



ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

OCTOBER 1974 • \$1.25


PLAYBOY



**"WHAT A DREAM ISSUE...
AN OUTRAGEOUS INTERVIEW
WITH AL GOLDSTEIN,
THE EDITOR OF 'SCREW'..."**



**PAGE AFTER PAGE ON
THE BUNNIES OF 1974...
JAMES DICKEY WRITING
ABOUT THE SOUTH...**



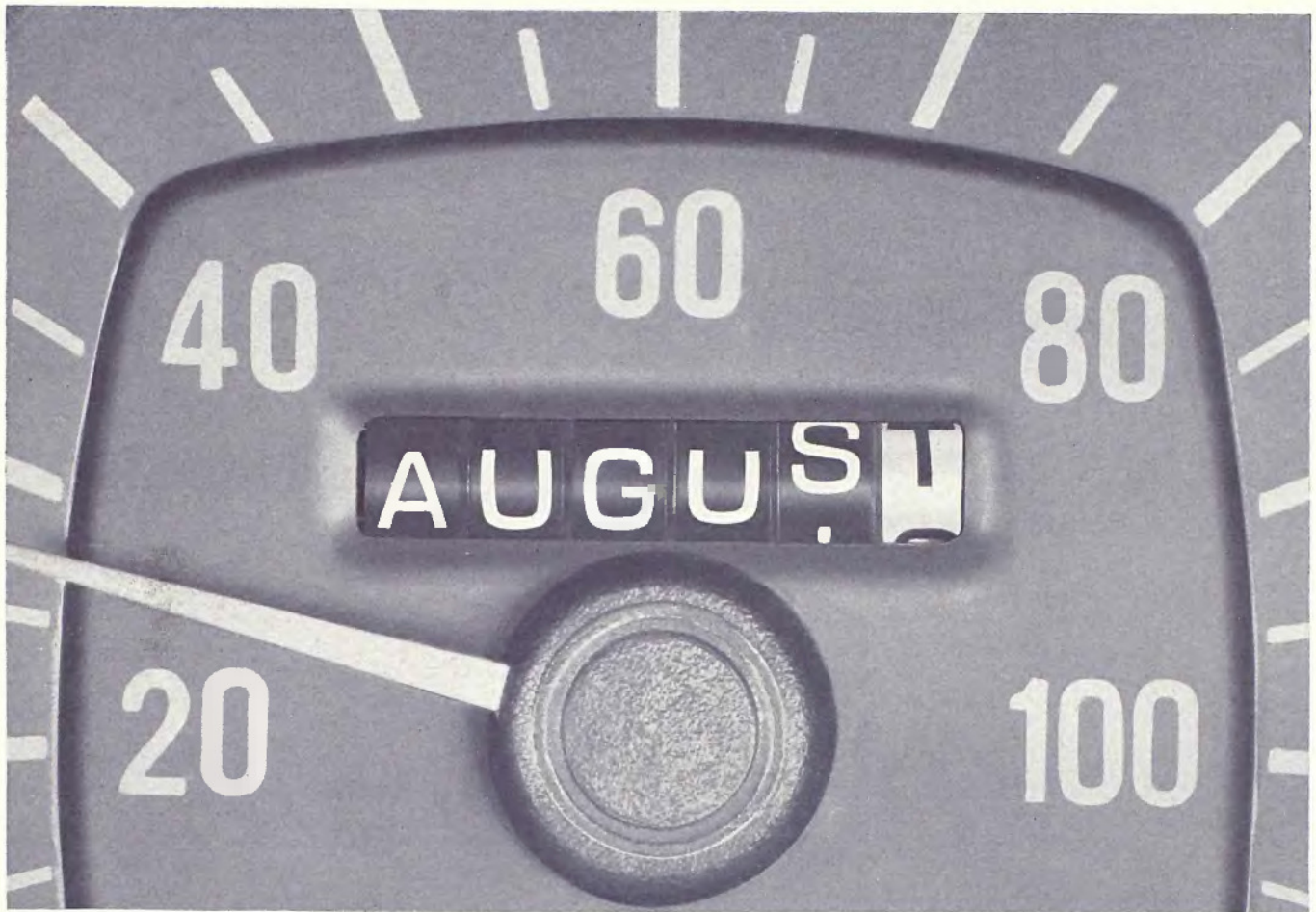
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PLAYBILL DETENTE '74 was weird. Nixon, swollen leg hazardous to his health, touched down to peanut-gallery squealings somewhere in Maine and told us that the world was significantly safer than it had been two weeks earlier. That was nice to hear; but it made us wonder what had been going on two weeks before that they weren't telling us about. One of the agreements they signed gives Dick permission to defend Grand Forks, North Dakota, with ABMs. In return, Brezhnev gets to ring Moscow. And then there was that amazing and sober moment when the Russians pulled the plug, blacking out TV screens as U.S. network correspondents talked about dissidence. "There was never a more vivid demonstration," said NBC's John Chancellor, "of the difference between the two systems." Herbert Gold, who visited Russia some time before the Presidential trip, also felt that difference, palpably, as he moved through Moscow. Very soon after he arrived, official Russia knew that an American Jewish writer with intellectual Soviet friends was visiting, and he describes in this issue its none-too-subtle surveillance and clumsy attempts to draw him into illegal acts. In Russian, "To Be Silent" Is an Active Verb is his account of all this and of conversations with his repressed but defiant friends. "I now receive three or four letters every week from people I met in the Soviet Union," says Gold, "begging for some help, contact, human feeling." There's much of the last in his account, which is illustrated by Roy Schnackenberg. Gold's new novel, *Swiftie the Magician*, is due this month.

Because of his novel and film, *Deliverance*, James Dickey is far better known (and wealthier) than any truly gifted poet ever expects to be. Writers of his stature are usually the province of obscure literary journals. But Dickey stirred up a unique lyrical mix of aestheticism and adventure with his story and the masses responded. None of which has diverted his talent, as you'll see from reading *Small Visions from a Timeless Place*, part of his new book, *Jericho The South Beheld*, by Dickey and Hubert Shuptrine, to be published by Oxmoor House. Quoting from the introduction he wrote for this selection: "These paragraphs are, quite frankly, an experiment. They are impressionistic vignettes—or, with luck, prose poems—having to do with the American South, the place where I was born and where I hope to die." The experiment works.

No one we know is more of a tourist than Staff Writer Reg Potterton, who, for a few years now, has done a good deal of the magazine's travel writing. Who else, then, to follow and observe a mercilessly polite band of Japanese tourists through the eminently scrutable West? *At Large in the Land of the Tooth Bandit* finds Potterton comforting a pouting sumo wrestler impatient for the majesty that is "Disneyland," while fielding questions on our sewer systems.

Sewers. That's certainly where the mind of our interview subject, Al Goldstein, editor of *Screw*, wallows. Contributing Editor Richard Warren Lewis lost a coin flip, got the assignment and spent several days exploring Goldstein's outrageous, uptight and very funny opinions on subject number one. Of the experience, Lewis would say only, "I'll get you bastards for this."

October's fiction requirements are more than satisfied by David Ely's *The Light in the Cottage*, illustrated by Dan Morrill, a haunted-house story wherein the ghost wreaks severe and final revenge; Stephen Minot's *Three-Part Harmony*, in which a groom's possessive mother is upset by her son's choice of wedding partners; and *Just My Luck*, by Warner Law, about a smalltime crook who lives grandly for a few hours and pays later.

Finally, there's John Grissim on Sly Stone (*Sylvester the Cat*) and William Neely on *A. J.—As in Foyt*; two stars from decidedly opposite ends of the universe; Charles Gaines's report on the bizarre rites of guaranteed hunting, *Old Dance on the Killing Ground*; a look at hi-fi speakers, *Making Sound Waves*, photographed by Shig Ikedo; Ron Speer's recipes for homemade wine, *Lie a Lot and Use a Fairly Clean Two-by-Four*; "Lepke's" Lady, on lovely Mary Wilcox, as seen through the steamy lens of Ken Marcus; Robert L. Green's *Playboy's Fall and Winter Fashion Forecast*; the demented visions of a considerable cartoon talent, B. Kliban; and two annual goodies—*The Playboy Jazz & Pop Poll* and a sexy survey of Playboy's Bunnies. That's the way it is, autumn 1974, from Chicago, where you know fall is coming when a leaf begins to turn gray. If you'd just as soon pretend you're somewhere else, turn the page.



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DEAR PLAYBOY

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COMMONER DENOMINATOR

The July interview with Barry Commoner is one of the most refreshing I have ever read. So many large companies are so bent on profit and are so unconcerned with real needs that I'm not sure even God can help us.

Victoria Bullard
Fayetteville, North Carolina

Your interview is a masterful piece of journalistic exposition. Commoner is probably the finest, most perceptive intellect interviewed by you in a long time. I, too, believe that more and more Americans are beginning to challenge the myths of corporate America. Now, more than ever, as we are led from one crisis to another by those who are more interested in their annual balance sheets than in building a decent society, people are beginning to see that, in Commoner's words, "once you understand the problem, you find that it's worse than you ever expected."

Michael P. Moffitt
Institute for Policy Studies
Washington, D.C.

Commoner faults U.S. oil companies for not concentrating their exploration in this country. The fault, however, lies not with the oil companies but with the Federal Government, which has never allowed a single exploratory well to be drilled on the Atlantic Seaboard, which has strapped the petroleum industry with price controls on interstate natural-gas sales and which has delayed the building of the Alaskan pipeline. Commoner's hysteria about U.S. oil companies is so acute that if Exxon and Shell jointly discovered the cure for cancer, he would scream, "Antitrust!"

Thomas L. Torget
Spring, Texas

Contrary to Commoner's claim, U.S. oil companies have *not* "walked away from exploration in the U.S." Over the five-year period, 1968-1972, the domestic petroleum industry drilled a total of 138,000 wells in the U.S., at a cost of 13 billion dollars. During the 1970-1972 period, nearly 79 percent of all petroleum wells and nearly 72 percent of all exploratory wells drilled in the free world were drilled in the United States. And

during the 1968-1972 period, some 21 billion barrels of crude oil and 78.7 trillion cubic feet of natural gas were added to the nation's proved reserves. This includes the nearly ten billion barrels of oil and 26 trillion cubic feet of natural gas found on Alaska's North Slope but not yet available to consumers six and a half years after their discovery.

Frank N. Ikard, President
American Petroleum Institute
Washington, D.C.

Just as your July issue arrived on the stands, the Sierra Club, the nation's largest activist conservation organization, learned that the Federal Energy Administration admitted that a large portion of the oil that will be carried via the Alaskan pipeline would, prior to 1985, go to Japan. So much for the oil companies' argument that we need the Alaskan pipeline to meet *our* energy needs.

Stuart M. Israel
Columbus, Ohio

In arguing for some form of nationalization of the oil industry, Commoner states that private industry has failed to do a good job of organizing the railroad industry. In fact, private enterprise did a superb job of building our railroad system. Our railroads have been destroyed by four decades of onerous and ignorant Government regulation, by the Interstate Commerce Commission and dozens of other bureaus. I simply can't believe that the system that has failed us so miserably with the post office, railroads and electric utilities (not to mention Watergate and wage-and-price controls) offers any promise of a solution.

Charles Flynn
Chicago, Illinois

Writing on behalf of the Transportation Association of America, of which I am president, I would like to differ with Commoner. Nationalization is not an appropriate, adequate or effective measure with which to cope with current transportation or other business problems. It is clear from your interview that Commoner espouses socialism as the answer to such woes. This nation has been vigorously opposed to socialistic government and economics. Commoner

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claims to distrust "big business." What he actually distrusts are the American people whose demands set the course for business, big and small. By nationalizing essential industries, Commoner would remove the economic decision-making process to the political arena. No longer would the people have—as they do now in our free-enterprise system—a direct voice in economic decisions; instead, such power would be concentrated in a small coterie of individuals who would assume the right to make those decisions in the people's name.

Paul J. Tierney
Washington, D.C.

Commoner's statement that trucks use five times as much fuel as trains to move a ton-mile of freight is typical of his broad-brushed propagandistic approach to economics. The Department of Transportation has admitted that a shift of freight from trucks to railroads would save only 1.6 percent of our energy, would cost 15 billion dollars and would require at least 15 years. If trucks were eliminated in favor of rail movement, every store and filling station would have to be on a railroad siding. I would suggest that Commoner shut down his tax-exempt center and return to his ancestral home in Russia, where most of his solutions are realities.

H. Dillon Winship, Jr.
Chairman of the Board
American Trucking Associations
Washington, D.C.

The question of who should run the railroads has provided a lot of argument as to which economic system would operate railroads better. I've studied the role of railroads and trucks in Soviet freight transport and here are some facts all who debate this question should consider: The Soviet Union is two and a half times the size of the United States and has only a third as much track mileage as we do. In 1950, it appeared that Soviet railroads had reached their capacity. And yet, 15 years later, they carried three times as much traffic as ours did, with only a slight increase in track miles, a minimal increase in the labor force and no increase at all in the number of locomotives in use. Today, Soviet railroads handle three times as much freight in ton-miles as ours do and Soviet freight cars stand idle only one fourth of the time U.S. freight does. Furthermore, the Soviets only recently began conversion to more efficient electric and diesel-electric locomotives. What they have accomplished so far has been mostly with outdated equipment. It should be readily apparent to anybody that, should the private railroad companies in the U.S. and Government officials ever really become serious about taking affirmative action toward the efficiency of U.S. freight transport, they need only forget

ideological differences and look to the Soviet Union for technical assistance. "That's a hell of a way to run a railroad" could take on a whole new meaning.

Robert C. Mullally
East Lansing, Michigan

Few, if any, discussions of the energy crisis that faces this nation and the world have been more rewarding than your interview. "We might not have any [railroad] passenger service at all," says Commoner, "if it weren't for Amtrak." In its four-year history, Amtrak has more than proved itself, not only by reversing the downward trend of rail passenger travel but by providing a nationwide energy-efficient system of considerable value. More than this, Amtrak is an American response to problems of providing services essential to industrial societies as they reach maturity. There is a great deal riding on this experiment.

Roger Lewis, President
National Railroad
Passenger Corporation
Washington, D.C.

You can't have it both ways: Either you believe in profits or you believe in Commoner's no-growth communal paradise. It's that simple.

R. W. Peters, Jr.
Bellevue, Washington

If Commoner is right, it looks like our golden age will go down in history as far briefer than the Iron, Bronze and Stone ages that preceded it.

Arnold Roston
Minneapolis, Minnesota

It is my firm belief that nuclear technology can withstand the most searching and open inquiry, because it has evolved from the very beginning with safety considerations foremost in mind.

William O. Doub, Commissioner
Atomic Energy Commission
Washington, D.C.

In any technological society, the need for large amounts of energy is implicit. Commoner agrees that we'll need more energy to meet even the minimum needs of our people. In the interview, Commoner finds nuclear energy inadequate as an answer to our energy needs, but his criticism is of fission; he overlooks the prospect of energy from controlled thermonuclear fusion. It has been conservatively estimated that, while all other energy reserves could be exhausted in 1000 years, the energy available from deuterium and lithium could last for almost a *billion* years. And fusion reactors, in great contrast to fission reactors, would be inherently harmless, both operationally and environmentally. The AEC, for all its faults, is conducting an aggressive research program directed

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Fifth row center

Morgan—a dummy recording head in the best seat at the Boston Symphony's Tanglewood Music Festival—gave Bose a key answer acoustical engineers had sought for ten years. The shrill and harsh sounds characteristic of even the finest of conventional home music loudspeakers were apparently caused by beaming sound waves directly at a listener.

In a live performance, sound waves from musical instruments reflect from all surfaces of the hall and arrive at a listener's ears from all directions. The same sound comes to each separate ear milliseconds apart. Our mind pulls it together. Like a willow swept by rain, we are bathed in sound, and just as our two eyes unify an image, so do our ears cooperate.

As simple as this seems, Bose engineers spent years at exacting experimentation to discover that more precise electronics wouldn't close the gap between the experience of concert music and conventional hi-fi. The answer lay in how music travels to our ears.

So Bose created an unconventional speaker which grazes music off the walls of your listening room, forming a spatial environment of sound similar to that of a concert hall.

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toward the attainment of controlled fusion—a program that deserves better recognition than Commoner has bestowed upon it.

Michael Dunn
Seattle, Washington

Stay tuned in; Richard Rhodes reports on fusion in our next issue.

Though I agree with much of what Commoner says, I'm afraid that your otherwise commendable interview with him leaves your readers with some impressions of the population movement that are misleading. No one I know in the population movement claims that population control is the "only solution to the problems of pollution and energy shortage," to use your interviewer's words. Nor do we dream of reducing population by 86 percent, as Commoner says. We do believe that the problems of pollution and the shortages of energy and food are aggravated by continued population growth. To quote the Report of the Commission on Population Growth and the American Future, "While slower population growth provides opportunity [to solve our problems], it does not guarantee that such opportunities will be well used. It simply opens up a range of choices we would not have otherwise."

Miriam Wolf
Ann Arbor, Michigan

Commoner states that he considers himself lucky to use his knowledge as a tool with which to inform the public. It is we who are enormously lucky to have him and people like him.

Joseph D. Pasquino
Cleveland Heights, Ohio

LIVING DAHL

Roald Dahl's *Bitch* (PLAYBOY, July) is a fantastic piece of fiction. Its only shortcoming is the lack of a scratch 'n' sniff at the end so we all could experience the effects of the most powerful aphrodisiac ever created.

Steve Raglin
Lincoln, Nebraska

BUBBLE, BUBBLE

I thoroughly enjoyed Mordecai Richler's July account of the 1973 Gnostic Aquarian Festival in *Witches' Brew*. I did, however, notice one slight inaccuracy. Richler wrote that a fellow witch and I were unable to make it rain. We most certainly did make it rain! Oh, it wasn't one of your spectacular rains—just a hesitant drizzle off and on for the next few days. The rub is that Mordecai had asked for sunshine!

Carolyn Clark, High Priestess
Church of All Worlds
St. Louis, Missouri

Witches' Brew is a predictable reaction on the part of those ill-informed

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people who want only to expose witches, mediums and clairvoyants as frauds. As a rule, real witches seldom attend public gatherings—because 90 percent of witch-meets are bullshit.

Bill Wheeler
Association of Cymmry Wicca
Athens, Georgia

Witches' Brew is, I'm sure, a true portrayal of what occurred at a particular witches' convention. What is sad is that these people have become the sole representatives of and spokesmen for the Old Religion. The Old Religion was a genuine religious expression that met three needs. Cosmology: It explained how people came to be and how they fit into the system as a whole. Consolation: It gave meaning to the sorrows experienced here on earth. And ethics: It grounded a code of behavior. None of these major aspects of the Old Religion, however, come through in the degenerate form in which it is apparently practiced today.

Carol Ochs, Chairperson
Department of Philosophy
Simmons College
Boston, Massachusetts

I SPY

Robert Sherrill's July opinion piece on CIA director William E. Colby, *No Success Like Failure*, is worthy reading essential to enlightening the public. It is people like Sherrill who, by exposing the flaws in our system, offer a bit of hope for us all.

(Name withheld by request)
Federal Reformatory
El Reno, Oklahoma

Sherrill paints an accurate picture of the dilemma facing America when our Government allows men like Colby to rise to the top even after failure and crimes against humanity. This problem will continue until we Americans abolish the structures in our society that spawned Colby and his CIA assassination machine.

Tim Butz
Organizing Committee
for a Fifth Estate
Washington, D.C.

SIC TRANSIT, GLORIA

Thank you for Frederick Exley's encounter with Gloria Steinem and his waltz down memory lane in *Saint Gloria and the Troll* (PLAYBOY, July).

P. T. Rothacher
Toms River, New Jersey

Saint Gloria and the Troll places a great deal of its emphasis on Exley's personal attitude toward such subjects as lesbianism. As a lesbian, I believe Exley spoke with very little insight into the subject. I believe that I can safely say that his friend Gabrielle, described as a

lesbian in the article, is no lesbian at all but merely a frustrated straight who turned to other women when men couldn't get her rocks off. Lesbianism is a positive statement of sexual preference, not, as Exley writes, something "every noble soul accepts," as he accepts "cancer as a part of life until he himself contracts it." Lesbianism is no "disease." Now even the American Medical Association says that!

(Name withheld by request)
San Diego, California

It can't be possible that your male readers identify with the poor, incompetent and totally misled "man" who wrote *Saint Gloria*. If it is, I'm going to stop praying for the women of this country and start praying for the men.

Jada Bouvién
Cypress, California

Even when compared with his classic novel, *A Fan's Notes*, Exley's *Saint Gloria* is no disappointment.

Glen Creason
Los Angeles, California

Apart from a talent as abundant as that of his idol, Saul Bellow—plus a brilliant comedic sense—Exley seems to be that precious rarity, a thoroughly honest no-bullshit guy. Congratulations to PLAYBOY for giving this topflight writer the audience he deserves.

John Bright
North Hollywood, California

FEDERAL CASE

Kudos to Douglas Bauer for his excellent article on a month in Federal Court, *Nothing but the Truth . . . and Other Lies* (PLAYBOY, July). For a non-lawyer, this young writer has an amazing awareness of what takes place prior to and during a trial, and his ability to take the temper of litigants in closely contested trials such as those depicted in his report is simply excellent.

A. Don Crowder, Attorney at Law
Dallas, Texas

Bauer did an excellent job of reporting some of the activities in our courts today. But I still think what happened to Otto Kerner and Theodore Isaacs is sad. I wonder if maybe we are sometimes too quick to judge.

Gary Atherton
Rockford, Illinois

STRANGE CUSTOMS

Your July article *Diary of a Customs Inspector*, by Frank Jacobs and Peter Pitkin, was a joy to read. In 1973, I was a military customs inspector, so the article brought back some great memories.

Michael H. Rome
Norco, Louisiana

Jacobs and Pitkin fail to mention that the American consumers pay the operating expenses, salaries, overtime pay, holiday pay, Sunday pay, night-differential pay, incentive awards, health insurance, life insurance and retirement benefits of the Customs officers who delay, annoy and harass us.

W. T. Toney, Jr.
Nacogdoches, Texas

When I was in the smuggling business, it was the first agent each passenger met who determined the extent to which the passenger was to be inspected. The traveler was given a particular colored folder in which to carry his papers. A red folder meant no check and a green, a minimal check, and so on. Now, according to Jacobs and Pitkin, the system has changed. You guys sure make it hard for someone like me to make an honest living.

(Name and address
withheld by request)

LENNY LIVES

Your *Playboy After Hours* review of Albert Goldman's *Ladies and Gentlemen—Lenny Bruce!* (PLAYBOY, July) is an attack on the author rather than a review of what almost every knowledgeable critic in the nation claims is "the greatest sustained close-up in the history of biography." The nameless schmuck who wrote your piece takes Goldman to task for using Lenny's language in writing the book. Lenny had a great respect for ballsiness, so let's talk about the balls it took for Goldman—who was a professor of comparative literature at Columbia for 20 years—to write this book in the style he did. As one of the "Trio" who allegedly "helped put [the] book together," I warned Goldman about the likelihood of violent critical reaction to this technique. Critics have never been able to understand that one can be both a hipster and an academician at the same time. What your reviewer forgets is that Lenny's language has no copyright—it's the language of the "corner." And as for your reviewer's jumping *shpritzen* about the book's costing "ten bucks a cover"—in a magazine that's just gone up to \$1.25—I wonder how much Playboy Press has made off of *How to Talk Dirty and Influence People* since Lenny's death.

Chic Eder
San Luis Obispo, California

It's about time somebody had enough sense to put down the assholes who are leaping on the Bruce band wagon now that there's money to be made and now that it's socially acceptable to do so. Congratulations to PLAYBOY for telling it like it is.

Jeff Glavick
Forest Hills, New York



What happens when the sun sets in



Chicago?



Miami?



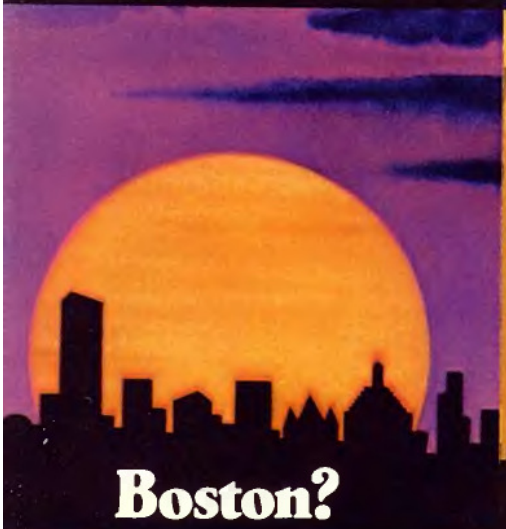
Dallas?



