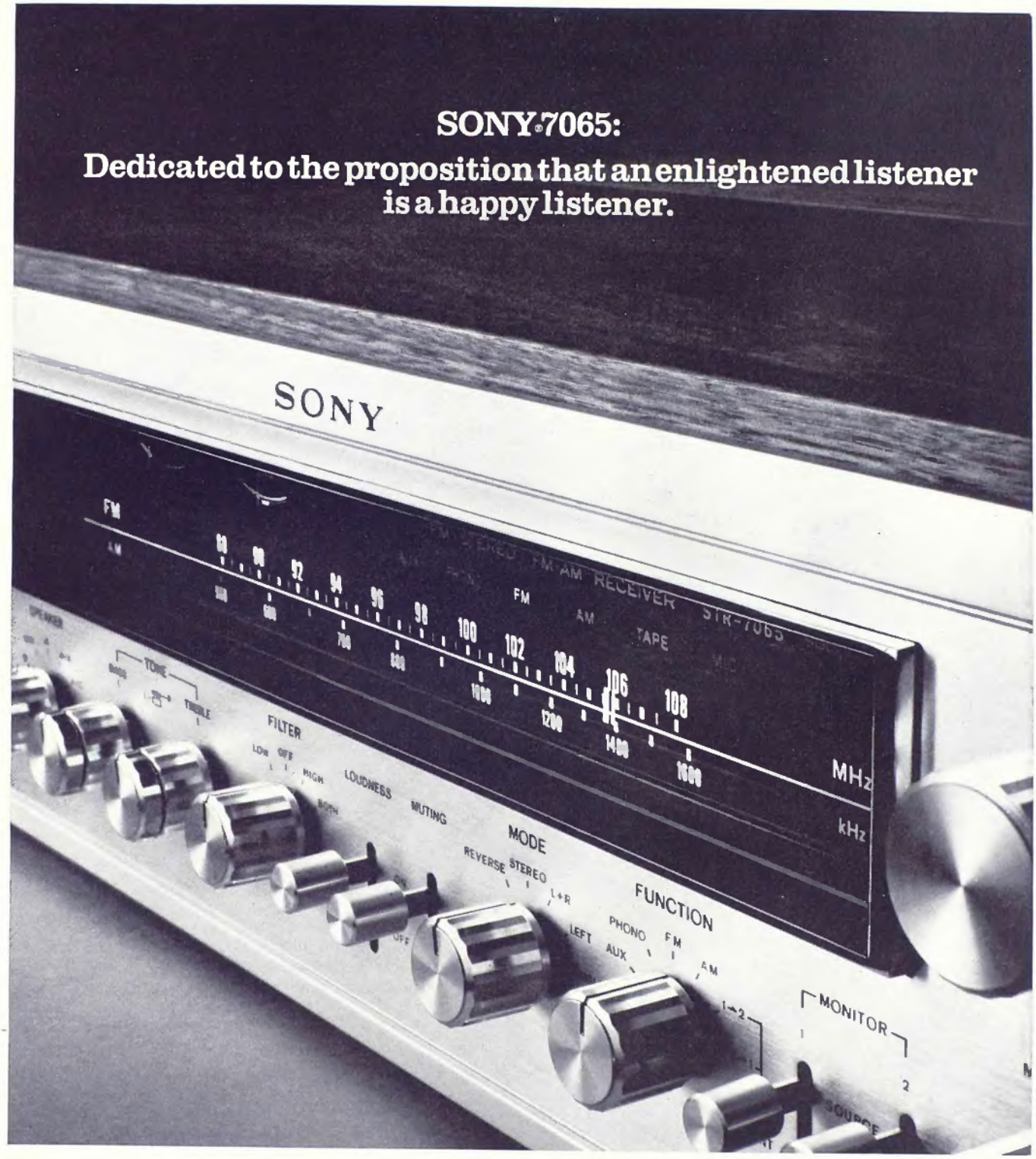

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for a few bad apples like Namath, Glass claims, the moral standards of National Football League players "rank much higher than that of the business world." He also claims that football is not racist: "The locker room is far ahead of the neighborhood, and even the church, in genuine racial understanding. It is wrong to blame the game for the prejudice of a nation." (That, undoubtedly, is why there are still few, if any, black quarterbacks or linebackers in pro football.)

To prove his point about what outstanding examples of righteousness football players really are, Glass sent questionnaires to all N. F. L. players asking them about their moral habits. The result prompted him to comment as follows:

> Sure you find guys who admit privately that they chase broads and soak up booze, but they are ashamed of it. That's the big difference with the Namaths . . . they seem to be proud of their promiscuous lives. Many people, Hefner and PLAYBOY magazine included, who would destroy the moral norms have used sports heroes to popularize their ideas.

I'm not sure why Glass thought his sampling of jocks would be any more candid than I or anyone else would be in answering his questions about their sex lives, but I find it hard to believe that the shame of those who confessed their sins means more than crocodile tears. Not that I think professional athletes are any worse than their more sedentary counterparts in the society; I just doubt seriously that they're any better and that the notion of the all-American-boy football players has ever been much more than a myth.

Joe Namath would probably be amused to hear that he has been "used" to promote the moral norms of anyone but himself. He has always struck me as being his own man, and one of the things I like about him is his rather refreshing honesty. And that, incidentally, is a quality that our youth could well look up to. As to his sexual behavior and other moral standards, those are no one's business but his own. He is paid to play football, not to provide a shining example of purity to kids. And he does what he is paid to do damn well, with integrity and inspiration for his teammates. That, too, is something to be admired.

Donald Hunter
Indianapolis, Indiana

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

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: TENNESSEE WILLIAMS

a candid conversation with the brilliant, anguished playwright

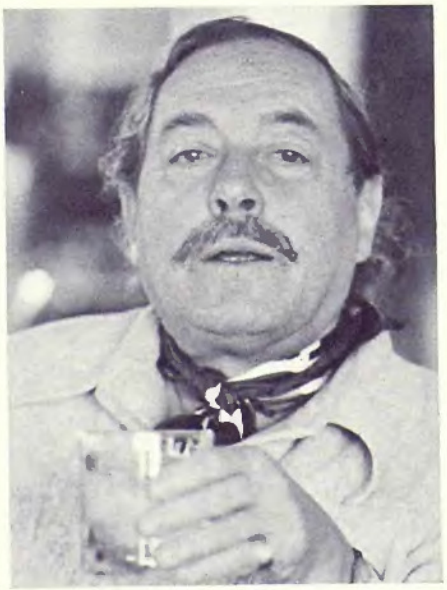
For almost two decades, from 1944 to 1961, Tennessee Williams wrote a series of corrosively eloquent, strangely compelling plays on subjects seldom confronted before outside the nether world of fantasy and nightmare: "A Streetcar Named Desire" (homosexuality, nymphomania, promiscuity, rape), "The Glass Menagerie" (loneliness, sexual frustration), "Summer and Smoke" (profligacy, frigidity), "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof" (greed, alcoholism, impotence, more homosexuality), "Baby Doll" (crib fetishism, pedophilia), "Orpheus Descending" (blowtorch killing), "Sweet Bird of Youth" (castration, dope addiction, V.D.), "Suddenly, Last Summer" (cannibalism, madness) and "Night of the Iguana" (panty fetishism, masturbation, coprophagy). He got away with it not because he served up aberrant sex and violence with such realistic fervor, as some critics had it, but through shining epiphanies, through his unique vision as a poetic symbolist and mythologer. Not surprisingly, Williams won three New York Drama Critics Circle Awards and two Pulitzer Prizes before he turned 50.

Then something happened. After "The Milk Train Doesn't Stop Here Any More" unceremoniously flopped in 1962, and again in 1963, the critics began to write Williams' obituary. His one great love—Frank Merlo, who had been with him since 1947—died of cancer; his writing powers diminished; and like the psychically emasculated victims in his plays, America's topmost playwright plummeted with tragic force into a snake pit of coronaries, convulsions, pills, liquor, madness and impotence. The circle of his life seemed to have closed, and to his horror he saw manifested in himself the failure he feared he had been born to.

Thomas Lanier Williams was born 62 years ago in his preacher-grandfather's rectory in Columbus, Mississippi. He was the sensitive, weakling son of Edwina Dakin, a self-styled Southern belle who to this day nurses dreams of a moonlight-and-magnolia tradition that never was, and Cornelius Coffin Williams, a brawling Big Daddy of a shoe salesman who called his first-born son "Miss Nancy." Tom, as only his closest friends still call him, can hardly remember a year in which he wasn't ill either physically or mentally: At the age of five, he contracted diphtheria and nearly died, and this malady left him with a kidney ailment. Then his legs were paralyzed for two years, a condition that his mother is certain was due to his having swallowed his tonsils—which is physically impossible. He had his first nervous breakdown at 13. When he was barely 20, his father yanked him out of the University of Missouri and put him to work dusting shoes in a St. Louis shoe factory. He promptly willed himself into another breakdown. While recuperating, he wrote his first play, "Cairo! Shanghai! Bombay!," about places and people he had never known. His schizophrenic sister Rose, on whom he modeled the fragile Laura of "Glass Menagerie," had one of the first prefrontal lobotomies ever performed, from which she has never completely recovered; a muzzy guilt over his inability to help "Miss Rose" stalks him to this day.

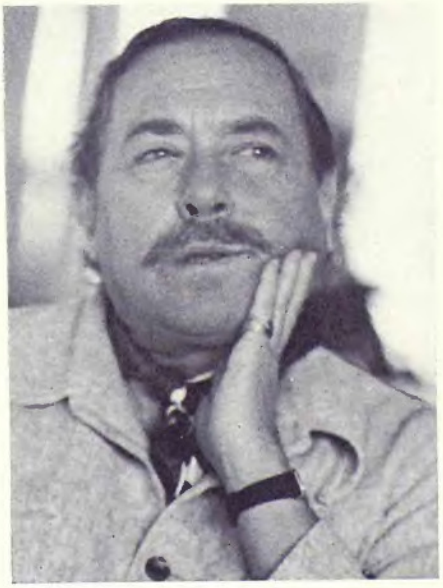
Despite—if not because of—these early traumas, Tom Williams managed to get a degree from the University of Iowa at the advanced age of 27. At 28, he lost his first and only true female love—and suffered another breakdown. His application for a job with the WPA writer's project was then summarily rejected as "lacking in social content" and, changing what he considered his "rather dull" name to Tennessee, he went to work as a waiter in a New Orleans beanery. He was forced to hock everything he had, including a borrowed typewriter, to survive.

Williams recalls that during this period he often had what the French call papillons d'amour, *because he lacked the price of a bottle of Cuprex, then the standard pubic pesticide. One day, on a crowded street corner, he was accosted by the cry "You bastard, you gave me*



"At my age, one becomes terrified of impotence. But I know I shall never cease to be sensual—even on my deathbed. If the doctor is young and handsome, I shall draw him into my arms."

"Luxury is the wolf at the door and its fangs are the vanities and conceits germinated by success. Without deprivation and struggle, there is no salvation and I am just a sword cutting daisies."



"In the Sixties, from 'Night of the Iguana' on, everything went to pieces for me. I told Gore Vidal I thought I had slept through the Sixties. And he said, 'Don't worry, you didn't miss a thing.'"

crabs last night!" That, he says, cut short his social season in the French Quarter. Moreover, according to Williams, one of the mad tenants who lived above him in his boardinghouse had taken to pouring boiling water through cracks in the floor in the hope of scalding him to death. Williams escaped on a string of bed sheets and hit the road with an itinerant musician whose uncle, he said, owned a "magnificent ranch" in Southern California. Before leaving, however, Williams fired off some one-act plays, the offspring of four-A.M. labors of love and compulsion, to a Group Theater contest in New York.

The ranch turned out to be a shabby squab farm where, in 1939, Williams was employed as a feather picker—paid according to the number of feathers he dropped into a milk bottle. One day, a co-worker said to him: "You know, Tom, if you hang out long enough on a corner of this coast, sooner or later a sea gull is going to fly over and shit a pot of gold on you." When the pot hit Williams, it was in the guise of a $100 award for his collection of plays, "American Blues," which he'd entered in the Group Theater contest. Instead of taking the first bus to Manhattan, he bought a bicycle and pedaled down El Camino Real into Mexico, where he was ripped off and raped in a cantina. That forced him back to California, where he worked with diseased chickens on a ranch outside Laguna Beach—and spent what he describes as "the most radiant time of my life" among the artists, cyclists and surfers there.

Late in 1939, Williams learned that he was the recipient of a $1000 Rockefeller grant and took a Greyhound to New York. With airy malice, he wrote in his journal: "The very rich have such a touching faith in the efficacy of small sums." Living at the Y, he was able to buy time to write "Battle of Angels," a mixture of superreligiosity and hysterical sexuality, for the prestigious Theater Guild. It went through Boston like a shot, for, as Williams notes, the critics and the cops seemed to regard it as "a theatrical counterpart of the bubonic plague." So did the audience, which hooted it off the stage.

With another small sum from the Rockefellers, he went to Key West, Florida, where he lived in an old boardinghouse for seven dollars a week and "worked like hell's hammers" on a rewrite of "Angels" (later retooled as "Orpheus Descending"). Back in New York, the Theater Guild dismissed the new version and Williams found himself running the classic job gamut of the itinerant poet: elevator operator, restaurant cashier, theater usher, shoe salesman, teletype operator and poetry-spieling waiter in Greenwich Village's Beggar Bar, where, plagued by cataracts, he affected a black eye patch with a white eye painted on it.

In his free time, he pandered in the streets for an abstract painter he had lived with off and on. Frantic calls to the dramatists' branch of a union devoted, as he puts it, "to the care and feeding of writers" netted him a loan of ten dollars. After three years of penury and humiliation, he was finally "packaged like a slab of beef" and sold to MGM in Hollywood, where he wrote a script for Lana Turner (which was peremptorily rejected) and another called "The Gentleman Caller" (which nobody wanted). The latter became "The Glass Menagerie," ironically the first and last truly elegiac Williams play. The rest is a triumphant—and tragic—volume of theatrical history.

In the past two years, Williams has returned to work with a vengeance—no longer seeking success, he says, only a respectable kind of acceptance. Unburdening himself of doctors, lawyers and managing agents, he has fairly exploded with new ideas, new plays, poetry and short stories. "Two Character Play," his first full-length work in years, has been refurbished since its shaky debuts in London and Chicago and is now Broadway bound as "Out Cry," with Peter Glenville directing Michael York and newcomer Cara Duff-MacCormack in its only roles. "Small Craft Warnings" was a succès d'estime *off-Broadway last season and opened in London this January. This spring ushers in two major 25th-anniversary revivals of "A Streetcar Named Desire": The Los Angeles Center Theater Group's version stars Jon Voight and Faye Dunaway, while Manhattan's Lincoln Center offers Rosemary Harris and Stacy Keach. After a decade of professional stillbirths and personal despair, Tennessee Williams has heard his own voice again, and heeded it. To explore the tortured inner landscape of this shy, scared man who, despite his resurgence, still considers himself a failed artist,* PLAYBOY *sent freelancer C. Robert Jennings to interview him in New York and New Orleans, two of Williams' three adopted homes. (The third is Key West.)*

Jennings reports: "Tennessee Williams was directly responsible for my first and lastingest love: the theater. What passed for my adolescence was just peaking when I saw 'Streetcar'—five times—on Broadway and became riveted to the theater for life. Yet I confess that my awe of the playwright had been diminished by his toxic visions and affectations of the past decade. This, curiously, served me well when I went into this assignment: I found the man and the whomped-up myth to be very different, indeed. I came to see that this was not, as Truman Capote had told me, a 'rather dumb man' with a once-flaming talent, nor even the publicity nut that recently he seemed to have become, but a highly private and complex human being with his poetic if not his personal madness under control. He was at once introverted, thin-skinned, humanistic, obdurate, suspicious and vindictive; as cunning, tough and ageless as a crocodile. At first blush, he was disconcertingly crotchety, self-dramatizing, arch, with some of the subhuman idiosyncrasies of the self-made star manqué *on the hard comeback trail, a lame phoenix rising unsteadily from bitter ash. In the grimmer reaches of his paranoia, he harbors ancient grievances, like a long-wounded wife. But I came to know that Williams holds with Gide's warning: 'Do not understand me too quickly.'*

"I met him in New York after the final performance of his little motet of a play, 'Small Craft Warnings,' which was made notable by his own quite believable performance as a hard-drinking, down-at-the-heels doctor in a seedy Southern California beach bar. Backstage, we were introduced by his new manager, Bill Barnes of International Famous Agency, and Williams greeted me warmly. He is short but oddly handsome. As the only character in the play who wore the same clothes offstage as on—white linen suit and white panama hat, a gold cross on his chest—he was the first to arrive at the closing-night cast party. Noting his unease, I began talking about his play in general and his performance in particular, and I asked him if he was a ham. He looked at me with malevolence and flashed: 'And who are you?' Then to Barnes: 'Who is this?' Bristling, I countered: 'I'm the guy who just crossed a continent to see you, with your OK. We just met.' 'Mmm,' he muttered and wandered uncertainly away.

"As it was already my second day in the city, I assumed that he would get his act together in time to hold our first interview session, which was to have been at dinner, after the party. That turned out to be one of my wilder assumptions. He was so unglued over everyone's tardiness that he dismissed the nonparty as "poorly organized" and sulked out into the muggy Manhattan night with a beautiful Botticelli boy poet, without saying goodbye to anyone. Later I made the tactical error of having a drink with his producer at the bar of the same beanery in which he was dining with three young men, including the poet. Though we were several leagues out of earshot, he accused me the next day of spying on him. Moreover, he seemed convinced that PLAYBOY *was out to 'get homosexuals.' With two friends in tow, he was 45 minutes late for our first lunch and made no apology. We were seated at one of the tables favored by the fabled Algonquin Round Table, but Williams turned his back to the*

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room with: 'I don't want to be on display, I'm in a death sweat.'

"Knowing that he drinks mostly wine, I asked if he'd like a cold dry white. Without looking up from the menu, he snapped, 'I think that all depends on what we're eating, don't you?' With which he ordered, all ruffles and flourishes, a Pouilly-Fuissé and chicken pancakes with white meat. When the waiter explained that the meat was mixed, Williams became slightly hysterical and, his noisy drawl turning heads at adjoining tables, said: 'Well, you just have the chef make it all white for me.' When I heard that his sister Rose, long confined to a mental hospital in Ossining, New York, was dining with him at the Plaza, I asked if I might meet her, if only for a minute. He was aghast, rolled his eyes skyward and said: 'Good God, man, you can't be serious.' When later he changed his mind, I had changed mine, too, and he professed to be 'highly disappointed' that I failed to show up. 'She looked so pretty,' he said ruefully. And so it went, achingly.

"Until my third day in New York, just as I was about to split the scene, when I managed somehow to engage his confidence. Though still paranoid, he suddenly dropped his guard and became warm, open, courtly, hospitable, funny —and piteously vulnerable. He never spoke off the record. For Williams, having virtually stripped himself naked in his work, no longer has anything to hide. He is an open wound. He not only asked me up to his suite at the Hotel Elysée, fittingly shabby-genteel and haunted by the ghost of the great Tallulah Bankhead, who had lived there for many years (as had Ethel Barrymore before her), but he invited me to fly to New Orleans with him. There he would seek a respite from his writing, rewriting and acting labors, and I would be talking to an 'exhausted old man.' Besides, he added, only his French Quarter apartment had a handsome young houseboy named Victor who 'looks like a young Gore Vidal,' its own veranda and a huge, full-lipped bust of Lord Byron 'that I always kiss good night—he's very sympathetic.'

"We were driven by chauffeured limousine to the airport and, when the agent informed Williams that, although he carried a first-class ticket, he had been misbooked in tourist, he flared once more and demanded to see the boss. When another airline agent politely asked for his autograph, he refused. Once in the air, he ordered a vodka martini and, dismayed at the paltry size of it, ordered several more. Relaxed at last, he abruptly changed his manner yet again and, then and for the next six days, gave of himself (and others) intimately, unsparingly and, for the most part, graciously, revealing more, he averred, than he had in his completed but still unpublished, highly personal memoirs—for which Doubleday advanced him $50,000. His ramblings, whether lucid or manic, were almost always accompanied by giggles or a loud, mad cackle. He also gave equal time to the many people who stopped him on the street, one of whom went on at such length and so boringly about a play that I intervened, then said to Williams: 'That is the price of fame.' Said he: 'The price is too high, baby.'"

PLAYBOY: Why did you walk out on our first appointment?

WILLIAMS: Because I'm blind in one eye and I thought you were Bill Buckley —you *do* look a bit like him—and I can't stand Bill Buckley. I met his wife at a party once and I was drunk enough to think she was beautiful. At the same party, I was confronted by this creature, George Plimpton, who did three interviews with me for the *Paris Review* and took three days of my time for each one and printed nothing. He said he lost them, but of course I don't believe it. When he was introduced at the party, I said, "Fortunately, Mr. Plimpton is so much taller than I, and I am so drunk, at least I don't have to look at his face, I need only look at his shirt front."

PLAYBOY: If you stayed at that party, what made you decide to leave the closing-night party for *Small Craft Warnings*—before it began?

WILLIAMS: I thought it would be sad, and it would be better without me. The night before we closed, in the part of the play where someone asks Doc how it went at Treasure Island when he returns from performing an abortion there, I blurted out, "Not as bad as it will go at the New Theater next week if they bring in Nelly Coward!" [Williams' play closed to make room for the musical revue *Oh Coward!*—*Ed.*] They should have kept it running; it was just building. It wasn't Doc, the part I played, but Quentin, the homosexual, with whom I identified. You see, *Confessional*, upon which *Small Craft Warnings* was based, was written in 1967, and during that period I was under so much sedation that I couldn't feel any surprise, and there seemed to be an increasing sameness and brutality in my personal relations. My life was one as close to oblivion as I could make it. Like Quentin, I had quite lost the capacity for astonishment, and the lack of variation and surprise in sexual relations spreads into other areas of sensibility. Quentin's long speech [about being an aging homosexual—*Ed.*] was the very *heart* of my life, you know? Though, of course, Quentin's sexual aberration was never mine—I would never reject a person because he returned my touch, you know? I *love* being touched.

PLAYBOY: Do you now feel capable of astonishment and surprise—in every area?

WILLIAMS: Oh, yes, yes. Except my physical energy is low. I don't feel psychologically jaded; I'm just a little enervated from the effort of acting, you know? We received a funny cable from some theater manager in Australia, who said, "We have been approached about Mr. Williams' touring Australia in *Small Craft Warnings*. We are fully acquainted with Mr. Williams' abilities as a playwright, but we know nothing about his abilities as an actor. Can you give us some information?" My agent said, "How shall I reply to them?" I said, "Just say forget it, man." I want to see kangaroos, but not that bad.

PLAYBOY: Besides Quentin, with what other characters of yours do you identify?

WILLIAMS: All of them—that is my gift. Alma of *Summer and Smoke* is my favorite—because I came out so late and so did Alma, and she had the greatest struggle, you know? Blanche in *Streetcar* was at it like knives from the time of the death of her husband, fucking those soldiers at camp. She had to expiate for feeling responsible for killing him. When he told her about his relations with an older man, she called him disgusting; then she just went out and solved her problems with a continuous orgy. *I* didn't even masturbate until I was 27. I only had spontaneous orgasms and wet dreams. But I was never frigid like Miss Alma, not even now, when I most need it. But Miss Alma grew up in the shadow of the rectory, and so did I. Her love was intense but too late. Her man fell in love with someone else and Miss Alma turned to a life of profligacy. I've been profligate, but, being a puritan, I naturally tend to exaggerate guilt. But I'm not a typical homosexual. I can identify completely with Blanche—we are both hysterics—with Alma and even with Stanley, though I did have trouble with some of the butch characters. If you understand schizophrenics, I'm not really a *dual* creature; but I can understand the tenderness of women and the lust and libido of the male, which are, unfortunately, too seldom combined in women. That's why I seek out the androgynous, so I can get both. I couldn't have raped Blanche, as Stanley did. I've never raped anybody in my life. I've *been* raped, yes, by a goddamn Mexican, and I screamed like a banshee and couldn't sit for a week. And once a handsome beachboy, very powerful, swam up on a raft, and he raped me in his beach shack. I had a very attractive ass and people kept wanting to *fuck* me that way, but I can't stand it. I'm not built for it and I have no anal eroticism.

PLAYBOY: What do you mean by seeking out the androgynous?

WILLIAMS: I mean I'm only attracted to

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androgynous males, like Garbo. Ha! After a few drinks, I can't distinguish between the two. I find women much more interesting than men, but I'm afraid to try to fuck women now. I find sexual *excitement* in women, but I can't complete the act with them. By completing the act I don't mean oral copulation. I'm just as anxious to feel a woman's ass and embrace and kiss her and enter her as I am a boy.

PLAYBOY: Why are you afraid to go through with it?

WILLIAMS: Because women aren't as likely as the androgynous male to give you sexual reassurance. With a boy who has the androgynous quality in spirit, like a poet, the thing is more spiritual. I need that. And the other, too; I always want my member to enter the body of the sexual partner. I'm an aggressive person, I want to give, and I think it should be reciprocal. It's wonderful when they do and *you* do—let's face it.

PLAYBOY: But isn't that somewhat contradictory——

WILLIAMS: I *am* contradictory, baby.

PLAYBOY: What we mean is that women can certainly reciprocate as well as men, be equally spiritual, and there is the obvious physiological advantage.

WILLIAMS: Unfortunately, I cannot combine the two. Until I was 28, I was attracted to girls, but after that I fell in love with a man and felt it was better for me as a writer, for it meant *freedom*. If I were saddled with a wife and family to support—and I'd have had several wives by this time—it'd be disastrous. Oh, I'm very lucky that I've *had* women in my life, as I can write about both sexes equally well. I've loved them very deeply, but I'm shy of women sexually. I'm shy of *men* sexually. I'm very moral. I think it's most likely I'll go back to a woman in the end. Women have always been my deepest emotional root; anyone who's read my writings knows that. But I've never had any feeling of sexual security—except with my longtime secretary Frank Merlo, who served me as I had to be served. He both loved and hated me for it. I've always been terrified of impotence, even when I was very young, and Frank and Bette cured me of it.

PLAYBOY: Bette?

WILLIAMS: Bette was the only woman with whom I ever had a fully realized sexual affair. We were at the University of Iowa together. It lasted three and a half months—and then I found that androgynous boys could give me more. And as an artist, I was better off with a boy because I couldn't *afford* a girl. But at bottom, it doesn't make a goddamn bit of difference who you go to bed with, as long as there's love. I can't get it up without love. Sex is so much an integral part of my work that I must talk about it—but sex isn't the center of my life. Love is a great deal if you can get it, but my work is everything.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever have any kind of sexual contact with another woman?

WILLIAMS: Yes. My great female love was a girl named Hazel from St. Louis. But she was frigid. She'd make me count to ten before she'd let me kiss her; we were both 11 when we met and we were sweethearts until she was in college. She said, "Tom, we're much too young to think about these things." But I constantly thought about sex. In fact, the first time I had a spontaneous ejaculation was when I put my arm around Hazel on a river boat in St. Louis. She had on a sleeveless dress and I put my arm about her and stroked her bare shoulder and I had on white-flannel pants and I *came*, and we couldn't go on dancing. She didn't say anything about it. She was such a dear girl, but I couldn't be as close to her as she needed me to be. I can be a bitch. I was busy with someone else, and so I failed her. I was wise to her—her frigidity, her need—but I couldn't admit her to my life again. Hazel and I both went on pills and liquor. She married another man but killed herself when she was still very young.

PLAYBOY: When was your first homosexual encounter?

WILLIAMS: In college I was deeply in love with my roommate, "Green Eyes," but neither of us knew what to do about it. If he came to my bed, I'd say, "What do you want?" I was so puritanical I wouldn't permit him to kiss me. But he could just touch my arm and I'd come. Nothing planned, just spontaneous orgasms. The only sex we were exposed to was with dreadful old whores with cunts like diseased orchids. But my first real encounter was in New Orleans at a New Year's Eve party during World War Two. A very handsome paratrooper climbed up to my grilled veranda and said, "Come down to my place," and I did, and he said, "Would you like a sunlamp treatment?" and I said, "Fine," and I got under one and he proceeded to do me. That was my coming out and I enjoyed it.

PLAYBOY: Is that how you lost your virginity—or did you really make it with Bette?

WILLIAMS: Oh, Bette and I really did it. I was in my late 20s—a shockingly advanced age. I wasn't very virile, I was just terribly oversexed, baby, and terribly repressed. As I said, I had had orgasms before, but not through penetration of another person's body. And I never masturbated until one year before I lost my virginity. I didn't know what such a thing *was*. Well, I'd heard of it, but it never occurred to me to practice it.

PLAYBOY: Was there a moment in your life when you decided to commit yourself to one sex or the other?

WILLIAMS: No, no. I never thought much in those terms, and I still don't. I'm either in love or not in love. Oh, I've had casual adventures, yes. But, as I said, I don't think there can be truly satisfactory sex without love, even if it's only a one-night stand.

PLAYBOY: Do you consider yourself promiscuous?

WILLIAMS: Decidedly not. I feel right now I'm trying to meet my work, and I don't have energy for both work and sex at the moment. I see you don't believe that statement. Well, I have many people spending the night with me, because I *like* a companion at night; the people at the Hotel Elysée in New York think I'm terrible. But I go mad at night. I can't be alone, because I have this fear of *dying* alone. But they're usually there just for the ceremony of the dropping of the sleeping pill. Every night I take a hot bath and I have a massage if there's someone around who's any good at it.

PLAYBOY: Still, could you live and work long without sex?

WILLIAMS: I don't *want* to live without sex. I need to be touched and held and embraced. I need human contact. I need sexual contact. But at my age, one becomes terrified of impotence. I no longer feel I have the power I had. The problem is to find a partner who won't demand it of you but will offer it when the time is suitable. A really gifted sexual partner can give you complete potency if he wants to—or can deprive you of it totally. So many people just like to tease, you know. Age bothers me only in this area; at my age, one never knows whether one is being used as an easy mark or if there is a true response. But I do know that I shall never cease to be sensual—even on my deathbed. If the doctor is young and handsome, I shall draw him into my arms.

PLAYBOY: Isn't it true that until 1970, you never talked openly about your homosexuality?

WILLIAMS: That's right. David Frost had me on his show and asked me point-blank if I were homosexual. I was very embarrassed. I said, "I cover the waterfront." He called a station break, mercifully, and I said, "I should think you *would*." And the audience gave me an ovation. Then Rex Reed went into the subject in *Esquire*. But the *Atlantic* piece upset me the most. This man came to Key West as a guest, but he stayed to eavesdrop on the terribly vulnerable privacy of a man struggling to recover from a long breakdown—*me*. It was malicious, distorted and libelous by venomous implication. I became socially ostracized in Key West. People drove past my house screaming, "Faggot!"

But I don't care what anyone knows about me anymore. I just don't give a shit, which gives me a new sense of

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freedom. I have a reputation for immorality, but *I* know that I'm the most goddamn fucking puritan that ever was. And I'll *never* give up my house in Key West. Key West once had the most beautiful people I've ever met in my life, mostly blacks—before Howard Johnson and the Ramada Inns arrived. When the two races integrate, we shall have the most physically and spiritually beautiful race in the world, but it will take at least 150 years. Key West is still the favorite of my three homes. I want to die there.

PLAYBOY: Are you afraid of death?

WILLIAMS: Who isn't? I've almost died so many times, but I didn't die because I didn't really want to. I don't think I shall die while I'm happy. I think I can delay death. I don't spend much time thinking about it, though. I've even become rather accustomed to those panicky little heart attacks that I have at times. I've had them most of my life, and how many of them were strictly of nervous origin, I don't know. Of course, if a person with a bad heart gets too agitated, that could trigger an attack, so you have to avoid such circumstances. I have always suffered from claustrophobia and fear of suffocation. It's why I travel first-class. And for a long time, I couldn't walk down a street unless I could see a bar—not because I wanted a drink but because I wanted the security of knowing it was there.

I think a lot of my work has dealt with death. I have a preoccupation at times with death and a preoccupation with sensuality—well, with a number of things. I wouldn't say that death is my main theme. Loneliness is. But I do find it difficult to accustom myself to the death of friends. Unfortunately, most of my close friends are dead. I have a few surviving ones, but not many. I've lost most of them in the last few years, you know? Frank, Diana Barrymore, Carson McCullers, all the doomed people. We did seem to flock together, didn't we?

PLAYBOY: Have you striven consciously for a kind of immortality, as some writers do?

WILLIAMS: Oh, heavens, I've never given it a thought. I just don't want to be a total has-been during my lifetime. That's what I try to avoid, mostly by hard work, baby.

PLAYBOY: You said you'd almost died many times. How?

WILLIAMS: I can't understand why anyone would give a damn about the sex life or the sicknesses of a tired old man.

PLAYBOY: For one thing, you're not just any old man; you're not even old. For another, both may be organic to your work.

WILLIAMS: Oh, all right, then. The Sixties were the worst time for me. At the beginning of one play, *Camino Real*, I quoted Dante: "In the middle of the journey of our life, I came to myself in a dark wood where the straight way was lost." I didn't know then what a prophet I was. The Sixties were no good for me even from the beginning, from *Night of the Iguana* on; everything went to pieces for me. I told Gore Vidal that I didn't remember a thing about the Sixties—that I thought I had *slept* through them. And he said, "Don't worry, you didn't miss a thing." First Frank was taken sick and I didn't know it. It was a harrowing illness and it manifested itself in erratic behavior. I think he went on hard-core-drug stuff, and you try to hide that, you know.

Frank was probably the greatest person I've ever known. He died so nobly. It was 1963 and we had a small apartment on East 65th Street. He was entering the terminal stage of lung cancer, and I moved into the study and he took the master bedroom. Fortunately, I had this huge sofa, which I slept on quite comfortably, except that I would hear him all night being racked with his cough and I would keep wanting to go in there and see if he were all right. I was so afraid he would hemorrhage like my grandmother. She died of a hemorrhage. But I couldn't, because he kept his door locked. He didn't want anyone near him. He was like a cat—they withdraw when they're dying. Well, Frank did not die alone, though *Atlantic* said I was so frightened of death that I deserted him on his deathbed, which is a malicious lie that infuriated me. Frank was very happy to have me there. But the only person he wanted in the room with him was little Gigi, our sprightly bull terrier, and in the morning they would emerge from the bedroom and she would trot at his heels. And they would sit side by side watching television. She would pretend to be watching, too.

I was with Frank the day of his death. The poor boy was put in a ward with patients who had just had brain-cancer operations, brain-tumor operations, and if you've ever seen people who've just had that operation, they're appalling to look at, you know. Their mouths are unnaturally swollen, their eyes are popping, they're sort of vegetables. And I begged him to go to a private room. I said, "Frank, you mustn't be surrounded with this," and he said, "How could it matter to me now?" And then he pointed to little cups of bloody sputum all along his bedside table. He knew he was going to go. But finally they *did* move him to a private room and he was down there gasping for breath. It seemed to me to be at least half an hour before they brought his oxygen to him; hospitals can be so callous. He never voiced any complaint. He never said, "I'm so frightened." But he wouldn't stay in bed. He kept getting up and staggering over to a chair. He'd sit in the chair a minute and then he'd stagger back to the bed. I asked him, "Frank, why won't you stay in one place?" He said, "I'm just so restless today, I've had so many visitors." I said, "Frank, would you like me to go?" And he said, "Oh, no, I'm used to *you*." And then he died.

PLAYBOY: The press always referred to Frank as your secretary. What was your true relationship?

WILLIAMS: Once, when I was working on a screenplay in Hollywood, Jack Warner said to Frank, "And what do *you* do?" Without a moment's hesitation, he said, in his quiet way, "I *sleep* with Mr. Williams." Frank would also put me down like a prize shit when I deserved it, and I often did. One loved him for it. He taught me life. He was my great male lover.

PLAYBOY: Did your decline begin with his death?

WILLIAMS: That wasn't the beginning, no. My professional decline began after *Iguana*. As a matter of fact, I never got a good review after 1961. I suppose it might make an interesting story to say that my breakdown was related to one person's death, but it's not true. I was broken as much by repeated failures in the theater as by Frank's death. Everything went wrong. My life—private and professional—and ultimately my mind broke. But it came back—I trust it's *partly* back. I must say, I still have periods of hysterical behavior, but then I always have had. I do think I'm in my right mind now. I feel no pain anymore, just morning sickness.

PLAYBOY: You mentioned bad reviews. Are you particularly sensitive to criticism of your work?

WILLIAMS: Reviews can be devastating to me. A barrage of bad reviews contributed enormously to my demoralization. The plays weren't that bad—*Slapstick Tragedy* and *Kingdom of Earth* and *In the Bar of a Tokyo Hotel* and *The Seven Descents of Myrtle* and *The Milk Train Doesn't Stop Here Anymore*, in which Hermione Baddeley got fabulous reviews. I don't think the play worked out sufficiently well, but I've seen *worse* plays do much better. Walter Kerr dismissed *Gnadiges Fräulein* in one line. He said, "Mr. Williams should not attempt black comedy." I'd never *heard* of black comedy, though I'd been writing it all my life.

During that period, I was abandoned by friends to a large extent. People ceased to think of me as an existing person. I was, you know, a sort of apparition. I was only interested in work and I had just *three* sexual experiences in four years, which I think was certainly unhealthy. I'm sure I was more depressed than I was aware of being, but when you're under sedation constantly, except when you're working, then things

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don't bother you terribly. A depression, you know, can easily be obscured by drugs. I think most people who take drugs are covering up depression.

PLAYBOY: What finally precipitated your breakdown? Was the critical disaster of *In the Bar of a Tokyo Hotel* in 1969 the last straw?

WILLIAMS: Yes. *Time*, which is usually kind to me, said it was more deserving of a coroner's report than a review. I was not amused. The reviewers were intolerant of my attempt to write in a freer way. *Life* said I was finished, and its obituary was reproduced in *The New York Times*. I ran off to Japan with Anne Meacham, who starred in the play, to escape the brutality of the critics. But I couldn't escape. I began washing the pills down with liquor and I just went out of my mind. I took sedation every night, and every morning I took something related to speed, so that I could still write. Finally I returned to Key West, and one morning I was preparing coffee at the stove and I was staggering about from the synergistic effect of the pills and liquor, you know. I was falling a great deal in the Sixties. Anyway, I got the boiling coffee off the stove and then I fell and it spilled all over my right shoulder—I was naked—and it gave me very severe burns.

It's almost the last thing I remember before they committed me to the loony bin, except when I was in a doctor's office and he was bandaging my shoulder. And the next thing I knew, my brother Dakin was in town and we were at the airport; and next I was in the basement of the house in St. Louis with a bottle and Dakin had brought me a typewriter and I couldn't hit any of the right keys, and I told him the typewriter was no good and he said, "Tom, you really must check into the hospital *now*." And I said, "No, I've decided not to. I'll be all right; I'll go back to Key West." So there was a great deal of discussion about *that*, you know.

But finally I conceded that I would go to the hospital, provided they would send an ambulance for me. Well, Mother said this was ridiculous—it would just alarm the neighbors—and so it turned out that my brother drove me over. I spent one day there in a very deluxe ward watching television programs. I was so demented that all the programs seemed to be directed personally at *me*—isn't that fantastic? Even Shirley Booth's little program, *Hazel*. I thought Shirley was making veiled innuendoes about me, and then all of a sudden my brother came in grinning with a bunch of flowers and some crayon pictures drawn by his children, and in came Momma, and I said, "I'm leaving here at once." And they said, "Oh, no, Tom. In fact, you're being transferred to another section." And I said, "Oh, no I'm not." So I rushed into the closet and somehow got into my clothes and I rushed down into an elevator and noticed a horrible intern—sort of an albino creature, you know—towering over me, and every time I pressed the DOWN button, he would shove the doors open with this great arm of his. I just couldn't escape. And so finally I ran back to my room and I said, "You must get me out of this nuthouse." I was panicky. And my mother sort of pretended to be having a faint. She said, "Oh, some smelling salts, please," and was going into a swoon, a *Southern* swoon.

By this time, my mind was quite clear. The shock of the situation had cleared my senses and so I started toward the door again, thinking I would go down the fire escape or something, and there was this *goon* squad with a wheelchair and they pushed me to the violent ward. I had my little flight bag, containing my pills and my liquor, with me and the last thing I remember is their snatching it from me as I was wheeled into the violent ward. The rest was just a series of wild hallucinations until, I don't know how much later, I woke up and my brother was there and he said, "They say you nearly died. By the way, did you know you had a silent coronary?" I had had three heart attacks while I was having convulsions. I don't know why it was necessary to tell me, but then, Dakin acts by obscure impulses. It's hard to hate him, though; he has a great deal of humor and I think he's one of the great eccentrics of our time.

Anyway, my incarceration in the bin was nothing less than an attempt at legal assassination. I've never cracked up again—I'm too *scared* to. I'm *never* going back to the bin. A physician there loathed me and refused to attend me. He was one of the most evil men I've ever known, a monster. The idea of *not* seeing a patient who had brain convulsions and a coronary is shocking. Eventually, I came under the care of three neurologists who were supposed to be eminent but weren't. Undue risks were taken with my life: I lost 30 pounds and nearly died. Well, that was the end of my long death wish. Now I want to live. That's the main trouble with Key West: I can't get a doctor there. Last year I fell into a fish pond and cut my back and broke a rib and no doctor would see me for a *week*. I had to call my doctor in New Orleans. He said, "Take two aspirins," and I said, "I'm allergic to aspirin!" But I had a fever and took them anyway and I was soon cured.

PLAYBOY: Last year a story was published that you had breast cancer and had gone to Bangkok to die. What was that all about?

WILLIAMS: If I were going to die, I would have been in Rome. I didn't have cancer, I had an old gynecomastia, a swelling in the breast that comes from the liver, from having too much to drink. Of course, I've imagined I've had cancer for 20 years. But that was all *shit*. A military surgeon in Bangkok completely removed the swelling. I have large pectoral muscles from swimming all my life, so it wasn't easy—in fact, it was quite painful, as the anesthesia wore off before he had finished. He said, "Don't worry about your chest, worry about your fucking liver." So I've cut down to drinking mostly wine, with an infrequent vodka martini and a little rum in my tea.

PLAYBOY: What's your latest malady, real or imagined?

WILLIAMS: Well, last summer I had to leave the play when I got thrown from a horse in Montauk. I was riding with a young surfer and we kept *leaping* over arroyos in the woods. A horse is something I should stay off of because of a chronic hemorrhoid condition. Anyway, after falling I developed a thrombosis *and* gangrene. The pain was affecting my heart because of my chronic cardiac condition. Everything *about* me is chronic. Bill Barnes, my agent, booked me into Doctors Hospital and got me the best doctors available. He was like Florence Nightingale. They told me they had to operate. I knew that I was *doomed*, of course, all those surgeons in their dreadful green gowns. The 15 minutes before I went under were the longest of my life. And while I was there, I got hooked on Demerol. I *love* it, but it didn't kill the pain. Anyway, I recovered and I went straight back into *Small Craft Warnings*.

PLAYBOY: How did you happen to make the switch of agents to Barnes from the formidable Audrey Wood, who had represented you from the first?

WILLIAMS: That is a very touchy subject, because, for one thing, she and Bill are still good friends. I suppose the last straw was when *Two Character Play*, the one I've rewritten as *Out Cry*, was about to go on in Chicago, in July 1971. Audrey left the day before the play opened, and she wasn't too private in the way she left. There were even rumors that I had attacked her. A Chicago newsman who hates me said I was beating her and I had threatened to jump out the window. An actress friend compounded it by saying to me, "You may not betray confidences, but you do betray friends." But Audrey's behavior was atrocious. She has the sympathy of the theater establishment, but they don't know the facts.

PLAYBOY: What *are* the facts?

WILLIAMS: I only said to her, "You've never wanted this play to succeed." And she simply walked out on me. I was just

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having my usual opening-night nerves.

PLAYBOY: Why did you change the title of the play to *Out Cry*?

WILLIAMS: It fits so perfectly. I had to *cry out*, and I did. It's the only possible title. At one point, the actress cries out, "Out, out, human out cry." It's about two people who are afraid to go out. "To play with fear is to play with fire," one of them says, and the other replies. "No, fear is worse. . . ." It's a history of what I went through in the Sixties transmuted into the predicament of a brother and a sister. But in its earlier versions, people were either bored with it or didn't know what it was all about. Claudia Cassidy came out of retirement to review it and she *loved* it, and that kept it running. I think *Out Cry* is my most beautiful play since *Streetcar*, and I've never stopped working on it. I think it's a major work. I don't know whether or not it will be *received* as one. It is a *cri de coeur*, but then all creative work, all *life*, in a sense, is a *cri de coeur*. But the critics will say I am excessively personal and I pity myself.

PLAYBOY: Can't you forget about the critics?

WILLIAMS: I've forgotten about them, baby. I wish they'd forget about me.

PLAYBOY: It's clear that you haven't. And certainly they won't.

WILLIAMS: Umm, I suppose. I hope I'll never become one of those querulous old writers who go after critics. I shall never answer them. It does no good to criticize the critics. But it's true that sometimes I think they are out to get me; it's an American syndrome. They knock you down with all the ammunition they've got, and they've got plenty. They've got all that power. They pretend they don't, but they know they do, and they love it. *Everybody* loves power. They want to try to judge you on traditional form when you're trying to move to something freer, like presentational theater, when you depart from realism and put style on the presentation itself—as Tom O'Horgan does so well. The critics still want me to be a poetic realist, and I never was. All my *great* characters are larger than life, not realistic. In order to capture the quality of life in two and a half hours, everything has to be concentrated, intensified. You must catch life in moments of crisis, moments of electric confrontation. In reality, life is very *slow*. Onstage, you have only from 8:40 to 11:05 to get a lifetime of living across.

But the personal criticism of me is no better than the criticism of my plays. Some members of the press are still virulently against the outspokenly sensual person. I shall not name them, but they are significantly influential. One of them said I wasn't the sort of person one would take to dinner—that I didn't mind telling people I was an octoroon. Ho! I had just announced to some stuffy, small-minded people that I was an octoroon and I hoped they didn't mind. But I'm *not* white trash; one of my ancestors on my father's side was a scout for the Choctaw and Cherokee. Fortunately, there are also a great many people who don't think of me as a bum; a lot of them think of me as Tennessee Ernie Ford!

PLAYBOY: How does your public image differ from the private person?

WILLIAMS: I think the theater public has an image of me that has very little relation to the truth. I think that I come on very open and corn-pone and hearty and all that, but I'm really a very private person—in a profession where privacy cannot be practiced very easily. But I must say this is a little hypocritical, because I really don't like to practice privacy now. I enjoy being a public figure, more or less. I like people recognizing me and saying hello to me on the street, as they do since I've taken up acting. I think I would miss it if people suddenly didn't know me or talk about me. And I don't mean getting the right table in the right restaurant, either; I don't go to Sardi's because I'm always so afraid they'll send me upstairs. And Elaine's seats me only out of sheer compassion for my condition.

PLAYBOY: You are certainly more visible now than you used to be. Some critics have said that you seem to be implicitly begging for mercy, in a rash of newspaper and TV interviews.

WILLIAMS: I have simply emerged, after that long period of deep depression when I didn't care if I was alive or dead. I am living again and I am glad to be alive and I've been happy to go on TV or *anything*. I suspect it has always been an instinctive thing with me, when being interviewed, to ham it up and be fairly outrageous in order to provide good copy. Why? I have a need to convince the world that I still exist and to make this fact a matter of public interest and amusement. I'm such a ham, you know. Kim Stanley once said to me, "There are actors and there are hams, baby, and I hope you know what *you* are." I could be a screen actor if the part fit me. My appearance on the Oscar show last year was by invitation of the Academy, and I was delighted to attend. I wanted to get the point across that I haven't forgotten what it feels like to receive a public award, one that's presented to you by the official arbiters of excellence in that field of creative work in which you serve.

PLAYBOY: Did you have George C. Scott in mind when you said you didn't understand how certain artists of truly pre-eminent power can deny their admirers the pleasure of expressing that admiration?

WILLIAMS: Certainly. But also, I said I understand his conscientious reluctance to make of himself a public endorsement of the dangerous principle of competition, especially when he is, sometimes justifiably, skeptical of the values and methods by which winners are selected.

PLAYBOY: We understand you had to cut your Oscar address extensively before presenting it.

WILLIAMS: It was much too long. Have you ever known a Southerner who wasn't long-winded? I mean, a Southerner not afflicted with terminal asthma?

PLAYBOY: What were your feelings about Charlie Chaplin's appearance that night?

WILLIAMS: I think he exhibited that forgiveness and that proud humility of spirit that characterize only the greatest of original and lasting artists, by returning to the locality that once chose to exile him, to receive so graciously an apology so long delayed for so petty an offense, based on ludicrous assumptions. I would call his gesture one of those rare and beautiful things that still can and do occur in the human heart.

PLAYBOY: Over the years, you've spent some time in Hollywood. How did you first land there?

WILLIAMS: In 1943, I was ushering at Broadway's Strand Theater for $17 a week. The attraction was *Casablanca* and for several months I was able to catch Dooley Wilson singing *As Time Goes By*. Anyway, one day Audrey Wood informed me I had been sold to MGM for the unheard-of sum of $250 a week. But I had to write a screenplay based on a dreadful novel for Miss Lana Turner —who couldn't act her way out of her form-fitting cashmeres. The producer, Pandro Berman, came back at me with the script and said, "She can't understand such literate dialog," although I had avoided any language that was at all eclectic. They used exactly two lines of mine. Then they asked me to do a screenplay for Margaret O'Brien and I threw in the sponge. Margaret *O'Brien*! I'm *allergic* to child actors and I said, I can't possibly write for her for *any* amount of money. For the next six months, even when I wasn't working, I'd go in once a week just to collect my pay check. I'd never *seen* such money, and I was able to live on half of it and bank the rest. I rather enjoyed it, and I was able to write *The Glass Menagerie* then.

PLAYBOY: Who were your friends in Hollywood?

WILLIAMS: My oldest friend on the Coast is Christopher Isherwood; I met Thomas Mann through him. Gavin Lambert is another old friend out there. But Mae West is the only movie star I went out of my way to meet. I just wanted to

pay my respects. I told her that she was one of the three greatest talents ever to come out of the movies, the other two being W. C. Fields and Chaplin. She said, "Umm, well, I don't know about Fields."

PLAYBOY: Your own plays and movies have been filled with beautiful and famous people. Did any of them become friends, or were they important to your life in any way?

WILLIAMS: I was always very shy with actors. They all liked Frank very much, however, and he formed a sort of bond between me and the actors, made it easier for us to have contact. I see Michael York and his wife, Pat; Michael is a charming, charming young man, but to me his importance is that of a great actor. Maureen Stapleton became a good friend; she is a genius. I saw Gerry Page the other day and she looked a *mess*; she's let herself go so and her house was a rat's nest. People like Brando and Paul Newman I merely saw after performances when I dropped in to congratulate them in their dressing rooms. When I'm in Rome, I see Anna Magnani.

PLAYBOY: She was once quoted as saying she wanted to marry you.

WILLIAMS: Well, she was saved. I don't think she ever really thought she was in any danger of it. Besides, I like delicate breasts.

PLAYBOY: Do you have any other favorites?

WILLIAMS: I'm always after Maggie Leighton to star in my plays; she can do anything. And I loved Vivien Leigh. She had this *grace*. Then there was Tallulah: She was never dull, but she could be tiring. It's too bad she destroyed herself so quickly. But one could never accuse her of sweetness, exactly. When they revived *Streetcar*, she pissed on my play. She said to me, looking like a frightened animal, "I'm afraid it wasn't the greatest Blanche you've ever seen." I said, "No, in fact, it was the *worst*." She just nodded her head very sadly. All the drag queens were out there screaming; she was a riot. But she did quite an amazing job of controlling the faggots; whenever there were lines they'd scream at, she'd draw herself up and try to shut them off. Being a natural camp, it was difficult for her to cut down on it, but she did try. In any case, being at bottom too much of a lady, she wasn't right for the part. For Blanche, an actress has got to be a bit of a *bum*. And during the second production of *Milk Train*, Tallulah no longer had enough strength to project her voice. It was her last appearance on Broadway.

When she visited me in Key West, she raved over Leonzia, my cook, and asked if she might go back to the kitchen, thank her and tell her I didn't deserve her. She said, "Oh, you divine treasure,

I've never tasted such divine food in my life, you beautiful creature, you're too great to be *here*." Then she came back into the room and said, "That goddamn cook is the ugliest nigger God ever put guts into." Then she would announce that she was going to take a suppository and, whatever it was, she would just turn into a zombie and pass out on the floor.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever have an affair with any of these stars?

WILLIAMS: I'm not about to allow myself to be turned on by my actors sexually, because it would interfere with the professional thing. I don't approve of a playwright or a director or a producer using actors as sexual objects. I've been to bed with the assistant stage manager, yes, but that was long before he *became* assistant stage manager. I'm overly puritanical in this respect. I realize that many directors have gotten fabulous performances out of actors because they've slept with them.

PLAYBOY: Which of the films that have been based on your works did you like best?

WILLIAMS: I liked *A Streetcar Named Desire* and I liked *Baby Doll*, both of which I wrote for the screen. I also liked *The Roman Spring of Mrs. Stone*, from my novel, and *Sweet Bird of Youth*, which was probably better than the play. Though *Glass Menagerie* may be my best play, *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof* is still my favorite. But I hated the movie. I don't think the movie had the *purity* of the play. It was jazzed up, hoked up a bit. I OKed Burl Ives after he read one line, but Elizabeth Taylor was never my idea of Maggie the Cat.

PLAYBOY: It's been said that you had an extremely hard time writing *Streetcar*, that it "possessed" you.

WILLIAMS: I worked on it on and off for three years or more. I thought it was too *big* for the theater. Its subjects had not been dealt with before. It was Blanche, this lascivious, demonic woman, who possessed me. *Streetcar* contained just about everything but sadism —which is about the only form of sex of which I disapprove. Cruelty may be the only sin. The rape of Blanche was not sadistic, however, but a natural male retaliation. Stanley said of Blanche, "We've had this date with each other from the beginning," and he meant it. He had to prove his dominance over this woman in the only way he knew how.

PLAYBOY: Richard Harris once said he thought that all the great performances Brando might have given after *Streetcar* were buried in the files of his psychiatrist—a judgment that has fortunately since been disproved. But do you feel that psychiatry can dissipate the creative impulse?

WILLIAMS: Potentially, it's possible. I never saw any decline in the quality of Brando's acting, but I thought he was terribly ill-advised in his choice of certain screen vehicles that were not worthy of his great talent.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever been in psychoanalysis?

WILLIAMS: I've gone to analysts only at periods when it was absolutely necessary, and they *did* help me. I don't feel they've hurt my work; after all, you spend 50 minutes just rambling away about anything to them. Writers are paranoid, because they're living two lives—their creative life, which they are most protective of, and their life as a human being. They have to protect *both* lives. I put a premium on the creative life. One risks one's personal life in order to work, and when one cannot work, or when one expects total failure, there is a crisis. In one such crisis, I went to Dr. Lawrence Kubie, who said I'd written nothing but violent melodramas because of the violence of the times. He told me to break up with Frank, whom I suspected was a heroin addict. Kubie thought I should be heterosexual. He was a *strict* Freudian. He was a divine man, but I wouldn't break up with Frank, of course, so I broke up with Kubie. Besides, if I got rid of my demons, I'd lose my angels.

There are times in your life, though, when you reach such a peak of crisis that you *have* to go to a shrink. But even he can't finally solve it. He just gets you through it. Kubie would imitate my father and scream at me—to break the doors down, you know. What he gave me was not forgettable. I actually learned to respect my father, and now that he's dead, I love the old son of a bitch. But I wouldn't get within a mile of a shrink now, if I could help it. I don't even think I'll have another nervous breakdown. I'll become hysterical, but I won't crack. It's a good release to be hysterical—like having an orgasm.

PLAYBOY: Why do you feel you won't have another breakdown, after so many in the past?

WILLIAMS: Because I don't allow myself to feel constant disappointment anymore. I don't hate myself habitually. I try to recognize my limitations and to content myself with what I'm able to do. It's all very banal: I order my coffee and juice and it comes immediately and then I go straight to the typewriter and don't stop until noon. I usually have several things going at once; I can switch to anything.

PLAYBOY: Have any other writers exerted a special influence on your work?

WILLIAMS: The only ones of which I am conscious are Chekhov and D. H. Lawrence. I greatly admire Rimbaud and I love Rilke. Gide always seemed a bit prissy to me. Proust I admire enormously, but he wasn't an influence. Hemingway was, without any question, the greatest; he had a poet's feeling for words, economy. Fitzgerald's early books I thought were shit—I couldn't finish *Gatsby*—but I read *Tender Is the Night* several times. There are very few writers I can stand; isn't that awful? But I'm mad about Jane Bowles and Joan Didion and, of course, I like the Southern writers, Flannery O'Connor and Carson McCullers, a very dear friend who was the only person I could ever write in the same room with. We used to read Hart Crane's poems to each other. Miss Didion's first novel, *Run River*, is good writing, but it begins with a murder and I'm always suspicious of anything that begins with a murder. It's like beginning a novel with fucking your mother—where do you go from that? So I never finished it. But I think *Play It As It Lays* is masterful.

PLAYBOY: What about your friends Gore Vidal and Truman Capote?

WILLIAMS: Friends? Baby, with friends like that. . . . Once I was about to go to Ischia with Truman and his good friend Jack Dunphy, who's a *much* better writer than Truman; his *Friends and Vague Lovers* is a better book than anything Truman could ever *dream* of writing. Anyway, Truman said to me, "Anne Jackson tells me that when Margo Jones was directing *Summer and Smoke*, she said, 'Baby, we're doing a play by a dying man. We've got to give it all we've got.' " So I didn't go to Ischia with him. Gore and I were friendly until *Two Sisters* came out; he said that with the passage of time, I had gone mad.

PLAYBOY: Do you think that trucking around with the Beautiful People, as Capote does, harms one's work?

WILLIAMS: No, I don't think it harms it at all. I think that very likely, in Truman's case, it enhances his work. Like Proust, he might find these people a source of creative stimulation. And he says nothing about these people that isn't humanly interesting. Some of them have tremendous charm and cultivation.

PLAYBOY: Would you like to live as he does?

WILLIAMS: No, I've never wanted a house in Beverly Hills or in Palm Springs, like Truman. I've never wanted to live on the piazza, like Gore. I've never wanted a big villa, never wanted a yacht. I've never wanted a Cadillac. In fact, I don't want any car at all. I used to get panicky on the California freeways. I always carried a little flask with me and, if I forgot it, I would go into panic. When I need a car, I rent a car.

Oh, there are certain things necessary for me. I travel around a great deal and I arrive exhausted. I need someone to help me with my luggage, and my agent sees that I have someone to meet me. It's not so much a matter of luxury as it is

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making it possible to get around. I like certain fine restaurants like Galatoire's and the Plaza because I can take my sister there and they know her and they are acquainted with all her little idiosyncrasies, like sometimes she will receive the Coca-Cola she ordered and she will say, "Oh, mercy, this Coke has gin in it." And they laugh. They don't mind at all. She'll make me taste it and I'll say, "I'm sure it has no gin, Rose," and she'll drink it. She's terrified of alcoholic spirits; my mother *drilled* it into her, you know, that they were wicked.

PLAYBOY: Didn't you once write an essay saying that success and security were a kind of death to an artist?

WILLIAMS: Yes, after *Glass Menagerie*, which made me an instant celebrity, I just shut out the world and came to suspect everyone in it, including myself, of hypocrisy. Though I think I am less inclined to hypocrisy than anyone I know. I think hypocrisy is something imposed upon all of us. Maybe it's just exercise of a certain propriety. I wouldn't call it wearing a mask so much as, upon occasion, one must just behave in a manner that is not precisely instinctual. But my public self, that artifice of mirrors, has ceased to exist and I have learned that the heart of man, his body and his brain are forged in a white-hot furnace for the purpose of conflict. That struggle for me is creation. Luxury is the wolf at the door and its fangs are the vanities and conceits germinated by success. When an artist learns this, he knows where the dangers lie. Without deprivation and struggle, there is no salvation and I am just a sword cutting daisies.

PLAYBOY: Aren't you making the job of creation tougher for yourself by spending so much time eating in posh places with stylish people and drinking more than one should drink?

WILLIAMS: No, I think I'm making it easier. After some four hours of work every morning seven days a week, you try to spend the rest of your time as pleasantly as possible. I swim at the New York Athletic Club, which I'm not too fond of—or perhaps they're not very fond of me; they gave me hell on the gay thing. If I were a *duck*, I'd be swimming in Central Park. In New Orleans and Key West, I have my own pools. But I feel very depressed if I don't work during the day, *every* day.

PLAYBOY: Being a Catholic, do you take time out for Mass or confession?

WILLIAMS: I would *love* confessionals if I could get up at that time, but *writing* is a confessional, and I feel that I confess everything in these interviews. What is there left to say? My brother Dakin had me converted to Catholicism when he thought I was dying; it did me no harm. I've always been very religious; I was religious as an Episcopalian and I'm still religious as a Catholic, although I do not subscribe to a great many of the things you are supposed to subscribe to, like the belief in individual immortality. Nor in the infallibility of Popes. I think Popes are among the most fallible people on earth, so this is heresy, isn't it? And yet I *love* the poetry of the Church. I love to go into either a high Anglican service or a Roman Catholic service. And I love to receive communion, but I'm usually working Sunday morning—so I take communion at funerals.

PLAYBOY: Is your Catholicism unconventional in any other respects?

WILLIAMS: Well, I wouldn't care for extreme unction at my death, because if they came at you with it, you'd know that you'd had it. And I believe in contraception of every kind. Anybody who doesn't oppose the population explosion is out of his mind. Overpopulation ruins the ecology of all life. Any candidate who will not admit he's for abortion is frightened. I think a politician should say *only* what he believes and not equivocate, as McGovern tried to do.

PLAYBOY: You supported McGovern, didn't you?

WILLIAMS: Yes, I was one of the few people outside Massachusetts who thought that Nixon didn't have a chance. This horrid war has eroded the whole fabric of American life, incontestably. The destruction in America of the ideal of beauty is one of the most apparent and depressing things of all and devolves on the man who's ruling this country. I think that when you prosecute an immoral war for so many years—a war that is disgraceful in that it pits such a powerful nation against such a pitifully underprivileged people—then morality is destroyed for the whole country. And that is why I was so strongly for McGovern. I wish that I could have been of some service.

I am bored with movements, however. The gay libs' public displays are so vulgar they defeat their purpose. When women invade a stag bar, it's ridiculous. Fantastic transvestites in open convertibles making absolute asses of themselves are only hurting their cause—ridiculing homosexuality. I've never belonged to any party, but I think there will eventually have to be some form of socialism in this country, with its size and numbers and variety. I had lunch with Yevtushenko at the Plaza and he said that I would be a millionaire in Russia and I said, "I'd rather be poor in America, baby." He had been to see *Small Craft Warnings* and he said that I had put only 30 percent of my talent into that play and I said, "Isn't it remarkable that I put *that* much into it?" The bill for lunch ran into three pages. There was barely room to sign it. I told him, "You're a capitalist *pig*."

PLAYBOY: You're pretty well off yourself, aren't you?

WILLIAMS: Everybody coaxes me into talking about how wealthy I am. My royalties mostly come from abroad, foreign productions, you know, and they add up. I have houses, too, and a considerable amount of stocks. I don't even know their value, though, *so* I don't know my worth precisely. But it's not as much as President Nixon's, who lists his property alone as $800,000. When I asked my lawyer what my estate amounts to, she said the exact amount of money is not what you're worth, it's your work.

PLAYBOY: Speaking of which, you said recently that you regard yourself as a failed artist, that you don't think you could ever do another major play, that what is left is just a sort of coda for your work. Why?

WILLIAMS: I've had moments of depression in which I've said such things, no doubt. But *Out Cry* is a major play, as I've said. This morning I wrote the best fucking scene since 1961, baby. And I shall write stories, I suppose, as long as I see and feel them. I tend to *see* and *hear* my plays and stories before I write them; I hear the mad music of my characters. But I don't think any piece of work is ever what one wishes it to be, or that one's completed works ever fulfill one's potential.

PLAYBOY: What do you feel are your greatest gifts—and your greatest limitations?

WILLIAMS: I'm strongest on characterization, dialog, use of language. And I do have a sense of what is theater, I believe. Oh, but weaknesses, I have *so many*. When we were first reading *Sweet Bird*, I jumped up and said, "Stop it at once. It's dreadfully overwritten." If things are powerfully directed and acted, however, the purple writing becomes true. My greatest weaknesses are structural. And I overdo symbols; they're the natural language of drama, but I use them excessively. I'm also inclined to be overly introspective, but I don't know how to avoid it. I am an introspective person. I don't like writing that doesn't come deeply from the person, isn't deeply revealing *of* the person.

PLAYBOY: When your life story is filmed from the memoirs you've written, who will play Tennessee Williams?

WILLIAMS: Let me see, who's the handsomest young actor around? Michael York? Marjoe is quite charming—he has everything Billy Graham doesn't. Victor, my houseboy in New Orleans, breaks my heart—isn't he beautiful?—but he can't act.

PLAYBOY: So we're back to sex. Do you believe that, in the final analysis, a man follows his phallus?

WILLIAMS: I hope not, baby. I hope he follows his heart, his frightened heart.

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cannon to right of them,
cannon to left of them,
flashman in front of them
volleyed and thundered

FLASHMAN AT THE CHARGE

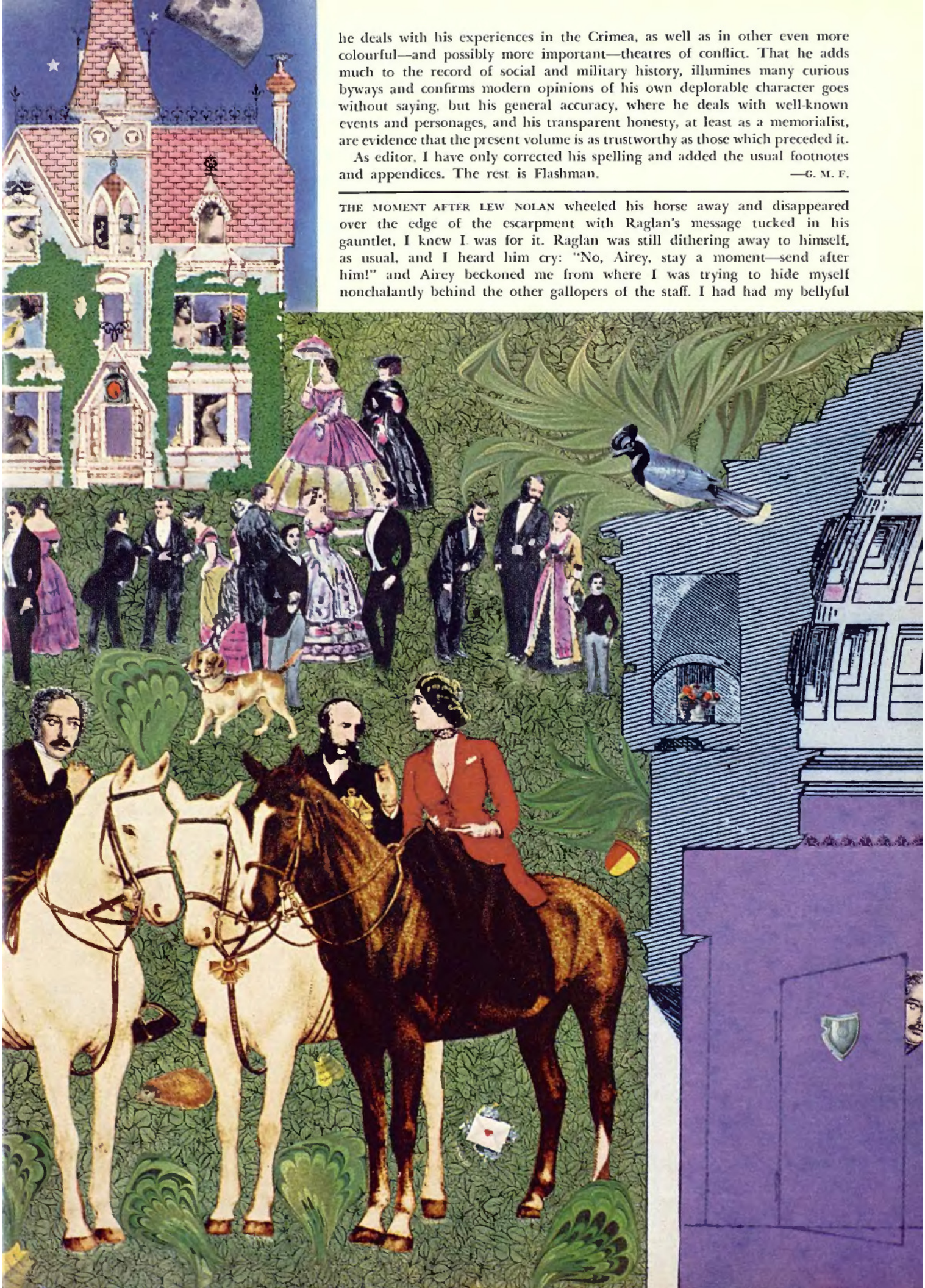
Part one of a new adventure satire

By
GEORGE MacDONALD FRASER

Explanatory Note

WHEN THE FLASHMAN PAPERS, that vast personal memoir describing the adult career of the notorious bully of *Tom Brown's Schooldays*, came to light some years ago, it was at once evident that new and remarkable material was going to be added to Victorian history. In the first three packets of the memoirs, already published by permission of their owner, Mr. Paget Morrison, Flashman described his early military career, his participation in the ill-fated First Afghan War, his involvement (with Bismarck and Lola Montez) in the Schleswig-Holstein Question and his fugitive adventures as a slaver in West Africa, an abolitionist agent in the United States and an erstwhile associate of Congressman Abraham Lincoln, Mr. Disraeli and others.