Louisville?



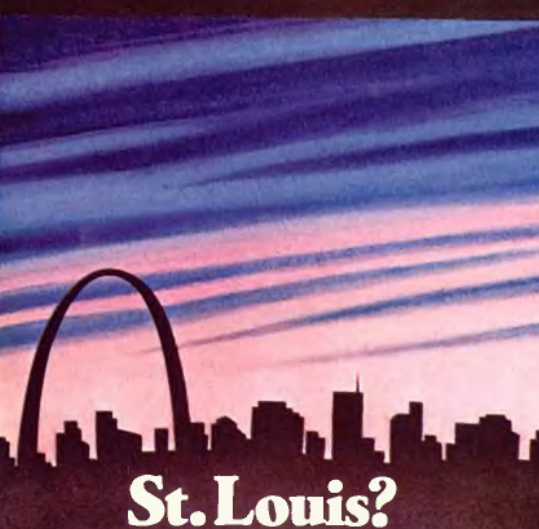
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The Chicago Manhattan

INGREDIENTS: 2 oz. EARLY TIMES, ½ oz. Sweet Vermouth, 1 Dash Bitters.
RECIPE: Stir 2 oz. EARLY TIMES, ½ oz. Sweet Vermouth, 1 Dash Bitters with ice; strain into stem glass. Garnish/cherry.



The Miami Sunset

INGREDIENTS: 2 oz. EARLY TIMES, 1 oz. Triple Sec, orange juice.
RECIPE: Fill highball glass with ice. Add 2 oz. EARLY TIMES and 1 oz. Triple Sec. Fill with orange juice, and stir. Float teaspoon Grenadine.



The Atlanta Belle

INGREDIENTS: 1 oz. EARLY TIMES, ¾ oz. Green Creme de Menthe, ¾ oz. White Creme de Cacao, 1 oz. Coffee Cream.
RECIPE: Shake with cracked ice 1 oz. EARLY TIMES, ¾ oz. Green Creme de Menthe, ¾ oz. White Creme de Cacao, 1 oz. Cream. Strain into whisky sour glass.



The New York Experience

INGREDIENTS: 1 oz. EARLY TIMES, 1 oz. Triple Sec, 1 oz. Dry Vermouth.
RECIPE: Combine 1 oz. EARLY TIMES, 1 oz. Triple Sec, 1 oz. Dry Vermouth, with cracked ice; strain into stem glass. Garnish/lemon twist.



The San Francisco Trolley

INGREDIENTS: 2 oz. EARLY TIMES, 4 oz. Pineapple Juice, 2 oz. Cranberry Juice.
RECIPE: Shake 2 oz. EARLY TIMES, 4 oz. Pineapple Juice, 2 oz. Cranberry Juice, with cracked ice; pour in highball glass. Garnish/½ slice orange.



The New Orleans Frumpeter

INGREDIENTS: 1½ oz. EARLY TIMES, 1 oz. Green Creme de Menthe, 1 oz. Simple Syrup, 7-Up®.
RECIPE: With ice mix 1½ oz. EARLY TIMES, 1 oz. Green Creme de Menthe, 1 oz. Simple Syrup; strain into stem glass, top with 7-Up®. Garnish/cherry, straw.



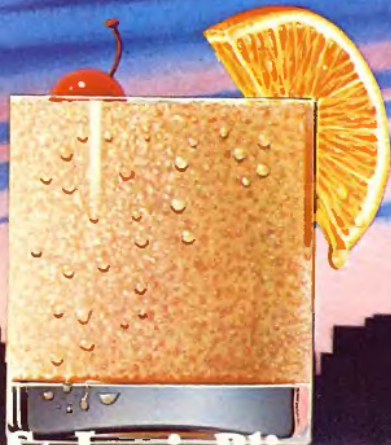
The Boston Bourbon Mary

INGREDIENTS: 1 1/2 oz. EARLY TIMES, Tomato Juice, Worcestershire Sauce, Tabasco Sauce, Slice of lime (or Favorite Bloody Mary Mix).
RECIPE: Combine 1 1/2 oz. EARLY TIMES, Tomato Juice, Worcestershire and Tabasco Sauce to taste (or Bloody Mary Mix). Add ingredients to highball glass filled with ice. Garnish/lime slice.



The Louisville Stinger

INGREDIENTS: 1 1/2 oz. EARLY TIMES, 1/4 oz. White Creme de Menthe, Dash of Bitters, Lemon Peel.
RECIPE: Rub edge of rocks glass with lemon peel; over rocks add 1 1/2 oz. EARLY TIMES, 1/4 oz. White Creme de Menthe, Dash of Bitters, and stir. Garnish/lemon peel.



The St. Louis Blizzard

INGREDIENTS: 4 oz. EARLY TIMES, 1 1/2 oz. Cranberry Juice, 1 oz. Lemon Juice, 2 tablespoons Sugar.
RECIPE: Blend at high speed 4 oz. EARLY TIMES, 1 1/2 oz. Cranberry Juice, 1 oz. Lemon Juice, 2 tablespoons Sugar. Add ice until punch is "snow." Serves two in rocks glasses.



The Dallas Texan

INGREDIENTS: 1 1/2 oz. EARLY TIMES, 1/2 oz. Apricot Brandy, 1/2 oz. Grenadine, 1/2 oz. Lime Juice.
RECIPE: Shake with ice 1 1/2 oz. EARLY TIMES, 1/2 oz. Apricot Brandy, 1/2 oz. Grenadine, 1/2 oz. Lime Juice. Pour in highball glass. Garnish/lime slice, green cherry.



The Los Angeles Luv

INGREDIENTS: 1 oz. EARLY TIMES, 1 oz. Creme de Banana, 1/2 oz. Triple Sec, 1/2 oz. Lemon Juice, 2 oz. Pineapple Juice.
RECIPE: In Blender combine 1 oz. EARLY TIMES, 1 oz. Creme de Banana, 1/2 oz. Triple Sec, 1/2 oz. Lemon Juice, 2 oz. Pineapple Juice, with ice; pour in highball glass half filled with cracked ice. Garnish/pineapple slice, straw.



Wherever you are, and whatever you mix us with, cola, ginger ale, the uncola,™ cherry soda, lemonade, water or just a clatter of ice cubes, once you know us, you'll love us.

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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



At ease! The Florida senate, in rejecting the Equal Rights Amendment, explained its rationale through a spokesman: "Can you imagine an 18-year-old girl, raised in the Church, being drafted into a barracks full of hardened military men?"

There's no doubt in our mind that the story's apocryphal, but a reader in West Germany claims that something very much like this happened. A German company ordered a shipment of coffee from a U. S. firm, but when it arrived, rats were discovered in a couple of bags. The German firm is supposed to have sent the following letter (and if it didn't, it should have):

Schentlemens:

Der last two packetches ve got uff koffee vas mit ratt schidt mixt. Der koffee may be gutt enuff, but der ratt schidt schoile der trade. Ve did not see der ratt schidt in der zamples vich you sent us for exam-inashun.

Id take so much time to pik der ratt turds from der koffee. It vas a mistook, ya? Ve like you to schip us der koffee in von sak und der ratt schidt in der odder sak, den ve mix it to suit der kostomer.

Write please if ve shood schip der schidt bak und kip der koffee, or if ve shood kip der schidt und schip der koffee bak, or schip der hold schidten vorks bak.

Ve vant to do rite in dis matter, but ve don't like dis ratt-schidt business.

Da-da-doo! When a California firm named Dy-Dee Wash sued Tidee-Didee Diaper Service for advertising itself as Didee-Tidee, a superior-court judge ruled against Dy-Dee, saying that Tidee-Didee's advertising as Didee-Tidee did not confuse customers of either firm.

Must be dynamite stuff: The way *The Greenville News* in South Carolina reports it, a Dr. Marvin J. Short said that while alcohol usually passes out of the

body within eight hours, "a compound in marijuana usually remains in the body from four days to a week."

A couple more tidbits for name-droppers: The new president of the American Fertility Society is Dr. Coy Lay and the coordinator of San Francisco's Pregnancy Control Center is a Miss Knightly.

A jocular gentleman named Allen Lewis walked into a dentist's office in Fareham, England, and asked for a check-up. He told the doctor he was terrified of dentists and he wouldn't open his mouth unless first given a blast of laughing gas. The dentist complied. After Lewis' guffaws had died away and he began to doze,



the dentist opened Lewis' mouth and discovered that he had no teeth. "I just have a thing for laughing gas," Lewis later told police with a chuckle.

Carlton Fisk, catcher for the Boston Red Sox, was modest about his major-league record: "I've been hit in the groin five times since May first." Aside from Fisk's aches and pains, however, the real problem for newspapers was how to handle the medical reports. Trainer Buddy LaRoux told reporters, "The original injury, during spring training, was the worst. . . . Fisk's testicles were terribly swollen." As *The Boston Globe* later put it, "Local newspapers held long, soul-searching editorial conferences to determine whether the word testicle might appear in print. . . . It was finally decided

that, as part of the body, the testicle of Fisk could be identified—probably since every other pubic affair was being discussed in newspapers, magazines and on radio and television."

An ecology bumper sticker in Los Angeles: SMUCK FOG!

Could this be one of those Scandinavian sex changes? For 200 years, the Danes have called their famous aperitif Cherry Heering. Henceforth, the name will be Peter Heering.

Movies rated X have been banned in Covington, Kentucky, for reasons of highway safety. A judge ruled that the



Dixie Gardens Drive-In must stop showing the films because nude scenes had caused massive traffic tie-ups on nearby Interstate 75.

When *The Providence Journal Bulletin* reported that Dennis Evans had been arrested "on the spot" during a burglary at a drugstore, Evans called

from jail to complain that his professional skills had been slurred. He was picked up by police, he said, an hour later and over a mile from the store. Furthermore, he said, he had never been picked up "on the spot" during any of his burglaries. The newspaper ran a front-page correction the next day.

Getting ahead at the office? An Iowa insurance company specializing in group health insurance allowed this unusual claim: "Compensation for gonorrheal arthritis which was accelerated by an employment-connected blow."

In a story about a high school graduation ceremony, the *Bucks County Courier Times* reported this lively event: "Craig Fry did some impressive work on the organ as Joanne Krouse gently soloed two beautiful sons."

EVENTS

Neva Friedenn is becoming our Unofficial Historian of California Weird—which, as you might imagine, keeps her fairly busy. Here's her latest bulletin from the City of Lost Angels:

It's a bright, sunny Saturday, the smog for once has gone somewhere else, and it's the official opening of the **OddBall Olympics**—an assortment of programmed lunacies designed specifically to add new names to the *Guinness Book of World Records*, held, naturally, at Century City in Los Angeles. The place itself is a startling visual symbol of one-upmanship, a complex of Beverly Hills high-rises that leaves no simple geometrical shape un-built—an ovoid here, two triangles there, soaring rectangles everywhere. So it's no surprise that the Century Square Shopping Center has decided to overachieve in the open air, publicizing itself through such come-one-come-all events as Goldfish Swallowing, Face Slapping and Pancake Eating contests.

But by Saturday, in the most notable of the marathon events, Wuan Angelo Serran has already been here four and a half days, keeping himself awake, moving slowly to and fro in a rocking chair. Current world record: 307 hours, 30 minutes. Wuan's out to break it because he's just back in L.A. after a lot of travel, he's a little between things and has a mother who's a doctor and can put him back together if he rocks himself to bits. His vision had begun to fuzz after the first day. "I'll be hallucinating by the time you come back on Saturday," he promised, and he's as good as his word. By now he's not just seeing things, he's *not* seeing things that are plainly there. He's also got an earache, a sore throat from talking too much and finally—to flash forward a few days—a nervous breakdown. But it's all taken care of: His mom comes by and

gives him a trunk to eliminate the smiling/weeping, manic-depressive, battle-fatiguelike symptoms. She and Wuan's ladyfriend also administer hugs, and pretty soon he's straight again, says he never really was scared but only so disoriented that it was like watching someone who needed a lot of help and it just happened to be himself. See, in California you can do most of it outdoors, even your epiphanies. It turns out that the soporific effects of rocking were in conflict with the need to stay awake, and, with rocking out of the way, Wuan decides to remain in the running for the no-sleep record. He stayed awake for more than 11 days but gave



up two short of his goal. Wuan'll live; he's only 20. As a matter of fact, the Century City promoters and journalists who conceived the OddBall Olympics were all under 30—as were most of the aspiring record breakers. And this series of youthful follies turned out to be the largest record-breaking event of its kind in the history of the world, no lie, with 42 scores broken and set for categories new and old.

And so the sleek ladies with shopping bags who are, really, looking for a coffee shop—frankly, a tuna salad—get instead a couple of hundred OddBall spectators right in the slats, and they practically lose their suntans from a terrifying blast of sound: The Roto Rooter Good Time Christmas Band is doing its

strange brassy thing, creating an alloy of Spike Jones, Dan Hicks, the more lyric modes of Zappa—just as the Live Goldfish Swallowing begins. The previous *Guinness* record was 225 at a sitting, here broken by John Parker, who after two hours can be caught peering into the nearly empty fish bucket, reflections from the water dappling his even-featured young face. He's just made his 300th kill, and he's mesmerized. John says he didn't practice prior to the contest, and he's not sorry: You have to swallow each one individually, and even though you can feel them wriggling only down to the base of your throat, it's enough. After that, it's his opinion, they must get scrunched or something.


Bill "Fox" Foster is an older, fire-hydrant-shaped guy in a hat made from the sides of Coors cans. He's semipro. At Beer Clugging. He entertains patrons in his Wilshire Boulevard bar by downing mugs so fast they'd swear he's throwing it over his shoulder. But he's not. At the Olympics, he's setting the record, a mug in a split second, in full view. He chugs two to anybody else's one and can do it almost as fast standing on his head. For each feat of this peculiarly American yogi, Foster's fans repeat his hortatory chant, which roughly goes, "Siggy-saki, siggy-saki, hoy, hoy, hoy," at sports-cheer tempo. After that act, all young amateur Jerry Cowan can do is go after a different record: He chugs a 40-ounce pitcher of beer in 5.2 seconds! He says later that he warmed up with just three beers on the way here, that he customarily drinks a case a day and hustles his talent for \$50 a pop at bars where he's unknown.

"So what was that I saw you doing right after? Was it maybe beldching?"

"Oh, that. No. After I put the pitcher down, I happened to look over at that kid eating the goldfish. What you saw was me gagging."

A wander down the mall leads past timers and counters; past the ten-year-olds on pogo sticks, the unicycle riders, the album-cover-on-the-finger-spinner, the leapfroggers, the marathon pool players. They're all reaching the 10,000th hop, the 40th mile, the 18th hour, whatever. From afar comes the cry that someone has just eaten 17 bananas in two minutes. Somewhere kids are eating hot dogs, grapes, cheese, cookies, spaghetti, ice cream, prunes, pizza, pancakes, pickles; are playing paddle ball, Frisbee, air hockey, checkers and Monopoly—both open-air and on a resinated board under water; are walking on hands, standing on one leg, twiddling thumbs, burping (44 in 15 seconds, "Burper" Bernstein), cart-wheeling, clapping, carrying bricks, cramming chewing gum into their mouth. . . .

Out here on the edge of Western civilization, American adults have pretty much defaulted on the responsibility to challenge the famous eccentricity of their contemporaries in England; up till now,



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Mild, smooth taste.
America's quality cigarette.
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Kings: 16 mg. "tar," 1.0 mg. nicotine, 100's: 18 mg. "tar,"
1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Mar. '74.

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



King Size
or Deluxe 100's.

British adults have dominated the *Guinness Book*. So these California kids have had to step in, and the OddBall Olympics people have had to maintain certain standards, though nearly invisible, of taste and convention. The simpler, triter recent forms of attaining notoriety were disbarred from the first; streakers and marathon kissers were turned down cold. But a few totally new concepts were lost that way, chances for events more sophisticated, fresher, too. There was a guy nobody took seriously . . . this one guy, see, who offered to . . . to shave the hair off his head that first Saturday and . . . and then eat it. In front of everybody. For the record.

DINING-DRINKING

San Francisco is renowned among diners out for two drink-and-eat elaborations: the family-style, *prix-fixe* adaptation from the Italian (or French, Spanish or Basque) and the Union or Montgomery Street swingle-dingle body-exchange bar with cheeseburgers. *The Washington Square Bar & Grill* (1707 Powell Street), overlooking its urban park and the marvelous wedding-cake Church of Peter and Paul, stands nearly alone in a diminishing company: an emphasis on hearty roasts and fish, enlightened salads and economical drinks for marathon talkers. Ownership is sophisticated (we'll get to that), but perhaps the chef is the key. Here, Aldo Persich, a 60ish *triestino*, pretends to no *cordon-bleu* crap but is a great all-round cook and *bon vivant*, much beloved by the ladies who keep peeking into the kitchen to see how the *minestrone* bubbles. Style comes next: a neat, clean, Third Avenue-deco motif, with San Francisco prints and a piano and a rich mix of clientele—the sheriff and Italian-neighborhood socializers; Margo St. James and the staff of Coyote, the whores' benevolent association (see this month's *On the Scene*); staffers from the local offices of *Newsweek*, *The New York Times* and *Rolling Stone*; writers and artists and widely unknown poets who like to study the wetness of a glass on a bar for possible inspiration. New as it is, the place has history and social depth. Sam Deitsch, one of the famous St. Louis beatniks of the Fifties, got tired of people hanging around his house in San Francisco while he did the cooking and they ate his food. Ed Moose got tired of managing political campaigns for worthy losers. Together they decided to open a rough, nonfern, Third Avenue bar in San Francisco's beat-hip-Italian North Beach, and found this place opposite Washington Square Park. And now there's the Washington Square Bar—skillful waiters in shirt sleeves, tasty near-gourmet food at modest prices, and Sam and Ed actually making money on the friends who used to eat at their places for free. The W.S.B.&G. has

swinging doors, proper paneling, antique bar and not too much attention yet. The lunchtime special recently was a cold-roast-beef salad with cucumbers, hearts of palm and avocados, just because Ed's wife, Mary Etta, felt like making up a lunchtime salad of cold roast beef and things. Other days, other whims. At night they emphasize serious eating and conversation, simply by presenting their anachronistic formula of honest chow à *l'italienne* and hearty drink and the mellow Jewish-Irish vibes of Deitsch and Moose. Once in a while, a piano player comes in, if it's someone they enjoy. Once in a while, a politico comes in to plot the liberal revolt, if it's someone they can stand. But on a stack of back copies of PLAYBOY, Deitsch and Moose swear the Washington Square will never join the body-exchange ranks. Believe them. Washington Square Bar & Grill is open from 10 A.M. to 2 A.M. Tuesday through Sunday. No credit cards. Reservations for large groups only (415-982-8123).



RECORDINGS

It's no disparagement of The Band, probably the best rock group in the country, to say that its music is not for anguished lovers. The Torture Garden is simply not part of its lower 40. Nevertheless, with The Band playing impeccably behind him, Bob Dylan creates one of the most agonized and vindictive/romantic antiheroes on record. Or the snottiest, depending on where you're coming from. The key songs on this live double album, *Before the Flood* (Asylum), are *Most Likely You Go Your Way (And I'll Go Mine)*, *Lay Lady Lay*, *It Ain't Me, Babe* and *Like a Rolling Stone*.

Always an impressive dramatic singer, Dylan now can touch your soul at the beginning of a verse and then, falling with pitiless irony on the last word, deftly cut your heart out ("But you know you're not that strong!"). The vocal effect is like biting into a cream-filled chocolate that explodes on impact. Or he'll chide the lady of the song with a gooly tragic quaver in his voice that ululates between Frank Fontaine's impersonation of a drunk and Emil Jannings' cockcrow at the end of *The Blue Angel*. Whether the effect thrills or shocks or merely makes you wonder *Why, Bob, Why?* depends again on your point of view. We're in the Why, Bob? division, even though we admit that the satanic choral taunt "How does it feel?" on *Like a Rolling Stone* freezes our blood.

The thaw comes with *The Shape I'm*

In, which The Band lays out like a straight flush on a horse blanket. Clearly, the listener has changed hotels. Classics such as *The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down* and *Up on Cripple Creek* are not as good as the earlier versions, but who knows—some night when your heart is broken, irrepressible and unpredictable Bessie from *Cripple Creek* might jump like a flea from cut to cut and, gaining your big brass bed, lie across it whistling *Dixie*.

We're concerned about you out there. We hear you haven't been enjoying yourself lately, what with worrying about taxes and narcotics and the decline of the West. So here's what we want you to do. Go out, get in the car and drive downtown. Stop at the liquor store for a couple of six-packs, then go to the record shop and pick up *Room Full of Roses*, by Mickey Gilley (it's on the Playboy Records label, so there is something in this for us). Take your purchases home. Pop a top, turn the volume up a little loud, take a load off your feet and enjoy. Enjoy some real good country music, oldies such as *Swinging Doors*, *San Antonio Rose* and *Faded Love* done right. Gilley (see this month's *On the Scene*) has a pleasant voice and plays a piano that's just honky-tonk enough. He sounds like a sane Jerry Lee Lewis and plays with his fingers instead of his fists. Now, when things get going good, help yourself to another beer, turn the record over and listen to the other side, sing along a little. There. See, you feel better already.

For 30 years his music could hardly get a hearing, and now he's considered America's greatest composer. Charles Ives—idealist, businessman, eccentric and humanist—never sought out public acclaim. He was too busy reading Emerson, running a highly successful insurance business and writing his unique kind of music that reflected everything from his Connecticut boyhood to politics to Shakespeare. Yet the old gentleman couldn't fail to be pleased by *Charles Ives: The 100th Anniversary* (Columbia Masterworks), a fine five-LP sampling of his genius. Including 21 previously unreleased selections and a few improvisations never before heard anywhere, the set is a grand tribute to Ives's orchestral, chamber and choral works—not to mention his songs, many of which are superb. The four symphonies, wisely not included here, are available in good recordings elsewhere. One disc is wholly devoted to some very rare recordings of Ives playing his own compositions; another contains bits of insight and reminiscence by friends, relatives and associates. It's a warm portrait and a full one.

For those who think of the Smithsonian Institution as our national attic where



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everyone's oddball collections of war-planes, sea shells and bubble-gum cards get dumped. *The Smithsonian Collection of Classic Jazz* (Smithsonian) will come as a bit of a shock. It starts with Scott Joplin, ends six LPs later with John Coltrane and is about as intelligent an appraisal of the jazz scene from then to now as we've come across. Like Sutter's Mill, it has nuggets strewn about just waiting to be picked up. Louis Armstrong's *West End Blues*, Art Tatum's *Willow Weep for Me*, Basie's *Lester Leaps In*, Ellington's *Ko-ko*, Charlie Parker's *Embraceable You* and on and on. A lengthy booklet on the contents is included and the boxed edition can be obtained for \$21.50 from Classic Jazz, P.O. Box 14196, Washington, D.C. 20044.

The songs on Elton John's latest entry once again prove that he and lyricist Bernie Taupin are capable of brilliance as well as excess. *Caribou* (MCA) continues the current fad of recording yourself in odd places. This time it's the Colorado studio/ranch home of Chicago's mentor, James William Guercio. Unfortunately, the setting didn't help the material much and *Caribou* ain't no *Honky Chateau*. Elton gets as mellow and emotive as he's ever been on *Pinky* and *Don't Let the Sun Go Down on Me* (featuring as added attractions a couple of Beach Boys on backup vocals)—which leaves only eight songs that are too cute and directionless or too reminiscent of past work to be very exciting. *Caribou* is by no means a failure, but in comparison with John's best work, we'll give it a 65. Maybe it was the altitude.

From a solid "Yes," Rick Wakeman has wavered to a qualified "Maybe" in his new solo album, *Journey to the Center of the Earth* (A & M). Even by bringing in such heavy sidemen as Jules Verne, the London Symphony Orchestra and David Hemmings—as narrator—Rick has managed to produce only a naïve attempt at a "classical-rock" cantata that would be great as the sound track of a Disney musical. It makes you wonder what sort of insecurity tempts a talented electronic musician to "legitimize" his sound by smothering it in pseudo-symphonic strings. The result is a mixed-métier mess of good crisp rock and sizzling synthesizer, splattered with silly orchestral caricatures of 19th Century romanticism. Wakeman recently split Yes to pursue more of the same. A sad mistake, indeed, if this record is any indication of what's to follow.