It will be seen from this that the great soldier's recollections were not all of a purely military nature, and those who regretted that these earlier papers contained no account of his major campaigns (Indian Mutiny, U. S. Civil War, etc.) will doubtless take satisfaction that in the present volume



he deals with his experiences in the Crimea, as well as in other even more colourful—and possibly more important—theatres of conflict. That he adds much to the record of social and military history, illumines many curious byways and confirms modern opinions of his own deplorable character goes without saying, but his general accuracy, where he deals with well-known events and personages, and his transparent honesty, at least as a memorialist, are evidence that the present volume is as trustworthy as those which preceded it.

As editor, I have only corrected his spelling and added the usual footnotes and appendices. The rest is Flashman.

—G. M. F.

THE MOMENT AFTER LEW NOLAN wheeled his horse away and disappeared over the edge of the escarpment with Raglan's message tucked in his gauntlet, I knew I was for it. Raglan was still dithering away to himself, as usual, and I heard him cry: "No, Airey, stay a moment—send after him!" and Airey beckoned me from where I was trying to hide myself nonchalantly behind the other gallopers of the staff. I had had my bellyful

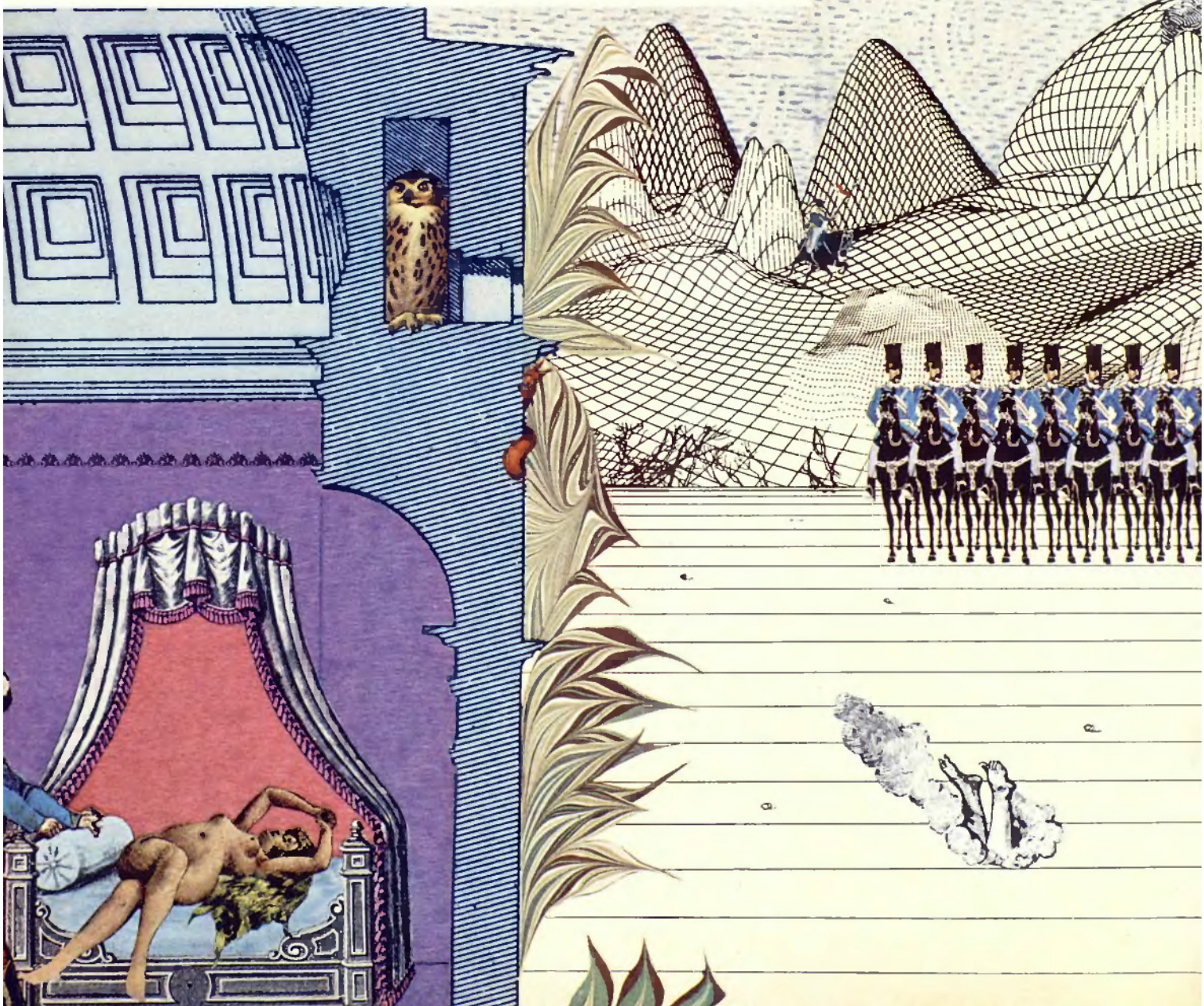
ILLUSTRATIONS BY COLOS

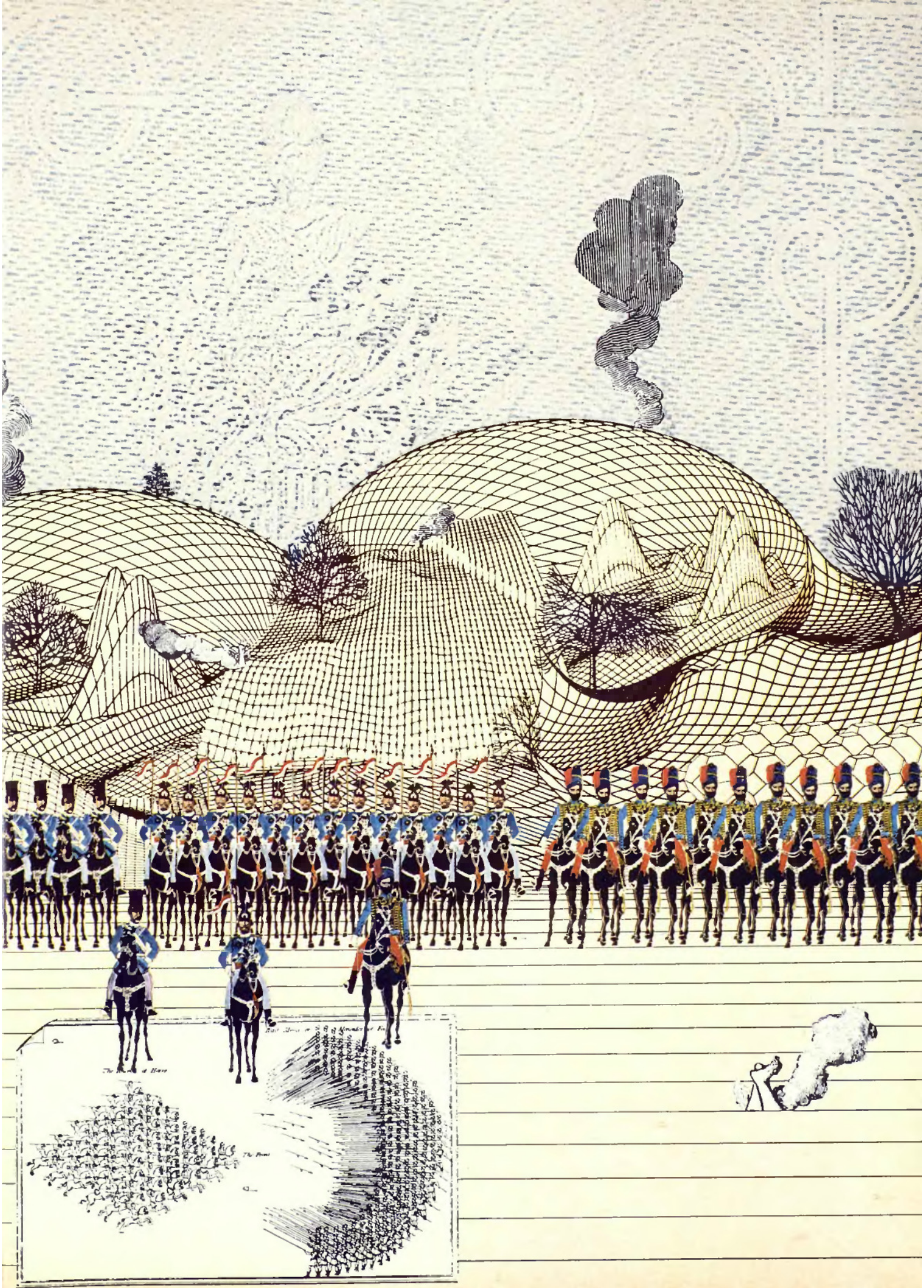
that day, my luck had been stretched as long as a Jew's memory and I knew for certain that another trip across the Balaclava plain would be disaster for old Flashy. I was right, too.

And I remember thinking, as I waited trembling for the order that would launch me after Lew towards the Light Brigade, where they sat at rest on the turf 700 feet below—this, I reflected bitterly, is what comes of hanging about pool halls and toad-eating Prince Albert. Both of which, you'll agree, are perfectly natural things for a fellow to do, if he likes playing billiards and has a knack of grovelling gracefully to royalty. But when you see what came of these apparently harmless diversions, you'll allow that there's just no security anywhere, however hard one tries. I should know, with my 20-odd campaigns and wounds to match—not one of 'em did I go looking for, and the Crimea least of all. Yet there I was again, the reluctant Flashy, sabre on hip, bowels rumbling and whiskers bristling with pure terror, on the brink of the greatest cavalry carnage in the history of war. It's enough to make you weep.

You will wonder, if you've read my earlier memoirs (which I suppose are as fine a record of knavery, cowardice and fleeing for cover as you'll find outside the covers of Hansard), what fearful run of ill fortune got me to Balaclava at all. So I had better get things in their proper order, like a good memorialist, and before describing the events of that lunatic engagement, tell you of the confoundedly unlucky chain of trivial events that took me there. It should convince you of the necessity of staying out of poolrooms and shunning the society of royalty.

It was early in '54, and I had been at home some time, sniffing about, taking things very easy and considering how I might lie low and enjoy a quiet life in England while my military colleagues braved shot and shell in Russia on behalf of the innocent defenceless Turk—not that there's any such thing, in my experience, which is limited to my encounter with a big fat Constantinople houri who tried to





stab me in bed for my money belt, and then had the effrontery to call the police when I thrashed her. I've never had a high opinion of Turks, and when I saw the war clouds gathering on my return to England that year, the last thing I was prepared to do was offer my services against the Russian tyrant.

One of the difficulties of being a popular hero, though, is that it's difficult to wriggle out of sight when the bugle blows. I hadn't taken the field on England's behalf for about eight years, but neither had anyone else, much, and when the press starts to beat the drum and the public are clamouring for the foreigners' blood to be spilled—by someone other than themselves—they have a habit of looking round for their old champions. The laurels I had won so undeservedly in the Afghan business were still bright enough to catch attention, I decided, and it would be damned embarrassing if people in town started saying: "Hollo, here's old Flash, just the chap to set upon Tsar Nicholas. Going back to the Cherrypickers, Flashy, are you? By Jove, pity the poor Rooskis when the Hero of Gandamack sets about 'em, eh, what?" As one of the former bright particular stars of the cavalry, who had covered himself with glory from Kabul to the Khyber, I wouldn't be able to say, "No, thank'ee, I think I'll sit out this time." Not and keep any credit, anyway. And credit's the thing, if you're as big a coward as I am and want to enjoy life with an easy mind.

So I looked about for a way out and found a deuced clever one—I rejoined the army. That is to say, I went round to the Horse Guards, where my Uncle Bindley was still holding on in pursuit of his pension, and took up my colours again, which isn't difficult when you know the right people. But the smart thing was, I didn't ask for a cavalry posting, or a staff mount, or anything risky of that nature; instead, I applied for the Board of Ordnance, for which I knew I was better qualified than most of its members, inasmuch as I knew which end of a gun the ball came out of. Let me once be installed there, in a comfortable office off Horse Guards, which I might well visit as often as once a fortnight, and Mars could go whistle for me.

And if anyone said, "What, Flash, you old blood drinker, ain't you off to Turkey to carve up the Cossacks?" I'd look solemn and talk about the importance of administration and supply and the need for having at home headquarters some experienced fieldmen—the cleverer ones, of course—who would see what was required for the front. With my record for gallantry (totally false though it was), no one could doubt my sincerity.

Bindley naturally asked me what the deuce I knew about firearms, being a cavalryman, and I pointed out that that mattered a good deal less than the fact that I was related, on my mother's side, to Lord Paget, of the God's Anointed Pagets, who happened to be a member of the small-arms select committee. He'd be ready enough, I thought, to give a billet as personal secretary, confidential civilian aide and general talebearer to a well-seasoned campaigner who was also a kinsman.

"Well-seasoned Haymarket hussar," sniffs Bindley, who was from the common, or Flashman, side of our family and hated being reminded of my highly placed relatives. "I fancy rather more than that will be required."

"India and Afghanistan ain't in the Haymarket, Uncle," says I, looking humble-offended, "and if it comes to firearms, well, I've handled enough of 'em, brown Bess, Dreyse needles, Colts, Lancasters, Brunswicks, and so forth"—I'd handled them with considerable reluctance, but he didn't know that.

"Hm," says he, pretty sour. "This is a curiously humble ambition for one who was once the pride of the plungers. However, since you can hardly be less useful to the Ordnance Board than you would be if you returned to the wastrel existence you led in the Eleventh—before they removed you—I shall speak to his lordship."

I could see he was puzzled, and he sniffed some more about the mighty being fallen, but he didn't begin to guess at my real motive. For one thing, the war was still some time off and the official talk was that it would probably be avoided, but I was taking no risks of being caught unprepared. When there's been a bad harvest, and workers are striking, and young chaps have developed a craze for growing moustaches and whiskers, just watch out.[1] The country was full of discontent and mischief, largely because England hadn't had a real war for 40 years and only a few of us knew what fighting was like. The rest were full of rage and stupidity, and all because some Papists and Turkish niggers had quarrelled about the nailing of a star to a door in Palestine. Mind you, nothing surprises me.

When I got home and announced my intention of joining the Board of Ordnance, my darling wife, Elspeth, was mortified beyond belief.

"Why, oh, why, Harry, could you not have sought an appointment in the hussars or some other fashionable regiment? You looked so beautiful and dashing in those wonderful pink pantaloons! Sometimes I think they were what won my heart in the first place, the day you came to Father's house. I suppose that in the Ordnance they wear some horrid drab overalls, and how can you take me riding in the Row dressed like . . . like a common commissary person or something?"

"Shan't wear uniform," says I. "Just civilian toggings, my dear. And you'll own my tailor's a good one, since you chose him yourself."

"That will be quite as bad," says she, "with all the other husbands in their fine uniforms—and you looked so well and dashing. Could you not be a hussar again, my love—just for me?"

When Elspeth pouted those red lips and heaved her remarkable bosom in a sigh, my thoughts always galloped bedwards, and she knew it. But I couldn't be weakened that way, as I explained.

"Can't be done. Cardigan won't have me back in the Eleventh, you may be sure; why, he kicked me out in 'Forty."

"Because I was a . . . a tradesman's daughter, he said. I know." For a moment I thought she would weep. "Well, I am not so now. Father——"

"Bought a peerage just in time before he died, so you are a baron's daughter. Yes, my love, but that won't serve for Jim the Bear. I doubt if he fancies bought nobility much above no rank at all."

"Oh, how horridly you put it. Anyway, I am sure that is not so, because he danced twice with me last season, while you were away, at Lady Brown's assembly—yes, and at the cavalry ball, I distinctly remember, because I wore my gold ruffled dress and my hair *à l'Impératrice*, and he said I looked like an empress, indeed. Was that not gallant? And he bows to me in the park, and we have spoken several times. He seems a very kind old gentleman and not at all gruff, as they say."

"Is he, now?" says I. I didn't care for the sound of this: I knew Cardigan for as lecherous an old goat as ever tore off breeches. "Well, kind or not as he may seem, he's one to beware of, for your reputation's sake and mine. Anyway, he won't have me back—and I don't fancy him much, either, so that settles it."

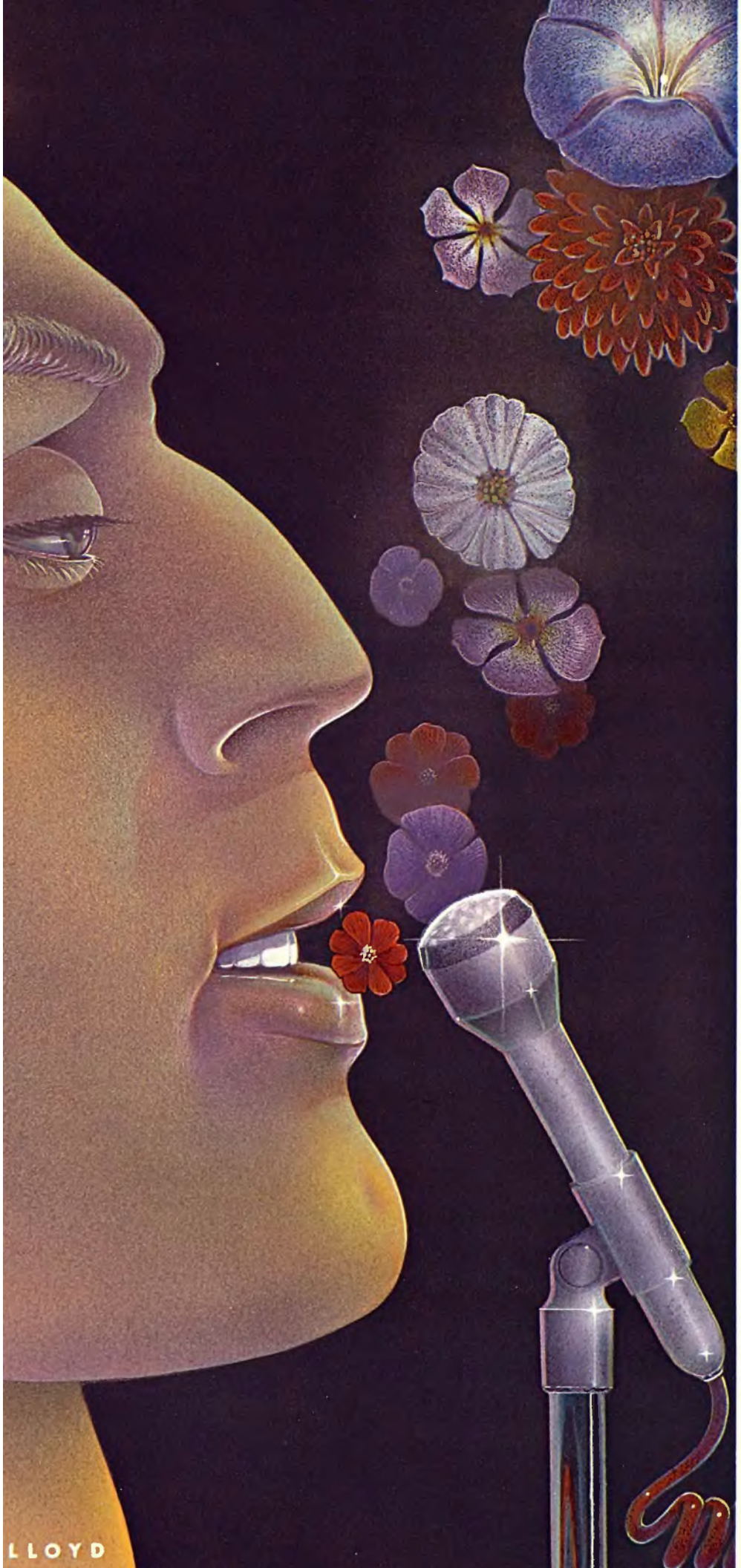
She made a mouth at this. "Then I think you are both very stubborn and foolish. Oh, Harry, I am quite miserable about it; and poor little Havvy, too, would be so proud to have his father in one of the fine regiments, with a grand uniform. He will be *so* downcast."

Poor little Havvy, by the way, was our son and heir, a boisterous malcontent

(continued on page 136)

[1] *Possibly because of the war scare, as Flashman suggests, there was a craze for growing moustaches, in addition to beards and whiskers, in the early months of 1854. Another fashion among the young men was for brilliantly coloured shirts with grotesque designs, skulls, snakes, flowers and the like. Both fads bore an interesting resemblance to modern "hippie" fashions, not least in the reactions they provoked: Bank of England clerks were expressly forbidden to join "the moustache movement," as it was called.*

"Have you tried dousing her with a bucket of cold water?"



WE HUMANS value our secrets as highly as we do our gold watches and money clips, and just as muggers wait in parks to rifle our pockets for things to pawn, spies make a living stealing and trading those secrets. They've become very damn good at it by now. They can get into our businesses and houses (it's *so* easy for them) or onto our telephones or even into our martinis. They can use the light of the stars to photograph us where it's too dark for an ordinary thief to see, and about two years ago they began jimmying the locks around the deep and dark parts of a man's mind where the real secrets are: lies, hatreds, jealousies, fear, love, the hidden chemistry of human behavior—which is really what they were after all the time and which they once weren't able to photograph or record or bribe out into the light. Even starlight.

Now they've invented a lie detector that knows by the tremor in your voice when you are lying. They call it the Psychological Stress Evaluator (PSE), it's designed to fit into a Samsonite briefcase, it costs about $4000, anybody can buy one, it takes three days to learn to run it, you can use it surreptitiously (all you need is a tape recording of the subject's voice—get that any way you can) and it works.

It's Pandora's youngest kid, and I would run away from such machines, but you can't run that far anymore. I said something like that over the phone to Allan Bell, one of the former spies who invented the machine, and he said, "We've talked it over"—he has a big orator's voice, and by we he meant Charles McQuiston and Bill Ford, his coinventors, also spies—"and we'll be happy to teach you to run the instrument. We were hesitant at first about training a journalist, because you need a pretty good background in interrogation techniques. But we decided that if a reporter's any good, he gets into that sort of thing all the time."

I was agreeing with him and we talked about small things and then he said, "Besides, we have nothing to hide." I stopped agreeing, because I never knew anyone like that, and then he said something holy: "We're not trying to catch all the liars in the world, we're just trying to make everybody tell the truth."

The what? "The truth." It sounded so strange. A little like "Progress is our most important product" or some other piece of high-minded corporate nonsense; but if you had held the phone away from your ear when he said it, and closed your eyes, it could have been some kind of reveille prayer coming over the loud-speaker at a sensitivity ranch in Big Sur. Spies and gurus,

muggers and archbishops; I will never be used to the kinky bedfellows this age is producing. But if their promises are good enough, I don't care. "The Truth," I almost said, "keep her talking till I get there, 'cause I been scuttling after that old whore ever since I found out she hung around with Beauty and could —they promised—set me free."

• • •

Dektor Counterintelligence and Security is on Port Royal Road in Springfield, Virginia, about 20 miles from Washington, in a dumpy light-industrial plaza with an asphalt parking lot around it; two stories, glass-and-steel panels, square and gray in feeling, as if it had come off the architect's drawing board without gaining a third dimension. Dektor has part of the building, a 7-11 Foodstore headquarters has another part, and the two of them share the parking lot with an unnamed Air Force project across the way. The three establishments are at quiet war over parking spaces (they block one another's cars and nick fenders) and it is bizarre to think what the supermart people and even the Air Force might learn about the current state of the spook arts if the dispute ever heated up. For Dektor is a *complete* spy shop. Besides the PSE, they design and make telephone bugs and anti-bugs. You can hire them to sweep a room clean of bugs, or for $1000 they will teach you what they know about surreptitious entry, which is lock picking. Or you can hire their whole act and all its electronic baggage as consultants (which could mean anything) to guarantee your parking spot secure against the greedy traffic of the times.

My six classmates and I met in the parking lot on the morning the course was to begin. I didn't know much about the group, but I'd watched them eat breakfast (ham and eggs, coffee and cigarettes) at a round table across the coffee shop of the Charterhouse: two private

THE LIE MACHINE

article By CRAIG VETTER

the truth shall make you free, they say, but the briefcase that catches the truth on tape may make us all silent

eyes from Los Angeles, another from Denver, a police lieutenant from New Jersey, the head of security for a Midwest food-store chain and a shrink. Gatherers of men's secrets, all of them, and I had decided, as I sat at my own table eavesdropping on the eavesdroppers, spying on the spies, postponing my own introduction, that a journalist isn't a bad fit in such a group even if he wants to be. Many kinds of people believe that the proper study of mankind is man, that the truth rots when it is hidden, that secrets strain to be told. Reporters use notebooks and sit at tables that have good earshot, and they watch people's eyes and listen to their voices to tell the truth from the half-truth and the lie. These people, laughing now at the *wa-wa* alarm we had tripped going through Dektor's front door, simply believe in using no-nonsense machines to get the job done.

Inside, Bell greeted us, shook hands, took introductions and said, "Well, a little," when one of the group asked if he ever got tired of being told that he looks exactly like Fred Astaire. He does, and after he had offered us all a cup of bad office-urn coffee, he took us to a long folding table that had been set up behind some partitions in the middle of the shop. It had a slide screen at one end and a carrousel projector at the other. Bell said that McQuiston ("Mac" to everybody) would be out to start the class in a minute, and he was: a manatee of a man, with a chest-up military strut, in a white technician's coat and a crew-cut that looked fresh that morning. "Let's get this show on the road," he said and then began pacing as he explained the general outline of the course, said it wasn't a picnic or a party and that it was going to take our best efforts to learn to use this new tool effectively and with confidence. Almost everything he says is wrapped in military catch phrases and clichés. He's a lieutenant colonel who worked as a spy for the Army for 26 years on every continent except Africa; and though he has been retired for over a year now, there are American eagles in his voice, his humor is Army rough, doesn't wait for the laugh and hides when there are women in the room.

He is a graduate of the Fort Gordon, Georgia, School of Polygraphy (perhaps the best lie-detector school anywhere) and he wears his diploma in the form of a little round patch sewn to his lab coat. The badge has the word VERITAS above a seismographic squiggle and the word POLY below. Men who run lie machines have always been scarce (no one really knows how many there are; estimates range from 1500 to 2000) and their clients fly them all over the world to pop liars out of groups of honest men; they think of what they do as an art. For no lie detector yet invented can work without the skillful interpretation of a human operator.

"The instrument," McQuiston said, still pacing, "whether it's a polygraph or a PSE, is only a tool. *You*, my fine feathered friends, are the lie detector, and unless you know how to interrogate, brother, you are going to have a very expensive piece of useless equipment when you walk out of here." He is now using a pointer that looks like a car antenna. "And you are going to have to let your ego go to do it. You're gonna have to become an actor par excellence, a surgical tool, if you're gonna crack the subject's shell. You're gonna have to remain dominant every minute you're with this guy . . . hold him at bay with a panatela . . . manipulate him . . . tell him you're gonna be his friend right up to the moment he tells you his first lie . . . and you tell him that when he does lie . . . Gang Busters . . . he's on his own . . . the instrument is gonna nail him."

He is telling the class about the technique and he is demonstrating it. He's got the pointer instead of a panatela, he's prowling the front of the room and his eyes and his bluster are going after the people around the table, one at a time. Sometimes his voice is almost quiet and sometimes he raises it to a rubber-hose pitch that has one of the private detectives chain-smoking into a big glass ashtray in the middle of the table.

"And when that cat walks into the room, the vibes start from the first handshake . . . and you have to remain in control . . . you have to get *inside* his hang-ups . . . *inside* his set. He may be the dirtiest, slimiest bastard you ever saw and you're still gonna have to get inside *his* moral code and maneuver him until you've created a threat so effective, so particular, that when the instrument charts it, you'll be able to say it *isn't* fear, it *isn't* hate, it *isn't* love, it *isn't* sex, *it is a lie*."

Now his manner rests and he tells a classic polygraph anecdote: Examiner and subject together in a room with a polygraph machine and the examiner says (in a fatherly tone): "You know, this damn machine is superhuman . . . I mean it . . . I can't always tell a lie from the truth, you can fool me . . . but this thing is so sensitive . . . these three pens here, see? . . . they're uncanny: You absolutely can't fool them." Then the examiner leaves the room and watches through a one-way mirror while the subject sneaks to the machine and bends all three pens off register and then sits down quickly. Examiner, back in the room now, goes straight to the machine, puts his ear close to the pens, lets a horrified look take his face and then says, "He did *what* to you?"

"And that guy," McQuiston said, "spills his guts right there, I mean a perfect confession."

The cop from New Jersey asks a question about the accuracy of the polygraph. "Well, as you know, there are many problems with the standard polygraph," comes the answer. He has taken this as his cue to begin an attack on the old method of lie detection, an attack that will go on for the whole three days, in the spirit of an ex-priest knocking the ceremonies of his used-to-be church. "First of all, you get the guy hooked up like he was four mules ready to pull—he's got that big bellows around his chest, the blood-pressure cuff on his arm, finger caps that are wired and make him think he's going to be electrocuted and——Has everybody here seen a polygraph work?"

Everyone had and they all raised their hands except me. "Well," he said, "I'd like to take our friend from Chicago here and tighten him down with a polygraph till his arm turns blue and all the capillaries are about to burst . . . then he'd know." (By the look on his face, I was sure I would.)

"That's the reason we get so many inconclusives off poly," he said, "because when you get a guy wired and tied like that, any little thing—a car backfiring outside, a telephone ringing in the next room—*anything* can blow the whole test. Altogether, I'd say that the polygraph is the most effective piece of 19th Century equipment still in use. And that's why we invented the PSE: We think it's a much easier and more effective way to chart stress in the human body, and that, in lie detection, is the name of the game."

Turns out it always has been, even in most of the old folk methods of lie detection, because a good witch doctor never needed a machine or an education in human physiology to notice that a man under stress goes through a lot of bodily changes he has no control over. He breathes more rapidly, his blood races, his mouth goes dry, he becomes pale, he fidgets, his eyes become unsteady and something small seems to happen to his voice.

The Greeks were aware that a man's pulse quickens when he lies and certain physicians used this knowledge, according to reports, mostly to detect infidelity in wives of prominent citizens. The Chinese and later the Spanish at the Inquisition had the suspect chew a mouthful of rice or dry bread: If it went down easily, he was said to be telling the truth, but if his dry mouth made the rice stick or go down hard, he was lying. The Arabs used a hot dagger drawn across the tongue: The moisture in an innocent man's mouth was

(continued on page 102)

"Say Ah!"

what's a nice girl like
linda lovelace doing in a dirty
movie like "deep throat"? one guess

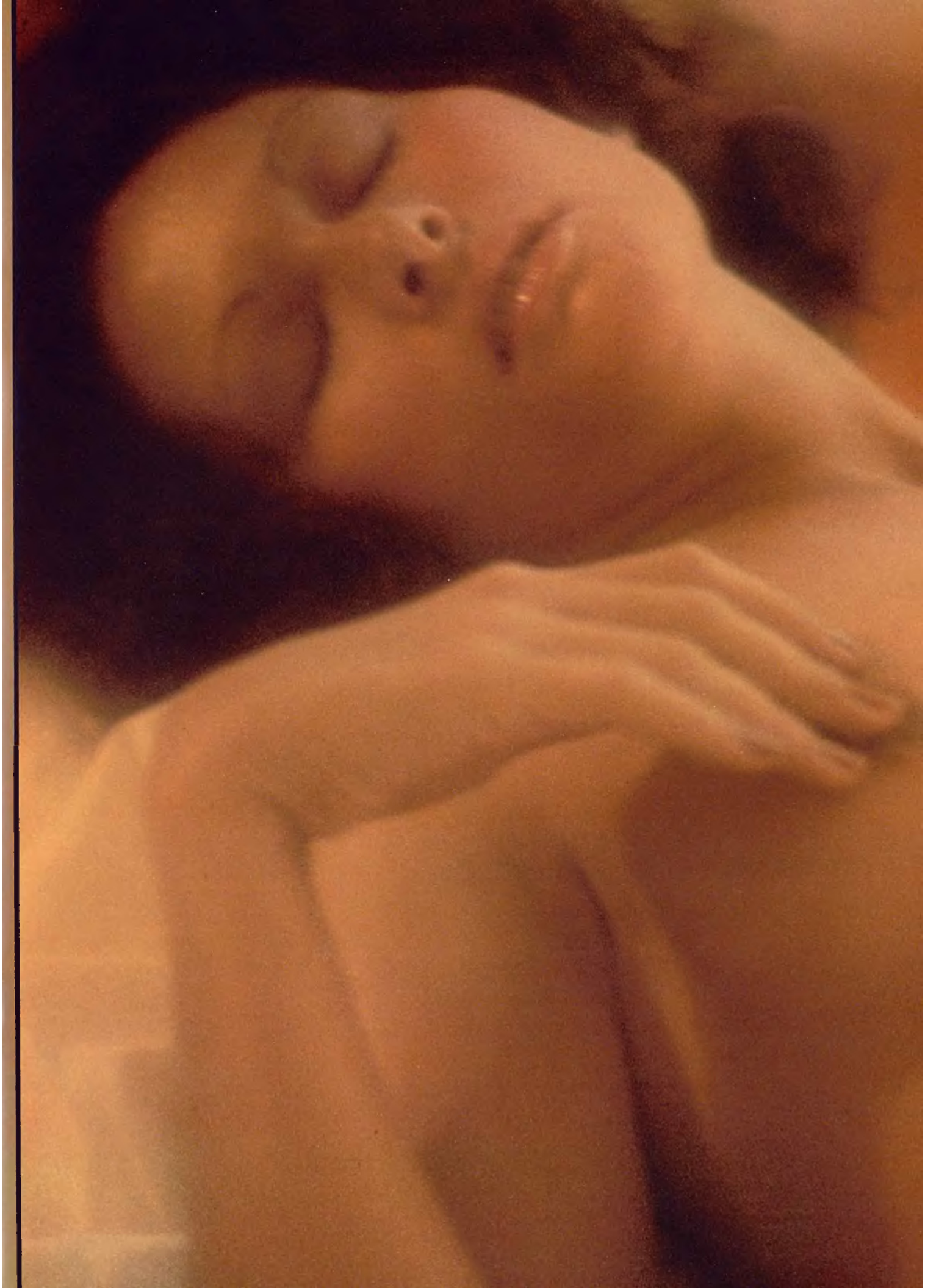
Pornographic films often make money but rarely make stars. In the Fifties there was Candy Barr, the Texas stripper, whose notoriety may have been due as much to her imprisonment for marijuana possession as it was to her sexual prowess in the legendary stag film, *Smart Alec*. It took more than a decade and millions of feet of film before the "I'm not out to be actress of the year," says Linda. "*Deep Throat* was really just me, acting naturally." She says she's constantly getting ideas for new, equally explicit films—"things that haven't been done before." What could top Linda's performance in *Throat*, as a girl whose clitoris is in her gullet? Has she another, unrevealed talent? For the mament, she's not saying.

patrons of porn found another sex star worthy of the name—Linda Lovelace, leading lady of the record-breaking skin flick *Deep Throat*. It was Linda's first screen performance, and she really blew it. Circus sword swallowers possess an unusual ability to align mouth and throat, control their breathing, suppress the instinctive gag reflex and do

"It makes me so mad that sex films are called obscene when movies full of slaughter are rated PG. Kids learn that killing is accepted; what they should learn is that sex is good. Then there wouldn't be so many neurotics in the world." To Lindo, sexual inhibitions are silly. "You're only here once, to enjoy life. I don't have any hang-ups at all. I do what I do because it feels good."

their thing. So does Linda. The movie wasn't titled *Deep Throat* for nothing. In it she performs oral feats exceeding anything ever recorded on film and apparently defying the laws of anatomy. It goes without saying that this skill is revealed in association with male performers who set a few anatomic records themselves. *(continued on page 180)*

"I wouldn't want the whole world to know how I do it," says Linda. "It makes me unique, you know. I had to spend three or four weeks learning how to keep from gagging, and how to breathe with the strokes. After the first couple of weeks' practice, I was still choking and turning purple. But now I can really get off that way. That's not the only way, of course."



LIE MACHINE

(continued from page 94)

expected to save him, and for the guilty a badly burned tongue was the first of his punishments. In Africa, witch doctors literally smelled suspects, and in another kind of ordeal, all tribe members were made to plunge their arms into a pot of cold water, then into a boiling pot. Whoever had blisters on his arms the next day was called guilty. And there were other methods, all loosely based on some psychophysiological reaction, and each as unreliable as the next. The object of most of them was to obtain a confession, by provoking first fear and then perhaps hysteria. And, in fact, the modern polygraph and even the PSE are used mostly in the hope that the guilty man will confess when faced with a machine he believes is going to catch him.

The modern polygraph measures cardiovascular response through a cuff that can be used on the arm or the leg, respiration by a bellows that goes around the chest and galvanic skin change (electrical resistance that changes with sweating) by means of finger clips. Over the last part of the 19th Century, several researchers began finding relationships between physiological changes and fear. Before 1895, a man named Lambroso began working with blood-pressure and pulse measurements to detect deception. Then, in 1927, Leonard Keeler put together the components to measure pulse, blood pressure and respiration and his machine was the prototype for the modern polygraph. Since his time there has been little significant change in the theory or design of the machine. It has been miniaturized and in some cases they have added two pens (to measure fidgeting and head movement), but the basic principles and drawbacks have remained the same for 45 years: The subject must sit perfectly still, he is in pain, he fears electrocution, the smallest distraction can destroy the results and heart patients, young children, drunks and people taking some drugs cannot usually be tested. And, of course, like most of the folk methods that went before it, the standard polygraph test cannot be administered without the knowledge and consent of the subject.

• • •

After the first morning session, Allan Bell sat in his office and told me, "When you have a problem, you have to put all your preconceptions away and then think to yourself, 'What is the *simplest* way to solve it?' " He doesn't gesture much when he talks, this 20-year spy, but puts the finger tips of his right hand against the finger tips of his left, as if he were completing some bodily circuit that helps him think like a knife. There are deep lines in his face from the years of running in a world of high-caliber handguns and cover stories that have to be held onto through everything as if they were his real and only history. There is a college of secrets in him and you can almost watch the muscles that keep them inside at work when he talks: Even when they steady each other, his hands shake.

"Essentially, the problem as we saw it was how to measure the stress a man is under without having to hook him up to do it. Once we narrowed it down, the simplest solutions seemed to be either body smell or voice, and voice seemed more promising."

First they offered their idea to the Army (they were all on active duty then), but the military mentality and the arrogance of a few superior officers turned them down, they say. So they left the Army and began working in the basement and family room of Bell's house: McQuiston the polygraph veteran, Ford (just back from spook duties in Vietnam) the electronics designer, Bell the master problem solver and Bell's wife, Clare, to keep the answer from pertaining to males only.

They worked together, looking first for stress reactions in the voice, then isolating them, then building components that would make them graphic, finally looking for lies in the sharp up-and-down lines their machine was making when a tape-recorded voice was fed into it.

When they began to recognize promising patterns, they started getting together in front of the TV program *To Tell the Truth*. The three contestants would appear on the screen, each would say, "My name is ____," and the spies would tape it. Then they would run the tape recording of that first statement only through their prototype PSE and before the panel could do it, they would call the liars. Out of 75 experiments, they say they got it right 71 times. That's almost 95 percent (a phenomenal average for any kind of lie-detection experiment) and it was around this time that they became a company.

• • •

Back in class, McQuiston began using a remote-control switch to flash cutaway drawings of the human body onto the screen. "The physiology of this thing is important, so pay attention," he said, and then for two hours he explained in painful detail and with many charts all the things that happen to a body under stress. He talked about the central nervous system and the autonomic nervous system in both its sympathetic and its parasympathetic divisions and finally, for a very confused tableful of students, he zeroed in on the tiny part of the system that they think the PSE uses to identify stress. (They are not sure.) And it is relatively simple.

The timbre, or total quality of the human voice, is made up of a base frequency of from 50 to 350 cycles per second and something called formant frequency, which varies with the size of a man's mouth, sinus and nose cavities, length of vocal cords, etc. Also in the voice (as well as other parts of the body) is a phenomenon called micromuscle tremor, which creates an FM frequency wave that is present in the normal voice. This FM signal is controlled by the central nervous system, and when you put a man under stress, his autonomic nervous system overrides the central system and erases micromuscle tremor and its wave. The PSE reacts to the absence of the m.m.t. wave, producing a blocked pattern that can be read as stress.

"When a wave line that starts out looking like mountains and valleys turns into something resembling railroad ties—brother, look out," McQuiston told us. "This cat is under some kind of heavy stress."

Then he said he could run a monkey on PSE, that he'd already run a parrot named Speedy ("That damn bird couldn't stand me—he blocked up every time I walked into the room"). He told us he'd run a deaf-mute because he could grunt and that he hoped to work with dolphins and whales someday. "They all have micromuscle tremor," he said, "and when they are under stress, it disappears and the PSE tells on them. The human subject, by the way, can be drunk, or walking around the room, or on heroin—we had one of those—or have a bad cold; once we ran a woman who was nursing her baby through the test. And none of it makes any significant difference."

"Do you know a way to beat the machine?" I asked him.

He came back like a drill sergeant. "Don't call it a machine. It's an instrument and there is a difference and I want you to get it straight."

We did a little word wrestling that ended only because I finally said, "I give—*instrument*. Do you know countermeasures that can be employed to fool the instrument?"

"Yes," he said.

"Do you think you could spot somebody who was using them?"

"Oh, yeah," he said.

"What are the countermeasures?"

"Never mind," he said.

We spent the rest of the afternoon in pairs, in little rooms, learning which buttons to push on the PSE and its companion tape recorder. We ran a training tape and then compared our squiggles with those in a paper-bound manual we had been given.

"Don't worry too much if your patterns don't look exactly like the ones

(continued on page 164)

eminently discardable chess lore for grand master and patzer alike

humor **By Marshall Brickman**

The Celebrated Ponce-Kmitch Match and Other Chess Classics

ORIGINS AND BACKGROUND

Chess was invented in 651, at half past two, by a Persian slave, Nafiesi, who taught it to the shah and then beat him in 1200 consecutive games. As a reward, Nafiesi was allowed to select which of his appendages he would like made into a table lamp. Nafiesi's wife, however, interceded on his behalf with such eloquence that the sentence was retracted; instead, he was torn apart by four wild

horses, after which the shah managed to win a few games. Years later, in a mellower mood, the shah ordered the wild horses to reassemble Nafiesi; but when this could not be done, he became despondent and retired to his chambers, even refusing to check his service for messages.

The original game was crude and unsophisticated, consisting merely of one large square and one piece that could be placed anywhere, provided you could back it up with your fists. From Persia, chess moved rapidly to Arabia; thence to Italy, France, Russia and England (stopping only long enough to mail some postcards). For 300 years, the pieces, number of squares and rules of play underwent considerable change and experimentation, but nothing seemed to help. Many variants remain: The Japanese play chess with smooth disks; the Croats use a net and two rackets (those Croats!); certain tribesmen in Norway get through the long winter by slowly burning the pieces. In medieval Russia, chess was not played but eaten (until 1650, when the czar forbade all eating by anyone except himself and several close friends).

PERSONALITIES

Probably no game can boast as many unique personalities as chess. The incredible pressures exerted on the high-level player often find release in eccentricities. Two famous examples:

Alonzo d'Alonzo (1651–1735), the Italian monk and song stylist, devised an opening gambit in which he would distract his opponent with card tricks while a confederate nailed the opponent's pieces to the board. D'Alonzo was the first to fully realize the value of psychology in chess. He found that by donning an India-rubber ape head and capering like a loon, he could reduce his opponents to a series of facial tics and blunders, usually within ten moves. In later years, he added humming and duck imitations to his vast repertoire of distractions and a contemporary account has him at the height of his powers, in 1732, routing a challenger by wearing a black tooth and moving his chessmen with a giant pincers. When the Pope heard of D'Alonzo's contribution, he summoned him to the Vatican, where, at the age of 81, he was smacked on the back of the head with a knotted towel,

the only man to be so honored in his own lifetime.

Fleischmann, the celebrated "Mating Dwarf" of Heidelberg, stood only three inches tall and played with a set of wheeled chessmen, which he pushed around the board, puffing and cursing. His brilliant career ended during a dangerous castling maneuver, when he was crushed beneath a runaway queen.

BLINDFOLD CHESS

The phenomenal concentration required to win at chess is multiplied a hundredfold (in Great Britain, an hundredfold) when the player must memorize the positions of the pieces as well. If, in addition, he is playing more than one game, the effort is considerable. In 1846, Igor Nishman-Bartholdy gave a stunning exhibition of blindfold chess, losing 156 games in two hours, 30 minutes. So great was the accomplishment that he retired from chess and spent his remaining years blowing into an ocarina.

In 1910, at Ludz, a tournament was held between Janos Barbarian and Hans Lessing-Torvald, both of whom were so ugly the audience asked to be blindfolded.

PSYCHOLOGY OF CHESS

Freud, in a series of unattended lectures (May 1918), correctly analyzed the Oedipal conflicts inherent in the chess "family." Taken from

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAN FAUST

his own notes: "The king (father), even though a weak and loathsome dolt, must be protected by an alliance between the all-powerful queen (mother) and bishop (uncle), who sneaks around on a diagonal wearing slippers (the felt on the bottom of the pieces)." Those in doubt about the Oedipal overtones in chess need only realize that the term checkmate derives from the Persian shah mat, meaning "The king is dead" or "Is the king dead?" or "Does this tram proceed to an estuary?"

MOST AMAZING MATCH

The most unusual game on record occurred in Odessa in 1917 between two chess prodigies, Harlow Ponce, aged three, of Great Britain, and two-

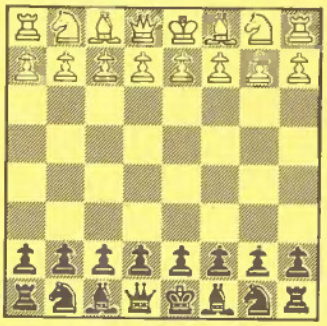
year-old Agon Kmitch of Russia. The special nature of the conflict becomes evident in the opening moves:

	WHITE (Ponce)	BLACK (Kmitch)
1.	P–Q4	...P–Q4
2.	P–Q2 (!)	...P–Q2
3.	P–Q3	...P–Q3
4.	P–Q2	...P–Q2 (!)

An attractive exchange, showing the two masters displaying caution and aggressiveness. The board after

4. ...P–Q2:

WHITE
(Ponce)



BLACK
(Kmitch)

Diagram 1

The Englishman now unleashes the Machiavellian ingenuity that caused Levitch in later years to award him the sobriquet "that little vonce":

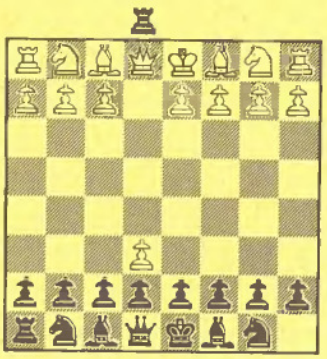
5. P–Q6 (!)

The spectators were so stunned that they showered the board with gold pieces and Ponce was awarded a brilliancy prize and a trip over Petrograd in a gas balloon. Black's response

5. ...R–Q9 (!!)

demonstrates that Kmitch, though still on soft foods, was nevertheless a poet of the chessboard. His unusually placed rook (behind the board; see Diagram 2) was clearly an attempt to intimidate Ponce's queen or possibly Ponce himself, who Kmitch knew had a pathological fear of endpieces. (Until his death in 1950, Ponce persisted in the belief that he was being stalked by a black rook and could not sleep unless a white pawn was placed at each of the corners of his bed.) The board after five moves:

WHITE
(Ponce)



BLACK
(Kmitch)

Diagram 2

Ponce, now visibly under pressure, sets an unsuccessful trap for Kmitch's bishop, using a small noose of thread baited with cheese. Play continues in this fashion until:

17. K x B (!?)

The incredible subtlety of this move was grasped by only one observer present, ex–grand master Smednick, who refused to explain it because he felt he had been given a poor seat. Kmitch's reply, however, reveals his immaturity:

17. ...P x Nch (??)

Shocking; under other conditions quaintly humorous, if not for the tragic overtones! Black greedily snatches at the chance to humiliate White's bishop and even gets in a nasty remark about his wardrobe. But to no avail. Clearly in command, White now offers the ominous:

18. Three no-trump

Only a fool or a genius would dare such a move; Ponce, being both, had no choice.

At this point, the match was interrupted by the Russian Revolution, which started early when Kerensky unexpectedly obtained two tickets to a musical. When the principals met again in 1936 to resume play, only 12 of the 32 chessmen could be found and the game was recorded as a draw.

RECENT DEVELOPMENTS

The Soviet pre-eminence in chess can be traced to the average Russian's readiness to brood obsessively over anything, even the arrangement of some pieces of wood. Indeed, the Russians' predisposition for quiet reflection followed by sudden inventive action explains why they led the field for many years in both chess and ax murders. It is well known that as early as 1970, the U.S.S.R., aware of what a defeat at Reykjavík would do to national prestige, implemented a vigorous program of preparation and incentive. Every day for an entire year, a team of psychologists, chess analysts and coaches met with the top three Russian grand masters and threatened them with a pointy stick. That these tactics proved fruitless is now a part of chess history and a further testament to the American way, which provides that if you want something badly enough, you can always go to Iceland and get it from the Russians.

"Darling, please promise me we won't end our honeymoon in Paris without seeing Paris."

KILLER

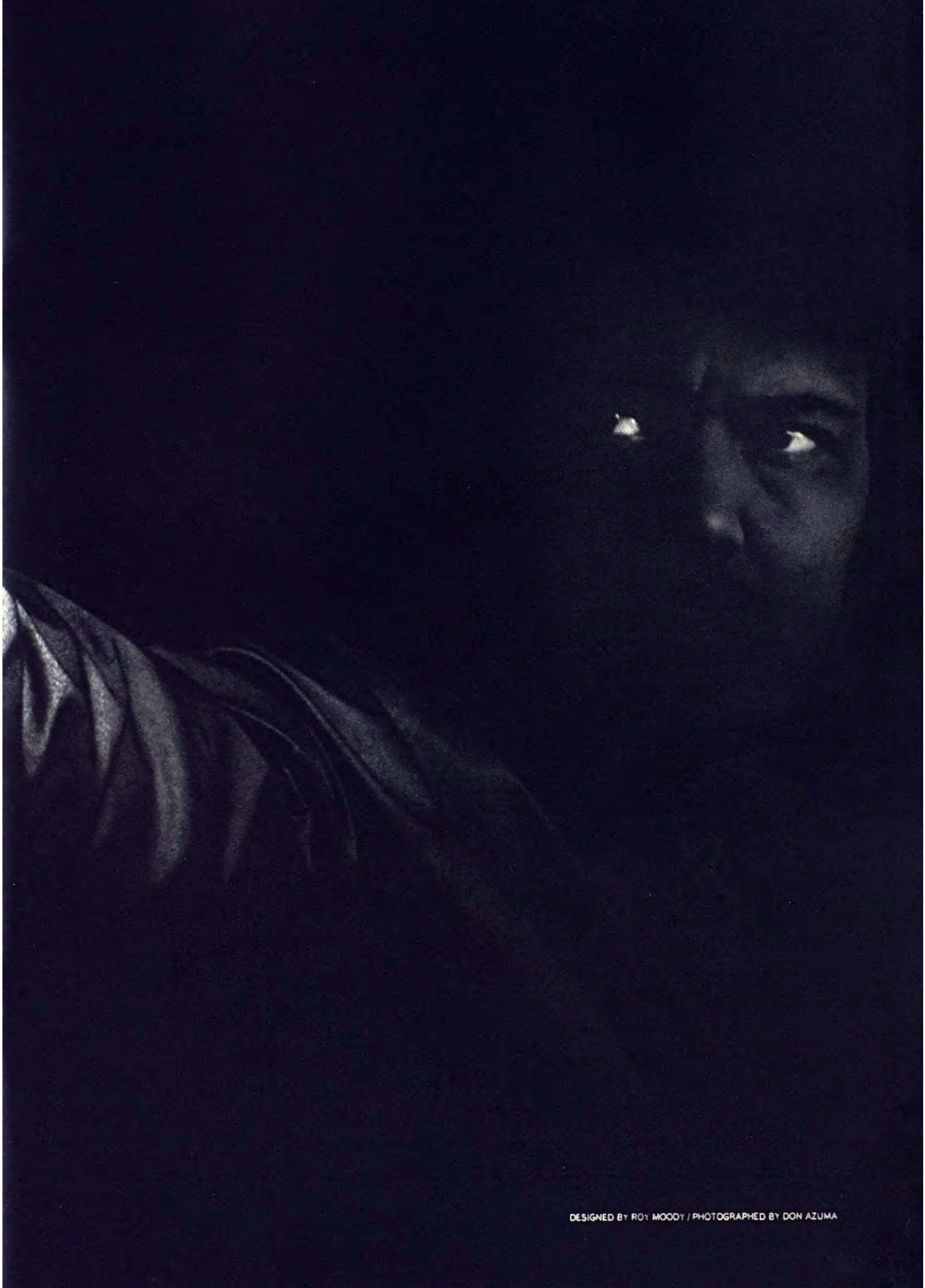
article

By DAVE FISHER and "JOEY"

the score so far is 35 for money and three for revenge, but hit man "joey" hasn't quit yet

"ORGANIZED CRIME cannot exist without the help of your so-called honest citizen. All we are is a service organization." "Joey" was sitting two feet across from me, busily attacking a late-night snack of two eggs over easy, bacon *crisp!* and coffee with milk, not cream. He had spent a good portion of the evening attempting to convince me that organized crime in America was, in reality, an unusual combination of the Sisters of Mercy and Murder, Inc. At times he was totally convincing.

Joey is a complex experience. He is egocentric, outgoing, affable, gregarious, witty, sentimental, brave, generous, at times overbearing and often a bit loud. He is easy to like, hard to know, impossible to understand. He is built along the lines of the Great Wall of China, massive and low slung, impenetrable and threatening, and when he walks, when he moves, there is no doubt that he is indeed capable of following through on everything he promises. He doesn't stride so much as he ambles, much like the cliché-born Southern sheriff: His left leg pushes forward, pulling with it the left side of his body; his right leg, seemingly independent, catches up. His body language is clear: He is not daring, "Try me"; rather, he is threatening, "Fear me." Dealing *(continued on page 110)*



DESIGNED BY ROY MOODY / PHOTOGRAPHED BY DON AZUMA


"So you're from the Bureau of Indian Affairs?"
Vargas

KILLER

(continued from page 106)

with him is both the hardest and the easiest thing I have ever had to do.

Joey kills people. He also smuggles narcotics and cigarettes, hijacks trucks, bootlegs expensive perfumes, runs card games, collects numbers, does a little muscle work, books bets, makes pornographic movies, Shylocks now and then, occasionally fences stolen goods and, once in a while, scalps some tickets. But killing is his specialty. "I am one of the most feared killers in this country," he says matter-of-factly, if not pridefully, and two recognized experts on organized crime have verified that fact.

"So the word got around that Carmine DiBiase was threatening to make me a bad memory." His conversation, like his life, skips around helter-skelter. He says, and does, what he deems appropriate for the moment. It is, fittingly, a shotgun approach to life. "So I went down to the club where he hangs out and I walked in. I took out a .357 magnum and put it right to his forehead. 'Listen,' I said, 'I understand you don't like me.'

" 'Like you?' " Joey paused here for effect. Then he boomed, " 'I love you!'

" 'Well, then,' " he drawled in a manner that would have brought tears to Damon Runyon's eyes, " 'make . . . sure . . . the . . . romance . . . lasts!' " His laughter filled most of the restaurant and most of his face. As he will point out, accurately, his eyes never laugh—they remain two hard, pillbox slits, always observing.

Finally I asked him the question that had been bothering me since the day I met him, since the moment he ambled into a publisher's office dressed in a black-leather and wool jacket and a white T-shirt. "Why do you really want to write a book?"

For the first time, he was absolutely quiet. "We're not such bad people. We just give people what they want. I want people to understand that." He paused again, went to his coffee with milk, not cream, and came closer to his real reason. "I think maybe I've had enough. I think I'd like to get out. Go somewhere, maybe open a business." Reluctantly but firmly and, as always, convincingly, he finished his answer. "And I think I can make a lot of money from it."

Money, finally, almost inevitably, is the answer. In his 25 years as a member of organized crime, Joey estimates he has made close to $4,000,000. Most of it has long since been spent on necessities, some luxuries, his wife and a lot of bookies. Joey is a heavy gambler and it has cost him. And now, "his book," as he calls it, is going to put money in his pocket. The strongest motivation of all.

Joey's book was never planned as a startling exposé that would name names and tell where the bodies were buried. It is the story of how organized crime works, how to place a bet, pick a number, hijack a truck, kill a man. "A Consumer's Guide to Organized Crime," we joked.

Doing the book, of which the following piece is a preview, Joey and I got to be close friends. We went away together and spent hour after hour, day after day, talking about organized crime. We went through his two and a half decades as a member of it year by year, crime by crime. Although he has committed a large share of all conceivable crimes, he has essentially always worked as a free-lancer, a hired gun.

Sometimes I tended to forget that. When I watched him kid waitresses, or play with children, or go about his day diligently trying to raise a smile on every face, it was easy to forget. I began to believe, in fact, that the book was to be his penitence. He saw it differently.

In the months we spent together, he told me his story, sometimes humorously, sometimes eloquently, sometimes with great sadness—but always in a straightforward and totally honest way. In that time, I never learned his real name or where he lives or what his second wife's name is. I suppose I should have been appalled by his life. But I wasn't. I was, like most Americans, entranced, titillated. And I enjoyed every moment I was in his company.

The waiter walked over with our check. Joey picked it up. "Aren't you afraid they'll kill you if they find out who you are?" I asked.

He laughed. "If we do this right, they'll never find out," he said. Then he added, "And I couldn't care less if I live or die. That's what makes me so dangerous."

And so fascinating.

Every member of organized crime is capable of doing many different things, but each is an expert in at least one area. Some guys are great gamblers. Others are super hijackers. Me? I kill people.

My official title is "hit man," but I guess you could think of me as a policeman. The Mob has its own social structure and we have to deal with our own internal problems. Let's face it, we don't have anyplace where we can sue somebody. I don't even call it murder. To me, it's just a job.

Actually, you might say crime is the family business. I grew up watching my father shuttle in and out of prison. That was when I learned that crime pays, no matter what anybody tells you. When my father was home, he made good money and we lived very well; when he was in jail, we barely survived. A lot of people today, they blame a person's background for everything he does wrong. That's bullshit. My cousin grew up in exactly the same environment I did and today he's a cop. We both knew exactly what we were doing. He picked one way, I picked the other. But when I made the choice, I knew exactly what I was getting into, and I knew what I was getting out of.

My total is 38; 35 for money and three for revenge. I can remember each man that I hit. I can give you the order. The details. Even the weather on that day. And I would not make a mistake. Number 18, for example, was a gambler who was discovered informing on the Mob. He had quietly been arrested and made a deal in order to keep himself out of a jackpot—which is our word for a jam. Certain things began to kick back and some people checked and found out my man was the source, so he had to go. I caught him in a small bar and I just walked in and blasted him with a .38. It was dark and I was wearing very nondescript clothing and that was it. I remember him. I remember them all. You never really forget.

But it doesn't bother me, not one bit. This is my job. It is my business. I shoot people and that's it. I never think of it in terms of morality, although that may be hard for a lot of people to believe. I know the difference between right and wrong. And I know by most standards of morality that what I do would be considered wrong. But this doesn't bother me. I also know the difference between eating and starving. Between having a pair of new shoes and a pair you have to stuff newspaper in just to keep from freezing. Believe me, I know.

So I don't worry about it. Because I have the ability to pull the trigger, I can do what I like to do, go where I want to go, be what I want to be. I have no second thoughts. No recriminations. I don't even think about it, because, if I did and I was an emotional person, I could not live with it. It would destroy me. So I do my job like a guy lays brick, a guy tends bar, a guy cuts hair.

At home, I'm really not that much different than your average bricklayer, bartender or barber. I take out the garbage four nights a week, worry about my wife when she's out alone at night, cut the grass about twice a month and complain about those ridiculous telephone bills. Believe it or not, I'm a human being. I laugh at funny jokes, I love having children around the house and I can spend hours playing with my mutt. Only one thing, I never cry during sad movies. I've only cried for one person in my whole life, my first wife. The day I found out she had been killed, I cried. And then I changed. So my eyes weren't the slightest bit wet at the end of *Love Story*.

There are three things you need to

(continued on page 206)

CREPE EXPECTATIONS

lo, the lowly pancake—internationalized, haute-cuisined and transformed into a dish that does it all

food By JACK DENTON SCOTT THE CREPE, that paper-thin pancake with the chic French name, is in a culinary class by itself: Although lacy-thin, it's so tender that it can almost be cut with a sharp glance, yet so durable that it can be folded into any shape and firmly hold any filling without breaking or tearing. The crepe is also versatile, with every country in Europe using it in appealing ways ranging from the elaborate to the simple. In France, where the crepe is held in esteem and where the ways with it are the most creative, leftover lamb, chicken or any meat is chopped, seasoned, rolled in a crepe, covered with a sauce, sprinkled with cheese, browned in the oven and served as a tasty luncheon treat that makes its meat base seem mundane by comparison. In Vienna, I've had dinner with Hungarian friends who served their superb goulash wrapped in crisp crepes, and I've eaten buckwheat crepes stuffed with tuna and beans with embarrassing gusto at a Breton family table. Once, to immortalize a classic hangover I acquired in Rome, I ate ten *cannelloni*, crepes stuffed with three kinds of cheese and jeweled with bits of prosciutto ham, washing down those recuperative fluffy delights with a full bottle of the restaurant's house white Frascati. I've had whole herrings rolled in crepes and sauced with sour cream in Amsterdam; at an afternoon tea in Norway, I've eaten the tiny pancakes filled with tart cloudberries and sprinkled with sugar. Although I have yet to sit at a Russian table and enjoy crepes fat with glistening pearl-gray Beluga caviar, I haven't given up hope of savoring that ultimate in crepe cuisine.

In addition to running the whole gastronomic gamut, from breakfast to buffet to hors *(continued on page 184)*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DON AZUMA

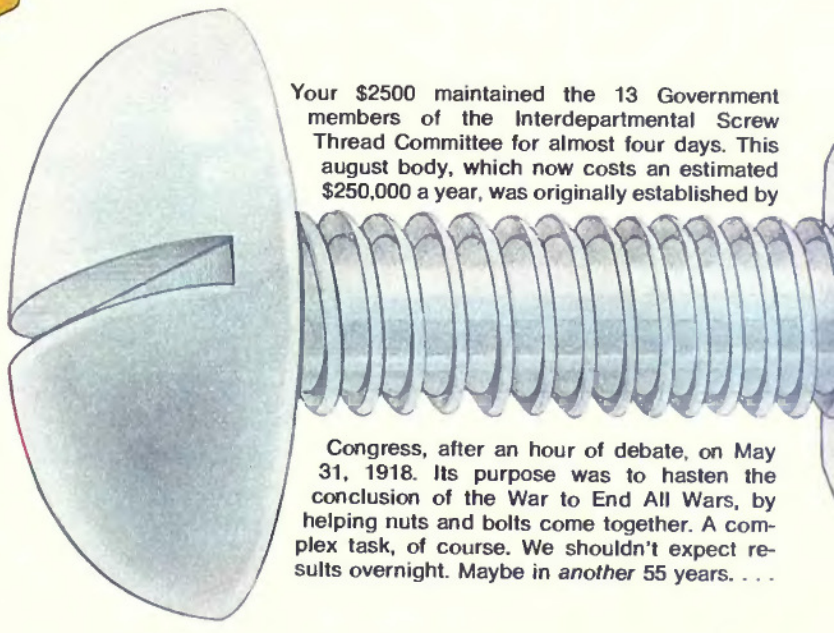
WHO'S DOING WHAT WITH YOUR MONEY

nobody likes paying taxes—here are 17 good reasons why

WE ARE RELIABLY INFORMED that the typical PLAYBOY reader pays very close to $2500 each year in Federal income taxes. Some pay more, some pay less and some (the very rich) pay nothing at all. But on the average, $2500 a year is the figure, and this is a lot of money. Many of us don't realize we're paying so much, due to the deceptive way in which the income tax is both collected and spent. There is deception going in, because the tax is extracted from our pay checks a bit at a time, in a manner deliberately calculated to minimize pain. (The man who designed the withholding system, Milton Friedman, has seen the error of his ways; when we were taping our February interview with him, he said, in effect, that if he had to do it over again, he wouldn't.) The deception going out is even more insidious, because the Government spends money in sums so large that nobody can visualize them. We think this is bad. Taxpayers *ought* to be able to visualize how their money is blown. To help you determine where yours is going, we've unearthed instances where the amounts spent are small enough to be comprehensible to the man footing the bill. That's *you*. Now that April's here, imagine your $2500 paying its share of any of the projects described on these pages. Take your choice, sign your check—and eat your heart out.

Your $2500 paid for one day's operation of President Nixon's much-publicized Heroin Hotline program: up to 41 long-distance phone connections manned by interviewers and narcs—all of them sitting around recording anonymous dope tips. According to the General Accounting Office, the first four months of operation cost $260,000 and garnered 28,079 obscene and/or crank calls. It also unearthed four and a half kilos of marijuana, 3300 tabs of LSD, two guns and two grams of heroin. An ad agency has been hired to promote the program.

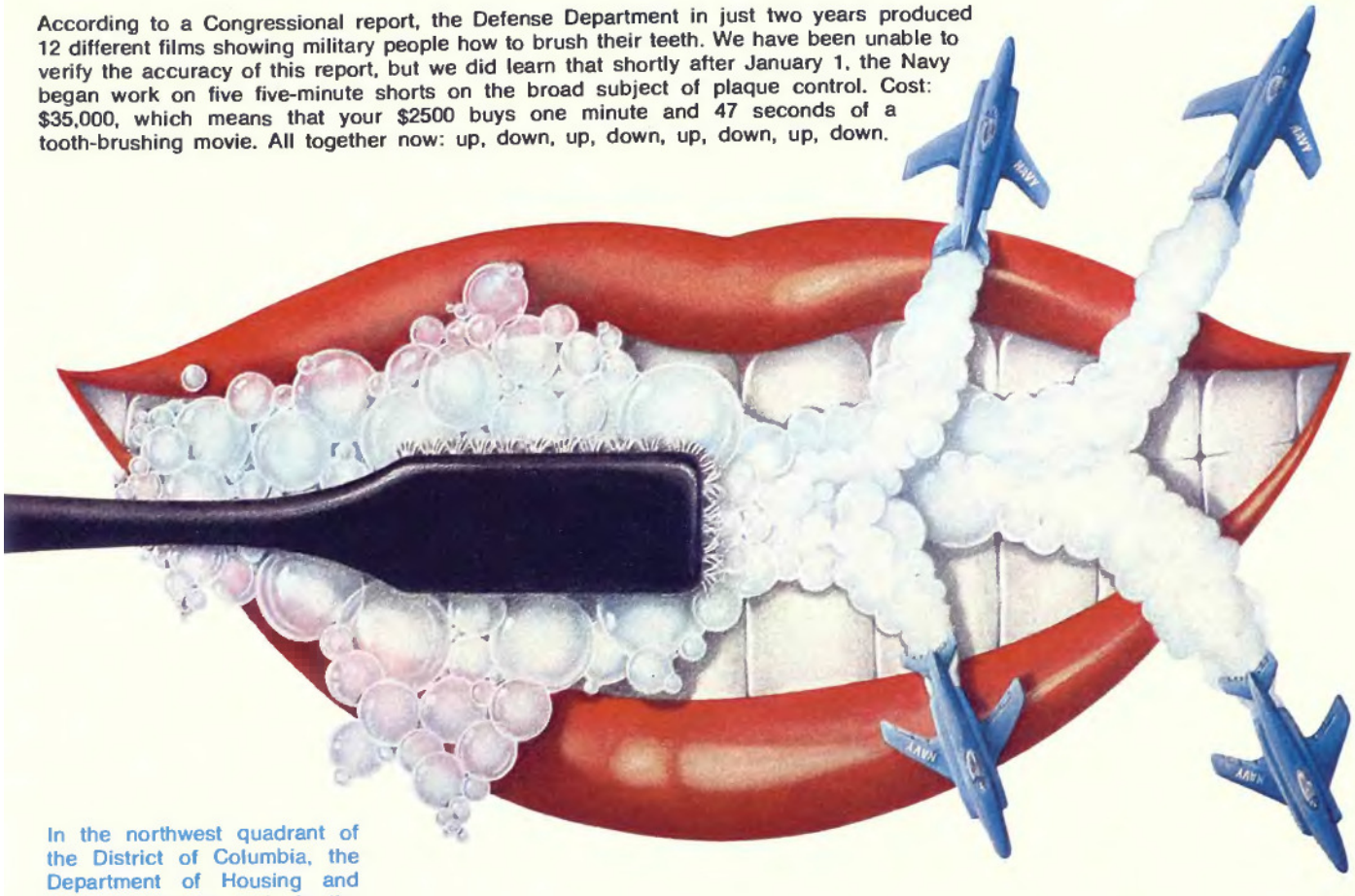
A gourmet quartermaster in Washington suffered an apparent attack of gastric oculitis, a common disease among purchasing officers, wherein one's eyes get bigger than one's stomach. Result: U. S. military commissaries in Europe wound up with an 82-year supply of Kellogg's freeze-dried tuna-salad mix, of which your $2500 covered four years and three months. But not to worry; at least you won't have to ante up for this one next year. Unless the stuff spoils, of course.



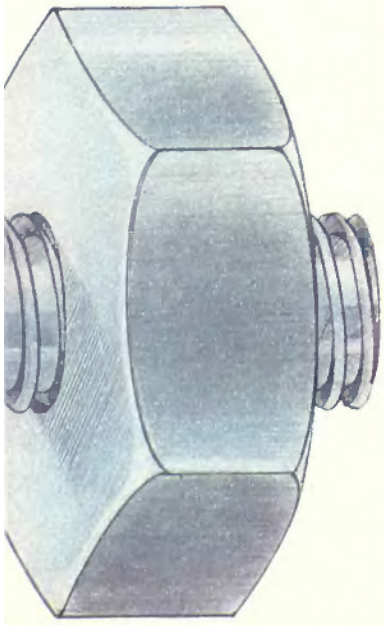
Your $2500 maintained the 13 Government members of the Interdepartmental Screw Thread Committee for almost four days. This august body, which now costs an estimated $250,000 a year, was originally established by Congress, after an hour of debate, on May 31, 1918. Its purpose was to hasten the conclusion of the War to End All Wars, by helping nuts and bolts come together. A complex task, of course. We shouldn't expect results overnight. Maybe in *another* 55 years. . . .

Adjacent to the chamber of the House of Representatives is a hallway called the Speaker's lobby, which Congressmen usually pass through on their way to the chamber itself. When the Speaker's lobby needed redecoration recently, our Representatives ordered a new rug: 87 feet, 10½ inches long, 9 feet, 5 inches wide, hand-cut ¾-inch pile surface, 100 percent virgin-wool face, 100 percent cotton back, permanently mothproofed and made in the U. S. of A. The rug cost $31,650 delivered (the pad was extra), which boils down to about $340 a square yard. Your $2500 paid for just over seven yards of it. Not enough for a 9' x 12', but it would still look nice under a coffee table, or maybe on the floor of a car.

According to a Congressional report, the Defense Department in just two years produced 12 different films showing military people how to brush their teeth. We have been unable to verify the accuracy of this report, but we did learn that shortly after January 1, the Navy began work on five five-minute shorts on the broad subject of plaque control. Cost: $35,000, which means that your $2500 buys one minute and 47 seconds of a tooth-brushing movie. All together now: up, down, up, down, up, down, up, down.



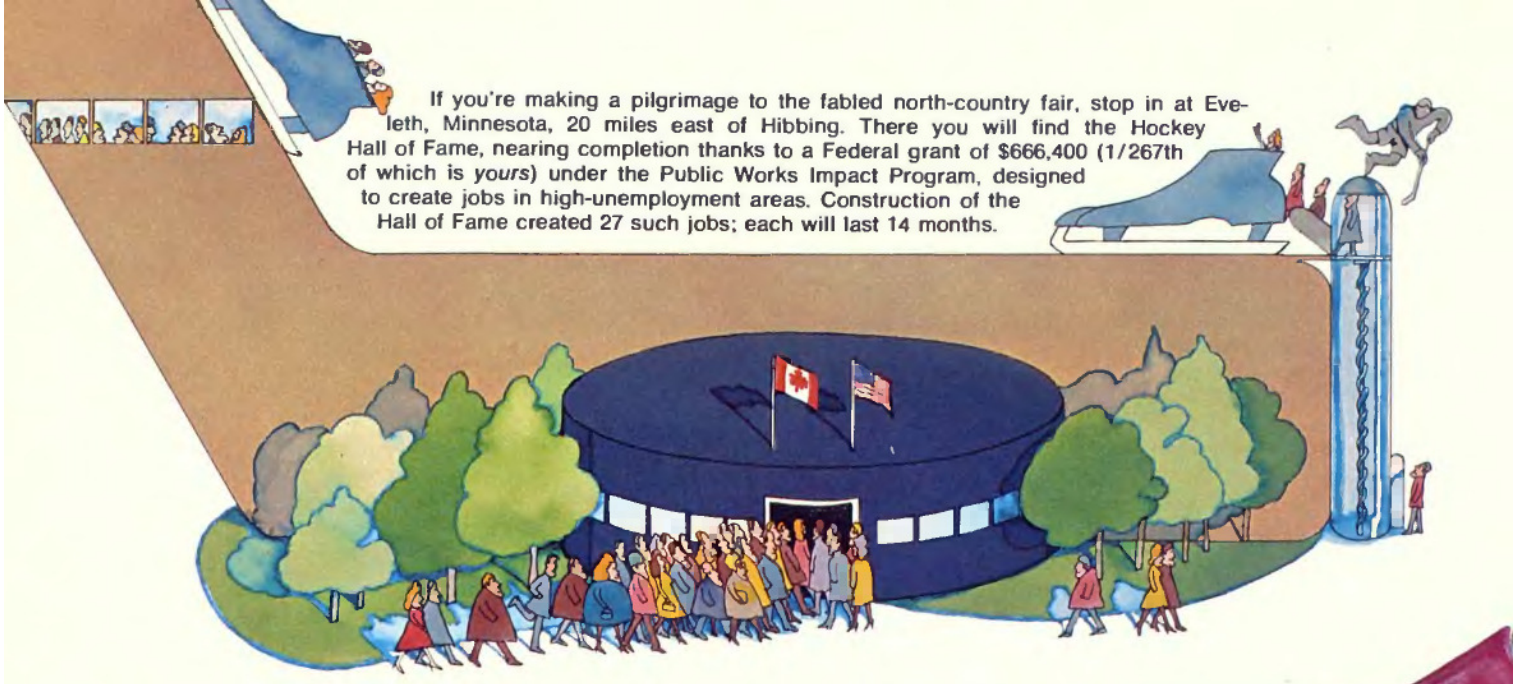
In the northwest quadrant of the District of Columbia, the Department of Housing and Urban Development is in the process of constructing 54 two-story town houses for low-income residents. The town houses are mostly small (a three-bedroom model comprises 1058 square feet) and lack the frills (washing machines, air conditioning, etc.) usually found in private-home construction. Nevertheless, they're costing $76,000 apiece. Your $2500 builds 1/30th of one of them: about 35 square feet—the size of a small walk-in closet.



Science marches on, with time out for a potty break: Your $2500 paid about eight tenths of one percent of the cost of a prototype toilet that the National Aeronautics and Space Administration is building for the new space shuttle. Going to the john in a zero-gravity bathroom is no cheap trick: The prototype cost $80,000 for design and $230,000 for "environmental testing," whatever that is. The device will provide an element of privacy (thus permitting females to join the astronaut corps for the first time) and will employ air currents in an attempt to compensate for the lack of gravity. According to one of its architects, engineer Joseph Swider, the gadget will resemble an ordinary earth-bound commode, "except that it will probably be draftier."

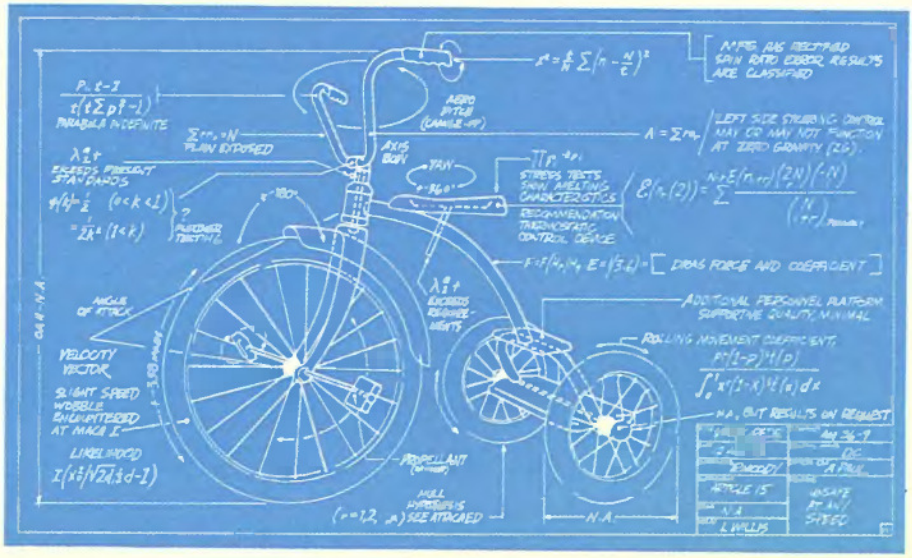
At Elmendorf Air Force Base in Anchorage, the Air Force runs a fancy hotel named the Alaskan Chateau, whose facilities are available to everyone in Anchorage who happens to be a lieutenant colonel or higher or a Government bureaucrat making over $22,000 a year. According to the GAO, an average of eight persons daily stay at the Alaskan Chateau. For three dollars a night, these fortunate few have full run of the facilities, including the steam room, the sauna, the sunrooms, the massage rooms, the gym and the cocktail lounge. They are waited on by 17 sergeants, one airman and a captain—acting as cooks, waiters, wine stewards, room clerks and cleaning ladies. The salaries of these semipublic servants average $7727 a year. Your $2500 pays for any one of them (take your pick) for almost four months.

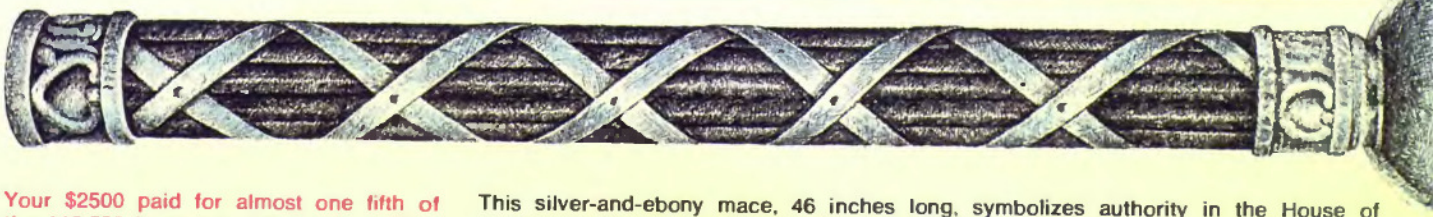
If you're making a pilgrimage to the fabled north-country fair, stop in at Eveleth, Minnesota, 20 miles east of Hibbing. There you will find the Hockey Hall of Fame, nearing completion thanks to a Federal grant of $666,400 (1/267th of which is *yours*) under the Public Works Impact Program, designed to create jobs in high-unemployment areas. Construction of the Hall of Fame created 27 such jobs; each will last 14 months.



The Navy spent $375,000 (your share: 1/150th) trying to find out if Frisbees can be used to carry flares over battlefields. Alas, they can't. Learn the reasons by reading the 216-page report that your money subsidized. It's called "Aerodynamic Analysis of the Self-Suspended Flare," available for three dollars from the National Technical Service, Springfield, Virginia 22151. They have a lot of other books there, so ask for number AD740117.

Your $2500 paid a good eighth of the cost of a $19,300 study, commissioned by the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, to find out why children fall off tricycles. The study, done by Calspan Corporation of Buffalo, New York, found "unstable performance, particularly roll-over while turning." Or, as an HEW official put it: "Tricycles have an unsafe design configuration." The study was needed to inform the Bureau of Product Safety, a subdivision of the Food and Drug Administration, in the task of writing safety standards for velocipedes. The Product Safety people are touchy about this study, feeling it's received adverse publicity that fails to consider its child-protection merits. "If people think we're spending too much money," a spokesman told us, "then they should go to Congress and change the law." Up against the nursery wall, thumb suckers.

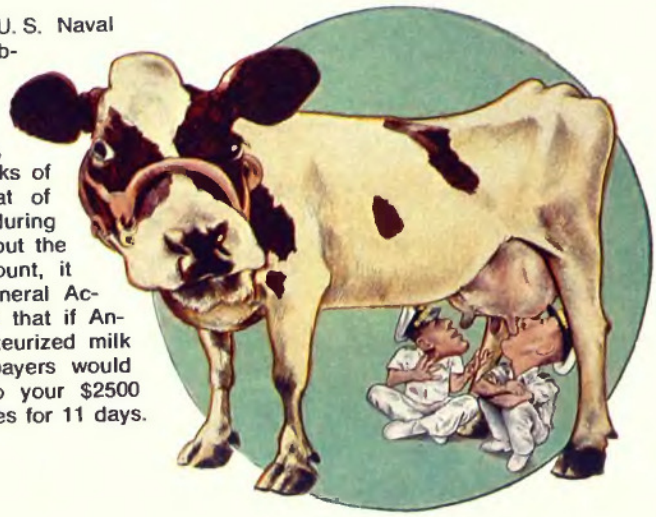




Your $2500 paid for almost one fifth of the $13,500 it cost to put a new heating system in President Nixon's villa in San Clemente. The Secret Service declared the old heating system a security hazard. As an SS man put it: "You wouldn't want the President of the United States living in a house where the heating system could cause a fire, would you?" Not us.

This silver-and-ebony mace, 46 inches long, symbolizes authority in the House of Representatives. It rests on either of two marble pedestals flanking the Speaker's chair, and signals whether the House is in full session or meeting only at the committee level. Etson White, assistant sergeant at arms, sits close by the mace and moves it swiftly and expertly from one marble pedestal to the other, sometimes as often as four or five times a day. Your $2500 in taxes paid his salary for two and a half months.

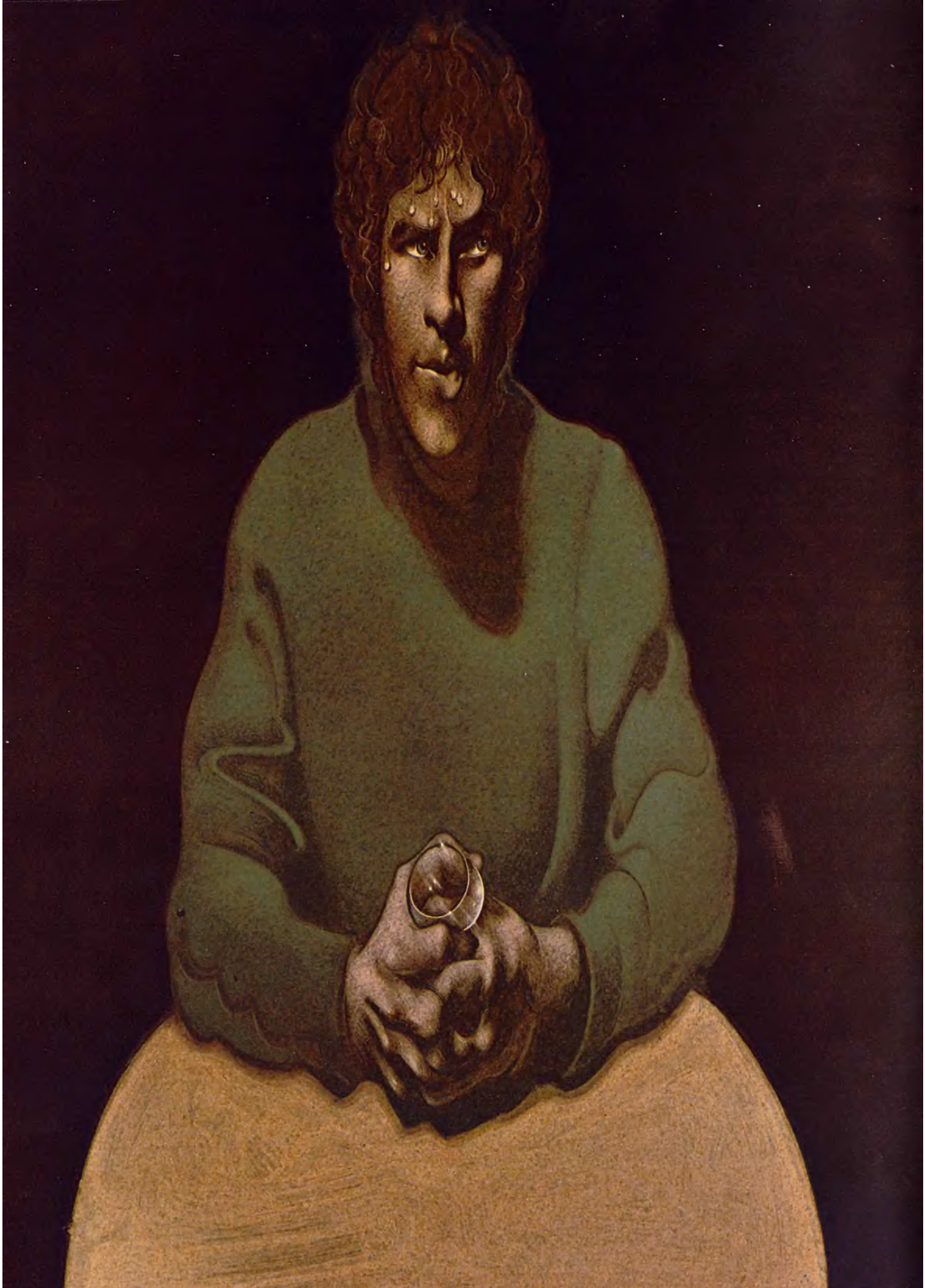
Way back in 1911, the U. S. Naval Academy decided to establish its own herd of dairy cows, so that midshipmen could enjoy a continuing supply of pure, fresh milk during outbreaks of typhoid fever. The threat of typhoid has diminished during subsequent generations, but the herd has not. At last count, it was 500 strong. The General Accounting Office estimates that if Annapolis were to buy pasteurized milk like the rest of us, taxpayers would save $84,000 a year; so your $2500 bought milk for the middies for 11 days.



Which weighs more, a 3,000,000-pound steamship or 1500 tons of feathers? Answer: They weigh the same, and both would make a big mess if dropped from a tall building. Fifteen hundred tons of feathers happens to be the amount currently stashed in the Government's stockpile program, a marvelously anal attempt to assemble "a sufficiency of strategic and critical materials to fulfill national requirements in the event of an emergency." The feather stockpile is deemed sufficient to warm our troops in the event of a major land war in Saskatchewan, so the Government isn't buying more. Still, there are storage costs: $59,000 a year. Your $2500 pays one year's upkeep for 127,118 pounds of feathers. Cheap.

To beat the drums for a new cost-cutting program, the U. S. Postal Service made up an audio-visual presentation, including 2000 15-minute cassettes, for postal officials the nation over. The mails being what they are, the Post Office decided to deliver the cassettes by courier. This little message, including extraspecial-delivery service, cost $27,000, so your $2500 paid for and delivered 185 cassettes.

Over at the Department of Agriculture, the Forest Service division logged a $15,000 expenditure studying public attitudes toward Smokey the Bear. Your $2500 underwrote one sixth of this, but don't despair. Smokey can afford it. He's one of the few figures in Government who actually *make* money for taxpayers: $212,000 last year alone, from sweat-shirt royalties, books, games, dolls, etc. Needless to say, his keepers zealously guard his commercial integrity. In Reseda, California, the Government came down hard on a saloon called the Smokey Bar, for taking the ursine image in vain. Another Government money-maker is Mr. Zip, the Post Office caricature. Stamp collectors like him so much that they save his picture, with stamps attached, when it appears in the margins of postage-stamp sheets. For every stamp that goes into a collector's album, rather than on an envelope, the Postal Service makes eight cents. There's no way to compute Mr. Zip's earnings, but the moral is obvious: We need more cartoon characters in Government —and fewer real ones.



fiction

By ROBERT L. FISH

IN THE BAG

one doesn't have to invent problems—life furnishes more than enough

To go back to the Rue Cologne or not, that was the problem!

CLAUDE BIESSY RECOGNIZED that his appearance was a decided advantage, for he looked like a student at the Sorbonne and therefore dressed accordingly. With his student's satchel dangling indolently from one hand and his curly head obviously in some philosophical cloud or other, he always walked—strolled would be more accurate, though at times many miles were involved—from his small apartment in the Rue Collard near the university to and from his jobs.

His appearance may have been a bit of luck, but all else was thoroughly planned. No wheeled transportation to draw attention to the possible presence of an intruder in some untenanted-at-the-moment home or apartment; no curious taxi driver to recall a youthful fare following a safecracking in some office building or warehouse. No wallet with identification ever carried on a job, and never any accomplice. Nothing ever stolen except cash or objects easily transformed into cash without the services of a fence. No people, no chances. To date, it had worked fine.

He paused in his labors and listened. There was only the sound of the rising wind rattling the windows beyond the thick drapes of the old house; he had expected no other. With a brief nod, he returned to work. The chips were wiped from the hot drill bit, the bit dipped into oil. Claude tackled the safe door again. The beginning of the hole was clearly visible in the sharp beam of the adjustable flash. He had positioned it precisely at a certain point between the combination dial and the safe's handle—he knew this vulnerable spot very well. He turned the drill on and began again, putting as much weight against the drill handle as he could muster. He was pleased with the near-silent humming of the small, powerful motor, the eagerness with which the bit ate its way steadily through the thick metal. Easy did it; there was no rush. His careful scouting had made sure that the inhabitants of the house would not return until the following day.

The safe was a Le Clair, an unusually large one for home use. Most home safes were simply meant to protect against fire and they presented no special problems. A Le Clair was more complex—constructed in hopes of frustrating burglars—but Claude was familiar with it. He had spent four years under the tutelage of the famous Gil Lowendal himself and he had yet to find a small safe he couldn't enter.

The vibration of the drill changed; the bit slowed and then speeded up as it penetrated the last thickness of the steel shell. He had now drilled through to the locking linkage area. The rest was simple—even though it took a little more muscle. From his bag, he extracted a punch made of the hardest steel and inserted it into the hole. Then, reaching into the bag once more, he produced an all-steel hammer. A few sufficiently strong blows against the punch would break the safe's lock bolt—and the job would be finished.

It was not the effort of the pounding that bothered him. It was just that, when he thought back afterward, he always had a nightmare scenario occur to him. Somehow, the hammer would slip and there would be a loud clang. Or, even if it didn't, the noise of the blows might, by chance, reach the ears of a person in the vicinity. That person would rise up on one elbow in bed, perhaps, and say to himself, "Odd, I thought I heard something like hammering. *(continued on page 128)*

ILLUSTRATION BY GILBERT STONE

it's a long way from kansas to new york city, but julie woodson made it— and a career for herself

YOUNG, GIFTED, BLACK— AND AMBITIOUS

HER FRIENDS all thought Julie Woodson was crazy to walk off the set of *Super Fly*. But the producers hadn't told her beforehand about the nude love scene she was supposed to play—and, for what she considered rip-off wages, it just wasn't worth it. So Julie—an accomplished model who works for the Eileen Ford agency and has appeared in various TV commercials—decided she could afford to wait a while longer for her first movie role. Now that she's seen *Super Fly*, she doesn't regret her

At home in her apartment, Julie puts a free hour to good use by rearranging her portfolio for presentation to a prospective client.

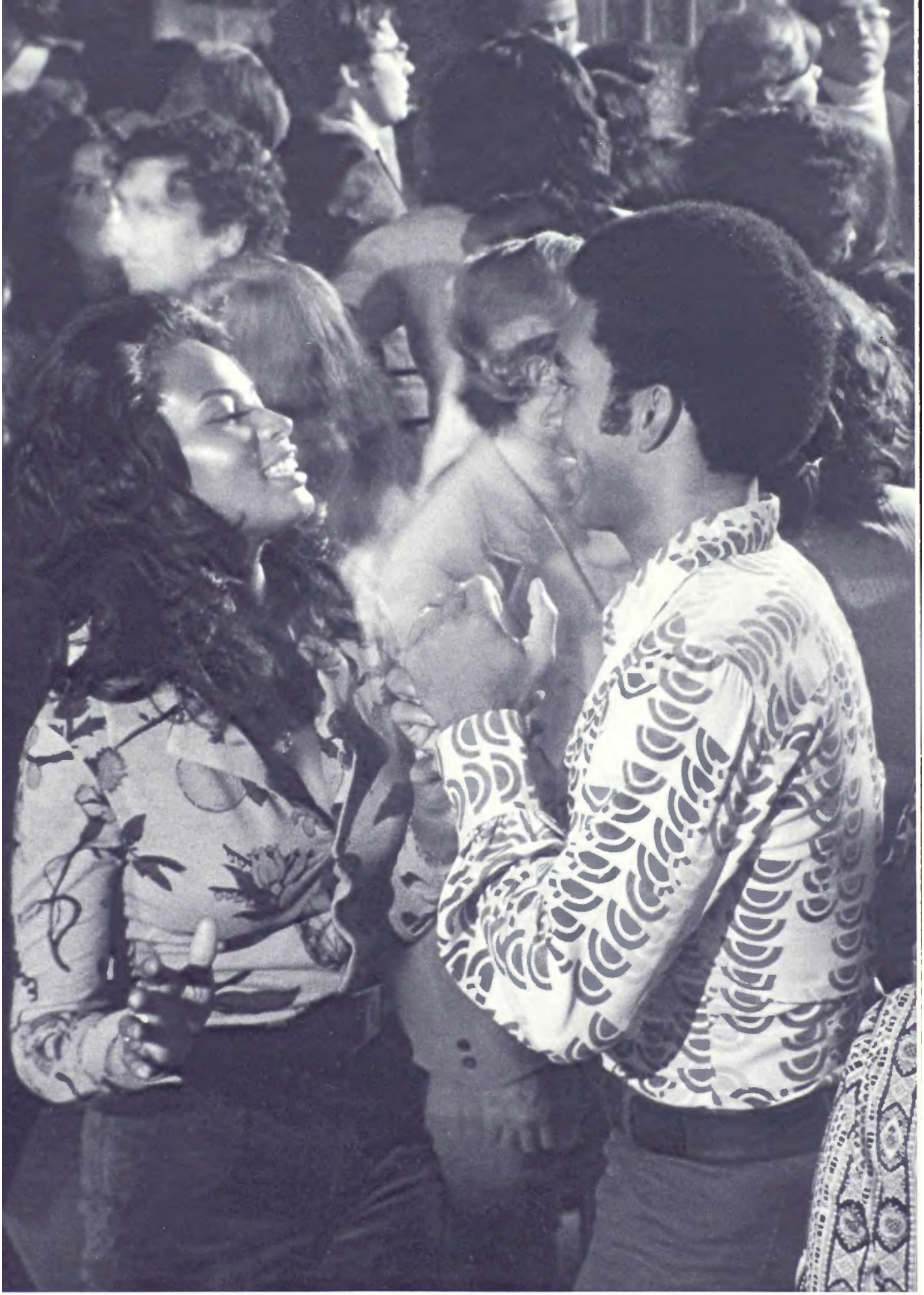
PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID CHAN

Julie plants a kiss on the brow of Jerry Ford as she arrives at the Ford modeling agency.

move: "I hated it, except for Curtis Mayfield's music, which carried the whole thing. But most of the black movies coming out are just garbage—they're all about sex and drugs, they put down the blacks and exploit the actors. Until the money comes in for some *good* black movies—and until I can get some roles that call for acting instead of just looking good—I'll stay off the screen." The same qualities—a sense of direction and a bit of will power—that made Miss Woodson get up and split also helped her escape from her home town of Hutchinson, Kansas. "If I'd stayed there," she allows, "I'd probably have a lot of children by now, and I'd probably be on welfare." But she left there at 12 and went to California with her father (her parents are divorced). While Julie earned a degree in business from San Diego City College, she worked as a stewardess for PSA, and after finishing school, she switched to TWA. That brought her to New York, where she began modeling for the Black Beauty agency. That led, in turn, to her association with Eileen Ford and to TV spots on behalf of hair sprays, cold remedies, yoghurt, diapers and other products. Julie isn't crazy about her work, but she admits she'd like to be the top black model in New York. She'd also like the chance to use her business acumen to start her own company someday—no specific ideas yet—and she's banking her money with that in mind. In her spare time, Julie studies acting and practices karate (an art she feels is necessary in New York City). Eventually, she would like to settle down and raise a family. Such is her maternal instinct, in fact, that when she lived in L.A. she would go to local orphanages and "borrow" youngsters for weekends. But family building will have to wait. Right now, Julie's concerned with making her vision of the good life a reality —and she seems to be well on her way.

After checking her schedule at the agency, Julie bicycles to Central Park, where she has an appointment with a photographer. On the way, she stops to look at the needle-point creations of a sidewalk artist—and decides to buy one. Then, in the park, she leaps for the birdie.


PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH
MISS APRIL



In the evening, Julie loosens up at the Hippopotamus, a Gotham *disco*, with Bill Overton, also an upcoming actor and model.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

The husband and wife were having difficulty in deciding what to give up for Lent, but finally, in a fervent spirit of atonement, they agreed on sex. As the weeks slowly passed, they began to regret their choice, but still stuck to it, sleeping in separate bedrooms and also locking the doors to control temptation. Finally, the glorious Easter sun rose and the wife was awakened by a series of thunderous knocks on her door. "Oh, George," she called out, "I know what you're knocking for!"

"You're damn right!" he yelled back. "But do you know what I'm knocking *with*?"

We've heard that some supermarkets are now selling six-packs of whipped cream—in case you're going to an orgy.

The elderly woman had complained of abdominal swelling and pain. The doctor had examined her thoroughly and put her through a series of laboratory tests the results of which were now in. "The plain fact, madam," harrumphed the medical man, "is that you're pregnant."

"That's impossible!" gasped his patient. "Why, I'm seventy-nine years old and my husband, although he still works, is eighty-six!"

When the doctor insisted, the aging mother-to-be pulled over his desk telephone and dialed her husband's office. When he was on the line, she began without preliminaries. "You old goat," she snapped, "you've got me pregnant!"

There was a long pause before the old man replied. "Please," he quavered, "who did you say was calling?"

A young mountaineer visited his parents' cabin on his return from a modest honeymoon. "Tell me, son," said his father, "did Ellie Sue turn out to be a virgin?"

"I ain't rightly sure, Paw," mumbled the young man. "That up-an'-down movement mighta come natural to 'er, but that roun'-an'-roun' movement—I think that was larned!"

Unbeknownst to the Arab sheik, the magic bottle that he bought in the bazaar had once contained Mogen David wine, so the genie who appeared when the sheik rubbed it was, of course, Jewish.

"What is your wish?" asked the genie.

"I'd like my penis to extend to within a foot of the ground!" demanded the hot-blooded son of the desert.

So, quick as a wink, the Jewish genie shortened the sheik's legs.

Hi, sixty-four!" called the girl from the sidewalk in response to a boy's wave from a passing car. A few minutes later, a second boy honked his horn and she yelled back, "Hi, seventy-two!"

"What's that mean?" asked her female friend.

"It's my special code," answered the first girl. "The guy who waved, he's got six inches and can make it four times a night, while the guy who honked, he's got seven but can make it only twice."

Just then, another fellow klaxoned past and the second girl called, "Hi, Johnnie Walker!"

"But I know him," said the first girl in some surprise. "That was Dan Smith. Johnnie Walker's a liquor!"

"Honey," exclaimed her friend, "now you've broken *my* code!"

It was in an adult-education math course that the instructor asked the class: "If a man sold a dozen diamond necklaces at $75,000 apiece, and his profit was twenty-five percent, what would he get for himself?"

One languid student raised her hand. "Anything he asked me for," she sighed.

Of course I'm not losing interest in our marriage, dear," said the husband. "I'm simply making love slowly to keep the ash on my cigarette from falling on the bedclothes."

The attractive secretary was inclined to talk just a little too much about the feelings of high-minded appreciation she insisted she inspired in men. "Just think," she burbled to the office in general one morning, "a wealthy gentleman from Texas took me out last evening! He told me several times how much he valued my company, and then when he said good night—he told me it was a small token of his esteem—he slipped two hundred-dollar bills into my purse!"

"Well, well," came a female voice from the other side of the file cabinets, "that's the first time I've ever heard of a hundred-and-eighty-dollar tip."

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.*

"Either we start pushing birth control or we're going to be up to our asses in little people!"

IN THE BAG

(continued from page 117)

Yes, there it is again. It would seem to be coming from the Duponts' house. Ah, well." Then that person, sinking back in the bed again, would suddenly reflect, "But wait! Didn't I see the Duponts leaving for the weekend? There is something very curious here. Perhaps I should ask the police to have a look."

Claude snapped the flashlight off and went to the window to survey the street. Across the way, the streetlight shone on an empty garden. There was no sign of life except for the very faint sound of music coming from some house a little farther along.

He moved back to the safe and grasped the hammer. This old house would have thick walls. Besides, he counted on the fact that the listener of his nightmare—if there ever were one in reality—would hesitate a minute, would take another minute to find his slippers, would spend a little more time getting to the telephone. There would be a further delay as the policeman at the other end of the line wrote everything down.

It took a few more blows than he'd expected—each one a cannon blast to his ears—but at last the lock was broken. It was only after he had dismantled the drill and put each piece of his equipment carefully back into his satchel that he turned the handle of the safe. It moved easily. He shone the beam of his flashlight inside. Silver plate; he pushed it aside without qualms. A jewel case; he whistled slightly as he opened it, and then closed it resolutely. A tin box! He dragged it out and tipped the cover up. Papers. He took one up. Papers? Securities! *Negotiable securities!* He took one look at the face value of the top one and his eyes widened. A fortune! But this was no time to stand and count it. He dropped the bundle into the satchel, tossed the flashlight on top of it, buckled it hastily and moved to the window.

He was three blocks away, his surgical gloves tucked into an inner pocket, his bag swinging negligently from his hand, when a police car passed him with flashing lights and keening siren. Claude began to look after it and then brought his head to the front. It was impossible that the sound of the hammer could have brought any investigation to the old house in that short a time. Besides, a police car was certainly no unusual sight in Paris, even in the suburbs. Crime was certainly not limited to his small efforts, and automobile accidents were as common as the common cold. He put the police car from his mind and continued his stroll toward home. But subconsciously, one ear listened for the return of the siren.

The streets through which Claude returned were not the same ones he had traversed in going to the job, but they were of the same general nature. Major arteries were avoided, as were streets that appeared completely deserted. Avenues lined with spreading plane trees and strolling couples out for the evening air were the ones he preferred. Along several he saw other students—he always thought of them as *other* students—equally hampered by bags, walking alone or together, and he felt a certain kinship with them.

He crossed the Avenue Mozambique and turned down the Rue Cologne, staying a reasonable distance behind a couple walking with their arms about each other. Here, well into the body of the city proper, traffic was still oddly light, but the night was pleasant and the breeze cooling. Claude strolled along, enjoying the walk, when he heard the sharp clack of leather heels on the opposite pavement. His eyes came up, incurious. Marching along in the opposite direction was a uniformed policeman, visored hat square on his brow, cape swinging in cadence to his almost military step. Claude smiled faintly, a smile that faded as the footsteps suddenly stopped. There was the briefest pause, and then they resumed, but their owner had turned and was now moving in the same direction as Claude, just across the street.

Claude frowned slightly without breaking the evenness of his pace in the least. A coincidence? Quite obviously. But, still, here he was with a satchel full of negotiable securities, not to mention a lot of highly unusual implements it would be most difficult to explain. One should be allowed a touch of nervousness, should one not? Ah, well, he thought, taking heart, one could scarcely walk across half of Paris and not run into a policeman now and then, could one? And if that policeman was walking in the direction he was, so what? They all had to walk in one direction or the other, did they not? Obviously, they did.

Still, this one had stopped dead and turned just after passing Claude, had he not?

He had. . . .

On the other hand, look at it this way: If the *flic* had the slightest suspicion that he was following a much-wanted safe-cracker (*not* following, you idiot! Because he *isn't* following; he's merely walking in the same direction!), would he remain across the street, marching along so sedately? Not likely! He would be storming over, whistle blowing like mad, baton raised for action. So forget the man, for heaven's sake! Walk along like the student he thinks you are, and stop sweating!

Curbs came and went on the Rue Cologne. Step down, step up. The couple ahead had withdrawn into a shadowed alcove; giggles came from it as he passed. Would the *flic* cross over and investigate the giggles? He did not, but it had really been a lot to expect. Ahead, the walk was now bare, the overhead streetlights throwing the shadows of the whispering trees in wavering patches on the walk. The two sets of footsteps echoed each other, one on each side of the pavement. Claude suddenly smiled to himself. Suppose he were to cross the street and plant himself in front of the policeman? Ask the *flic* for directions, say? Settle the matter once and for all——

His smile was wiped away immediately; he felt a sudden chill. You are an idiot, my friend, he said to himself grimly, soberly. You are beginning to show nerves. That idea was strictly from nerves. Don't. It is a bad habit to get into. Try not to get any more of those ridiculous notions.

Turn down one of the small side streets? And if the *flic* merely turns down the street with you, what then, my foolish friend? What did we just say about ridiculous ideas? Just keep walking. That's right. One foot ahead of the other.

The lights of the Place Duquesne appeared before him; a deserted sidewalk café beckoned hospitably from the broad sidewalk that flanked the empty flagstoned circle. Wait a minute! Approaching the *flic* was one thing, but pausing for a brief refreshment was quite another. One thing was certain; they couldn't keep up this silly charade all the way back to the university! Who was it who had said, if war must start, let it start here? He smiled faintly, slowed his steps and dropped into a chair well back from the curb. His satchel seemed to drape itself naturally across his thighs. And then he felt his heart lurch. The footsteps across the street had also stopped!

"M'sieu?"

Claude swung about, startled, staring up at a sleepy-eyed waiter. "What?"

The waiter stared at him. "Exactly, M'sieu. What?"

"Oh. A cognac."

The waiter nodded, yawned, wiped the table from force of habit and wandered off inside. He returned with a glass of amber liquid and placed it down. Claude turned to the glass, refusing to recognize the existence of the uniformed figure hesitating across the small *place* from him; he raised the drink and downed it in one swallow. It was a cheap cognac, an embarrassment of the vine, but its warmth was welcome. Claude forced himself to raise his eyes.

(concluded on page 216)

THE PAST few years were the best of times for men's fashions and the worst of times for men's suits. Sales slumped to all-time lows, probably because it was an era of sartorial self-expression—and suits were a symbol of the establishment. Now the fashion tide has turned and suits are back in style. Some models will be funky updatings of Forties looks, while other unlined and untailored versions are perfect for the Seventies. So check over the styles shown here, then—suit yourself.

the definitive statement on coming trends in warm-weather wearwithal

PLAYBOY'S SPRING & SUMMER FASHION FORECAST

attire

By ROBERT L. GREEN

WILSON McLEAN

Preceding page: Cotton-oxford untailored suit with notched lapels, $116, is shown with a patchwork shirt, $37.50, and silk-foulard bow tie, $12.50, all by Ralph Lauren for Polo. Right: Cotton-gobardine suit with notched lapels and angled patch pockets features on elasticized waist, $130, plus o polyester knit shirt with catface print, $45, both by Rafael.

Iridescent cotton suit, $115, is shown with o tone-on-tone shirt, $20, both by Cardin, on abstract-print tie, by Eagle, $5, and platform shoes, by Nunn Bush, $50.

Windowpone-plaid wool-ond-poly-ester-blend suit, by Geoffrey Beene for Cardinol Clothes, $185; broodcloth shirt, $18.50, and o plaid polyester tie, $6.50, both by Gont.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WILSON MC LEAN

WMcL

Pucker-plaid polyester, acrylic and cotton-blend single-breasted jacket with deep side vents, by Jahnny Corson, $75; nylon shirt with long-pointed collar and two-button cuffs, by Europe Craft, $16; linen-look polyester knit slacks with single-pleat front, tunnel belt loops, flared leg bottoms and deep cuffs, by Joymar-Ruby, $23; wing-tip shoes with platform soles and high heels, by Dexter, $22.

Above: Kodel/cotton untailored jacket with clover-leof lapels, elasticized waist and shovel pockets, by Pineopple, $27; dotted acrylic knit vest, by Impulse, $11; multicolor raised plaid on natural Indian cotton gauze shirt with long-pointed collar and barrel cuffs, by Gant, $16; multicolor striped cotton/linen slacks with narrow belt loops, slash pockets ond wide straight legs, by A. Smile, $14; and tritone patent-leather lace-up shoes with covered platform soles and heels, by Italia Bootwear, about $38.
Right: Cotton-chambroy untailored suit with clover-leaf lapels, patch pockets and contrast stitching, by Peters Sportswear, $37.50; multicolor rainbow-and-cloud-print polished Avril/cotton shirt, by Van Heusen Gear, $10; linen raised-plaid bow tie, by Seidler-Feuerman, $8.50; ond a narrow braided suede belt, by Paris, $6.

Multicolor polyester/cotton seersucker plaid untailored jacket with notched lapels and potch pockets, $25, over an acetate/nylon knit shirt with long-pointed collar, $7, and cotton-denim slacks with stitch-front crease and wide straight legs, $12, all by H.I.S.

Front: Cotton/polyester brushed-twill zip-front jacket, $23, and matching slacks, $12, both by Londlubber; plus a multicolor hibiscus-print short-sleeve rayon shirt, by Michael Milea / Peter Sinclair, $12; and kid-leather lace-up shoes with triple soles and stacked heels, by Italia Bootwear, about $30. Rear: Denim zip-front jacket, by Peters Sportswear, $18; cotton rib-knit turtleneck, by Puritan Sportswear, $15; and plaid brushed-cotton slacks, by Bucconeer, $15.

FLASHMAN AT THE CHARGE

(continued from page 90)

five-year-old who made the house hideous with his noise and was forever hitting his shuttlecocks about the place. I wasn't by any means sure that I was his father, for, as I have explained before, my Elspeth hid a monstrously passionate nature under her beautifully innocent roses-and-cream exterior, and I suspected that she had been bounced about by half of London during the 14 years of our marriage. I'd been away a good deal, of course. But I'd never caught her out—mind you, that meant nothing, for she'd never caught *me*, and I had had more than would make a handrail round Hyde Park. But whatever we both suspected we kept to ourselves and dealt very well. I loved her, you see, in a way which was not entirely carnal, and I think, I believe, I hope, that she worshipped me, although I've never made up my mind about that.

But I had my doubts about the paternity of little Havvy—so called because his names were Harry Albert Victor, and he couldn't say Harry properly, generally because his mouth was full. My chum Speedicut, I remember, who is a coarse brute, claimed to see a conclusive resemblance to me: When Havvy was a few weeks old and Speed came to the nursery to see him getting his rations, he said the way the infant went after the nurse's tits proved beyond doubt whose son he was.

"Little Havvy," I told Elspeth, "is much too young to care a feather what uniform his father wears. But my present work is important, my love, and you would not have me shirk my duty. Perhaps, later, I may transfer"—I would, too, as soon as it looked safe—"and you will be able to lead your cavalryman to drums and balls and in the Row to your heart's content."

It cheered her up, like a sweet to a child; she was an astonishingly shallow creature in that way. More like a lovely flaxen-haired doll come to life than a woman with a human brain, I often thought. Still, that has its conveniences, too.

In any event, Bindley spoke for me to Lord Paget, who took me in tow, and so I joined the Board of Ordnance. And it was the greatest bore, for his lordship proved to be one of those meddling fools who insist on taking an interest in the work of committees to which they are appointed—as if a lord is ever expected to do anything but lend the light of his countenance and his title. He actually put me to work, and not being an engineer or knowing more of stresses and moments than sufficed to get me in and out of bed, I was assigned to musketry testing at the Woolwich laboratory, which meant standing on firing points while the marksmen of the Royal Small Arms Factory blazed away at the "eunuchs."[2] The fellows there were a very common lot, engineers and the like, full of nonsense about the virtues of the Minié as compared with the Long Enfield .577, and the Pritchett bullet, and the Aston back sight—there was tremendous work going on just then, of course, to find a new rifle for the army, and Molesworth's committee was being set up to make the choice. It was all one to me if they decided on harquebuses; after a month spent listening to them prosing about jamming ramrods and getting oil on my trousers, I found myself sharing the view of old General Scarlett, who once told me:

"Splendid chaps the Ordnance, but dammem, a powder monkey's a powder monkey, ain't he? Let 'em fill the cartridges and bore the guns, but don't expect *me* to know a .577 from a mortar! What concern is that of a gentleman—or a soldier, either? Hey? Hey?"

Indeed, I began to wonder how long I could stand it, and settled for spending as little time as I could on my duties and devoting myself to the social life. Elspeth at 30 seemed to be developing an even greater appetite, if that were possible, for parties and dances and the opera and assemblies, and when I wasn't squiring her, I was busy about the clubs and the Haymarket, getting back into my favourite swing of devilled bones, mulled port and low company, riding round Albert Gate by day and St. John's Wood by night, racing, playing pool, carousing with Speed and the lads and keeping the Cyprians busy. London is always lively, but there was a wild mood about in those days and growing wilder as the weeks passed. It was all: When will the war break out? For soon it was seen that it must come, the press and the street-corner orators were baying for Russian blood.

I listened to a mob in Piccadilly singing about how British arms would "tame the frantic autocrat and smite the Russian slave," and consoled myself with the thought that I would be snug and safe down at Woolwich, doing less than my share to see that they got the right guns to do it with. And so I might, if I hadn't loafed out one evening to play pool with Speed in the Haymarket.

We had played a few games of sausage in the Piccadilly Rooms when a dragoon named Cutts came by and offered us a match at billiards for a quid a hundred. But, after he'd taken a fiver apiece from us, I was sick of it. There are some smart alecks I can't abide to be beat by—and Cutts, whose luck was dead in, was crowing too loud for me. So, leaving Speed to play him again, I mooched over to watch a game going on at a corner table. One of the regular sharks—a grinning specimen with ginger-coloured whiskers—was fleecing a novice.

The lamb about to be sheared was a proper-looking mama's boy, no more than 18, who looked as though he'd be more at home handing cucumber sandwiches to Aunt Jane than pushing a cue. They were playing pyramids, and I watched as the shark led him on bit by bit, first pretending to have bad luck, then finally potting the last four balls perfectly. He took £15 off the boy and walked away, calling to the waiter for champagne.

The little gudgeon was standing woebegone, holding his limp purse. I thought of speeding him on his way with a taunt or two, but then I had a bright idea. "Cleaned out, Snooks?" says I. "He rooked you properly, didn't he? Care for a drink to drown your sorrows?"

He started to turn away, looking suspicious. "I thank you, no," says he. "I have no money left whatever."

"Hold on," says I, "I'm no Captain Sharp. I'll stand the drinks." In two minutes, I had him looking into a brandy glass, giving him some cheery comfort, and soon we were chatting away like old companions. He was a foreigner, I gathered, doing the tour, and he had managed to slip away from his tutor for a peep at the fleshpots of London.

"At least it has been a lesson to me," says he. "But how shall I explain my empty purse to Dr. Winter?"

"Dam' slack of him to let you slip off," says I. "He'll likely be so glad to get you back that he won't ask too many questions." You may wonder why I was being so pleasant to this flat, but I had my eye on the table where Cutts was trimming up Speed and gloating over it. "I'll tell you what," I went on, "I can't put the fifteen sovs back in your pocket, but I'll see that you win a game just for the credit."

He nodded doubtfully, but I could see that he was still fascinated, staring about at the players in their flowery weskits, tall hats and enormous whiskers, others in the new style of fantastic shirts with death's heads, frogs and serpents all over them. I slipped over to one of the markers whom I knew well and whispered, "Joe, give me a shaved ball, will you? It's just for a lark. No money, no rooking."

He hesitated, but then he went behind the counter and came back with a set of billiard balls. "Spot's the boy," he whispered, "but no nonsense, on your honour, Cap'n Flashman."

I went over to where Cutts had just

[2] *The "eunuchs." The open-range musketry target in use at this time consisted of the usual concentric circles but with a naked human figure in the centre; the bull was a black disk discreetly placed below the figure's waistline.*

"I don't care who you are, mister. Nobody's going to spoil the party we've planned for our 10,000th customer—and you're it!"

finished demolishing Speed and told Cutts I had a fellow who wanted to play him, "That little terror over in the corner," says I. And so, with his toadies in his wake, guffawing and making an uproar, he offered to play the little greenhorn.

You've probably never seen a shaved ball used—but you wouldn't know it if you have. It's one that has had just a delicate shaving of ivory peeled from one side of it. The flat, who gets the ball to play, never suspects a thing, because it can't be detected except for the slowest of slow shots, when it will waver ever so slightly before it stops. Well, it did handsomely here. Cutts missed cannons by a whisker; his shots rattled in the jaws of the pockets and stayed out; and when he tried a jenny, he often missed the red altogether.

It all ended up with Cutts's losing by 30 points, swearing and fuming, while Speed took our young champion off for a drink. "You'd better take up whist with old ladies," says I to Cutts. "With all your whiskers, I'd never have guessed you'd get such a close *shave*." With a sudden oath, he snatched up the spot ball and looked at it.

"Curse you, Flashman, you've sharped me! Where is that little toad?—I'll have him thrashed."

But his pals were all laughing and falling against each other, and I said, "Hold your wind, you lost no money. It will teach you to play billiards with little flats from the nursery." And so I left him, thoroughly shaken down.

I took up with Speed and the greenhorn, who was now waxing voluble in the grip of booze, and off we went. I thought it would be capital sport to take him along to one of the accommodation houses in Haymarket and get him paired off with a whore in a galloping wheelbarrow race, for it was certain he'd never been astride a female in his life, and it would have been splendid to see them bumping across the floor together on hands and knees towards the winning post. But we stopped off for punch on the way and the little snirp got so fuddled he couldn't even walk. We helped him along, but he was maudlin, so we took off his trousers in an alley off Regent Street, painted his arse with blacking which we bought for a penny on the way, and then shouted, "Come on, peelers! Here's the scourge of A Division waiting to set about you! Come on and be damned to you!" And as soon as the bobbies hove in sight we cut, and left them to find our little friend, nose down in the gutter, with his black bum sticking up in the air.

I went home well pleased that night, only wishing I could have been present when Dr. Winter came face to face again with his erring pupil.

And that night's work changed my life and preserved India for the British crown—what do you think of that? It's true enough, though, as you'll see.

However, the fruits didn't appear for a few days after that, and in the meantime, another thing happened which also has a place in my story. I renewed an old acquaintance, who was to play a considerable part in my affairs over the next few months—and that was full of consequence, too, for him, and me, and history.

I had spent the day keeping out of Paget's way at the Horse Guards and chatting part of the time, I remember, with Colonel Colt, the American gun expert, who was there to give evidence before the select committee on firearms.[3] (I ought to remember our conversation, but I don't, so it was probably damned dull and technical.) Afterwards, however, I went up to town to meet Elspeth in the Ride and take her on to tea with one of her Mayfair women.

She was sidesaddling it up the Ride, wearing her best mulberry rig and a plumed hat, and looking ten times as fetching as any female in view. But as I trotted up alongside, I near as not fell out of my saddle with surprise, for she had a companion with her, and who should it be but my Lord Haw-Haw himself, the Earl of Cardigan.

I don't suppose I had exchanged a word with him—indeed, I had hardly seen him, and then only at a distance—since he had packed me off to India 14 years before. I had loathed the brute then, and time hadn't softened the sentiment: He was the swine who had kicked me out of the Cherrypickers for (irony of ironies) marrying Elspeth and committed me to the horrors of the Afghan campaign. And here he was, getting spooney round my wife, whom he had affected to despise once on a day for her lowly origins. And spooning to some tune, too, by the way he was leaning confidentially across from his saddle, his rangy old boozy face close to her blonde and beautiful one, and the little slut was laughing and looking radiant.

She caught my eye and waved and his lordship looked me over in his high-nosed damn-you way which I remembered so well. He would be in his mid-50s by now, and it showed: The whiskers were greying, the gooseberry eyes were watery and the legions of bottles he had consumed had cracked the veins in that fine nose of his. But he still rode straight as a lance, and if his voice was wheezy, it had lost nothing of its plunger drawl.

"Haw-haw," says he, "it is Fwashman, I see. Where have you been, sir? Hiding away these many years, I dare say, with this lovely lady. Haw-haw. How-de-do, Fwashman? Do you know, my dear"—this to Elspeth, damn his impudence—"I decware that this fine fellow, your husband, has put on fwesh alarmingly since last I saw him. Haw-haw. Always was too heavy for a wight dwagoon, but now—pwepostewous! You feed him too well, my dear! Haw-haw!"

It was a damned lie, of course, no doubt designed to draw a comparison with his own fine figure—scrawny, some might have thought it. I could have kicked his lordly backside and given him a piece of my mind.

"Good day, milord," says I with my best toady smile. "May I say how well your lordship is looking? In good health, I trust."

"Thank'ee," says he and, turning to Elspeth: "As I was saying, we have the vewy finest hunting at Deene. Spwendid sport, don't ye know, and specially wecommended for young wadies wike yourself. You must come to visit—you, too, Fwashman. You wode pwetty well, as I wecollect. Haw-haw."

"You honour me with the recollection, milord," says I, wondering what would happen if I smashed him between the eyes. "But I——"

"Yaas," says he, turning languidly back to Elspeth. "No doubt your husband has many duties—in the Ordnance, is it not, or some such thing? Haw-haw. But you must come down, my dear, with one of your fwiends, for a good wong stay, what? The faiwest bwossoms bwoom best in countwy aiw, don't ye know? Haw-haw." And the old scoundrel had the gall to lean over and pat her hand.

She, the little ninny, was all for it, giving him a dazzling smile and protesting he was too, too kind—this aged satyr who was old enough to be her father and had vice leering out of every wrinkle in his face. Of course, where climbing little snobs like Elspeth are concerned, there ain't such a thing as an ugly peer of the realm, but even she could surely have seen how grotesque his advances were. Of course, women love it.

"In the meantime, my dear, I shall wook to see you widing hereabouts. Haw-haw. I dewight to see a female who wides so gwacefully. Decidedwy, you must come to Deene. Haw-haw." He took off his hat to her, bowing from the waist—and a Polish hussar couldn't have done it better, dammem. "Good day to you, Mrs. Fwashman." He gave me the merest nod and cantered off up the Ride, cool as you please.

Of course, swearing and prosing were both lost on Elspeth; when I had vented my bile against Cardigan, I tried to

(continued on page 220)

[3] *Sir William Molesworth's Commons committee met in March 1854 to consider small-arms production. Lord Paget was among the members and Lieutenant Colonel Sam Colt, the American inventor of the Colt revolver, was among those who gave evidence.*

SKIN'S ART

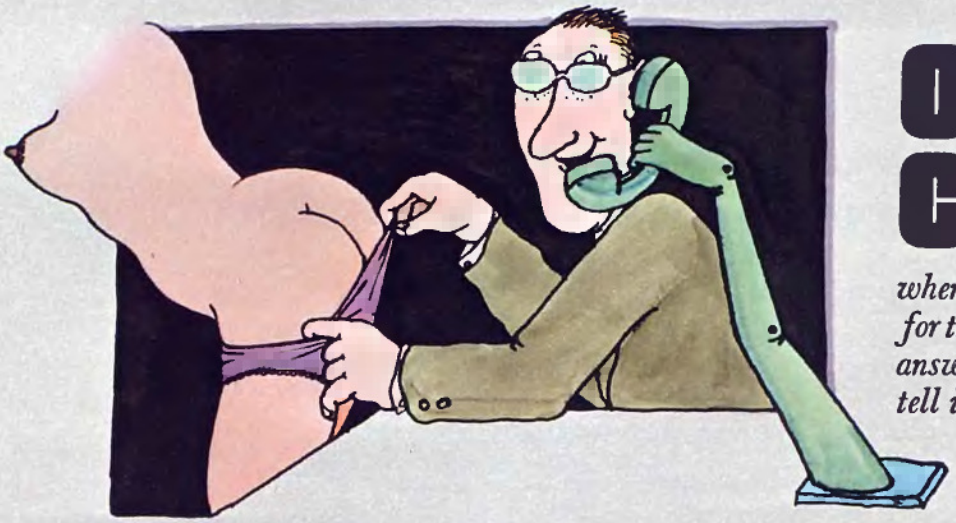
so what if he'd been hassled—there was always annmarie and the water bed to help him turn off his troubles

fiction **BY MICHAEL ROGERS** ON A WARM night, nearly midnight, in the heart of July, Skin Lathrop drives Annmarie's Ford pickup into the plate-glass side of a drive-through hamburger stand, deep in the sprawled suburbs south of San Francisco. Although the accident does not occur at a high rate of speed—because Skin is at that moment pulling out of the drive-through and trying simultaneously, in a complex maneuver, to consume an onion ring—it is complicated by the fact that just 45 minutes before, Skin had piggishly consumed the last of Annmarie's personal stash of reds, which he had discovered concealed in a tiny magnetized box secreted beneath one of the engine mounts. Although Skin tries to pull away from the scene of the accident, he happens instead—due to entirely unavoidable chemical misjudgment—to accelerate directly into the rear of a Volkswagen bus just pulling out onto the highway, thereby immobilizing all vehicles concerned and immediately drawing the attention of a passing highway-patrol car.

Skin reluctantly chews and swallows two thick joints hesitantly entrusted to him by Annmarie, washing the dry choking shreds down with a drink of cold vanilla milk shake, and then he climbs out of the pickup to stand bemusedly amid the thousand shards of thick plate glass that glitter in the fluorescent lighting of the parking lot.

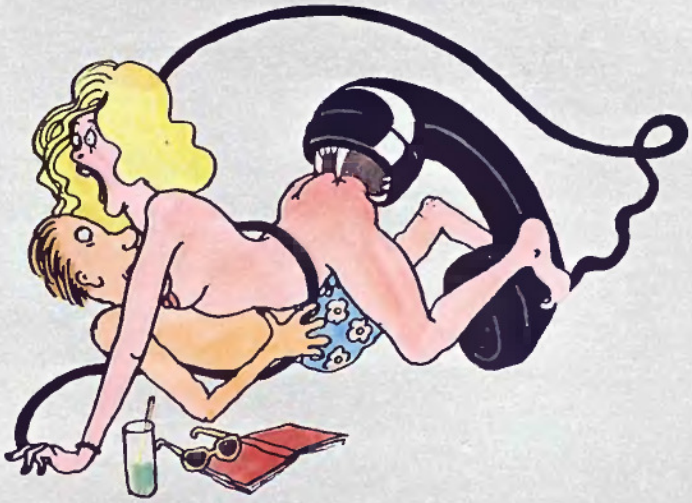
The driver of the VW bus reaches him first. He is tall and thin and blond, with an unsuccessful beard and an anemic-looking girl who follows at some distance. Skin diagnoses him as a college student. "What the hell did you do to my van?" the college boy wants to know, his voice just under control. "I mean, Jesus, *(continued on page 142)*

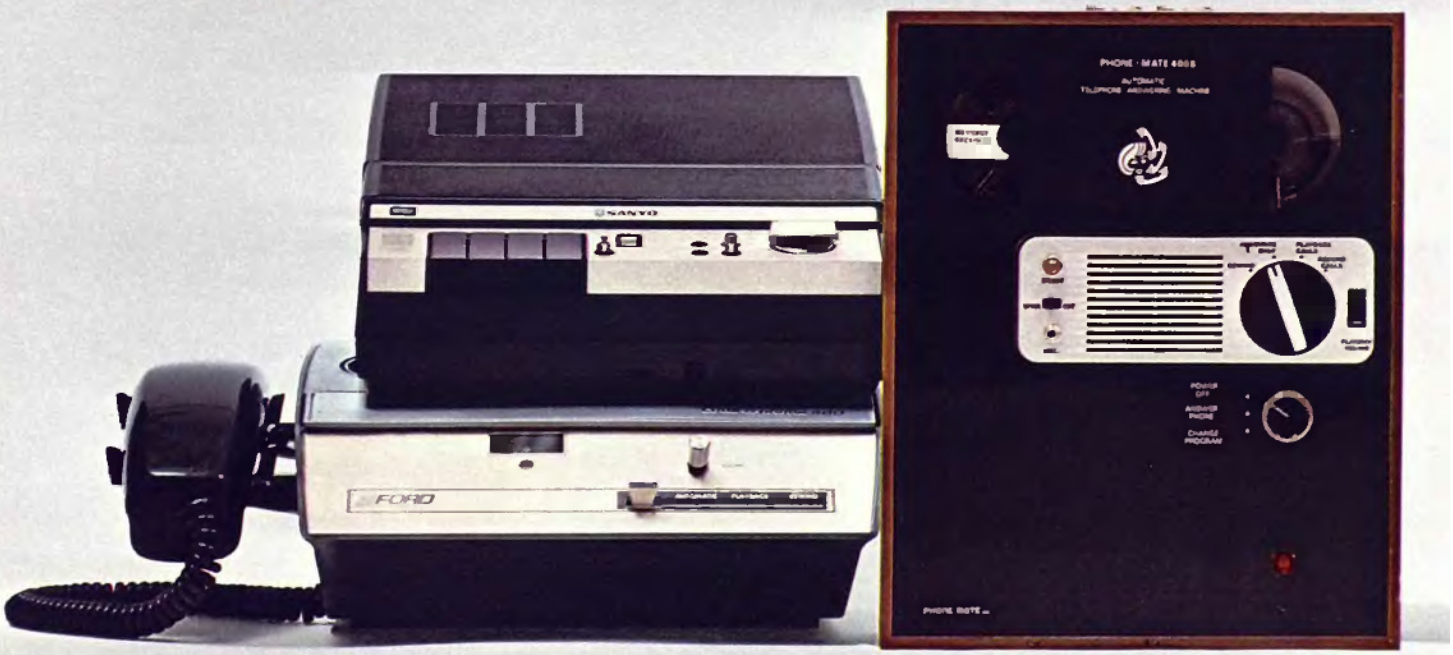
PHOTOGRAPHY BY CHUCK WOOD



ON CALL

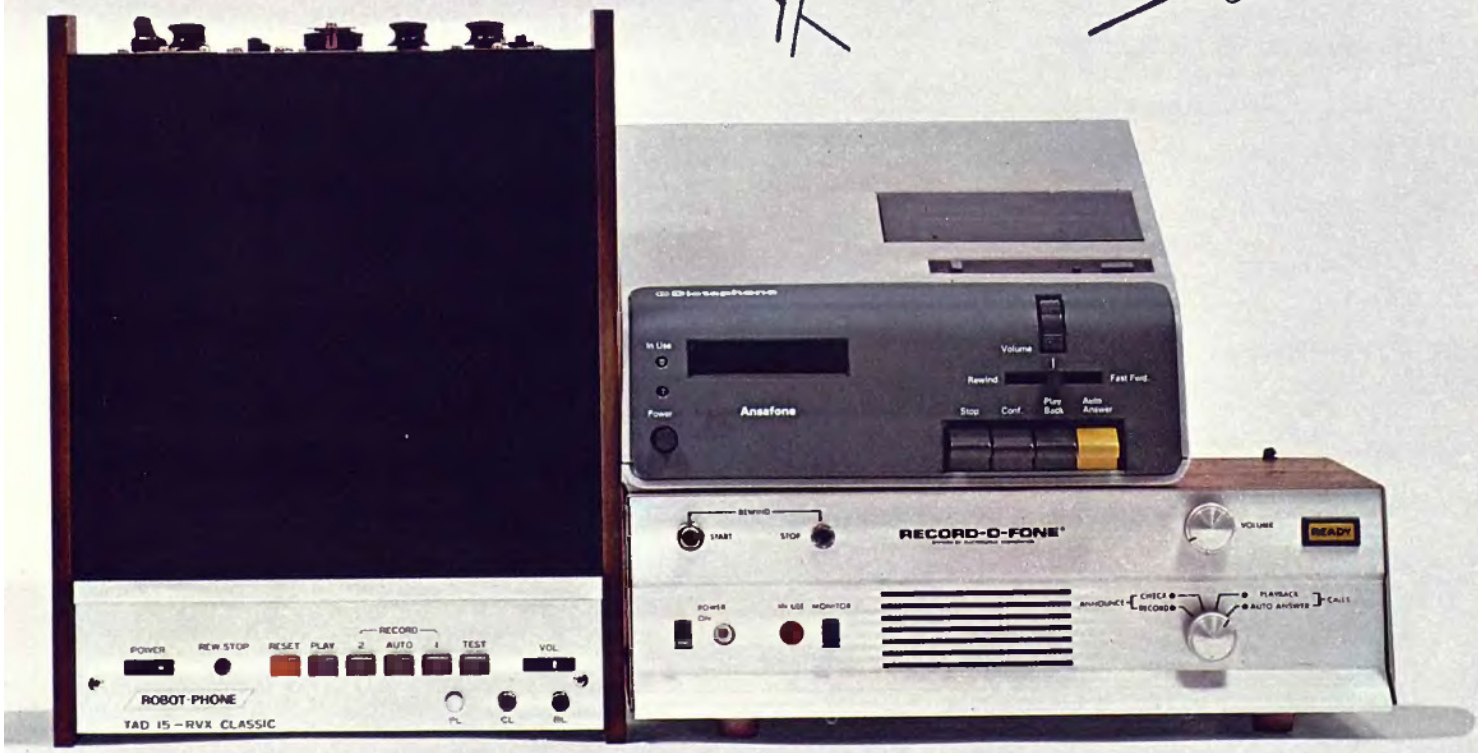
when the bell tolls for thee—and you can't answer—let them tell it to the machine





Left to right: Model M139D4 cassette answering machine that features four timing cycles ranging from 45 to 180 seconds, by Sanyo, $229, is atop an ultrasophisticated Code-A-Phone Madel 560 messoge center that comes with a pocket coder for playing back, erasing or rerecording messages over the phone, by Ford Industries, $795, plus installatian charge. Phone-Mate Model 400S that records, plays back, etc., plugs into a four-prang phone jack and utilizes Mylar tope that has a life of about five years, by Tron-Tech, $150.

ONLY THE COMIC MADNESS of illustrator Tomi Ungerer could begin to capture the frustrating love/hate relationship that most of us have with the telephone. Unchecked, Ma Bell can be a strident mistress who too often screams when someone's in the tub, refuses to speak until all alone or rudely wrests whoever's within earshot from the arms of Morpheus (not to mention a more comely substitute). The Wellsian solution to the problem, of course, was for man to create a machine to control a machine, and that's what's shown here—the latest and best electronic answering devices now on the market. Several of them can be monitored from any phone in the world; one comes with three announcement channels that can be prerecorded for answering during different periods of absence; another changes its message as fast as you can switch cassettes; and yet another asks questions of the caller and actually shuts up when spoken to. All allow whoever's on the line plenty of time to rap (almost three minutes on some) and there's no way to stop blabbermouths from ringing back for more. Say goodbye to your phone hang-ups.



Left to right: Robot-Phone Model TAD 15-RVX comes with o remote Message Moster thot enobles user to ploy back calls from ony telephone; auxiliory switch ollows the recording of two-woy phone conversations, from Telesonic Sales of Illinois, $399. Ansofone Model 650 thot lets one preprogrom o series of questions within o 120-second time frome, by Dictophone, $650, is otop a Model 100 unit thot features o duol onnounce heod for prerecording seporate messoges; olso comes with remote-activoted playback unit, by Record-O-Fone, $615.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY TOMI UNGERER
PHOTOGRAPHY BY BILL ARSENAULT

SKIN'S ART

(continued from page 139)

you come driving right up, you smash right into it, the *engine*'s back there."

Skin tries to keep his balance and he examines the back of the VW bus. The girlfriend stands beside the van and peers cautiously at Skin. The high steel bumper of the old Ford appears to have very neatly mashed the thin cover of the engine compartment. Buy American, thinks Skin. He stares at the college boy and tries to think of something to say.

"Hey, you, right there," a fat man in a white costume says as he emerges striding from the drive-through, pointing at Skin. He is apparently the night manager and he is carrying, tightly clenched, a short polished wooden night stick. "You, you better stay right there, don't you move, stay right there."

The highway-patrol car has made a full U turn in the middle of the highway and pulls up to the curb, red lights flashing. Skin sits on the bumper of the Ford and hooks his hair back behind his ears. He looks at the college boy and the night manager, who both now stand before him. At last, very deliberately, he shakes his head. At the moment, it is the most complex motion he can manage.

One cop starts over and his partner remains beside the car, speaking into a microphone. Skin stands carefully as the cop approaches and marshals all of his energies into an impression of normality. He is the first to speak.

"Officer," he says, enunciating with the delicate precision of a logroller, "I want you to understand: This unfortunate incident is entirely—completely—a mechanical malfunction."