You really do have to give Chris Jagger points just for *chutzpah*. He's following a tough act in brother Mick—which isn't easy, even if you're Stevie Wonder. And now Jagger the Younger has put out his

second album, *The Adventures of Valentino Vox the Ventriloquist* (Asylum), with a little help from the likes of Peter Frampton and Chris Stainton. Much of it, not surprisingly, sounds like Baby Rolling Stones—which, we would add, isn't the worst thing in the world to sound like. It's less polished, and his voice isn't terrific, but neither was Mick's in the early days. Remember how he didn't hit *one* right on the *Got "Live" if You Want It* version of *Satisfaction*? For Chris, it's more of a problem on the slower numbers, where the musical energy goes limp. But some cuts, such as *Where Are the People* and *Like a Dog*, are really good rockers. Don't dismiss this other Jagger—he's getting better all the time.

With the death of Duke Ellington, we can expect to be inundated by musical "tributes" that most certainly will be pouring out of the record companies. And some of them will be enough to make the Duke roll over in his grave. Not so, however, with *Earl Hines Plays Duke Ellington / Piano Solos Volume 2 & Volume 3* (MJR). The Fatha recorded these while Ellington was alive and—like volume one—they are superb interpretations of a wide spectrum of the pre-eminent jazz composer's works. *In a Mellotone*, *Satin Doll*, *Caravan*, *Just Squeeze Me* and ten others are all treated with love and respect and the Duke couldn't have asked for any more than that. Available for \$11 from Master Jazz Recordings, Box 579, Lenox Hill Station, New York, New York 10021.

Still in his 20s, Gil Scott-Heron is a novelist, poet and songwriter to be reckoned with. Now he's given notice that the music world can make room for a new colossus. The message comes in the form of a Strata-East LP, *Winter in America*, which finds Scott-Heron coleading, with Brian Jackson, an awesome quartet. Both sing and play piano; however, Jackson provides the heavy keyboard work, while Scott-Heron handles the lead singing in an untutored but startlingly effective jazz voice. It's a real coming of age for him as a performer. We can hardly wait, though, till seasoned singers such as Joe Williams get hold of these compositions, some of which are by Scott-Heron alone, others co-authored by him and Jackson. *Peace Go with You, Brother* is a slow-moving, intense lament for the black unity that doesn't exist in America, sung dramatically over an electric-piano background that will give you the chills. *Rivers of My Fathers* represents Scott-Heron's yearning for his ancestral home; his impassioned vocal and Jackson's rippling acoustic piano carry them up a mental river that cuts right through Africa, and a few other continents besides; for even when Scott-Heron addresses himself most specifically to a black audience, he's never really parochial: Humanity itself is the subject

Some people try things because they're new.
I don't. I think about them first.
Like fiber glass boats.
Sure they're easier to take care of,
but I've already spent so much time on that
wooden tub of mine...
I can't see giving it up now.
The same with my wooden tennis racket.
It's just too comfortable to trade in
on a metal one.
So how come I've switched to
Roman Brio Leather?
Not because it's new, but because
it's comfortable... I feel good wearing it.
Anyway, my girl likes
my Brio Leather
as much as she likes my boat.



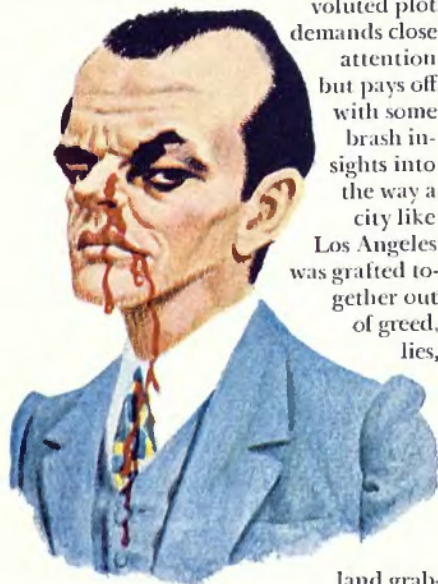
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and his artistry is capable of touching anyone who listens. *A Very Precious Time* is a nonpolitical song, a nostalgic remembrance of first love, so tender it hurts (that's typical of the moods these people create). But later they get political again, with a vengeance, in the form of *H₂Ogate Blues*, a poem that takes apart "King Richard" in as scathing a manner as you'll ever hear. It leads to an album-closing reprise of *Peace Go with You, Brother* and makes its message—"Now, more than ever, all the family must be together"—all the more poignant. The revolution—is there one?—may not be televised, but we hope that Scott-Heron, Jackson & Co. will be; they ought to be heard—and seen—by everyone.

MOVIES

If you miss movies in the grand old tradition of *The Maltese Falcon* and *The Big Sleep*, pay a visit to *Chinatown*. Director Roman Polanski made it, and made it right, in his classiest piece of work since *Rosemary's Baby*. We may have come a long way, baby, but it's great to be back in the year 1937 while Polanski and screenwriter Robert Towne (who copped an Oscar nomination for his script of *The Last Detail*) spin a sharply crafted melodrama about a cynical private eye (Jack Nicholson) specializing in squalid matrimonial snooper—until a missing husband and an unexpected murder open up a virulent case of fast-spreading civic corruption. Towne's convoluted plot demands close attention but pays off with some brash insights into the way a city like Los Angeles was grafted together out of greed, lies,



land grabbing and official cover-up. Actor-director John Huston, usually one of movieland's premium hams when he gets in front of a camera, shrewdly underplays his role as an archconspirator, while Polanski himself appears as a pint-sized hatchet man who tries to cut off Nicholson's nose. Yes, there's shoot-'em-up violence, but it's semi-cooled by intelligent dialog, elegant cinematography (credit John A. Alonzo) and Faye Dunaway's stunning detachment

as an enigmatic widow who dabbles in promiscuity and knows much more than she dares tell. Mainly, though, *Chinatown* provides a showcase for Nicholson as J. J. Gittes, a tough loner with his own inviolable code of ethics, like those hard-knuckled heroes Bogart and Cagney used to play. In this era of rip-offs, Watergate evasions and public apathy, there's welcome relief in a slick, suspenseful detective thriller that peddles excitement along with a certain moral indignation.

Crime pays considerably smaller entertainment dividends in a whole batch of current releases about different breeds of lawbreakers. *99 and 44/100% Dead* casts Richard Harris as a professional super-killer hired to settle a gang war between two Mob chieftains named Uncle Frank (Edmond O'Brien) and Big Eddie (Bradford Dillman). Director John Frankenheimer's clumsy semispoof is set in some golden age of gangdom when a fink often ended up in the East River with his feet anchored in cement. That's treated as a joke, though Frankenheimer never manages to find the humor of it. *Dead* is 99 and 44/100 percent dull, memorable only as a moviegoer's introduction to Harris' co-star, former fashion model Ann Turkel, who became Mrs. Harris after finishing the picture. We'll have to weigh down our congratulations with a heartfelt wish for better cinematic luck next time.

In *Gravy Train*, Stacy Keach and Fred-eric Forrest play a pair of wild-assed West Virginia mountain boys who travel to Washington, D.C., to help heist \$600,000 from an armored car, planning to open a seafood restaurant with their share of the loot. Under director Jack Starrett, *Gravy Train* generates a lot of kinky local color but starts coming unglued once the caper is accomplished. Both Keach and Forrest are aces as a pair of born losers hankering for their slice of the American dream, yet they are asked to behave, as often as not, like criminal psychopaths—too stupid to inspire serious sympathy, too dangerous to be accepted as clowns. Margot Kidder adds a few strokes of spunky individuality as a girl who follows the fugitives right up to the film's contrived climax. Despite sloppy details and overemphasis on "shit-kicker" backwoods dialog, this is the kind of bad movie that can win an audience with sheer gusto.

The habit of treating high crimes as high comedy begins to look trendy in *11 Harrowhouse*, based on a diamond-caper thriller by Gerald A. Browne and directed by Aram (*Cops and Robbers, End of the Road*) Avakian. Though Jeffrey Bloom receives credit for a screenplay of sorts, writer-actor Charles Grodin (*The Heartbreak Kid* himself) is credited with

the "adaptation," whatever that means. In any case, Grodin's dry throwaway style fuzzes up his role as a young American gem dealer who agrees to steal just about all the world's diamonds—some 12 billion dollars' worth—from a huge London firm called The Consolidated Selling System. His partners in crime include James Mason, Trevor Howard,



several trained cockroaches and a beautiful rich girl with nerves of steel, who drives like a favorite in the Indianapolis 500. As the girl, Candice Bergen is beautiful and audacious, but awfully damned regal

to fill shoes made to order for a scatter-brained comedienne. Meanwhile, Grodin's virtually nonstop sound-track commentary attempts—sometimes amusingly—to slide over the intricacies of Browne's novel with a shrug of the shoulders. But the film's flashes of wit are dissipated by yawning credibility gaps, and the wit isn't all that *flashy* in the first place—unless you're regaled by Sir John Gielgud, as commander in chief of Consolidated, reacting to the news that two of his directors are "on holiday" at a moment of crisis by snapping, "I don't care if they're on *pot* . . . !" Not what you call your A material—except from the incomparable Mason as a doomed, long-suffering employee who manages simultaneously to beat The System and save *11 Harrowhouse* from galloping mediocrity.

It can't be easy to wring a lousy performance from George C. Scott, one of the best actors in any medium, but he's embarrassingly loutish and unfunny in *Bank Shot*. Playing a master crook who breaks out of prison and hatches a plan to steal an entire bank simply by hauling it away (well, it's a branch office, temporarily doing business in a mobile-trailer unit), Scott sports heavily blackened eyebrows, as if someone hoped he might impersonate Groucho Marx. Broadway's Gower Champion (of *Hello, Dolly!* and countless other stage hits) directed this mess, using lots of oom-pah-pah music on the sound track to indicate which parts were meant to be wildly hilarious. Example: Scott striding into a drugstore to buy two pounds of saltpeter to curb his lust, so his female accomplice, Joanna Cassidy, won't distract him from the imminent caper, or swimming off into a sunset finale, while a narrator informs us that two months later the First National Bank of Samoa was robbed by a man still dripping wet. Cassidy, heralded as a dazzling new screen sexpot in the Marilyn Monroe



The Copperhead.

(Smirnoff and gingerale.)

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class, appears to have hitched her wagon to a fizzling star this time. There may be a market somewhere out there for such gibberish as *Bank Shot*, but they should never have let George do it.

How the hell can moviegoers accustomed to an electrifying diet of sex and shock be persuaded that they might actually enjoy Art Carney in a thoughtful human comedy about an old man and his cat? Carney plays Harry, a cat plays Tonto in *Harry and Tonto*, a tale so charming and gentle that a person should need a dose of Gelusil as an antidote. Remember, however, that writer-producer-director Paul Mazursky also made *Blume in Love*, *Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice* and other such commercial successes and is not about to turn out a pure but dreary little Art film. The movie, strengthened by Carney's crusty, low-key performance, describes in original, delightful and consistently surprising terms how an old fellow past retirement age—and tired of being mugged in his Upper West Side New York neighborhood—hits the road to find a resting place on the beach at Santa Monica. En route, he tries to settle down with a married son (Phil Bruns) in suburbia; picks up a runaway teenager (Melanie Mayron), who ultimately teams up with Harry's grandson (Joshua Mostel) to try life on a commune in Colorado; visits his testy, often-married daughter (Ellen Burstyn, in a terrifically pungent cameo) at her bookshop in Chicago; looks up a senile old flame (Geraldine Fitzgerald) who once danced with Isadora Duncan; gets arrested in Nevada for pissing in public; and finally finds his go-getter son (Larry Hagman) going quietly to pieces in L.A. Con men, cowboys, Indian chiefs (Chief Dan George, as a matter of fact) and sundry hustlers keep *Harry and Tonto* from slipping into oblivion as a piece of sentimental schlock, partly because every father's son and daughter among us has tried to leap the generation gap from one direction or the other. Despite the theme—and the cat—the movie is rated R by the M.P.A.A. because of a scene in which young Mostel casually calls his Aunt Shirley (Burstyn) a cunt. Mazursky has rightly refused to delete the line, and his stubborn belief in *Harry and Tonto* (co-authored by Josh Greenfeld) keeps things purring along jauntily from start to finish.

Another feline is a central figure in *The Nine Lives of Fritz the Cat*, a sequel to *Fritz the Cat*, creator Ralph Bakshi's X-rated animation film that clawed the Swinging Sixties to shreds. Bakshi had no part in *Nine Lives*, and the difference shows. Obviously, producer Steve Krantz and director Robert Taylor favor a kind of toilet humor—cat litter, maybe?—yet Fritz was never meant to be a sewer cat, no matter how many four-letter words he

wailed. He is now presented as a hip Seventies dude, who stays high on grass and says things like, "Man, am I hung up, strung out and uptight," thus placing himself a full decade behind the times. Having done the Sixties, this new Fritz goes tripping forward and backward, from America during the Depression era to Hitler's Germany to outer space, even to a supersegregated U. S. of the future, when all black cats are confined to the state of New Jersey. Though wildly ambitious, Krantz's *Nine Lives* is diffuse, imitative, uncertain and sorely lacking what Bakshi had to spare—the touch of mad genius that separates a Swiftian social satirist from a mere cartoonist with an eye for soft-core sensationalism.

Audience movies, so-called, are those with little snob appeal and scarcely enough dramatic substance to whet a critic's appetite, though the ticket-buying public eats them up. *Dirty Mary Crazy Larry* is a prime example in the gutsy get-rich-quick tradition of *Walking Tall* and *Billy Jack*. In *Dirty Mary*, Peter Fonda, Susan George and Adam Roarke supply ample star power as a trio pursued through Southern California by bad luck, police cars, stunt drivers and a helicopter after they've extorted \$150,000 from a supermarket manager by holding



his family hostage. Unfortunately, they're required to act only during pit stops. Vic Morrow, as a rugged defender of law and order, oversees the epic chase, which is quite literally smashing. All the shiny late-model automobiles piled up by director John Hough, who cut his directorial teeth on TV's *The Avengers*, may turn out to be one of 1974's soundest investments.

Golden Needles is the present-day version of an old B movie, rainy-Saturday stuff co-starring Joe Don Baker (*Walking Tall*'s burly superhero) and Elizabeth Ashley in a foolish adventure yarn that whisks them from Hong Kong to L.A. and back again. The timely peg amid the tinsel is acupuncture, and those titular needles, for which dozens of Kung Fu show-offs would kill, are embedded in a legendary golden statue. Properly placed, they assure incredible phallic feats—and longevity—for the lucky man

who owns them. The penalty for faulty insertion, of course, is instant death. With such a premise, anything goes: a roomful of deadly cobras; lots of nasty little pricks, if you'll pardon the expression; plus a shapely, awesome mistress of the martial arts named Frances Fong, who, praise Buddha, helps the good guys.

While the average unimaginative sex film continues to focus on room-sized close-ups of pumping genitalia, there is some evidence that hard-core has softened in an effort to reach a wider audience with movies of discernible quality. Among those worth honorable mention is the long-delayed *Flesh Gordon*, a comic-strip spoof coproduced by porno pioneer Bill Osco, whose *Mona* was a milestone. *Flesh Gordon* has an intentionally sappy script bolstered by loads of droll phallic sight gags—everything from an attack by a savage prehistoric "Penisaurus" to a destructive sex ray emanating from the Planet Porno (ruled by Wang, a tyrant occasionally addressed as your Assholiness). The fun peters out (sorry, couldn't resist that one, either) at about the halfway mark, yet *Flesh Gordon* is a nice try at reviving the old Saturday serial in shades of blue.

Knee-jerk liberals, who are dismissed with a sneer in *Death Wish*, are bound to call the movie dangerous, reactionary, fascist and primitive. Director Michael Winner's blunt, expert little thriller is probably all those things. But terrorized residents of New York City and others like them, afraid to walk the streets or use their parks and subways, will be tempted to raise three cheers as they watch Charles Bronson playing a well-to-do Manhattan business executive—a onetime conscientious objector—who becomes a gun-toting vigilante after his wife and married daughter (Hope Lange and Kathleen Tolan) are viciously attacked at home by three sadistic thugs. The wife dies of her wounds, the daughter ends up in a mental hospital—and Bronson quietly takes to the street for vengeance against any and all predators, until nearly a dozen muggers are shot dead or taught a lesson that leaves them with permanent scars. The police, humiliated by a sharp drop in crime statistics, apprehend the dedicated vigilante mainly to suggest that he get out of town. "By sundown?" he asks with a slight smirk. There lies the key to the solid appeal of *Death Wish*, which is actually a modern-dress Western endorsing the simple eye-for-an-eye code of the good old days. "If the police don't defend us, maybe we ought to do it ourselves," Bronson muses, and his logic proves irresistible in a movie so full of anger and intensity that righteously indignant citizens will surely fantasize about rushing outside to form a posse, if that's what it takes to restore law and order. By touching an exposed

nerve in fearful contemporary America. Winner has handed granite-faced Bronson the role most likely to show moviegoers at home what European audiences saw in him ages ago—a rough-cut superstar and folk hero par excellence.

A scrappy kid raised in the streets of New York is sent to reform school, comes out, goes to prison for robbing a Western Union telegraph boy to buy flowers for a pal's funeral and returns home again to find his best friend and best girl hopelessly hooked on drugs. With minor variations, that might pass as the plot for a behind-bars gangster melodrama of the Thirties. But *The Education of Sonny Carson* is something else, because it's tough and real and deadly serious. *Sonny Carson* explores rather than exploits the dilemma of an urban black boy, played (in maturity) by Rony Clanton, a relative newcomer to movies who appeared in Shirley Clarke's *The Cool World* years ago and now re-emerges as something like a Harlem-bred Burt Reynolds. As Sonny, Rony does a fine job of getting at the essence of Mwina Imiri Abubadika's autobiographical novel, first published in 1972. Director Michael Campus, shooting on location in Brooklyn, recruited youngsters from neighborhood gangs for much of the cast; and though the professional actors on hand (Joyce Walker as Sonny's girl, Paul Benjamin and Mary Alice as his parents) are excellent, the movie draws its strength from its genuine slum kids, who belt the author's message across as if they were performing street theater. But look elsewhere for hand-clapping entertainment or optimistic reassurance about improvements in ghetto life, 'cause these are mean streets.

Really reaching for laughs, *For Pete's Sake* stars Barbra Streisand as a young New York housewife who gets herself in hock to Mafia loan sharks by borrowing \$3000 to help her dropout student-husband, Pete (Michael Sarrazin), follow a hot tip about investing in pork-belly futures. Before *Pete's Sake* has run its frenetic course, the heroine—whose husband calls her Henry instead of Henrietta on accounta she's so cute—finds her contract sold to a peripatetic madam (Molly Picon) with a stable of whoring housewives. When part-time prostitution doesn't jell, Henry is sent out as a kind of hit woman to deliver bombs and ends up driving a truck for a gang of New York cattle rustlers—chasing cows on a stampede through downtown Brooklyn and all that. Certified Streisand fanatics will probably go home happy; everyone else would be well advised to go home early, since director Peter (Bullitt) Yates handles broad farce as if he were directing a demolition derby. Worst of the wounded are Estelle Parsons, in a heavy

performance as Henry's bitch sister-in-law, and poor Sarrazin—stuck with a straight man's role that consists mostly of reaction shots at those rare moments when Barbra stops to catch her breath.

THEATER

Tom Eyan, who wrote *The Dirtiest Show in Town* and many other spicy stage cartoons, such as *The Three Sisters* (from Springfield, Illinois): *A Trilogy*, has the kind of crazy pinball humor that makes one want to shout "Tilt!" Two of his distinctly un-Chekhovian sisters, Hanna and Sophie—longtime off-off-Broadway staples—have, happily, surfaced off-Broadway under the title *Why Hanna's Skirt Won't Stay Down*. Why, indeed? Because weird Hanna spends her days in a Long Island funhouse standing over a breeze hole, which sends her into



gales of orgasmic delight. This is a place for her to let her hair down and her skirt up, and also to confide the story of her bizarre life, which includes a ferocious rivalry with her bald sister Sophie, a Jersey City Avon lady, and repeated run-ins with a handsome narcissist named Arizona. In his American-flag bikini, Arizona swings on a trapeze, does push-ups and plays a gallery of sex roles for the pushy sisters. In keeping with the mad-camp dialog, the acting is Day-Glo, with most of the comic-strip cutups provided by Helen Hanft, who has built a career out of playing tacky Hanna. For the occasion, the Top of the Village Gate (at Bleecker and Thompson streets) has been turned into a gaudy funhouse, complete with barker.

BOOKS

Bobby Fischer became obsessed with the game of chess when he was seven and, since then, has not been known to show lasting affection for another human being or for anything else produced by nature or made by man. Raised by a divorced, ambitious mother (she once pick-

eted the White House to push her son's career) and everlastingly surrounded by sycophants, hustlers, weaklings, bullies and users of every stripe, this authentic American genius became a virtual recluse long before puberty and at 13 won a game so masterfully it is still remembered as the Game of the Century. *Bobby Fischer vs. the Rest of the World* (Stein & Day) is the sad and nasty tale of what happened in 1972 when Bobby defeated Boris Spassky in Iceland to become chess champion of the world. Brad Darrach, the author of this fascinating chronicle (also of *The Day Bobby Blew It*, PLAYBOY, July 1973, which is included in this book), portrays the man as two thirds Neanderthal, with the other third evenly divided between lout and spastic, with an occasional flash of insane, inexplicable brilliance.

As an eyewitness to the Icelandic saga—and sometimes as an influential principal—Darrach is a qualified reporter, and though he has a regrettable taste for rustic similes and betrays a sour distaste for Fischer, he draws an eerie and convincing portrait of an individual afflicted with immeasurable talent and the grace of a corpse.

Our hero carries no passengers: he travels alone heavily burdened with paranoia. He worries about plots to destroy him with drugs and poisoned food. The Icelanders will get him; the Russians are after him. The lights in the playing hall will fail, traitors and informers surround him. But never does he voice a doubt that he will beat Spassky. "Everyone knows I'm best, so why bother to play?" is Bobby's response when reminded of his contractual obligation to meet the Russian in Reykjavik.

Conned by his lawyer into taking a flight, Bobby escapes at Kennedy Airport, precipitating a running fight with a gang of outraged newsmen and intensifying the dramatic outbreaks of grief and hysteria that apparently affect everyone close to the Fischermania. At the end, six weeks after the match, Bobby has turned down deals reportedly worth \$10,000,000 and has gone underground in the guarded compound of a radio evangelist sect in California. Two thirds of his \$156,250 prize money have already been spent, Darrach says—some of it on taxes, the rest going to a California church.

Bobby's last words in the book are from a wistful conversation with the author when he daydreams about driving a new car and meeting a beautiful hitchhiker. "I mean, you could pick up a nice girl, right? . . . I mean, it would be adventurous, right?" It seems that nobody ever told Bobby to just get out there and do it.

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the Empire State had an emperor and that, under five successive mayors, the Big Apple had a gargantuan worm. The "emperor-worm," to use Hamlet's phrase, was Robert Moses. In an outsize book (1296 pages), *The Power Broker: Robert Moses and the Fall of New York* (Knopf), Robert A. Caro lowers the boom on the man who, for four decades, was hailed by press and public (who evidently hadn't read Ibsen) as the Master Builder. And build he did. The miles of highways, bridges, parkways, expressways; the acres of parks, playgrounds, beaches; the dozens of "slum-clearance" projects for which he was personally responsible are simply staggering. When an effusive speaker, watching the fountains flow in the refurbished Bryant Park, compared him to the Biblical Moses who "smote a rock and brought forth water," thousands cheered. This was during the era when "Holy Moses!" was, in New York, not an expletive but an encomium.

Face it—Moses II was a genius. In the precomputer period, he had a computer brain. He was also, briefly, an idealist. After Yale ('09) and Oxford, this big, rich, charming, athletic, handsome man came home to New York determined to "serve the people." He took a realistic look at the Tammany-ridden, graft-saturated city and he dreamed the impossible dream. At first, he went nowhere. But he saw that politics was power and he



changed his course. With no legal training, he became a master of "the black art" of bill drafting, getting laws passed that, seemingly innocuous, were full of fishhooks in the fine print. Thus armed, he went to work. He muscled through the chain of Long Island parks and parkways that culminated in the glory of Jones Beach. If he lied and cheated along the way, so what? Decade by decade, his dream became the reality. He reformed the map of both city and state as if he were a one-man ice age.

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to create the "authority" concept, whereby, controlling the toll moneys from bridges and throughways, he had a huge bank roll and total independence. He used his imperial status to the hilt. Even F.D.R., then President (their hatred was mutual), had to eat the words he gloatingly wrote to Harold Ickes during a fight over PWA funds: "We'll be able to sing 'Where was Moses when the lights went out?'" It was only when he ran afoul of Nelson Rockefeller that he began to lose. The World's Fair of 1964-1965 was his off-key swan song. Finally, old and deaf (he would not tolerate a hearing aid), lost and gravely wounded in the ego (he had no heart), he was an aged, ailing lion in search of an Androcles. He did not find one.

Caro traces this epic in unnecessarily minute but frequently fascinating detail, stressing how Moses' love affair with the automobile (though he never learned to drive) at the expense of mass transit—his demolition of countless slum dwellings without providing housing for the dispossessed—made New York the smog-choked, ghetto-ridden mugger haven it has become. Thus, the worm in the Big Apple. Sure, there are multiple monuments to his prowess, from Riverside Park to the Niagara complex, but the true cost is only now beginning to be paid. So if you want to read an account of cynical power lust—and its corollaries—comparable only to the Nixon cabal, this is the book for you. *If you can lift it!*

Harold Robbins' latest job, *The Pirate* (Simon & Schuster), opens in a sandstorm in the Arabian desert. The wife of a wealthy Moslem doctor is pregnant and ready. Her husband wants a son to continue the male line, but he's awfully sporting about it, because he loves his wife no matter what she has. Enter a wandering Jew on a donkey. Nice work, Harold. The Jew is either David Ben-Gurion or Moshe Dayan. He's definitely not Howard Hughes. His wife is about to give birth, too, but his preference as to gender isn't revealed. Guess what happens? Guess who gives birth to a dead girl and guess whose wife dies after delivering a healthy son? Right.

Cut to the interior of a private 707, years later. The plane is about to land at Nice and its interior reeks of hashish and amyl nitrite. Two naked girls lick each other into a frenzy, watched by the now-mature Jewish lad, who, we soon learn, thinks he's an Arab. Stimulated by a handful of poppers—Harold's people always need more of everything than the rest of us—he grabs one of the girls and performs a powerful Haroldian thrust up the back passage.

Cut to the Arab-Jewish hero's American wife. She's squatting on a bidet after

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paying off a gigolo. She's got rose-tipped breasts and a silky-soft pubic mound. Other principals have hair-free mounds, shining half-moon buttocks, dark aureoles around the nipples, ten-inch penises and aching clitorises, all of which throb, pulsate, grow hard and thrust savagely according to function.

Baydr, the Arab-Jewish hero, consummates big business deals, eats Iranian caviar and gets licked and sucked whenever he takes the weight off his feet. Occasionally someone says, "The ways of Allah were strange," but this meditative plunge into theology is usually brought to an abrupt end when something firm and fleshy is taken in the mouth.

Baydr receives a check for \$24,000,000. His Rolls and a San Marco speedboat await his arrival. There is a diamond necklace from Van Cleef, a splinter group of Palestinian guerrillas, a promoter who wants to make a movie about Mohammed and a horny masturbator who unloads his burden from a balcony at a posh party. "May Allah shower his blessings," murmurs someone in a flashback.

Enter the most plausible character in the plot: a bisexual black stud from Georgia who speaks fluent French and brings Baydr's wife to a thrashing orgasm induced by cocaine. The black man has a philosophic turn of mind. "I like to fuck," he said. "I don't give a damn as long as there's a hole to stick it in."

Another bidet scene, and then on to the California bankers, some Japanese industrialists, John Kennedy in a flashback, a hijacking. Baydr's guerrilla-nymphomaniac daughter says, "You have a beautiful cock, do you know that? Thick and lovely. It's very American."

Re-enter the legendary Israeli general, Baydr's real father, who doesn't get laid once. Not even licked or sucked. The general stops a bullet. On the way out, he says, "There is but one God. . . ." Does this mean what it appears to mean? Harold juggling with the symbols again? We are all brothers under the foreskin, Jew and Arab. Gosh, Harold.

Truman Capote was once asked by Johnny Carson on the *Tonight Show* how he rated Harold Robbins as a writer. Truman smirked and snuffled. "That's not writing, Johnny," he said, pausing for a Jack Benny beat, "that's typing." How could you, Truman? Let's hear it for Harold, everyone: One, two, three, stroke; one, two, three, stroke. Now look what you've done; you've ruined page 74.

Since the razor-sharp *Lucky Jim* (1954), Kingsley Amis' novels have ranged impressively far and wide, though the fine mean edge of their wit often seems dissipated into bitchy misanthropy. *Ending Up* (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich), a partial recovery of form, unemotionally studies the palsied *Götterdämmerung* of five unstable

old people, locked awkwardly together in a surly, combative dance of death. Bernard Bastable, the irritable master of their wheezy revels, is suspiciously impassive, a semi-invalid whose only relief is "in malicious schemes, acts and remarks." His valet Shortell is an ungentlemanly boozier—also, *his* gentleman's onetime homosexual lover. Bernard's sister Adela is a tiresome paragon of spinsterly amiable impulses. Her friend Marigold is a sensual septuagenarian who carries on Byzantine conversations and correspondences in her own dotty lingua franca (baby talk); she's losing her memory, too. In an upstairs bedroom, stroke victim George lies in scarcely noticed immobility: A former historian, he now exhibits symptoms of "nominal aphasia," unable to remember the names of common objects. All are mummified in separate attitudes and obsessions; spasmodic aggressions smolder among them. A lavish Christmas dinner, featuring Marigold's sententious children and their families, presages open warfare. George's dog ("losing esteem" for predictable doggy gaucheries) and Marigold's psychotic cat double as convenient scapegoats, when Bernard's inventive vindictiveness aspires to magnificent—and pathetic—heights. *Ending Up* flails about some and starts things it never finishes, but its harrowing evocation of elderly existential paralysis is surely unmistakable.

A team of superspies teched on African demirevolutions gets a domestic assignment: Assassinate a minor Senate candidate, a general opposed to Vietnam, during the 1968 Presidential campaign. At the last minute, the assignment is called off and the team disbanded. Three years later, its members begin to die sudden deaths. Why was the assignment



aborted? Who is wasting the retired spies? Those are the questions David Chacko's taut, *machismo* novel *Gage* (St. Martin's) raises, and the answers come

only after the questions are entwined in bizarre, baroque complications, after bodies litter the landscape, after shoot-outs and hell-for-leather chases, after two or three recent Presidents are implicated and the CIA has all but come apart at the seams. *Gage*, the title character and narrator, may be far too prescient to fit our new understanding of undercover bumbling à la Watergate (of which *Gage* is a *Doppelgänger*), but his Faulknerian skill at instant insight adds chillingly to the novel's force. Chacko, two books in—his first, *Price*, was about love and incest in rural Ohio—demonstrates himself to be a novelist of talent and power; *Gage* sticks in the reading like plastique, just as desperate, just as lethal. If Chacko had been a plumber, we'd all be loyal subjects of King Richard the First by now.

If you've been exposed to Raoul Walsh, whether at film festivals, lectures or watching Richard Schickel's educational-TV series on American film makers, then you know that the yarn-spinning one-eyed New York cowboy who made *What Price Glory?*, *High Sierra* and *White Heat* and so many other fine movies is among the very last of a dying breed: a director who doesn't take himself with solemn seriousness. That's also how he comes across in his autobiography, *Each Man in His Time* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux). It's a delight to read, but it is sure to frustrate and even dismay *cinéastes* digging into it looking for some personal statement of artistic principles from this noted *auteur*. He had none. He thought of himself as a craftsman, leaving art to the critics—and that may be why so many of his movies stand up so well. Walsh was present at the creation—an acting protégé of D. W. Griffith's who got his first break as a director from the old master (filming Pancho Villa's march on Mexico City) and then played John Wilkes Booth in *The Birth of a Nation*. Walsh was well established as a director before movies started to talk, and when they did, he was better equipped than most to handle them, with his instinctive feel for dialog born of his own gift of gab. Always a man ready with a wisecrack, he peppers them through his portraits of Hearst, Churchill, Bogart and Wayne. The best of them all, though, came from the great John Barrymore: When asked by a lady if, in his opinion, Prince Hamlet had had sexual relations with Lady Ophelia, Barrymore thought a moment and replied, "Only in the Chicago company, madam."

The Man with the Candy (Simon & Schuster) is one of those books in which it really doesn't matter whether it's well written or not because the subject is so repulsive as to be enthralling. Subtitled "The Story of the Houston Mass Murders," Jack Olsen's book is perhaps a shade too

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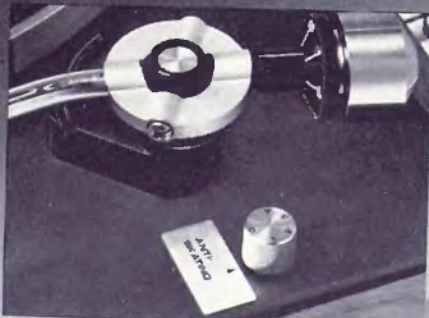
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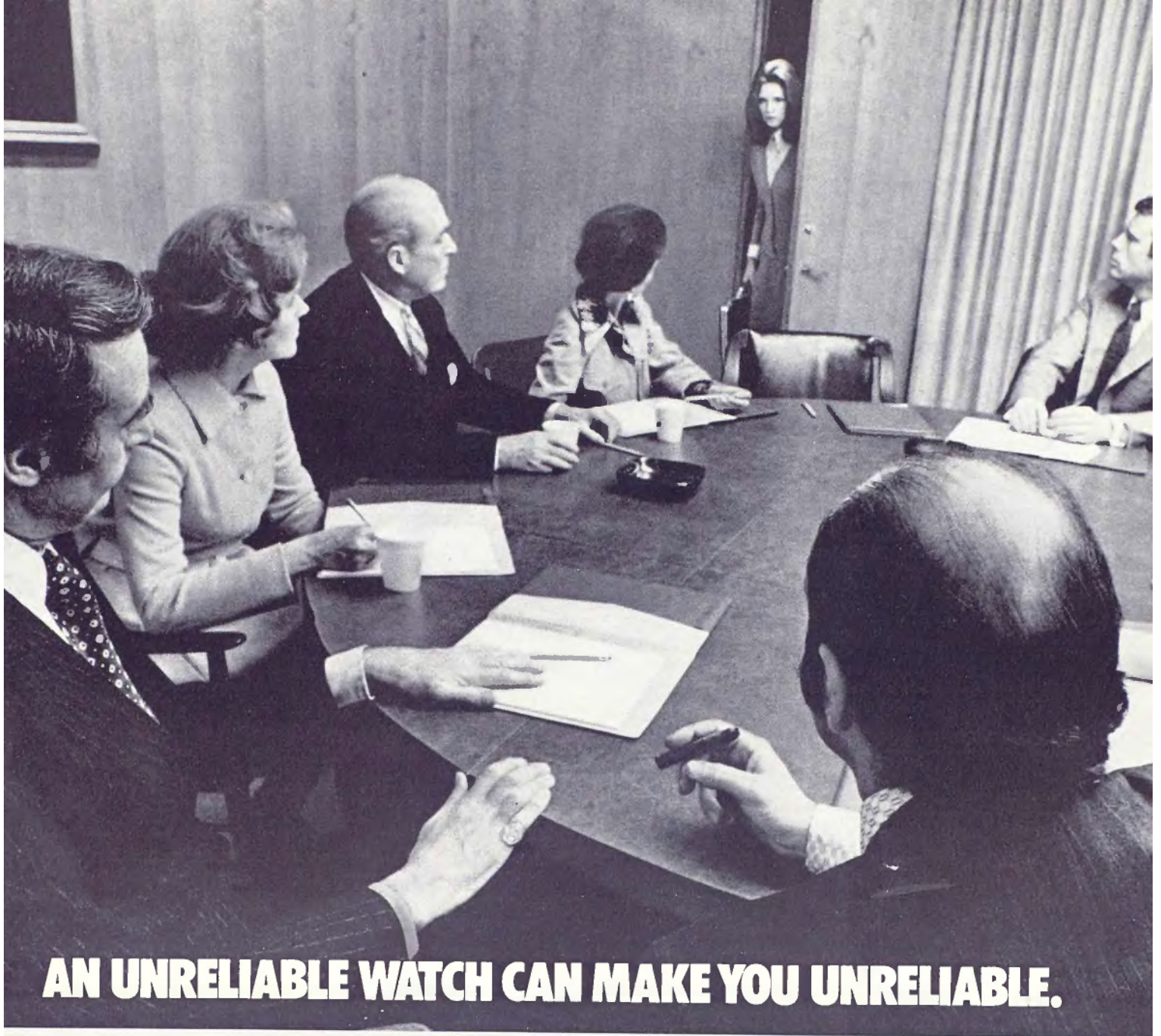
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polite, too kind, too generous to the parents of the young victims and comes down a little too hard on the Houston police force and the mother of Dean Corll, the Candy Man. In essence, the book isn't even really about the mass murders: rather, it's about haircuts and pot smoking and beer drinking and boredom and poverty—and the fact that nobody really gives a damn about the poor or the disturbed or crazed until something they do makes headlines. As Olsen writes: "The discoveries of Monday morning brought the total number of bodies to 25, the same number attributed to the farm labor foreman Juan Corona in California. 'That ties Corona!' a newspaperman said excitedly. Later in the day, diggers uncovered a pair of bodies. . . . Now Houston had the modern American murder record all to itself." *The Man with the Candy* is a terribly sad and ugly book, and not altogether because of what was unearthed in Houston when Wayne Henley shot the man for whom he had been procuring teenage boys.

In 1976, the country will be 200 years old. Colorado, the luckless hero of James Michener's sprawling novel *Centennial* (Random House), will celebrate its century of statehood. Readers who—having started now—may then be finishing the book will feel a lot older than either. For this is a grindingly exhausting book, clumsy and monotonous. *Centennial* aims to tell the whole history of the Colorado Territory. It documents the Pleistocene roisterings of rutting diplodocuses, the bad-tempered antics of prairie bison in heat: after hundreds of pages of encyclopedic adventuring, it staggers forward to a sour present time, in which cattle barons turned ecologists now view with weary resignation the collapse of Nixonism and the garish proliferation of neon-lit hot-dog stands. The best thing that can be said for this book is that Michener's grandfatherly fear—that "the best remainin' spot on earth" can't be saved from plasticizing and pollution—seems genuine. One believes his frightened regret that our future looms so bleak, that we are not better, more resourceful people. That is the *best* thing that can be said. Here are some of the other things. This book seems a lament over the wrongheaded, avaricious rape of the land and its people; but the stockholders' "manipulations of nature" are diagramed with such loving attentiveness that Michener is, in effect, writing advertising copy for the evils he pretends to deplore. His narrative strategy was, pretty obviously, to throw everything he could think of into the book—and hope to God some of it would work.

Examples: A displaced Mennonite farmer stumbles onto the mutual massacres that follow betrayals of U.S.-Indian treaties by "The Great White Father



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in Washington." Schemes to drive cattle overland from Texas, force peaceful coexistence between cattlemen and sheepherders, irrigate the chalky plainlands and outwit the devastations of crippling blizzards; the building of the Union Pacific railroad; buffalo hunts, programmatic rattlesnake bites (whenever a character must be replaced, quickly)—these turbulences repeatedly elicit the shy, downcast glances of stoical men, the tear-streaked, firm-set chins of plucky women. In this whole long book, there is one good story: of the mountain guide forced into cannibalism when his hunting party is lost in a blizzard ("Said the judge, 'Alfred Packer, you voracious, man-eating son of a bitch. They was only seven Democrats in Hinsdale County, and you ate five of them'").

Centennial has the Tolstoyan sweep and synthesizing power of an Edna Ferber, the plain-spoken clarity of a fundamentalist chain letter, the imaginative freshness and punch of a deodorant commercial. It is as American as apple pie and ice cream—about 9000 square miles of the stuff, mixed up. If 300 James Micheners were chained to their typewriters through infinity, how long, O Lord, how long would it be before they could come up with something better than *Centennial*?

TELEVISION

It's that time again, when television screens all over the nation are lighting up with what the networks would like us to believe is The Greatest New Season Ever. Since last year, anyway. Pulitzer Prize-winning TV columnist Ron Powers of the Chicago Sun-Times herewith lets us know what we're in for:

This new season, the television networks will have something for everyone—if everyone is Estée Lauder. It will be the Year of the Cosmetic, both figuratively and literally, in prime time. Three hours a day to make Roddy McDowall look like a chimpanzee for CBS' *Planet of the Apes*. Three hours a day to make Hal Holbrook look like Abraham Lincoln for NBC's series of six specials based on the Carl Sandburg books. God knows how many hours a day to make Angie Dickinson look like Angie Dickinson for her new NBC series, *Police Woman*. Then there is ABC's new thriller, *The Night Stalker*, starring Darren McGavin—with a new monster every week. My, how the putty will fly. Such TV make-up we haven't seen since President Nixon had his last press conference. Indeed, having failed conspicuously last season (among others) in the area of believable scripts, the networks seem to be taking their cue this fall from the Administration itself: Never mind the content—hand me a trowel. Cosmetology is all.

For example, ABC will try to make up

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Sonny Bono to cover the scar left by the amputation of Chér. Wistful Sonny, who indicated to TV writers during their annual TV-season-preview hegira to Hollywood that he misses his old CBS *Sonny and Chér Comedy Hour* perhaps more than he misses Chér herself—and would have been glad to work with her despite their upcoming divorce—moves to ABC to host *The Sonny Comedy Revue*. (This prospect led one critic to remark, acidly, "A Sonny without Chér is like a day without root beer.") Another retooling job of note is being done on Rhoda Morgenstern, Mary Tyler Moore's old pal at CBS. Rhoda (played by Valerie Harper, no stranger to a dab of eye shadow herself) will move out of Minneapolis and Saturday nights, settle in New York and Monday nights, start a little sitcom of her own and—early in the series—marry a guy who has a young child. The spooky thing about the people at Mary Tyler Moore Enterprises, creators of the



new show, is that they regard their fictional characters almost as real people. "We decided it was time for Rhoda to get married and that we could find the right guy for her," writer Lorenzo Music told the critics. "Rhoda," he added with a mystic glaze in his eye, "has gotten worthier and worthier." That, Mr. Music, is still an open question. Man proposes and Nielsen disposes.

So much for grease paint. Another kind of goo, in the form of "heart-warming family dramas," will be much in evidence this fall. *The Waltons* begat *Apple's Way*, and this fall the latest of the begotten include *The New Land* (a spin-off of the Swedish films *The Emigrants* and *The New Land*) on ABC and *Little House on the Prairie* (based on all those Laura Ingalls Wilder books) on NBC. Bonnie Bedelia and Scott Thomas star in *The New Land*; Michael Landon, late of *Bonanza* fame, is the principal dweller in *Little House*. The press releases for each series go on and on about "sharing faith" and "struggle to carve out a life."

Again, as last year, just about the only character in Hollywood's television colony who disdains cosmetic aids of any kind is a tough and talented ex-Los Angeles cop named Joseph Wambaugh. Last season, NBC's *Police Story*—which Wambaugh created—was the most solid of NBC's scattered new-show successes. It was successful in part because Wambaugh

stood chin to chin with network executives and insisted that the anthology series show policework as it really is—dangerous, unglamorous and often unsavory—or he, Wambaugh, would pack up and walk out.

Wambaugh is back this year. In fact, he resigned his job with the L.A. force to concentrate full time on keeping *Police Story* honest. But he has already warned David Gerber, president of Columbia Pictures Television (which produces *Police Story* and other shows for NBC), to keep his blue pencil where Wambaugh can see it. Moreover, Wambaugh is angry that Columbia and NBC seem intent on using the prestige of *Police Story* to launch Angie Dickinson's new series, *Police Woman*. Miss Dickinson introduced her character in an episode of *Police Story* last winter; she will return with a weekly show this fall that will be a good deal more escapist and frivolous than suits Wambaugh's palate. Miss Dickinson is one of three new policewomen on network TV this fall. The

others are Teresa Graves, who plays the title role in ABC's *Get Christie Love!*, and the elegant Jessica Walter, who will do at least two segments of *NBC Sunday Mystery Movie* as a woman police chief in San Francisco.

This is being touted as the most drastically changed new season in TV history, with more than two dozen new shows scheduled in prime time. Somehow, though, the shows don't seem all that new. Perhaps the creative mind has got stalled on the Hollywood Freeway. How else can one explain the high point of the TV-writers' junket, when the producer of *Planet of the Apes* solemnly referred to his show as "a series about people," described McDowall as "a swinging bachelor" and, so help me, talked about "starting from scratch" rather than continuing the plot line laid out by the five preceding *Apes* movies? He actually looked faintly puzzled when the correspondents cracked up.

MUSIC

Just before going onstage to conduct the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, *Sir Georg Solti* indulges in one of the least-known and most esoteric rituals in music: He tucks two bonbons into the pocket of his tail coat. Solti's 62, and very much aware of the extraordinary



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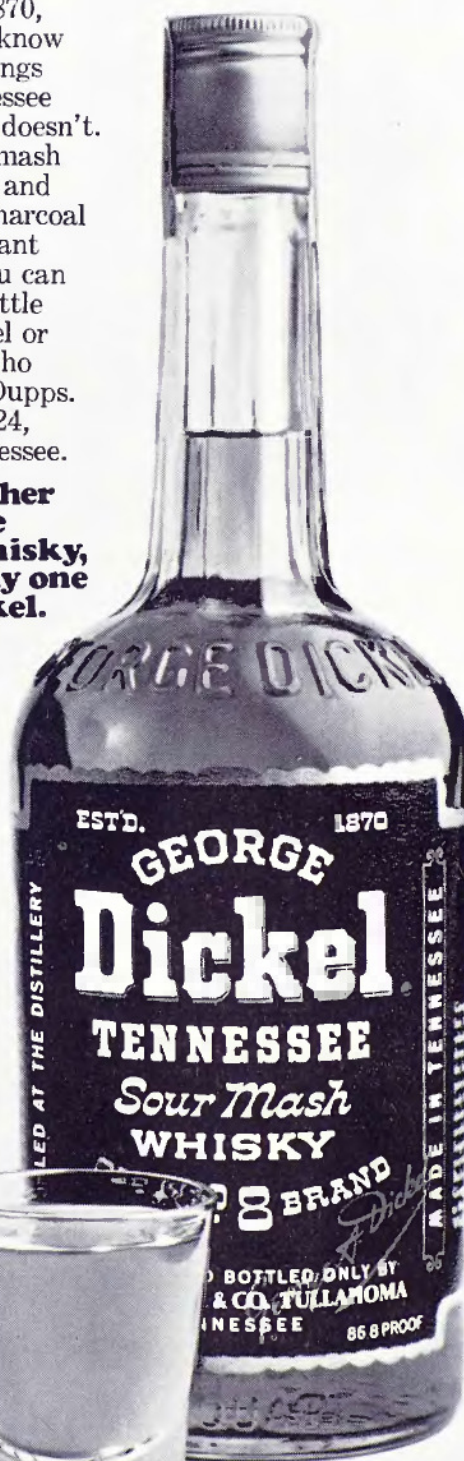


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demands a concert places upon the symphony conductor. If he feels drained during a performance, he can, between numbers, casually put his hand behind his back and retrieve an energy-boosting bonbon to munch on. He has been known to deviate from this routine only when he feels an even more compelling need to feed the audience. Before conducting *Götterdämmerung* at Covent Garden in London one night a few years ago, he had secreted two cough drops in the pocket. Onstage, Solti turned to a loudly coughing concertgoer in the front row, snapped, "Here, take these!" and offered him the lozenges.

The Chicago Symphony has become today's most celebrated orchestra, and Solti may well be the world's pre-eminent conductor. Certainly he's the only one in the Seventies who's made that pinnacle of pop journalistic acclaim, the cover of *Time*. Only Herbert von Karajan, who works principally in Europe, is a serious rival. Indisputably, Solti is the world's best-organized maestro. Sweeping through life with *élan*, he mixes rehearsals and performances with business meetings, transoceanic travel, playtime with his two small daughters, offspring of his second marriage (to young ex-BBC-TV reporter Valerie Pitts) and program planning—three years in advance. If there's a compulsive tone in all this, it's because Solti feels that he has to catch up. A native of Hungary, he was a late starter—his career delayed by World War Two—and didn't get his first conducting post, in Munich under an American army of occupation, until he was almost 34. Nor is he a quick study; he can't absorb the scores for his next concert while on the plane flying to it, as some present-day conductors are said to do. Even during vacations at his summer retreat near Castiglione della Pescaia, on Italy's Tyrrhenian seashore, he rises at seven A.M. to study his scores. Nevertheless, under pressure, he can assimilate an impressive amount of material: While recording the monumental *Ring* cycle for London/Decca Records, he sometimes learned as many as 100 pages of Wagner a day.