• • •

Annmarie, who works four until midnight at an all-night pants store, is still awake when Skin gets back to their small apartment. He shows her the citation, for reckless operation of a motor vehicle and a series of equipment violations so lengthy that they have to be continued on a separate sheet. Although the cops were highly suspicious, Skin at least minimally managed his act and was not given the opportunity to display his reflexes and balance before the watchful eyes of the two patrolmen.

"You idiot," Annmarie says without much excitement. "You total idiot." She is sitting on the couch watching a talk program, her feet propped up on a chair, accentuating the plump bulge of expansive hips and considerable butt encased in her tight Levis. "I swear to God," she says, running a hand through her thick curly black hair. She is two years older than Skin and an inch taller, and they have been living together for six months. Often, to Skin, it seems as if it has been six years. This—time dilation, he thinks of it—he takes as a sign of love.

Annmarie folds her arms and gazes at Skin, the pale side of her face illuminated blue by the electric glow of the television tube. "You did some reds," she says, "huh?"

Skin drops the thin yellow paper of the citation on the floor, sinks into an overstuffed armchair, shrugs. "Yeah," he says, "I guess so."

"You guess so," Annmarie says, "I bet you guess so, where'd you get them?"

"I found 'em," Skin says.

"Where'd you find them?"

"I found them in the goddamned truck," Skin says, "right where you goddamn hid them."

"Sssssss," Annmarie hisses.

"Listen," Skin says wearily, "don't ever put drugs in the goddamned engine, for Crissake, the heat fucks 'em up and somebody's going to be driving the truck and get stopped and not know they're there, so just don't do it."

Annmarie stares at the television. There is some kind of Government official on now, along with some entertainers, and the politician, in his suit and tie, looks like a drab sparrow beside the spectacularly plumed show people. "You wreck the truck much?"

"Nah," Skin says. "Won't cost us a penny." He tells her that both the van owner and the night manager, on the advice of the highway patrolmen, copied Annmarie's address off the registration of the truck. It is, they both know, as nearly untraceable an address as one can have these days. They left it three months ago, owing two months' rent and $50 on the truck, and have not heard a word since.

Annmarie still stares at the television, shaking her head. "You've got to get a job," she tells Skin finally. "If you're gonna steal my dope, if you're gonna wreck my truck, then you better get a job, make some money."

"But my art," Skin says. "I need time for my art."

"Your art," Annmarie says, "my ass."

She reaches under the chair and picks up a can of beer. "You still got those numbers?" she asks after she drinks.

"Ah," says Skin, unmoving. "Those numbers."

"You picked up some little chickie and went up to Skyline and smoked 'em," Annmarie says, "that's what you did. And then you wrecked my truck."

"I ate 'em," Skin says.

"That's typical," Annmarie says with hearty disgust. "That's really typical." She looks over at Skin. "I bet you feel real good now, huh?"

Skin thinks about it. As a matter of fact, he feels very good. "I feel OK," he says, "considering the headphones are broken."

"I bet you feel real fine now," Annmarie says. "A lot finer than I feel."

Skin stands—quite steadily, all considered—and goes into the bedroom. The ceiling light is burned out, so he switches on Annmarie's big Tijuana gilt-plaster cherub lamp on the dresser. In a hollowed-out copy of *Siddhartha* that Annmarie has not yet discovered, Skin finds the single joint, rolled in fragrant cinnamon paper, that was given to him by a little girl at a concert at the fairgrounds and that has resided, almost forgotten, in the place that Hesse once occupied. He takes it out to the living room and hands it to Annmarie with a flourish and lights a match.

"Oh," she says, looking up from the television, suddenly smiling, "oh, oh, oh."

"Very good stuff," Skin says.

Annmarie speaks in a blue exhalation of smoke. "I love you," she says.

"I love *you*," Skin tells her.

She takes another hit. "Can you get me a beer?" she gasps, breath held.

"Sure can," Skin says, and then he gets her another beer, and one for himself, too.

• • •

That night, after the one-o'clock movie is over and there is nothing left to watch but a sermonette and a film of the American flag and then the perpetual electronic snow, Skin and Annmarie make long pounding love on their unframed water bed. The floor beneath is linoleum over concrete slab and the bed is always cold, but because it has been a hot summer, they have not yet noticed.

Sex is a pillar of their relationship. Such a pillar, in fact, Skin thinks the next morning over ice cream and granola, that they are almost certainly going to burst the water bed if he does not frame it. On Tuesdays and Thursdays, Annmarie works days as a cashier in a car wash. Today Skin drives her to work so that he can use the truck, and after he leaves Annmarie off, he drives two miles up the hot highway to a large private university.

The university is undergoing a massive expansion program and, in Skin's opinion, is mildly overextended with respect to daytime security. He cruises the cool oak-lined streets, trying with some success to appear collegiate, until he locates a chain-link-fenced construction site that has apparently been temporarily deserted. He circles once and determines that (a) the construction-site gate is not locked, and (b) in one corner there is a nice plastic-covered pile of what appear to be long pine two-by-sixes.

"Thank you, Lord," Skin says reverently when he has completed his reconnaissance.

He has long since learned that when one is liberating the people's property

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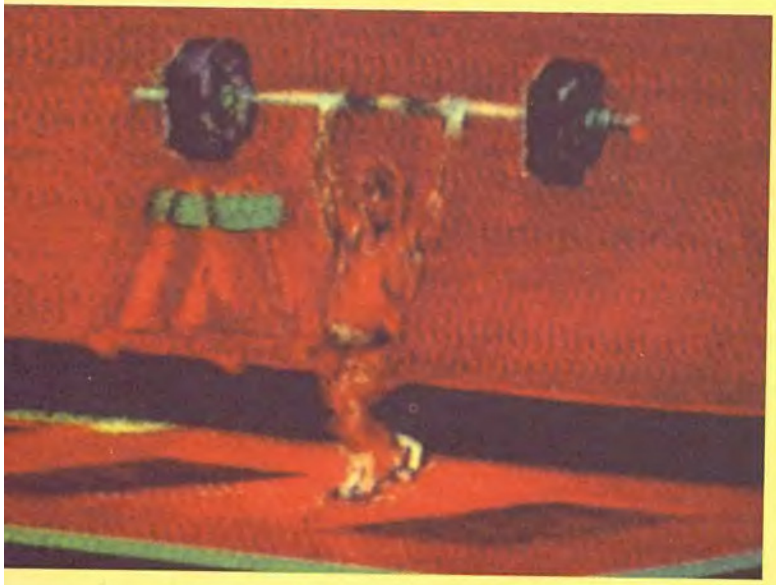
THE GAMES OF MUNICH

article By JOHN SKOW *reality's disquieting image at what could be the last olympiad*

IT IS A LITTLE HARD to keep this in focus, but the problem that everyone in Munich worried about before the Olympics was whether the swooping Plexiglas tent that covered part of the big stadium would trap the sun's heat, poach the athletes and turn the plastic running track to peanut butter. The possibility was raised in the local press that the nation's lovingly prepared Olympic games might in this way become a laughingstock, a disaster.

The concern may have been justified, and at some future track meet or soccer game, everything at ground level in the stadium may turn brown at the edges and start to smoke. It didn't happen during the Olympics, however. The weather was nearly perfect, shading to cool late in the afternoons, so that the high jumpers and long jumpers, whose events drowse on into early evening, spent a lot of time putting on and taking off their warm-up pants. Rain held off until after the marathon, on the last day, and then did nothing more than soak a few soccer players. The gentle Bavarian climate gave the games what used to be called Kaiser weather, then *Führer* weather, and now was called Olympic weather.

Most visitors, I suspect, found themselves listening now and then for echoes of the Nazi regime, but the Germans themselves were in no mood to hear those



echoes, and they took great care to muffle them. The games were to be *heiter*—bright, cheerful, untroubled. Mostly, in matters the Germans could control, they were *heiter*. Big floppy banners in unmenacing pastel colors floated above the streets of Munich and the Olympic park. The stage settings of the 1936 Olympics in Berlin had been boastful and imposing; but the architecture of the 1972 games was as light and whimsical as anything seen in this part of the world since the time of Ludwig, the Mad King of Bavaria.

Now and then, of course, the past reached out and tapped the viewer on the shoulder. A few yards away from the stadium there is a big grass-covered mound, perhaps 200 feet high. During the games it was jammed 12 hours a day with ticketless sight-seers peering down at the figures on the playing field. I toured the Olympic park a few days before the games with a German photographer I had met and he asked me if I knew what the mound was made of. I said that I had heard it was war rubble from the Schwabing district. "*Leichen*," he said, grinning. "*Lauter Leitchen*." Bodies. The grin, depending on how one cared to interpret it, was either a vestige of *Schadenfreude*—the insane joy of destruction that is supposed to be part of the Teutonic character—or simple journalistic cynicism. American bombs, after all, had produced the *Leichen*, and here we two were, very palsy.

Edginess aside, however, Munich successfully made the point during the first days of the games that Germans once more were just as civilized as anyone else. The last days of the games may have proved that no one is civilized, but never mind, Germany is as prosperous and paunchy as it is said to be, and a good deal more cheerful. Its army is a halfhearted joke, and that's fine with its supposedly militaristic citizens; serious armies cost too much and sometimes shoot people. Germans who think about Hitler at all are likely to say judiciously that he was talented but a maniac. Openly expressed anti-Jewish feeling has subsided to roughly the level tolerated among older members of the Chevy Chase Club. World War Two is over.

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A central oddity of the Olympiad was the multiple paradox that (1) it was a spectacle that by reason of its size was mostly unattendable and therefore mostly unwatchable; nevertheless, (2) it was overrun by solemn legions of highly skilled professional watchers, who sifted computer print-outs, cathode-tube emissions and sometimes actual athletic events for details, but who (3) by their own huge numbers seriously inhibited whatever fine-scale observation might otherwise have been possible.

There were, we were told, 4000 of us, journalists of one description or another. Each of us was trying, singly or as a member of a pack, to deal with contests and related alarums held simultaneously at different locations in Munich as well as at the main Olympic park, and also in several other cities across Germany. What is usually thought of as "coverage" was, of course, impossible. Not only did the mightiest efforts fall ridiculously short (ABC Television broadcast about 65 of the approximately 1500 hours of world-class competition) but even a gesture at thoroughness would have blown the fuses of any conceivable viewer or reader. Who had the *Sitzfleisch* to watch 65 hours of televised foot races? The best reportorial plan, obviously, was to wander about planless, picking fruit from the overhanging branches.

Of the 4000 tagged and certified newsmen, approximately 3997 wanted private interviews with Mark Spitz. (The exceptions were two operatives from Tass and myself. I had heard Spitz do his wooden-Indian imitation at a press conference, and the Russians had their own reasons.)

Everyone wanted to watch Olga Korbut, the tiny Russian gymnast, perform on the balance beam, and everyone wanted to watch the Russians play the U. S. team in the basketball finals. The arenas in which these wonders occurred were small, press tickets were rationed, and the only reason riots were avoided was

PHOTOGRAPHY BY HARRY GRUYAERT

"Miss Wilson, in this dormitory you can do your own thing but you can't charge for it."

that the clever Germans had built the Olympic press headquarters on the principle of a fish trap. This lavish building was easy to get into but, because of its luxury, very difficult to get out of.

At any given moment for 17 days, a visitor could count on seeing at least half of the press corps becalmed there, drinking, eating, complaining or playing with the fine modern computer information system that blipped out wrong or outdated sports information with astonishing speed. Mostly, however, the news hawks sat stuporous on squashy black Naugahyde sofas, with plastic half-liter containers of Löwenbräu at hand, and watched the Olympics by staring at the banks of color-television sets. A man could cover four events at a time by this method, think well of himself and never move more than 20 feet from the bar.

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The fish trap was the central point of my wanderings in the idle days before the games began. I was living in the center of Munich, in an austere fifth-floor walk-up owned by an Austrian friend of mine, who had used it 20 years before, during his university days. Thinking to get some advice on Munich's night life, I had asked him how he used to spend his time when he wasn't studying. "I would lean out of the window," he had said, in the rich stage-British accent used by educated Austrians when they speak English, "and see how long it took for spit to hit the sidewalk." I tried this and was struck by an unexpected wave of nostalgia. It reminded me of my own college years.

Mornings I boiled water in a corroded teakettle, dissolved some powdered coffee, washed, shaved, cleaned the coffee cup and walked down five flights of waxed, worn wood stairs to the Herzog-Wilhelm-Strasse. A few meters away, in the Kaufingerstrasse, I would buy a copy of the *Abendzeitung* at the kiosk and two marks' worth of hot sugared almonds from a street vendor, who weighed them out with a chemist's balance and served them in a paper cone.

It was a pleasurably degenerate routine; the *Abendzeitung*, a yellow sheet that billed itself as "Bavaria's Well-beloved Newspaper," rotted the mind as dependably as the almonds rotted the teeth. Each edition brought news of a fresh Olympic outrage, usually unperceived by the rest of the world's press. One day it was the new "*Puff*," or whorehouse, that had opened on the Dachauer Strasse near the Olympic park, causing the neighborhood housewives to rise up in wrath.

So inventive was the *Abendzeitung* that a later scandal seemed almost real for a couple of hours. Mark Spitz wandered to one of his victory ceremonies carrying his sneakers, which happened to be the distinctively striped and heavily promoted Adidas kind, and when he waved at the camera in a vague "Hi, gang" gesture, the shoes happened to be in the hand he waved. The *Abendzeitung* wasn't having any coincidences where Spitz was concerned, and its writer observed with a splendid display of scornful virtue that Spitz obviously was equally talented in collecting *Geld* (money) and *Gold* (his medals). Skier Karl Schranz, whom Avery Brundage had kicked out of the winter Olympics earlier in the year for showing visible means of support, came to Spitz's defense, maybe. Of course Spitz was taking money, said the Lion of St. Anton, and good for him. He, Schranz, supported Spitz every step to the bank.

The International Olympic Committee, on this single occasion unaccountably missing a chance to spill egg on its vest, waved away the accusation against Spitz. But the *Abendzeitung* was undiscouraged, and the next day, there it was again on the Kaufingerstrasse, leaning against a street lamp and swinging its handbag.

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I would reach the fish trap by 10:30 or 11 A.M., throw out the accumulation of mimeographed misery that had settled in my mailbox overnight, and then review the issues of the day. These might include (in the order of my willingness to think about them) the absurd necklines of the hostess' dirndls, the singular pictographs on the rest-room doors, and the Rhodesian mess.

The Austrian and Bavarian dirndl is the most attractive female costume ever devised. Its low, spinnaker neckline is dizzyingly seductive if the wearer is young, and gracious and beautiful if she is less young. But Germany's Olympic organizers, in a fit of misguided ecumenism, commissioned the French designer Courrèges to create a dirndl for the hostesses, and this malefactor responded with an antiseptic high-necked version that numbed the male soul and caused the hostesses themselves to churn with outrage. It was easily the most treacherous attack in two centuries of Franco-German hostility.

Less calamitous but equally sinister was the matter of the rest-room pictographs. There were pictographs for everything at the games; the stylized figure of a swimmer directed spectators to the pool, a fencer showed where fencing was held, and so on. On the doors of the men's toilets, appropriately, was a standing male figure, back to the viewer, with his hands meeting in front of him at crotch level. What was baffling—at any rate, to me—was the pictograph on the doors of the women's rest rooms: a standing female figure (narrower shoulders, a skirt and slenderer ankles), her back to the viewer, with her hands meeting in front of her at crotch level. My question was, and is, *What was this figure supposed to be doing?*

The Rhodesian mess was a cheap power play: the successful effort of the black African nations to attack the racist government of Rhodesia by excluding its athletes (an integrated team) from the games. Since Uganda, a principal stirrer up of the trouble, was busy identifying itself as a racist nation by kicking out its Asian residents as brutally as possible, the virtue of the black African position seemed less than self-evident. My own doubts grew mutinously when two sleek, sly and prosperous politicians from the black bloc appeared in the fish trap and boasted in French of their stunt. "A victory for Africa, a victory for sport," said one, and "The future belongs to Africa," said the other. The International Olympic Committee had, of course, caved in to numbers; there were more athletes and more stars on the teams of the African bloc, and among the U. S. blacks who supported it, than there were on the Rhodesian team.

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I skipped the torchlighting ceremony, because parades trigger in my mind a deep instinct for flight, and went mountain climbing in Austria. When I returned, the Rhodesian nastiness had been forgotten, except, I suppose, by the Rhodesians, and the mood of the fish trap and the Olympic village was again *heiter*. It was the first of several swings of emotion at the games, the last of which were so extreme as to seem schizoid.

For the moment, however, the Rhodesian brackishness was tucked out of sight and the Arab savagery was not yet in view. Mornings at the stadium, while the decathlon high jumpers, say, moved slowly onfield in their sweat clothes, dragging the air mattresses on which they would recline between shots, and trucks turtled along the track off-loading hurdles for a series of heats not scheduled for another hour and a half, there was time to muse about television and the games.

An eyeball viewer has a much better look at the javelin throw than a TV watcher, for instance, because the eyes' binocular vision, wide-angle lenses and better definition pick up the arc of the javelin's flight almost immediately and judge its length and sense. (A javelinist runs, does a couple of prancing steps, sets and heaves, and a pack of them warming up—fierce girls, with floating ponytails—is a brave sight. The viewer imagines Captain Cook being greeted by such a pack before he was eaten.)

Eye and camera are about equally effective for the dashes, but the eye's wide angle catches the spread of the runners far better in the distance events (except for the marathon, which is a mere

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disney's latest hit

dayle haddon, a canadian-born ballerina, is on her toes for a new movie career

WHEN SHE WAS A LITTLE GIRL in Montreal, Dayle Haddon was—well—puny. To build up her physique, Dayle's parents sent her to dancing school. It worked. By the time she was 13, she was a member of Les Grandes Ballets Canadiennes. At 18, she'd filled out sufficiently to be voted Miss Montreal. When a friend sent her photo to a fashion magazine in New York, a new career began for Dayle; for

In the two scenes below from the Walt Disney comedy *The World's Greatest Athlete*, film newcomer Doyle Haddon shares the spotlight with: Horri, a 400-pound Bengal tiger (left); Nonu, the jungle boy, played by Jan-Michael Vincent, and coaches Tim Conway and John Amos (right).

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD BENNETT TAYLOR

the next several years, she was a successful photographer's model. Last year, to be near her boyfriend, she moved to Hollywood—and, almost on a whim, showed up at the tryouts for a Walt Disney film, *The World's Greatest Athlete*. "I interviewed more than a hundred girls for the part of Jane, the student tutor who falls in love with a jungle boy," recalls producer Bill Walsh. "Only Dayle had the quality of innocence essential to the role." Soon after landing the part, Dayle, 23, was cast

"Acting has always appealed to me, I suppose, because it's challenging," says Dayle. "I studied drama in New York before I went to Europe to model. Still, I was surprised to get the Disney part; the competition was pretty tough." Someday, says Dayle, she'd like to put her decade of dance training to use—and star in a musical.

in another production, *Last of the Big Guns*, starring Keir Dullea. "The two films are as different as night and day," Dayle says. "*Big Guns* required more acting, more emotional involvement from me. Keir portrays a smalltime hockey star and, as his girlfriend, I play a pivotal role in his downfall." Next, Dayle hopes, will be *The Way of the Warrior*, a film written by Richard Taylor—who also took these portraits. If Taylor writes as well as he shoots, *Warrior* should be a winner.

Since moving west, Dayle has been living in the Hollywood Hills. "Southern California lacks the stimulus, the pressure one finds in New York," she says. "But you can create your own excitement. And I like to push myself; I always have. Good things have come my way, but I worked for all of them."

article **By FRED POWLEDGE** IT'S FUNNY HOW YOU CAN GO for weeks and never think about the circus, and then suddenly it's there in your mind, blotting out everything else, sometimes even for the better part of a day.

It's as if the circus not only is making those one-night stands through half the *country* but is traveling through your subconscious as well. They send me Hoxie's route cards still; every once in a while I look at the current one to see where he is today, and then I'm off for a while in my mind, seeing the baby elephants and Junior and his cats and the big top and all the people and wishing them well. And, always, wishing I were there.

It happened one day last May when I was on the shuttle from La Guardia to Washington. I was dressed properly for dealing with people out here in the real world: the neat turtleneck and nice jacket, the briefcase garbage you always take when you're "on business"—the airline schedules, the business cards, the Flairs and Bics, the paperback, the tape recorder and extra tobacco and extra batteries and all that junk. I looked out the window and I saw a piece of suburbia below. It was someplace in Maryland, more than likely; all the tiny split-levels were strung along the curving streets, each with its strip of driveway and its carport and its gray roof that glinted, and a small back yard with a tree and a kid's swing or a small pool; and in the middle of the suburb, there was the one-story modern brick school, with lots of grass and a big athletic field.

And I wondered where Hoxie Tucker and his circus would be today. The route card was in my briefcase: Enon.

I had been in Enon, Ohio, with Hoxie a year before, visiting. Visiting was all I had ever done, except for a few turns at selling tickets for the sideshow. My excuse for being there at all was that I was a magazine writer. But long after the time had passed when the story could have been written, I kept going back, setting up my work so it coincided with the route card.

Enon had been straight suburbia, much like the place the plane had just passed. The tent had been set up in a huge, lovely field, but Hoxie had been worried about rain and drainage, and when the show was over that night he had ordered the canvasmen to load everything up as usual but then to move the trucks to a hard road next to the field. Sure enough, it did rain that night and the field became a slough. Hoxie had a great respect for weather.

The plane was flying over a writhing pit of interstates. I thought, looking out the window, of all the miles of interstate the circus would have to travel before the first cool days of fall would send it back to Florida. And then I thought of the thunderstorms and tornadoes, and through it all, the beautiful cats in their cramped trailer cages, waiting for their 11 minutes in the arena with Junior; and, too, through it all, the elephant shit, huge mounds of it; the best rose grower in the world; the proclamation, in a thousand schoolyards and suburban shopping centers, that the circus had been there.

And I thought of the people, and of the triumphs a few of them would have and of the tragedies some of them would have: of the people who started out with the show and who had already left it, for no one knows where; of the people who were joining it that day in Enon; and those who had joined in places like Ocala and Andalusia and Claxton and Blacksburg, some of whom were already gone, in the middle of the day or the middle of the night or the middle of the show; gone and missed, at most, for 15 minutes by maybe two other people in the entire world.

IF YOU NEVER RAN AWAY TO JOIN THE CIRCUS, YOU'VE GOT ONE LAST CHANCE

THE BIG TOP WANTS YOU!

They were like a huge collection of hitchhikers, attached temporarily to a huge, ragged, fantastically exciting piece of canvas that elephants helped put up in a different town each day and that sheltered them from the rest of the world for a few hours before it was time to ask the elephants to tear it down again.

Not just the canvasmen. Everybody was a hitchhiker on that tent; even Hoxie was, and he owned it. And I was, too. Sometimes, almost invariably late at night when I was staying with the show, and usually when I was watching the big top come down, I would permit myself a flash of half-baked insight (brief and intense and, if you aren't careful, quickly forgotten, as in those first few times you tried pot) and I would understand something of what it was all about: that the circus was really a symbol of the world, and that we were all hitchhikers on *that*, too.

I seriously wondered what I was doing, flying the shuttle to Washington "on business," dressed decently and purporting to be making a living, when it could be argued very convincingly (by me, at least) that it would have

ILLUSTRATION BY CHARLES E. WHITE III

been a lot more important for me to be in Enon that day, slogging around in old clothes in fresh elephant shit and trying again to figure out what it was about the circus. (Hoping that I never would, of course, because the search for the circus is the best part.)

It all had its beginnings for me, I think, back in Raleigh, North Carolina, when I was a child. At least, when I pronounce the word circus to myself, this is the picture that comes, like an old but perfectly clear photograph from 30 years ago. My father had taken me to the state fairgrounds on a Saturday morning to see the Ringling Brothers set up. They had come in the night on what seemed like miles of flatcars and sleepers, and at dawn they put up the big top.

From a parked car, mostly, we watched them raise the canvas, and then we went back home and we returned that afternoon to see the show. We got there early and walked around the big top, and there, in back, were the striped tents and awnings and pots boiling with stew, and the people who made up the show. They paid no attention to us nor to the other citizens of Raleigh who had come to stare.

I don't remember hearing any English being spoken. They were swarthy people, their skin tanned like leather, and I thought of them as gypsies. At that time, as now, Italians were in short supply in North Carolina. My father said something about them. I don't remember what it was, but I know that it was uncomplimentary. He did not trust or like people who lived in tents and spoke no English.

There were saddleless horses tethered next to the family tents, and above everything there was the mammoth big top, the reason for the whole thing, its size scary. Its ribs were as delicate and as beautiful as one of my paper-covered model airplanes; its canvas was a translucent white (for this was early in the season and the tent was still clean). At a place where the side wall was open we looked inside. It was virtually empty, but the emptiness made the tent seem even more powerful.

It said that soon this would be a different place, a place altogether unlike any other you had ever been. It said that things would happen here that would transcend your fantasies. The whole scene was enough to hold an entire category in a child's memory, if not forever, then at least a lot longer than most things. Interestingly enough, I remember hardly anything of the performances.

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Miami in March: At the airport, most of the people from my flight headed toward the Beach. I got a car and went in the other direction, out West Flagler toward the Everglades.

It was after midnight when I got there. The winter quarters were silent. A dog ran over to smell my shoes, then trotted back to his blanket under a house trailer. The practice tent, a piece of torn brown canvas, was up, but it had no side walls and you could see that there was nothing inside, just a makeshift ring for the horses and elephants.

The house trailers and long tractor-trailer trucks—purple, most of them, with HOXIE BROS. CIRCUS lettered on the sides—were quiet and dark. A man worked by one bare bulb in the cook tent, peeling or slicing something, and a couple of men sat beneath the fly outside it, talking and smoking and falling silent when I approached. Beyond them, in a field padded with hay, the elephants—five giant ones and three babies, the little ones no more than four feet tall—stood in their shackles, swaying quietly and gently and patiently. All of a sudden I felt like a complete damn fool. Not only was it unlikely that I would get inside this thing, there was also a serious question of whether I *should* get inside it. You don't return to your memories unless you want to be disappointed. But I stayed.

By daylight, winter quarters looked a little tamer, more like what circus winter quarters really are, which is where they store for the winter everything of the circus except the performers: the rolling stock and the livestock, the canvas and the bleachers, the saddles and the spangles. It is the place where you make the circus ready for the next season.

There are even a few people stored at winter quarters. Each year a handful of the men who do the hard work of the circus, the canvasmen, stay for the winter. (They are also called workingmen, and they used to be called roustabouts.) Their winter wages are a place to sleep, three meals a day, a few dollars a week and a sack of Bugler tobacco when they need it.

In the winter the canvasmen work slowly, in the manner of privates on K.P., for they know that when the present job is done there will just be another one. There are no real deadlines in sight until the show goes on the road, and a sack of Bugler is not sufficient inducement for a man to worry about some boss's idea of what a deadline should be. A boss, of course, will see it differently. He sees the work that has to be done and knows that it cannot be done at the current rate, so he strides over to a canvasman who is slowly painting a wheelbarrow purple and snatches the brush from his hand and does it himself, faster.

Or a boss may do it himself from the beginning, with one eye on the canvasmen, who sometimes will stroll away, on the pretext of going to urinate, away through the tall grass of the Everglades, to hitch a ride or walk a couple of miles to the crossroads of Sweetwater, which has a police station, a gas station, a grocery store and two bars that do not care how you are dressed.

I went to Sweetwater that afternoon to make a phone call and to buy a few things, and I stopped at one of the bars for a beer. Inside was a young man I had seen at the lot. He said his name was Rick; he was a clown.

We talked awhile before he warned me. "Circus people are strange people," he said. "We don't go much for outsiders. We have ways of putting up walls against people like you." He said I'd get a story, but it wouldn't be the *real* story. He hinted that he was in possession of the *real* story. But he wasn't sharing it.

I gave him a ride back to the lot, and along the way he explained that in addition to being a clown, he was doing some work in the show's business office; he was turning out the press releases, and before long, he thought, he'd be someone to be reckoned with. As we were getting out of the car, he suggested again that I might as well give up on my story. We parted on friendly terms.

At winter quarters there was really not much activity, considering the fact that the show was going to move to Palm Springs North for rehearsal and the opening in three days. Canvasmen were feeding the animals; a young man back a week from Nam, with hair the color and texture of corn silk, fooled with a truck engine; a couple of men were slopping purple paint onto elephant tubs and onto the ground. The cook tent seemed to be the busiest place. It wasn't hard to spot Hoxie Tucker; he was the man who looked like the owner.

He wore a white short-sleeved shirt, tan pants, boots and a number-seven John B. Stetson hat, the Open Road model, tan like his pants, with the front brim turned down. I found out later that this meant he was displeased with the way things were going. Hoxie was working very hard that day and I tried not to bother him. I spent maybe two minutes with him. I delivered a little speech I had prepared after receiving my warning from Rick, in which I said I was trying not to write the conventional circus story but that I understood that circuses were skeptical of outsiders, and that I didn't want to get in the way. I left the door open for a suggestion by Hoxie, if he wanted to make it, that I forget the whole thing.

Hoxie's reply was brief and it gave me no hint of his real feelings, if he had any: "Good buddy, you're more'n welcome to stay just as long as you want to." Then he apologized for being in a hurry. He snapped down his hat brim, though it already was lowered and walked away.

A huge black man, sweating copiously

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two tales: ripe pears and a legal affair

from *Les Cent Nouvelles Nouvelles,* 1486

THERE WAS A YOUNG MAN named Jeannot who kept an orchard near our town. It was small, but it lay in the fertile land between the convent and the river and it produced premium fruit. With the help of one boy and a few pickers in harvest time, Jeannot managed to have a marvelous crop each year—but this was because he spent most of his waking time nurturing, fertilizing, watering, pruning and worrying about frost or blight. The pride of his orchard was a great pear tree that bore the most succulent, golden pears in Anjou.

His friends asked, "Don't you think about girls? Or about getting married?"

"Oh, that," he would reply. "Possibly I could give it a thought or two next winter."

Now, it came about one day, just before harvest, that Jeannot discovered evidence of trespassers in his orchard. Under the pear tree, he found several fine windfall pears half-eaten and thrown aside. A spot in the long grass seemed to have been trampled down, as if the thieves had settled in for a picnic. Jeannot was enraged. He got himself a heavy stick and, during the day, he visited the tree often, hoping to trap the intruders. But he found no one; neither at matins and lauds, prime, tierce, sext, nones nor vespers—as noted by the neighboring bells—was there any intruder to be seen.

The next morning, when he came again, Jeannot threw up his arms and ground his teeth in rage. There were fresh disturbances on the ground and even more ruined fruit. He decided that the vandalism must have happened after vespertide, and he determined to hide in the tree in the late afternoon to catch the thieves in the midst of their crime.

But once he had settled down in a comfortable niche, he dozed. He was awakened, just as the long shadows were beginning to creep over the land, by the sound of voices beneath him in the grass. He grasped his stick and tried to get a view through the leaves.

"And who was it clever enough to evade the guard and find a forgotten passageway to the outside world?" a man's voice asked playfully.

"It was I," answered a woman's voice. "And whose proud banger do I now see on parade?" she asked.

"It must be mine," he said. "And do I behold the most sweetly tipped breasts, the trimmest belly, the finest thighs, the roundest rump in the convent?"

"If you insist," she said demurely, "they must be my own." Jeannot leaned out of the tree and observed all of these phenomena quite as described. He shivered with strange new feelings. But the next words reminded him of a more important matter.

"And who," the woman said coyly, "is this most handsome friar who offers me that delectable pear?"

"Robbers! Scoundrels!" shouted Jeannot, tumbling out of the tree. The friar jumped quickly to his feet and, abandoning everything, set off through the orchard on a dead run. The girl sat up, but she was too startled and frightened to escape. Jeannot stared at her in anger and she stared back, somewhat reassured to find that she was facing a personable-looking young man rather than a vengeful pursuer from the convent.

"And who," cried Jeannot, surveying the crushed fruit around him, "is going to pay for my pears?"

"I suppose," said the girl, as she sighed and reclined on her back again, "it is going to be I."

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IN THE TOWN there lived an elderly lawyer, *Maitre* Ronchonnot by name, who kept a small office with one clerk. Like his brother the orchardkeeper, Jean-Paul was a single-minded young man, entirely concerned with legacies, conveyances, affidavits, contracts, statutes and briefs. Possibly, this was why he failed to take more than casual note of the fact that his employer's wife was a fine, rosy, warm, provocative young woman. On days when Ronchonnot was at the courts or absent on a journey, Jean-Paul, hearing the swish of skirts in his office, thought only to put weights on his papers to protect against the draft. It never occurred to him to stare at the slender lines under the skirts or the round bosom above them.

It was on just such a day—the master on a journey, the clerk quietly copying some paper or other—when there was more than the usual swish and distraction. Suddenly, everything seemed to go helter-skelter.

"What are you doing?" he demanded of the lady.

"I am trying to find something," she replied. "It seems to be hidden, but I think it's here, someplace." She bumped against him, seemingly by accident.

"Look! Look!" he cried. "You have spattered my ink and disarranged all my papers, clumsy woman. I have a mind to—to crumple your parchment for you!" But, feeling a soft pressure against his legs, he began to be confused by an unaccustomed sensation.

"Would you also dip your pen in my inkwell?" she asked, pressing a bit closer.

"Well, perhaps," he admitted, "if it were not to be construed as a tort."

"I could easily melt your sealing-wax stick," said the lady, putting her hand where it didn't belong. "Or possibly you'd get revenge by deciding to spindle my foolscap?"

"Enough tricks, my dear," said Jean-Paul, standing up and taking a piece of chalk in his hand. "Do you see what I'm doing? I'm going to draw a chalk line down the center of the floor. Stay on the other side while you are in the office. Do not dare to step over it or you will suffer a heavy judgment—you may be taken into custody, tried, and you might have to pay double damages and court costs, as well."

The next day, when *Maitre* Ronchonnot came home, he found his small son in the office. "What have you been doing while I was away?" he asked.

"Oh, just looking and watching," said the boy.

"And what have you watched?" asked the lawyer, moving toward the window.

"Father, be careful! Do not cross that line on the floor," the boy said. "You'll be taken into custody."

"And what does that mean?" asked the man.

"Yesterday, when *maman* committed a misdemeanor and spilled the ink and rumpled the papers, Jean-Paul told her not to walk over the line. When she did, he had to take her into custody right on the floor, with her skirts over her head and her heels in the air!"

—Retold by Charles Powell

ILLUSTRATIONS BY BRAD HOLLAND

GAMES OF MUNICH

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curiosity to stadium watchers and superb on TV). The jumping events are better on TV; they need replays and slow motion, although television programing, with its jittery insistence on climax, misses the slowly gathering tensions of the high jump and pole vault as lesser leapers weed themselves out. Swimming is better on TV, with its underwater shots of the turns, and the faceted spin of the gymnastic competitions reflects slightly better through the better light-gathering mechanism, which is the eye.

Paradox flickered through the sleazy interface between image and reality: If, while attending the finals of the discus, you happened to watch Jay Silvester rid himself of his round problem not by turning your face toward Silvester and letting his image waft through the gentle Bavarian air to your eyes but instead checked out his titanic form by looking at the little television set with which all of the better press seats were equipped, could you say that you had watched Silvester in person? As a practical matter, sure you could; what the hell. But the uneasy and half-sentimental notion persisted that the act of eyeball witness marks the viewer in a special way.

During one of the heats of the 10,000-meter run, an event that takes nearly half an hour, I left my stadium seat to get a cup of coffee and a bit of *Würstlbrot* in the press cafeteria. On my way back, I passed a bank of TV sets. The race, now at its mid-point, had taken on a surprising character. The first four finishers would go on to the finals, and Dave Bedford, the flaky English runner, Emiel Puttemans, the wispy Belgian, and two others had separated themselves from a Russian who was supposed to have a good shot at winning the thing. The four were running as a single machine, and at a very fast pace. This was odd, because the Russian already had died in the dust, and there were no other threats. After a lap or two more, two of the machine's four wheels evidently decided that it was silly to burn themselves out in a heat, and dropped back. But Bedford and Puttemans steamed on side by side, not only running in world-record time but grinning, laughing at each other, throwing words back and forth.

It was wonderfully senseless—running for running's sake—and the people in the stadium began to roar. The roaring set up vibrations in the structure of the stadium, and these came to me not so much through the television set's sound system as through the soles of my feet. This brought to my attention the fact that I was not actually watching the race. Shaking loose from the barb of TV, I ran up a flight of steps, spilling my coffee, in time to see the last laps in living reality.

It was a bit harder to see Bedford's expression; I had to catch the grin by the toss of his head. But now I was enclosed in the same charged space as these two: little Puttemans, who floated on without seeming to touch the track; big, shaggy Bedford, pounding along with his soggy red socks flopping. It was not merely eyeball witness; the molecules of my facial skin and the tensed muscles at the front of my thighs took the print of what was happening. The print is still there. A few yards before the end, still steaming and still laughing, Bedford deliberately held back (so it seemed to me) and let Puttemans have his win, an Olympic-record 27:53.4. As things turned out, Bedford may simply have run out of gas, because he did nothing at all in the finals. Puttemans took second in the 10,000, behind Lasse Viren, a leathery Finn who also won the 5000. The 10,000 final was a remarkable race—Viren fell down and went on to set a world record—but it didn't mean much to me; I saw it only on television.

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Field hockey causes brown fumes to rise in my brain. So do what the Olympics' organizers call handball (a lame crossbreed of basketball and soccer), volleyball (a fast but mindless game, lacking strategy or variety), wrestling and, I am afraid, soccer (a tough, demanding, brilliantly exciting sport that just does not grab me). Weight lifting was not on the brown-fume list, but only because I had never taken notice of it.

One night, duty-driven and feeling silly, I showed up at the weight hall. Nothing was happening when I arrived. The audience filed in, thick young men in T-shirts, girls in what must be the Western world's last surviving beehive hairdos. The bar bell rested alone on a brightly lit dais, uncommunicative as an idol.

Then the contestants stumped onstage: stubby men of about 5'7" and 148 pounds, the kind who get elbowed in the eye on subways. But these were gladiators; chests huge, thighs and arms knotted like tree roots, bellies swollen from the food necessary to sustain it all.

Shin Hee Won of Korea cinched in his hernia belt and pressed 127.5 kilos without trouble, his thick little arm muscles quivering.

Yusuko Ono of Japan did 130 kilos, his eyes shut with effort. Daniel Cantore of the U. S. A., in white trunks and shirt, glasses and a full mustache, heaved 132.5 kilos to his chest, but couldn't get the weight over his head.

The steel bar bent noticeably when it was heaved, and when the lifter dropped his torment, it bounced five or six times on the rubberized surface of the dais. Wolfgang Faber of East Germany made 132.5 easily. Cantore managed it on his second try. He had one shot left.

It is a concentrated moment. Each man has three minutes to compose himself and heave. He can spend the time as he pleases. Some remain offstage. Others appear, glare, flutter their wrists, ponder. Each man cinches in his bellyband.

Pietro Masala, a German despite the name, elected to start at 137.5. It was his choice. The world record was 155.5 kilos, but he could have started at 200 if he felt strong. Masala failed. He was short, and looked as if he should have been mining emeralds in some Rhenish cave. He stayed onstage. He tried a second time and then a third. He failed, grimaced in misery and shame, and crept off.

Cantore lifted 140 kilos on his last try, apparently without trouble.

Nasrollah Dehnavi of Iran, the strongest-looking man to appear so far, ignored the competition until 142.5 kilos, then lifted this great weight with ease. Mukharbi Kirzhinov of the U. S. S. R. strutted onstage, also for the first time, shoved the same weight into the air with contempt and—flash comes in nuances here—did not drop the bar bell but put it down gently.

Zbiegniew Kaczmarek of Poland took his first try at 145 kilos, an Olympic record. He failed, tried again and made it. Dehnavi shook himself, raised his face toward the lights and lifted 147.5 kilos. Kirzhinov equaled this.

But here came Mladen Koutchev of Bulgaria, who had brooded in his tent till now. He called grandly for 150 kilos and heaved it. Dehnavi matched him desperately on his last try.

Then Koutchev, who is blocky, quick, scornful and may once have had a neck, signaled for 157.5 kilos. It would be a world record. He lifted, heaved, failed and threw the bar off his chest in disgust. Then he stomped away, circled, returned and lifted the thing.

A Japanese businessman sitting next to me turned and in German far better than mine said that this was very impressive. "*Kaum zu glauben*," I agreed, and left the hall, intent on finding the Brazil-U. S. A. basketball game. I did and was rewarded by seeing the man who, by half a step and a move and a half, was the best player of the Olympics, Brazil's 6'8" forward, Maciel Ubiratan Pereira. An elderly semipro borrowed from the Italian league, he looked like a bald Montezuma, played like the feathered serpent and kept Brazil ahead for most of the game. We won, 61–54, looking talented but ragged.

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Months before, I suppose, someone on the Olympic organizing staff had ordered

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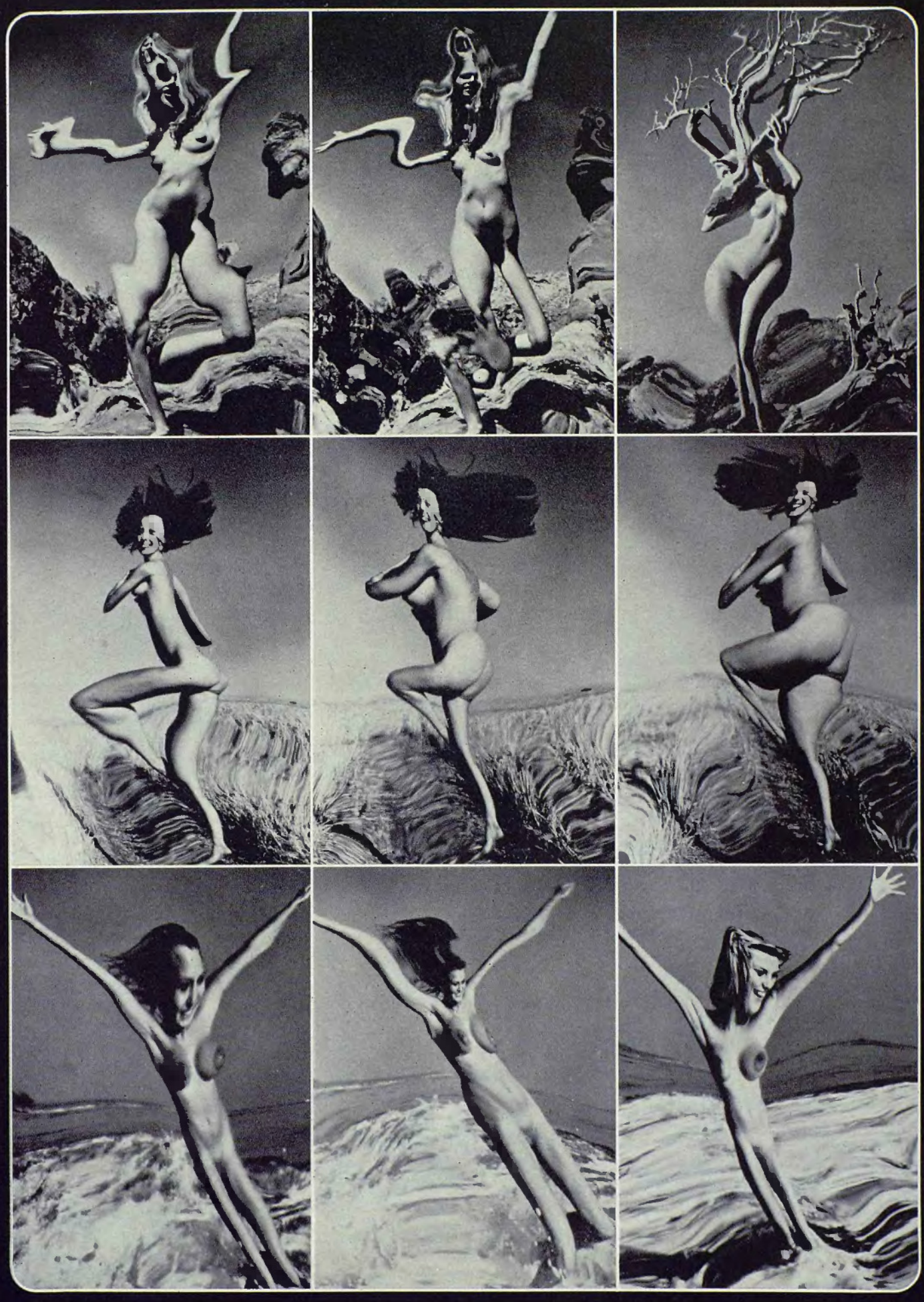
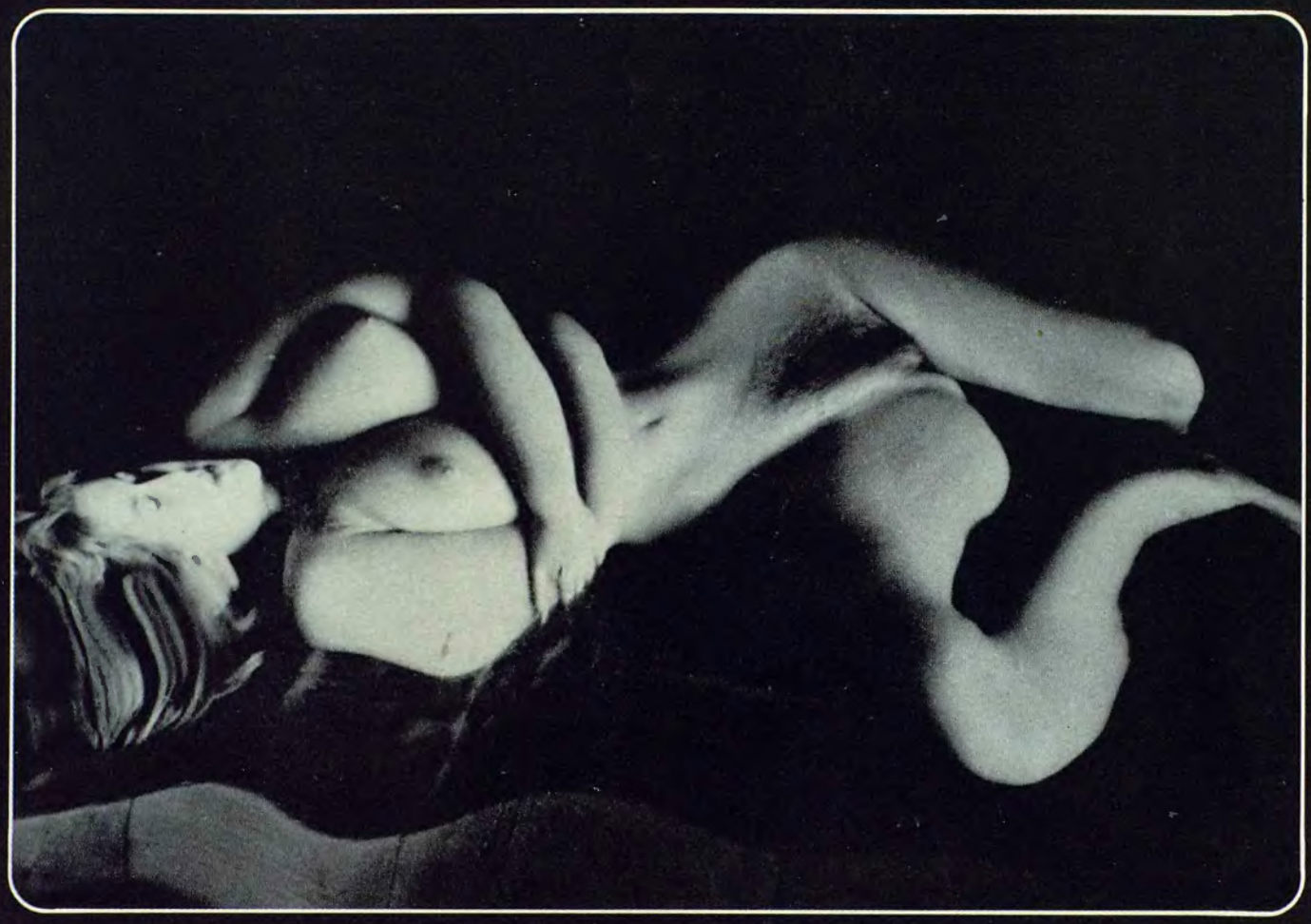
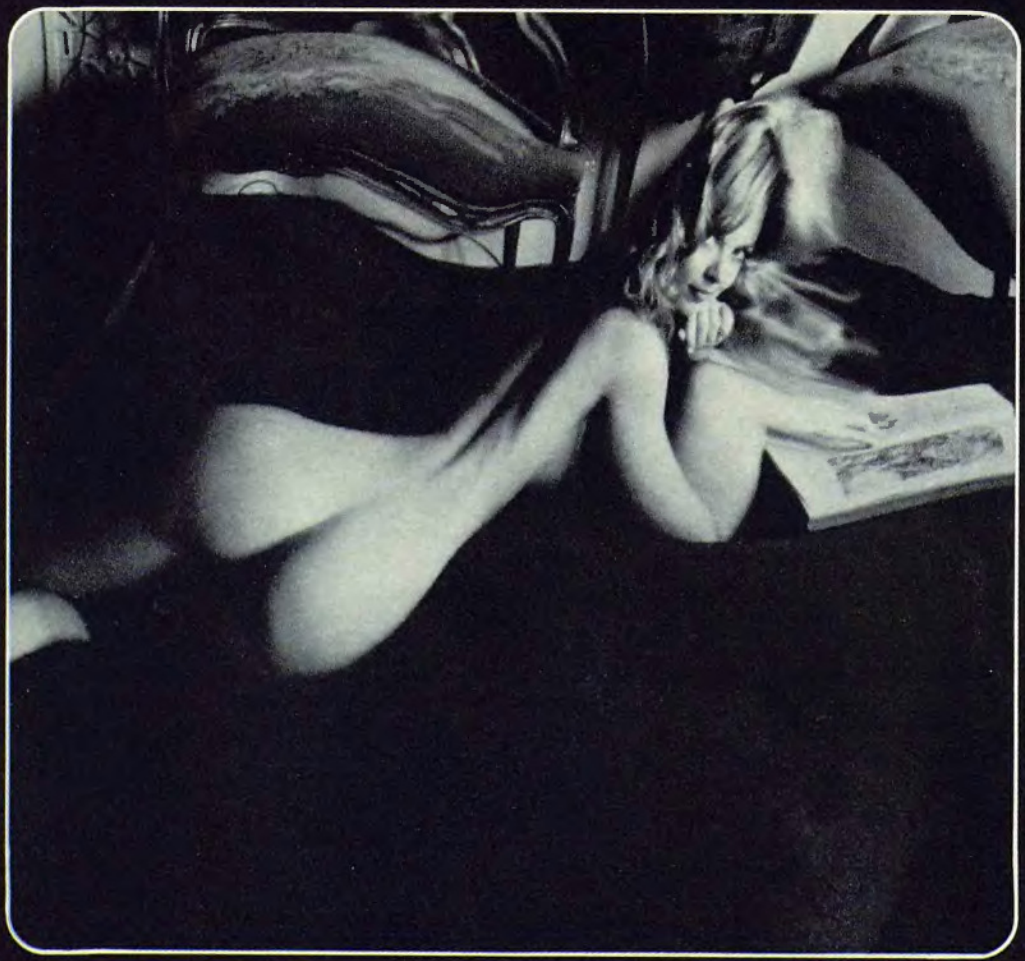
lensman andre de dienes' images—whimsical, beautiful, bizarre—provide a liquid theater of the female form

WOMEN —WITH A TWIST

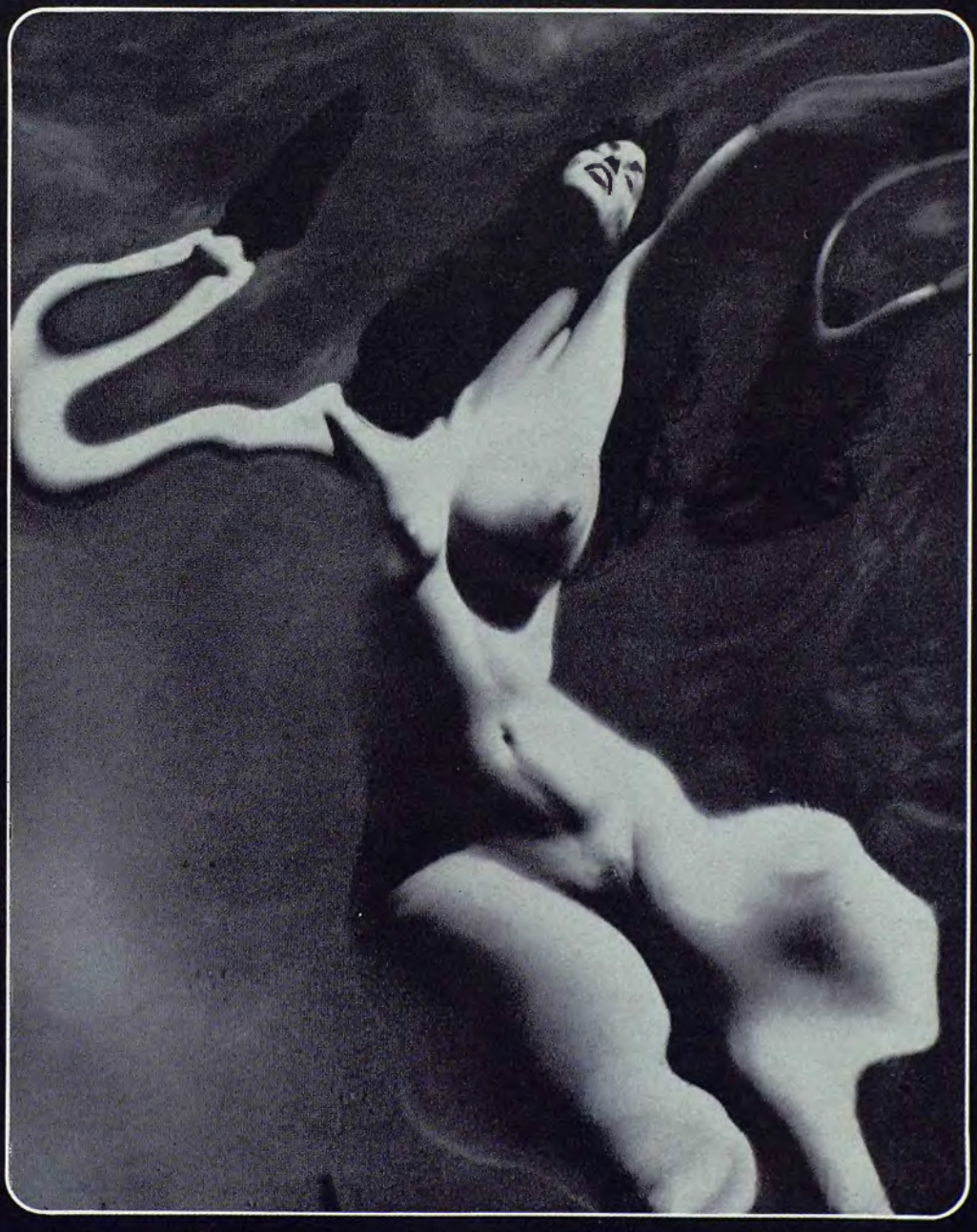
According to Andre de Dienes, the Hungarian-born lensman who produced the pictures on these pages, the loveliness of the women he shoots is beyond question. But to describe these photos as lovely would be a bit imprecise. "I can't really describe them at all," says De Dienes, "and I won't tell you how I shot them, because that's a secret I'd prefer to keep to myself. All I can say is that the technique I used is extremely complicated and that I practically ruined my eyes with the damn thing." Such hardships, however, aren't unusual for De Dienes. Over the past 35 years, he has braved Sahara heat, Florida hurricanes and hostile movie stars to shoot the kind of glamor and nude



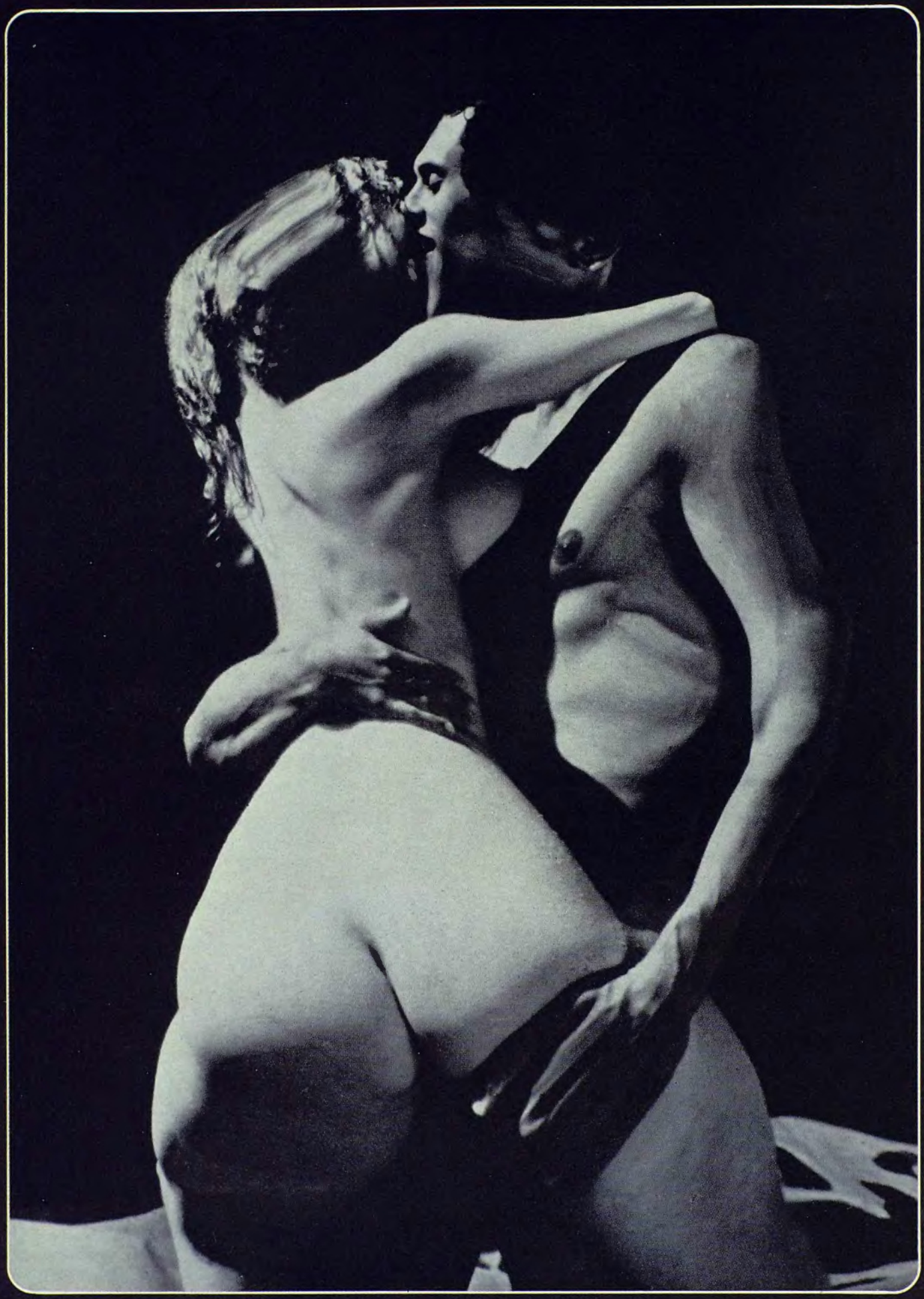




photography that has made him famous. Longtime PLAYBOY readers will remember the Marilyn Monroe pictorials we featured over the years; De Dienes' shots of her were among the first we published. He has also compiled six books of nude photography and is busy shooting the seventh, an expanded version of the technique he's explored here. As a photographer, De Dienes has never been short on new approaches. He conceived his current one when a model showed up drunk at his studio. "I was furious," De Dienes recalls. "Her posing was weird, dreadful. When I developed the shooting, I was even more distressed, and out of spite I distorted her photos. Thereupon, I



discovered a whole new way to photograph nudes." Though these images may share resonances with the Freudian-inspired symbolism of painters Salvador Dali and Giorgio de Chirico, De Dienes denies that the work of such surrealists influences his own. "I don't think an artist should be influenced by anyone," he says. To him, these photographs evoke a carnival-like spirit more comical than anything else. For others, his distorting lens highlights the essential qualities of the female form. But it's not our task here to judge his work; whether you think these studies are funny, sexy and/or bizarre, we believe they do an admirable job of defining themselves.



LIE MACHINE

(continued from page 102)

in the book," McQuiston told us. "Today I just want you guys to build your manual dexterity. . . . I want you to be able to play that thing like a piano."

None of us felt much like virtuosos when we gathered around the table about two hours later. But we kept getting assurances from Mac that it would all come to us in time and that if we understood the basic moves, that was enough for now.

It had been a long day full of bad coffee and excruciating science and I had the kind of headache that is really just the brain feeling like an out-of-shape and overworked muscle.

"OK," he said, "tomorrow we'll learn how to spot a lie out of all the other kinds of stress a man can be under. Go on back to your hotel and relax . . . but be here at nine hundred sharp tomorrow morning."

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It's hard not to play the liberal at a tableful of cops who are relaxing with drinks and trying to get to know one another by trading on-the-job nightmares. Two drinks before dinner, at a big round table in the Charterhouse again, then dinner, then two drinks after dinner and no one got drunk. The stories they told—about brutal killings, child murders, massacres, police ambushes, the way dead bodies look when you don't find them right away—were all designed to rattle and then convert tender sensibilities that care too much about head trips like the rights of privacy or presumed innocence. For every intellectual notion about law and order that I pleaded, they would tell me something more about the way bullets go into flesh, or about the kind of insane animals that men sometimes become. And I would say yes, I know (but they kept saying I didn't), and when I felt enough like Aristotle at Attila's table, I shut up. There is no such thing as the "police mentality," I decided, only the police experience, which is perverse, and reinforced for them every day, and which is almost unrelated to anything that happens in the cool world of judicial minds.

When we talked about the PSE, there was excitement at the table—a sense that another safe harbor had been mined against the flight of guilty men. Some of them even talked about clever criminals they had known who might have been trapped by such a weapon. But the thing that seemed to excite each of them most was that they were learning a skill whose power could get them and keep them out of the street fighting. Because that's success for a cop: a desk, a civilian suit and interrogation rooms, where there is no shooting and no dead bodies. Lie detection, the art, could keep a man from goon duties and make him a technician-priest in the fight of civilization against its wreckers. A polygraph operator can charge from $150 up for an examination and there are never enough of them to do the work. And though it takes from six weeks to six months to become a certified polygraph operator, it takes only three days to be trained on the PSE, and presumably you can use it to do the same job for the same price. Only 16 states have sorted through the complicated process of making laws on who is qualified to run a lie detector and who is not. The game is open in 34 states, and although Florida has begun to consider it, no other state has thought about how the law should apply to PSE.

The psychiatrist had been quiet through most of the evening. He was shy anyway and it was clear that his fix on the machine had nothing to do with guilt or innocence. But the PSE promises as much for him, or maybe more, as it does for the criminal catchers. An instrument that measures stress in even its smallest degrees is like an X-ray machine for a behavioral scientist, a finger with which to take a man's emotional pulse.

One psychiatrist who bought a machine uses it on himself when he is overtaken by the vague feeling of frustration and discontent that comes to all of us now and then. He makes a list of the 25 things that might be the cause of his funk and then asks himself about each one. He answers himself on tape and then runs it through the PSE. He says it helps.

There is an acting teacher in Southern California who uses the PSE on his students. Those who are comfortable in their parts show less stress than those who are not. He says acting is a form of lying, anyway. There's a drug company that has had one of its men trained on PSE so that he can use it to chart the effects of tranquilizers on people; and a doctor is working with the machine to log the long-term effects of emphysema. Dektor has trained businessmen who use the machine to test good faith in negotiating situations, personnel managers who need to catch job applicants who might lie about their arrest records or educational backgrounds. In the recent history of polygraphy, something like 80 percent of all tests have been given to employees at the request of industry. There is even a man who bought a PSE and used it on his wife for the same reasons he might have hired a private detective a few years ago. (He nailed her.)

But it is the catching of liars, the undoing of secrets that inspired this machine, and whatever other uses it will be put to will be discovered and explored by someone other than the Dektor people. They are businessmen now and anxious for all the potential PSE uses to be experimented with, but they are police first, military men, spies, in a world that has only two kinds of people —the guilty and the innocent—and what the people at my table that night liked best about the PSE was that it can tell the difference. When the evening ended, I went off to the rocky kind of sleep that lets only small parts of you rest.

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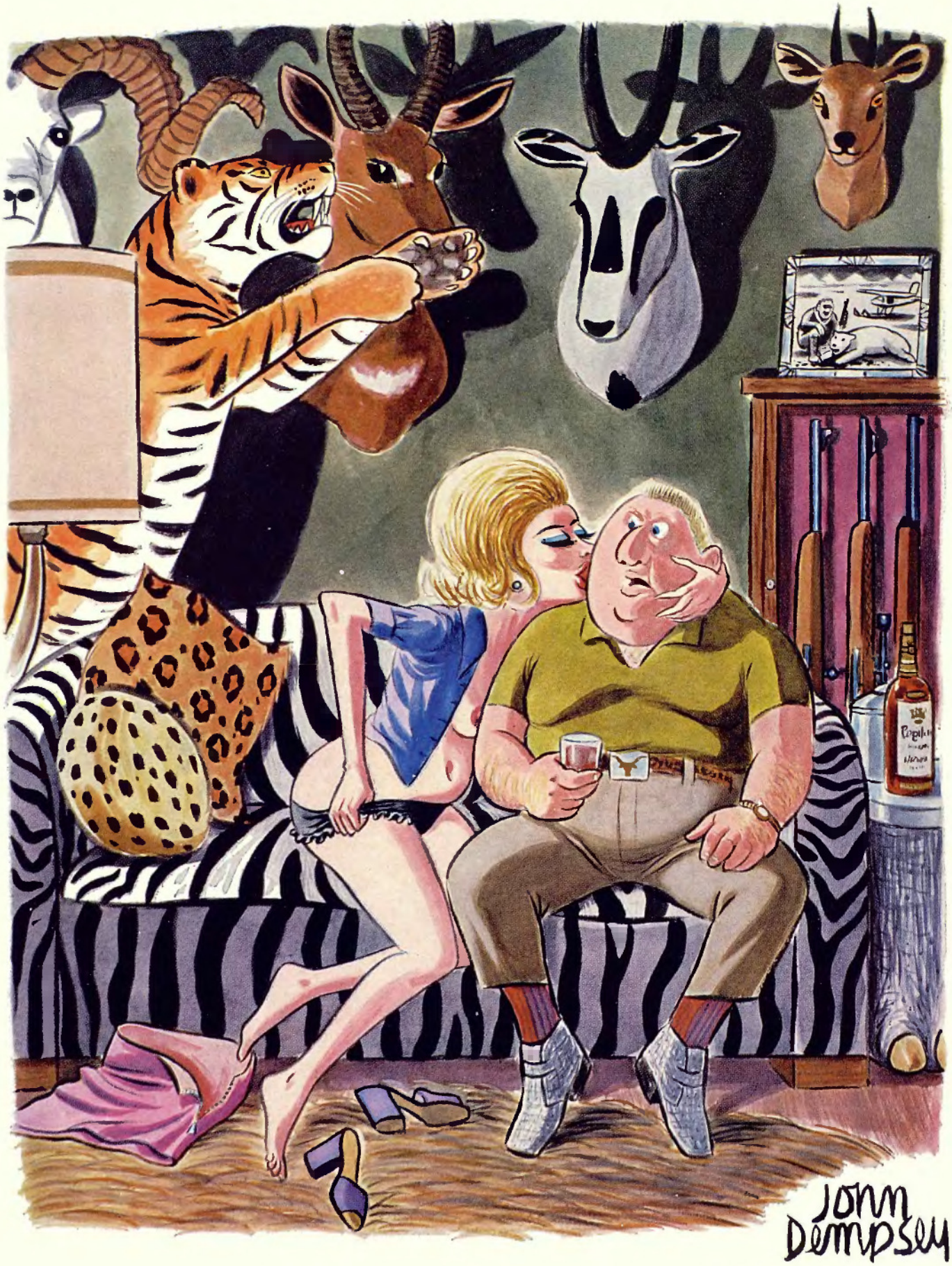
The morning session was technical again: The five-o'clock headache of the day before would be there by noon. McQuiston was in his same galloping form, however, and he began using the slide projector and his telescopic pointer again, this time to teach us what to do with a man after you've got him pinned in the corner with your cigar.

He took us through all the simple and sophisticated methods of structuring a test that polygraphers have developed and practiced over the past few years: the peak-of-tension test, the general-question test, the zone-of-comparison test. "Remember," he told us in a moment of professional propriety, "we are not concerned with the guilt or innocence of a suspect, only in whether or not he seems to be lying. He's either D.I. or N.D.I.—deception indicated or no deception indicated. That's all you're there to judge . . . got it?"

We learned (or at least we watched him try to teach us) how to set up a structured series of questions that would determine with reasonable surety how much of the subject's stress was general nervous tension, how much might be from worries that had nothing to do with the test, how much might be from guilty knowledge and how much would indicate direct deception. It's all a system of check-and-balance questions, really, things called relevants and semi-relevants and outside-involvement questions all leading to a point of direct jeopardy ("Did you take the money?") where the stress reading would be high and clear if the man were D.I.

Then we looked at the paper tapes again and McQuiston tried to show us the subtleties, the echoes, the shadows of stress patterns that could, if we were not careful and savvy, make a liar look an honest man and an honest man a liar. That was spooky, because most of us were getting it dead wrong on the tricky ones, and almost all of them seemed pretty tricky. McQuiston kept telling us that we would get it and at one point the cop from New Jersey said, "I see what you mean about the lie detector being *me*." We all chuckled as if there weren't a man among us who had more than half the circuits for the job.

"Well, you're gonna make mistakes



"Damn it, you're not allowing me to enjoy all the thrills of the chase."

now," he told us. "I *want* you to make mistakes now. You're not going to have any confidence until you crack your first case, anyway. But it takes only one."

Someone new, in a suit, had taken a chair quietly at the end of the table and McQuiston had noticed him. It was Mike Kradz, a Howard County, Maryland, police lieutenant who had at that point run 150 actual cases on the PSE and was a true believer in its powers.

"Isn't that right, Mike?" McQuiston asked. "I can sit up here and tell you guys about cases I cracked, or Mike can say I did this or I did that, but you're gonna have to run your first case and bust it, and then, brother, your confidence level will be right up here." He had his hand about an inch above his crewcut.

When he dismissed the class for lunch, Kradz and I sat down to talk. Below a receding hairline, he has strong deep-blue eyes that are nearly motionless when he talks to you. He has been a cop for 22 years, an experienced polygraph operator, an evidence technician, the guy who looks for Holmesian clues after the deed is done: One of the first things he told me was that he has the largest collection of shoe-heel prints in the world.

I asked him if he'd ever read Sherlock Holmes and he laughed. "Sure, I guess I did. I liked mysteries and it's true that nothing on God's earth is ever repeated exactly the same way. You can take anything you like—fingerprints, two cigarettes, two broken car aerials, handwriting, torn sheets, two PSE charts—and when you learn to work with this stuff, you'll find it's just like a neon sign pointing the way."

When Kradz heard about the PSE, he wrote to some of his colleagues in the American Polygraphers Association to ask them what they knew about it. Most of them didn't bother to answer and the ones who did said either that it was untested or that it was unlikely. For the most part, the A. P. A. has tried to ignore the PSE. When it hasn't been able to do that, it has disparaged the machine in ways that betray the established leader's fear of being unseated. And although there are signs of conciliation now (sooner or later, they will meet each other), the A. P. A. is worried, too, that, because the PSE can be used surreptitiously, it may bring the increasing outrage of Congress down on the whole lucrative lie-detection industry.

But Kradz saw it as a new tool that might help him as his other skills do in building chains of evidence that finally take a man to trial or let him free. And because the administrative and technical division of the Howard County Police Department (which he runs) has a limited budget, he bought the PSE with his own money and began experimenting with it.

"I wasn't looking for something to replace the polygraph," he told me in his very gentle voice. "I was looking for a companion that I could run with poly as a check, another evaluation. I ran the two machines side by side for 48 cases and I found that the PSE did exactly what Dektor said it would do. Plus, I found it easier to read and interpret. It put the subject more at ease and I could deviate from the old method of interrogation, ask more questions, allow the person to explain or rationalize if he wanted to. It loosened the whole process and gave me what I think is a more objective test. And I can use it on people who can't take a polygraph test because they are too fat or jittery or have back trouble that keeps them from sitting still for as long as it takes. There are other problems with poly, too, you know. I had a guy come to me and say, 'I know what you're going to tell me, because I've had these damn things before, and I don't want to take it.' I asked him why he was so shook up and he said, 'The last time I had one of these things, the guy put the cuff on my leg instead of my arm and when he got through with the test, he told me I lied. I said, "Show me where I lied," and he said, "Right here." I said, "What's that?" and he said, "It's off that cuff on your thigh," and I said, "You son of a bitch, I lost that leg in Korea, and if you can get a reading off that wooden thing, you're better than me." '

"And that's where the polygraph examiner got tripped up in his own black arts. That's the trouble with poly. They haven't been able to cut it scientifically, so they go in for this mumbo jumbo and cats' whiskers and that crap and sometimes they get caught. But with PSE, I let the subjects run the test. I tell them what we are looking for, and then when the tape comes off the instrument, I let them see it and then I ask them about it. The general rule with polygraph is that if you don't get a clear reaction, you go into hostile interrogation and see if that won't get something. I don't ever have to do that with the PSE. If an indication of deception is there, I just show it to them and then we talk about it. I'm very comfortable with it."

Kradz is convinced that he has had no failures among all the cases he has run and the one he likes best proved a man innocent, not guilty.

"It sounds corny," he told me, "but my job is not to determine guilt or innocence. I'm a detective and detectives are just supposed to turn in a report based on the evidence they've gathered, and they're supposed to make it as objective as possible. So I had this boy who had been in jail for four months, accused of armed robbery. He'd had several polygraph examinations, all inconclusive, and he was scared and looking for someone to help him. 'I was out walking the dog,' he says to me, 'it was a rainy night, nobody saw me, the dog can't talk.' There were three eyewitnesses who said they saw this guy do it, so he had a problem. Well, all of us have problems sometimes, so I told him, 'Look, if you turn up clean on this test, I don't care how far we have to go, all the way to the Supreme Court, anywhere, I'll stand up beside you.' Well, he took the test and it indicated he was innocent, and the judge and the prosecutor and, of course, the defense attorney stipulated that the PSE results could be admitted as evidence. They let him go, paid him for his time in jail, and it made me feel awfully good. I'm not a priest, but I get very close to these people."

Since then, Kradz has had three other PSE tests admitted into court to prove innocence. It has never been admitted to prove a man guilty.

"I think it's as valuable a tool as has ever come into the evidence technician's hands," he told me finally. "But I do understand why people are afraid of it. Just after I bought it, the officers who came into my office started writing notes instead of talking to me. Really. Even I've started to think before I talk. Used to be I'd say whatever, and then take my chances on poly if it ever came to that. But not with PSE. In unscrupulous hands it could be a frightening thing, but I think its value far outweighs its potential dangers."

Kradz had to leave to go back to work and after he left, I thought that if it is the man who is the lie detector, it is not surprising that so many people end up confessing to those eyes. Unlike most of the other interrogators I met, there is nothing of the bully about Kradz. Every man wears his shoe leather away at a different angle, according to the load he carries and how much he is made to shuffle. Kradz collects the heel prints because each is different and because the world is full of surprises even for a cop who has watched it through a microscope for 20 years.

Through the rest of that afternoon and the morning of the next day, we ran actual cases. McQuiston used his remote button to flash PSE tapes on the screen. Most of the cases had been run by Kradz: rape, robbery, murder, theft, arson. McQuiston would read the questions that had been asked in the interrogation and we would look at the stress patterns on the screen.

"D.I. or N.D.I.? Do we burn this guy or let him go?" he would ask and then remind us of this or that subtlety of interpretation. "Watch for the sharp leading edge . . . is there a plateau? . . . Watch for the relief pattern after the

freshen up

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lie . . . don't forget to check the outside-involvement question."

Then we would guess, hesitantly, tentatively, looking for support from the others in the class and usually with a qualifier like, "Well, I'm not *sure*, but. . . ."

And then, without saying yes or no, McQuiston would push a button and a hand-drawn figure would appear: a stick man with a halo for N.D.I., a cat-o'-nine-tails for D.I./guilty knowledge and, for plain straight D.I., either a hangman's noose or an electric chair. On McQuiston's carrousel projector, the penalty for lying is death.

We went through perhaps 20 cases (with significant mistakes and one or two hopeful successes) and took a break. Almost everyone got coffee and drifted into the pegboard laboratory in the next room, where Bill Ford and another technician named Pete Preston do their tinkering. Ford wasn't there, but Preston —in his 50s, wearing a sport shirt and horn-rims—was chatty and eager to explain the theory and practice of what he calls information gathering.

He told us that there are about 50 ways to attack a telephone and showed us a test bug he is working on that shuts itself off when detection devices are brought into the room. He showed us a roll of rubber molding, the kind used in building walls, that has a secret wire running through its core. And he showed us "The Cloak," a black box with buttons on it that sits on the desktops of paranoid executives and (Preston said) foils several methods by which their phones could be tapped.

He has a headful of anecdotes that he salts into his explanations and demonstrations. Gathering secrets isn't always laboratory clean, he told us. During World War Two, he saw men following the retreating German army, picking up pages from training manuals that the Germans had wiped their asses on: The Third Reich was out of toilet paper and leaving valuable information behind as they crapped and ran.

"Your deductions are most amusing. You a comedian or something?"

He showed us some of the anti-bugs he's designed and said that if there are 50 ways to get at a telephone, the foxes' part of the spy's game is knowing 51 ways to undo a tap. He said a talented spook never releases a new method of bugging until he has designed the antidote.

When we got back to the table, McQuiston was waiting. He had a salesman's sample case in front of him and when we sat he said, "I thought you might be interested in a preview of our course in methods of surreptitious entry."

Everyone was and he began unloading from the case a leather kit about the size of a wallet and eight or ten padlocks.

"This lock," he said, holding up a heavy silver one, "is the best you can buy. They use it on the gun lockers in the Army and it's guaranteed by the manufacturer to be impossible to pick or cut in less than twenty minutes."

With no other words, he fished two hairpin picks out of the little leather packet, fiddled for less than 15 seconds, popped the lock and then held it up like the magician he is. It was like watching an armory being looted by a ghost. Then he violated the other locks, each as easily as the first, until he got to the last one, a small cheap lock that you might trust to keep your garden tools safe, but nothing more. It took him nearly a full minute and three picks to crack it. Then he showed us a long flat piece of metal that he said fits into the window well and gets you into almost any car without breaking anything in less than 30 seconds.

"I'll be giving the course in about a month—costs a grand," he said and then held up his own wallet and pointed to a little card inside. "By the way, you need one of these. Bonded-locksmith I.D. If they catch you with this little set of tools and without this card, it's five to ten years." He was smiling. Then he put his kit back together, locked it (for what reason I couldn't imagine) and we began running cases again until all eyes except his were glassed over.

We ran more cases, flogged some half liars and hung the rest, until noon the next day. By that time, plane reservations were being discussed and worried over. And because no one's confidence level was very high, McQuiston delivered the final guarantee that goes with the machine.

"If you've got a case that you're not sure of, that you want consultation on, just phone it in and we'll look at it. You all have a telephone hookup with your machines and we can make our own tapes over the phone and then run them."

Everybody liked that. There was a general feeling of excitement and even

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power as the machines were checked and readied for travel. The PSE worked. That seemed clear from all we had seen and heard. But whether or not it really was a machine built by geniuses to be used by idiots (a phrase we'd heard often) was on its way to some kind of acid test.

I saw Allan Bell near the door on my way out. I had a tape recorder with a small carton of accessories hanging from a rope below it in one hand. The PSE briefcase was in the other. I looked like Huck Finn, but I felt like James Bond and I asked Bell, "Whose idea was it to fit this thing into a briefcase? It's so sexy and secret."

He laughed. "All our people have been in the field," he told me. "So they design equipment to be used out there. It's vastly different to test something in a lab and then to go out into an operational environment where it's dark, for instance, and you can't see what you're doing, you're apt to be discovered, your hands are sweaty, your stomach is tight, the skin on your back is crawling and every sound is like a pistol shot. It's a matter of having been there."

"Jesus," I said, "I don't think I'm going to be able to give this thing anywhere near its *real* test. I don't even want to."

He laughed and told me good luck and when I had said goodbye to my classmates and McQuiston, I left: Out of the spies' nest into a world of liars and secret keepers, into the field, into the parking lot. As I was loading the gear into the trunk of my car, one of the 7-11 people slammed his car door. It didn't sound much like a pistol shot, but I made the connection.

• • •

I had the PSE for about five months and putting it to any kind of ultimate test was farther beyond me than I had imagined. I kept a notebook that I was going to call a journal, but after a few months of riding with me, it looked like a shoe that had gone 10,000 miles. There were holes in it, some parts were literally rubbed away and it was weak with the thought processes of a novice in the field. But with a little polish and some afterthought additions, it looks like this:

Washington National Airport: The thing hefts like a briefcase full of booze and standing in line waiting to go through the metal detector and then past two Customs agents, my arm is asleep. The rest of me is waiting to be searched and hassled, questioned and maybe detained when they open it for inspection. They smile at me as I go through. Nothing. Over the five months, I'll ride a half-dozen planes and go through anti-hijack inspection at Dulles, O'Hare, Los Angeles and San Francisco International, and no one will ask me to open the case.

Chicago: People who know where I've been and what for ask me where the lie machine is. When I hold up the briefcase, they usually don't believe me. Once they do, they always ask if it's on.

The choice now is between tapping phones and otherwise wiring people to get tape recordings where they talk in earnest about their jobs, marriages, money, morals, fears and wildest ambitions—or designing a game that will demonstrate the machine in a benign and playful way.

There are legal problems if I use the machine for real. Illinois is one of the 16 states that have a law prohibiting anyone but a licensed polygraph operator from using any kind of lie-detection equipment. And Congress has before it right now several bills that will attempt to curtail even the licensed use of polygraph for situations like job screening and internal theft at industrial plants. (The unions lobby hard against that sort of snooping.)

Dektor is unsure how current and proposed legislation will affect the PSE, but it isn't very worried about it. Industry has always found its way around laws that concern polygraph and has been using it more and more. What gets whispered in the lie-detection community now (Nixon's landslide) is that the general political climate is unlikely to produce major reform or repression of lie-detector activity. (I'll bet they're right.) And if the going ever gets really tough over legal definitions of what PSE is and when it can be used, the Dektor people can always say that its principal purpose is not lie detection but stress analysis. That makes it an invaluable research tool for doctors, psychiatrists and other behavioral scientists, and prohibiting its use becomes foolish. And it's true enough that the Dektor people expect their biggest market to be in the scientific community.

So the laws are up for grabs (as they always are for spies), but I decided on the game anyway. Mostly because there are some things I don't want to know for sure about the people around me.

The game: Subject takes from one to ten dollar bills and puts them into his pocket (secretly). I then make a tape that begins with two or three irrelevant questions (name, home town, etc.) to get a general nervous-tension level, and then I ask, "Did you put one dollar . . . two dollars . . . three dollars . . . etc. into your pocket?" Subject answers no to all ten amounts asked. Then I run the tape through the PSE and nail the filthy liar (in theory) and if I do, he gives me the money in his pocket. If I don't, I give him a matching amount.

Out of 12 subjects I nailed only six, which was a little embarrassing because of the pre-interrogation bravado that I had employed to psych them. (I do not smoke cigars, and it's hard to hold a man at bay with a cigarette, but I was trying.) The six I caught all had textbook-perfect stress patterns on the relevant-amount question and they were easy.

Of the six I didn't get, one was because I misinterpreted the lines in front of me and two beat the machine (and me) cold by trying. One of these was a psychologist who said he simply thought of very stressful things (falling over a cliff, getting busted, losing loves) all the way through the test, and I lost several dollars to him.

The other, a man with a huge voice, broke the machine—or at least it broke while I was running his test. The pen went crazy and began making patterns that looked like freeway maps. I sent the machine back to Dektor and they said they had encountered this problem with one or two machines before, then they fixed it and sent it back. I ran the tape again and although I was *very* sure he had put eight dollars into his pocket, it turned out to be six dollars. After I gave him the money, he revealed his simple and devious method: When I asked him if he put one dollar into his pocket, he rephrased the question, silently, to himself, substituting the actual amount (six dollars) and then answered. He did the same thing on each question and the result confused the machine successfully.

The three others who beat the machine did so probably because they were not in enough real jeopardy under the circumstances. That's the trouble with all games on the PSE: It measures stress, and if the subject doesn't worry enough about the consequences of being caught, he may not react enough for the machine to chart it. Or else those three were moral idiots, morons, psychopathic liars or one of the similar types who defy all lie detection because they do not have a moral code that they are aware of violating. But I know these three people, and it was probably lack of jeopardy that kept them safe.

I decided that 50 percent is a very good average for the PSE on such games.

California: I am at the point of dexterity with the machine where I play it like a piano and a diploma has arrived in the mail that says I'm a certified PSE examiner. All that means is that Dektor trained me and that I passed. They have flunked only one man, and he passed later. I imagined my classmates, out in the field, and up to here in confidence, laminating their diplomas and busting cases like crazy.

A real offer: A man from a large international company calls to say that he has heard I have the machine. Would I be interested in running some of his

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employees who he suspects are getting into the till pretty good?

I'm vaguely tempted but quote the California law, which is one of the 16 and similar to the Illinois law. Later I find out that he has bought one and taken the course himself.

The election: I have been waiting in front of the television for a month, waiting for the campaign to heat up. The Dektor people had told me about making tapes off the TV of the Howard Hughes / Clifford Irving press conferences. After they ran the Hughes phone call through the machine, they say they knew that Irving was doing the lying. That was nearly two weeks before the rest of us knew, and so I am waiting for either Nixon or McGovern to say something that I can reasonably call a lie. Nothing. Nixon never comes on television. It's as if he *knows* about the PSE. And McGovern answers direct questions so generally and with such deft vagueness that his stress levels have more to do with camera lights than they do with the substance of anything he says.

The Eagleton crisis begins. I'm fumbling with the tape recorder in front of John Chancellor's six-o'clock news when McGovern comes on and says, "I'm behind Tom Eagleton a thousand percent." I get it, just barely. Then I look up at the screen: McGovern sweating, fidgeting, voice out of control, eyes watery, and it comes to me that I'm using a bunch of electricity and recording tape and $4000 worth of equipment to try to find out if this man is under stress. It was architect Max Frisch who said that technology would keep us from experiencing the world if we weren't careful. I put down in my grungy little notebook that Max Frisch was a wise man. Then Eagleton appeared, looking like a ping-pong ball that had been stepped on, and although I taped him, too, I never ran either of the recordings on the PSE. It seemed too much like going grave to grave through a cemetery with a stethoscope, just to be sure.

The Watergate circus begins. Nixon is still nowhere and even the most remote of his spokesmen are appearing only for seconds at a time to read short general disclaimers. You can't get a reliable PSE result on a man who is reading something, because he isn't necessarily listening to himself down around his central nervous system. It's as if *everybody* in the Nixon Administration knows about the PSE. Nothing.

In all the five months I had the machine (including what should have been the hottest part of the campaign), Nixon never put himself into even one tapeable situation. I decided that if the Watergate spies represent his offense, he doesn't have much. His defense, however, is dynamite.

Some old tapes: I've kept all the tape recordings I've made for stories over the past four years. Perhaps 50 hours of short interviews, mostly; the moments in an assignment when you finally get whatever guru, or millionaire, or junkie, or movie star or revolutionary to sit and answer some direct questions into a microphone. Almost every subject will draw back a little when the tape starts rolling. He'll become careful and sometimes he'll lie, because telling your secrets to someone who's going to retell them to a crowd is comforting only if you're on your deathbed.

All the stories for which the tapes were made are written now (or else given up for dead) and all decisions about how much was the truth I made a long time ago by the witch powers we all use on each other. I believe in those powers, and of all the tapes, there was only one I wanted to check with the machine. The subject had lied to me at least as much as she had told the truth. I'd thrown out the lies I was sure of—or had called them lies—and left the things that seemed true or even probably true. But I had left out one particular fact because I couldn't, by any of my powers, prove it true or false. It had seemed important then; now I ran it through the PSE.

I took the parts of the tape I knew to be true and checked their patterns against what I knew to be false and then compared. Then I ran the answer I wasn't sure of: It was a stone lie.

And I thought as I stood with the tape in my hand that they had me. I believed in the PSE enough to use it seriously, and I believed in the results enough to feel bad that I didn't have that information when I wrote the story. The tyranny of new-age machines doesn't come as rape; it is seduction. Speed, accuracy, objectivity, "the truth," whatever it is a new machine promises, man must like it, or need it, or think he needs it. No one buys a machine that promises to make him more ignorant than he is. And we have never been very afraid of our machines, anyway. Most of that show has been a sham. Finally we all know that the only animal it is really dangerous to turn your back on is man.

I wondered later why the hell she had lied to me about that.

• • •

The parking-lot situation at Dektor hadn't gotten any better by the time I arrived to return the machine to them. Bell and McQuiston are driving brand-new Lincoln Continental Mark IVs now, and they take up more room than the cars they drove five months before.

The staff has grown, too. They've hired accountants, business managers, secretaries, salesmen and a woman to share training duties with McQuiston. Mike Kradz, the police lieutenant from Howard County, works full time for Dektor now, and they have hired another spook. His name is Mark Hanson and he has perfect gray hair and eyes as steady and beautiful as Kradz's. He was a full bird colonel in Army counterintelligence and spent 26 years trading favors and secrets with the CIA. He is said to be legendary around Foggy Bottom and other secret places. For the past three years, he has been working as an investigator for New York's Knapp Commission, the group that has been exposing police corruption for that city (looking for needles in a stack of needles).

McQuiston wasn't there. He was in Lebanon—there is now something called Dektor Middle East—conferring, dealing, selling the PSE. Many airlines have considered putting money into the development of a smaller, quicker PSE that would be used to screen boarding passengers for hijackers. McQuiston was in the Middle East working up a profile of 1000 passengers to establish the normal stress response to questions about their name and destination for Middle East Airlines. When he talked to some American airlines about the same project, he told them that the PSE might hold 10 or 20 smugglers, nervous fliers or people on their way to forbidden rendezvous off a boarding 747. The airlines said great but hesitated because they want the Federal Government to pay for such work.

Bell seemed pleased to see me and we sat in his office again while he told me that they've sold 178 PSEs by now (the rate is up to one per working day), that they have new and excited private investors and that they are thinking about taking the company public. Then he said that the problems businessmen face are more wearying than those of a spy.

"We're trying not to get carried away with the magic of this thing," he told me.

We talked for a while about what I had done with the machine and he asked me if I believed it worked. I told him yes and then we talked about the notion that even if the machine didn't work, it would be enough that people believed it did. I asked him if he ever felt like Edison. It was an awkward question and it sounded like it came from a young newspaperman who was carried away with notions of historic moment, but he handled it gracefully.

"No," he said, "I'm looking for the next thing, something new to work out. I'll be happy if we can use the PSE to finance our other hobbies. I need to keep moving. We're all like that, me, Bill, Mac."

Then he told me about some consulting jobs that Dektor has been asked to do. One of them is staggering in its proportions, spooky and full of international implications, and before he told

"I always thought of Attila the Hun as a much taller man."

me about it he said, "This is off the record, Craig." In fact, he had said that to me many times over the five months. He would start stories about the PSE and some of Dektor's specific customers and jobs and when they became juicy, revealing, scary, he would swear me to the kind of secrecy that a reporter must sometimes agree to if he is to move freely through a complicated world.

"You're not trying to make everybody tell the truth," I said to him. "You've got as many secrets as anybody I know. For Chrissakes, *I'm* helping you keep some of them."

"There's a difference between a confidence and a secret," he said.

"Only among lexicographers," I told him, but he never quite agreed to that. Once a spy, always a spy, I thought to myself: He was wearing a little jeweled black-widow spider for a tie tack. And he is impressive: Power is gathering around him the way cigarette smoke does around a writer at work and worried over the telling of other people's secrets.

We said goodbye and on my way out I met Ford near the door. He was carrying something that looked like a metal cane with a box attached to the handle and a two-pronged device at the end. When he pushed the button on the box, the thing made a sound like a bicycle horn. "Well," he told me when I asked, "you hook it up on an oscilloscope, plug the end into a wall socket and then push the button. It tells you if there are any bugs along the line. We just came up with it and it ought to save a lot of time sweeping a room."

I almost asked him to show me the anti-PSE machine. I don't know if it exists yet, or even if they're working on it. But it will, and probably in this lab first, but if not here, then somewhere else where spies gather. That's the foxes' part of the game, after all, and Bell needs his secrets at least as much as I do.

"How long have you had this thing about feet?"

SKIN'S ART

(continued from page 142)

from the belly of the beast, it does not pay to be shy. He backs the truck up into the bare-dirt construction site, leaves the engine idling and tosses three lengths of two-by-six onto the bed of the pickup. He takes his time and chooses good dry unwarped lumber. A student, a girl with long blonde hair and halter top and the flawless tan of a sun bather, walks by the high fence, carrying a load of summer school books. Hoisting the lumber onto one shoulder, Skin waves with his free hand. She smiles, democratically, her mane golden in the sun, her long neck held straight. Skin suspects that he knows exactly what she needs to make her summer's education complete.

But first things first. The lengths of lumber chosen and loaded into the pickup, Skin eases the truck over the rutted dirt back onto the asphalt and heads out for the highway. His head is clear and he is looking forward to building the frame, and the morning in general seems to be progressing altogether well until Skin pulls up behind a vehicle at the last stop sign on university property. The vehicle ahead is a Volkswagen bus with a smashed rear end that appears horribly familiar to Skin. Although the street before them is clear in both directions, the VW bus does not move.

Without even thinking, Skin puts the truck in reverse and begins to back up very quickly, transmission whining, just as the doors of the bus open and Al, the college boy of the previous night, and the same girlfriend emerge, moving fast. Skin continues to back up, but suddenly there is another car behind him. He stops, cranks the wheel to go around the bus, but by this time the college boy, clad in T-shirt, sneakers and Bermudas, has parked his skinny girlfriend directly in front of the pickup.

"Goddamn," says Skin softly, leaning forward on the steering wheel, suddenly tired to his soul. "Goddamn."

Al is at the open window of the pickup, one foot on the running board, tall enough so that he must lean over to speak into the cab. "Hey," he says to Skin, "hey, listen to me."

Skin gazes without curiosity at the boy. He has the slightly pale, scrubbed, gymnasium-raised look of a high school basketball star. "Got your bus running OK," Skin says, "huh?"

"Listen," Al says, "we've been trying to find you all morning. That address you gave us is no good. They never heard of you."

Skin smacks his forehead, smiles briefly through the windshield at the blockading girlfriend. She is thin, Skin thinks, but then, these days that is the style. "Jesus," he says, "I'm sorry, man,

I keep forgetting to have that registration changed."

Al has clearly been trying to generate some anger, but he is so pleased that there has only been a misunderstanding that his embryonic hostility evaporates like desert dew. "Well," he says, "then——"

"You got pencil and paper?" Skin says briskly. "Let's get this straight right now."

The girlfriend brings a notebook and pen, somewhat shyly, and hands them through the window to Skin as traffic continues to detour around them.

"I'm sorry as hell," Skin says, writing on the first blank page. "You must have figured I was skipping out."

"Well," Al says.

"Forget it," Skin says, still writing. "Come by any afternoon, we'll drink a few beers, figure out how to work the insurance, OK? No reason anybody should get stuck for this. I'm home any afternoon. I'm a sculptor."

Al takes the pen and notebook from Skin the sculptor and gazes briefly at the address. It is, as Skin recalls, the address of a beauty parlor that Annmarie visited two weeks ago to cure a case of the psilocybin-induced blues. It was a nice beauty parlor, though they did little for Annmarie, and it is fully two miles from their apartment. "I'll get an estimate," Al says, "and bring it by, how's that?"

"Good enough," Skin says, "sounds fine with me," and then he gives Al a discreet power salute, winks quickly at his girlfriend, clunks the transmission into first gear and heads out, quite slowly, whistling, for the shimmering metal-filled highway. Momentarily, he wishes for music and regrets that the truck radio has been stolen. It was the third one to be ripped from beneath the dashboard while the truck was parked in front of the apartment. The next one he plans to padlock, just as securely as possible. These days, Skin knows, it is dog eat dog.

• • •

It is a hot midsummer day in the mid-peninsula and the warmth has settled down on the Bay Area, trapping the air until it grows stale and yellow with use. The small stucco apartment is already unpleasantly warm and it stubbornly refuses to ventilate. Skin goes down the hot street and borrows a garden hose from the front yard of a house and takes it back to the apartment and begins to drain the water bed into the bathtub. The garden hose twists through the apartment and disgorges the water-bed contents into the gray bathtub. Some sort of yeasty-smelling algae has flourished in the darkness of the water bed and now it slides down the bathtub drain in spurts, like chocolate sprinkles.

Skin borrows hammer and saw from the pleasant old alcoholic who manages the apartment house. He uses the last of his allowance from Annmarie to buy a 99-cent six-pack of beer, surreptitiously selects a handful of plated wood screws from the open bins of a nearby hardware store, and then, once again in the apartment, he is ready to begin. He will build a fine frame, for Annmarie, and she will be pleased, he figures, pleased clear out of her head.

He measures off the lengths of lumber with a piece of string, calculating carefully, since he has nothing to spare. He uses two chairs and a cement block as a sawhorse and cuts the boards to size, sawing with an even, steady rhythm, though the manager's crosscut blade is as dull as a butter knife. The light-brown sawdust collects on an old newspaper. At one time, Skin himself had a set of woodworking tools in a gray-metal chest three feet long: planes and chisels and saws, punches and hammers and even an adz. His father, a cabinetmaker who died when Skin was 12, had been assembling the set since Skin was born. Skin sold it, finally, because he never worked with wood anymore, and used part of the money to buy machine

tools, but even those he has sold by now. "Tools," he would tell his friends, "just weigh too damn much."

Today he wishes he had those tools: He would miter the corners of the frame and countersink the screws and break the edges of the splintery pine. But Skin knows how to make do and, quite quickly, the frame comes together. Once, maneuvering the half-assembled frame in the small bedroom, he knocks Annmarie's gilt cherub lamp onto the floor, but it fails to break. It is a hideous lamp, in Skin's opinion, and he decides that, as a form of criticism, he will try to knock it over again.

• • •

In the late afternoon, Skin finishes his job on the frame. When the last screw is driven, he opens a bottle of fruit-flavored wine and stands back and admires the project. It is solid, almost perfectly rectangular, quite becoming in its simplicity and highly economical. He arranges it into one corner of the bedroom and lays the flaccid water-bed mattress in the center of the frame. He connects the borrowed garden hose to the bathroom tap and starts the flow. The green-plastic mattress settles and writhes briefly under the pressure of the water. Skin sits in one corner and watches the process for a few moments. In five hours, it will be filled and ready for fresh bouncing.

Skin, filled with the glow of work accomplished, of manifest change wrought in the physical world, takes the bottle of fruit wine and settles down in front of the television. In the bedroom, the newly framed mattress slowly swells, and in the living room, Skin the carpenter relaxes with a Ronald Reagan Western. About seven o'clock, he fixes himself several tuna-fish sandwiches and a dish of chocolate ice cream with some of Annmarie's organic cashews on top.

At nine, in the midst of a commercial about pickup trucks, he hears a quiet tapping at the door.

Skin turns off the TV sound and listens more closely and the tapping is repeated. He sets aside the fruit wine and goes to the front door. He opens it about ten inches, blocking its further travel with his booted foot, and looks outside. Beneath the yellow porch light stands the skinny blonde girlfriend of the VW-van owner.

"I'm sorry," Skin says, starting to close the door, "you must have the wrong——"

"No," the girl tells him quietly but insistently, "it's all right. I'm by myself." She smiles, and even against her pale skin her teeth are very bright.

The smile stops Skin momentarily and he pauses the progress of the closing door. "What can I do for you?" he asks very tentatively.

"You could let me in," the girl says.

Skin frowns. All warning systems are flashing wildly. This makes no sense.

"I was driving by," the girl says, "and I saw your truck. I recognized it. And I just wanted to stop and see you."

"Well," Skin says, still in a strictly paranoid mode, thinking fast, "you can see me."

The girl looks through the foot-wide space. "I can't," she says finally, "see *all* of you."

Skin stares for a moment. He has always had considerable luck with women, even though he is not gifted with killing looks, and so perhaps this girl's behavior is neither altogether impossible nor particularly mysterious. The summer, he knows from long experience, is the season.

The thin college girl is wearing tight jeans and some sort of loosely woven light top, between the weave of which a certain amount of nice skin is visible. "Well?" she says.

"Why don't you come in?" Skin says courteously, and he opens the door wide.

The girl steps into the small apartment. Her thin straight blonde hair just reaches her bony shoulders and she is accompanied by the faint scent of an expensive perfume.

"Listen," Skin says, "about the accident and the address and everything. I just want you to know——"

"We don't have to talk about that," the girl says.

"Pardon?"

"I said we don't have to talk about that." The girl smiles. "I'd rather not take sides. If you get my meaning."

Skin thinks that he gets her meaning exactly. He himself has never encountered a loyalty that would not dissolve in the proper reagent. "Well, sit down," Skin says after a brief pause. "Can I get you a glass of wine?"

She sits and assents and gazes at the silent TV screen as Skin goes into the kitchen and rapidly washes out two jelly-jar glasses that have been moldering on the drainboard for several days. He dries them spotless and carries them out to the living room and pours from the wine bottle. The bottle, he notes with satisfaction, is still nearly half full.

The girl takes one of the jelly glasses with a warm smile and sips. "Oh," she says pleasantly, "it's nice and sweet."

"Sweet," Skin agrees, "nice and sweet."

The girl watches him with huge eyes the color of polished amethyst.

"You went out driving the streets looking for me?" Skin says. "How come?"

The girl shrugs, drinks from her jelly glass. "I just wanted to talk to you," she says. "You said you were a sculptor. I was curious to see your work."

"Ah," Skin says, "my work."

"Is this your studio?" the girl asks.

"My studio," Skin says, "this is it."

The girl gazes around approvingly, then looks back at Skin. "My name is Miranda," she says.

"Miranda," Skin repeats slowly, and he stares at her. "Somehow," he says, "you don't look like a Miranda."

"Well," she says, "you don't look like a Skin."

"How do you know my name?"

The girl shrugs. "The manager told me."

"That was nice of him," Skin says. He thinks he will have to speak to the old drunk about this.

"I'm very excited by art right now," Miranda says. "I'm taking art classes this summer. Someday I would like to create, myself."

"Good," says Skin, "very good." He is trying to remember which closet the sculptures are in. He tells everyone that he is a sculptor, and the odd thing, for Skin, at least, is that he really is. Or was, until he sold the woodworking tools and, along with them, the chisels. Since the age of 14, he has carved wood, quite well, and sold a few pieces and kept most for himself. Even now, after traveling and years of total disorganization, he still owns perhaps 20 pounds of redwood and walnut and pine carvings that remind him he was good and that someday he can go back to it and it will make him famous.

"I'll get them," Skin says, and he empties his glass and goes to the bedroom closet. Far in the back, past Annmarie's shoes and suitcases and the clothing that has fallen from the hangers, is a big canvas parcel, tied with rope, that contains the sum of Skin's art. He pulls it out, toppling suitcases and scattering shoes, and drags it through the hall out to a clear spot on the living-room floor and begins to untie it.

"You keep them wrapped up in canvas," the girl notes.

"Yes," Skin says, untying, "in canvas."

"Oh," Miranda says as Skin begins to set out the small sculptures on the worn gray rug. "Oh, my," she says, standing gracefully and walking over to kneel directly beside Skin. "These are just wonderful."

"Well," Skin says, "they're old, you know, I did them a while ago."

"You're good," Miranda says, "you're really good." She gestures at the redwood hawk Skin carved at 14. "May I?"

"Sure," Skin says, "sure," and Miranda picks up the bird, redwood wings set for soaring, tapering neck curved in a gentle turn, the surface polished smooth and oiled deeply.

"It's beautiful," Miranda says, and then, one by one, she examines the other pieces. With each, she comments on the finish or the lines or the precise

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fluidity of technique. An ocean breaker, a foot wide, carved from dense walnut, amazes her.

"What are you doing now?" she asks Skin at last.

Skin shrugs. "I'm on vacation," he tells her. "For a while."

"You're a remarkable talent," the girl says to him. "You really deserve——"

She breaks off as there is another knock at the door. Skin frowns and shrugs at Miranda and goes to open it. He is eager to hear more from her and, a bit drunk from wine and praise, he opens the door carelessly.

It is Al, the college boy, and behind him, on the small concrete porch, are three huge shadowy figures. Immediately Skin starts to close the door, but already Al has one foot inside. The door stops and Skin sees that Al's feet are no longer sneaker clad. The foot that blocks the door wears a steel-toed work boot.

Skin presses on the door, but a far greater pressure on the other side swings it open easily. Skin steps back quickly and Al steps over the threshold.

"Hi," he says to Skin, unsmiling. "We brought that estimate by."

Al, dressed now in blue jeans and a sweat shirt with cutoff sleeves, walks over to Miranda and runs his hand briefly through her blonde hair. Skin's stomach drops out. He knows that this is serious trouble.

The three other figures enter and immediately the small apartment seems vastly smaller. Skin recognizes instantly what he is faced with: These are college football players, human beings transmogrified by $50,000 worth of special foods and chrome-plated exercise equipment and anabolic steroids and God knows what else; trained up, since childhood, like vines, to grow specifically immense and monstrous. One has biceps the size of Skin's thigh. Another is only slightly taller than Skin but four times as thick. The largest, at least six-five, with small eyes countersunk far into solidly fleshed sockets that emit only a tenuous gleam of intelligence.

"I got three estimates on the van," Al tells Skin casually.

"Listen," Skin says, stepping back, "I don't know——"

"No," Al says, "you listen. The lowest estimate is $157.50. It's a fair price. But then, you weren't where you said you'd be. How about that?"

Skin gestures with both hands, as if it is all simply too great a mystery. He takes another step back. One football player blocks the front door, one guards the telephone and the last is standing behind Al. Amidst them, Al appears reed-thin.

"But forget it," Al says. "We've gotten together now, that's all that counts. Can we settle things right now?"

"Ah," Skin says, beginning to sense that disaster is not immediately forthcoming. "Sure," he says, "absolutely, let's discuss it."

"I need $157.50," Al says.

"Well," Skin says confidently, "I don't have it. Not right now. I can get it for you. Tomorrow. First thing tomorrow."

Al stares at Skin for a moment. "I'm a college student," he says at last, softly. "I have a scholarship, but do you think that a basketball scholarship makes me rich?"

Skin gestures indeterminately. He suspects that it does.

"It doesn't," Al tells him. "I work twenty hours a week to pay for that van."

"Nice van," Skin says, "very nice van."

"So I would like the money tonight," Al says. "Right now, in fact. I think it will be easier for everyone than if we let it slip until tomorrow. Am I making sense?"

Skin understands, with sudden clarity. "Believe me," he says with convincing sincerity, "when I say that I'm broke. If I had the money, I'd give it to you this minute."

Al cuts off further discussion. "Forget the money," he says. "What else do you have?"

The question silences Skin immediately as he ponders its ominous ramifications. Al turns to Miranda, who is still watching the silent TV. "What," he asks her, "does he have?"

Miranda shrugs. "The TV."

Al carefully examines the dented portable. "Twenty-five," he says. "Maybe thirty."

"Wait a minute," Skin says. "Hold on."

"The stereo," Miranda says.

Al steps to one side to view the stereo and is momentarily silent.

"Piece of shit," one of the giants advises from behind him.

"Another twenty-five," Al decides, "absolutely no more. That's fifty so far, maybe fifty-five."

Skin's mouth is slightly open. "Hold it," he says, "listen to me."

No one listens. "What else?" Al asks Miranda.

She shrugs again. "There's the carvings." She points to the impromptu exhibit Skin has arranged on the floor, surrounded by the canvas parceling.

"The carvings," Al says slowly as he moves toward them. "These are very nice," he says and glances back at Miranda for confirmation.

"They're excellent," she says.

"How much for one of these?" Al asks the room in general. "Say down in one of those arty beach towns."

"No," Skin says, starting to move, "no, goddamn it, no, don't touch those sculptures, you goddamned——"

As quick and silent as a cat, one of the giants is standing directly in front of Skin, arms crossed over his chest. His momentum still vibrates the air in the small apartment. Skin stares straight ahead at a point directly below his Adam's apple.

"Hold on," Al says, "don't get excited."

"Fifty apiece," another giant says. "Forty easy."

"Fifty," Miranda says. "Those are very nice."

"Then," Al says in a voice of total reason, "let's talk about the TV and the stereo and two of the carvings. How does that sound?"

"No," Skin says, "absolutely not. I'll have the money for you tomorrow. Ten o'clock tomorrow, I'll have the money for you. You know where I live. You can come and get me if you want. I'll have it for you, I swear to God, listen to me."

Al does not even consider it. "It's easier this way," he says. "It's always better to settle business immediately."

"No," cries Skin, and he moves forward, but immense finger tips push him back and he feels as if his pectorals have been permanently dented.

Al is unplugging the television. Someone else disconnects the stereo. "Choose the two you like best," Al tells Miranda.

She does not look at Skin, kneels again beside the sculptures and, without hesitation, she chooses the redwood hawk and the walnut wave, cradling them in her thin arms as she rises.

"Thieves," Skin says, "you're thieves. I'll call the police."

No one pays him any attention.

"I'll have you busted," Skin says. "I swear to God, this is grand larceny. This is extortion."

Al, in the midst of hoisting the television set, stares at him briefly. "Listen," he says, "how stupid do you think we are? People like you don't call the police. The police call you."

Skin watches wordlessly as they begin to leave the apartment. "I consider the account settled," Al tells Skin on his way out the door. They are over the threshold as quickly and as silently as they had arrived. They shut the door quietly and then Skin does not move for a very long time.

• • •

When Annmarie arrives home from work, she finds Skin sitting in the overstuffed chair, staring silently at the empty space where the television had been.

"What the fuck happened to the TV?" she asks. "What happened to the stereo?"

Skin shakes his head, says nothing.

"What are your goddamn statues doing on the floor? What have you been *doing*?"

"I——" Skin begins. "We've been robbed."

"Robbed?" Annmarie says. "What the

"Hi! I'm the romance the travel agency promised when you signed up for this cruise. . . ."

hell do you mean robbed? You mean the *TV?*"

"The TV," Skin says without expression. "The stereo. My sculptures. Stolen."

"Jesus," Annmarie says, standing in front of Skin, who does not look at her. "Did you call the cops?"

"No," Skin says. "Sit down."

Annmarie sits down and Skin tells her the story. He makes nothing up, he invents no excuses, he tells it exactly as it happened. At first Annmarie is furious, then—at the thought of the loss of their inputs—she is in shock, and then finally she is as sympathetic as a mother.

"The fuckers," she says. "The goddamned college-ass fuckers."

Skin shakes his head numbly. He looks very bad. The only time he has moved in the past four hours has been to disconnect the hose from the water bed.

Annmarie fumbles in her purse. "Here," she says, "take this." She holds out a tiny red capsule of Seconal and Skin swallows it without a word. "Let's go to bed," she says. "We'll talk about it in the morning."

They go into the bedroom, Skin a few silent steps behind Annmarie. The newly framed water bed is as full and perfect as a ripe green fruit. When she sees it, her face grows radiant. "Oh," she says, exaggerating her pleasure, "oh, this is wonderful." She runs one hand over the rough pine frame. "This is just great. You did a wonderful job."

Skin nods automatically, with no enthusiasm.

She drops a Seconal herself and undresses. "Think about it in the morning," she repeats to Skin, "don't worry now. We'll go down to the flea market Sunday and get new stuff, don't worry." Then she undresses Skin and spreads a sheet and a thin blanket over the waterbed mattress.

"Time for bed," she tells Skin, "time for bed." She sits at the edge of the water bed, big breasts wobbling, and reaches up to catch Skin's hand, and then reclines on the buoyant plastic mattress. Skin follows her and together, entwined, they sink into the watery substance of their bed. Their combined weight, so abruptly applied, forces the edges of the mattress against the frame and at one side a long pine splinter punctures the thin plastic membrane. Once torn, the substance splits and tears wide under the pressure of the water, flooding the new frame, filling it almost instantly, the level of water rising fast, and before Skin or Annmarie has time even to mumble good night, as quick as the strike of a snake, the cold fresh water reaches their necks.

"You sure put on airs, for a man with a two-fifty price on his head."

Say "Ah!"

(continued from page 100)

The movie itself is many cuts above the usual hard-core: It is competently photographed, imaginatively written, occasionally funny, actually involves some acting and even has a plot. Linda plays a jaded Miami Beach playgirl who orgies with her roomie, to whom she confides her frustration at never achieving orgasm. At her roommate's suggestion, Linda takes her problem to a freaky shrink who, after much probing with his primary diagnostic tool, determines that she is mentally and physically normal except in one fascinating respect: Her clitoris is located deep in her throat. Naturally, the good doctor confirms his diagnosis with the willing Linda, who not only achieves her first climax but leaves her benefactor stupefied with satiation. Recognizing a good thing when he sees it, he hires her as his assistant and she embarks on a rewarding career as a sexual therapist who meets and masters one male patient's sex problem after another. Thus does Linda find true happiness. And, as it turns out, fame.

After *Deep Throat* was released in New York by Damiano Film Productions early in 1972, it soon attracted attention as something distinctly different in skin flicks. So did Linda. An explicit interview in *Screw*, the New York sex tabloid—which awarded the film an unprecedented 100 percent on its "Peter Meter," thanks to her performance—triggered the interest of other publications and led to more reviews, interviews and articles. Even *Women's Wear Daily* decided the picture—and Linda—had made some sort of entertainment history that deserved memorializing. The film itself, meanwhile, was grossing something in the neighborhood of $35,000 a week—a fact that has not escaped Linda's attention. "I only made about $1200, out of which I had to take my manager's cut, for that picture. Next time I want to get a decent salary and a percentage of the profits." For *Throat*, those profits should be considerable. It was floating around the 25 mark on *Variety*'s list of the 50 top money-makers at a time when it was playing in only two theaters, thanks to legal problems. The outcome of an important New York City case was not known at presstime, but the defense marshaled an impressive array of expert witnesses who praised the film's content and quality and the fact that it presents sexual gratification as the right of women as well as of men. In Binghamton, New York, a jury saw the film, heard testimony that it artistically satirizes American sexual attitudes and turned in a verdict of not guilty.

What has doubtlessly piqued wide public curiosity as much as Linda's fellatial talents is her ingenuous style: a shy innocence combined with sexual


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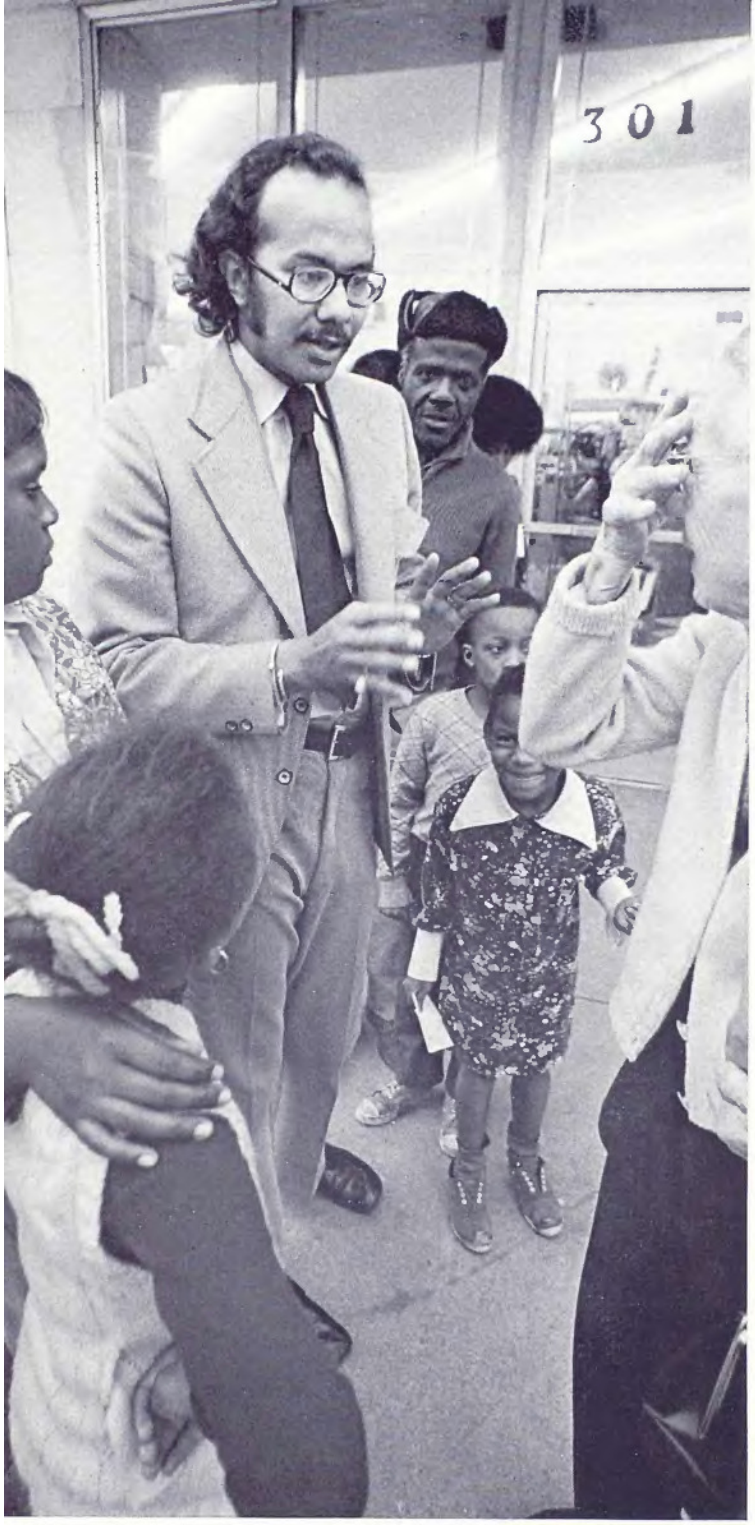
enthusiasm and an utter absence of inhibitions. This image contrasts sharply with that of the traditional pornographic-movie performer—a bruised and needle-tracked prostitute, often unattractive, suffering from combat fatigue. With Linda, it soon becomes apparent from meeting her in person that her role in *Deep Throat* involved little acting; she was very nearly playing herself. "I really do dig getting it in the throat," she told us. "Everything turns me on, actually; my preferences depend on my mood, but I'd say right now I like throat, ass, cunt, one, two, three, in that order." As we said, Linda is remarkably uninhibited. Quiet and unassuming, however, she speaks softly, smiles readily and displays a warm, friendly personality that falls short of being gregarious. In jeans, she looks like she comes from Marlboro Country, but a miniskirt transforms her into a big-city working girl. At 22, she's not sexy in the movie-star sense, yet she possesses a free and easy sensuality that seems healthy, natural and spontaneous. In short, she's the all-American girl without the all-American hang-ups. Bright as a button, sweet as honey, carnal as hell. If anyone could write a movie script based on the stories of the traveling salesman and the farmer's daughter, Linda Lovelace would be the perfect heroine.

Linda came to *Deep Throat*, or vice versa, because of her boyfriend. She was living in Texas when she met J. R. Traynor, a New York free-lance photographer working on an agricultural assignment. After returning with him to Manhattan, she went to work as a clerk in a head shop until Traynor met a local film maker and told him about Linda's unique erotic skills. The result was *Deep Throat*, filmed in New York and Miami in a couple of weeks on a $25,000 budget, with no great expectations other than a quick buck. When it began to turn into something much more than that, Linda found herself unprepared for her sudden role as a celebrity. It's understandable, then, that she doesn't act like one.

What does she think of all the publicity she's received? She grins, thinks for a moment and decides she isn't quite used to it, but it's fun and it hasn't changed her life very much or her attitudes at all. "When I'm in New York, where the movie ran a long time, I'm sometimes recognized on the street. A guy will stop, with this questioning look on his face, and then say something in a low voice, like *'Deep!,'* and smile and walk off. I get kind of a kick out of it." The main problem, she says, is that too many guys she's met since *Deep Throat* assume she's as indiscriminately horny as the girl they saw in the movie and expect her to treat them to a demonstration. "This," interjects J. R., "is like expecting Charlton Heston to behave like Michelangelo." Does being a porn star ever cause her embarrassment? Oh, no, she told us. There's nothing wrong with sex; why should she be embarrassed? It's the most natural thing in the world. How does she feel about the fact that oral sex is still illegal in most states and considered perverted by many people? This time she shrugs. She can't understand that, and anyway, it's their problem, not hers. People who don't do it, she believes, don't know how to enjoy sex; probably they're afraid of it. J. R., she says, was her escape from all that—from middle America, its moral hypocrisy and its sexual restraints.

After meeting Linda and J. R. and spending even a short time socializing —they're an inseparable team living a mildly hippie life style in Miami these days—it's perfectly obvious what a nice girl like her is doing in a business like hers: She's sexually fearless, knows who she is and what she wants, and has a deep respect for other people as individuals, as long as they reciprocate. Cynics, con men, exploiters and role players she politely tolerates as a professional inconvenience that must be suffered for the sake of earning a living by making movies, as she would like to do, pornographically or otherwise. Consequently, she and J. R. know many people but associate with only a few close friends. Linda would rather spend a quiet evening at home puttering around with a new recipe than dine out in an elegant restaurant. And she says she likes keeping house as much as she does cooking. Come to think of it, a well-rounded girl like her would make a hell of a wife.

"And how about Eleanor Powell—there was one hell of a great tap dancer."



OZIER MUHAMMAD

JAY COOPER *the road south*

THERE'S A CAMARADERIE among young black politicians, probably because there are still so few of them. When Algernon Johnson "Jay" Cooper, Jr., a former aide to Robert Kennedy, sent out word that he was running for mayor of Prichard, Alabama, the faithful—mayors, Congressmen and state legislators—made tracks South or sent help. The population of the tired blue-collar Mobile suburb (about 41,000) is almost evenly split between blacks and whites, but after a runoff election with racial overtones (poor blacks received calls from employees of the white city administration threatening to cut off their welfare checks if they voted for Cooper), Prichard was the largest city south of the Mason-Dixon line with a black mayor. A coalition of whites and newly registered blacks —and the antipathy of both toward the three-term incumbent who left the debt-ridden city near receivership—put Cooper over. The 28-year-old graduate of Notre Dame and NYU law school quickly set about mending racial fences by inviting George Wallace to speak in Prichard. "Half of my constituents are white, and I'd say 80 percent of them are supporters of Governor Wallace. I thought it was something they would appreciate." The white majority on the city council is more of a bottleneck in Cooper's plans: "They continually try to limit my power." But Cooper's Northern contacts already have secured a large urban-renewal grant from HUD and a commitment to buy $2,000,000 in municipal bonds for a new city hall. "I spent a number of years away from home trying to learn certain things and getting to know certain people so they could be used to help at home. Whether you're talking about Nixon Republicans or Democrats on the Hill, I think we're pretty well plugged in." Cooper admits there may be a white exodus from Prichard, but one local newspaperwoman says, "You'd be surprised how many white people really like the man. They realize he's got his stuff on the road."

J. BARRY O'ROURKE

ON THE SCENE

MARCEL OPHULS *repeating history*

THE FINEST DOCUMENTARY of last year—perhaps of any year—has got to be *The Sorrow and the Pity*, a four-and-a-half-hour film that combines *cinéma vérité* interviews with old newsreel footage to re-create the Nazi occupation of France. Undertaken for, but later rejected by, French TV—partly because it contends that 90 percent of all Frenchmen supported the Vichy regime—*Sorrow* has scored at all the international festivals; and its director, Marcel Ophuls, 45, traveled from his Munich home to New York in January to accept a special critics' award. Ophuls—whose father, Max, was a brilliant film director of the Thirties, Forties and Fifties—claims, surprisingly, that he really prefers comedies to documentaries, which he finds spiritually as well as physically tiring to shoot. "People complain about how wearing four and a half hours of human weakness and blackness can be on the spectator: I say: What do you think it's like to live with it for ten months?" A native German—and a Jew—Ophuls fled with his family from the Nazis, going first to France, then to the United States. In 1950 he returned to France and got started in movies. After serving as assistant director on several pictures, he made *Banana Peel*, a fairly successful comedy, on his own. A job producing half-hour historical films for French TV led to a more ambitious three-part series, beginning with a five-hour two-part film on the 1938 Munich Agreement. Next came *The Sorrow and the Pity*. Currently in production—after a side trip to Northern Ireland to make *A Sense of Loss*, a poignant record of the conflict there—is the third film of his planned trilogy on France and the Nazis: it deals with the early postwar years. Why will audiences sit through these lengthy and painful re-examinations of history's blacker episodes? Ophuls thinks it's because "I don't share the documentary-film ethic. I'm not a purist about it. I look for everything that is amusing or startling, and I try to entertain." That he unquestionably does.

HORST H. BAUMANN

GERALDO RIVERA *newscaster or newsmaker?*

SETTING: Interior, East Harlem hospital. Time: Now. Subject: Infant drug addiction. This scenario doesn't describe a film shown for a few legislators at some closed-door drug-abuse investigation but a sequence seen by millions of metropolitan New Yorkers on ABC's *Eyewitness News*. Hardly the standard TV news fare. But then, Geraldo Rivera, the scene's writer-producer, isn't your standard broadcast journalist. He is 29, bilingual, Puerto Rican, long-haired and, by his own admission, "the best there is." In June 1970, ABC's New York affiliate found Rivera in an uptown legal-aid office, where he was representing such groups as the militant Young Lords. At first, he was assigned to the Beautiful People beat (days not entirely misspent; Rivera met his wife, Kurt Vonnegut's daughter, as a result). Within a year, however, he'd convinced his news editors that "there are so many rotten things going on in New York" that they gave him a crew all his own. Rivera wept and raged onscreen while his cameramen zoomed in on Lower East Side "shooting galleries," a feces-smeared mental institution and migrant-labor hovels. "Unlike most newsmen," he says, "I want nothing to do with objectivity. The essential question for me is: How can I be most effective in changing society?" Such questions provoke a variety of reactions: the New York State Associated Press Broadcasters top-newsman-of-1971 award, for one; an involuntary leave of absence from his station after he openly endorsed George McGovern, for another. Critics claim his journalistic style undermines the credibility of TV news, because he often *becomes*, rather than reports, his stories. But Rivera embraces the notoriety. "I'm very much an egotist," he says, "and I'm aware of my own mortality. I believe my function is to change the world in some measurable way before I die. And if I have to shake New York and the institutions of journalism to their very foundations to do it, I will."

CREPE EXPECTATIONS

(continued from page 111)

d'oeuvre, lunch, dinner, dessert and late-night snack, crepes also are a convenience. You can plan ahead for entertaining by spending a few hours preparing crepes and freezing enough for several parties or meals. I have filled, rolled and wrapped crepes in foil and stored them in plastic bags in the freezer for six months. Defrosting and saucing them, I browned them in the oven and they were as tasty as if freshly made. Another party advantage is having that last-day work load reduced. Crepes can be made and stored in the refrigerator for three days—crepes and fillings separately—then assembled, browned and served at your convenience.

Yet with all the variety this little pancake has to offer—its ability to transform the ordinary vegetable, fruit, meat, poultry, fish or cheese into the extraordinary—it's the rare American host who uses crepes to conquer a gathering. Many of us know what crepes suzette are, but when pancakes are mentioned we immediately envision a lumberjack's hearty breakfast stack of thick cakes dripping maple syrup. A crepe has as much relation to most so-called pancakes as an orange does to an onion. In addition to its multifarious uses, the crepe can also be served in several shapes: rolled into cylinders, folded into triangles, layered and cut into pie-shaped wedges, flat in a casserole, as a covering for meat or chicken pies or, impressively, in a mold.

Recently, I built an entire party around crepes of various styles, from hors d'oeuvre straight through dinner and dessert. Much nonsense is published about crepes' being complicated. If you can fry an egg, you can master a crepe. But two items must be exactly right: the pan and the batter. The pan should be French, black iron, with sloping sides that make turning the crepe simple; pans run from five to ten inches in diameter and are inexpensive. I use a five-inch for first courses and hors d'oeuvres and a six- or six-and-a-half-inch for entrees, luncheon dishes and desserts. A pan over seven inches is difficult to handle; and, in my opinion, a crepe any larger is just too much crepe.

The pan must be properly treated before use. It should be thoroughly cleaned with soap and hot water, rinsed well in hot water and dried carefully. Then fill it with vegetable oil, almost to the top, and place in a 250-degree oven for three hours. Pour off the oil and wipe out the pan with kosher salt. Now wipe well with paper towels. It's ready for use. It must never be used for anything except crepes—and never be washed.

Some authorities recommend brushing the pan with vegetable oil (using a pastry brush) before making each crepe. If the pan is properly treated, this isn't necessary. Use oil only for the first crepe. After that, the butter in the batter will be sufficient.

BASIC BATTER

(For about 30 five-in. crepes)

1 cup very light cream
1 cup water (this can be varied with other liquids to give the crepe flavor)
4 eggs
1 teaspoon salt
2 cups all-purpose white flour, sifted
3½ tablespoons melted butter

Place all ingredients except the melted butter in a blender. Blend at highest speed, covered, for 1½ minutes. Scrape flour sticking to the sides down into batter. Add the melted butter, cover and blend for another ½ minute. It is important that this batter rest (right in the blender jar) in the refrigerator for three hours before using. This gives the flour time to expand in the liquids, a process that provides light and tender crepes.

The batter must be of the consistency of medium cream and should coat a spoon. If too heavy, it not only makes thick crepes but spreads too slowly in the pan and lumps in the center. If necessary, the batter can be thinned by stirring in small amounts of milk.

To be a true crepe, a pancake must be parchment-thin, no more than 1/16th in. thick. Thus, you must be careful about the amount of batter you pour into the pan. I use a spouted glass jigger marked in ounces and pour in just under 1 oz. for a 5-in. crepe and just barely over 1 oz. for a 6-in. crepe. (In tablespoons, this would be 1½ tablespoons for a 5-in. crepe and just barely 2 tablespoons for a 6-in. crepe.) A small ladle is handy, but with the cooking of a few crepes you'll work out the precise amount of batter without any problem.

Brush your new treated pan lightly with oil. Place it over high heat, testing it with a drop of cold water. When that instantly evaporates, it's ready. Reduce heat to medium. Place blender jar with batter in convenient place and a long spoon beside it to stir the batter frequently. Off the heat, pour the measured batter into the still-hot pan, quickly tip pan from side to side to completely cover the bottom with a thin coating of batter. If there is excess batter, pour it back into the blender. Place pan over medium heat (if holes appear in crepe, spoon on small amounts of batter just to cover) and when the crepe begins to look dry, is bubbling from the center and browning slightly around the edges, loosen those edges with a spatula and flip it over. The entire cooking operation takes a total of 1 minute for both sides, more for the first side than for the second. After you've made a few crepes, you'll get the timing.

The first crepe is a test. Discard it. You'll note that the side cooked first will be golden brown, more attractive than the spotty second side. That's as it should be. The second side is the inside—the portion that is filled and doesn't show. Stack the cooked crepes; this keeps them moist and in shape.

Hors d'oeuvres

CRISP CRAB ROLLS

(For about 20 five-in. crepes)

(Use the basic batter, but substitute bottled clam juice for the water. This gives the crepe additional flavor.)

Filling

2 tablespoons butter
1 tablespoon olive oil
3 tablespoons chopped shallots
2 cups canned king-crab meat, drained, diced, cartilage discarded
1 tablespoon chopped parsley
1 teaspoon dillweed
1½ teaspoons salt
½ teaspoon pepper
Pinch cayenne pepper
1 egg, beaten
¼ cup dry white vermouth
Juice of ½ lemon

In saucepan, melt butter, add oil. Sauté shallots until soft. Blend in crab, parsley, dillweed, salt, pepper, cayenne pepper, egg, vermouth and lemon juice and sauté for 5 minutes. The purpose is to thicken the mixture and get rid of excess moisture, so that it does not run on the crepe. Taste and, if necessary, correct seasoning. Crab flavor should predominate. Spoon a heaping tablespoon of crab mixture onto lower third portion of each flat crepe, spread it across, then turn in the ends to keep mixture from falling out, and roll tightly.

For Dipping and Frying

3 eggs, beaten
4 tablespoons milk
2 cups dry bread crumbs
Vegetable oil for deep frying
Dry mustard
Chutney

Beat eggs and milk together. Dip each rolled crepe into the egg mixture, then roll in the bread crumbs. Heat enough oil in an electric fry pan set at 375° to cover crepes. Deep-fry the rolls until brown and crispy; just under 1 minute should do it.

Drain well on sheets of paper towel. Serve with a hot mustard sauce and

THINK THINS

Think Silva Thins 100's. They have less "tar" than most Kings, 100's, menthols, non-filters.*

Menthol too.

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

*According to the latest U.S. Government figures. Filter and Menthol: 16 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report August,'72.

"I hate these early-morning flights."

Major Grey's Chutney. I use Colman's dry mustard, thinned to the consistency desired with water. Two per person.

CANNELLONI

(*For about 20 five-in. crepes*)

(Use the basic batter; blend into it 2 tablespoons grated parmesan cheese.)

Filling

1½ lbs. fresh *ricotta* cheese, drained
5 tablespoons grated parmesan cheese
8 thin slices prosciutto ham, diced
2 tablespoons minced Italian parsley
1 large egg yolk
1 teaspoon sugar
Liberal amount freshly ground black pepper
1½ teaspoons salt
Blend all of the above in a bowl.

Sauce

As a timesaver, you can use commercial tomato sauce, but your own will be tastier.

2 tablespoons olive oil
3 cloves garlic, peeled and halved
1 2-lb., 3-oz. can Italian peeled plum tomatoes (put through food mill to deseed and depulp)
1½ teaspoons salt
1½ teaspoons black pepper
1 tablespoon dried sweet basil
1 cup grated parmesan cheese
Butter

Heat oil in a deep-fry pan; brown the garlic; discard it. Add tomatoes, salt, pepper and basil. Simmer, uncovered, 30 minutes, stirring often, until sauce has body and flavor and isn't watery. Taste for seasoning.

On flat 5-in. crepe, spoon a heaping tablespoon of the cheese-ham filling onto the lower third portion, spread it evenly across, then roll straight across into a cigar shape without tucking in ends. Butter an ovenproof dish; arrange rolls so they aren't touching. Cover each with 1 tablespoon tomato sauce; sprinkle with parmesan cheese; dot with butter. Place in a preheated 375° oven for 15 minutes, until sauce bubbles. If the top doesn't brown, run it under the broiler. Two to a person.

Dinner

CREAMED BROCCOLI TRIANGLES

(*For about 20 five-in. crepes*)

(Use the basic batter.)

1½ cups water
1 teaspoon salt
2 packages frozen chopped broccoli
5 tablespoons butter
4 tablespoons flour
1½ cups light cream, warm
2 tablespoons sherry
1½ teaspoons salt
½ teaspoon black pepper
1 cup grated parmesan cheese
Butter

Bring water to boil in a saucepan. Add salt and the frozen broccoli. Cover, simmer 10 minutes, or until just tender, being careful not to overcook. Drain well. Melt butter in a saucepan over medium heat, stir in flour and cook 2 minutes, stirring constantly, until you have a smooth, golden paste. Remove from heat and, adding a small amount at a time, stir in the warm cream, sherry, salt and pepper and half the cheese. Simmer over medium heat, stirring, until you have obtained a smooth, thick sauce. Taste for seasoning. Blend in the drained broccoli.

Spoon a heaping tablespoon of broccoli mixture onto the center of a crepe. Fold in half, then fold again, forming a triangle. Butter an ovenproof dish, arrange broccoli crepes side by side without touching. Sprinkle with the remaining cheese, dot with butter. Place in a preheated 375° oven for 15 minutes. If necessary, run under the broiler to brown.

This can be served as a first course, but at my crepe dinner it came with the entree as a side-dish vegetable course. Two to a person.

CHICKEN MOLD

(*For six*)

(Use the basic batter, substituting 1 cup chicken stock for the water.)

This main-course dish is sometimes called *Timbale de Crepes*. Use a round mold, about 3½ ins. deep and about 7 ins. in diameter, size of mold depending on the number of guests. For this, you'll need:

About 10 7-in. crepes, or enough to completely line the mold
About 12 6-in. crepes, or enough to fill the mold in layers
Sauced chicken
Sauce to pass at the table

To Prepare Chicken

3 large whole chicken breasts
1½ quarts water
1 cup dry white wine
2 carrots
2 whole onions
4 sprigs parsley
2 stalks celery
2 teaspoons salt

Place everything in a pot, cover and simmer over medium heat for 35 minutes, or until chicken is tender. Cool, remove skin and bones, and dice chicken. Save chicken stock for the sauce you will make.

CHICKEN VELOUTÉ WITH MUSHROOMS

7 tablespoons butter
12 small fresh mushrooms, sliced
5 tablespoons flour
2 cups chicken stock (use stock in which you poached chicken breasts)
1 cup heavy cream
2 tablespoons brandy
2 tablespoons chopped parsley
1½ teaspoons salt
Diced chicken breasts

Melt 2 tablespoons butter in saucepan. Sauté mushrooms for 5 minutes. Remove from heat.

In another deep saucepan, melt remaining butter over medium heat, stir

in flour, blending into a smooth, golden paste. Off heat, add heated chicken stock, a little at a time, beating with a wire whisk into a smooth sauce. Return to heat, simmer 10 minutes, blending in the cream, a little at a time, then the brandy, parsley and salt. Cook until thickened. Stir in the mushrooms. Blend well. Save a third of this sauce to pass in a sauceboat at the table. Blend the diced chicken into the remainder. Taste for seasoning.