Solti is frequently in demand as a guest conductor for operatic as well as for symphonic works, and such assignments demand, of course, even greater attention to detail. Notable were the visual and musical difficulties encountered while mounting the Schönberg opera *Moses und Aron* for the Paris Opera last season; Solti is one of the few conductors who attempt this challenging score. The musical problems were numerous, but the visual ones were spectacular: His *Moses und Aron* had an orgy scene verging on the explicit. Lady Valerie observes that an earlier Solti production, conducted in London in the mid-Sixties, had

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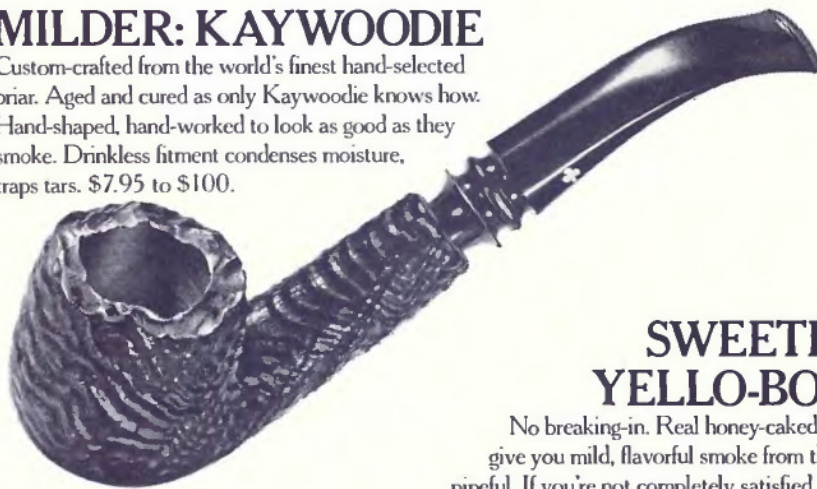
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more nudity than the French one—shocking some Englishmen and inspiring others to ruminate about putting the opera



in repertory—but Parisian audiences responded with financial and critical enthusiasm; all performances were sold out.

Personally, Solti avoids the idiosyncrasies that have characterized other great conductors: Toscanini's tantrums, Beecham's wit, Koussevitzky's dilettantism—Serge's father-in-law *bought* him an orchestra with which to learn to conduct—or even the flowing capes of Bernstein and the jet-set image of Von Karajan. But professionally, he is one of the most distinctive of conductors. His baton and body movements are reminiscent of a boxer's—large, angular and highly choreographic. ("Vot is dot Hungarian prize fighter doing jumping around, sweating so much?" asked a member of the Vienna Philharmonic after undergoing a Solti performance.) To a certain extent, he *must* move—even jump—around the podium. Years of holding his arms up and moving them in tense, disciplined patterns—for as much as four and a half hours a day—have left him with muscular and vertebral problems. "I cannot move my head more than a few inches to the right or left without turning my whole body," he says. On the podium, therefore, he must rotate his torso to the right—sometimes with a leap—if he wants to direct his attention to the cello or the bass, then whirl to the left if he's addressing the harp.

This is the sixth season in which Solti has led the Chicago Symphony, and it is likely to be the most notable. The current European tour—12 concerts in 11 cities—is the second the orchestra has taken, and the first in which its primacy has been acknowledged. During the tour, it will complete a recording of Beethoven's symphonies. Planned for November release is a big book on the symphony and its conductor tentatively titled *Season with Solti*. And then there will be, amid the continuing rhythms of the season, two symphonic spectacles to be performed in both New York and Chicago: a concert version of *Salome*, with Birgit Nilsson, before Christmas, and Verdi's *Requiem*, with Leontyne Price, in the spring. It all provides the kind of bonbon for music lovers that audiences can't tuck in Solti's tails.

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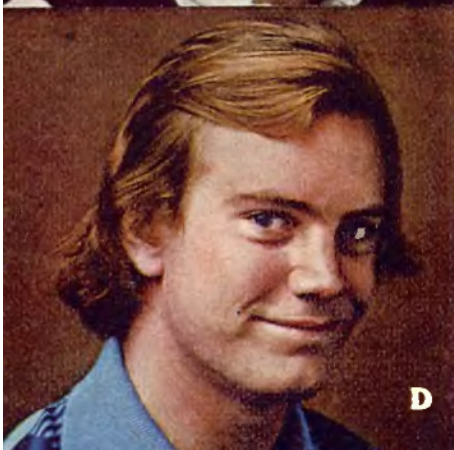
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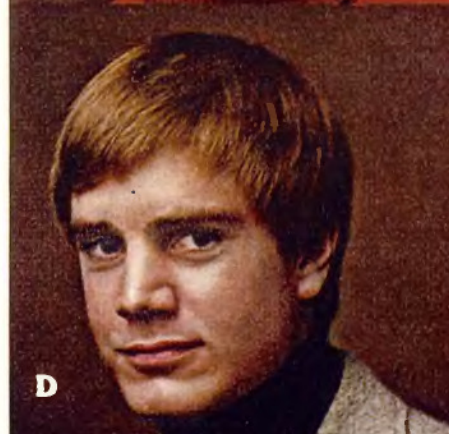
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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

For five years, I have enjoyed an active sex life. I thought that I had the basics down, but now and then I discover my naïveté. For example, *Bitch*, the story by Roald Dahl in the July PLAYBOY, says that there are women with "an extraordinarily powerful muscle in a region where other women seem to have no muscles at all." My gynecologist advised me that by exercising my vaginal muscles regularly, I could strengthen them to the point where I could massage or even hold my man inside me—increasing the friction and intensity of feeling for both myself and him. He suggested that I tense the muscles at least ten times a day. He added that it would take a good six months, but the end would be rewarding. The exercise apparently tightens and firms all the related muscles supporting the urinary and reproductive tract—making pregnancy and recovery much easier. Why didn't someone tell me this five years ago?—Miss B. C., Austin, Texas.

You didn't ask. The training of evotic musculature is well known in the East, but American women have only recently become comfortable with or even interested in such an active role. If you want to go deeper into the subject, consult Alex Comfort's "Joy of Sex." He suggests trying to draw a large Pyrex test tube into the vulva without using your hands (how's that for serious scientific value, judge?). Comfort also quotes English writer and adventurer Richard Burton as saying that any woman can learn to use her vaginal and pelvic muscles "by throwing her mind into the past concerned." We agree. Master this technique and your boyfriends will love you for your mind.

One evening, while enjoying a certain mind-expanding substance, I became curious about the identity of the bearded man whose picture graces certain packages of Zig-Zag cigarette paper. Who is this guy?—R. E. S., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

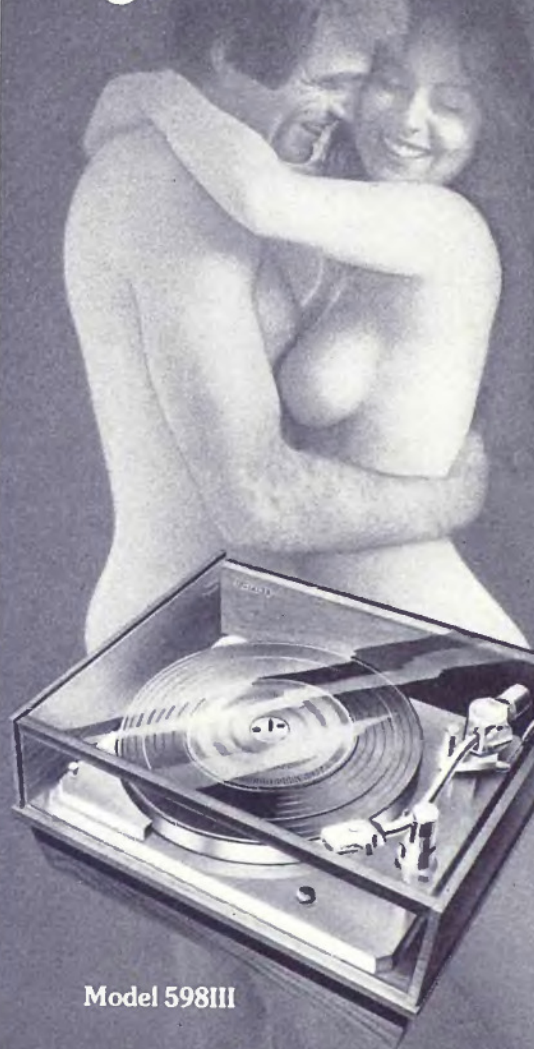
We hate to blow his cover, but Monsieur Zig-Zag was a Zouave—an Algerian recruited by the French army to fight in the Crimean War. The North African soldiers were notorious dopers, who would go into battle with a cloud of smoke and a hearty "Hi-Yo-Huh?" Zouaves were noted for their brilliant uniform of gaiters, baggy trousers, short and open-fronted jacket and tasseled cap or turban. They made good targets, as you can imagine. Legend has it that an unfortunate Zouave broke his pipe in the heat of battle and was forced to roll his

weed in pieces of a field map. Indeed, Zig-Zag may have originated the famous phrase "Praise Allah and pass the papers."

Gay ladies say that only a woman knows how to please another woman. My lover doesn't exactly go out of her mind with ecstasy or multiple orgasms when I perform cunnilingus with her, and I'm beginning to think I need lessons. (Neither of us had done it before.) I feel like a dunce sitting in the corner looking at two walls. Maybe I could find a lesbian to give me tips on oral sex. What do you suggest?—D. H., Des Moines, Iowa.

The gay claim is a classic example of word-of-mouth advertising—the people who believe something are the people who spread it. We are reminded of a similar proposition: that you can never find a person who makes love as well as you can masturbate. Logic like that could keep a good man down. Fortunately, a little feedback will improve any situation, and feedback is one thing you get a lot of in oral sex. There is one truth in the lesbian love rap: A woman can have fun without getting shafted. Cunnilingus is the perfect complement to coitus; what your genitals can do, the rest of you can do as well and more reliably. Face it and you'll find that it is a pleasure to give pleasure without being worried about impotence, premature ejaculation or size. Who cares if somewhere in the world there is a Frenchman with a 12-inch tongue who can hold his breath for 20 minutes? If you want to use your tongue as a substitute penis, or approach your partner like an oxygen mask, go right ahead. It makes more sense, though, to explore and exploit the differences between cunnilingus and coitus. Save the penetration for later and focus (lightly) on the clitoris. In terms of pressure, less is more. Flickering touches with the tongue, nibbling, tugging or sucking motions with the lips, in combination with manual stimulation—just about everything works at one time or another. Duration is open-ended. A few minutes is fine as foreplay, but the event is fantastic in and of itself. Don't stop until your partner asks you to. If you miss a few days of work, it will be worth the effort. If she asks you to stop before you get started, you may have a problem, but one that is easily overcome. The recipient of oral sex should never be passive or reserved. If she wonders why you are doing it, chances are she won't find out. At the very least, she must pay attention. The shift in attitude can be subtle or dramatic. One woman told us that the first time she got off, her lover simply lifted her by the buttocks so that her pelvis was the highest point of her

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body. The blood rushing to her head, or away from it, increased and focused the erotic tension. Possibly your partner is worried about the act's being distasteful. If she is healthy, that concern is usually fictitious. Tell her that you enjoy what you're doing. As Nathaniel Bynner, the Brooklyn bard, says: "Distaste is da best taste in da world."

Chapter one: When I was a freshman in college, a girl I'd dated in high school called and asked if she could come up for a weekend. We sat in a hotel room watching the *Late Show*, talking about old times and why, although we had been close friends, we had never slept together. "Circumstances," I said, "and a false sense of modesty." I pointed out to her that I had never seen her in a bathing suit, let alone naked (I was a camp counselor during the summer). She laughed, took off her clothes: I lost my virginity and missed the last half of a Spencer Tracy movie. Chapter two: A few years after I received my degree, a girl I'd dated during my sophomore year visited me for a weekend. She told me that she had just returned from the south of France, where a tailor had designed and sewn a bathing suit right on her body. Nice work if you can get it. I pointed out to her that I had never seen her in a bathing suit, let alone naked (I worked at loading freight cars during that summer). She laughed, etc. It was glorious. Chapter three: Last year, I changed jobs and moved to the West Coast. One of the secretaries from the old office called up and asked if she could visit. She arrived, we sat on the beach, talking about old times, specifically, why we had never slept together. "Circumstances and a false sense of modesty," I said, and pointed out that I had never seen her in a bathing suit before (New York being New York). Again, the cosmic etc. What's the problem? I know a good line when I hear one, and it always works, right? Wrong. It turned out that each of these girls was on her way to be married. They had already made up their mind to sleep with me and just needed an excuse. I've never heard of this happening to other guys. Is it common?—M. P., San Diego, California.

Yes. It's the same old story from Bikini atoll to nothing at all. The practice is the woman's equivalent of a bachelor party. Rather than hire a complete stranger to jump out of a cake and rape them, some prospective brides look up old friends for a final fling. Supposedly, it's more personal that way. The rationale for the act varies: Some say that when you're in love, you become aware of the other loves in your life and would like to pay respects. Others view the event as a burning of bridges—only the past is a draw-

bridge that they'd like to get a rise out of at least once before they move on.

My stereo sounds great—except when a local ham operator decides to get in touch with other members of his subspecies. At any time during the day or night, my listening pleasure may be shattered by the epic "Roger Wilco buys a shirt" or the saga "Roger Wilco paints the guest room." Last week I tried to tape a piece of music, only to be interrupted by this makeshift Marconi relating line for line an *All in the Family* episode. I mean, really! The number of his broadcasts indicates that he is an invalid who has nothing better to do: the level of his babbling suggests that he is a mental deficient who is best kept off the street. If so, I sincerely regret my antipathy toward the fellow. Is there anything I can do to rid myself of this disturbance?—R. A., Bronx, New York.

A spokesman for the FCC tells us that there are no legal means for silencing a garrulous gadgeteer—the airwaves belong to the people, hams make great hero sandwiches in the event of emergencies, etc. You have three choices: One, record his call number, find out his address from the FCC and enroll him in a public-speaking course; two, record his call number, find out his address and take out a contract on the dude; three, contact the manufacturers of your components or a local service representative. They are familiar with the problem and know the type of filters that will keep your listening pleasure private.

I currently work for a large, well-known insurance company in a department that has a female supervisor. She is a 30-year-old divorcee; I am in my early 20s. A few weeks ago, I was told to report to her office just before the end of the day (a Friday). No sooner had the other employees left than she politely informed me that she wanted me and that it could benefit my future with the company. Since she is very attractive, and I was not getting any at the moment, I figured, "Why not?" We ended up at her place and had a very fulfilling weekend. We spent most of the day and night in the sack—performing intercourse, oral sex, anal sex—all done in varied positions. On Sunday, I got a real surprise. She told me she was having a friend over and that she wanted me to watch and take pictures. By then, I was game for anything. When the doorbell rang, I climbed into the closet as ordered and got the cameras ready. The guest turned out to be a girl from work, who had started about the same time I did. They spent considerable time making gay love and even went as far as to use a strap-on dildo on each other. I enjoyed watching this act and had a fantastic ball after the girl left. Today at work, the supervisor

told me that she wanted me to move in with her and share in her sexual happiness. She spelled out what she wanted from me, which included joining her and others in threesomes. Naturally, I am moving in. Do you think I'm making a mistake?—T. N., Hartford, Connecticut.

Sounds to us like you lifted this plot from some X-rated "Up the Organization" that you bought at Weird Harold's adult bookstore. If so, you left out the "redeeming social value" twist that usually mars pornographic fantasies of this sort—the hero finds that he really loves the other girl, but when he declares his true love to the supervisor, she pulls out pictures that she had taken of him, threatens blackmail and everyone lives unhappily ever after. Moral: It's OK to have a skeleton in the closet as long as it doesn't own a camera. If you're serious, then you do have a problem. Don't give up your apartment. Insurance companies are notoriously conservative—some don't issue policies to unwed couples living together or charge higher premiums if they do. They are probably less lenient with employees. Office affairs require a great deal of discretion, a quality you obviously don't possess, since you wrote us this letter and now some 30,000,000 readers know about your exploits.

A recent issue of *Newsweek* included an article on PLAYBOY's imitators in which *The Playboy Advisor* was mentioned. I hate to quote *Newsweek*, because I know it has misquoted or misread your advice: "*The Playboy Advisor* dispenses tips to letter writers on how to repair their stereos or make reservations with Amtrak. *Penthouse's* advice columnist, Xaviera (*The Happy Hooker*) Hollander, leerily counsels readers who are turned on by amputees or are wrestling with an enema fetish." You've never dealt with these subjects, and I wonder, is there a reason why?—L. R., Chicago, Illinois.

You bet. A magazine reflects the personal tastes, needs and/or obsessions of its editors. The editors of this column are foot-loose, fancy-free and dedicated to the pursuit of happiness. Our social skills are such that we are not limited to partners who can't run away. And with friends like ours, who needs enemas?

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

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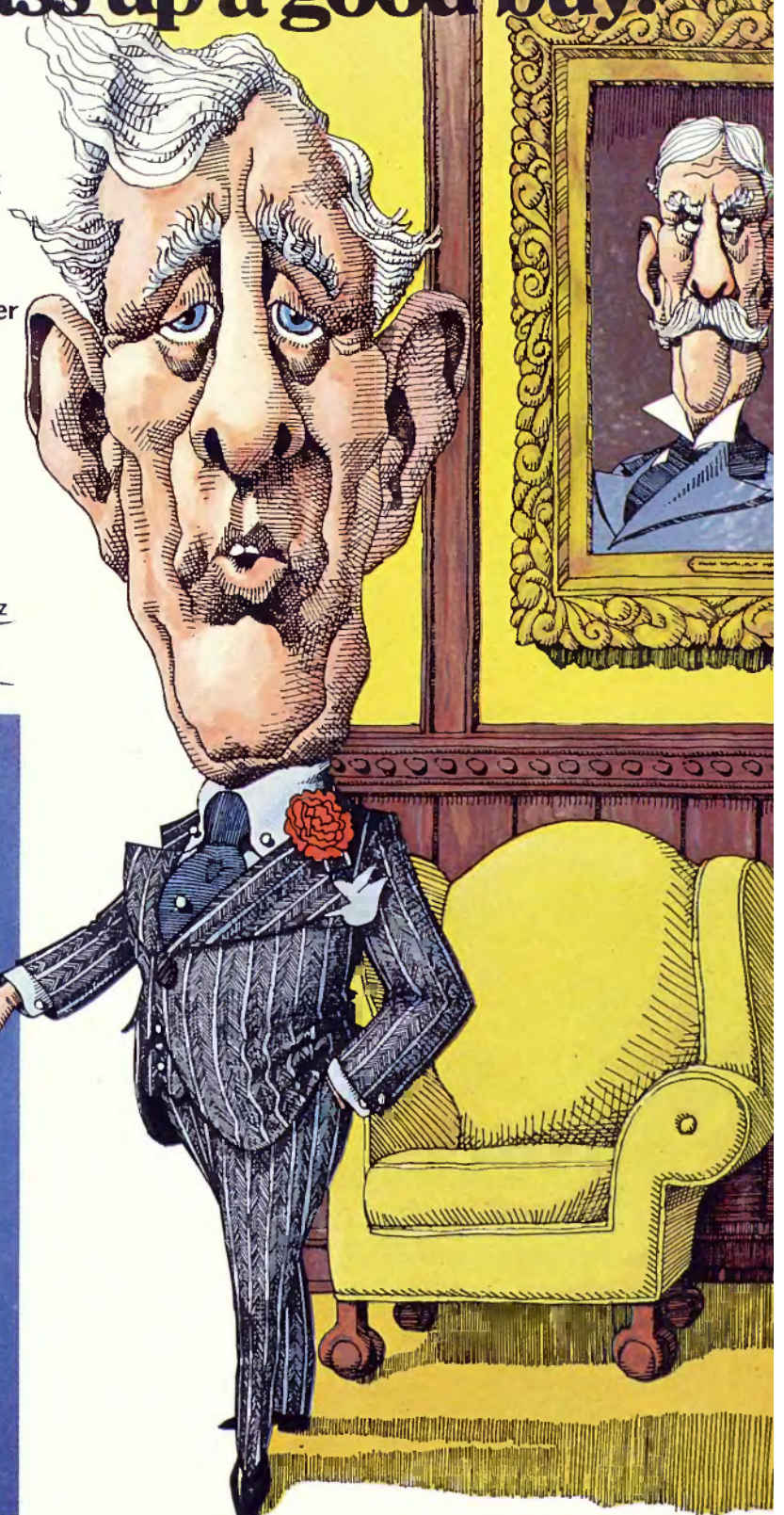
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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

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

ANGEL OF MERCY

Don't tell me nurses are all sexless pill dispensers. Recently, when I had a broken knee, a darling nurse was massaging my leg with oil. Noticing that my temperature and pulse were low, she proceeded to skillfully titillate me to erection and masturbate me, with my enthusiastic cooperation. I was exhilarated, my heart-beat speeded up and my body warmed all over. I stopped coughing and my knee quit hurting. Then I slept like a baby. Heaven bless nurses like her who are interested in comforting the whole body.

(Name withheld by request)
Houston, Texas

We hereby invent, and bestow upon this anonymous nurse, the PLAYBOY Florence Nightingale Award.

CARRY ON, NURSE!

Britain's Royal College of Nursing has given the nod to nurses who wish to take part-time jobs as striptease artists to supplement their meager incomes. It seems that nurses from one London hospital have been doing just that, and 50 percent of all qualified British nurses already have part-time jobs in their off-duty hours, because their salaries as nurses average only \$51 to \$67 per week. Under those circumstances, the nursing college declared that nurses who work part time as strippers will not be punished.

Charles Dickson
Detroit, Michigan

EQUALIZING THE SEXES

I would like to propose a great leap forward in the struggle to equalize the sexes: Young girls should undergo hymenectomy with the same regularity that male infants are subjected to circumcision. The hymen is, after all, a superfluous piece of tissue that most girls will eventually lose anyway. And, without the question of the intact hymen, there would be no more grounds for senseless violin playing over loss of virginity, which would then be equally unprovable in both sexes.

Ken Logan
Brookline, Massachusetts

What? Deflower all virgins in the bud? Never!

THE BREAST REPRESSED

The shenanigans of prudes never cease to astonish me. It appears that not only is the fusion of sperm and egg an

obscurity to these types but even the method by which mammals nourish their young is naughty. In Chula Vista, California, the trustees of Southwestern College have passed a resolution, by a four-to-one vote, censuring a female instructor for bringing her baby to school and nursing it. The students have already been polled and 92 percent of them support the teacher, but the board doesn't care about that. Breast feeding, they announced in their resolution, is "unprofessional conduct." They have now decided to fire the lady for her failure to repent, recant and button up. Is there any natural, ordinary, wholesome aspect of life that these blue-nosed fanatics won't besmirch with their prurient sex hatred? If being a living animal on their planet is so embarrassing to them, why don't they build a spaceship and leave earth? Maybe they can find a planet where reproduction and caring for the newborn are unnecessary.

Francisco Martinez
Los Angeles, California

AMERICAN SEXUAL COMEDY

Dr. Albert Ellis once wrote a book called *The American Sexual Tragedy* and, though some of the grim effects of our taboos justify that title, I've often thought a book about sexual problems in the U.S. might better be titled *The American Sexual Comedy*. Where else can one find people as hilariously irrational about every aspect of human gender as here in the land of the free? For instance, a letter in Abigail Van Buren's column, "Dear Abby," concerned a father who asked his teenage daughter what size bra she wore. The girl was embarrassed and her mother was indignant. Abby sided with the ladies and implied Dad was a kook to even ask such a question. Readers then jumped into the fray with their own opinions and Abby admitted the mail was running twenty to one in favor of Dad's right to know. However, she printed another letter defending her own position, from a father who commented that he couldn't care less what size bras his daughters wear.

Nobody in the whole debate asked why the question should be such a no-no. The anxiety generated by the issue evidently includes a secondary taboo on stating the reason for the original taboo. A foreigner might be led to believe that

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information about bra sizes is at least as dangerous as nuclear secrets and would wonder what havoc Dad might wreak if he ever found out the truth.

D. Levine
Skokie, Illinois

KEEP IT IN THE FAMILY

A while back, a woman wrote to Ann Landers about the odd solution she and her husband had devised for the problem of his sterility. Wanting children, they persuaded the husband's father to impregnate the wife, thereby assuring that the child would carry the family genes. Naturally, Landers refused to endorse such a violation of Judeo-Christian taboos. Another reader wrote in furiously to denounce this breach of all that's holy. Said this authority on morality: "To the mother, the child would be a brother-in-law (her husband's brother), a son, and a grandson. To the woman's husband, the child would be a stepson and a brother. To the father-in-law, the child would be a son and a grandson. He would also be his own cousin. . . . Worse yet, the child would be his own uncle."