To Assemble Mold

Butter the mold well. Cut about 10 7-in. crepes in half and completely line the mold with them, pressing the most attractive sides against the mold. One point of each cut crepe should join at bottom center of the mold, the other point lapping over the side. Fill the mold with the 12 6-in. whole crepes, making layers, evenly spreading about 3 tablespoons of the chicken in its sauce onto each crepe. Fold the crepes overlapping the mold back over the last layer, which should contain chicken filling. Cover with one 7-in. crepe. No sauce.

Place mold in a pan of boiling water and bake in a preheated 350° oven for 40 minutes. Unmold onto a serving platter. Cut in wedges (with a very sharp knife) and pass the mushroom sauce.

ROKÖLT TORTE
(*For six*)

(For this dessert use the basic batter, but reduce the cup of water by half and add ½ cup white rum and 1 tablespoon sugar.)

This Hungarian crepe cake (in a slightly different version) was first unveiled by my talented friend Robert MacKerroll. It looks spectacular and complicated but, surprisingly, it's as easy as spreading butter.

30 6-in. crepes
8 heaping tablespoons apricot preserves
7 heaping tablespoons chopped pecans
7 heaping tablespoons strawberry preserves
7 tablespoons chocolate sauce (Use a good commercially prepared sauce to which you have added ½ teaspoon melted sweet butter and ½ teaspoon white rum. Sauce should not be too thin.)
½ pint heavy cream, whipped, flavored with ½ teaspoon sugar and ½ teaspoon vanilla

On a serving plate, assemble the *torte* in layers. The fruit preserves should be at room temperature for easier spreading. Place a crepe on the plate and spread thinly with 1 tablespoon apricot preserves. Press a second crepe on top and sprinkle with 1 tablespoon pecans; add another crepe and spread with 1 tablespoon strawberry preserves; add another crepe and spread with 1 tablespoon chocolate sauce; then alternate until you reach the last crepe. Do not spread anything on the top one. Just before serving, cover top and sides of the cake with the whipped cream and serve immediately in modest portions.

This can also be covered with meringue and placed in a 375° oven until the meringue is golden.

With the crepe collection, I served a Bibb-lettuce and fresh-beet salad, seasoned with salt and pepper, a dribble of olive oil and tossed with a sprinkling of tarragon vinegar and 2 cloves garlic. And I constantly tilted bottles of cold, but not icy, California Chablis, vatted, I suspect, from Pinot Blanc grapes that found California sun superior to the vaunted French. I signaled the end was near by pouring espresso, then equal portions of Grand Marnier and Armagnac.

But these details are not what's going to garner the raves. Just roll out the crepes. The success of your feast is a foregone conclusion.

Where-To-Buy-It? Use REACTS Card — Page 205.

BIG TOP

(continued from page 156)

in a white T-shirt and denim pants stiff with mud, welded the bars on a trailer full of lions and a tiger. Every once in a while one of the cats would edge over toward him and lift a paw. The black man would swat it and the lion would back away. PRINCE BOGINO AND HIS PERFORMING LIONS AND TIGERS, said the sign. The black man was Prince Bogino himself. He was the only known black lion tamer in the United States.

Twenty-some years before, when he was 12, the Prince had left home in Los Angeles and had gone to work for Clyde Beatty. Beatty had asked him his name. It was Manuel Ruffin. Beatty had said he probably would forget a name like that, so he named the boy Junior. Junior learned the act from Beatty, and now Beatty was dead and Junior was a full-grown 245-pound lion tamer on whom the name Junior did not stick very well, but everybody who knew him called him that.

Kenny was a man with a glass eye and a pipe always in his mouth, and he wore the uniform of an engineer: chino pants, half Wellingtons, khaki shirt with epaulets. He had worked for Hoxie since 1962. It was his job to lay out the lot each day. The circus would perform in one town, then tear down and load everything onto the 15 purple trucks and leave it all there overnight, and at dawn they would move on to the next town, usually no more than 35 miles away, and Kenny would be there first to size up the lot and lay it out. He had a tape, but he did not use it, he said; ordinarily he needed only his one good eye to fix locations for the big top, the marquee canvas and the sideshow tent, which housed the animals.

Kenny said he sometimes had to yell for "a tub of Vaseline, a shoehorn and a lot stretcher," but he always got the show in, despite the fact that large vacant lots are hard to find now. He had been a C. P. A. in Indiana, but he had gotten caught up in circuses a long time ago. He was a worrier like Hoxie, worrying not only about shrinking lots but also about the canvasmen who had to be there to put up the big top and take it down every day.

Canvasmen are wanderers, and the circus accommodates them by not asking too many questions. The circus is not surprised when they leave abruptly, and they are not surprised when they are fired just as abruptly. "They get enough money to get them a bottle of wine and they just start walking," said Kenny. "If we have the same crew on Decoration Day, it'll be a miracle."

Kenny said he was not unsympathetic to the canvasmen who walked. "You just want to travel," he said. "You just want to be around the circus. If I'm not satisfied with my work, I'm not going to be here. I'll go somewhere else."

John Hall was the general manager, a bright man in his mid-30s who wore clean white shirts and neatly pressed dark pants. He drove a red Cadillac that pulled a house trailer neatly filled with books and framed circus posters. When John was 15, Hoxie Tucker had taken his circus, a two-ringer with no elephants then, to the school grounds at Halifax, Virginia. John had seen the show and more or less vowed that he would have his own circus someday.

As general manager, John was the circus person who dealt with the "committees"—the organizations that sponsored the show in the towns along its route—and with the inevitable local feature writers and TV crews. He was nice to those people; he really appeared to *like* them. His attitude seemed to be that he recognized that they dug the circus, and that was reason enough to be friendly with them.

He did not place any walls between himself or the circus and outsiders. Partly for that reason, and partly because of his neat appearance and his trailer full of books, a lot of the other show people couldn't figure John out and stayed out of his way. They dismissed him as a circus fan who happened to be employed by the show. "Circus fan," when a circus person says it, can be a compliment or a put-down, or both, but more often it is a term that indicates his tolerance of a sort of person who adores him and what he does for a living but who frequently gets in the way. It is not nearly as bad as calling someone a "towner."

And there was Joyce. Perhaps none of us, even those who worked all season with her, would completely understand Joyce Fox. It was not that she was mysterious. She was just quiet, perhaps even shy. She was 22 that summer, a schoolteacher by trade; formerly Miss Fox of eighth-grade math in Gary, Indiana, now entering her second season as a show person: a worker at fancy horseback riding, training baby elephants and learning Spanish web; and still schoolteacher, to some extent. She

"Turn off the lights?? Are you kiddin'??!!"

taught Darlene Williams, the young daughter of the elephant trainers, when Darlene wasn't busy breaking her elephant act.

Joyce was one of the first performers to arrive at winter quarters. Some of the show people get indoor work during the winter; some own land in Florida and park their trailers there and go on welfare and hunt and fish. Joyce had gone home to Gary to visit her father after the last season, and she had come back early. She had backed her home into a corner of the lot. It was a forlorn-looking 1963 Microbus, with battered red paint and a HOXIE BROTHERS CIRCUS sign on the front and a plastic pan of water outside the door for her tired old dog. She smiled shyly and tried to be polite when I talked to her, but she did not want to answer any real questions. But in the process of not saying very much that first day, she said the words that explained, more than any others I had heard, what it was about the circus.

It was a matter of freedom, she said, and of lack of antagonism. (There was nothing new here. Circus people know that very few people consider themselves free, so when they are asked to talk about themselves they always emphasize the freedom.) It was a society in which people were tolerant of others, she said. There was no gossiping, as in the teaching profession; no wondering out loud and at length about who was carrying on with whom and for what purpose. It was partly being outdoors, and it was partly the unpredictability of the life, like the weather. You felt as if you belonged; you felt as if you had some sense of identity.

And then she said it: "In the circus you can be whatever you want to be."

It was the last day of winter quarters. It was hard to believe that the show could move tomorrow. There was nothing that could be called busyness, much less frantic activity. At noon it was very hot, and people disappeared—into their trailers, those who had them; the rest down the road to Sweetwater—and I got a horse and rode for an hour in the pasture beside the lot. The pasture ran beneath an approach to Miami Airport, and every few minutes a jet made its descent down the invisible grade, so close that I could see the pale New York faces in the window seats.

I had been in Miami only a couple of days, and yet I felt that the people on the planes were *outsiders*. Towners on their way to Miami Beach. I tried to gouge the horse into a trot, but she immediately fell back into an amble. She had done enough riding to know when there was a towner on her back.

• • •

Palm Springs North: We moved out at 5:30 A.M., because Hoxie wanted to beat the rush-hour traffic on the belt line around Miami. It was a slow, pink, beautiful sunrise, with the smell of gasoline in the air and people talking softly, respectful of the hour. And much coughing around the cook tent, and hacking and spitting. The canvasmen got fried-egg sandwiches and coffee and the convoy started moving, widely spaced and informal. One truck balked at the very beginning and had to be towed.

"Fourteen months and I'll bet you don't even know the color of my eyes!"

An hour later the big top was on its way up in a grassy plot across the street from a small shopping center in Palm Springs North, a housing development in a suburb of Miami. High school kids waiting for the early school bus gawked at the show as it rolled in. Then the bus came and the kids left, but one of them, a straw-blond youth, stayed behind to help put up the tent.

Today was the day of the dress rehearsal, the day the rest of the performers would come in. Hoxie turned up with a carload of new canvasmen and handed them over to Kenny. Two of them were brothers, long-armed and rawboned and widow's-peaked, slow-moving but strong—and determined-looking. They were named Greene with an e, old Scotch-Irish from the North Carolina foothills. They were carpenters, they said, and right now they were following the weather. About the time the show got back to their neighborhood, they would probably leave, because it would be the right time for outdoor work up there.

They said this in the cook tent. Some of the workingmen at the tables were truly gorging themselves—they had their heads down two inches from their aluminum trays and they were shoveling the food into their mouths with serving spoons. You had the idea that Hoxie must have gone after the hungriest-looking men he could find.

But the brothers were restraining themselves, eating slowly and wiping their faces with paper napkins. Still, they were able to put away a lot of noodles, turkey hash, corn, Jell-O, bread, peanut butter, jelly and water.

"See, me and my brother, we sort of follow the construction business, putting up condominiums and everything. Do a little electrical work." That was the more talkative brother. I asked him how they got involved with a circus.

"Well, we was walking down this street in Miami," he began. And then he hesitated and glanced at his brother, who was grinning, and then he chewed on some bread, and then he started smiling. "To tell you the *truth*, we had gone ourselves on a *drunk*. I mean a *real flat-out drunk*, and we'd decided to go over to the Brothers—that's a place there in Miami where you can get a meal, you know——"

A mission?

"A mission. Damn good meal, too. And he, Mr. Tucker, he walked over, and we was standing in line, and he said did we want to go to work, and we said yes. You know, just for the fun of it."

The quiet brother said something inaudible and the talkative one amended his last statement. "Well, not *all* for the fun of it. Our tools, you might say, they was in hock."

Nearby, at a table by himself, a man gobbled food closer to his tray than anyone else, hardly using even a spoon.

(continued on page 192)

PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement

GO TO THE DEVIL

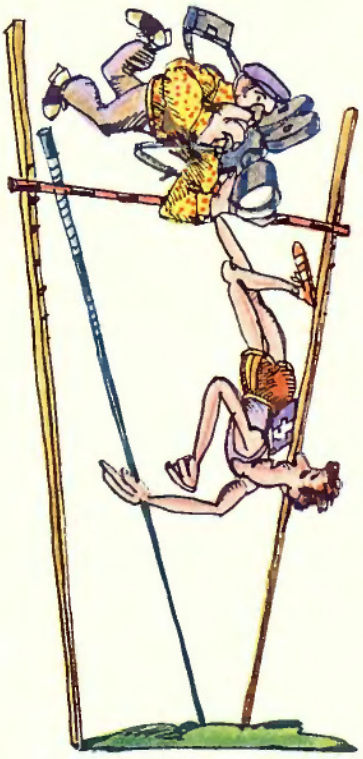
When the French abandoned Devil's Island, off the coast of Guiana, in 1945, it was the kind of place people were dying to escape from instead of visit. Now tourism has arrived and to accommodate the curious masses a "hotel" called L'Auberge de l'Ile Royale has been opened in what used to be one of the jail buildings. Finicky types may wish to think twice before rushing out to book as the rooms aren't equipped with air conditioning or private baths and—*sacrebleu!*—we hear the local bugs and lizards are something else. But what the hell, if Dreyfus slept there it can't be all bad—or can it?

TIME PIECE

The stroke of 12 has a whole new meaning at Gilda, an exclusive antique-jewelry shop in Beverly Hills, California. There you'll find some very handsome erotic pocket watches, including the $2000 18th Century bauble pictured above, in which a teeny-weeny mechanical man makes it with his little ladyfriend inside a secret compartment. If that's your kind of time piece, Gilda has an even wilder one—it once belonged to the late King Farouk—for $10,000. Say, fellah, you got the time? Don't bother me; I'm looking at my watch.

INDIANS WITHOUT RESERVATIONS

Although the Indian Motorcycle Company died some years ago, its parts supply lived on and now is in the capable hands of a California cycle nut named Sammy Pierce at 119 E. Huntington Drive, Monrovia, who specializes in building "classic Indians with modern performance." Sammy's most popular bike is the Chopper Chief, which sells for $1795. Others in his stable include a 348 Roadmaster Chief (price negotiable) that's "built in the style of the most popular of the big roadburners, the '46 to '48 Chiefs," and a $2195 Blackhawk 80 Chief. Because of time and labor, Sammy won't build the latter unless you beg him. Start begging.



GOLD-MEDAL FILM

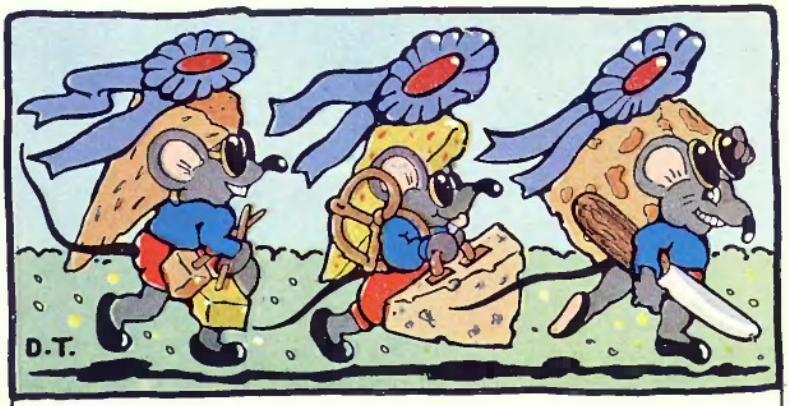
When a small battalion of the world's top film directors—specifically, Arthur Penn, Milos Forman, Kon Ichikawa, Ousmane Sembene, John Schlesinger, Claude Lelouch, Mai Zetterling and Yuri Ozerov—collaborate on a single project, it promises to be something special. Well, the 20th Olympiad was something special in many ways, both good and bad, and it was to capture the essences and nuances of the games that documentarian David L. Wolper enlisted their services. For the film, which will soon be in world-wide distribution, each agreed to focus on a particular subject, such as Zetterling on the weight lifters, Penn on boxing, Sembene on the African athletes. Who focused on Mark Spitz? Jacques Cousteau?

FEEDING YOUR FANTASIES

Imagine you're digging a book in which a superkinky serving wench in a backsideless black-latex outfit waits on tables in a number of staid English restaurants. You're into a sequel to the *Story of O*, right? Wrong. What you have is *Waitress*, a $235 limited edition by English artist Allen Jones. But the real trick is that all the shots in Jones's book are faked; in each one the girl has been montaged in a Tim Street-Porter restaurant photo. And to make the book more desirable, the only printing is limited to 125 signed copies. Available from The Graphics Gallery, 1 Embarcadero Center, San Francisco, it's bound to become a collector's item.

WINNERS AND LOSERS

It's nice to know that in today's mercurial financial market, there's specialized reading material for those who are simply seeking gainful employment as well as for those who are eager to get rich quick. If it's just a job you're after, try *Ad Search*, a weekly newspaper of 4000 to 6000 classified want ads gleaned from over 60 U. S. newspapers. Subscriptions cost $30 a month, $75 a quarter or $200 a year sent to its offices at 105 W. Michigan Street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin. But if it's real dough you want, put your money on the bimonthly *Capitalist Reporter*, 150 Fifth Avenue, New York City, a tabloid full of feverishly written stories on how to get fast! fast! fast! relief from financial woes. ("Turn Rotten Bananas into a Fortune" is one headline.) All for just $9 a year. $9? Now *that's* an investment!



BIG WHEELS

It seems hard to believe that Wisconsin could admit that superior cheese could be produced elsewhere. But not long ago, the Wisconsin Cheese Makers' Association named an Italian, Domenico Rocca, the world's best cheese maker. Figuring that if you can't beat 'em, join 'em, Frank Favaro, owner of the International House of Wine and Cheese at 11302 West Route 12 in Richmond, Illinois, bought up a supply of Rocca's *parmigiano*, among other prize-winning cheeses. Mail-order prices are from $2.39 to $5.75 per pound, with a complete list available on request. Say cheese!

IN THE COUNTRY OF THE BLIND

"Zeniscope Night Vision System penetrates the darkness to provide low-light-level surveillance" begins a rather unusual brochure from Ni-Tec, a company at 7426 Linder Avenue in Skokie, Illinois, that manufactures a line of nocturnal snooperscopes so powerful that Uncle Sam kept them exclusive to the military for years. Prices begin at $3495 for the standard spyglass model (which comes with a 135mm f/2.8 objective lens) that, for an additional $800, can be hooked to a still, movie or video camera. The sky's the limit from there on as to what you'll have to pay for what you want to see. Nighty night!

STICK IT!

Within the past year, acupuncture has been widely covered from the vantage point of both stickee and sticker. But for those of you who are still curious, Edmund Scientific Company, 380 Edscorp Bldg., Barrington, New Jersey, is selling for $10 a 10½"-high polyethylene model that clearly shows the 500–800 puncture points one must know, plus an instruction booklet. (You supply the needles.) Nobody's claiming that the kit will turn you into a licensed acupuncturist, of course, but parking it on your coffee table won't hurt your next party.

(continued from page 189)

lifting his eyes every once in a while to see who was watching or approaching, like a dog busy with a bone and ready, even eager, to defend it.

The others had the sense to stay away from this man, who had joined up when the show was in winter quarters. Those who had talked to him quoted him as saying he had lost his mind and he had come to the circus to find it again. He spoke more or less in tongues, but with the deep, forceful voice associated with a municipal judge or an evangelist who suffers from a drinking problem. He walked, too, bent over, with the shuffling gait of a man who had known better days, who had tangled with the Devil in a fight to the finish and who had lost.

In the Army, in prison, in the circus and in other places where men are confined together, there are some people whose names you will never know. They are the people who go best, and go only, by nicknames. This man had two: Shorty, for his stature, and Redjacket, for the lumberjack shirt he always wore. His big toes stuck out of his rotting low-quartered shoes (he wore no socks), and he often had been seen making his way through the tall grass in the direction of Sweetwater, though he rarely had any money. He proved to be incompetent at everything he did, even shoveling elephant droppings into a wheelbarrow. But he was not fired.

The bosses and Redjacket's fellow workingmen tolerated him, perhaps because they comprehended, somehow, the magnitude of his loss to the Devil. He was carried on the payroll the way a small-town grammar school carries a Mongoloid child through the grades; it was a question not so much of kindness as of awe, of fear, almost of superstition. Redjacket had been in winter quarters about two days when he had wandered over to watch Junior rehearse the cats, and he walked up and tried to pet a lion. He was not hurt. Perhaps the lion understood, too.

Now, in Palm Springs North, Redjacket was helping to put up the tent. Almost instinctively, the men who had joined the group that morning shied away from him. He nearly killed himself with a tent pole, and I wondered if he was planning a crucifixion for the opening day.

Late in the afternoon, Hoxie called everyone together and introduced Dime Wilson, the ringmaster and boss of the prop department. Dime was a short, feisty man with a good voice who came from a long line of circus people. (His parents had been with a two-car railroad circus. "I was born on the train," said Dime, "on the run in the night.")

Dime promised that they would rehearse all night if it took that. They rehearsed until 11 P.M., to no one's satisfaction, and then Dime called it a day. The band was a collection of good black musicians who had never played together before. King Charles, the leader, did his best to hold them together. Some of them, cityfolk like Brother, a saxophonist who wore dark glasses and smiled a lot to himself, were simply not used to playing in time with a horse. It would be better tomorrow.

On opening day, the straw-blond kid who had skipped school to work was still there, and I suspected that he had fallen in love with Dagmar Pedrola, a lovely blonde 20-year-old wire walker who had arrived the day before with her parents, who were German acrobats. Dagmar did not have the slightest notion of this boy's love for her.

She was a magnet for high school boys. She practiced her wire act and they appeared from nowhere, squealing and pommeling one another and having vivid mental emissions, and Dagmar managed to ignore it while simultaneously promoting and enjoying it. Her parents were people who still talked a lot about the old country, although they had performed in the States for a dozen years. Dagmar talked of the present. She used expressions such as wow and groovy and like.

In midafternoon, with the opening performance about three hours away, it rained like hell for an hour. The sandy soil soaked up a lot of it, but Hoxie contracted with a sawmill for 14 cubic yards of sawdust.

The towners, even the kids who had hurried over on bicycles after school, disappeared in the rain. But as the downpour was ending, a well-dressed woman carefully picked her way from the shopping center through the mud to the big top and asked where she could buy tickets, and everyone regarded that as a good sign. Hoxie ate a huge steak and alternately flipped his hat brim up and down, mostly down.

Dime hurried around, lining up the performers for the spec, the walk-around that opened the show. When he ran out of performers, he started drafting canvasmen to carry banners and to lead horses.

The show opened, on time and to a full house, with the spec. Dime told the people in Palm Springs North—as he would tell the people in 164 other towns during the next six and one half months—that they were there to forget their troubles. The theme of the spec, Dime told them, was "The Good Old Days."

Joyce Fox, ex-schoolteacher, with a silvery baton and in a red, white and blue costume, was the first around the track as the band played *Happy Days Are Here Again*. It was not as silly as it sounds; the looks on the kids' faces made it all very real and understandable. Just behind Joyce, somewhat shakily astride a horse, was one of the long-armed North Carolina boys whom Hoxie had picked out of the mission.

He was carrying the American flag. He was doing that shakily, too, but proudly, and he was smiling. The way he was smiling, you could tell that he was smiling at himself.

• • •

Carol City: It was only eight miles to the next date. Already things were settling down into a routine. The big top went up faster this morning, and with less yelling and theatrics on the part of the canvasmen, though Redjacket had some more trouble with a tent pole. Two men left during the night, and no one remembered their names, nor even their nicknames.

The sun was out and everything was dry, and there was a good breeze. The canvas on the big top was all billows and swells, like the early-morning ocean; the tent was so vast that the breeze moved along it in waves that were slow and graceful, as in slow-motion movies of surfing.

The lot was squarely next to a shopping center, a large one, on grass that was probably reserved for some giant parking lot of the future. The performers drifted over to check out the discount stores, and once they were inside, they behaved like everyone else, filling plastic baskets with things they did not need.

Hoxie had his hat brim down because Kenny had set up the tents—the big top, the sideshow tent and the marquee with the banner line—in a cluster. Hoxie would have done it shotgun style, one after the other; there was room for that, and it would have given the illusion of a show three times the size. I asked him if that would straighten itself out as the season progressed.

"No, hell no," he said. "It'll never straighten out. Only way it gets done right is if I'm here, on the lot, all the time."

That was Hoxie's problem, according to his wife, Betty: the idea that he had to do it all himself. Hoxie was pushing 60. One day the season before, about the time the circus stopped racing with spring up through the Southland and had made its turn eastward through Pennsylvania, Hoxie had had a heart attack. Then he had come down with pneumonia. The doctors in Pennsylvania had said he had made a complete recovery, but a heart attack is a heart attack, and a man pushing 60 is a man pushing 60.

The trouble was that Hoxie was functionally incapable of standing by while someone else did the work. Betty used to say, "He'd last a lot longer if he'd just use his finger and point, rather than

"For a man who rules with an iron fist, you have very gentle hands."

doing it all himself. He never gives up. Never. Always going." You could look at his face and see evidence of that. He chewed his lip so much that it was raw and open. He had to carry around a tube of ointment for it.

Hoxie Tucker had been a circus man since he was 15 years old, when he ran away from home in Somerset, Kentucky. He worked with just about every kind of road show possible: stock (live, not summer) companies, shows that performed under kerosene and coal-oil lamps, opries, regular circuses, all kinds of tented shows. Then, in 1943, his own show, Hoxie Brothers Circus, although there were no brothers involved. He started with a scrap of canvas and one ring, and he billed it as the World's Largest One-Ring Circus.

Later he got more canvas and another ring. Now he was up to three rings and a tent that was 230 feet long and 80 feet wide, still small by circus-tent standards, but it would hold a couple of thousand people. This was the tent's second season.

• • •

Miami: Back in the real world, at the airport, I felt a great number of emotions, confusing ones. I missed the circus already, and already I was making plans to return. Yet I was clearly part of the straight world, the world of airports and airplanes and the people who gather before flights in the bar with the best view; people who sleep indoors and who eat the evening meal at some point after 4:30 P.M.

It was while I was waiting for the plane back to New York that I realized, in one of those strokes of insight that sometimes arrive in airport bars, that we were all wrong in calling the circus a circus. Circus implied fantasy, and everything I had seen had been *real*: certainly a lot more real than this plastic airport world that surrounded me now.

There was something a lot more real about rain, mud, live music, long-armed boys from the foothills who carried the American flag, black men who became lion tamers, schoolteachers who ran away with the circus and people who chewed their lips like Hoxie Tucker. And there was more reality in a place where you could be whatever you wanted to be.

This confusion continued to bother me as I got on the airplane. Once I had sat down in that sterile plastic capsule and had adjusted my ears to the nonsense of the Muzak and the stewardesses, I realized that, in a way, and at least temporarily, I had settled the question of reality. There was about me, and especially on my shoes, the delicious odor of elephant shit. It lasted all the way back to Kennedy Airport.

• • •

Enon, Ohio, in May: The show had more or less kept pace with spring up through Florida, Alabama, Georgia, South Carolina, Kentucky and then Ohio. Spring, though, in that part of the country, also means the thunderstorm and tornado season, and that is a serious consideration in the circus business. I drove onto the lot in Enon and got out of the car about the time Hoxie was rounding a trailer, his hat brim down. In pretty much all one fluid motion he squinted, noticed me, smiled and said, "Hello, good buddy, whatchasay? Were there any thunderstorms or 'nadoes where you came from?"

I suppose I had been hoping he'd say something like "Where the hell did *you* come from?" so I could explain how I had juggled airline schedules and rental cars in order to appear on this vacant lot in the middle of Ohio on this particular day. But he didn't, and I guess I understood why. Such an unexpected appearance in the real world might have been cause for some exclamation, but in the circus world it was not at all remarkable. People came and went. The world went on. It was certainly not *surprising* that I should turn up again. (In fact, a little later Hoxie told me he had been assuming that I'd turn up. "You're stuck with us," he said one night after the crowd had gone into the big top for the last show. "And we're stuck with you. I told myself down at winter quarters, I felt so bad about not having time to really talk to you and make you feel welcome, I said to myself, 'If that fellow stays through the day he'll stay here forever.'" It was after that that I started selling tickets for the sideshow, just to have something to do, to demonstrate that I was stuck with them and they were stuck with me.)

Redjacket was long gone, but someone else had joined up in Alabama or South Carolina who was just like him. The Greene boys from the foothills had taken off about the time spring had hit their home state, just as they had said. Brother, the saxophonist, was gone. "He got sick and had to go home," somebody said. "You know those pills he was taking? Well, it turned out those pills and liquor don't mix too well and he had to go home." Rick, the young clown who had given me that advice in Sweetwater, was also gone. John Hall said he had turned out to be "obviously not for us."

Junior had lost his winter fat and now he looked as sleek and powerful as his cats. It was to him that the other performers paid their supreme compliment: They watched his act, twice a night, night after night. Some of them undoubtedly wanted to be on hand in case there was blood, but most of them quite clearly watched out of admiration for Junior's skill.

The big black man treated his lions and tiger as ferocious, dignified animals, worthy of respect, not as objects of ridicule. Some animal trainers build their acts around ridicule; a man rides a lioness' back or sticks his head into a lion's mouth. Junior's act was more classical and more respectful of the animals. He said he thought he got more showmanship out of them that way.

Junior was loquacious and friendly and always willing to explain things to me, although he really didn't have much spare time. He had been helping Kenny get the canvas up and down (and making extra money for it), so he was working a pretty long day. But he always took time to talk, especially if I brought along a cold six-pack.

Yes, he said, there were some audiences, particularly in Alabama and Georgia, that were shocked to see a black man doing the most important act, and he was fairly certain that some of them were hoping that his lions would eat him up before their eyes. "But I think they want that to happen to a *white* lion tamer, too," he said.

I asked him if it were true about lions and tigers' not getting along. "Well," he said, "they *work* together OK, but sometimes they have trouble *living* together. It's like this racial problem, you know: The races work together OK, and they have for years in the South. But *living* together's something different."

I suspected that Junior had carefully chosen and polished that line, to be delivered whenever somebody asked the proper question. Junior's relationship with the rest of the circus, I felt, was a complicated one. There had to be some accommodation on his part to the show, to the other circus people and to those who paid to see it. There was also the undeniable fact that Junior was the only lion tamer with this circus (and its top attraction), not to mention his status as a black lion tamer. That counted for a lot; how much, I wasn't sure.

• • •

York, Pennsylvania, in late June: The circus had gone as far North as it was going, and now it had turned toward the East. It was a Sunday, with no evening performance. Many of the show people went out to eat or to the movies, while most of the canvasmen tried to figure out the Pennsylvania liquor laws. They took down the big top after the afternoon performance.

That helped me develop a little better my theory about the big top. I had seen this circus in various places and varying circumstances, but always it was with that fantastic canvas symbol in the center of it all, or on its way up or on its way down. Before, when the tent had been down, it had been late at night. Here, the canvasmen and elephants had it down by four o'clock on a summer Sunday afternoon. And I felt it: What had been the *circus* was suddenly reduced to a collection of mobile homes parked

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in a playing field next to a Catholic school in York, Pennsylvania.

The obvious difference was the tent. But it was difficult to make any earth-shaking conclusions out of *that*. The big top was a scruffy piece of canvas—a big one, to be sure, but nowhere as big as Ringling's of the old days—and it leaked water when it rained and in the afternoon performances it leaked intense rays of sunshine. Buckminster Fuller could whip up something twice as efficient for half the price.

And yet it was something magical. Maybe it really *was* symbolic of the world and the trip we're all on. I didn't really know. I just knew that when it was down that afternoon in York, something essential was missing. It was as if all the people were there but the reason for the people was missing.

Hoxie spoke of mysterious tornadoes that had struck in various western Pennsylvania cities, touching down almost in the center ring. Hoxie, I realized, was capable of making you see vivid pictures in your mind, and almost every picture was of a tornado menacing a circus tent.

Kenny, the boss canvasman, had said back in March that if he had the same crew on Decoration Day it would be a miracle. Decoration Day had passed, and it was true that there had been an almost complete turnover—one that extended to Kenny himself. Hoxie had walked up to him one morning in Ohio and said something about the way he was laying out the lot, and Kenny had said if Hoxie thought he could do it better, he should do it, and he had left.

I had brought my own tent to York, one that had been made in the real world for people who wanted to go canoeing and things like that. You needed no elephants to put it up; it was all done by metal poles under compression, and it was about eight feet by ten feet. John Hall called it a "modest one-ringer." Much to my delight, some of the circus people came over and inspected it. To them, it was unusual.

• • •

A suburb of Lancaster, Pennsylvania, the next day: The lot was a huge field about a mile from a shopping center that sloped down to a patch of thick greenery and trees and a collapsing unpainted barn. There were ground-hog holes as much as a foot in diameter. The people and animals, especially the horses but not the elephants, had difficulty walking.

Shortly after the big top was up, I walked slowly around it, inside, and I saw that the people and the elephants already had worn down the grass along the track. Even the furrows were flattened out and the ground-hog holes there were filled—not deliberately but inadvertently by the presence of the circus.

Outside, they were having trouble with the generator. The huge machines cut off from time to time, and I realized that now I was aware of their presence only when they were silent.

Joyce Fox had bought a new television set for her Microbus. She was making arrangements to trade the bus in on a car and to buy a new 15-foot trailer. "It looks like I'm with the circus for the duration," she said. I had a feeling of envy when she said that.

Junior, who had been working hard each time I had seen him, was working even harder now. He had been promoted to boss canvasman; it was he who laid out the lot each morning and got the tent down each night. And, of course, there was his act.

I noticed a wound, barely healing, on Junior's right arm. "Oh, yes," he said when I asked about it. "I got hurt since last time I saw you. Thirteen stitches in my arm. One afternoon we had a good crowd, and you know how it is when you hear the applause out there; you want to add a little bit more to the act, and I got in very close and a little careless, and she nailed me in the arm for thirteen stitches."

When had this happened?

"About three weeks ago."

And where did it happen?

"I don't exactly remember *what* town it was," he said.

The next morning, I was one of the last to leave the lot. The purple trucks had long since departed for Quarryville. Gradually, the performers woke up, made coffee, walked their dogs, took in the folding lawn chairs and pulled out.

The tall grass was already springing back into place. It had become an old rutted field again. You couldn't really tell where the big top had been. As I drove out past the collapsing barn, I saw a canvasman inside, sleeping peacefully on the floor, one arm over his face to keep away the sunlight; I do not know why, but I did not wake him to tell him the circus was gone.

• • •

White Haven, Pennsylvania, in late July: During the season, the circus played at 19 state mental hospitals. The performers all said that these dates were the most challenging and rewarding for them. White Haven was such a date.

The big top was set up in a closely cropped grass field next to some functional, red-brick, government-looking buildings. And beyond the tent were the lovely blue Poconos. It was threatening to rain. You could see the clouds moving through the mountains miles away.

There were both adults and children in the audience. Some of them were in wheelchairs and some were standing alone, swaying in their tracks like the elephants in winter quarters. Some were on shiny metal crutches and walkers; some had their hands protected by woolen socks; some of the men wore gray work pants and T-shirts; some of them were led into the tent and onto the bleachers by volunteers and by nurses in blinding-white uniforms. The performers and canvasmen did not stare. Except for one of them, a young prop man named Slim, who joked with some of the patients in a heavy but friendly way, they were all very respectful.

Junior clearly took extra chances with the cats. Some of the people sitting closest to the arena stared past it, not seeing him or the lions, but they beat their hands together in time with the band, which was trying harder, too. When the audience left at the end of the first show, some of them were obviously happy. Some of them were crying.

There was a second show immediately after the first one, so that all the patients could see the circus. As the crowds were exchanging places, I started feeling the tension. I saw it in Dime Wilson's face, and then I looked where Dime was looking and I saw why: Past the blue mountains the sky was black. It was moving: not directly toward us, but at an angle. The storm would hit us; there was no doubt about that. It was just a question of when.

Dime decided to start the second performance and hurry things along. He clipped one act off the end, but the storm came just as the patients were about to go back to their dormitories. It came suddenly, though it had been expected, and it came with great violence, and there was some panic.

The rain poured through holes in the tent—there were many holes now, halfway through the second season—and this mesmerized some of the patients; it made some of them laugh and it terrified some of them. All over the bleachers, people were pointing their fingers at the holes. The leaks were of different sizes, some mere drips and some with the force of a garden hose. The rain was cascading down the sides of the tent and pounding the ground so hard it kicked mud up into the air.

"We've got to get these people out of here," yelled Dime, and he begged the men to get the side wall down quickly. He wanted it open so the patients could leave easily and not be funneled out the main entrance. And he was worried that when the hard wind came, there would be a blow-over.

A blow-over is an awful event in the life of a circus. Sometimes it can mean the end of the circus. A blow-over at White Haven would almost certainly be a tragedy. Now the big tent was groaning, heavy, complaining, in agony; not the morning ocean but an angry one, as if beaten by a hurricane.

I was standing with a group of young people at the edge of the tent. They were 200 yards from their dormitory, scared, terrified of standing there but equally terrified of going out into the rain. There was thunder all around,

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and flashes were almost simultaneous. "Hurry!" yelled Dime to everybody. I picked up a crippled child who was weeping softly and started across the grass with him, or her, I do not know which. I grabbed another by the arm and the group started toward the dormitory. Halfway there, some of them wanted to lie down and cry.

We made it to the porch and I put the crippled child down and the child would not let go. The child clung like a tick, still weeping. Two teenaged girls ran up, their hair streaked across their faces, and they stopped and caught their breath and turned to look at the circus. The big old tent was shaking and straining violently in the wind, jerking and snatching at its ropes and stakes. The rain was so thick you could not see the mountains anymore. We were in the middle of the blackness now. Someone was screaming at the elephants, begging them to bring the centerpoles down faster. The elephants did their work, but at their own pace. They seemed to be truly unconcerned about the storm. Fifteen minutes after the storm had struck, everybody was safe, but many people were wet.

Back on the dormitory porch, one of the teenaged girls (I do not know whether they were workers at the hospital or patients there) let out a big "Wooh!" and said: "Look at *that*! That's *crazy*! Boy, *I'm* never going to run away with the circus!"

Hoxie and I sat in his trailer and talked awhile, and in the middle of the conversation he said: "How do you like my new lip?"

Indeed, he had a new lip. "Had it a couple of weeks now. The doctor who operated on it said it was malignant. I've been back a couple of times and they say it's all healed. I don't have to carry around that goddamned ointment anymore."

• • •

Spottswood, Pennsylvania, August 25: The circus lot was next to a pond, and it was August-hot, and performers and canvasmen, who normally get all their water from a huge drum on the back of a purple truck, went swimming. Slim, the prop man, drowned. Everyone—the performers, bosses and workingmen—chipped in and sent Slim's body home to Georgia. The death was tragic enough, and unexpected enough, so that weeks later everyone would remember the name of the town where it occurred.

• • •

Old Bridge, New Jersey, in mid-September: It would not be long now. In a little more than a week, the season would end in South Boston, Virginia, and then there would be the long home run to Florida. Some of the circus people were complaining of the "cold" weather. The sun was coming from farther South now, from over Florida. The canvasmen were talking about eight more ups and nine more downs, and they were not talking about pills.

There had been a circus fans' convention and Dagmar Pedrola had played her guitar, and afterward a man had come by and told her he wanted to get her on the *Merv Griffin Show*. "I would like to try singing awhile for an audience," she said in Old Bridge. "Because I feel like—this may sound silly—but I feel like that's what I'm supposed to do, really."

John Hall said it had been a good year. He had a photograph of the new tent, next year's tent, a tent 310 feet long. They were going to pick it up on the way home to Florida. The photographer had simply stood on the ground inside the tent and aimed his camera toward the top, and the sunlight had shown through the white canvas like the big top of Ringling Brothers in my memory.

Outside the ticket wagon where John sat, the people came to the circus: whole families, mostly, but your eyes were on the children. And a man painfully negotiating himself on two crutches along the midway. Young Jersey matrons, in pants suits and tunics, doing it for the kids, but I know, because I had watched them before, that once they got inside the big top and watched awhile, they would be as spellbound as their children. They came back, like the salmon, to something that had happened early in their lives and over which they had no control.

And there were teeny-boppers and street people there, too, looking as if they knew it all already, and I knew that soon they, too, would be wide-eyed. John said he thought it was because the young people "enjoy the simple life, and this is a beautiful, simple life. Because in the circus there is only goodness."

Dime blew his 15-minute whistle and Junior, inside his trailer, slowly drank a beer. His wife, an attractive Georgia lady in a wig, was there. She lived in the Bronx. Last night she had seen his act for the first time in her life. They had been separated; now they were talking about getting back together; she would leave the Bronx and live with Junior in the house that Junior would build, with a loan from Hoxie, in Fort Lauderdale.

Junior said a lot had happened to him: he had learned a lot about responsibility. He had become—outside of his work with the cats—one of the two or three most important people with the show. One morning the circus had moved into a bad lot and Junior had unilaterally told the committee that he would not lay it out there. They had argued with him; Junior had gotten the idea that they didn't think much of the judgment of a black man. But he had

"Two believe, two don't believe and one is undecided."

stayed his ground. When Hoxie had arrived, he had told Junior you bet your ass you made the right decision.

Joyce Fox sat on the edge of the center ring that afternoon and said she would not be back next year. She would not say why. She said she didn't know what she might do. I begged her to tell me why. She said only that she had found out that even in a circus you are not totally free. (Later, in Gary, she said it had been "more like I wanted to see if I *could* get away from the circus." She had not sold the car and the trailer; they were parked in the back yard in Gary.)

Betty Tucker said it was the best year they had ever had. Hoxie's heart had made it, although there had been times when he had lost his temper and she had prepared for the worst.

Already Hoxie was talking of the next year. He knew that not long after they got home to Miami, he would start itching again. The new and larger tent would mean more performers, more rolling stock, more elephants, more purple paint. Hoxie was even toying with the idea of setting up two units—two circuses, two big tops, going different places and playing under the same name, the way the red and blue units of Ringling Brothers do.

He had the money. He knew where to get the extra tent and people and equipment. He would need a good man to operate one of the units. "You can't just run out on the street and pick up somebody," he said. "You have to be experienced. You have to be mean where nobody likes you to *start* with. Anybody likes you, you'll never own one of these things."

As we talked, I kept remembering what Joyce had said back in winter quarters, about the circus being the place where you could be whatever you wanted to be. For a half second I permitted myself to wonder if that meant that if I wanted it badly enough, I could be the mean bastard who operated Hoxie's blue unit. It was only the briefest of fantasies. Without mentioning it, I told the Tuckers what Joyce had said.

"Oh, yes," said Betty. "You can be anything you want to be here. Anything you're big enough for."

And Hoxie said: "If you gamble your life to do what you want to do, anybody in the circus business can achieve what he wants, regardless of what it is."

I said I had to go, and we shook hands, and Hoxie said, "See you next season, good buddy. You don't want to miss that new tent."

• • •

Next season: I did go back, of course, and I still do, whenever I can juggle an airline schedule. The second unit didn't develop; at least not yet. But the new tent was even better than it looked in the photograph. Hoxie got through the next season all right, and the show made a lot of money, which Hoxie lovingly plowed back in. It was touch and go for a while during the Pennsylvania floods, but the big tent made it.

The man never called Dagmar about the *Merv Griffin Show*. Joyce Fox did, indeed, stay away. The *National Geographic* did a story on the show, making the circus look and sound about as real as anything else the *National Geographic* does stories on, but the publicity helped.

Before Junior's wife could get her things together for the reconciliation and the move to Florida, she was stabbed to death in her apartment in the Bronx. The family couldn't find a route card, so Junior did not know about his wife's death until after she was buried. He never really found out why she was murdered. Later, he had trouble with his cats. They started getting sick and dying late in the season, and by the time the show entered its last few weeks, Prince Bogino had only three cats with any real fire in them.

It would be different and better, though, next year, Junior said. "Because life goes on, and most of the time it gets better." He was right, of course; about life and about the circus, too.

GAMES OF MUNICH

(continued from page 158)

the thing, and now we saw it: a green beach ball, 12 feet in diameter. The authorities had taken it out of its box, pumped it up and rolled it onto the grass behind the swimming hall for the spectators to play with. People pushed it around, got lost under it and laughed.

We walked on, some visitors and I, and stopped to watch a tribe of clowns. One of them was gotten up as a Russian lady weight lifter. She heaved, grunted, made faces. Suddenly her pants fell down and, oops, that was no lady. A bit farther, there was a big tent that served fried chicken and beer, and we took some out to the edge of a big pond and sat on the grass and ate it. The security cops, cheerful unarmed fellows in baby-blue uniforms and white caps, did not hassle us. In fact, it wasn't even illegal to sit on the grass and eat chicken.

We went on to the stadium and there saw a sight not to be believed or repeated: the great old miler Kip Keino of Kenya running the steeplechase for the first time in his Olympic career. This is a galumphing race, with several unbendable hurdles and a big mud puddle, and Keino negotiated these absurdities with the facial expression of a man interrupted during sex. He was no hurdler, but between hurdles he was Keino, and he won, with a new Olympic record of 8:23.64.

For the rest of the afternoon, I fell in love with a succession of girl high jumpers, leggy creatures who languidly removed their sweat pants and then—never mind the jump—bounced in pretty disarray on the huge green mattress that jumpers land on. A Canadian Fosbury-flopper was particularly heartbreaking, and after a good deal of what might be called body English, a discussion arose about whether or not she was wearing a bra. An Amateur Athletic Union official, while pretending to no definite knowledge, said that she wasn't, and an old New Zealand decathlon man said he wasn't going to let go of his binoculars until he made sure, one way or the other. She fouled out before we came to a decision.

• • •

The next morning, a cabdriver began talking excitedly about *Geiseln*, a word I did not know, and it was a moment before I understood from the rest of his sentence that there were hostages, Israelis, being held by terrorists. One, maybe two Israelis were dead.

There was little for the rest of the day but sourness and futility. Ironies came cheaply. Through a gross lapse of sense and taste, the Olympic authorities allowed competition then in progress to continue, and through the hours of deadlines and ultimatums, one of the TV channels showed manicured fat horses circulating eerily at a dressage exhibition. Death, burst entrails: Picasso's horses. Image and reality again smeared hopelessly together; as police snipers took positions around the Israeli apartment building, German TV announced abruptly that it was breaking off coverage, because the terrorists had television sets. I continued to watch a BBC transmission not available in Germany outside the press headquarters, and realized that by turning my head 45 degrees, I could see, through a window, the house where the Israelis were being held.

There was no satisfactory way to react, professionally or simply as a member of the same race as the hostages and the terrorists. This truth became, for those of us not directly involved, the unswallowable fact of the next few days. For the first time, the ancient, symbolic act of pouring ashes on one's head made sense to me.

I walked to the Olympic village and was turned back at a gate, returned, watched the uninformative TV, drank coffee, made notes. The notes show that I felt that if there were more deaths than the two we knew about, obviously the games should be canceled. Also that I saw the shabby logic of this view, which was founded mainly on my own discomfort; I had accepted and sadly written off the two deaths that now lay in the past, but was not prepared to admit the truth, that I would also sadly accept the nine deaths that might lie in the future. And that, weirdly, distance was a factor; against all sense, I would not have been so violently disturbed if the same hostages had been held by the same terrorists in Frankfurt or Geneva or Tel Aviv.

A grubby curiosity, unimportant except to those who were there, was that at about 11:30 P.M., an hour or so after we had heard helicopters beating through the air above us, we watchers in the fish trap were told that the hostages had been taken to an airport, where they had been freed and the terrorists captured. On the strength of this, I went home to sleep. No one ever explained the error, which fooled the local press, too (the respected *Süddeutsche Zeitung* had the false news in English on its back page and the correct report—all nine hostages, five terrorists and one policeman dead—in German on its front page).

In the time it took to ride the subway back to the Olympic park the next morning, I changed my opinion of the day before. I now felt that to cancel the games would be to give anarchy a victory that it should not have. Others I talked with had made the same switch in mood, and at the mourning ceremony in the stadium that day, it was announced that the games would continue. The stands were crowded for this observance, but the seats set out for athletes on the playing field were sparsely filled. No Russian athlete was present, for instance, and far fewer than half of the Americans were there.

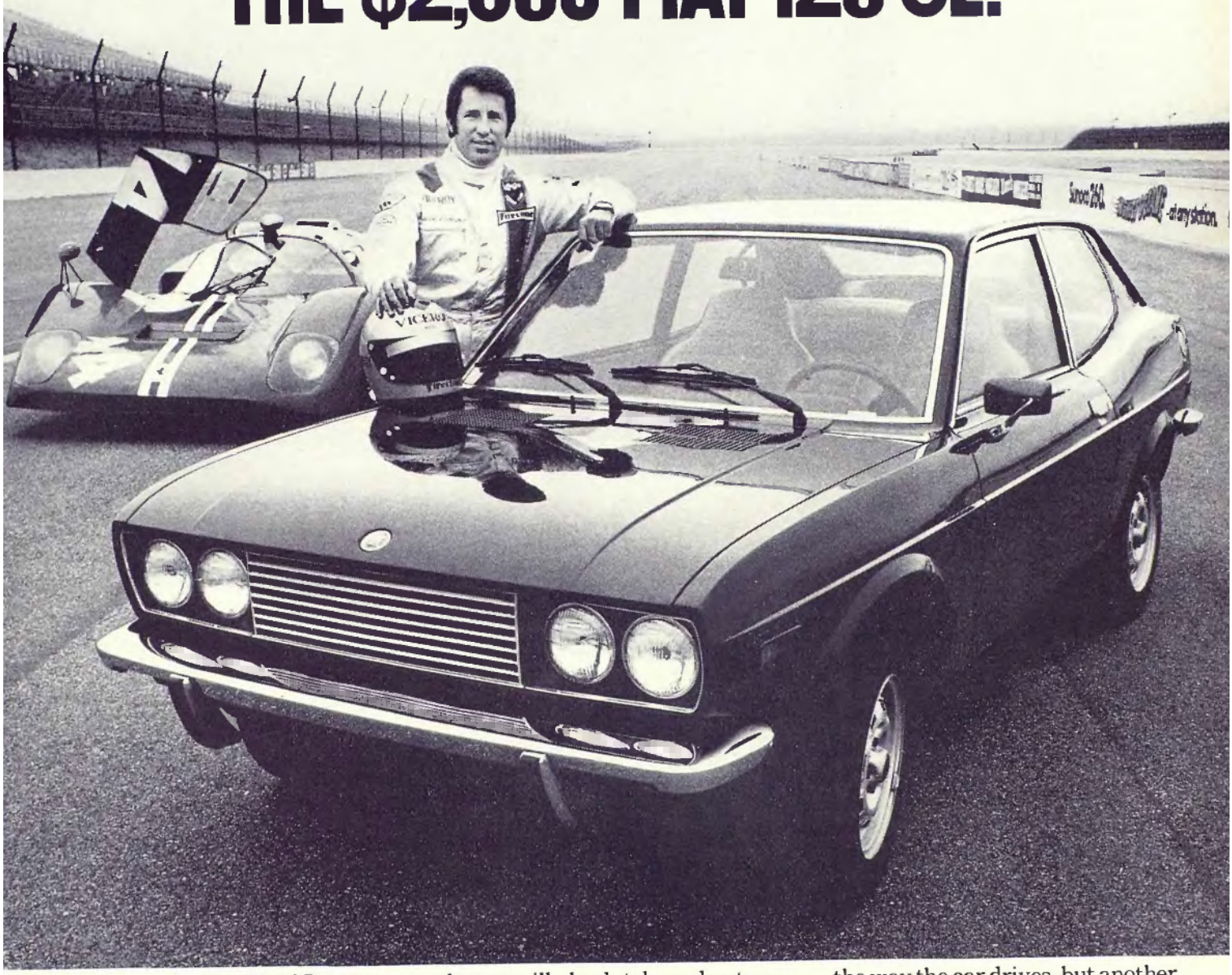
In the exhalation of grief, confusion and blame setting that followed, journalists in large numbers began to exhibit a curious tic. In article after article, good reporters would begin to analyze the terror, and then, finding their own responses inadequate, would flee across the thinnest of logical bridges to the certainty of some unrelated fixed idea, carrying their terrible emotion with them. Chris Brasher, an old Olympian writing for the London *Observer*, short-circuited during an intelligent discussion of the murders and began to thunder about athletes who violated the Olympic ideal by training too hard, thus damaging their health. Shana Alexander lost her nerve halfway through a *Newsweek* think piece and raved embarrassingly about the "all-important tragic flaw" of the German character; the failure of the police to rescue the hostages, she said, "showed Germans once again incapable of improvising on a plan, which is why they lost two world wars." When it was over, she complained, the Germans couldn't understand their error—"an echo of the days when they didn't know about Dachau, and Dachau was the back yard of Munich."

The ailment was catching. Back in Washington, after observing that the U. S. track coaches had failed to get our world-record sprinters Eddie Hart and Rey Robinson to the starting line, the respected columnist David Broder flipped weirdly to his own unrelated preoccupation: "A blunder is a blunder, whether we are talking about the coaches' slip-ups in Munich or the American intervention in Vietnam."

No one found anything very helpful or hopeful to say. There was much talk of revising the structure of the Olympics by limiting the number of the events, or by splitting the games into several separate meets. Behind this was a sensible but depressing notion: If the barbarians can't be suppressed, reduce the attractiveness of their target. But one of the limiting proposals—to drop all team sports—also had another source. This was the disgust that many of us felt for the Olympiad's childish nationalism.

Nationalistic display was not limited to team events, of course. As always, flags were raised and an anthem played every time somebody won something. Individual events, however, seemed to touch a rather harmless level of nationalism among the spectators. I was pleased when Frank Shorter of the U. S. won the marathon, but rooting for the American runner really had been only a way of

MARIO ANDRETTI STOOPS TO TEST THE $2,680* FIAT 128 SL.



Pocono International Raceway. November 13, 1972.

"Maybe driving $26,000 Ferraris has turned me into some kind of snob. Because I have to admit I was a little surprised when Fiat asked me to test drive a car that costs around $2,700.

"Well, I spent a day driving it. And I can promise you one thing: The Fiat 128 Sport Coupe is no Formula Ferrari—but it's no slouch.

"It's one of the most forgiving cars I've ever driven. The car is so soft riding that you'd expect it to go mushy in a turn. But it doesn't. It really holds its own.

"Because of the front-wheel drive and the rack-and-pinion steering the car will absolutely understeer. Which means that I don't have to worry about the back end leaving me. Even on wet pavement.

"And because you've got front-wheel drive instead of rear-wheel drive, it would be a lot easier to save in a turn than a normal automobile.

"Another thing that really impresses me is the braking. I had the car going near flat out and when I slammed on the brakes the car hardly pulled at all.

"Again, that's because of the rack-and-pinion steering. But it's also because of the front disc brakes and the radial tires. They shouldn't be allowed to make passenger cars without radials.

"Now, this has nothing to do with the way the car drives, but another thing I like is in spite of the fact that it's a real workhorse, they put some finesse into it.

"I mean the way it looks. And stuff like the padded steering wheel and the clean, functional dash.

"And the way they use the space in this car is nothing short of incredible. It's huge inside. And it's even huge in the trunk.

"The only thing I wish it had is another few hundred horsepower. I'd take it out here someday and scare the life out of the guys in the Ferraris."

FIAT

The biggest selling car in Europe.

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being interested in a race whose entry list otherwise meant nothing to me. I was just as happy, and so were other Americans I sat with, when John Akii-Bua of Uganda, a bubbling, happy man, frisked about the track in glee after winning the 400-meter hurdles.

The team sports, on the other hand, regularly tangled us in violent tribal loyalties. The cheering at team events had a harsher tone to it. The mood of most of the athletes—friendly and open in the man-to-man sports, for the most part—seemed darker. The blatant jobbing by which the U. S. basketball team was robbed of its gold medal was fairly clearly an act of tribalism by Eastern-bloc judges on the review board, and the Americans, affronted in tribal honor, sulkily refused the silver medal. The Pakistani field-hockey team lost in the final to West Germany, went mad in a way that no individual loser was guilty of, and rioted.

It won't do to push this idea too far; obviously, it is possible to play and watch team sports in a way that doesn't involve tribal vengefulness. But the matter of tribalism remained troubling, and a watcher could not help reflecting that tribal mania underlay the bloody central tragedy of the Munich games.

Why, I wondered (deep stuff for a sportswriter, but we were in deep), had civilized society always insisted that loyalty to groups was a virtue? We all understood that loyalty to oneself, egotism, was highly dangerous, and we spent much time teaching our young to keep their individual aggression within safe bounds. But we also taught prideful and reflexive loyalty to religious sects, geopolitical groupings, school football teams and national Olympic squads. These loyalties, ironed in, showed as tribalism: "I pledge allegiance to the flag," "Death to Israel," "Fuck the Pope," "Fight team, fight." It was tribal loyalty, of course, that allowed the terrorists to display proudly a kind of behavior that in a single individual would have been called madness. In their tribe, as official statements by the Arab nations made clear, they were heroes.

One of the failures of the games was the single public protest against tribal fetishism, a spur-of-the-moment reaction that was totally misunderstood by most of the people who saw it. Vince Matthews and Wayne Collett, the two U. S. blacks who had come in one-two in the 400 meters, affronted Western civilization and got themselves spanked and sent home by jiving on the victory platform and refusing to stand at attention when *The Star-Spangled Banner* was played. The Olympic fathers, of course, went out of their minds with tribal fury, and my European friends, without exception, put the display down to the bad manners of savages. "We stood respectfully to honor them, and they laughed at us," said one of them. It was difficult to explain that the U. S. flag had become to some extent a factional symbol that, if seen on the rear window of a car, for instance, symbolized some fairly specific political attitudes not likely to please an angry black. I thought the inept protest left Matthews and Collett looking silly, but I can't quarrel with their impulse. What should flags have to do with foot racing?

• • •

Memory says that we were cheerful and *heiter* before the murder of the Israeli hostages, and depressed afterward. But it was not that simple. In my notes, I find a bit of nonsense I wrote down during a basketball game between the Yugoslavs and the Puerto Ricans. "The first-name contest goes to the Yugos," I had scribbled, "but only after a struggle. The Puerto Ricans have Hector, Neftali, Teofilo and Joe, but the Yugos have Ratko, Vinko, Zarko, Dragan, Blagoja, Kresimir, Miroljub, Dragutin and Ranko." This is mildly funny, but only if the notetaker is in a whimsical frame of mind. The date of the note indicates that I was in a whimsical frame of mind four days after the shooting. The entry is followed by a woozy rhapsody in blue ballpoint about a cute, braless basketball usher named Karin, who was 18 and couldn't decide, she said shyly, whether to be a journalist or a teacher. She was a great improvement over the rancid troglodytes who ush at the Knicks' games back home, I noted.

This is enough to make the point, although I am uncertain just what point it is. That we human beings bear up remarkably well under the load of other people's disasters? That we are tough and resilient? That we have a short attention span? That we are insane? These questions were in the Munich air, like fly ash, and we sportswriters were not very good at answering them.

• • •

The last week of the games seemed mostly lawyering. We had lawyered before; after Hart and Robinson, our two never-fail sprinters, failed to show up on time for their heats of the 100 meters because of a mistake by their coach, we lawyered for a second chance and quite correctly did not get it. (This prompts my Modest Proposal for Preserving Amateurism: Pay the athletes, since they can use the money and most of them get paid anyway, by their colleges or their national sport secretariats, but insist that coaches be simon-pure. Who needs professional coaches? Who can argue against the self-evident truth that they constitute a world-wide case of jock itch? For that matter, who needs that assembly of antique gasbags, the International Olympic Committee? Modest Proposal Number Two: Disband the I.O.C. and reconstitute it entirely from retired Olympic athletes whose participation in the games dates back no more than 12 years.)

The East Germans, meanwhile, had lawyered successfully to prevent Bob Seagren of the U. S., the world record holder, from using a vaulting pole that under Olympic rules was perfectly legal. Their man Nordwig won a gold medal that should have been Seagren's, and Seagren, in a gesture that had some class, at the end of the competition disdainfully handed his substitute pole to one of the officials.

Jim Ryun, the moody world-record miler who was supposed to have won the 1500 meters in 1968, but didn't, also was supposed to win this time, and didn't. He ran carelessly at the rear of a pack during one of the 1500 heats and tripped over something, possibly his overcomplicated psyche. He was out. His coaches lawyered but lost. Dave Wottle, who may have no psyche at all, but who has a funny hat and wears it when he runs, wottled through five races and got hopelessly boxed in all of them. He won the 800, nevertheless, turning on a kick that produced an unearthly clanking of parts and scattering of bolts. But he lost out, through vacant-mindedness, in an easy semifinal of the 1500. Peter Snell, the great New Zealand miler and half-miler, who was sitting next to me, said, "He's either bloody thick or superconfident, take your pick."

The final buzzer (the second one) of our basketball melodrama with Russia left us lawyering again, and although we were right, we lost that one, too. We had played badly—an awkward, stand-around kind of game that did not suit our considerable speed and ball-handling skill—against a modestly talented but well-drilled bunch of Soviets. We deserved to lose for our wottling, and were doing so until Doug Collins, a thin 6'6" guard with sunken cheeks and cold eyes, staged a mad-dog finish. With the U. S. behind 48–49 and zilch to go, he drove, got smeared into the basket supports, peeled himself off the floor and sank two foul shots. The Soviets called time as they inbounded, and there was one second left. Their court-length pass failed: We had won. But no, down from the stands, where he had been watching as a private citizen, came an official of the association that controls world amateur basketball. Illegally, he overruled the referee and timekeeper and ordered the ball to be given to the Soviets with an arbitrary three seconds left. The Russians threw the ball in, but the game was stopped again. Now officials claimed the clock had been set back improperly and reset it for three seconds. This time the in-bounds play was perfect, and this time no one started the game over.

• • •

At 11:44 P.M. on September tenth, the day of the track-and-field finals, and the last day but one of the Olympics, a

"Gee, Dad, when do I get to paint in the nipples?"

report was phoned into the ABC Television control room that one Russian was thought to be dead and three wounded in the Olympic village. "It's real!" someone yelled. A few seconds before, the A.P. ticker had carried the news that shots had been heard in the village but that no victim or weapon had been found.

It was 16 minutes to air time. Film editors were putting together the last bits of a program of taped highlights of the games, ABC's third show of the day. Almost everyone else was at the Sheraton Hotel in Munich, celebrating the end of a year of work that an ABC staff of more than 300 people had put into the games. Chuck Howard, ABC Sports vice-president in charge of program production, shut his eyes for a moment, then did what was necessary: He made sure that a reporter with a walkie-talkie was on his way to check out the Russians, warned ABC in New York and arranged to have the transmission satellite ready several minutes early, in case the news broke quickly.

At this point, Howard would have helped bury a dead Russian by the dark of the moon to avoid tearing his show apart. He had not had time to scratch his ear since one in the afternoon. For much of the time, he had roosted in the stadium control room, shaping the live coverage as it went into the tube. He monitored some 20 TV screens, choosing shots from German television and ABC's own cameras, decided what taped fragments would fit into the remaining live time, scheduled commercials, directed the technicians in the control room, took direction through a headset from his boss, Roone Arledge, and through a second headset cued his announcer, Jim McKay. (HOWARD: "Tell them he's six hundred yards ahead. . . ." MC KAY: "And Frank Shorter maintains his lead of about six hundred yards. . . ." HOWARD: "He's at kilometer thirty-eight. . . ." MC KAY: "Running strongly at kilometer thirty-eight. . . ." HOWARD: "What's difficult about this next stretch?" MC KAY: "But Shorter's problem now is. . . .")

A balky tape machine in New York prevented a commercial from running on time, and announcer Chris Schenkel had to make a fast oncamera recovery, which he did. Erich Segal, the *Love Story* author and a marathon buff, had not dried up, as amateurs sometimes do, but had flowed like a faucet.

Howard now had an excellent opportunity to turn a good day into a rotten one. Breaking into the taped show could look very foolish, but missing a major news break in this tense atmosphere would look worse. Howard put off his decision. It was six minutes to air time.

Then Peter Jennings, the man with the walkie-talkie, called to say that the Russians were laughing at him. They claimed that no one was dead. He thought they were on the level.

"Thanks, Peter," said Howard, smiling for the first time in 15 minutes. Had the Russians drilled a defector and hidden the body in a clothes hamper? If so, good luck to them. Howard (who, incidentally, had not seen a single Olympic competition during the games) rolled the taped show, then sagged off to the Sheraton to join the party.

• • •

The night of the closing ceremony was gray and cold, the sort of weather in which generals drink brandy and soldiers wonder whether their boots will last the winter. Old Avery Brundage, big and pink and bareheaded, thanked the citizens of Munich, declared the games closed and called on the youth of the world to reassemble four years later in Montreal.

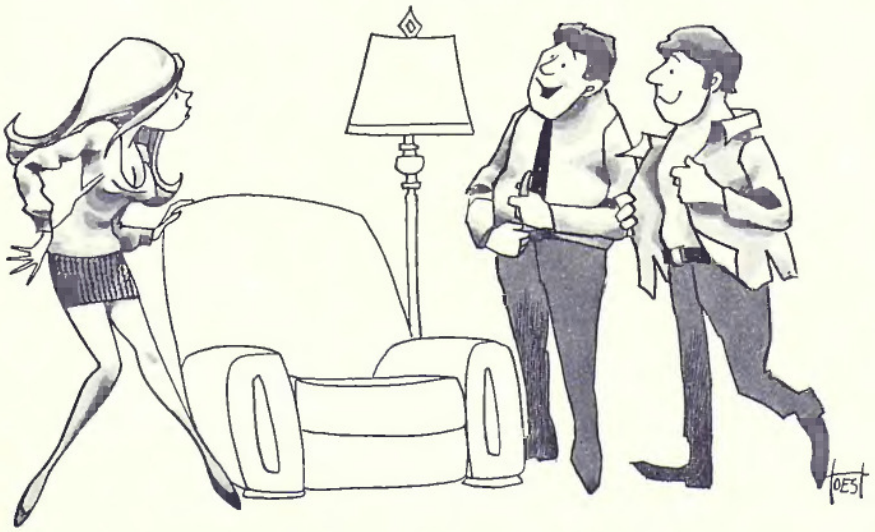
Should they? Will our tribalism be less rancid in four years? Canada's own Quebec Libre terrorists might be the ones to surface, their hearts burning with righteousness and their insulation smoldering. The U. S. has its own tribal zealots, and the border is unguarded. The Arabs are unlikely to be reconciled, and the bloody nerve ends of the Irish tribes still might be capable of another twitch. Black and white furies could lash each other one more time. But to list such obvious possibilities is to foretell the past. The terrorists of Montreal might be students, but why not the cheated and embittered old? Perhaps the Jesus people will have gone snappish. Cells of romantics might be hunting down scientists. And we will be teaching school children, still, that loyalty to groups is a fine and holy thing.

I don't know. When the athletes swarmed in to listen to Brundage close the games, they danced wildly for half an hour. Relief, maybe. Afterward, I was swept along with them as they surged, laughing, back to the village. I remember thinking that, corpses and flags aside, it had been a good Olympics. But that is meaningless; corpses and flags aside, it has been a good century.

An hour after the torch went out, I found myself in an Italian restaurant with a couple of pretty Austrian Olympic hostesses. The U. S. handball team was there, girlless, full of beer, gloomy. No, the Olympics hadn't been worth it, one of them said; he wouldn't go through that again. Go through what? Whole fucking thing, he said, waving his beer and spilling it. But then the handball team and the hostesses began teasing one another and laughing, and the evening ended as a fair success.

Also meaningless. But I'm tired. Let the Canadians worry about the Montreal Olympics. If they feel rich enough in time, money and bravery to make another try at having a peaceful footrace festival, then it would be a nice, harmless thing to do. If not, I guess that we will burrow deep and try to outwait the barbarians or the ice age or whatever it is that is coming.

Now it is late morning, and I am sitting outside the Café am Horn in the Stachus district of Munich, enjoying a fourth cup of coffee and the muzzy sunlight. I have had enough of sports, assassins, cheering fans, coaches, journalists and my own recent thoughts. The Austrian friend who lent the garret room to me has called to find out how I am. That seems important. The sunlight seems important. The plane I will take to Boston later today seems important. Nothing else seems important. Life, thus carefully narrowed down, seems not only livable, but good.



"Well, I'm a consenting adult and Charley here is a consenting adult—that makes two out of three."

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KILLER

(continued from page 110)

use a gun: the gun, the bullets and the balls. A lot of people will point a gun at you, but they haven't got the courage to pull the trigger. It's as simple as that. I would give you odds on almost anybody you name that, if I put a gun in their hand, they would not pull the trigger. I mean, some people will go ape for a minute and shoot, but there are few people who will think about it, plan it, and then do it. To carry out an execution with the cold knowledge of what you're doing, you have to believe in nothing but yourself. I believe in myself. Most people have the fear of reprisal; I do not. Because life and death doesn't mean anything to me. I don't care if I live or die, and I don't care if anybody else lives or dies. I have no emotion. None. It's all long gone.

I killed my first man when I was 16 years old. I started getting into the business when I was 11 years old. The first thing I did was take numbers. I got into numbers through a guy named Joe Bagels, who brought me in because he felt sorry for me. We weren't just poor, we were destitute. So I did what he told me, I showed up bright and early one morning and I set up a little table and chair with a pad on the corner of Jennings Street and Wilkens Avenue in the Bronx. And I took my very first number. Then I began working the OPA office on 57th Street in Manhattan with a bunch of guys. I was small then and I would slide in over the transom and grab ration stamps that were sitting there waiting to be destroyed. We got tons of them: sugar stamps, gasoline stamps, canned-goods stamps, everything. A little later I got into muscle work—I always had a nice level swing with a Louisville slugger—and, by the time I was 15, I was a controller in a numbers organization.