It is amazing that people still think their local tribal prejudices are the moral laws of the universe. What constitutes incest depends on where you are, and when. Many societies permit intercourse between nonblood relatives (e.g., a man and his daughter-in-law). A few have gone farther: The Egyptian Pharaohs married their own sisters in order to maintain dynastic control of the throne. Cleopatra was the product of six generations of brother-sister marriages. Incest even happens in the Bible: Abraham's wife, Sarah, was also his half sister.

Even more amazing is the fact that few Christians realize the influence of such erotic mythology on their own legends. God, as Father of all humanity, is Father to the Virgin Mary; as the Holy Ghost, He is her husband or lover (impregnator); and as Jesus, He is her son. Thereby, He is His own father, His own grandfather. His mother's lover-husband and the most incestuously sexy of all the solar gods who die and rise again to preserve the crops. One can imagine the horror of Landers and her readers if this family ever discussed their intimate lives in her column.

William Smith
Newark, New Jersey

BISEXUALITY AND DECADENCE

Most people don't want to change their own sexual orientation and couldn't make such a change even if they did want to. Consequently, mutual tolerance is the only sane attitude toward one another's sexual drives—whether heterosexual, bisexual or homosexual.

I say this to make it clear that I am not writing as some sort of Bible-toting fundamentalist when I warn that the current

FORUM NEWSFRONT

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

TEEN SEX

WASHINGTON, D.C.—About 30 percent of unmarried American girls from the ages of 15 to 19 have had sexual intercourse and about one third of those have been pregnant at least once, according to a study by two Johns Hopkins University sociologists. Professors Melvin Zelnik and John F. Kantner base their estimates on data collected three years ago among a random sample of 4611 girls as part of a continuing study of adolescent sexuality in the U. S. Their latest findings, reported in *Family Planning Perspectives*, indicate that about ten percent of the over-all teenage female population becomes pregnant before marriage and that for every ten babies born live to U. S. teenagers, six are conceived out of wedlock.

ACADEMIC FREEDOM

DENTON, TEXAS—A Federal district court has permanently enjoined Texas Woman's University from enforcing a rule that unmarried women, 22 or younger, not living with parents, must stay in

ordinance in North Hempstead, Long Island, and, presumably, similar ordinances in other towns. However, city officials said the decision would be appealed to the U. S. Supreme Court, and Nassau County district attorney William Cahn said he would continue arresting topless and bottomless dancers under the state's public-lewdness statute.

TWO KINDS OF JOY

ST. LOUIS—By mistake, a local book supplier sent a St. Louis Catholic girls' school 25 copies of "The Joy of Sex" instead of "The Joy of Cooking." The error was discovered by the company, not the school, which had paid the bill without protest.

NO JOY IN MUDVILLE

CINCINNATI—A 19-year-old Ohio University student was arrested by police after he dashed onto the outfield during a major-league baseball game as part of a class project. He explained in court that the purpose of his act, conceived as a "street arts" project for a basic-design class, was "to discover the fears that stop you from functioning." His professor confirmed his story and said the idea was for students to overcome their self-consciousness and inhibitions by doing things they ordinarily would never consider. The judge said, "I wish you a lot of luck in your academic endeavors" and fined the student \$100 for trespassing.

STAMPING OUT ANARCHY

CHICAGO—A Federal district judge has given a five-year prison sentence to a 30-year-old draft resister who pleaded guilty to charges of vandalizing three Chicago-area draft offices between 1969 and 1972. After hearing Charles Bishop Smit explain how and why he became an anarchist-pacifist, Judge Edwin A. Robson handed down the sentence and said, "This court cannot cast its lot with anarchy. I would feel deviled in my duty if I did not impose a penalty to serve as a deterrent to those who think they would follow in this defendant's footsteps."

COPS VS. ROBIN HOOD

MILWAUKEE—A 23-year-old man has established his legal right to feed expired parking meters and leave car owners a note requesting a one-dollar donation to finance his philanthropic work. Nettle, police threatened to charge Bruce Vanier with "throwing a missile on a vehicle"—a self-addressed envelope saying "You have just been rescued from a \$5 parking ticket by the Robin Hood public-parking aid"—but the city attorney decided the ordinance was too vague to apply; the



school-approved housing. Ruling on a suit by a 19-year-old TWU student who had rented an off-campus apartment, the court held that "students do not relinquish constitutional rights upon entering a university."

DANCING AS FREE SPEECH

NEW YORK—The U. S. Court of Appeals for the Second Circuit has ruled that dancing, even nude dancing, is a form of expression protected by the First Amendment and may not be prohibited by local authorities. The decision struck down an

police also throw such "missiles" in the form of parking tickets. The police then re-entertained on the man's meter seeding, but ticketed him for riding an unlicensed bicycle.

JUSTIFIED JAIL BREAKS

LANSING, MICHIGAN—The Michigan court of appeals has ruled that fear of sexual attack is justification for a convict to attempt to escape from prison. In reversing the escape conviction of a Michigan reformatory inmate, the court said, "The time has come when we can no longer close our eyes to the growing problem of institutional gang rapes in our prison system."

Elsewhere:

• In Louisiana, a state senator has introduced a bill in the legislature that would provide a possible death penalty for the rape of men as well as of women. Senator Nat Keifer said he considered rape a heinous offense regardless of the victim's sex and said the bill is aimed at stopping homosexual attacks in the state's prisons.

• In Massachusetts, Governor Francis W. Sargent has signed a bill allowing males to file charges contending they were victims of rape.

CRIMINAL CONSORTS

DENVER—The Colorado state parole board has decided to waive certain rules so that two former state-penitentiary inmates can be married. The two met in prison, where the bride-to-be was serving



a sentence for passing bad checks and the prospective bridegroom was in for theft. One of the obstacles to their marriage was a regulation forbidding parolees to associate with "known criminals"—in this case, with each other.

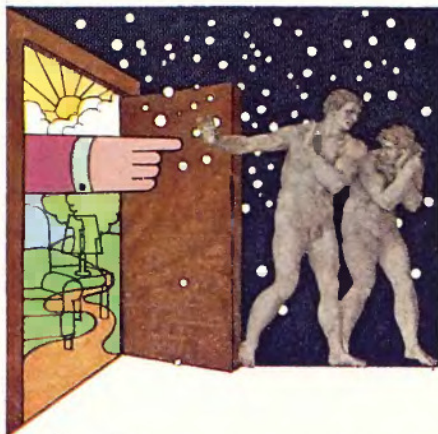
RESTRICTIONS ON SEARCHES

SAN FRANCISCO—The U. S. Border Patrol's authority to stop and search vehicles has been limited by three Federal court decisions. In two separate rulings, a Federal appeals court held that the patrol cannot operate fixed check points for the stopping of cars, nor can it stop and search a vehicle without a warrant or probable cause. The Supreme Court earlier had ruled unconstitutional the patrol's so-called roving searches for aliens and drug smugglers away from the

border. A U. S. Attorney's office spokesman said the lower-court rulings would probably be appealed.

MAINTAINING THE FAMILY

PHILADELPHIA—The housing commission of Philadelphia has decided that a landlord may refuse to rent apartments to single men and women who want to live together. "There's a moral aspect of it," said one 70-year-old commission



member. "We want to maintain the family." The local-newspaper reporter who covered the story noted, "The decision, while affecting action the commission may take on such matters, has no legal bearing and demonstrably has no influence on current lifestyles."

SEE NO EVIL

ALBANY—After much heated debate, the New York state assembly killed a bill that would have allowed contraceptives to be displayed on pharmacy shelves. Opponents contended that such open displays would encourage promiscuity among young people. The bill's sponsor, Mrs. Constance E. Cook, commented afterward, "I'm surprised they allow people to sell beds in this state."

LIMITING ABORTION

ALBANY—Anti-abortion forces in New York have succeeded in modifying the state's four-year-old liberal abortion law. The amended statute now requires that abortions performed after the 12th week of pregnancy take place in a hospital on an inpatient basis and that a second physician be present during abortions performed after the 20th week of pregnancy "to take control and provide immediate medical care for any live birth that is the result of the abortion." Governor Malcolm Wilson's approval of the measure followed his "very active" support in obtaining the bill's passage at the urging of Conservative Party leaders in the legislature.

In Minneapolis, a three-judge Federal court has struck down Minnesota's 1973 abortion law, which prohibited abortions after the 20th week of pregnancy except to save the life of the mother.

vogue of bisexuality is dangerous and pernicious. Basic sexual orientation is a very delicate psychological factor that should not become politicized—and certainly should never be fanaticized. Yet this is what is happening in the avant-garde portion of the population. Young people (and some older people who are political radicals) are being propagandized into bisexual experimenting, at real risk to their psychological stability.

This is not just my opinion. Barbara Grizzuti Harrison, a well-known feminist writer, complained in *New York* magazine that such politicizing of sexual preference is "a little like taking a walk through Cloud Cuckoo Land. For one thing, watching women bludgeon and contort themselves into the 'politically appropriate' sexual behavior and emotional responses can be pretty disturbing." Many feminists, she says, have become "political lesbians—straight women who, 'in order to share the oppression of their sisters,' claim to be lesbians. Many others have been brainwashed into making the claim real. The same thing is increasingly happening to liberal males who often find that supporting gay lib verbally isn't enough; they must become gay, or part gay, to be fully acceptable in radical chic circles.

This, I think, is true decadence. When people can no longer be themselves in the most intimate aspect of life, when they must submit to sexual totalitarianism, the very integrity of the self is collapsing. Some people, I'm sure, will end up psychotic. As Dr. Charles Socarides has said of the political bisexuals: "They are selling a phony sexual utopia in which the kingdom of the orgasm will supposedly replace the house of the ego."

L. Solomon

New York, New York

BLISSFUL BISEXUALITY

I've been a bisexual for four years—since I was 22—and it's the only scene that makes sense. Between being raised a Methodist, reading (and digging) *PLAYBOY* and supporting women's liberation, I came out of college totally confused about who or what I was. After a variety of miserable heterosexual experiences, I was sexually afraid of both women and men, guilty about having desires that were merely selfish or just my own trip, unsure of who or what to follow as a moral guide. Then, one night while on LSD, I ended up in bed with my two best friends—a guy and a gal. It was fabulous, and I suddenly realized that we are each a galaxy, and getting communication or feeling from one galaxy to another is a fabulous accomplishment. The transmissions are all weird, strange, distorted; we never really know the other person fully. When I understood that, I understood that any definition is a social fiction, including the definitions of male and

female. Every human being is a wonderful mystery to me now, and I know I can never solve any of these mysteries fully, but they are all infinitely fascinating and infinitely lovely. Some people may say this is perversion, but I say it is cosmic bisexual bliss.

(Name withheld by request)
Cambridge, Massachusetts

ROYAL ASS

I enjoyed the letter titled "The Bulgarian Connection" in the July *Playboy Forum*. Here's another vote for anal intercourse as the living end. I had gone along for more than 20 years with a happy, married sex life, when I was seduced, literally, by another male, a college senior half my age. Since then, my hetero sex is still as good, varied and frequent as ever, but occasionally I get a little seasoning with homosexual intercourse. Attractive specimens abound who are eager to bed down with a mature, supposedly straight, married man to get a royal fucking. Nothing in sex compares to the squeeze of a sphincter on a cock buried up to the hilt in a smooth, firm ass.

It's given me understanding and respect for those who prefer a strictly homosexual love style.

(Name withheld by request)
Tucson, Arizona

TRAILERS AND TRIBULATIONS

My fiancé and I (both in our mid-20s) have been living together in a small town for almost a year. We bought a used mobile home that was already set up in a trailer court in town. When we called the owner of the court to let her know about the change in owners, she said she couldn't rent to us in our "present situation." She left us with three alternatives: (1) pay her rent to hold the space but not move in until after we're married; (2) get married immediately so that we can move into the trailer at once; (3) move the trailer to a new location.

We are moving the trailer. Why should we get married just because someone doesn't approve of us? Having moved here from a large city where people don't pass judgment on one another, we were surprised to discover this sort of prejudice still extant in 1974.

(Name and address
withheld by request)

WHERE'RE THE COPS?

Until recently, when a man went out on the streets of Phoenix, Arizona, to buy sex by the hour, his major worry was whether or not the woman had V.D. Now he also has to worry about whether or not she has a badge. Early this year, the city passed a strict open-solicitation law that quickly produced 31 arrests for such heinous crimes as signaling to passing motorists. But that's far from all.

Besides pursuing the sellers in this profitable business, the police have made a big push to arrest and prosecute the buyers as well. As a former policewoman working on the vice detail, I was paraded up and down Van Buren, where any woman on the street at night is assumed to be a hooker. (I rationalized that my job was to enforce laws, not to approve of or agree with them.) Though dowdily dressed, I had no trouble attracting potential customers. When a John approached, my job was to give the impression, without saying as much, that I was available. Once *he* made the suggestion that I have sex with him for a price, I would lure him down the block, fake motel key in hand, to a spot where my cover officers and I would arrest him. An hour and three or four arrests later, I'd return to the office to do my paperwork while other members of the 13-man vice squad busily plotted their strategy for catching the girls working Van Buren. (My first few nights out, several patrol officers stopped and interrogated me. The astonished looks on their faces when they recognized me suggested they thought I was moonlighting!)

After I quit the force for personal reasons unrelated to my vice-squad assignment, I ran into a friend whose car had been broken into. He was mumbling something about "Where're the cops when you need them?" Thirteen of them, at least, are out on Van Buren arresting adults who have agreed freely to trade sex for money. They'll probably be there until the city re-evaluates its law-enforcement priorities.

Barbara Bigham
Phoenix, Arizona

BEHIND THE BUSH

An intriguing item in the *Manchester New Hampshire Union Leader* told of a University of New Hampshire coed who was accused of indecent exposure for wearing only socks, sneakers and scarf in a public place. The complaint against her was dismissed by Judge Joseph Nadeau, because although her pubic hair was visible, her genitals weren't, and the state statute says specifically that there's no indecent exposure without a display of genitals. It hardly seems fair. New Hampshire's law clearly discriminates against males, whose genitals are not naturally concealed. In light of the court's decision, incidentally, I can't help wondering if the young lady would have been convicted had she been walking on a shiny floor or wearing patent-leather shoes.

Paul Vogel
Marshfield, Massachusetts

JAPANESE MECHANICAL SCREEN

I was amused by the July *Forum Newsfront's* report on Japan's war against the photographic display of pubic hair. Interestingly, the Japanese

customs office doesn't view as censorship its requirement that importers of PLAYBOY and similar publications ink out offending areas. "We do not censor," said Tetsuro Ando, chief of inspection of the Tokyo customs bureau. "Customs officers do not decide whether something is art or pornography. We just mechanically screen all items coming into the country to keep out those that are harmful."

If this sounds idiotic, be informed that there are in Japan no restrictions on the importation of written hard-core; that nude shows and lesbian performances are allowed in the provinces while in Tokyo performers must wear G strings; and that three TV channels show strip-teases late at night. In short, the conflict between traditionalism and modernism has created a situation that makes no sense to modernists or to traditionalists. Don't laugh at the Japanese, however; American sex laws are equally absurd and contradictory. Contrary to the heroic imagery of historians, humanity does not march bravely forward into the future but staggers blindly and half-terrified every step of the way.

Jeffrey Brown
Los Angeles, California

BOSTON BROADCAST

Just prior to the Massachusetts Supreme Court's decision striking down the state's obscenity laws, I video-taped a personal commentary for WBZ-TV, in which I stated:

Since the U. S. Supreme Court has thrown the pornography question back to Massachusetts, Massachusetts should throw it away and forget it . . .

Our enemies are the killers and the thieves, not the voyeurs and the exhibitionists. It's time that a vague question of public morality yield to a clear-cut question of public security.

I can't claim to have influenced the court's decision, but perhaps I helped many of my fellow citizens to accept it. More people should take advantage of opportunities to speak out on behalf of civil liberties.

Paul R. Trusten
Woburn, Massachusetts

DEEP IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

A county official in New Hampshire has defied the madness of censorship and he may suffer for it. John Eames, county attorney for Grafton County, New Hampshire, who owns a movie theater along with his brother Jeremiah, was arrested on orders of the state's attorney general, Warren B. Rudman, for showing *Deep Throat* and *The Devil in Miss Jones*.

After his arrest, Eames said, "I'm standing up for a principle I believe in. Somebody has got to. Consenting adults should have the right to choose what they want to see, hear or read." Rudman took



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steps to suspend Eames from his post as the county's chief law-enforcement officer, but Eames said he would run for another term of office and make a campaign issue of his decision to show the films and his consequent arrest. "When people voted for me two years ago, they knew who they were voting for. They knew my family was affiliated with theaters. We were showing X-rated films before I was elected."

Governor Meldrim Thomson sanctimoniously declared himself "deeply disturbed and concerned" that *Deep Throat* was being shown in New Hampshire. "I am sure the attorney general will make every effort to curb the flow of this filth into our state." Thomson previously tried to save the University of New Hampshire from the deadly menace of a gay-students organization. I suppose I should consider myself lucky to have my morals protected by such men.

Gary Genestreti
 Portsmouth, New Hampshire

HEALTH IN THE HEARTLAND

A Sioux Falls, South Dakota, jury viewed *Deep Throat* and found the theater showing it innocent of exhibiting obscene material. I think it's significant that this was a jury verdict and not an appeals-court decision. One might imagine that such a verdict would be possible in New York or San Francisco, but it is hardly to be expected in a Midwestern town such as Sioux Falls.

Laurence J. Zastrow, Director
 Office of the Public Defender
 Rapid City, South Dakota

ERODING MORALITY

Those who favor elimination of all censorship incessantly raise the argument that there is no evidence that pornography causes sex crimes. In so saying, they are attacking a straw man. No sophisticated advocate of censorship claims that pornography causes antisocial behavior. The real purpose of laws proscribing pornography is to maintain public moral standards. As Justice John M. Harlan wrote in *Alberts vs. California*, "It seems to me clear that it is not irrational, in our present state of knowledge, to consider that pornography can induce a type of sexual conduct which a state may deem obnoxious to the moral fabric of society."

The indiscriminate dissemination of pornography, over the long run, can only have a corrosive effect on moral standards, leading to cultural decline. It is sometimes said that morality can't be legislated, but every law represents a moral judgment—for example, that murder is wrong—and laws can protect morality even if they can't inspire it.

Michael Hodge
 Indianapolis, Indiana

Fine. But whose moral standards are you talking about? Yours? Ours? Nixon's?

Al Goldstein's? You think porn lowers the moral tone of our culture, but it can just as well be argued that it's morally beneficial. Many people find it entertaining and for some it's educational or therapeutic. And most of the performers say they have fun making it. Moral standards spring from particular religions and philosophies that should not be imposed by law on persons of other faiths or beliefs. Legislators, judges and juries can't be expected to agree on what is moral or immoral, and morality is not a matter of majority vote. Our founding fathers acknowledged this in prohibiting a religious establishment. If any moral principle should be embodied in criminal law, it's the one that each of us has a right to go to hell or heaven in the manner of his own choosing, provided he doesn't try to coerce anybody else into following the same route.

LEARY'S MARBLES

Joanna Leary's June *Playboy Forum* letter about husband Timothy's suit against the California prison system re-affirms my assumption about his low marble count. It's also a good example of the illogic that the more off-the-wall social reformers are offering these days.

Granted, prisons don't seem to have much success rehabilitating inmates. But that doesn't mean, as Mrs. Leary suggests, that it's the prisons that are creating the criminals. A vast number of crimes are committed but few crimes are reported, fewer criminals are apprehended and fewer still end up in prison. So, most crime doesn't stem from prisons or prisoners, unless Mrs. Leary wants to suggest that inmates are giving correspondence courses.

If Mrs. Leary really wants to see "prejudice, folly and corruption," I suggest she free herself from the widespread obsession with Watergate and look at the vested interests and sheer stupidity that make a travesty of our criminal-justice system: defense attorneys who believe in acquittal at any cost, jurors who vote not guilty out of cowardice or sentimentality, prosecuting attorneys who accept plea bargains and correctional officials who overlook their charges' misbehavior.

Indeed, science and reason can affect politics. But what makes Timothy Leary's suit quixotic is that it is based on fiction rather than science, on naïveté rather than reason. But what else can we expect from a pitifully drug-riddled mind such as Leary's? Maybe PROBE could declare its ulterior motive by renaming itself, more honestly, LSD—for Let's Spring the Dopers.

William D. Harrell, Jr.
 Chesapeake, Virginia

COMPLETE FREEDOM

PLAYBOY'S resistance to Government intervention in matters of personal morality has been a breath of fresh air in a

world of legalized puritanism. However, there is another side to this picture. The right of individual self-determination carries responsibility for consequences. The Government should not attempt to restrict fornication but it should not be expected to provide welfare and care for children produced as a result of fornication. The Government should not interfere in our drinking and drug habits but it should not have to bear any of the costs of treating victims of these habits.

I don't know which came first—legislation of morals or unreasonable dependence on Government largess in saving us from the consequences of our actions. I do know that freedom springs from responsibility. Until we stop looking to Big Daddy for a solution to all our problems, we will find his long nose poking into our affairs.

Fred L. Pullen
Chipley, Florida

THE PRESIDENT'S MORALS

The Watergate transcripts apparently have produced a painful disillusionment with Richard Nixon among members of fundamentalist Protestant religious sects, who were previously among the President's staunchest supporters. An article in *The Washington Post* quotes the Reverend W. A. Criswell, pastor of the nation's largest Baptist church—First Baptist in Dallas—and former president of the Southern Baptist Convention, as saying that Nixon has brought us to a "time of grief and despair." The leading evangelical publication, *Christianity Today*, also laments that Nixon "has failed gravely to live up to the moral demands of our Judaeo-Christian heritage," according to the *Post*. Even Billy Graham has said that he could "not but deplore the moral tone" in Nixon's conversations.

Frankly, I find this both amusing and bitter. While Nixon was dropping more bombs on Vietnam than had been exploded in history before he took office, hardly a peep of moral indignation was heard from these churchly souls. Evangelical Protestantism did precious little then to convey to Nixon, or to anyone, that morality concerns more than sex, dope or the prevention of other people's pleasure. Certainly, their silence about his bombing rampages never gave him a clue that *hurting* people might be immoral.

Ed Burton
Indianapolis, Indiana

THE MACHISMO MERCHANT

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sexist cultural role traditionally assigned to women, *PLAYBOY* continues to build the myth even bigger, as if the epitome of womanhood were a 36-22-36 20-year-old virginal-looking bourgeois movie star.

PLAYBOY attempts to be objectively liberal; however, in actual practice *PLAYBOY* is subjectively bourgeois. It is impossible to be truly objective and to function as a capitalist enterprise, too. The sexist crimes of *PLAYBOY*, the all-time historical pimp, have been noted, and it is inevitable that the day will arrive when the *machismo* merchant will be dealt with accordingly. ¡Venceremos!

Michael Shane Guile
San Quentin, California

Gesundheit!

WHEN CHILDREN SEE *PLAYBOY*

As a sex educator (and a practicing child psychologist for more than 25 years), I'm often asked by parents who read *PLAYBOY* if harm can result from young children finding and looking at their copies of the magazine. The parents seem especially worried about the male child who likes what he sees. Permit me to assure parents (or those of you concerned about younger siblings) that the only harm to be concerned about is adult anger, or disapproval, which can trigger either guilt feelings or compulsive behavior. (Guilt provides the energy for the involuntary repetition of ideas or behavior.) In all cases I know about, the whole family benefits when the parents are unconcerned about their child's discovery of *PLAYBOY* or when it is used as an opportunity for some informal sex education.

I also often hear concern from parents that the idealized image of the Playmates may give young children the wrong indication of the way the average woman looks. Nonsense. They know what the average woman looks like by just looking around them.

Interested readers can write to our institute for free publication lists and for material about sex education in the home by sending 25 cents in stamps or coin to cover postage and handling.

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ABORTION MYSTIFICATION

People who oppose the passage of some form of right-to-life amendment to the Constitution must somehow maintain that the fetus is not human. Usually the reason given is that the fetus is incapable of sustained existence outside the mother's body. As a definition of humanity, this is arbitrary and capricious. Let us discard sophistry and assert, simply enough, that any organism, in whatever stage of development, that can



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be called *Homo sapiens* is human. The construction of any elaborate argument to deny this is mystification in order to first dehumanize and then murder those whose existence has become inconvenient to us. Both Nazis and Southern racists justified their murders with the claim that the victims were not really human.

Furthermore, the contention that the fetus is not viable outside the mother is simply not true. When technical problems are surmounted, it will be possible to gestate human beings in the laboratory as well as in the womb. Thus the embryo may possess the potential for sustained existence apart from the mother, the denial of which forms the crux of arguments for legal abortion.

As John Cardinal Krol of Philadelphia noted at the Senate hearings on the proposed constitutional amendments that would ban legal abortion, there are as many deaths—of fetuses—each week from legal abortions as there were from the atomic bombing of Nagasaki. Abortion is another manifestation of the dehumanization in our society that made Nagasaki and Vietnam possible.

Hugo Carl Koch
New York, New York

*It always strikes us as incongruous when people who say the state has a right to require women to bear children and who deny individuals the right of choice in moral questions compare others to Nazis. Why not make an effort to understand the argument for legal abortion instead of dismissing it as sophistry and mystification? The nonviability of the fetus is not the crux of the case for abortion. We've never used this argument and we don't think it's a good one, since it could be applied to anyone not physically self-sufficient. Nor do we claim that a fetus is not *Homo sapiens*. The point is that taxonomy is not morality. For all Americans who do not subscribe to the religious doctrine that abortion is murder, the question of the moral and legal status of the fetus remains an open one. The existing legal situation permits all women to act in accordance with their conscience. The proposed constitutional amendments would destroy that freedom.*

WHO OWNS YOUR BODY?

Proponents of legal abortion have often argued that women should have the right to own their own bodies. While I agree with that viewpoint, few people realize how radical a demand it is. Virtually every government in the world claims to own the bodies of its citizens, male and female, and tries to control them as it sees fit. I refer not only to the military draft (in which a man is seized into slavery and sent into battle) and to anti-nudity laws but to all the statutes everywhere regimenting our forms of self-decoration. For instance, it is against the

law in Tanzania for a woman to wear a miniskirt, a wig, a form-fitting dress, a see-through blouse or some cosmetics. The same country forbids men to wear long hair, short shorts, bell-bottoms or snug-fitting trousers. Malawi and Uganda forbid hippie-style clothing. Libya and Saudi Arabia prohibit long hair on men and miniskirts or slacks on women. Israel forbids swastika decorations, even though this sun symbol was used by Buddha and thousands of other mystics long before Hitler abused it as the emblem of Nazism. People in various parts of the United States harass long-haired men, scantily clad women and anybody wearing decorations based on the national flag (unless they happen to be employees of a major political party, working at a convention). And so it goes, all around the world. Certainly, we should own our bodies; but we are fighting an uphill battle in trying to make governments recognize that right. They still believe we are their property.

James Clark
Detroit, Michigan

LEGALIZING HEROIN

Incredible. That's the word for the letter from Sanford P. Cohen, New York State Libertarian Party candidate for Congress, who advocates legalizing the sale and possession of hard drugs (*The Playboy Forum*, June). Cohen has failed to do his homework. Hard drugs are not here to stay. Tough laws and vigorous enforcement do work. For example, Brooklyn, which once led New York City in the number of new drug addicts reported each year, managed to slow the tide, reporting a 45 percent decrease in new cases during the last half of 1973. The Bedford-Stuyvesant ghetto showed a 57 percent decline in new cases.

You can never satisfy an addict's habit, because he or she is constantly looking for a higher high. The addict will shoot as much as you give him. Legalizing hard drugs would be committing mass murder. As far as substituting methadone for heroin, that's like giving an alcoholic gin instead of rye. There have been more deaths in New York City from methadone than from heroin. Legalization would only make the drug problem worse.

Robert D. Hantz, Detective
New York Police Department
New York, New York

Hantz is Robin of the two-policeman team nicknamed Batman and Robin, whose exploits in the Bedford-Stuyvesant area are portrayed in the movie "The Super Cops."

Dr. Milton Helpern, former chief medical examiner for New York City, has stated that reports that methadone was killing more addicts than heroin were not accurate. He blamed an overzealous (concluded on page 210)

BUYING COLOR TV? HOW DO YOU CHOOSE THE ONE THAT'S BEST FOR YOU?



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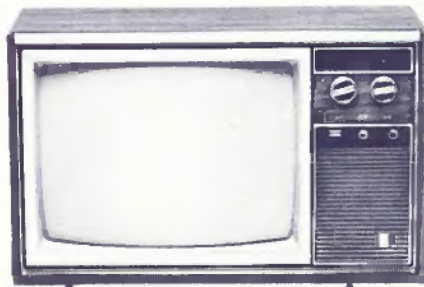
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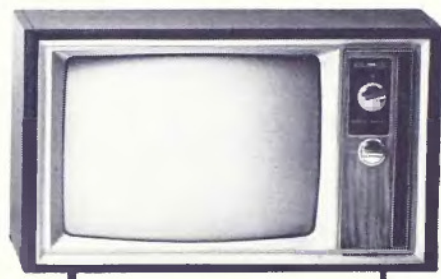
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We're not afraid to be compared with our competition. We think it's the smart way for you to decide which set to buy.

So go into a store and compare. General Electric's performance with RCA and Zenith. Thanks to five engineering advances in this year's models, we've got the brightest, sharpest picture in our history.

Compare service records. In 1973, independent surveys* of recent color TV buyers showed that GE color required less service than any other U.S. brand.

The best way to buy color TV is to compare performance.

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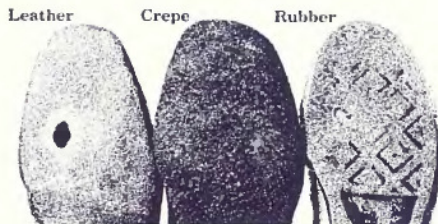
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POLYVELDT™

IN TIMES LIKE THESE WHEN NOTHING LASTS, POLYVELDT IS REVOLUTIONARY. IT LASTS.



Clarks has invented a wholly new kind of shoe that's made to be more comfortable, more durable, than any ordinary shoe. It's called Polyveldt, and only Clarks of England can make it.

We think you've had enough holes in your leather soles, enough erosion in your rubber soles, enough peeling and splitting in your cushion crepe soles. Polyveldt puts an end to all that. Its sole is an incredibly durable new material. In abrasion tests, the Polyveldt sole has outlasted leather, rubber and crepe. Polyveldt shoes we've tested

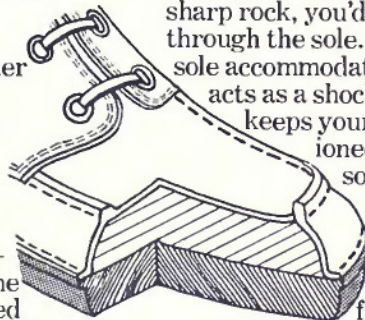


showed barely a change in the sole after a year and a half of constant wear. The Polyveldt is lighter, so it doesn't cause the kind of fatigue other shoes do. Flexible, so it moves the

way your foot does. And it doesn't mark surfaces like so many other soles do.

In addition, the Polyveldt sole has proved to excel in traction on wood, stone, tile, concrete, every kind of surface we could find. So climbing up a rocky slope or running for a cab, you're more surefooted with the Polyveldt sole.

But the most important characteristic of Polyveldt is its comfort. In a regular shoe, if you stepped on a sharp rock, you'd feel the point through the sole. In a Polyveldt, the sole accommodates the unevenness, acts as a shock absorber, and



keeps your foot evenly cushioned. The shaping of the sole was determined by careful study of your foot. When you walk, your body weight shifts from side to side,

putting "rolling pressure" on all the tiny bones in your feet. When this weight shift is uneven, it causes more wear on one side of the average heel than the other. But Polyveldt is made to help resist this uneven wear, keeping your foot as level as possible so as not to put too much pressure on any one part of your foot.

The upper form of the shoe is

made of the highest quality leather, carefully treated and prepared by experts in leathercraft before it qualifies for the Polyveldt shoe. Thick cut and carefully molded, it rounds out the total comfort and quality of the Polyveldt.

Polyveldt is revolutionizing footwear, setting a standard that all manufacturers should try to meet.

Come in for a test run, and see for yourself. We've told you as much as we can, your feet will tell you the rest.

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: AL GOLDSTEIN

a candid (ugh!) conversation with the outrageous editor of "screw"

An A.C.L.U. attorney says, "He gives freedom of speech a dirty name." Describing *Screw*, the 48-page weekly sex tabloid that Al Goldstein edits and publishes, New York Court of Appeals Justice John Gabrielli wrote, "It's hard to conceive how a publication could reach any further lows in attempts to appeal to prurient interests," an opinion with which the U.S. Supreme Court, late this July, refused to differ by denying hearings on several New York obscenity convictions. *Screw's* irreverent mix of scatology and porn has even earned Goldstein the dubious distinction of being called the world's foremost pornographer by *The New York Times*. *Screw's* parent company grossed more than \$2,100,000 last year—partly in profits from its production of a hard-core film feature, "It Happened in Hollywood" (in which Goldstein played a major role), but mostly from the paper's 108,000 circulation. Though the profit margin has been substantially diminished by \$214,000 in legal fees and fines from nine obscenity arrests during its six years of publication, *Screw* has acquired a kind of semirespectable reputation among the lecherati as the paper of record on sexual phenomena, however eccentric: Its list of subscribers includes 122 college libraries and the Library of Congress, as well as such celebrities as Sammy Davis Jr., Gore Vidal and Judith Crist.

Screw's formula for success derives from the chutzpah and kinky sexual tastes of the 38-year-old Goldstein and the unerring business instincts of his partner, 30-year-old Jim Buckley, both of whom earn \$1550-a-week salaries for their efforts. When they met, Goldstein had recently been fired from *The National Mirror*, a lurid sensationalist tabloid for which he'd written some 1200 fiction-masquerading-as-fact stories bearing such headlines as "WIFE GRINDS UP CHILDREN, FEEDS THEM TO GOLDFISH" and "BARBER SHOVS SCISSORS UP GIRLFRIEND'S NOSTRILS." At the time, Buckley was editing a failing underground newspaper, *The New York Free Press*, to which Goldstein submitted an article dealing with his previous experiences in industrial espionage. Three months later, they decided to pool their assets—a total of \$300—to publish material that would parallel the unconventional sex life Goldstein was leading and feeling guilty about.

In the annals of journalism, the immediate impact of their merger was hardly comparable to that of, say, Scripps and Howard. Printed on the cheapest paper possible, the first issue of *Screw* consisted of 12 pages of skin-slick reviews, frontal-nudity photographs and tips on how to buy the best dirty books on Times Square. The 7000-copy print run cost a meager \$215, since Buckley did the type-

setting and Goldstein supplied most of the breezily sophomoric writing. That issue's graphic illustrations, which included a woman provocatively holding a salami and another woman seated on a man's penis, were lifted from U.P.I. files, *The National Mirror* and a pornographic mail-order circular. When shocked distributors refused to supply *Screw* to news dealers, Goldstein himself circulated the 25-cent paper by bicycle and subway, sweet-talking his way onto 24 newsstands. "We didn't know we had a hit for a long, long time," he recalled later. "We always thought each month, then each year, would be the last one."

Before his breakthrough with *Screw*, Goldstein's life and times—a pathetic combination of sexual, professional and social frustrations—would have fascinated most analysts and, in fact, have already been heard by ten therapists over the past 19 years. His case history starts with the embarrassing stutter that plagued him until he was 12. A year later, as he tells it—to anyone who'll listen—he began masturbating regularly and relentlessly. His loss of virginity at 16 was arranged by his family and consummated in a hotel room with his uncle's girlfriend. At 17, he says he brooded constantly about whether to kiss dates good night on their doorstep or rape them behind the bushes. By 18, he boasted the largest collection



"After my review of 'Deep Throat,' it became a huge hit. Later I interviewed Linda. Then she went down on me. I ran the photos and my description of it. It was a paradigm of personal journalism."



"*Screw* leads the league in tastelessness. Our photos are filthier, our articles more disgusting. Our stock in trade is raw, flailing sex. The word love is alien to us. Who needs love? Yuch!"



CHARLES W. BUSH

"My partner, Jim Buckley, feels that I'm a clown, an exhibitionist, a dangerous menace to society, that I should be hosed down and thrown a pound of raw meat before I go to bed at night."

of pornography in his Williamsburg, Brooklyn, neighborhood—much of it liberated from his father's bureau drawer. By 19, he claims he was spending most of his time with hookers, and soon after his 20th birthday he contracted a case of clap while serving in the Army.

During a period of uncharacteristic stability and serious-mindedness in his mid-20s, Goldstein worked as a press photographer for *The New York Mirror* and later, as a part-time free-lancer, covered Jacqueline Kennedy's 1962 visit to Pakistan, a tour of Moscow by four American governors and Ché Guevara's speech-making punditry in Havana—where a misunderstanding caused him to be arrested and jailed for four days and his film to be confiscated. Then, at 27, after a whirlwind courtship, he took time out from his catch-as-catch-can career to clope with Lonni Leavitt—a 19-year-old student whose family bitterly opposed the marriage. To achieve the measure of rectitude he thought his in-laws required, Goldstein abandoned photography and for two years became a crackjack life-insurance salesman, ranking 13th out of 5000 colleagues at Mutual of New York. But he hated wearing a tie and suit, and finally resigned. The marriage itself ended abruptly one day in 1965—after two and a half years—when, Goldstein says, he returned to his apartment and found the furniture gone, his suits slashed by a knife and Lonni's wardrobe and personal effects missing. "It's probably the closest I ever came to wanting to kill myself," he told one of his analysts.

Goldstein soon discovered that the thousands of dollars of credit-card bills he claimed were run up by his estranged wife—which he was unable to pay—had ruined his credit rating and consequently his ability to obtain steady employment. For three months, using a microphone to hustle customers, he ran a ten-cent-a-pitch carnival-midway game at the 1965 New York World's Fair. After making unsuccessful stabs at selling encyclopedias and rugs, and working as a contact man for a pharmaceutical company, he went on welfare for a year and, to make ends meet, sold his blood on five occasions.

In desperation, Goldstein finally landed a \$200-a-week job as an industrial spy, infiltrating Bendix Corporation assembly lines in Long Island City and Elmira, New York. He was required to file regular reports analyzing the mood of his fellow workers prior to a union election—or, to put it more bluntly, he was finking on his buddies. "I had terrible guilt about prostituting myself this way," he told his shrink. "I figured I had seen such injustice in my own life, that I'd been fucked around so often, that I might as well fuck other people. And I needed the money." Meanwhile, in the wake of his divorce, becoming panicky about being alone, he was making eight and nine dates a week,

along with numerous backups. After a series of abysmal failures on the singles-bar scene, he tried computer dating—with indifferent luck—and ultimately began contacting correspondence clubs, most of which turned out to be phonies. Of the 54 women he addressed in four months, there were only two responses—both from hookers.

It was while he was trying yet another job, driving a cab, that he met Mary Phillips, a blue-eyed blonde stewardess from Charleston, South Carolina, who eventually became his second wife. "I married her bigamously so I could fly Pan Am to Hong Kong at 90 percent discount," he insists. When he and Buckley formed Milky Way Productions, the incorporation articles were placed in Mary's name—to avoid any legal hassle from his first wife's attorneys. After Mary divorced Goldstein 16 months later, he said, "One reason I love her so much is that she had the intelligence to walk out on me." Today, they remain such good friends that Mary frequently baby-sits with Jordan Ari Goldstein—the middle name is homage to Ari Onassis—a nine-pound, 13-ounce baby born last May to Gena, his third wife. Goldstein's unique birth announcement, the parody of a *Screw* cover showing Gena nursing their child, bore these come-on headlines: "TALES FROM THE CRIB!" "THE DIRT ON DIAPERS!" "BREAST-CRAZY KIDS!" "WATER SPORTS FOR BEGINNERS!" Disenchanted a few weeks later, Goldstein told his latest analyst, "I don't know if I like being a father. The kid has already taken over one room of our four-room apartment and most of my wife's attention. When I want to fuck, I have to make an appointment."

The romance of Goldstein and the former Gena Fishbein, then a 29-year-old grade school teacher, began with a blind date to a relatively sedate nonsex movie, Roman Polanski's *Playboy* production of "Macbeth." Her late father had been a *Screw* subscriber, but she knew of Goldstein only vaguely, remembering little more than television footage of him being arrested. Like Gena's father, Goldstein admits he has turned out to be a pig-headed, stubborn, fascist head of the household. But somehow, possibly because Gena participates in group therapy, their marriage has survived 22 mercurial months.

To further plumb the depths of Goldstein's frenetic psyche, we assigned Contributing Editor Richard Warren Lewis, who had interviewed him last year as part of a "Playboy Panel" on "New Sexual Lifestyles." His report:

"When I talked with Goldstein the last time, the setting was his 14th Street Manhattan office, where a stuffed and mounted shark with a half-eaten dildo in its mouth hangs from the ceiling, the breasts on a wooden torso of a woman light up when his private phone rings and the

buttocks of a mannequin protrude from underneath a refrigerator—while a procession of hookers (some of whom he impulsively balls on the wall-to-wall carpeting), dirty-book writers, nude models, hustlers and con artists passes by his desk.

"This time, fortunately, Goldstein had decided to flee the fear and loathing that were plaguing him in Manhattan—where he had spent the previous weekend test-firing a .38-caliber pistol and writing letters demanding police protection in anticipation of the feedback from a forthcoming series of articles on Mafia infiltration into pornography. Seeking a respite in the Southern California sun, he carried with him a bound volume encompassing *Screw's* first year, sheaves of copies of letters and clippings detailing his latest escapades and two tape-recording devices into which he periodically dictated material for his soon-to-be-published autobiography, 'The Prince of Porn.' And, as usual, he was complaining about his corpulence. Weighing a mere 185 pounds when he married Gena, his 5'8" frame had ballooned to an endomorphic 242 before slimming down to its present 216.

"The only exercise I get these days is fucking," Goldstein said. Clearly, he must have been doing a lot of that lately, since he had just won a TV set equipped with three screens in a weight-loss wager with Lyle Stuart, publisher of his autobiography. Still, he couldn't resist wolfing down a sausage-and-mushroom pizza and a couple of ice-cream cones before we began talking on a cantilevered deck overlooking downtown Los Angeles. As Goldstein languished in the sun, cheerily reminiscing through his bound volume of *Screws* as if it were a family album, it seemed appropriate to begin by discussing their provocative contents."

PLAYBOY: Why is *Screw* more successful than the other dirty underground newspapers that flood the market?

GOLDSTEIN: Because we lead the league in tastelessness. Because our photographs are filthier and our articles are more disgusting than theirs. We make no effort to be artistic. Our photographs are so explicit the readers can see the come running from a girl's mouth. Our stock in trade is raw, flailing sex. Nothing is left to the imagination. We review and rate stag movies, gay movies, fuck books, burlesque, topless bars, model studios, health and leisure spas—otherwise known as massage parlors. We're like *Consumer Reports*, except that our interests go far beyond toasters and compact cars. The word love is alien to us. Who needs love? Yuch! We deal with masturbation, the most common sex activity for most people, in graphic words and pictures. We offer heavy doses of heterosexuality, lesbianism and male homosexuality. The most important factor of all is that we



Win a Gourmet holiday in Europe with a One Dish Supper Recipe.

In appreciation of last year's nationwide response, Seagram's V.O. Canadian whisky and Gourmet Magazine present the 2nd annual Seagram's V.O. International Recipe Competition. A once-in-a-lifetime chance for your favorite "One Dish Supper" recipe to win an all-expense paid holiday for two in Europe: fourteen days of first-class travel and gourmet dining in the great restaurants of London, Paris and Rome.

Your "One Dish Supper" recipe must be original and unique, a specialty created by you in a single dish or pot. Whether it's a casserole, goulash, ragout, stew or any other "One Dish Supper," your recipe should be a one-of-a-kind creation, like Seagram's V.O., with a taste all its own. And like V.O., your recipe can be associated with any part of the world.

To qualify, your "One Dish Supper" entry must list all the ingredients and proper measurements in order of use, and give clear directions for your method of combining and/or completing the recipe. Dish or pot size, temperature, and time for cooking and preparing must also be included, as well as yield in terms of number and size of servings.

Gourmet cookbooks will be awarded to the 25 semi-finalists. This year's 5 finalists will spend January 22-24, 1975 in Montreal, Canada, as guests of Joseph E. Seagram & Sons, Inc. This will include deluxe hotel accommodations, first-class airfare, activities, evening meals, all for two persons, and \$300 cash to cover incidentals. The contest winner will be announced at a dinner party in one of Montreal's finest restaurants.

The 25 prize-winning recipes from last year's contest have been assembled into The Seagram's V.O. Hors d'Oeuvre Recipe Book. This free book is available upon request by writing to V.O. Hors d'Oeuvre Recipe Book, P.O. Box 5068, Hicksville, New York 11816.

Contest rules and regulations:

1. Your single recipe entry must be typed or written legibly in ink, and must include your name and address.
2. Each contestant will be limited to a single entry.
3. All entries will be judged on the basis of originality and taste as well

CANADIAN WHISKY—A BLEND OF SELECTED WHISKIES. 6 YEARS OLD. 86.8 PROOF. SEAGRAM DISTILLERS CO., N.Y.C.

as the listing of ingredients and proper measurements and the clarity of directions.

4. All entries will first be reviewed by Creative Food Service, Inc. which will select the 1,000 best recipes. Gourmet Magazine's panel of experts will select the 25 semi-finalists, 5 finalists and the ultimate winner. The decisions of the judges will be final. Finalists and semi-finalists will be notified on or before December 31, 1974.

5. Employees of Joseph E. Seagram & Sons, Inc. and affiliates, retailers and wholesalers of alcoholic beverages, Creative Food Service, Inc., Gourmet Magazine, their advertising agencies and their immediate families are not eligible for this contest. Entrants must be of legal drinking age in state of residence.

6. The all-expense paid European Holiday for the winner and guest includes deluxe accommodations, first class airfare, evening meals, airport transfers, and \$1,500 cash to cover incidentals and miscellaneous meals. All hotels will be selected by Joseph E. Seagram & Sons, Inc. All accommodations will be double occupancy.

7. This contest is void in states or localities where illegal or otherwise restricted by law.

8. To be eligible for judging, all entries must be postmarked no later than midnight, November 15, 1974. None will be returned. All entries become the property of Joseph E. Seagram & Sons, Inc. who will have the right to use the names and likenesses of all finalists and the ultimate winner for advertising, publicity and promotional purposes.

9. The all-expense paid holiday must be taken within the calendar year 1975. The winner must give Joseph E. Seagram & Sons, Inc. at least 60 days prior written notice of the intended departure date. In case of forfeiture, such prize will be awarded to the runner-up out of the 5 contest finalists as selected by Gourmet Magazine's panel of experts. There will be no duplicate or substitute prizes. In case of duplicate entries, the entry bearing the earliest postmark will be eligible for prize.

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

18 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette. FTC Report Mar. '74.

know our kinky audience—those who've been overlooked by other publications. If we had the money to conduct a comprehensive survey, I'm certain we'd find a preponderance of foot fetishists, ass fuckers, pederasts, onanists, sadomasochists and all the rest of the denizens of the sexual twilight zone. These are people I sympathize with, because they're just as horny as I am. It's for these people that we print pictures of dykes going down on each other, 300-pound hookers, a guide to smut in the Library of Congress, pornographic puzzles, instructions on how to give deep throat and what purports to be a photograph of Golda Meir's old Jewish cunt.

PLAYBOY: How can such a raunchy publication stay in business?

GOLDSTEIN: We've had some close calls. *Screw* is so vile and ugly in its unrelenting efforts to achieve sexual candor that I've been arrested ten times and my news dealers have been busted on more than 130 occasions. We are constantly defending our First Amendment rights. Law-enforcement agencies can harass us, but they'll never stop us. If necessary, we'll just keep on paying fines. Some of our scariest confrontations, though, haven't been with the law at all but with private citizens.

PLAYBOY: What do you mean?

GOLDSTEIN: I get two or three death threats in the mail every week. I even got a death *tape* with a guy yelling how he was gonna strangle me because I was so vile, I was corrupting America, and only a Jew could stoop so low.

PLAYBOY: Have these threats prompted any special security precautions?