The hit was offered to me by a Mob guy who protected the numbers organization I worked for. The thought of killing a man had never occurred to me before. I had been a violent person and I had laid guys out, but hitting a man just hadn't entered my mind. I was sitting on a stoop one day and he walked over and sat down next to me. Very casually, without even looking at me, he asked if I was interested in making a hit.

I looked at him and said, "You got to be kidding." He said he was serious. I said, "You must have fifty guys that can do the same job."

He nodded. "We understand that. Just let me know tonight."

At some point you either have to become a man or fade. For me, this was the point. I had to make the decision whether I wanted to be a piece of dirt or accomplish something. I was very young, but I decided I wasn't going to be a piece of shit. I wasn't going to let people walk all over me. I was going to be a man.

So I told him OK. I had no idea what the guy I hit had done. I was given a gun and this guy was pointed out to me. I just walked up behind him right on the street, in broad daylight, and blew the top of his head off. He was dead before he hit the sidewalk. Then I turned and walked away.

I knew I had to get rid of the gun, but I didn't know exactly how. The first thing I did was go back to my apartment and get a little saw and I sawed the gun barrel into four quarters. Then I took the gun and the shells and got on the subway. I rode it all the way down into Lower Manhattan, the Wall Street area, and I started throwing the shells down the sewers. I wasn't taking any chances, one shell to one sewer. Then I went over to the river and heaved the gun as far as I could. And then I went home and went to bed.

I never really got to sleep. I just tossed and turned for a few hours, going over the whole thing in my mind about a hundred times, making sure I didn't make any mistakes. I held my breath for about two days until I was positive there were no witnesses. Then the realization came to me that I was a made individual. I was a force to be reckoned with. I knew that a lot of people who had looked at me as being a snot-nosed wise-ass kid would now be speaking to me in different tones.

The job paid $5000. Five thousand dollars! It seemed like a billion dollars. My older brother was working ten hours a day in a warehouse and bringing home $24 a week. It wasn't a matter of killing someone, but rather saving myself. Five thousand dollars. That's how it started.

Contrary to legend, there is no great celebration after you make your first hit. I mean, nobody throws a party for you or anything. But you are made. The word is out very quickly that you are a capable individual. That you are a gunsel, a gun, a cannon, a hit man, a boy that will do the job. In *The Godfather*, they said, "Make your bones." Now, I never heard that before, but it has the same meaning.

That was the beginning of my real career. But soon after, it almost ended. I was picked up for breaking up three people with a baseball bat and given a choice by the judge: the Army or a home for juvenile offenders. I like to say I consider the Army a very exclusive club: It took the recommendation of a judge and 12 jurors to get me in.

Actually, the Army was good to me. It sent me to Korea as an infantryman and taught me how to use a gun correctly. So I guess you could say the Army did indeed teach me a career. It also taught me something about loyalty. I had one of my closest friends killed there. We had literally been through hell together and, after some gook shot him, me and this other guy carried his body back 70, that's seven-oh, miles. I could leave anybody in the world out there, but I just couldn't leave him. I guess I'm a paradox, but the three of us had been through so much. He was from Boston and he had been a thief all his life. The third guy was a tough, quiet kid from Ohio. That was our trio. We hung together all the time, we fought the whole world together and we took care of one another pretty good. He was killed on the very last job we did. As I said, I could have left anybody out there, it wouldn't have bothered me at all. I left a hell of a lot of people out there, but I felt I had no right leaving him. I had to bring him home. So we took turns carrying his body and we were ten days behind everyone else getting back. But it was just something that I had to do. It's not that I value life, he was dead. But I just couldn't leave his body out there for the buzzards.

I put my Army training to use as soon as I was separated. I was working out in California for a man named Jack Dragna. I learned to love that man, because of the way he treated me. He gave me respect and he let me earn a great deal of money. He taught me the difference between right and wrong—and how to do wrong better.

Before he died, Jack controlled Southern California. I mean, you couldn't take a shit between Los Angeles and the Mexican border or the Pacific and Nevada unless Jack had a piece of the toilet paper. He knew that I was a wild man, but he didn't know how wild. He wanted to test me and offered me a hit.

"Sure," I told him, "why not?" I never did find out what number two had done either. Jack just showed me his picture and gave me a gun. I stood in a public parking lot for an entire afternoon waiting for this guy. Finally he showed up and started walking toward his car. He never made it.

There is a multitude of reasons a man is killed: He may be a stool pigeon, he may be too greedy—the man he is working for might suspect he is taking too much, the man he is working for might think he is too ambitious, he might be blown away because he has not lived up to the obligations he is supposed to live up to, the job might be planned by an underling trying to take over from a boss, the target could be a Mob member who has become a junkie and is therefore unreliable or it could even be payment for an attempted double cross. There is always a good reason for it and it always involves doing something you shouldn't be doing as a member of organized crime.

Innocent people, civilians, are very, very rarely hit. You recently saw the

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reason for that in New York City. You had half a battalion of Mob guys killed and nobody said a word. But two meat salesmen were killed accidentally and they almost declared martial law.

We leave civilians alone. We don't hurt them and we don't work for them. As a matter of fact, if a civilian wanted to buy a hit, he might be able to get someone who has done a few, but he couldn't get anyone connected with the Mob. And chances are he would just be taken for his money, which happens quite often. A guy will pay someone to make a hit and then the hit will never be made. What's he gonna do about it? Who's he gonna complain to?

Mob guys very rarely take outside work, because they can't trust civilians. The police lean on them and they fold. They've never been battered by questions, they've never been mentally assaulted, so they're gonna quit on you. The police are experts, they can turn you up one side and down the other with their questions. And who needs to depend on an outsider?

Not me. And not any professional hit man that I know. I just don't want to mess with your so-called honest citizens. As a rule, you just can't trust them.

I did come close once. Tony Bender asked me to see a civilian about doing a job for him and Tony had been very good to me, so I said OK. My meet was a very, very wealthy New York City socialite, a real blue blood. I figured maybe somebody was leaning on him businesswise. Generally, civilians want other civilians hit to settle personal scores and I don't want to get involved in that. This guy wanted a broad hit in the head. I found it very unusual for a guy to want to hit a broad, so I asked him about it. He said he had been shacking up with her and things were getting complicated.

Before giving him an answer, I started doing a little investigating on my own, and I found out the reason he wanted her hit in the head was that she had the nerve to get pregnant. I figured maybe she wanted a lot of money, but I was wrong. All she wanted was to make sure the kid was properly cared for. She didn't want no big amount of money, she wasn't looking to shake him down and she didn't want to get involved with the social register. All she wanted was something like $250 a month for the kid. My blue-blooded friend was terrified that someone would find out about the baby and it would embarrass his family. This was just an innocent little girl, just a kid herself, and this guy wanted me to kill her. For what? To protect his reputation?

I went back and I told the guy, "I am going to give you some very bad news. One, you're gonna give this kid $100,000 and then you're gonna give her $250 a month until that kid is old enough to take care of itself. If you don't, motherfucker, I'm gonna put a bullet in your head and I'm gonna let the whole world know why you got killed." He went running to see Tony. Tony told him he couldn't interfere with me. Actually he could've, but he didn't want to.

The guy finally gave her the money. I still hear from this girl every once in a while. She's married and lives out in the Midwest. She sends me pictures of her daughter, but I'm a part of her past she would rather forget. But you see the problems you get into when you deal with civilians. I like to stick to my own. It's easier.

Every hit begins with a contract. If you're working independently, as I usually do, the people who need your services get in touch with you. A meeting is set up and details are discussed. I'm told what the job entails, how much it pays and occasionally what the beef is. These details will probably tip me off to who the party is, but I'll rarely ask his name until I decide to go ahead and make the hit. Once I know the area, I can pin it down to four or five guys. If I figure I know a couple of them, I'll say "Pass." If it's OK, I'll lean forward and agree to do business.

There is no set price for a hit. It depends on who the man is, how difficult the job will be and what the results (who'll gain what) will be. It usually averages between $10,000 and $25,000 and could go higher. The largest contract I've ever heard of was an open offer of $250,000 payable to anyone that could get to Joe Valachi. But nobody would take the job. If the Mob could have gotten to him, nobody would ever talk to the police again, because it would have completely destroyed the confidence of anybody who thought about becoming an informer. (There's a story that Valachi was causing problems in prison and word was sent to Bobby Kennedy. "Tell him to stop it," Kennedy supposedly said, "or we'll let him go.") The most I've ever been offered was $50,000 and I've been offered that a few times. The last was for Joey Gallo. I turned it down because Joey and I were friends, we had grown up within the organization together.

I remember one time, when I was just starting out, Joey and I went out on a muscle job together. I was driving and all of a sudden I look over and he was staring into the rearview mirror making terrible faces. "Hey," I said, "what the fuck do you think you're doing?"

He just kept on doing it and stopped long enough to say, "I'm just practicing looking mean." I just couldn't do Joey.

A contract is always a verbal agreement, but these contracts are as strong as any written document in the world. You don't have to sign it, you guarantee any contract you agree to with your life.

The money is paid in advance. The full amount. After the contract is out, the man who started the whole thing can rescind it, but no money is returned. Once I take your money, I'm going to make the hit—unless you tell me you've changed your mind. That's fine, but you're going to have to pay the full amount for that privilege.

There is a guarantee in the contract

"Arthur, when you're finished, I'd like to discuss a divorce."

If you don't smoke, show this ad to someone who does.

There are a lot of people in the world who don't smoke.

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You can tell them that if they really enjoy the taste of their present cigarette but are concerned about the 'tar' and nicotine, they should understand that where there is taste there is smoke and where there is smoke there has to be some 'tar' and some nicotine.

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Then you can let them know that while Vantage isn't the lowest 'tar' and nicotine cigarette they can buy, it is the lowest one they'll really enjoy.

Because when people have to work so hard sucking smoke through a low 'tar' and nicotine cigarette, they probably won't like it, and won't smoke it.

You can tell them that Vantage draws easy and tastes just fine.

You can tell them all this.

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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.

covering the unlikely situation that I'm caught. I will not talk. Not a word. Not a sound. Not a peep. Nothing. In order to ensure that, the party with whom I've made my deal must pay all my legal fees, support my family the entire time I'm in jail and have something waiting for me the day I get out. I once sat in jail for ten months waiting to come to trial and, when I was released, I was given $50,000 for keeping my mouth shut.

That may sound like a lot of money, but it's worth it to the Mob. Knowing my family is being supported and I'm earning while I'm sitting, there's no reason for me to talk. The only other alternative the Mob has is to try and kill me and that's stupid, because if they did no professional would ever work for them again. Amateurs, like this guy Johnson who shot Joe Colombo, they don't get this sort of deal, because there is no doubt that, when caught, they would reveal everything. The moment Johnson shot Colombo, he signed his own death warrant.

If you happen to be a full-time employee of a particular organization, the contract procedure is a little different. If you're on salary and they tell you somebody has got to go, he goes. Makes no difference who he is and how close the two of you might be. He's gone. A new soldier for that big organization in the sky.

Under any circumstances, if I take your money, the job is going to be done. Once I take a penny, I've guaranteed that contract with my life. And so I want to make sure it gets done quickly and correctly. That's where experience comes in.

Planning a hit is not difficult. There are only a few simple rules you have to be aware of: You do not kill a man in his own home; you do not kill a man in front of his own family (Gallo went down in front of his wife and daughter because Colombo was shot in front of his sons); you do not harm his family; you do not hit him in a church or near a place of worship; you do not torture a man (we're not his judges, just his executioners); and you do not rob him. Other than that, he's all yours.

There are three basic ways to plan a hit. The hit man will be given the party's routine, or he'll study the man and pick up his routine himself, or the party will be brought to him at a preselected spot. I like to do as much as possible myself. I like being in total control and I'll spend as much time as necessary to make sure everything is exactly the way I want it. I once clocked a man for ten days before I hit him. This guy was a numbers controller who was fingering other controllers to be robbed. He used to park his car in a gas station overnight and I decided that would be the place. He didn't realize what was about to happen until I pulled the cannon. Then he realized—I'm gonna die. He started to beg, but I didn't give him a chance to get five words out of his mouth. He knew why, and it wasn't my job to give him a lecture. But that gas station was the perfect spot, closed, quiet and dark.

The safest way is to have the party brought to you. If I'm told the hit is being set up this way, I get to the location early and check it out carefully. If I'm not completely satisfied with it, I may not do the job. After all, it's my head in the noose. I got sent to St. Louis once on a loan. They had the thing all lined up and needed an outside gun. When I got there, I said, "Look, you guys don't mind if I take a couple of days and see if I go along with the plan, do you?" I wouldn't care if the FBI had checked it out in advance, I wanted to check it myself. They agreed and I found their schedule was perfect and the spot they picked was perfect. Only then did I pull the trigger.

When you're just starting out in this business, a backup man is normally sent along to make sure everything goes correctly, but most of the time you go out by yourself or, at worst, with a single driver. The only exception is when you're hitting someone in a crowded area and you think there is a chance you might be chased. Then you use a getaway car and a crash car. The crash car is set up to block traffic after the job is done and, if somebody tries to follow you, to "accidentally" crash into them. Under any circumstances, you're only going to use the getaway car to go a few blocks. Then, depending on where you are, you're going to get out of your vehicle and lose yourself as quickly as you can in a crowd, or take some public transportation, or ride a cab, or even take another car that you have waiting.

The most important thing is to try to isolate your victim. I may be sitting in his car waiting for him and, as soon as he gets in, I'll blast him, or I may have made arrangements for him to be picked up by someone he trusts and brought to a destination where I'll be waiting. If possible, it's great to catch him late at night. But catching him alone is really the important thing, because, if you don't, innocent people might get hurt and you don't want that, no way.

I've never had a problem with innocent people, because I've always been very careful about picking my spots. But if I was on a job and an innocent person got in the way, they would have to go. I know I wouldn't feel good about doing it, but I know I'd kill them anyway. It's part of being a real professional. Other people don't take as much care as I do. Little Augie Pisano, for example, was with a girl when he received a phone call and was told to come to a meeting. The jerk brought the girl with him. Now, it is a clear violation of the rules to bring a civilian with you to any business meeting. So, when he showed up, his killers were waiting for him. They had no choice—the girl had to go, too. And she did.

If you get a guy alone, he's gone. I've only heard of one miss. The Persico people tried to kill Larry Gallo by strangling him and right in the middle of the thing a cop walked in. I don't know why they went through all that trouble. To me it's a waste of time to put a rope around a guy's neck. What's it gonna prove—that he lived a few seconds longer? If they had any smarts, they would have put a silencer on a gun and pumped a bullet in his head. So if some cop walked in two minutes later, what's the big deal? Do you realize how far away you can be in two minutes?

Sometimes, though, it's impossible to get a guy alone. Maybe he has too many bodyguards, or maybe he's very careful. Then you have to hit him in public. On a job like this, the important thing is to be cool. If you're careful, there is actually very little to worry about. Now, I've walked into restaurants in which my man was sitting and I've calmly walked over and calmly pulled the trigger and then I turned around and calmly walked out. I didn't run. I just make sure, in a situation like this, that I use something that's going to make a lot of noise, because I want everybody in that place diving under tables. I was fortunate enough to see the police report on number 14, which I did in a restaurant. I was described by 11 different people in 11 different ways . . . and not one of them was totally accurate.

Like every professional hit man I've ever known, I've always used a gun. Always. All 38 times. I am a good shot and I know where I'm going to hit you and you are going to die. No one has lived yet. I have steady hands, a sharp eye—I still don't wear glasses—and a great amount of confidence.

I prefer to use a .38 revolver whenever possible, because it's not too big and I know it will always fire unless I have a bad cartridge in there or the hammer's busted, and I always check to make sure this is not the case. Normally, I use a silencer. That way, the gun doesn't make any loud noises, just a small pffft. You try to catch a guy in the head with your first shot, because that ends the argument quickly.

A magnum, which is a very big gun, is nice to have around, but you're not going to use it, because it's too heavy and you need fluidity when you're doing a job. It's also not that accurate a weapon, because when you pull the trigger you get a severe recoil. If you were holding it at hip level when you fired, by the time you got through you'd be pointing at the sky.

At one point, drowning was popular, but no more. Why go through the trouble of taking somebody and dragging them to a spot where there is water and then drowning him? Because you want it to look like an accident? Bullshit! You *don't* want it to look like an accident! You want people to know why a guy was hit. It serves as a warning to others.

The weapon I carry every day was especially made for me by a friend who is an excellent mechanic. It's a gun about two and one half inches in length and about an inch wide. It's about half an inch thick and, in general, looks just like a cigarette lighter. It is actually a trigger mechanism. I have buckshot cartridges that have been designed for this weapon. I simply screw the cartridges in and pull the trigger and, at 30 feet or less, I can make a crowd out of you. As far as I know, there are only about five weapons like this in existence, and I love it because there's no recoil and no markings are left on the bullet.

I've heard of people who have used knives, hatchets and ice picks, who'll strangle you and garrote you, and every once in a while someone'll use something exotic like a blowtorch. Lately I've been hearing about a new weapon. It's a certain type of gas that you spray in someone's face. Not only does it kill him immediately, it leaves the exact same aftereffects as a heart attack. I'm quite certain that the two men who were involved in the trial of Newark Mayor Hugh Addonizio were killed this way. It's very strange that two important witnesses should die of heart attacks behind the wheels of their cars. But real professionals use guns. I would never use anything else, because I don't like to get too close to my man. I'm not looking to be sophisticated. I'm looking to do a job and not get caught, and so I never get closer than four or five feet. I've got no compunction about it. I just figure it's easier. If I'm that close, he's not going anywhere.

Hell, if I'm within four or five feet of him, he's dead. It's important to set it up so the guy never really has a chance to move or protect himself or run away. The farthest I've had to chase a guy was about 30 yards, and that was someone else's fault. This guy was brought out to a field in the middle of nowhere. He thought he was going to a business meeting. But the driver let him get out of the car before I was ready, he saw me and took off. I chased him on foot and, when I got close enough, I pumped four bullets into him. End of story.

He was one of the few that had that much time. Very few of the 38 ever knew what was about to hit them. I was the last thing they ever saw. I've rarely said a word to any of them. What am I going to say? There's nothing to be said. A lot of times you'll get ready to hit a man and he'll realize briefly what's happening and make the sign of the cross, or he'll start screaming, "No!" But before he can get anything out, it's usually all over.

Let me give you an example of a perfect hit. Number 27. I was working for a particular organization and it was decided that a man was going to die because he had become too ambitious. He was trying to move up too quickly. I was contacted and told there was a contract I was to fulfill. The price, I was told over a soggy pizza (if there is *one* thing I am a true expert about, it is pizza making . . . and eating), was $20,000.

"Do I set up my own deal or do you set it up for me?" I asked. He told me I was on my own and I began studying my man. I took about a week, and by the end of the week, I knew what time he left his house, where he went, who he saw, what business he conducted on what days and, finally, who he was sleeping with. I noticed that this man continually drove through an isolated area and I studied this area carefully, trying to find a good quiet spot I could pick him off in. I couldn't find exactly what I wanted, so I looked for another place.

I discovered he had a girlfriend that he visited on the nights he made his

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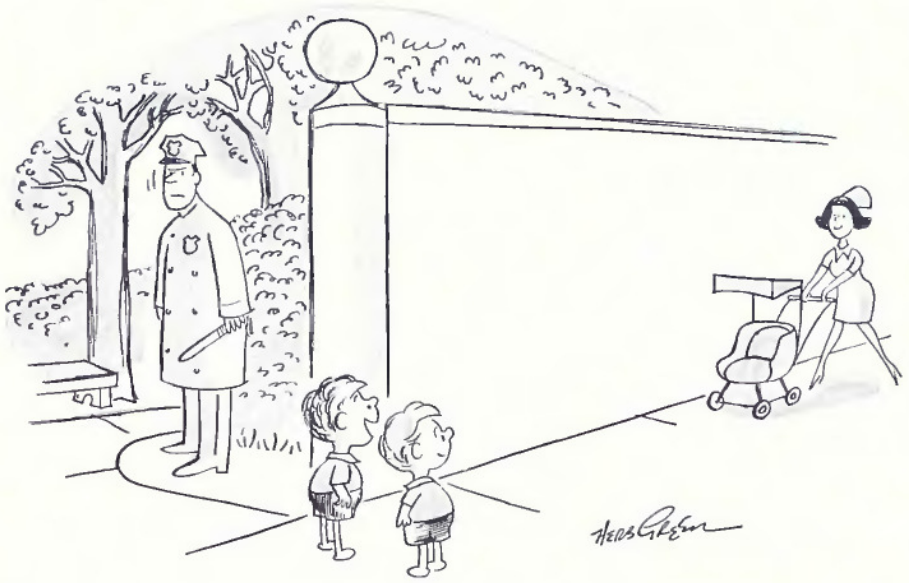


"Oh, boy! Here comes my pusher!"

gambling collections and I picked one of those nights. I used a driver, but I made sure he parked about a block away so he couldn't actually see what I was doing. That way he couldn't testify to a single thing. He wasn't about to hear the shots, because I worked with a silencer. I'm not looking to attract attention. As I said, the only time I won't use a silencer is when I'm working in a public place, because then I want people panicking, screaming, going for the floor.

When this guy came out of his girlfriend's house about six in the morning, I was standing there leaning against a light post. I hit him as he walked to his car. Three shots and he went down. I walked over and put another one in the back of his head. My driver dropped me off at my own car and I got in and drove home. The first thing I did that morning was get rid of the gun.

Most professional hits are similar to that one. The only time it's really different is when a boss is involved. First of all, a boss is never killed unless it has been agreed upon by other bosses. And then it's usually an inside job. Killing a boss is a very intricate and expensive operation. I understand that for the Albert Anastasia hit, Joey Gallo got $50,000, plus control of certain territories in south Brooklyn.

There are two ways to kill a boss. The easiest way is to get to the bodyguard or a top man in the organization and make a deal with him. In most cases you can; there are few bodyguards that are really loyal to their bosses. Take Anastasia. Gallo got to his bodyguard, Trigger Mike Coppola. When Anastasia was having his regular morning shave, Trigger Mike just stepped aside and let them take him. Simple. Quick. Efficient. Easy.

Now the tougher way. If the bodyguard does not agree to the hit, he has to go, too. I was working for Meyer Lansky at one point and some representatives of Vito Genovese invited me to a meeting. They had decided that Meyer was to be hit. An offer was made and I said no thank you. Maybe some people don't, but I really believe in being loyal to an individual who helps you earn. But by saying no, I had made myself a target.

The only reason I wasn't killed right on the spot, after I turned them down, was because I had a gun in my hand. Whenever I go to meet somebody on business, I always wear a pair of pants in which the pocket has been cut out so I can reach through to a gun I have strapped to the inside of my leg. In this particular instance, we were sitting in a restaurant, me with my back to the wall. After I said no, the guy said, "I'm sorry to hear that."

I pulled my cannon out and laid it on the table. "Now, why is that?" I said.

He said, "We'll be seeing you," and got up and left. I made one mistake after that—I didn't tell Meyer. It almost cost me my life, but I thought I could handle it.

I couldn't. I was coming out of a bank in Miami Beach and three guys opened up on me. It's a very strange thing to be hit by a bullet. For a second there is a tremendous burning sensation, then shock takes over. Then you go into what I would call limbo—everything moves in sort of slow motion. You can feel the impact, but not the pain, when you're hit again, but you're not sure exactly what you're doing. That's when your reflexes take complete control. The next thing I remember, I had a gun in my hand and I was using it. I remember hitting one guy and seeing his head explode. I remember shooting the second guy. I never saw the third guy. (A few years later, I was sitting in an Italian restaurant and this guy walks over and said, "You don't know me, but I was almost your executioner." We talked about it. I wasn't angry. I understood. Business is business.)

The lawyer I had gone to the bank with managed to get me into a cab. The next thing I knew, I was lying on a slab in an empty warehouse and a doctor was cutting bullets out of me. One week later I was on a boat to Brazil, where I stayed, well supported, for a year.

So they didn't get through me and they didn't get Meyer. More recently, they did get to Colombo's bodyguard, Gennaro Ciprio. Now, he stayed with the Colombo organization after the shooting, because he figured the Mob would be swallowed up and he would get a better position. It was good figuring. Unfortunately for the late Mr. Ciprio, it was also wrong. When the shooting started between the Gallo-Colombo people, he was one of the first to go. His own people shot him for setting up Colombo. You might call it a penalty shot, I guess.

In any case, boss or soldier, the first thing you do after making a hit is dispose of the weapon. Once the weapon is out of your hands, and can't be traced back to you, it's almost impossible to get pinned with a crime. No weapon, no murder rap. I break up every gun I use that I don't leave on the spot. I have a friend who has a little machine shop and he takes the gun and melts it down. Or I'll bring it to a junk yard and flip it into one of the compressors. Goodbye, gun. As soon as the barrel is destroyed, you're safe. Once that's gone, there is no way of matching the bullet to the gun.

As I said, sometimes I leave it right on the spot. I'll do this if it's a stolen weapon and it's completely clean. There's really nothing to worry about. The handle of the gun has ridges and won't pick up fingerprints (unless you're stupid enough to use something like a pearl-handled revolver, and if you do, you deserve to get caught). The hammer has ridges, too, and there is always a line right down the middle of the trigger. Sometimes I'll wipe the gun, anyway, just to be certain, because fingerprints can kill you. One guy blasted a target with a shotgun and left the shotgun there. Fine, except he also left his fingerprints on it. So he had to go, too.

After I make a hit, and get rid of the gun, I follow my regular schedule. I remember hitting a guy and going directly from the hit to a wedding reception. And then I forget about it.

One thing I never, ever do is plan an alibi in advance. To me that is really stupid, because, by planning, you've got to get other people involved. If you ask them to front for you, they know you're going to do something. But if I do the job right, who's gonna know I'm there? If I have to, I can always set up an alibi. I can get 18 guys to swear they were playing cards with me. Or I can get the owner of some restaurant or movie theater who owes me a favor to swear I was there. No problems.

The police usually don't bother you too much, either. Number one, the cops are not going to knock their brains out on a Mob hit, because history shows they are not going to be able to get corroborating testimony, even if they know who did the job, which they do in a lot of so-far "unsolved" cases. Don't underestimate the police. They do a really good job. But when a Mob guy is hit by another Mob guy . . . well, let's say they're not overly disappointed and don't work as hard as they might under other circumstances.

You can almost forget about witnesses. There have been very few people willing to testify against Mob people. Not so much because they tend to disappear but because your average individual is a family person and he is terrified someone in his family will get hurt if he gets involved. And, second, they're just not that socially conscious. They think just like the cops, what the hell, he only killed another gangster, what's the difference? Let 'em all kill one another.

Who can blame them? The newspapers, television, movies, magazines and books have done our job for us. They've scared the hell out of your so-called honest citizen. Let me ask you a question: After seeing *The Godfather*, would you testify against Don Corleone? Shit, after seeing *The Godfather*, would you even testify against Marlon Brando?

Every once in a while, though, you do get a rare soul who is willing to testify. Although I have never been convicted, I have been questioned in 17 murder cases. For the record, I was guilty three times. I have been brought before a grand jury a total of seven times; four times I was released and three times I was held for trial. I have spent time in jails all across the country, always waiting trial, never convicted. The district attorney in New York thought he had me once, but by the time we got to trial, the state's witnesses were no longer available to them. They had gone on an extended vacation; I never did find out exactly why they chose that time. The D. A. wanted to continue my trial until they returned, whenever that might be, but my lawyer started screaming. "Your Honor, this is ridiculous!" he yelled. "My client has spent almost a year sitting in jail and we are ready to go to trial." The judge gave the D. A. 24 hours to produce the witnesses.

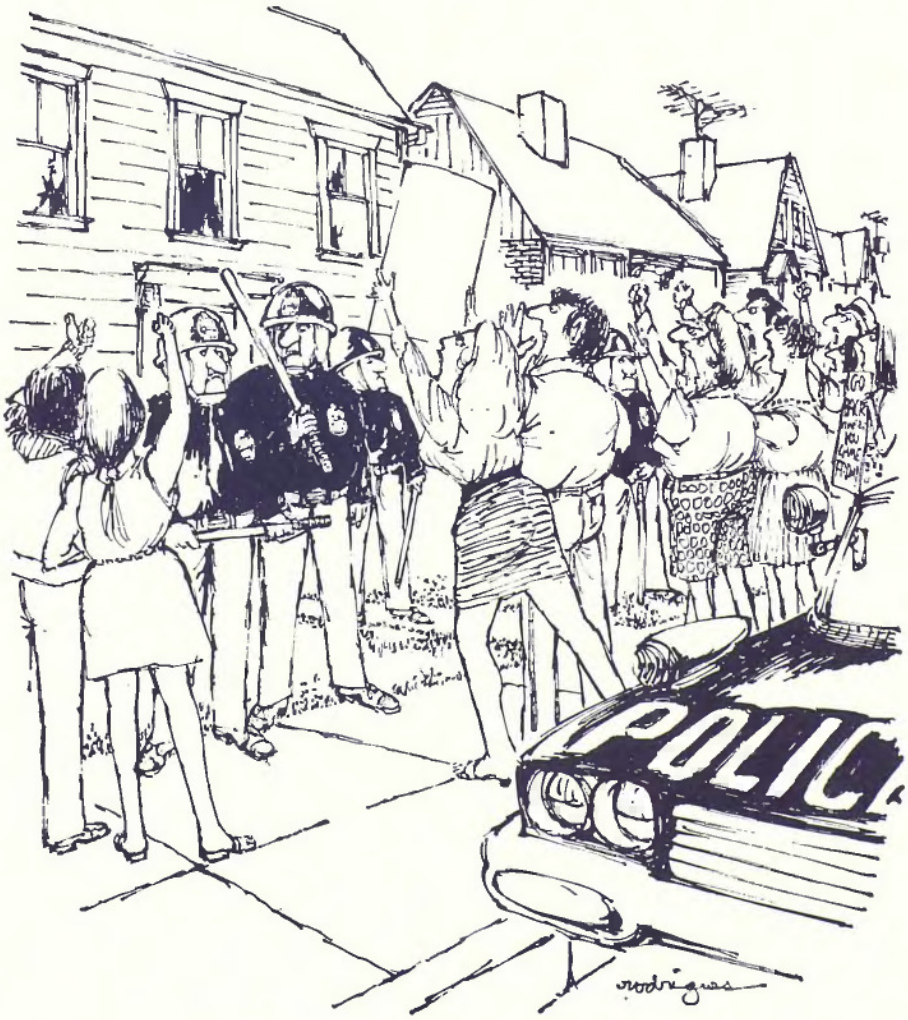
That D. A. was upset. He was mad. The next day he told the judge, "Your Honor, we cannot locate the witnesses, but we think the defendant had something to do with their disappearance."

My lawyer laughed. "How could that happen?" he asked. "He's been in jail since last year." Case dismissed. I'm told those witnesses didn't return for almost a full year. They sure must have liked wherever they were.

About the only thing you have to think about, after the gun, the witnesses and the police, is the body. Most of the time it's best to leave them where they fall, but sometimes certain people prefer to have them simply disappear off the face of the earth. What the hell, they're paying for it. One organization brings their leftovers to a junk yard that has a compressor and makes them part of next year's Lincoln. Another uses a furnace. And there are still some undiscovered farms with lots of shallow graves fertilizing the plants. I suppose the most popular places are construction sites. The organization finds an area where concrete is about to be poured and they put the body in there. Some guy comes to work the next morning and, what does he know, he pours the concrete. Here's a helpful hint, though: Always pour lime over the body or, when it starts decomposing, it's going to smell just terrible.

I've only broken one rule in my career. I have killed three men for revenge—and I made them suffer when I did it. Normally, you're supposed to get permission, but I didn't bother. It seems like a bad movie when I think about it. I remember in *Nevada Smith*, Steve McQueen tracked down the three guys who killed his parents and, when he found the third one, he just couldn't kill him. That's the difference between real life and the pictures. There wasn't a man on the face of this earth that was going to stop me.

It was 1958 and I had made a deal to



"As I understand it, these people recently moved in here and they're the only ones in the neighborhood who won't join in wife swapping."

bring narcotics into the country from Mexico. My cut was supposed to be $40,000, but, instead of paying me, the party thought it would be a great deal cheaper to kill me. Unfortunately, when he sent his goons to my house, I wasn't there. My wife, who was, was four months pregnant at the time. They came into the house looking for me and when they realized I wasn't home, they got abusive. One of them kicked her in the stomach and left her lying on the kitchen floor. She started hemorrhaging. She was dead by the time some neighbors got her to the hospital.

They caught up to me in Reno, Nevada. I had just come out of one of the casinos—I didn't know what had happened to my wife—and I started to cut through this alley over by some railroad tracks. The lights blanked out. I was smashed over the head with a blunt instrument.

Ten days later I came to, paralyzed from the neck down, in the Washoe Medical Center. The doctor manipulated my vertebrae and managed to restore some feeling in my body. The next day some friends came and they told me what had happened to my wife.

That was the day I stopped caring whether I lived or died. That was the day I lost all fear of death. All I had within me was hatred. I would not have gone after the three men for what they did to me—business was business—and I would have settled with the head man. But they were dead the moment they kicked my wife.

We had only been married a few months. When we got married, I didn't know if I was going to stay in this business or not. I certainly never would've stayed in as a hit man if she had lived; I even like to think I would have quit. You talk about your life changing around because of a woman . . . mine did. She was a real clean kid. And she was mine. For the first time in my life, I had found someone who made me completely happy. I could say that, until that point, I didn't know what happiness was. All my life I had been a taker, everything I owned I had had to grab. But for the first time in my life, I had found someone who was willing to give simply because she liked me. There were never any threats, any wild shows, she liked me just because I was me.

And then my whole world exploded. It just came apart. It changed me quite a bit. Before this, I was wild and crazy, but I just wasn't mean. This made me mean. As soon as I could move, I got on the telephone and called the guy who had set the whole thing up. He picked up the phone. All I said was, "You made a mistake, fuck. I'm still alive."

I laid in the hospital for eight months and one day the doctor walked in and said I could either lie there like a vegetable for the rest of my life or risk an operation. I asked him what my chances were.

"Even," he said. "You'll either walk out or be carried out by eight of your best friends." I didn't give a damn either way, so I told him to start cutting. Seven months later, I walked out of that hospital. And went after the three men who had killed my wife.

I started to hunt them down. I carried .22 long-range flat-nosed bullets, because I wanted them to suffer. At short range they won't kill you, but they will smash your bones and make you bleed. The first one I found in California. I killed him very slowly. I had trapped him in a garbage-filled alley and he started swearing he had nothing to do with it. There was no way I was going to listen. I just started to pump bullets into him methodically. First into his legs, so he couldn't move. Then into his rib cage, so he would bleed. Then into his shoulders, and then I shot his ears off. I just kept reloading the gun, I was having a good time. Then I left him there to die.

I found the second one in Mexico and killed him the same way. I had never known anything as sweet as these killings. They were wonderful sights. I could smell the fear. If you've ever wondered why an animal attacks someone who's afraid of him, it's because the fear just pours out of him and creates an odor. I saw it. I smelled it. I loved it.

I had to chase the third one completely across the country. He knew I was after him and he tried to hide. It took me almost a year to find him, but I did, in New York City. He went down just like the first two. Then I got on the phone to the boss. I said two words, "You're next," and then I hung up. But before I could get him, he was arrested on a narcotics charge. That bust saved his life. I guarantee it. He is doing 25 years and I pray he's doing hard time every one of those days. And, if he lives through it, the day he walks out, I will be standing there waiting for him. I swear it.

• • •

Why do I do it? Why do I kill people? There are a number of reasons. Obviously, the money. I like money. I like what money can buy, what it can bring you. I remember when I didn't have it, when I ate meat maybe once every month. I never missed a meal when I was a kid, I just postponed a few. I remember that.

And I like the status it brings. I'm somebody. An awful lot of people are terrified of me. And fascinated. Women, especially. Believe it or not, there are certain "hit-men groupies," women who just have to get close to a man who has killed people. I like women being attracted to me. I didn't have what you would call a normal social life; I didn't do much dating when I was growing up. And I know I'm not the best-looking guy in the world, either, so if it's being the tough killer that turns women on, I'll play that part, I'll be as tough as they want. Usually, though, after they know you, they get sick. They feel they've corrupted themselves.

I also see killing as a test of loyalty and courage.

In business terms, the ability to pull the trigger is vitally important. If you expect to progress in any organization, you have to be able to do it. I would say almost every man who has ever become a boss has pulled it somewhere along the line.

And, finally, I guess I do it because I enjoy it. I like having the power of knowing that I am it, that I can make the final decision of whether someone lives or dies. It is an awesome power.

I would say, overall, that I've been very successful in my chosen profession. My wife and I live well, we have friends, we get respect. Most of the people in my family know what I do, but they don't ever really ask questions. Every once in a while my cousin, the cop, and me will talk about our different businesses. All he's ever said to me is, "Be careful, kid, be careful."

Some of our neighbors have a pretty good idea I'm in the business. One woman once said something to my wife about me being a hood. My wife really started screaming, "How do you know that? Have you ever seen him do anything? Until you have some proof, you keep your big mouth shut."

Don't try to analyze me, or any other hit man, either. I would guess there are maybe 1000 still working at it throughout the country. But, except in New York, there hasn't been that much work lately, so I guess you might accurately call us a dying breed. The thing about us that's so unusual is that we're so usual. A man who's sadistic, who's crazy-wild, who's a troublemaker, who has strange habits or stands out in a crowd, he can't make it. He'll be disposed of.

Hit men differ in a thousand ways. Some are friendly, some moody, some tall, some short, some bald and, lately, even some with long hair. You'd never be able to pick one out in a crowd, but then again, you won't have to. A good hit man is known only to those people who have to know who he is.

What makes a good hit man? Pride and confidence. A good hit man goes out, does his job, comes home to his family and can sit down and eat his dinner without any problems. After all, no one likes to bring his work home with him.

"I've heard of singing telegrams, but this is ridiculous!"

IN THE BAG

(continued from page 128)

The caped figure across from him had not moved.

"Waiter!"

"M'sieu?"

"Another cognac. A double!"

It was placed before him. He twisted the glass slowly and then raised it toward his lips. About to toss it down, his hand froze on the glass. The caped officer had ceased his vigil and was slowly crossing the stones of the *place*. His baton swung restlessly at his side.

Claude felt fear evaporate as quickly as it had come. He had always known the day might come. A plan formed, as plans always formed for him. He would not answer the questions; he would pretend he had not heard. When the *flic* bent lower, he would receive a double dose of cognac in the eyes! The policeman was big, but he did not look very fast. Off and running! Take the securities from the satchel on the run and the rest jettisoned, maybe under the *flic*'s feet! Here he comes. Claude's fingers lowered the glass slowly.

The policeman shouldered his way through the scattered tables, passed Claude without a glance and came to rap on the bar counter with his baton. The waiter looked up.

"M'sieu?"

"Your telephone——"

Claude frowned. Calling for the wagon? His muscles tensed, prepared. The voice of the policeman came now, but it was surprisingly nervous, oddly cringing.

"Marie? Where have you been? I finished my tour nearly an hour ago. . . . I've been up and down the Rue Cologne several times. . . . No, no, my darling! Of course I'm not complaining. . . . I'm merely. . . . No, no, darling! Believe me, of course I still want. . . . It's simply that. . . ." There was a pause as the uniformed man listened further. "I'm at the Place Duquesne, on the Rue Cologne. . . . Ten minutes? . . . Of course, my sweet. . . . No, no, I don't mind! . . . No, no, I'll wait. . . ."

Claude bit back a grin, fighting hard not to burst out into nervous, almost hysterical laughter. A lesson here, he told himself, trying to sound stern, and took the cognac in his hand down in one huge swallow. He choked a bit on it but welcomed it. Never invent problems. Life furnishes us with sufficient. He swung an arm up to intercept the waiter.

"One last cognac, if you please. And the check, as well."

The policeman passed him, a foolish grin on his face, and took a stand at the curb, staring hungrily up the deserted avenue. Claude grinned in relief, gulped down the cognac and reached into his pocket. It was empty. He reached into another with equal results. What the—— His wallet! His wallet, of course, was home with all other identification. He looked up to see the waiter's eye upon him, cold as only years of serving the public can chill an eye.

"I must have left my wallet at home. . . ."

The waiter moved closer, preventing escape, managing a sneer without moving so much as a muscle of his face. The policeman had turned and was watching.

"Tomorrow I will come back. . . ."

The waiter shrugged, caught the policeman's eye and jerked a thumb downward. The policeman stared and then shook his head in profound disgust as Claude sat frozen. The shoulders of the uniformed man slumped. Eight long, miserable, lonely hours on his feet, Marie about to meet him with almost assured results, and now this! Because of some idiot youngster who wandered off without money, he was going to have to waste hours at the office, fill out God knows how many millions of papers—it was impossible! Would Marie wait for him to get back? What a dream!

No, damn it, no! Not tonight! He looked down at the pale face of the young man in the chair.

"I'll lend you the money for the cognac," he said, reaching for his billfold. "This is my regular beat: four in the afternoon to midnight. You can come by tomorrow and pay me back."

Claude felt his head whirling. He could not believe it. He came to his feet. "Oh, I will! I will!"

"I'm sure you will," the *flic* said confidently and picked the satchel from Claude's fingers. "I'll hold your books for security." He was generous, but also cautious. "Don't worry. They'll be safe."

• • •

To go back to the Rue Cologne or not, that was the problem!

"Aw, geez, Ma!"

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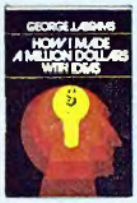

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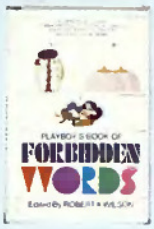

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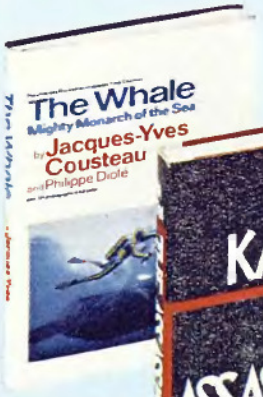

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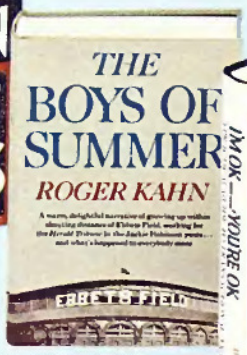

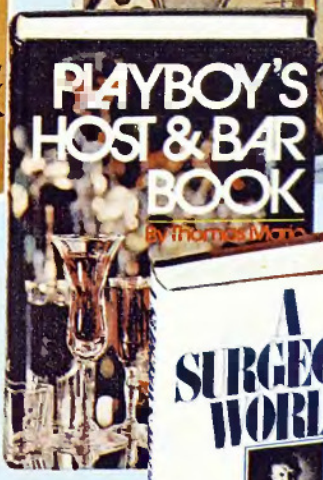

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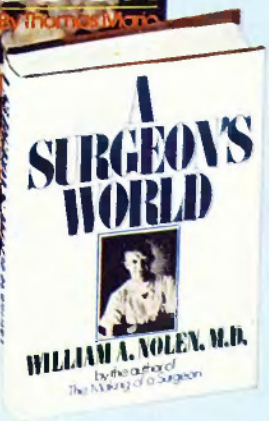

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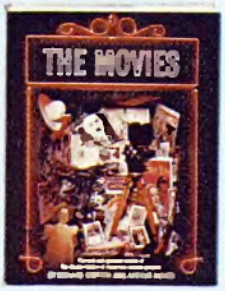

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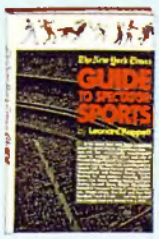

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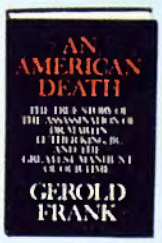

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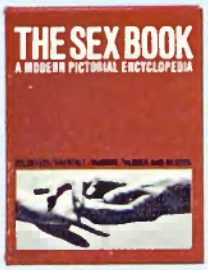

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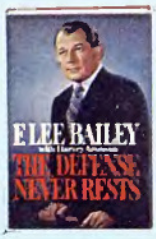

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FLASHMAN AT THE CHARGE

(continued from page 138)

point out to her the folly of accepting the attentions of such a notorious roué, but she took this as mere jealousy on my part—not jealousy of a sexual kind, mark you, but supposedly rooted in the fact that here she was, climbing in the social world, spooned over by peers, while I was labouring humbly in an office like any Cratchit.

But in the next few days I had other things to distract me from Elspeth's nonsense; my jape in the poolroom with the little greenhorn came home to roost, and in the most unexpected way. I received a summons from my Lord Raglan, of all people.

You will know all about him, no doubt. He was the ass who presided over the mess we made in the Crimea and won deathless fame as the man who murdered the Light Brigade. He should have been a parson, or an Oxford don, or a waiter, for he was the kindliest, softest-voiced old stick who ever spared a fellow creature's feelings—that was what was wrong with him, that he couldn't for the life of him say an unkind word or set anyone down. And this was the man who was the heir to Wellington—as I sat in his office, looking across at his kindly old face, with its rumpled white hair and long nose, and found my eyes straying to the empty right sleeve tucked into his breast, he looked so pathetic and frail, I shuddered inwardly. Thank God, thinks I, that I won't be in *this* chap's campaign.

They had just made him commander in chief, after years spent bumbling about at the Horse Guards and on the Board of Ordnance, and he was supposed to be taking matters in hand for the coming conflict. So you may guess that the matter on which he had sent for me was one of the gravest national import—Prince Albert, our saintly Bertie the Beauty, wanted a new aide-de-camp, or equerry, or toadeater extraordinary, and nothing would do but our new commander must set all else aside to explain.

Raglan approached the thing in his usual roundabout way, by going through a personal history which his minions must have put together for him.

"I see you are thirty-one years old, Flashman," says he. "Well, well, I had thought you older—why, you must have been only—yes, nineteen, when you won your spurs at Kabul. Dear me! So young. And you have served in India, against the Sikhs, but have been on half pay these six years, more or less. In that time, I believe, you have travelled widely?"

Usually at high speed, thinks I, and not in circumstances I'd care to tell your lordship about. Aloud I confessed to acquaintance with France, Germany, the United States, Madagascar, West Africa and the East Indies.

"And I see you have languages—excellent French, German, Hindoostanee, Persian—bless my soul!—and Pushtu. Thanks of Parliament in 'Forty-two, Queen's Medal—well, well, these are quite singular accomplishments, you know." And he laughed in his easy way. "And apart from Company service, you were formerly, as I apprehend, of the Eleventh Hussars. Under Lord Cardigan. Aha. Well, now, Flashman, tell me, what took you to the Board of Ordnance?"

I was ready for that one and spun him a tale about improving my military education, because no field officer could know too much, and so on, and so on. . . .

"Yes, that is very true, and I commend it in you. But you know, Flashman, while I never dissuade a young man from studying all aspects of his profession—which, indeed, my own mentor, the Great Duke, impressed on us, his young men, as most necessary—still, I wonder if the Ordnance Board is *really* for you.

"I think it a most happy chance," he went on, "that only yesterday his Royal Highness, Prince Albert"—he said it with reverence—"confided to me the task of finding a young officer for a post of considerable delicacy and importance. He must, of course, be wellborn—your mother was Lady Alicia Paget, was she not? I remember the great pleasure I had in dancing with her, oh, how many years ago? Well, well, it is no matter. A quadrille, I fancy. However, station alone is not sufficient in this case, or I confess I should have looked to the Guards." Well, that was candid, damn him. "The officer selected must also have shown himself resourceful, valiant and experienced in camp and battle. That is essential. He must be young, of equable disposition and good education, unblemished, I need not say, in personal reputation"—God knows how he'd come to pick on me, thinks I, but he went on—"and yet a man who knows his world. But above all—what our good old duke would have called 'a man of his hands.'" He beamed at me. "I believe your name must have occurred to me at once, had His Highness not mentioned it first. It seems our gracious queen had recollected you to him." Well, well, thinks I, little Vicky remembers my whiskers after all these years. I recalled how she had mooned tearfully at me when she pinned my medal on, back in '42—they're all alike, you know, can't resist a dashing boy with big shoulders and a trot-along look in his eye.

"So I may now confide in you," he went on, "what this most important duty consists in. You have not heard, I dare say, of Prince William of Celle? He is one of Her Majesty's European cousins, who has been visiting here some time, incognito, studying our English ways, preparatory to pursuing a military career in the British army. It is his family's wish that when our forces go overseas—as soon they must, I believe—he shall accompany us, as a member of my staff. But while he will be under my personal eye, as it were, it is most necessary that he should be in the immediate care of the kind of officer I have mentioned—one who will guide his youthful footsteps, guard his person, shield him from temptation, further his military education and supervise his physical and spiritual welfare in every way." Raglan smiled. "He is very young and a most amiable prince in every way; he will require a firm and friendly hand from one who can win the trust and respect of an ardent and developing nature. Well, Flashman, I have no doubt that between us we can make something of him. Do you not agree?"

By God, you've come to the right shop, thinks I. Flashy and Company, wholesale moralists, ardent and developing natures supervised, spiritual instruction guaranteed, prayers and laundry two bob extra. How the deuce had they picked on me? The queen, of course, but did Raglan know what kind of a fellow they had alighted on? Granted I was a hero, but I'd thought my randying about and boozing and general loose living were well known—by George, he must know! Maybe, secretly, he thought that was a qualification—I'm not sure he wasn't right. But the main point was, all my splendid schemes for avoiding shot and shell were out of court again; it was me for the staff, playing nursemaid to some little German pimp in the wilds of Turkey. Of all the hellish bad luck.

But of course I sat there jerking like a puppet, grinning foolishly—what else was there to do?

You have already guessed, no doubt, the shock that was in store for me at the palace next day. Raglan took me along, we went through the rigmarole of flunkeys with brushes that I remembered from my previous visit with Wellington, and we were ushered into a study where Prince Albert was waiting for us. There was a reverend creature and a couple of the usual court clowns in morning dress looking austere in the background—and there, at Albert's right hand, stood my little greenhorn of the billiard hall. The sight hit me like a ball in the leg—for a moment I stood stock-still while I gaped at the lad and he gaped at me, but then he recovered, and so did I, and as I made my deep bow at Raglan's side, I found myself wondering: Have they got that blacking off his arse yet?

I was aware that Albert was speaking, in that heavy, German voice; he was still the cold, well-washed exquisite I had first met 12 years ago, with those frightful whiskers that looked as though someone had tried to pluck them and left off

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halfway through. "I un-erstend you were at Rugby School. Captain? Ah, but wait—a captain? That will hardly do, I think. A colonel, no?" And he looked at Raglan, who said the same notion had occurred to him. Well, thinks I, if that's how promotion goes. I'm all for it.

"At Rugby School," repeated Albert. "That is a great English school, Willy," says he to the greenhorn, "of the kind which turns younk boys like yourself into menn like Colonel Flash-mann here." Well, true enough. I'd found it a fair mixture of jail and knocking shop; I stood there trying to look like a chap who says his prayers in a cold bath every day.

"Colonel Flash-mann is a famous soldier in England, Willy; although he is quite younk, he has vun—won—laurelss for brafery in India. You see? Well, he will be your friend and teacher, Willy; you are to mind all that he says and obey him punctually and willingly, ass a soldier should. O-bedience is the first rule of an army. Willy, you un-erstend?"

The lad spoke for the first time, darting a nervous look at me. "Yes, Uncle Albert."

"Ver-ry goot, then. You may shake hands with Colonel Flash-mann."

The lad came forward hesitantly and held out his hand. "How do you do?" says he, and you could tell he had only lately learned the phrase.

"You address Colonel Flash-mann as 'sir,' Willy," says Albert. "He is your superior officer."

The kid blushed, and for the life of me, I can't think how I had the nerve to say it, with a stiff neck like Albert, but the favour I won with this boy was going to be important, after all—you can't have too many princely friends—and I thought a Flashy touch was in order. So I said:

"With Your Highness' permission, I think 'Harry' will do when we're off parade. Hullo, youngster."

The boy looked startled, and then smiled, the court clowns started to look outraged, Albert looked puzzled, but then he smiled, too, and Raglan hum-hummed approvingly. Albert said:

"There, now, Willy, you have an English comrade. You see? Ver-ry goot. You will find there are none better. And now, you will go with—with 'Harry'"—he gave a puffy smile and the court clowns purred toadily—"and he will instruct you in your duties."

• • •

I've been about courts a good deal in my misspent career, and by and large I bar royalty pretty strong. They may be harmless enough folk in themselves, but they attract a desperate gang of placemen and hangers-on, and in my experience, the closer you get to the throne, the nearer you may finish up to the firing line. My occasional attachments to the Court of St. James's have been no exception; nursemaiding little Willy was really the most harrowing job of the lot.

Mind you, the lad was amiable enough in himself, and he took to me from the first.

"You are a brick," he told me as soon as we were alone. "Is that not the word? When I saw you today, I was sure you would tell them of the billiard place and I would be disgraced. But you said nothing—that was to be a true friend."

"Least said, soonest mended," says I. "But whatever did you run away for that night?—why, I'd have seen you home right enough. We couldn't think what had become of you."

"I do not know myself," says he. "I know that some ruffians set upon me in a dark place and . . . stole some of my clothes." He blushed crimson and burst out: "I resisted them fiercely, but they were too many for me! And then the police came and Dr. Winter had to be sent for and—oh! There was such a fuss! But you were right—he was too fearful of his own situation to inform on me to their highnesses. However, I think it is by his insistence that a special guardian has been appointed for me." He gave me his shy, happy smile. "What luck that it should be you!"

Lucky, is it? thinks I. We'll see about that. We'd be off to the war, if ever the damned thing got started—but when I thought about it, it stood to reason they wouldn't risk little Willy's precious royal skin very far and his bear leader should be safe enough, too. All I said was:

"Well, I think Dr. Winter's right; you need somebody and a half to look after you, for you ain't safe on your own hook. So look'ee here—I'm an easy chap, as anyone'll tell you, but I'll stand no shines, d'ye see? Do as I tell you and we'll do famously and have good fun. But no sliding off on your own again—or you'll find I'm no Dr. Winter."

We started off on the right foot, with a very pleasant round of tailors and gunsmiths and bootmakers and the rest, for the child hadn't a stick or stitch for a soldier and I aimed to see him—and myself—bang up to the nines. The luxury of being toadied through all the best shops and referring the bills to Her Majesty was one I wasn't accustomed to, and you may believe I made the most of it. At my tactful suggestion to Raglan, we were both gazetted in the 17th, who were lancers—no great style as a regiment, perhaps, but I knew it would make Cardigan gnash his elderly teeth when he heard of it, and I'd been a lancer myself in my Indian days. Also, to my eye it was the flashiest rig-out in the whole light cavalry, all blue and gold—the darker the better, when you've got the figure for it, which of course I had.

Anyway, young Willy clapped his hands when he saw himself in full fig and ordered another four like it—no one spends like visiting royalty, you know. Then he had to be horsed, and armed, and given lashings of civilian rig, and found servants and camp gear—and I spent a whole day on that alone. If we were going campaigning, I meant to make certain we did it with every conceivable luxury—wine at a sovereign the dozen, cigars at ten guineas the pound, preserved foods of the best, tiptop linen, quality spirits by the gallon and all the best of the stuff that you need if you're going to fight a war properly.

You may imagine how Elspeth took the news, when I notified her that Prince Albert had looked me up and given me a highness to take in tow. She squealed with delight—and then went into a tremendous flurry about how we must give receptions and soirees in his honour, and Hollands would have to provide new curtains and carpet, and extra servants must be hired, and whom should she invite, and what new clothes she must have—"for we shall be in *everyone's* eye now, and I shall be an object of general remark whenever I go out, and everyone will wish to call—oh, it will be famous!—and we shall be receiving all the time and——"

"Calm yourself, my love," says I. "We shan't be receiving—we shall be being received. Get yourself a few new duds, by all means, if you've room for 'em, and then—wait for the pasteboards to land on the mat."

And they did, of course. There wasn't a hostess in town but was suddenly crawling to Mrs. Flashman's pretty feet, and she gloried in it. I'll say that for her, there wasn't an ounce of spite in her nature, and while she began to condescend most damnably, she didn't cut anyone—perhaps she realized, like me, that it never pays in the long run. I was pretty affable myself, just then, and pretended not to hear one or two of the more jealous remarks that were dropped—about how odd it was that Her Majesty hadn't chosen one of the purple brigade to squire her young cousin, not so much as Guardee, even, but a plain Mr.—and who the deuce were the Flashmans, anyway?

But the press played up all right; *The Times* was all approval that "a soldier, not a courtier, has been entrusted with the grave responsibility entailed in the martial instruction of the young prince. If war should come, as it surely must if Russian imperial despotism and insolence try our patience further, what better guardian and mentor of His Highness could be found than the Hector of Afghanistan? We may assert with confidence—*none*." (I could have asserted with confidence, any number, and good luck to 'em.)

Little Willy, in the meantime, was

"Wake up, you idiot—you forgot to turn off the hat!"

taking to all this excitement like a Scotchman to drink. Under a natural shyness, he was a breezy little chap, quick, eager to please and good-natured; he could be pretty cool with anyone overfamiliar, but he could charm marvellously when he wanted—as he did with Elspeth when I took him home to tea. Mind you, the man who doesn't want to charm Elspeth is either a fool or a eunuch, and little Willy was neither, as I discovered on our second day together, as we were strolling up Haymarket—we'd been shopping for a pair of thunder and lightnings [striped trousers] which he admired. It was latish afternoon and the tarts were beginning to parade; little Willy goggled at a couple of painted princesses swaying by in all their finery, ogling, and then he says to me in a reverent whisper:

"Harry—I say, Harry—those women—are they——"

"Whores," says I. "Never mind 'em. Now, tomorrow, Willy, we must visit the Artillery Mess, I think, and see the guns limbering up in——"

"Harry," says he, "I want a whore."

"Eh?" says I. "You don't want anything of the sort, my lad." I couldn't believe my ears.

"I do, though," says he, and damme, he was gaping after them like a satyr, this well-brought-up, Christian little princeling. "I have never had a whore."

"I should hope not!" says I, quite scandalized. "Now, look here, young Willy, this won't answer at all. You're not to think of such things for a moment. I won't have this . . . this lewdness. Why, I'm surprised at you! What would—why, what would Her Majesty have to say to such talk? Or Dr. Winter, eh?"

"I want a whore," says he, quite fierce. "I . . . I know it is wrong—but I don't care! Oh, you have no notion what it is like! Since I was quite small, they have never even let me talk to girls—at home I was not even allowed to play with my little cousins at kiss-in-the-ring or anything!"

I'm not often stumped, but this was too much. I know youth has hidden fires, but this fellow was positively ablaze. I tried to cry him down and then to reason with him, for the thought of his cutting a dash through the London bordellos and trotting back to Buckingham Palace with the clap, or some harpy pursuing him for blackmail, made my blood run cold. But it was no good.

"If you say me nay," says he, quite determined, "I shall find one myself."

I couldn't budge him. So in the end, I decided to let him have his way, and make sure there were no snags and that it was done safe and quiet. I took him off to a very high-priced place I knew in St. John's Wood, swore the old bawd to secrecy and stated the randy little pig's requirements. She did him proud, too, with a strapping blonde wench—satin boots and all—and at the sight of her, Willy moaned feverishly and pointed, quivering, like a setter. He was trying to clamber all over her almost before the door closed, and of course he made a fearful mess of it, thrashing away like a stoat in a sack and getting nowhere. It made me quite sentimental to watch him—reminded me of my own ardent youth, when every coupling began with an eager stagger across the floor trying to disentangle one's breeches from one's ankles.

I had a brisk, swarthy little gypsy creature on the other couch, and we were finished and toasting each other in iced claret before Willy and his trollop had got properly buckled to. She was a knowing wench, however, and eventually had him galloping away like an archdeacon on holiday, and afterwards we settled down to a jolly supper of salmon and cold curry. But before we had reached the ices, Willy was itching to be at grips with his girl again—where these young fellows get the fire from beats me. It was too soon for me, so while he walloped along, I and the gypsy passed an improving few moments spying through a peephole into the next chamber, where a pair of elderly naval men were cavorting with three Chinese sluts. They were worse than Willy—it's those long voyages, I suppose.

When we finally took our leave, Willy was fit to be blown away by the first puff of wind but pleased as punch with himself.

"You are a beautiful whore," says he to the blonde. "I am quite delighted with you and shall visit you frequently." He did, too, and must have spent a fortune on her in tin, of which he had loads, of course. Being of a young and developing nature, as Raglan would have said, he tried as many other strumpets in the establishment as he could manage, but it was the blonde lass as often as not. He got quite spooney over her. Poor Willy.

So his military education progressed and Raglan chided me for working him too hard. "His Highness appears quite pale," says he. "I fear you have him too much at the grindstone, Flashman. He must have some recreation as well, you know." I could have told him that what young Willy needed was a pair of locked iron drawers with the key at the bottom of the Serpentine, but I nodded wisely and said it was sometimes difficult to restrain a young spirit eager for instruction and experience. In fact, when it came to things like learning the rudiments of staff work and army procedure, Willy couldn't have been sharper; my only fear was that he might become really useful and find himself being actively employed when we went East.

For we were going, there was now no doubt. War was finally declared at the end of March, in spite of Aberdeen's dithering, and the mob bayed with delight from Shetland to Land's End. To hear them, all we had to do was march into Moscow when we felt like it, with the frogs carrying our packs for us and the cowardly Russians skulking away before Britannia's flashing eyes. And mind you, I don't say that the British army and the French together couldn't have done it—given a Wellington. They were sound at bottom and the Russians weren't. I'll tell you something else, which military historians never realize: They call the Crimea a disaster, which it was, and a hideous botch-up by our staff and supply, which is also true, but what they don't know is that even with all these things in the balance against you, the difference between hellish catastrophe and brilliant success is sometimes no greater than the width of a sabre blade; but when all is over, no one thinks of that. Win gloriously—and the clever dicks forget all about the rickety ambulances that never came, and the rations that were rotten, and the boots that didn't fit, and the generals who'd have been better employed hawking bedpans round the doors. Lose—and these are the only things they talk about.

But I'll confess I saw the worst coming before we'd even begun. The very day war was declared, Willy and I reported ourselves to Raglan at Horse Guards. Raglan's anteroom was jammed with all sorts of people, Lucan, and Hardinge, and old Scarlett, and Anderson of the Ordnance, and there were staff-scrapers and orderlies running everywhere and saluting and bustling, and mounds of paper growing on the tables, and great consulting of maps ("Where the devil *is* Turkey?" someone was saying, "Do they have much rain there, d'ye suppose?"), but in the inner sanctum, all was peace and amiability. Raglan was talking about neck stocks, if I remember rightly, and how they should fasten well up under the chin.

We were kept well up to the collar, though, in the next month before our stout and thickheaded commander finally took his leave for the scene of war—Willy and I were not of his advance party, which pleased me, for there's no greater fag than breaking in new ground. We were all day staffing at the Horse Guards and Willy was either killing himself with kindness in St. John's Wood by night or attending functions about town, of which there were a feverish number. It's always the same before the shooting begins—the hostesses go into a frenzy of gaiety and all the spongers and civilians crawl out of the wainscotting braying with good fellowship because, thank God, they ain't going, and the young plungers and green

striplings roister it up, and their fiancées let 'em pleasure them red in the face out of pity, because the poor brave boy is off to the cannon's mouth, and the dance goes on and the eyes grow brighter and the laughter shriller—and the older men in their dress uniforms look tired and sip their punch by the fireplace and don't say much at all.

Elspeth, of course, was in her element, dancing all night, laughing with the young blades and flirting with the old ones—Cardigan was still roostering about her, I noticed, with every sign of the little trollop's encouragement. He'd got himself the Light Cavalry Brigade, which had sent a great groan through every hussar and lancer regiment in the army, and was even fuller of bounce than usual—his ridiculous lisp and growling "Haw-haw" seemed to sound everywhere you went, and he was full of brag about how he and his beloved Cherrypickers would be the elite advanced force of the army.

"I believe they have given Wucan *nominal* charge of the cavalwy," I heard him tell a group of cronies at one party. "Well, I suppose they had to find him *something*, don't ye know, and he may vewy well look to wemounts, I dare say. Haw-haw. I hope poor Waglan does not find him too gweat an incubus. Haw-haw."

This was Lucan, his own brother-in-law: they detested each other, which isn't to be wondered at, since they were both detestable, Cardigan particularly. But his mighty lordship wasn't having it all his own way, for the press, who hated him, revived the old jibe about his Cherrypickers' tight pants and *Punch* dedicated a poem to him called *Oh! Pantaloons of Cherry*, which sent him wild. It was all gammon, really, for the pants were no tighter than anyone else's—I wore 'em long enough and should know—but it was good to see Jim the Bear roasting on the spit of popular amusement again. By God, I wish that spit had been a real one, with me to turn it.

It was a night in early May, I think, that Elspeth was bidden to some great drum in Mayfair to celebrate the first absolute fighting of the war, which had been reported a week or so earlier—our ships had bombarded Odessa and broken half the windows in the place, so, of course, the fashionable crowd had to rave and riot in honour of the great victory.[4] I don't remember seeing Elspeth lovelier than she was that night, in a gown of some shimmering white satin stuff, and no jewels at all but only flowers coiled in her golden hair. I would have had at her before she even set out, but she was all afuss tucking little Havvy into his cot—as though the nurse couldn't do it ten times better—and was fearful that I would disarrange her appearance. I fondled her and promised I would put her through the drill when she came home, but she damped this by telling me that Marjorie had bidden her stay the night, although it was only a few streets away, because the dancing would go on until dawn and she would be too fatigued to return.

So off she fluttered, blowing me a kiss, and I snarled away to the Horse Guards, where I had to burn the midnight oil over sapper transports; Raglan had set out for Turkey leaving most of the work behind him, and those of us who were left were kept at it until three each morning. By the time we had finished, even Willy was too done up to fancy his usual nightly exercise with his Venus, so we sent out for some grub—it was harry and grass [haricot mutton and asparagus], I remember, which didn't improve my temper—and then he went home.

I was tired and cranky, but I couldn't think of sleep, somehow, so I went out and started to get drunk. I was full of apprehension about the coming campaign and fed up with endless files and reports, and my head ached and my

[4] *The main bombardment of Odessa by British ships took place on April 22 but without doing great damage.*

shoes pinched, so I poured down the whistlebelly with brandy on top, and the inevitable result was that I finished up three parts tight in some cellar near Charing Cross. I thought of a whore but didn't want one—and then it struck me: I wanted Elspeth and nothing else. By God, there was I, on the brink of another war, slaving my innards into knots, while she was tripping about in a Mayfair ballroom, laughing and darting chase-me glances at party saunterers and young gallants, having a fine time for hours on end, and she hadn't been able to spare me five minutes for a tumble! She was my wife, dammit, and it was too bad. I put away some more brandy while I considered the iniquity of this and took a great drunken resolve—I would go round to Marjorie's at once, surprise my charmer when she came to bed and make her see what she had been missing all evening. Aye, that was it—and it was romantic, too, the departing warrior tupping up the girl he was going to leave behind, and she full of love and wistful longing and be damned. (Drink's a terrible thing.) Anyway, off I set west, with a full bottle in my pocket to see me through the walk, for it was after four and there wasn't even a cab to be had.

By the time I got to Marjorie's place—a huge mansion fronting the park, with every light ablaze—I was taking the width of the pavement and singing *Villikins and His Dinah*.[5] The flunkeys at the door didn't mind me a jot, for the house must have been full of foxed chaps and bemused females, to judge by the racket they were making. I found what looked like a butler, inquired the direction of Mrs. Flashman's chamber and tramped up endless staircases, bounding off the walls as I went. I found a lady's maid, too, who put me on the right road, banged on a door, fell inside and found the place was empty.

It was a lady's bedroom, no error, but no lady, as yet. All the candles were burning, the bed was turned down, a fluffy little Paris night rail which I recognized as one I'd bought my darling lay by the pillow and her scent was in the air. I stood there sighing and lusting boozily; still dancing, hey? We'll have a pretty little hornpipe together by and by, though—aha, I would surprise her. That was it; I'd hide and bound out lovingly when she came up. There was a big closet in one wall, full of clothes and linen and what not, so I toddled in, like the drunken, lovesick ass I was—you'd wonder at it, wouldn't you, with all my experience?—settled down on something soft, took a last pull at my bottle and fell fast asleep.

How long I snoozed I don't know; not long, I think, for I was still well fuddled when I came to. It was a slow business, in which I was conscious of a woman's voice humming *Allan Water*, and then I believe I heard a little laugh. Ah, thinks I, Elspeth; time to get up, Flashy. And as I hauled myself ponderously to my feet and stood swaying dizzily in the dark of the closet, I was hearing vague confusing sounds from the room. A voice? Voices? Someone moving? A door closing? I can't be sure at all, but just as I blundered tipsily to the closet door, I heard a sharp exclamation which might have been anything from a laugh to a cry of astonishment. I stumbled out of the closet, blinking against the sudden glare of light, and my boisterous view halloo died on my lips.

It was a sight I'll never forget. Elspeth was standing by the bed, naked except for her long frilled pantaloons; her flowers were still twined in her hair. Her eyes were wide with shock and her knuckles were against her lips, like a nymph surprised by Pan, or centaurs, or a boozed-up husband emerging from the wardrobe. I goggled at her lecherously for about half a second, and then realized that we were not alone.

Halfway between the foot of the bed and the door stood the seventh Earl of Cardigan. His elegant Cherrypicker pants were about his knees and the front tail of his shirt was clutched up before him in both hands. He was in the act of advancing towards my wife, and from the expression on his face—which was that of a starving, apoplectic glutton faced with a crackling roast—and from other visible signs, his intention was not simply to compare birthmarks. He stopped dead at sight of me, his mottled face paling and his eyes popping. Elspeth squealed in earnest and for several seconds we all stood stock-still, staring.

Cardigan recovered first, and looking back, I have to admire him. It was not an entirely new situation for me, you understand—I'd been in *his* shoes, so to speak, many a time, when husbands, traps or bullies came thundering in unexpectedly. Reviewing Cardigan's dilemma, I'd have whipped up my breeches, feinted towards the window to draw the outraged spouse, doubled back with a spring onto the bed, and then been through the door in a twinkling. But not Lord Haw-Haw; his bearing was magnificent. He dropped his shirt, drew up his pants, threw back his head, looked straight at me, rasped: "Good night to you!," turned about and marched out, banging the door behind him.

Elspeth had sunk to the bed, making little sobbing sounds; I still stood swaying in disbelief, trying to get the booze out of my brain, wondering if this was some drunken nightmare. But it wasn't, and as I glared at that big-bosomed harlot on the bed, all those

[5] *"Villikins and His Dinah" was the hit song of 1854.*

"He said, 'Hot taco! Another American takes the bait hook, line and sinker!'"

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ugly suspicions of 14 years came flooding back, only now they were certainties. And I had caught her in the act at last, all but in the grip of that lustful, evil old villain! I'd just been in the nick of time to thwart him, too, damn him. And whether it was the booze or my own rotten nature, the emotion I felt was not rage so much as a vicious satisfaction that I had caught her out. Oh, the rage came later, and a black despair that sometimes wounds me like a knife even now, but God help me, I'm an actor, I suppose, and I'd never had a chance to play the outraged husband before.

"Well?" It came out of me in a strangled yelp. "Well? What? What? Hey?"

I must have looked terrific, I suppose, for she dropped her squeaking and shuddering like a shot and hopped over t'other side of the bed like a jack rabbit.

"Harry!" she squealed. "What are you doing here?"

It must have been the booze. I had been on the point of striding—well, staggering—round the bed to seize her and thrash her black and blue, but at her question I stopped, God knows why.

"I was waiting for you! Curse you, you adulteress!"

"In that cupboard?"

"Yes, blast it, in that cupboard. By God, you've gone too far, you vile little slut, you! I'll——"

"How could you?" So help me, God, it's what she said. "How could you be so inconsiderate and unfeeling as to pry on me in this way? Oh! I was never so mortified! Never!"

"Mortified?" cries I. "With that randy old rip sporting his beef in your bedroom and you simpering naked at him? You—you shameless Jezebel! You lewd woman! Caught in the act, by George! I'll teach you to cuckold me! Where's a cane? I'll beat the shame out of that wanton carcass, I'll——"

"It is not true!" she cried. "It is not true! Oh, how can you say such a thing?"

I was glaring round for something to thrash her with, but at this I stopped, amazed.

"Not true? Why, you infernal little liar, d'you think I can't see? Another second and you'd have been two-backed-beasting all over the place! And you dare——"

"It is not so!" She stamped her foot, her fists clenched. "You are quite in the wrong—I did not know he was there until an instant before you came out of that cupboard! He must have come in while I was disrobing—Oh!" And she shuddered. "I was taken quite unawares——"

"By God, you were! By me! D'you think I'm a fool? You've been teasing that dirty old bull this month past, and I find him all but mounting you and you expect me to believe——" My head was swimming with drink and I lost the words. "You've dishonoured me, damn you! You've——"

"You are wicked to say such a thing! Oh, you have no thought for my feelings! Oh, Harry, to have that evil old creature steal up on me—the shock of it—oh, I thought to have died of fear and shame! And then you—you!" And she burst into tears and flung herself down on the bed.

I didn't know what to say or do. Her behaviour, the way she had faced me, the fury of her denial—it was all unreal. I couldn't credit it, after what I'd seen. I was full of rage and hate and disbelief and misery, but in drink and bewilderment I couldn't reason straight. I tried to remember what I'd heard in the closet—had it been a giggle or a muted shriek? Could she be telling the truth? Was it possible that Cardigan had sneaked in on her, torn down his breeches in an instant and been sounding the charge when she turned and saw him? Or had she wheedled him in, whispering lewdly, and been stripping for action when I rolled out? All this, in a confused brandy-laden haze, passed through my mind—as you may be sure it has passed since, in sober moments.

I was lost, standing there half drunk. That queer mixture of shock and rage and exultation, and the vicious desire to punish her brutally, had suddenly passed.

Mind you, it was still touch and go whether I suddenly went for her or not; but for the booze, I probably would have done. There was all the suspicion of the past and the evidence of my eyes tonight. I stood, panting and glaring, and suddenly she swung up in a sitting position, like Andersen's mermaid, her eyes full of tears, and threw out her arms. "Oh, Harry! Comfort me!"

If you had seen her—aye. It's so easy, as none knows better than I, to sneer at the Pantaloons of this world, and the cheated wives, too, while the rakes and tarts make fools of them—"If only they knew, ho-ho!" Perhaps they do, or suspect, but would just rather not let on. I don't know why, but suddenly I was seated on the bed, with my arm round those white shoulders, while she sobbed and clung to me, calling me her "jo"—it was that funny Scotch word, which she hadn't used for years, since she had grown so grand, that made me believe her—almost.

She sobbed away a good deal, and protested, and I babbled a great amount, no doubt, and she swore her honesty, and I didn't know what to make of it. She might be true, but if she was a cheat and a liar and a whore, what then? Murder her? Thrash her? Divorce her? The first was lunatic, the second I couldn't do, not now, and the third was unthinkable. With the trusts that old swine Morrison had left to tie things up, she controlled all the cash, and the thought of being a known cuckold living on my pay—well, I'm fool enough for a deal, but not for that. Her voice was murmuring in my ear, and all that naked softness was in my arms, and her fondling touch was reminding me of what I'd come here for in the first place, so what the devil, thinks I, first things first, and if you don't pleasure her now till she faints, you'll look back from your grey-haired evenings and wish you had. So I did.

I still don't know—and what's more, I don't care. But one thing only I was certain of that night—whoever was innocent, it wasn't James Brudenell, Earl of Cardigan. I swore then inwardly, with Elspeth moaning through her kiss, that I would get even with that one. The thought of that filthy old goat trying to board Elspeth—it brought me out in a sweat of fury and loathing. I'd kill him, somehow. I couldn't call him out—he'd hide behind the law and refuse. Even worse, he might accept. And apart from the fact that I daren't face him, man to man, there would have been scandal for sure. But somehow, someday, I would find a way.

We went to sleep at last, with Elspeth murmuring in my ear about what a mighty lover I was, recalling me in doting detail and how I was at my finest after a quarrel.

While all these important events in my personal affairs were taking place—Willy and Elspeth and Cardigan, and so forth—you may wonder how the war was progressing. The truth is, of course, that it wasn't, for it's a singular fact of the Great Conflict against Russia that no one—certainly no one on the allied side—had any clear notion of how to go about it. You will think that's one of these smart remarks, but it's not; I was as close to the conduct of the war in the summer of '54 as anyone, and I can tell you truthfully that the official view of the whole thing was:

"Well, here we are, the French and ourselves, at war with Russia, in order to protect Turkey. Ve-ry good. What shall we do, then? Better attack Russia, eh? Hm, yes. [Pause] Big place, ain't it?"

So they decided to concentrate our army, and the froggies, in Bulgaria, where they might help the Turks fight the Ruskis on the Danube. But the Turks flayed the life out of the Russians without anyone's help, and neither Raglan, who was now out in Varna in command of the allies, nor our chiefs at home could think what we might usefully do next. I had secret hopes that the whole thing might be called off; Willy and I were still at home, for Raglan had sent word that for safety's sake,


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His Highness should not come out until the fighting started—there was so much fever about in Bulgaria, it would not be healthy for him.

But there was never any hope of a peace being patched up, not with the mood abroad in England that summer. They were savage—they had seen their army and navy sail away with drums beating and fifes tootling, and *Rule Britannia* playing, and the press promising swift and condign punishment for the Muscovite tyrant, and street-corner orators raving about how British steel would strike oppression down, and they were like a crowd come to a prize fight where the two pugs don't fight but spar and weave and never come to grips. They wanted blood, gallons of it, and to read of grapeshot smashing great lanes through Russian ranks, and stern and noble Britons skewering Cossacks, and Russian towns in flames—and they would be able to shake their heads over the losses of our gallant fellows, sacrificed to stern duty, and wolf down their kidneys and muffins in their warm breakfast rooms, saying: "Dreadful work, this, but by George, England never shirked yet, whatever the price. Pass the marmalade, Amelia; I'm proud to be a Briton this day, let me tell you."[6]

And all they got that summer was —nothing. It drove them mad, and they raved at the government, and the army, and each other, lusting for butchery, and suddenly there was a cry on every lip, a word that ran from tongue to tongue and was in every leading article—"Sebastopol!" God knows why, but suddenly that was the place. Why were we not attacking Sebastopol, to show the Russians what was what, eh? It struck me then, and still does, that attacking Sebastopol would be rather like an enemy of England investing Penzance, and then shouting towards London: "There, you insolent bastard, that'll teach you!" But because it was said to be a great base, and *The Times* was full of it, an assault on Sebastopol became the talk of the hour.

And the government dithered, the British and Russian armies rotted away in Bulgaria with dysentery and cholera, the public became hysterical and Willy and I waited, with our traps packed, for word to sail.

[The orders finally came. Flashman's account continues with a description of the voyage to Varna in Bulgaria, where the British and French armies were wasting away from disease. Here Flashman met William Russell, correspondent for *The Times*, and Captain Lewis Nolan, a young expert on cavalry tactics and aide to General Airey, chief of staff. A somewhat muddled decision to attack the Russians at Sebastopol was made and we return to Flashman's memoir as the army is about to land in the Crimea.—*Ed.*]

The only thing was—no one knew where we were going. We ploughed about the Black Sea, while Raglan and the frogs wondered where we should land, and sailed up and down the Russian coast looking for a likely spot. We found one, and Raglan stood there smiling and saying what a capital beach it was. "Do you smell the lavender?" says he. "Ah, Prince William, you may think you are back in Kew Gardens."

Well, it may have smelled like it at first, but by the time we had spent five days crawling ashore, with everyone spewing and soiling himself in the pouring rain, and great piles of stores and guns and rubbish growing on the beach, and the sea getting fouler and fouler with the dirt of 60,000 men—well, you may imagine what it was like. The army's health was perhaps a little better than it had been on the voyage, but not much, and when we finally set off down the coast, and I watched the heavy, plodding tread of the infantry, and saw the stretched look of the cavalry mounts—I thought, how far will this crowd go, on a few handfuls of pork and biscuit, no tents, devil a bottle of jallop, and the cholera, the invisible dragon, humming in the air as they marched?

Mind you, from a distance it looked well. When that whole army was formed up, it stretched four miles by four, a great glittering host from the Zouaves on the beach, in their red caps and blue coats, to the shakos of the 44th almost directly behind us—and they were a sight of omen to me, for the last time I'd seen them they'd been standing back to back in the bloodied snow of Gandamack, with the Ghazi knives whittling 'em down, and Souter with the flag wrapped round his belly. I never see those 44th facings but I think of the army of Afghanistan dying in the ice hills and shudder.

I was privileged, if that is the word, to give the word that started the whole march, for Raglan sent me and Willy to gallop first to the rear guard and then to the advance guard with the order to march. In fact, I let Willy deliver the second message, for the advance guard was led by none other than Cardigan,

[6] *From this, and one later reference, it seems obvious that Flashman was particularly impressed by a* Punch *cartoon, published shortly after Balaclava, showing a stout British father brandishing a poker with patriotic zeal in the morning room as he reads news of the charge of the Light Brigade.*

"You know what I like about this relationship? You've got a lot to learn!"

and it was more than I could bear to look at the swine. We cantered through the army, and the fleeting pictures are in my mind still—the little French canteen tarts sitting laughing on the gun limbers, the scarlet stillness of the Guards, rank on rank, the bearded French faces with their kepis and Bosquet balancing his belly above a horse too small for him, the singsong chatter of the Highlanders in their dark-green tartans, the red jackets of the Light Division, the red yokel faces burning in the heat, the smell of sweat and oil and hot serge, the creak of leather and the jingle of bits, the glittering points of the lances where the 17th sat waiting—and Willy burst out in excitement: "Our regiment, Harry! See how grand they look! What noble fellows they are!" —Billy Russell sitting athwart his horse and shouting, "What is it, Flash? Are we off at last?" and I turned away to talk to him while Willy galloped ahead to where the long pink-and-blue line of the 11th marked the van of the army.

"I haven't seen our friends so close before," says Billy. "Look yonder." And following his pointing finger, far out to the left flank, with the sun behind them, I saw the long silent line of horsemen on the crest, the lances twigs in the hands of Pygmies.

"Cossacks," says Billy. We'd seen 'em before, of course, the first night, scouting our landing, and I'd thought then, it's well seen you ain't Ghazis, my lads, or you'd pitch our whole force back into the sea before we're right ashore. And as the advance was sounded and the whole great army lumbered forward into the heat haze, with a band lilting *Garryowen* and the chargers of the 17th snorting and fidgeting at the sound, I saw to my horror that Willy, having delivered his message, was not riding back towards me but was moving off at a smart gallop towards the left flank.

I cut out at once, to head him off, but he was light and his horse was fast and he was a good 300 yards clear of the left flank before I came up with him. He was cantering on, his eyes fixed on the distant ridge—and it was none so distant now; as I came up roaring at him, he turned and pointed: "Look, Harry —the enemy!"

"You little duffer, what are you about?" cries I. "D'you want to get your head blown off?"

"They are some way off," says he, laughing, and indeed they were—but close enough to be able to see the blue and white stripes of the lances and make out the shaggy fur caps. They sat immobile while we stared at them, and I felt the sweat turn icy on my spine in spite of the heat. These were the famous savages of Tatary, watching, waiting—and God knew how many of them there might be, in great hordes advancing on our pathetic little army, as it tootled along with its gay colours by the sea. I pulled Willy's bridle round.

"Oh, very well," says he. "But you need not be so careful of me, you know—I don't mean to go astray just yet." And seeing my expression, he burst out laughing: "My word, what a cautious old stick you are, Harry—you are getting as bad as Dr. Winter!"

And I wish I were with Dr. Winter this minute, thinks I, whatever the old whoreson's doing. But I was to remember what Willy had said—and in the next day or so, too, when the army had rolled on down the coast, choking with heat by day and shivering by the fires at night, and we had come at last to the long slope that runs down to the red-banked river with great bluffs and gullies beyond. Just a little Russian creek, and today in any English parish church you may see its name on stone memorials, on old tattered flags in cathedrals, in the metalwork of badges and on the name plates of grimy back streets beside the factories. Alma.

You have seen the fine oil paintings, I dare say—the perfect lines of guardsmen and Highlanders fronting up the hill towards the Russian batteries, with here and there a chap lying looking thoughtful with his hat on the ground beside him, and in the distance fine silvery clouds of cannon smoke, and the colours to the fore, and fellows in cocked hats waving their swords. I dare say some people saw and remember the Battle of the Alma like that, but Flashy is not among them. And I was in the middle of it, too, all on account of a commander who hadn't the sense to realize that generals ought to stay in the rear, directing matters.

"I'll take forty-three gift-wrapped vibrators, please."

It was bloody lunacy, from the start, and bloody carnage, too. You may know what the position was—the Russians, 40,000 strong, on the bluffs south of the Alma, with artillery positions dug on the forward slopes above the river, and our chaps, with the frogs on the right, advancing over the river and up the slopes to drive the Ruskis out. If Menschikoff had known his work, or our troops had had less blind courage, they'd have massacred the whole allied army there and then. But the Russians fought as badly and stupidly as they nearly always do, and by sheer blind luck on Raglan's part and idiot bravery on ours, the thing went otherwise.

You may read detailed accounts of the slaughter, if you wish, in any military history, but you may take my word for it that the battle was for all practical purposes divided into four parts, as follows. One, Flashy observes preliminary bombardment from his post in the middle of Raglan's staff, consoling himself that there are about 20,000 other fellows between him and the enemy. Two, Flashy is engaged in what seem like hours of frantic galloping behind the lines of the frog battalions on the right, keeping as far from the firing as he decently can and inquiring on Lord Raglan's behalf why the hell the frogs are not driving the seaward flank of the Russian position before them. Three, Flashy is involved in the battle with Lord Raglan. Four, Flashy reaps the fruits of allied victory, and bitter they were.

It was supposed to begin, you see, with the frogs' turning the Ruskis' flank, and then our chaps would roll over the river and finish the job. So for hours we sat there, sweating in the heat and watching the powder-puff clouds of smoke popping out of the Russian

batteries and peppering our men in the left and centre. But the frogs made nothing of their part of the business and Nolan and I were to and fro like shuttlecocks to the French general St.-Arnaud; he was looking like death and jabbering like fury, while a bare half mile away his little bluecoats were swarming up the ridges and being battered and the smoke was rolling back over the river in long grey wreaths.

"Tell milor it will take a little longer," he kept saying, and back we would gallop to Raglan. "We shall never beat the French at this rate," says he, and when he was reminded that the enemy were the Russians, not the French, he would correct himself hurriedly and glance round to see that no frog gallopers were near to overhear. And at last, seeing our silent columns being pounded by the Russian shot as they lay waiting for the advance, he gave the word and the long red lines began rolling down the slope to the river.

There was a great reek of black smoke drifting along the banks from a burning hamlet right before us and the white discharge of the Russian batteries rolled down in great clouds to meet it. The huge wavering lines of infantry vanished into it and through gaps we could see them plunging into the river, their pieces above their heads, while the crash-crash-crash of the Russian guns reverberated down from the bluffs and the tiny white spots of musket fire began to snap like firecrackers along the lips of the Russian trenches. And then the ragged lines of our infantry appeared beyond the smoke, clambering up the foot of the bluffs, and we could see the shot ploughing through them, tearing up the ground, and our guns were thundering in reply, throwing great fountains of earth up round the Russian batteries. Willy beside me was squirming in his saddle, yelling his head off with excitement, the little fool: It made no odds, for the din was deafening.

And Raglan looked round and, seeing the boy, smiled and beckoned to me. He had to shout. "Keep him close, Flashman!" cries he. "We are going across the river presently," which was the worst news I had heard in weeks. Our attack was coming to a standstill: as the Russian firing redoubled, you could see our men milling at the foot of the bluffs, and the ground already thick with still bodies, in little heaps where the cannon had caught them, or singly where they had gone down before the muskets.

Then Nolan comes galloping up, full of zeal and gallantry, damn him, and shouted a message from the frogs, and I saw Raglan shake his head, and then he trotted off towards the river, with the rest of us dutifully tailing on behind. Willy had his sabre out, God knows why, for all we had to worry about just then was the Russian shot, which was bad enough. We spurred down to the river, myself keeping Willy at the tail of the group, and I saw Airey throw aside his plumed hat just as we took the water. There were bodies floating in the stream, which was churned up with mud, and the smoke was billowing down and catching at our throats, making the horses rear and plunge—I had to grip Willy's bridle to prevent his being thrown. On our left men of the Second Division were crowded on the bank, waiting to go forward; they were retching and coughing in the smoke, and the small shot and balls were whizzing and whining by in a hideously frightening way. I just kept my head down, praying feverishly, as is my wont, and then I saw one of the other gallopers, just ahead of me, go reeling out of his saddle with the blood spouting from his sleeve. He staggered up, clutching at my stirrup and bawling, "I am perfectly well, my lord, I assure you!" and then he rolled away and someone else jumped down to see to him.

Raglan halted, cool as you like, glancing right and left, and then summoned two of the gallopers and sent them pounding away along the bank to find Evans and Brown, whose divisions were being smashed to pieces at the foot of the bluffs. Then he says, "Come along, gentlemen. We shall find a vantage point," and cantered up the gully that opened up before us just there in the bluff face. For a wonder it seemed empty, all the Ruskis being on the heights to either side, and the smoke was hanging above our heads in such clouds you couldn't see more than 20 yards up the hill. A hell of a fine position for a general to be in, you may think, and Raglan must have thought so, too, for suddenly he spurred his horse at the hill to the left and we all ploughed up behind him, scrambling on the shale and rough tufts, through the reeking smoke, until suddenly we were through it and on the top of a little knoll at the bluff foot.

I'll never forget that sight. Ahead and to our left rose the bluffs, bare steep hillside for 500 feet. We could see the Russian positions clear as day, the plumes of musket smoke spouting down from the trenches and the bearded faces behind them. Directly to our left was a huge redoubt, packed with enemy guns and infantry; there were other great batteries above and beyond. In front of the big redoubt the ground was thick with the bodies of our men, but they were still swarming up from the river, under a hail of firing. And beyond, along the bluffs, I saw some of them suddenly turn into pulp as a fusillade struck them, but the white crossbelts kept clawing their way up, falling, scattering, reforming and pressing on. For a mile, as far as one could see, they were surging up, over that hellish slope with the dead scattered before them, towards the smoking positions of the enemy.

Better here than there, thinks I, until I realized that we were sitting up in full view, unprotected, with the Ruski infantry not 100 yards away. We were absolutely ahead of our own infantry, thanks to that fool Raglan—and he was sitting there, with his blue coat flapping round him and his plumed hat on his head, as calm as if it were a review, clinging to his saddle with his knees alone, while he steadied his glass with his single arm. There was so much shot whistling overhead, you couldn't be sure whether they were firing on us with intent or not.

And then right up on the crest, above the batteries, we saw the Russian infantry coming down the slope—a great brown mass, packed like sardines, rank after rank of them. They came clumping slowly, inexorably down towards the batteries, obviously intent on rolling into our infantry below. They looked unstoppable and Raglan whistled through his teeth as he watched them.

"Too good to miss, by George!" cries he and, turning, caught my eye. "Down with you, Flashman! Guns, at once!" and you may understand that I didn't need telling twice.

"Stay there!" shouts I to Willy, and then had my charger down that slope like a jack rabbit. There were gun teams labouring and splashing up the bank, and I bawled to them to make haste to the ridge. The horses were lashed up the muddy slope, the guns swinging wildly behind them; one of our gallopers got them positioned, with the gunners hauling them round by main force, and as I came back up the hill—none too swiftly—the first salvos were screaming away to crash into the Russian columns.

It was havoc all along the bluffs and smoking hell on that little hill. There were infantry pouring past us now, sweating, panting, smoke-blackened faces, and bayonets thrust out ahead as they surged by and upwards towards the Russian positions. They were shrieking and bawling like madmen, heedless, apparently, of the bloody holes torn in their ranks by the Russian firing: I saw one of them lying screaming with a thigh shot away. I looked for Raglan and saw him with a couple of gallopers preparing to descend the hill; I looked for Willy and there he was, his hat gone, shouting at the passing infantry.

And then, by God, he whirled up his sabre and went flying along with them, across the face of the slope towards the nearest battery. His horse stumbled and recovered and he waved his sword and huzzaed. "Come back, you German lunatic!" I yelled, and Raglan must have heard me, for he checked his horse and turned.

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with the fate of the battle in his hands, those ears which were normally deaf to sense caught my words. He saw me, he saw Willy, careering away along the bluffs among the infantry, and he sang out: "After him, Flashman!"

Probably, addressed to any other man in the army, that order would have evoked an immediate response. The eye of the chief and all that. But I took one look along that shell-swept slope, with the bodies thick on it, and that young idiot riding through the blood and bullets, and I thought, by God, let him go for me. I hesitated and Raglan shouted again, angrily, so I set my charger towards him, cupping a hand behind my ear and yelling: "What's that, my lord?" He shouted and pointed again, stabbing with his finger, and then a shot mercifully ploughed up the ground between us, and as the dirt showered over me, I took the opportunity to roll nimbly out of the saddle.

I clambered up again, like a man dazed, and rot him, he was still there and looking thoroughly agitated. "The prince, Flashman!" he bawls, and then one of the gallopers plucked at his coat and pointed to the right and off they went, leaving me clutching at my horse's head, and Willy 100 yards away, in the thick of the advancing infantry, setting his horse to the breastwork of the battery. It baulked, and he reeled in the saddle, his sabre falling, and then he pitched straight back, losing his grip, and went down before the feet of the infantry. I saw him roll a yard or two, and then he lay still, as the advance passed over him.

Christ, I thought, he's done for, and as our fellows surged into the battery and the firing from above slackened, I picked my way cautiously along, through those dreadful heaps of dead and dying and wounded, with the stink of blood and powder everywhere, and the chorus of shrieks and moans of agony in my ears. I dropped onto one knee beside the little blue-clad figure among the crimson; he was lying face down. I turned him over, and vomited. He had half a face—one glazed eye and brow and cheek, and on the other side, just a gory mash, with his brains running out of it.

I don't know how long I crouched there, staring at him, horror-struck. Above me, I could hear all hell of firing and shouting still going on as the battle surged up the slope, and I shook with fear at it. I wasn't going near that again, not for a pension, but as I forced myself to look at what was left of Willy, I found myself babbling aloud: "Jesus, what'll Raglan say? I've lost Willy—my God, what will they say?" And I began cursing and sobbing—not for Willy but out of shock and for the folly and ill luck that had brought me to this slaughterhouse and had killed this brainless brat, this pathetic princeling who thought war was great sport and had been entrusted to my safekeeping. By God, his death could be the ruin of me! So I swore and wept, crouched beside his corpse.

"Of all the fearful sights I have seen on this day, none have so wrung my heart as this." That's what Airey told Raglan, when he described how he had found me with Willy's body above the Alma. "Poor Flashman, I believe his heart is broken. But to see the bravest blade on your staff, an officer whose courage is a byword in the army, weeping like a child beside his fallen comrade—it is a terrible thing. He would have given his own life a hundred times, I know, to preserve that boy."

I was listening outside the tent flap, you see, stricken dumb with manly grief. Well, I thought, that's none so bad: crying with funk and shock has its uses, provided it's mistaken for noble tears. Raglan couldn't blame me, after all; I hadn't shot the poor little fool nor been able to stop him throwing his life away. Anyway, Raglan had a victory to satisfy him and even the loss of a royal galloper couldn't sour that, you'd think. Aye, but it could.

He was all stern reproach when finally I stood in front of him, covered in dust, played out with fear and doing my damnedest to look contrite—which wasn't difficult.

"What," says he, in a voice like a church bell, "will you tell Her Majesty?"

"My lord," says I, "I am sorry, but it was no fault——"

He held up his one fine hand. "Here is no question of fault, Flashman. You had a sacred duty—a trust, given into your hands by your own sovereign, to preserve that precious life. You have failed, utterly. I ask again, what will you tell the queen?"

Only a bloody fool like Raglan would ask a question like that, but I did my best to wriggle clear.

"What could I have done, my lord? You sent me for the guns, and——"

"And you had returned. Your first thought thereafter should have been for your sacred charge. Well, sir, what have you to say? Myself, in the midst of battle, had to point to where honour should have taken you at once; and yet you paused: I saw you, and——"

"My lord!" cries I, full of indignation. "That is unjust! I did not fully understand, in the confusion, what your order was, I——"

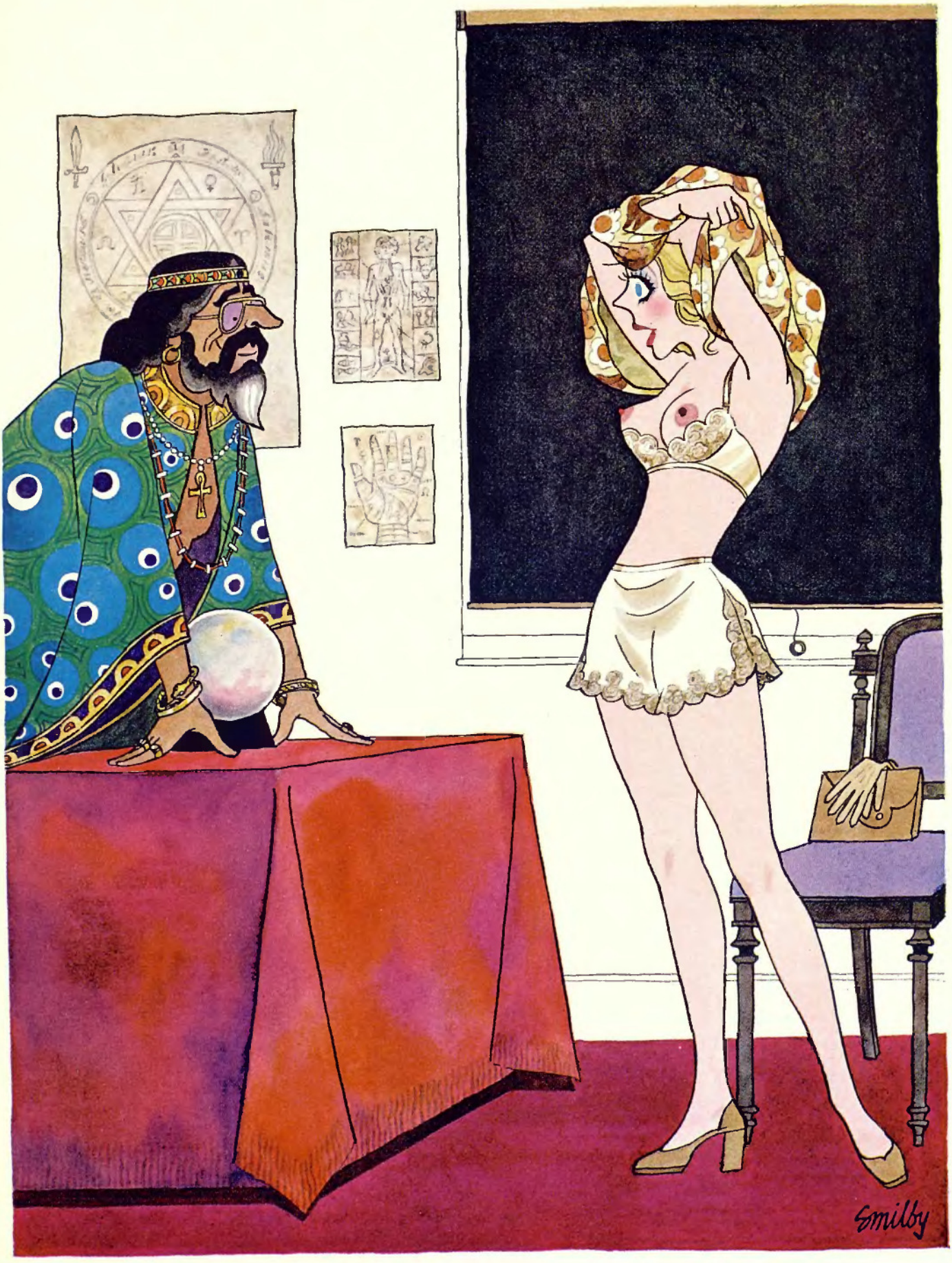
"Did you need to understand?" says he, all quivering sorrow. "I do not question your courage, Flashman; it is not in doubt." Not with me, either, I thought. "But I cannot but charge you, heavily though it weighs on my heart to do so, with failing in that . . . that instinct for your first duty, which should have been not to me, nor to the army, even, but to that poor boy whose shattered body lies in the ambulance. His soul, we may be confident, is with God." He came up to me and his eyes were full of tears, the maudlin old hypocrite. "I can guess at your own grief; it has moved not only Airey but myself. And I can well believe that you wish that you, too, could have found an honourable grave on the field, as William of Celle has done. Better, perhaps, had you done so." He sighed, thinking about it, and no doubt deciding that he'd be a deal happier, when he saw the queen again, to be able to say: "Oh, Flashy's kicked the bucket, by the way, but your precious Willy is all right." Well, fearful and miserable as I was, I wasn't that far gone, myself.

He prosed on a bit, about duty and honour and my own failure and what a hell of a blot I'd put on my copybook. No thought, you'll notice, for the blot *he'd* earned, with those thousands of dead piled up above the Alma, the incompetent buffoon.

"I pity you, Flashman, and because I pity you, I shall not send you home. You may continue on my staff, and I trust that your future conduct will enable me to think that this lapse—irreparable though its consequences are—was but one terrible error of judgement, one sudden dereliction of duty, which will never—nay, *can* never—be repeated. But for the moment, I cannot admit you again to that full fellowship of the spirit in which members of my staff are wont to be embraced."

Well, I could stand that. He rummaged on his table and picked up some things. "These are the personal effects of your . . . your dead comrade. Take them and let them be an awful reminder to you of duty *undone*, of trust neglected and of honour—no, I will not say aught of honour to one whose courage, at least, I believe to be beyond reproach." He looked at the things; one of them was a locket which Willy had worn round his neck. Raglan snapped it open and gave a little gulp. He held it out to me, his face all noble and working. "Look on that fair, pure face," cries he, "and feel the remorse you deserve. More than anything I can say, it will strike to your soul—the face of a boy's sweetheart, chaste, trusting and innocent. Think of that poor, sweet creature who, thanks to your neglect, will soon be draining the bitterest cup of sorrow."

I doubted it myself, as I looked at the locket. Last time I'd seen her, the poor, sweet creature had been wearing nothing but black-satin boots. Only Willy in this wide world would have thought of wearing the picture of a St. John's Wood whore round his neck; he had been truly wild about her, the randy little rascal. Well, if I'd had my way, he'd still have been thumping her every night, instead of lying on a stretcher with only



"When I heard that you read bumps, I just assumed you were a phrenologist."

half his head. But I wonder if the preaching Raglan, or any of the pious hypocrites who were his relatives, would have called him back to life on those terms? Poor little Willy.

• • •

Well, if I was in disgrace, I was also in good health, and that's what matters. I might have been one of the 3000 dead or of the shattered wounded lying shrieking through the dusk along that awful line of bluffs. In spite of the good efforts of Surgeon Munro, the medical provision was not enough—and scores of our folk just lay writhing where they fell or died in the arms of mates hauling and carrying them down to the beach hospitals. The Russian wounded lay in piles by the hundred round our bivouacs, crying and moaning all through the night—I can hear their sobbing "*Pajalusta! Pajalusta!*" still. The campground was littered with spent shot and rubbish and broken gear among the pools of congealed blood—my stars, wouldn't I just like to take one of our ministers, or street-corner orators, or blood-lusting, breakfast-scoffing papas, over such a place as the Alma hills—not to let him *see*, because he'd just tut-tut and look anguished and have a good pray and not care a damn—but to shoot him in the belly with a soft-nosed bullet and let him die screaming where he belonged. That's all they deserve.

Not that I cared a fig for dead or wounded that night. I had worries enough on my own account, for in brooding about the injustice of Raglan's reproaches, I convinced myself that I'd be broke in the end. The loss of that mealy little German pimp swelled out of all proportion in my imagination, with the queen calling me a murderer and Albert accusing me of high treason and *The Times* trumpeting for my impeachment. It was only when I realized that the army might have other things to think about that I cheered up.

I was feeling as lonely as the policeman at Herne Bay[7] when I loafed into Billy Russell's tent and found him scribbling away by a storm lantern, with Lew Nolan perched on an ammunition box, holding forth as usual.

"Two brigades of cavalry!" Nolan was saying. "Two brigades, enough to have pursued and routed the whole pack of 'em! And what do they do? Sit on their backsides, because Lucan's too damned scared to order a bag of oats without a written order from Raglan. Lord Lucan? Bah! Lord bloody Look-on, more like."

"Hmm," says Billy, writing away, and he glanced up. "Here, Flash—you'll know. Were the Highlanders first into the redoubt? I say yes, but Lew says not.[8] Stevens ain't sure and I can't find Campbell anywhere. What d'ye say?"

I said I didn't know and Nolan cried what the devil did it matter, anyway, they were only infantry. Billy, seeing he would get no peace from him, threw down his pen, yawned and says to me:

"You look well used up, Flash. Are you all right? What's the matter, old fellow?"

I told him Willy was lost and he said aye, that was a pity, a nice lad, and I told him what Raglan had said to me, and at this, Nolan forgot his horses for a minute and burst out:

"By God, isn't that of a piece? He's lost the best part of five brigades and he rounds on one unfortunate galloper because some silly little ass who shouldn't have been here at all, at all, gets himself blown up by the Russians! If he was so blasted concerned for him, what did he let him near the field for in the first place? And if you was to wet-nurse him, why did he have you galloping your arse off all day? The man's a fool! Aye, and a bad general, what's worse—there's a Russian army clear away, thanks to him and those idle frogs, and we could have cut 'em to bits on this very spot! I tell you, Billy, this fellow'll have to go."

"Come, Lew, he's won his fight," says Russell, stroking his beard. "It's too bad he's set on you, Flash—but I'd lose no sleep over it. Depend upon it, he's only voicing his own fears of what may be said to *him*—but he's a decent old stick and bears no grudges. He'll have forgotten about it in a day or so."

"You think so?" says I, brightening.

"I should hope so!" cries Nolan. "Mother of God, if he hasn't more to think about, he should have. Here's him and Lucan between 'em have let a great chance slip, but by the time Billy here has finished tellin' the British public about how the matchless Guards and stern Caledonians swept the Muscovite horde aside on their bayonet points——"

"I like that," says Billy, winking at me. "I like it, Lew; go on, you're inspiring."

"Ah, bah, the old fool'll be thinking he's another Wellington," says Lew. "Aye, you can laugh, Russell—tell your readers what I've said about Lucan, though—I dare ye! That'd startle 'em!"

This talk cheered me up, for, after all, it was what Russell thought—and wrote—that counted, and he never even mentioned Willy's death in his despatches to *The Times*.

And Nolan was right—Raglan and everyone else had enough to occupy them after Alma. The clever men were for driving on hard to Sebastopol, a bare 20 miles away, and with our cavalry in good fettle, we could obviously have taken it. But the frogs were too tired, or too sick, or too froggy, if you ask me, and days were wasted, and the Ruskis managed to bolt the door in time.

What was worse, the carnage at Alma and the cholera had thinned the army horribly, there was no proper transport, and by the time we had lumbered on to Sebastopol peninsula, we couldn't have robbed a hen roost. But the siege had to be laid and Raglan, looking wearier all the time, was thrashing himself to be cheerful and enthusiastic, with his army wasting and winter coming and the frogs groaning at him. Oh, he was brave and determined and ready to take on all the odds—the worst kind of general imaginable. Give me a clever coward every time (which, of course, is why I'm such a dam' fine general myself).

So the siege was laid, the French and ourselves sitting down on the muddy, rain-sodden gullied plateau before Sebastopol, the dismalest place on earth, with no proper quarters but a few poor huts and tents, and everything to be carted up from Balaclava on the coast eight miles away. Soon the camp, and the road to it, was a stinking quagmire; everyone looked and felt filthy, the rations were poor, the work of preparing the siege was cruel, hard (for the men, anyway), and all the bounce there had been in the army after Alma evaporated in the dank, feverish rain by day and the biting cold by night. Soon half of us were lousy and the other half had fever or dysentery or cholera or all three—as some wag said, who'd holiday at Brighton if he could come to sunny Sebastopol instead?

I didn't take any part in the siege operations myself, not because I was out of favour with Raglan but for the excellent reason that, like so many of the army, I spent several weeks on the flat of my back with what was thought at first to be cholera but was, in fact, a foul case of dysentery and wind, brought on by my

[7] *The policeman at Herne Bay. This mythical policeman was a humourous by-word of the time.*

[8] *It is interesting to note that William Howard Russell, in his original despatch to* The Times, *made the mistake of reporting that the Highlanders were involved in the attack on the redoubt but corrected this in later despatches. His histories of the Crimea are the work of a brilliant newspaperman, and even those who question his criticism of Raglan and other British leaders (see General Sir John Adye's "Review of the Crimean War") acknowledge the quality of his reporting. Anyone interested in verifying Flashman's statements cannot do better than to refer to Russell, or to Kinglake, who was also an eyewitness. Incidentally, Flashman's account of the Alma action is extremely accurate, especially where Lord Raglan's movements are concerned, but his memory has surely played him false in a slightly earlier passage when he suggests that the Russian gunners fired on the army at the start of its march down the Crimean coast: This took place some hours later.*

FROM THE PRESIDENT'S COMMISSION ON MARIJUANA AND DRUG ABUSE REPORT, 1972

MYTH. Marijuana use leads to heroin.

FACT. "Marijuana use per se does not dictate whether other drugs will be used nor does it determine the rate of progression, if and when it occurs, or which drug might be used."

"Whether or not marijuana leads to other drugs depends on the individual, on the social and cultural setting in which the drug use takes place, and on the nature of the drug market. The fact should be emphasized that the overwhelming majority of users do not progress to other drugs."

MYTH. Marijuana use causes crime and aggressive behavior.

FACT. "In sum, the weight of evidence is that marijuana does not cause violent or aggressive behavior; if anything, marijuana generally serves to inhibit the expression of such behavior."

MYTH. Marijuana is addictive.

FACT. "In a word, cannabis (marijuana) does not lead to physical dependence."

MYTH. Marijuana users are societal 'drop outs.'

FACT. "The most notable statement that can be made about the vast majority of marijuana users — experimenters and intermittent users — is that they are essentially indistinguishable from their non-marijuana using peers by any fundamental criterion other than their marijuana use."

"Young people who choose to experiment with marijuana are fundamentally the same people, socially and psychologically, as those who use alcohol and tobacco."

Although the Presidential Commission on "Marijuana and Drug Abuse" clearly indicates there is no justification for criminalizing marijuana use, that report in and of itself, will not guarantee the necessary legal reforms. People are still continually harassed, arrested, convicted and jailed for smoking marijuana. The National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws is carrying out a public information/lobbying effort at the community, state and national levels. We ask your support as a member, as a contributor, and/or an organizer in our campaign to legislate new and responsible marijuana laws. We cannot permit a whole generation to be made outlaws because of anachronistic and unjust marijuana laws.

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☐ Anxious to contribute to your effort but wish to remain anonymous.
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☐ I am interested in becoming involved in a large scale effort to reform marijuana laws. Please send me additional information for my ☐ club, ☐ military base, ☐ legislature, ☐ head shop, ☐ _____
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own hoggish excesses. On the march south after the Alma, I had been galloping a message from Airey to our advance guard and had come on a bunch of our cavalry who had bushwhacked a Russian baggage train and were busily looting it.[9] Like a good officer, I joined in and bagged as much champagne as I could carry and a couple of fur cloaks as well. The cloaks were splendid, but the champagne must have carried the germ of the Siberian pox or something, for within a day I was blown up like a sheep on weeds and spewing and skittering damnably. They sent me down to a seedy little house in Balaclava, not far from where Billy Russell was established, and there I lay sweating and rumbling and wishing I were dead. Part of it I don't remember, so I suppose I must have been delirious, but my orderly looked after me well, and since I still had all the late Willy's gear and provisions—not that I ate much until the last week—I did tolerably well. Better, at least, than any other sick man; they were being carted down to Balaclava in droves, rotten with cholera and fever, lying in the streets as often as not.

Lew Nolan came down to see me when I was mending and gave me all the gossip—about how Cardigan's yacht had arrived and his noble lordship, pleading a weak chest, had deserted his Light Brigade for the comforts of life aboard, where he slept soft and stuffed his guts with the best. There were rumours, too, Lew told me, of Russian troops moving up in huge strength from the east, and he thought that if Raglan didn't look alive, he'd find himself bottled up in the Sebastopol peninsula.

Now, although I couldn't guess it, as I lay pampering myself with a little preserved jellied chicken and Rhine wine —of which Willy's store chest yielded a fine abundance—that terrible day was approaching, that awful thunderclap of a day when the world turned upside down in a welter of powder smoke and cannon shot and steel, which no one who lived through it will ever forget. Myself least of all. I never thought that anything could make Alma or the Kabul retreat seem like a charabanc picnic, but *that* day did, and I was through it, dawn to dusk, as no other man was. It was sheer bad luck that it was the very day I returned to duty. Damn that Russian champagne; if it had kept me in bed just one day longer, what I'd have been spared. Mind you, we'd have lost India, for what that's worth. But I'd convalesced as long as I dared and old Colin Campbell, who commanded in Balaclava, had dropped me a sour hint that I ought to be back with Raglan in the main camp up on the plateau. So on the evening of October 24, I got my orderly to assemble my gear, left Willy's provisions with Russell and loafed up to headquarters.

Whether I'd exerted myself too quickly or it was the sound of the Russian bands in Sebastopol, playing their hellish doleful music, that kept me awake, I was taken damned ill in the night. My bowels were in a fearful state, I was blown out like a boiler and I was unwise enough to treat myself with brandy, on the principle that if your guts are bad, they won't feel any worse for your being foxed. They do, though, and when my orderly suddenly tumbled me out before dawn, I felt as though I were about to give birth. I told him to go to the devil, but he insisted that Raglan wanted me, p.d.q., so I huddled into my clothes in the cold, shivering and rumbling, and went to see what was up.

They were in a great sweat at Raglan's post: Word had come from Lucan's cavalry that our advanced posts were signalling enemy in sight to the eastward, and gallopers were being sent off in all directions, with Raglan dictating messages over his shoulder while he and Airey pored over their maps.

"My dear Flashman," says Raglan, when his eye lit on me, "why, you look positively unwell. I think you would be better in your berth." He was all benevolent concern this morning—which was like him, of course. "Don't you think he looks ill, Airey?" Airey agreed that I did but muttered something about needing every staff rider we could muster, so Raglan tut-tutted and said he much regretted it, but he had a message for Campbell at Balaclava and it would be a great kindness if I would bear it. (He really did talk like that, most of the time: consideration fairly oozed out of him.) I wondered if I should plead my belly, so to speak, but finding him in such a good mood, with the Willy business apparently forgotten, I gave him my brave, suffering smile and pocketed his message, fool that I was.

I felt damned shaky as I hauled myself into the saddle and resolved to take my time over the broken country that lay between headquarters and Balaclava. Indeed, I had to stop several times and try to vomit, but it was no go and I cantered on over the filthy road, with its litter of old stretchers and broken equipment, until I came out onto the open ground some time after sunrise.

After the downpour of the night before, it was dawning into a beautiful clear morning, the kind of day when, if your innards aren't heaving and squeaking, you feel like a fine gallop with the wind in your face. Before me the Balaclava plain rolled away like a great grey-green blanket, and as I halted to have another unsuccessful retch, the scene that met my eyes was like a galloping field day. On the left of the plain, where it sloped up to the long line of the Causeway Heights, our cavalry were deployed in full strength, more than 1000 horsemen, like so many brilliant little puppets in the sunny distance, trotting in their squadrons, wheeling and reforming. About a mile away, nearest to me, I could easily distinguish the Light Brigade —the pink trousers of the Cherrypickers, the scarlet of Light Dragoons and the blue tunics and twinkling lance points of the 17th. The trumpets were

[9] *For an account of this incident, see Russell's "The War: From the Landing at Gallipoli to the Death of Lord Raglan (1855)."*

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tootling on the breeze, the words of command drifted across to me as clear as a bell and even beyond the Lights I could see, closer in under the Causeway and retiring slowly in my direction, the squadrons of the Heavy Brigade—the grey horses with their scarlet riders, the gold-coloured helmets of the Skins and the hundreds of tiny glittering slivers of the sabres. It was for all the world like a green nursery carpet, with tiny toy soldiers deployed upon it, and as pretty as these pictures of reviews and parades that you see in the galleries.

Until you looked beyond, to where Causeway Heights faded into the haze of the eastern dawn and you could see why our cavalry were retiring. The far slopes were black with scurrying antlike figures—Russian infantry pouring up to the gun redoubts which we had established along the three miles of the Causeway; the thunder of cannon rolled continuously across the plain, the flashes of the Russian guns stabbing away at the redoubts, and the sparkle of their muskets was all along the far end of the Causeway. They were swarming over the gun emplacements, engulfing our Turkish gunners, and their artillery was pounding away towards our retreating cavalry, pushing it along under the shadow of the Heights.

I took all this in and looked off across the plain to my right, where it sloped up into a crest protecting the Balaclava road. Along the crest there was a long line of scarlet figures, with dark-green blobs where their legs should be—Campbell's Highlanders, at a safe distance, thank God, from the Russian guns, which were now ranging nicely on the Heavy Brigade under the Heights. I could see the shot plumping just short of the horses and hear the urgent bark of commands: A troop of the Skins scattered as a great column of earth leaped up among them, and then they reformed, trotting back under the lee of the Causeway.

[Flashman here describes two actions taking place that morning: the repulse of a large body of Russian cavalry by Sir Colin Campbell's 93rd Highlanders —the famous "thin red line"—and the successful charge of Scarlett's Heavy Brigade against another greatly superior Russian force. Flashman, in the course of carrying messages, was inadvertently caught up in both of these actions. The full text of his description will appear in the forthcoming fourth volume of the Flashman Papers. We return to the account as he reports to Lord Raglan's command post on the heights of Sapoune Ridge.—*Ed.*]

Raglan was beaming, as well he might be, and demanded details of the action I had seen. So I gave 'em, fairly offhand, saying I thought the Highlanders had behaved pretty well—"Yes, and if we had just followed up with cavalry, we might have regained the whole Causeway by now!" pipes Nolan, at which Airey told him to be silent and Raglan looked fairly stuffy. As for the Heavies, they had seen all that, but I said it had been warm work and Ivan had got his bellyful, from what I could see.

"Gad, Flashy, you have all the luck!" cries Lew, slapping his thigh, and Raglan clapped me on the shoulder.

"Well done, Flashman," says he. "Two actions today and you have been in the thick of both. I fear you have been neglecting your staff duties in your eagerness to be at the enemy, eh?" And he gave me his quizzical beam, the old fool. "Well, we shall say no more about that."

I looked confused and went red and muttered something about not being able to abide these damned Ruskis, and they all laughed again and said that was old Flashy, and the young gallopers, the pink-cheeked lads, looked at me with awe. If it hadn't been for my aching belly, I'd have been ready to enjoy myself, now that the horror of the morning was past and the cold sweat of reaction hadn't had a chance to set in.

While my impressions of the early morning are fairly vague and consist of a series of coloured and horrid pictures, I'm in no doubt about what took place in the late forenoon. That is etched forever; I can shut my eyes and see it all and feel the griping pain ebbing and clawing at my guts—perhaps that sharpened my senses, who knows? Anyway, I have it all clear; not only what happened but what caused it to happen. I know, better than anyone else who ever lived, why the Light Brigade was launched on its famous charge, because I was the man responsible, and it wasn't wholly an accident. That's not to say I'm to *blame*—if blame there is, it belongs to Raglan, the kind, honourable, vain old man. Not to Lucan, nor to Cardigan, nor to Nolan, nor to Airey, nor even to my humble self: We just played our little parts. But blame? I can't even hold it against Raglan, not now. Of course, your historians and critics and hypocrites are full of virtuous zeal to find out who was "at fault" and wag their heads and say, "Ah, you see," and tell him what should have been done, from the safety of their studies and lecture rooms—but I was there, you see, and while I could have rung Raglan's neck or blown him from the muzzle of a gun at the time—well, it's all by now and we either survived it or we didn't. Proving someone guilty won't bring the 600 to life again—most of 'em would be dead by now, anyway. And they wouldn't blame anyone. What did that trooper of the 17th say afterwards: "We're ready to go in again." Good luck to him, I say; once was enough for me—but, don't you understand, nobody else has the right to talk of blame or blunders? Just us, the living and the dead. It was *our* indaba. Mind you, I could kick Raglan's arse for him and my own.

I sat up there on the Sapoune crest, feeling bloody sick and tired, refusing the sandwiches that Billy Russell offered me and listening to Lew Nolan's muttered tirade about the misconduct of the battle so far.

The Sapoune, on which we stood, is a great bluff rising hundreds of feet above the plain. Looking east from it, you see below you a shallow valley, perhaps two miles long and half a mile broad; to the north, there is a little clump of heights on which the Russians had established guns to command that side of the valley. On the south, the valley is bounded by the long spine of the Causeway Heights, running east from the Sapoune for two or three miles. The far end of the valley was fairly hazy, even with the strong sunlight, but you could see the Russians there as thick as fleas on a dog's back —guns, infantry, cavalry, everything except Tsar Nick himself, tiny puppets in the distance, just holding their ground. They had guns on the Causeway, too, pointing north; as I watched, I saw the nearest team of them unlimbering just beside the spot where the Heavies' charge had ended.

So there it was, plain as a pool table—a fine empty valley with the main force of the Russians at the far end of it, and us at the near end, but with Ruskis on the heights to either side, guns and sharpshooters both—you could see the grey uniforms of their infantry moving among their cannon down on the Causeway, not a mile and a half away.

Directly beneath where I stood, at the near end of the valley, our cavalry had taken up station just north of the Causeway, the Heavies slightly nearer the Sapoune and to the right, the Lights just ahead of them and slightly left. They looked as though you could have lobbed a stone into the middle of them—I could easily make out Cardigan, threading his way behind the ranks of the 17th, and Lucan, with his gallopers, and old Scarlett, with his bright scarf thrown over one shoulder of his coat—they were all sitting out there waiting, tiny figures in blue and scarlet and green, with here and there a plumed hat and an occasional bandage.

Well, thinks I, there they all are, doing nothing and taking no harm; let 'em be and let's go home. For it was plain to see the Ruskis were going to make no advance up the valley towards the Sapoune; they'd had their fill for the day and were content to hold the far end of the valley and the heights either side. But Raglan and Airey were forever turning their glasses on the Causeway, at the Russian artillery and infantry moving among the redoubts they'd captured

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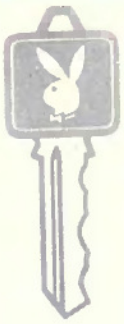

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from the Turks; I gathered both our infantry and cavalry down on the plain should have been moving to push them out, but nothing was happening and Raglan was getting the frets. "Why does not Lord Lucan move?" I heard him say once, and again: "He has the order; what delays him now?"

"Why doesn't Raglan *make* 'em move, dammit?" says Lew, coming over to Billy Russell and me after reporting back to Raglan. "It's too bad! If he would give 'em one clear simple command, to push in an' sweep those fellows off the Causeway—oh, my God! An' he won't listen to me—I'm a young pup green behind the ears. The cavalry alone could do it in five minutes—it's about time Cardigan earned his general's pay, anyway!"

I approved heartily of that myself. Every time I heard Cardigan's name mentioned or saw his hateful boozy vulture face, I remembered that vile scene in Elspeth's bedroom and felt my fury boiling up. Several times it had occurred to me on the campaign that it would be a capital thing if he could be induced into action where he might well be hit between the legs and so have his brains blown out, but he'd not looked like taking a scratch so far. And there seemed scant chance of it today: I heard Raglan snapping his glass shut with impatience and saying to Airey: "I despair almost of moving our horse. It looks as though we shall have to rely on Cambridge alone—whenever his infantry come up! Oh, this is vexing! We shall accomplish nothing against the Causeway positions at this rate!"

And just at that moment, someone sang out: "My lord! See there—the guns are moving! The guns in the second redoubt—the Cossacks are getting them out!"

Sure enough, there were Russian horsemen limbering up away down the Causeway crest, tugging at a little toy cannon in the captured Turkish emplacement. They had tackles on it and were obviously intent on carrying it off to the main Russian army. Raglan stared at it through his glass, his face working.

"Airey!" cries he. "This is intolerable! What is Lucan thinking of—why, these fellows will clear the guns away before our advance begins!"

You may say it was out of pure malice towards Cardigan that I piped up—taking care that my back was to Raglan but talking loud enough for him to hear:

"There goes our record—Wellington never lost a gun, you know."

I've heard since, from a galloper who was at Raglan's side, that it was those words, invoking the comparison with his god Wellington, that stung him into action—that he started like a man shot, that his face worked and he jerked at his bridle convulsively. Maybe he'd have made up his mind without my help—but I'll be honest and say that I doubt it. He'd have waited for the infantry. As it was, he went pale and then red and snapped out:

"Airey—another message to Lord Lucan! We can delay no longer—he must move without the infantry. Tell him—ah, he is to advance the cavalry rapidly to the front, to prevent the enemy carrying off the guns—ah, to follow the enemy and prevent them. Yes. Yes. He may take troop horse artillery, at his discretion. There—that will do. You have it, Airey? Read it back, if you please."

I see it so clearly still—Airey's head bent over the paper, jabbing at the words with his pencil, as he read back (more or less in Raglan's words, certainly in the same sense). Nolan's face alight with joy beside me—"At last, at last, thank God!" he was muttering—and Raglan sitting, nodding carefully. Then he cried out:

"Good. It is to be acted on at once—make that clear!"

"Ah, that's me darlin'!" whispers Lew, and nudged me. "Well done, Flashy, me boy—you've got him movin'!"

"Send it immediately," Raglan was telling Airey. "Oh, and notify Lord Lucan that there are French cavalry on his left. Surely that should suffice." And he opened his glass again, looking down at Causeway Heights. "Send the fastest galloper."

I had a moment's apprehension at that—having started the ball, I'd no wish to be involved—but Raglan added: "Where is Nolan?—yes, Nolan," and Lew, beside himself with excitement, wheeled his horse beside Airey, grabbed at the paper, tucked it in his gauntlet, smacked down his forage cap, threw Raglan the fastest of salutes and would have been off like a shot, but Raglan stayed him, repeating that the message was of the utmost importance, that it was to be delivered with all haste to Lucan personally and that it was vital to act at once, before the Ruskis could make off with our guns.[10] All unneces-

"Don't be so ridiculous, Robert. He's already proved his masculinity."

[10] *The original pencilled order, scribbled by Airey, is still preserved. It reads: "Lord Raglan wishes the Cavalry to advance rapidly to the front, follow the Enemy & try to prevent the Enemy carrying away the guns. Troop Horse Attily may accompany. French Cavalry is on yr left. Immediate." As to what verbal instructions may have been added, there is no certainty, but one of the rumours which later arose (see H. Moyse-Bartlett's "Lewis Edward Nolan") was that Nolan had been told to tell Lucan to act on the defensive but had passed on the vital word as offensive.*

sary repetition, of course, and Lew was in a fever, going pink with impatience.

"Away, then!" cries Raglan at last, and Lew was over the brow in a twinkling, with a flurry of dust—showy devil—and Raglan shouting after him: "At once, Nolan—tell Lord Lucan at once, you understand."

That's how they sent Nolan off—that and no more, on my oath. And so I come to the point with which I began this memoir, with Raglan having a second thought and shouting to Airey to send after him, and Airey looking round, and myself retiring modestly, you remember, and Airey spotting me and gesturing me violently up beside him.

"Flashman," says Raglan, "Nolan must make it clear to Lord Lucan—he is to behave defensively and attempt nothing against his better judgement. Do you understand me?"

Well, I understand the words, but what the hell Lucan was expected to make of them, I couldn't see. Told to advance, to attack the enemy, and yet to act defensively. But it was nothing to me; I repeated the order, word for word, making sure Airey could hear me, and then went over the bluff after Lew.

It was as steep as hell's half acre, like a seaside sand cliff shot across by grassy ridges. At any other time, I'd have picked my way down nice and leisurely, but with Raglan and the rest looking down, and in full view of our cavalry in the plain, I'd no choice but to go hell for leather. Besides, I wasn't going to let that cocky little pimp Nolan distance *me*—I may not be proud of much, but I fancied myself against any galloper in the army and was determined to overtake him before he reached Lucan. So down I went, with the game little mare under me skipping like a mountain goat, sliding on her haunches, careering headlong, and myself clinging on with my knees aching and my hands on the mane, jolting and swaying wildly, and in the tail of my eye, Lew's red cap jerking crazily on the escarpment below.

I *was* the better horseman. He wasn't 20 yards out on the level when I touched the bottom and went after him like a bolt, yelling to him to hold on. He heard me and reined up, cursing and demanding to know what was the matter. "On with you!" cries I, as I came alongside, and as we galloped, I shouted my message.

He couldn't make it out but had to pluck the note from his glove and squint at it while he rode. "What the hell does it mean, in the first place?" cries he. "It says here, 'Advance rapidly to the front.' Well, God love us, the guns ain't in front; they're in flank front if they're anywhere."

"Search me," I shouted. "But he says Look-on is to act defensively and undertake nothing against his better judgement. So there!"

"Defensive?" cries Lew. "Defensive be damned! He must have said offensive—how the hell could he attack defensively? And this order says nothin' about Lucan's better judgement. For one thing, he's got no more judgement than Mulligan's bull pup!"

"Well, that's what Raglan said!" I shouted. "You're bound to deliver it."

I eased up as we shot through the ranks of the Greys, letting him go ahead; he went streaking through the Heavies and across the intervening space towards the Lights. I cantered easily up to the Fourth Lights, and there was George Paget, wanting to know what was up.

"You're advancing shortly," says I.

"Damned high time, too," says he. "Got a cheroot, Flash?—I haven't a weed to my name."[11]

I gave him one and he squinted at me. "You're looking peaky," says he. "Anything wrong?"

"Bowels," says I. "Damn all Russian champagne. Where's Lord Look-on?"

He pointed and I saw Lucan out ahead of the Lights, with some galloper beside him and Nolan just reining up. Lew was saluting and handing him the paper, and while Lucan pored over it, I looked about me.

It was drowsy and close down here on the plain after the breezy heights of the Sapoune; hardly a breath of wind, and the flies buzzing round the horses' heads and the heavy smell of dung and leather. I suddenly realized I was damned tired and my belly wouldn't lie quiet again; I grunted in reply to George's questions and took stock of the brigade, squirming uncomfortably in my saddle—there were the Cherrypickers in front, all very spruce in blue and pink, with their pelisses trailing; to their right the mortarboard helmets and blue tunics of the 17th, with their lances at rest and the little red point plumes hanging limp; to their right again, not far from where Lucan was sitting, the 13th Lights, with the great Lord Cardigan himself out to the fore, sitting very aloof and alone and affecting not to notice Lucan and Nolan, who weren't above 20 yards from him.

And then I heard Lucan's voice, clear

[11] *It is one of the true curiosities of the charge of the Light Brigade that Lord George Paget rode into action smoking a cheroot—obviously, the one which Flashman gave him—and did not actually draw his sabre until the moment of entering the battery, when his orderly, Parkes, advised him to do so. Paget's coolness, which as much as anything saved the remnants of the Light Brigade, was notorious: Trooper Farquharson, who rode with him in the charge, recalled how earlier in the battle Paget was hit by a shell splinter and reacted only by telling his orderly to collect it as a souvenir.*

as a bugle. "Guns, sir? What guns, may I ask? I can see no guns."

He was looking up the valley, his hand shading his eyes, and when I looked, by God, you couldn't see the redoubt where the Ruskis had been limbering up to haul the guns away—just the long slope of Causeway Heights and the Russian infantry uncomfortably close.

I could see Lew's face working; he was scarlet with fury and his hand was shaking as he came up by Lucan's shoulder, pointing along the line of the Causeway. "There, my lord—there, you see, are the guns! *There's* your enemy!"

He brayed it out, as though he were addressing a dirty trooper, and Lucan stiffened as though he'd been hit. Lew wheeled abruptly away and cantered off, making straight for me where I was sitting to the right of the 17th. He was shaking with passion, and as he drew abreast of me, he rasped out:

"The bloody fool! Does he want to sit on his great arse all day and every day?"

"Lew," says I, pretty sharp, "did you tell him he was to act defensively and at his own discretion?"

"Tell him?" says he, baring his teeth in a savage grin. "By Christ, I told him three times over! As if that bastard needs telling to act defensively—he's capable of nothing else! Well, he's got his bloody orders—now let's see how he carries them out!"

And with that, he went over to Tubby Morris and I thought, well, that's that—now for the Sapoune, home and beauty, and let 'em chase to their hearts' content down here. And I was just wheeling my horse, when from behind me I heard Lucan's voice.

"Colonel Flashman!" He was sitting with Cardigan, before the 13th Lights. "Come over here, if you please!"

Now what? thinks I, and my belly gave a great windy twinge as I trotted over towards them. Lucan was snapping at him impatiently as I drew alongside:

"I know, I know, but there it is. Lord Raglan's order is quite positive and we must obey it."

"Oh, vewy well," says Cardigan, damned ill-humoured; his voice was a mere croak, no doubt with his roupy chest or overboozing on his yacht. He flicked a glance at me and looked away, sniffing; Lucan addressed me.

"You will accompany Lord Cardigan," says he. "In the event that communication is needed, he must have a galloper."

I stared horrified, hardly taking in Cardigan's comment: "I envisage no necessity for Colonel Fwashman's pwesence or for communication with your wordship."

"Indeed, sir," says I, "Lord Raglan will need me . . . I dare not wait any longer . . . with your lordship's permission, I——"

"You will do as I say!" barks Lucan. "Upon my word, I have never met such insolence from mere gallopers before this day! First Nolan and now you! Do as you are told, sir, and let us have none of this shirking!"

And with that, he wheeled away, leaving me terrified, enraged and baffled. What could I do? I couldn't disobey—it just wasn't possible.

"My lord," says I to Cardigan, "this is preposterous—unreasonable! Lord Raglan will need me! Will you speak to his lordship—he must be made to see——"

"If there is one thing," says Cardigan, in that croaking drawl, "of which I am tolewably certain in this uncertain world, it is the total impossibiwity of making my Word Wucan see anything at all." He looked me up and down. "You read him, sir. Take station behind me and to my weft. Bewieve me, I do not welcome your pwesence here any more than you do yourself."

Why hadn't I kept my mouth shut in Raglan's presence? I could have been safe and comfy up on the Sapoune—but no, I'd had to try to vent my spite, to get Cardigan in the way of a bullet, and the result was I would be facing the bullets alongside him. Oh, a skirmish round gun redoubts is a small enough thing by military standards—unless you happen to be taking part in it, and I reckoned I'd used up two of my nine lives today already. To make matters worse, my stomach was beginning to churn and heave most horribly again; I sat there, with my back to the Light Brigade, nursing it miserably, while behind me the orders rattled out and the squadrons reformed; I took a glance round and saw the 17th were now directly behind me, two little clumps of lances, with the Cherrypickers in behind. And here came Cardigan, trotting out in front, glancing back at the silent squadrons.

He paused, facing them, and there was no sound now but the restless thump of hooves and the creak and jingle of the gear. All was still, five regiments of cavalry, looking down the valley, with Flashy out in front, wishing he were dead and suddenly aware that dreadful things were happening under his belt. I moved, gasping gently to myself, stirring in my saddle, and suddenly, without the slightest volition on my part, there was the most crashing discharge of wind, like the report of a mortar. My horse started; Cardigan jumped in his saddle, glaring at me; and from the ranks of the 17th a voice muttered: "Christ, as if Russian artillery wasn't bad enough!"

Someone giggled and another voice said: "We've 'ad Whistlin' Dick—now we got Trumpetin' Harry an' all!"

"Silence!" cries Cardigan, looking like thunder, and the murmur in the ranks died away. And then, God help me, in spite of my straining efforts to contain myself, there was another fearful bang beneath me, echoing off the saddle, and I thought Cardigan would explode with fury.

I could not merely sit there. "I beg your pardon, my lord," says I, "I am not well——"

"Be silent!" snaps he, and he must have been in a highly nervous condition himself, otherwise he would never have added, in a hoarse whisper: "Can you not contain yourself, you disgusting fellow?"

"My lord," whispers I, "I cannot help it—it is the feverish wind, you see——" and I interrupted myself yet again, thunderously.

He let out a fearful oath, under his breath, and wheeled his charger, his hand raised: he croaked out, "Bwigade will advance—first squadron, Seventeenth—walk-march—twot!" and behind us the squadrons stirred and moved forward, 700 cavalry, one of them palsied with fear but in spite of that, feeling a mighty relief internally—it was what I had needed all day, of course, like these sheep that stuff themselves on some windy weed and have to be pierced to get them right again.

And that was how it began. Ahead of me I could see the short turf of the valley turning to plough, and beyond that the haze at the valley end, a mile and more away, and only a few hundred yards off, on either side, the enclosing slopes, with the small figures of Russian infantry clearly visible. You could even see their artillerymen wheeling the guns round and scurrying among the limbers—we were well within range, but they were watching, waiting to see what we would do next. I forced myself to look straight ahead down the valley; there were guns there in plenty and squadrons of Cossacks flanking them; their lance points and sabres caught the sun and threw it back in a thousand sudden gleams of light. It wasn't fair—it was unnatural, and then my innards spoke again, resoundingly, and perhaps the Russian gunners heard it, for far down the Causeway on the right, a plume of smoke blossomed out as though in reply, there was the crash of the discharge and the shot went screaming overhead, and then from all along the Causeway burst out a positive salvo of firing; there was an orange flash and a huge bang 100 paces ahead and a fount of earth was hurled up and came pattering down before us, while behind there was the crash of exploding shells and a new barrage opening up from the hills on the left.

This is the first of three installments of a condensed version of "Flashman at the Charge." The second installment will appear in the May issue.

"I never said I had a ranch, cowboy.
I hired you to work on my spread!"

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