GOLDSTEIN: Not until recently. Now I have a part-time bodyguard, a burglar alarm, bulletproof glass in the office and I wear a bulletproof vest. Somebody told me I should get a bulletproof jockstrap, to protect the real heart of my existence. All these new precautions are the result of something that happened just a couple of months ago, when we were terrorized by two gunmen. The Trojan horse was somebody knocking on the door and saying that he was delivering food and coffee. I said, "Let him in." It was really Pavlovian; mention food to me and the doors open wide. So in walked two guys pulling guns. Next thing I know, one guy's got a gun pointed at me and he's throwing some people on the floor. I had a shotgun in my office, but I didn't reach for it—because my immediate reaction was that it was an obscenity arrest. Only when I started getting shoved around and heard one of the guys saying, "Us guineas are tired of what you been writing about the Family," did I realize this was something more serious and dove for the floor in front of my desk. It was sacrilege, like violating a shrine; on the same place I've come so many times, I almost went.

There were 15 of us piled two and three high, several staffers and some hookers

and pimps who had just dropped into the office to place their ads. We were told to remove our jewelry and hand over our wallets and purses. I was afraid I was gonna die, but all I could think about was this very expensive watch I had on, a \$2500 Pulsar. It's the only gold thing I own. And besides, it was essential to my profession as a critic. For some time I'd been using it to time the intervals between sex scenes in fuck films. So I slipped the watch under my shirt. Then, when I was dragged up by the hair, with a gun jammed against my head, the watch slid down my shirt and into my pants leg. I kicked it under a hooker who was lying next to me. Later I told her she could have a year's free advertising in *Screw* for shielding my watch with her body. One gunman kept slamming me into the wall and repeating, "You're gonna have to stop writing about us." I looked at the gun, which was at my temple, and visualized what it would be like to be pistol-whipped. Some of my staffers—who are into masochism—probably would have come three or four times. Not me. I reached into my pants pocket and gave them my last \$20 bill.

PLAYBOY: In the long run, isn't your livelihood—if not your life—more seriously threatened by recent Supreme Court decisions that allow almost any local citizens' group to haul you into court for violating community standards of obscenity?

GOLDSTEIN: The prosecutors will still find it difficult to shut us down. Half of our circulation is in New York City, whose contemporary community standards permit hard-core films, dildo stores, dirty bookshops and hookers walking the streets. The other 50 percent is spread out among 14 urban areas such as San Francisco, Los Angeles, Atlanta, Boston, Dallas and Chicago. If we're busted in any of these locales, we'll just ask for jury trials, and I'm sure we'll be vindicated. We've never had any circulation in those Neanderthal areas of the South and Southwest where vigilante committees are most likely to be formed. So Supreme Court or no Supreme Court, *Screw* will probably get even dirtier.

PLAYBOY: How could it possibly get any dirtier?

GOLDSTEIN: Well, you know those perfume ads—when you scratch the surface, you get a whiff of cologne? I would love to have a centerfold that you could scratch and smell pussy. While awaiting that milestone in publishing, we'll expand on our outrageous reputation by running a how-to-do-it article by a most unusual girl I recently met. Gerry Damiano, the porn film maker who made *Deep Throat*, plans to use her in his next movie. She's his new Linda Lovelace. Not only can she give superb head but she sings while she sucks. While my cock was going in and out of her mouth, she sang *How Much Is That Doggie in the Window?*

PLAYBOY: On key?

GOLDSTEIN: Are you kidding? She's got a voice like an angel. This is a great routine. If only Ed Sullivan were still on television. It would really be terrific if she and I 69'd while she was singing and I could sort of hum an accompaniment. And then we have Honeysuckle Divine—*Screw's* ultimate woman. For the past two years, she's been writing a regular column for us called "Diary of a Dirty Broad." Honeysuckle is a stripper who read an article we published two years ago about a turn-of-the-century French vaudevillian whose act was mostly farting to music. She was so impressed with what you can train your ass to do that she went on a self-improvement program such as man has never seen. I first saw Honeysuckle as I walked into Jim Buckley's office, and there was this girl standing on her head shooting Jergens Lotion across the room—ejaculating it from her pussy onto the wall 19 feet away. I thought that was unbelievably disgusting, so naturally, we made her our symbol—like the Playboy Rabbit. We've sold 10,000 calendar posters of her spreading her lips in a way that would sicken even a gynecologist.

For every month on this calendar, by the way, the days she has her period are marked in red. The days when she's probably got the clap are printed in black. She is without a doubt the most unhygienic mass of femininity I've ever encountered. She's a one-woman slum. Among her unique talents is putting a broom in her cunt and sweeping the floor. She also uses her cunt to play the saxophone and blow out candles. Honeysuckle is so dirty even I wouldn't touch her. She's always got some sort of ooze percolating in her box. She would keep an army of 19 shrinks so busy that they'd need shrinks to take care of *them*. But you know something? She's a sweet, nice, almost innocent kind of creature. And she's the only person on the staff who calls me Mr. Goldstein.

PLAYBOY: Another bizarre personality you've featured in the newspaper is Monique Van Cleef, "the torture lady," as you called her. What was your attraction to *this* story?

GOLDSTEIN: I'm interested in anything dealing with especially far-out sex practices. In all the years I've been involved with *Screw*, the weirdest day I ever spent was at her home in The Hague. I had seen *The Balcony* and read a lot about Monique, but I didn't know much about dominance and bondage, which are her specialties. Her whole trip is humiliation. She locks people in closets, pisses on them, hangs guys upside down from their ankles and utilizes pain devices that tighten around the testicles. Monique's place looked like a three-ring circus from a Gestapo commandant's dream.

PLAYBOY: And you were only a spectator?
GOLDSTEIN: No; for a short while, I became one of the side shows. Monique ordered



**Heineken—
het fijnste bier
van Holland—is het
meest geïmporteerde
bier in Amerika—#1
omdat Heineken zo heerlijk smaakt.**

me to get down and kiss her on the foot. Then she put me in the pillory and manacled my hands and legs. Milton Berle might have gotten into the French maid's outfit for the occasion, but I passed on that. I would have felt ridiculous. Anyway, eventually she spanked me. But I was relieved to report in my story that I didn't get a hard-on. Even so, it was a circulation builder.

PLAYBOY: How successful were the Jacqueline Onassis nudes you published a couple of years ago?

GOLDSTEIN: That was one of our milestones. It was a new record—we sold 530,000 copies at 75 cents apiece. It's the only issue we ever had to print twice—despite the fact that all the publicity about it was by word of mouth. We tried to promote that issue, but *Variety*, *Women's Wear Daily*, *The New York Review of Books*, *New York* magazine and *The New York Times* turned our ads down. In the copy accompanying the photographs, we called Jackie "the world's richest pussy." The pictures were full frontal nudes shot on the island of Skorpios with an extra-long lens. You can clearly see Jackie's big bush and hard-nosed tits.

PLAYBOY: Do you think it was fair to invade her private life that way?

GOLDSTEIN: Do stars have private lives? Do politicians have private lives? I don't think Nixon can invoke Executive privilege for his private comments.

PLAYBOY: But Jackie's neither an actress nor a politician.

GOLDSTEIN: I embrace the *paparazzi* philosophy. Everything is fair game, including a controversial and charismatic figure such as Jackie Onassis. Nobody asked her to walk around naked. Maybe I wanted to violate her symbolically with those photographs, pulling her down to my own level. I keep thinking back to the time I accompanied Jackie to Pakistan as a photographer, when she was still Mrs. Kennedy. I was sweaty and hot, but she was always so immaculate, so impeccable. She never had diarrhea, because she drank only water flown in from the United States. I'm certain there were some destructive components in my motivation, but we were the only American publication that had the guts to run those photos.

Movie magazines that promise you "the hidden secret of Elizabeth Taylor"—which turns out to be that when she was nine years old, she didn't get the dress she wanted—are the ultimate rip-off. They don't deliver; they're totally full of shit. *Screw* really delivers. When we ballyhoo nude photos of Jackie Onassis, we *have* nude photos. There's a payoff on the inside. This is where we're honest—maybe 97 percent of the time.

PLAYBOY: What about the other three percent?

GOLDSTEIN: I'll joke around. Like offering

a special introductory bargain subscription rate, 11 issues for \$9.95, which costs more than our regular rate. Or the time I printed splashy ads announcing the opening of a nonexistent massage parlor, exclusively for women, called The Golden Tongue Salon. The copy promised that the greatest, most agile and most powerful tongues would be assembled to satisfy women in a plush setting, that there would be men whose cocks were so strong you could hang ten umbrellas on them. Since so many women like the idea of going to bed with blue-collar workers, we said the men would be dressed in blue and that The Golden Tongue would resemble a police station. The address and phone number we published were actually those of the police station on 51st Street. When the real police answered, we figured would-be customers would think it was part of the gimmick. The ad ran for five weeks and the trouble started when the cops' wives began complaining. I don't think the cops themselves were all that upset, because when my secretary called the station and said she'd like to make an appointment for a massage, they told her to come on down. And I understand a lot of the boys in blue asked to be transferred to that precinct during the ad campaign. But finally I got arrested on one of the dumbest charges ever filed against me—harassing a police station.

Outside of occasional jokes like that, our hype is always up front: unlike the movie-scandal magazines, *Screw's* most conservative section is the outside. It's the only part that's not dirty. We don't want to offend innocent passers-by. I don't use the word cunt or prick on the cover, because I might be busted for pandering. I'll use the word ass, as in "Teaching Your Ass New Tricks," 'cause it could mean your burro. And pussy I can get away with, because it might be a cat. That's the only part of the paper where I show any reticence at all. Once we've vamped the reader on the cover, we lure him inside, then grab him by the balls and hold him for the remaining 47 pages.

PLAYBOY: Who is the *Screw* reader?

GOLDSTEIN: A demographic study we've done indicates that the percentage of college graduates who read *Screw*, in our major distribution area, is second only to *The New Yorker's*. But unless you're very much into the sexual market place of porno films, fuck books and massage studios, I can't imagine anybody reading *Screw* for longer than a year. Because in that period of time, you would have read virtually everything we have to say. We'd only be repeating ourselves.

PLAYBOY: How do you handle that problem?

GOLDSTEIN: We actually have Wednesday-morning staff conferences at which we'll talk for hours about what sex acts we haven't done lately. We've run articles on how to eat pussy better, how to lick

assholes, how men shouldn't be uptight if their girlfriends put a finger or a vibrator up their ass. We've covered the cunt from every angle imaginable—inserting the nose, the elbow. How many symposiums can I print on how to suck cock? After six years, it's brutally hard—or should I say soft? We have to repack-age our product more often than the automobile manufacturers do. It's the same problem any other house organ has—and surely *Screw* is a house organ, any way you want to look at it. I doubt whether a new fucking position has been developed in 4000 years, but we need constant variations, so we improvise by dreaming up different settings or gimmicks—like making it on a trampoline or putting an apple in your partner's mouth while you fuck her in the ass.

We have an article coming up by a girl who insists that big cocks make a difference. I'm sure that'll be followed by someone else saying that small cocks can be fun, too. Whatever side of the bed we're on, we'll turn the mattress over and get another angle. It's not always easy, considering what colossal jackoffs we are. We once ran a "Pick the Prick" contest, for which six of us from *Screw* were supposed to be photographed with cocks soft, then hard. The readers who matched the hard and soft cocks to photos of our faces would win *Screw* T-shirts. The photo session that produced the pictures for this layout was a farce: There we were, six guys standing together naked, like a bunch of kids ready to play doctor—only there were no nurses. Nobody could get a hard-on. I mean, our staff is incredibly sophomoric as an operation—except for me, of course.

PLAYBOY: You mean you're the only mature employee of *Screw*? What about Buckley?

GOLDSTEIN: Buckley who?

PLAYBOY: Your partner—Jim Buckley.

GOLDSTEIN: You mean the Senator from New York? You'd better be able to back up that accusation.

PLAYBOY: C'mon, Al.

GOLDSTEIN: OK, OK. I've had a partner for six years named Jim Buckley. Not the Senator. When I met *my* Buckley, he was the only member of the underground press who owned stock. He doesn't spend money. He doesn't live. He's really like a cadaver. He's a lovely, sweet man—but he's a repressed Catholic, which means that he's monogamous. He doesn't fuck around. He's never been to an orgy. He once turned down a blow job from Linda Lovelace. What a disgrace! This man would be happier in the Vatican. He's my cross to bear, a scandal to the whole sexual field. But without him, I don't believe *Screw* would have been successful. With my own urge for self-destruction, I would have been out of business by the third issue.

Jim's very stable, very structured: he's

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not comfortable with people. He's also unhappy that I get the publicity. We own *Screw* 50-50, and yet Jim is an unknown—even to his wife and family. *Screw* is really an extension of me. Buckley feels that I'm a clown, an exhibitionist, a dangerous menace to society, that I should be hosed down and thrown a pound of raw meat before I go to bed at night. I feel that my exuberance, my pioneering instincts are what we need in *Screw's* pages. If we were to have an extension of Buckley's personality in the magazine, we'd have a blank notebook. In the pages of *Screw*, I've accused him of being a latent homosexual—which probably has something to do with his Catholicism. The fact that he was very happy in the all-male society of the Navy for three years indicates that Jim would make a wonderful faggot. I have a genuine, deep respect for him, but I can't conceive of a man who doesn't fuck around, given the opportunities he has. That's why he's a subject of constant ridicule for me. He's also thin, attractive and—what makes me angriest—his cock is bigger than mine.

PLAYBOY: How do you know?

GOLDSTEIN: We once had replicas of our cocks made of Lucite. I have mine on display in my house, properly placed on the mantel, with high-intensity illumination. My wife and I fight about that a lot. When her mother is coming over, she wants me to hide it. Of course, I refuse. I'm very proud of my cock, even though I wish it were larger.

PLAYBOY: Why?

GOLDSTEIN: It stands to reason that if there are enough men who covet big boobs, there's going to be an equivalent percentage of women who care about big cocks. A lot of men—including me—would like to believe it's not how large your cock is but how you use it. But I think that's bullshit. I know two guys who are big in sex films—Marc Stevens and Harry Reems, and both of them have outrageously large cocks. They fuck their brains out with women who want to be balled by a big and famous dick. I feel sorry for Marc, because that's all he is—a ten-and-a-half-inch cock. His personality is under his foreskin. It's a shame. Chesty Morgan is a stripper with 73-inch boobs; they hang down so far they're grotesque. But our readers are fascinated by them. There will always be a market for side shows. Linda Lovelace proves it.

PLAYBOY: Linda Lovelace may have been *Screw's* most important discovery. How did you happen upon her?

GOLDSTEIN: I discovered Linda just doing my job. The people who owned the World Theater in New York City told me they had a great fuck film they wanted me to see. At first, they thought the title might be *The Sword Swallower*, but

they were afraid newspaper advertising departments would refuse to run that title. The alternative, *Deep Throat*, seemed innocuous enough.

So I went to review the film, and I was suddenly confronted with Linda Lovelace onscreen. She had a lot going—or should I say coming?—for her. She was lovely, thin, young and fresh. Most of the women in fuck films have pimples on their asses or are uncommonly fat. Because I have a weight problem, I like very thin women. My current wife weighs 99 pounds. I mean, I like them emaciated. *Deep Throat* was cute; it moved along. It had music. It had wit. But mostly it had Linda as a brilliant cocksucker. While I was writing my review, I couldn't forget the come pouring out of the corner of her mouth as she sucked Harry Reems's cock. Her enthusiasm and her vitality were wonderful. I got so hung on that film that I got 11 hard-ons. I gave *Deep Throat* 100—the maximum score—on the Peter-Meter, our yardstick service to readers on the erotic content of movies. I wrote the most laudatory review I'd ever written—dealing with this girl who sucked cock. But I never mentioned her name in the review, probably for the same reason I bought Rolls-Royce stock before it went into bankruptcy. I didn't realize Linda would be a star.

PLAYBOY: What effect did the *Screw* review have on *Deep Throat's* popularity?

GOLDSTEIN: Before my review, the film opened and closed in California in four days. After my review, it quickly became a huge hit in New York, breaking house records. Five weeks later, the guy who owned the World Theater asked me if I wanted to interview Linda. He thought it would be good for business. I said, "Jesus, sure, I'd love to meet her." We met in a small, cold, \$17-a-night hotel room, and it was the most difficult interview I ever conducted, because she's really inarticulate. Chuck Traynor, then her husband and "manager," did most of the talking. After the interview, I said, "Listen, I'd like you to suck my cock." I figured she was just a hooker anyway, so I wasn't embarrassed. She said fine, Chuck said OK, and she blew me. My partner, Jim Buckley, photographed this summit meeting. I ran the photos of her sucking my cock and my description of it. It was a paradigm of personal journalism.

PLAYBOY: What was it like?

GOLDSTEIN: I felt very alienated. There I was with the world's greatest cocksucker, and yet it was a lonely experience. I was sweating. She was hot. But it was false, because it was not spontaneous. I have an average-size cock of about seven inches, and the fact that it disappeared down her throat interfered with my concentration. I kept thinking: Am I that small? Is she that good? Should I come now? My attention kept wandering. She was sitting on my face in a 69 position, and as I was

eating her, I knew I wasn't bringing her any pleasure. I was feeling very selfish, so I asked, "You don't really come this way, do you?" She said, "Yeah, I come." It finally dawned on me that this was a nonmonetary gift from the distributors for my review. So then I was able to just come in a detached sort of way. But it was like working. I felt like a hooker faking an orgasm with a John. I left there feeling sad.

PLAYBOY: Still, was the experience different from making it with any other woman?

GOLDSTEIN: To tell the truth, it *was* a novelty. I had never fucked a woman in the mouth like that before. It seemed so hostile. And I remember eating her pussy—which was hairless, something I don't particularly like. As I looked up, while she was moving up and down, I saw she was wearing a loose-fitting chemise. As the chemise blew away from her body, I noticed scar tissue all down her chest. Suddenly, I realized why I never saw Linda naked in *Deep Throat*. The director had to shoot around her scar. Until then, I was getting off on seeing her in the chemise, 'cause I like a woman in clothing. It's so much more exciting than a woman totally naked. But those scars turned me off a little.

PLAYBOY: What was the reaction to *Screw's* photographs of Linda servicing you?

GOLDSTEIN: My wife hated them. The readers loved them. After the Lovelace story appeared, I began running anything I could find about Linda. She was my star. She was my Marilyn Monroe. If I were a faggot, she would have been my Judy Garland. Anything she did was news. Some friends of mine found some eight-millimeter films Linda had made before *Deep Throat*—movies where she gets fucked by a dog and gets pissed on. I ran the stuff and Linda and Chuck got terribly angry. I tried to explain to them that anything she did was news. Apparently, they felt that being a cocksucker was news, but to be fucked by animals—that was too kinky to be published. So I became the enemy. Two of her friends, managers or whatever you want to label them, called me up and said they were going to break my legs.

PLAYBOY: It's surprising that nobody from the A.S.P.C.A. called.

GOLDSTEIN: They probably would just have asked if the dog was happy and who had custody of the puppies. Anyway, as Linda was making tours, people kept asking her about these photos. She told them they were fakes, a composite. She said the same thing in her autobiography. Well, we have the original movies, and I've sued her for \$250,000. As I sometimes jokingly say, we're going to have the dog testify.

Linda's book, *Inside Linda Lovelace*, came out almost 12 months to the day

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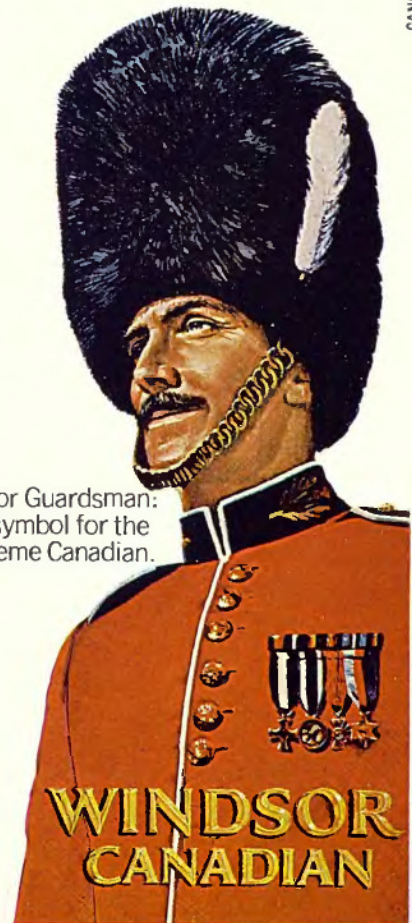
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after I met her in that hotel room. She had a fancy press party in New York to launch the book. I've never seen the press more awe-struck. They were fighting to get her autographed photo. During the party, Traynor called me over and said there were grand juries that were trying to nail her on the dog photos, that they had these big movie contracts in the offing and that I should lay off. Later, during a question-and-answer period, I waved the photos and said, "In these hands are photos of you, Linda, being fucked by a dog." She replied, "Have Al Goldstein thrown out of this press conference." And three goons threw me out. Only in America could a cocksucker go so far. In the process, I became a casualty. But I'm still thrilled at being party to her success.

PLAYBOY: You mentioned earlier that *Screw* conducts extensive testing not only of sex acts but of sex products. What are some of these devices like?

GOLDSTEIN: First let me say that not only are you dealing with the ultimate whore in this society—the mail-order business—you're dealing with a field that has no safeguards, because the consumer is guilt-ridden and apologetic about buying the product. *Screw* fills that need by testing and rating every sex product that comes onto the market. In the first issue, I consumer-tested an artificial vagina that sold for \$19.95. It was like a hairy pillow, with a vibrator inside a hole. It was advertised as a marital aid for spouses who were having difficulty getting an erection, but obviously, it was for guys who, instead of renting pussy, felt that for \$20 they could have their own. I, for one, had trouble getting a hard-on; I had never tried to fuck a pillowcase before. But I kept thinking that it would be great to take with you to a movie on a Saturday night, since you'd only have to buy one ticket. And you wouldn't have to worry about bringing it home too late. And it wouldn't have cunt comments to make about your performance in bed. The fact that this gadget sold meant that people needed it or wanted it and so it was filling some consumer need. Most publications didn't even acknowledge its existence.

The same thing with vibrators; even Rexall's is selling vibrators these days. Of course, the displays show a woman with the vibrator under the nape of her neck. But you notice they never sell square vibrators; they're all cock-shaped. Dildos are also readily available. I've always felt some wise guy should invent a dildo with a flashlight on the end so you won't get it in the wrong hole if the lights are off. In any case, the marketing of dildos is a great step forward for middle America. We have women test them, since I've never been fucked in the ass and I hardly ever fuck a woman in the ass.

PLAYBOY: Why not?

GOLDSTEIN: Well, I will if the woman wants it, but frankly, I think it's hostile. *Screw* published a symposium on ass fucking—there were four men and four women—and none of the women admitted liking it. The women acquiesced because the men liked it, but none of them came unless a finger was caressing the clitoris at the same time. It seemed to be more of an accommodation. In some way, I think of it as a violation. I think it's sort of like spitting on a woman. The faggots who work in my office, of course, feel completely differently. They say the sphincter muscle is a great source of pleasure. I would be ashamed to be fucked in the ass; or maybe I'm just afraid I'd like it.

PLAYBOY: How many of the sex products rated by *Screw* do you test yourself?

GOLDSTEIN: In the beginning, I tested all of them. Now I've delegated a lot of stuff out, since some of the products represent a health hazard and I figure that's what my free-lancers are here for. One of the benefits of being a publisher is having somebody else put his ass on the line. That's what happened with the Cock Enlarger, the most dangerous product I've ever seen. Anybody who buys something like a cock stretcher has to be very naïve or extremely gullible. This Rube Goldberg gadget is a clear-plastic tube about five inches wide and 12 inches long equipped with an exterior rubber bulb. Theoretically, you would put your cock into the tube and then press the rubber gizmo to suck the air out of it. The pressure change supposedly would enlarge your cock. Well, all it did was cause little air bubbles inside the tester's cock. There was no enlargement. If he had really been hurt badly, I wonder if he would have been covered by workmen's compensation. I could see him writing on the insurance claim: "I'll never fuck again." Anyway, we rated the Cock Enlarger "not acceptable" and "dangerous to your health."

PLAYBOY: Do you continue to accept advertising for products you find dangerous?

GOLDSTEIN: Why shouldn't I? I don't want to be a censor, like *The New York Times* or *The Village Voice*, which, for instance, won't accept ads for *Screw*.

PLAYBOY: We're talking about responsibility, not censorship.

GOLDSTEIN: If the public is stupid, that's the public's problem. Let them read our ratings and find out the real facts about products like the Fuckomatic, as I call it, which looks like a little vacuum cleaner with a cock attached. It sells for \$60 and probably costs eight dollars to make. You can carry it around from room to room, plug it into any electrical outlet. What I like about it is its variable-speed device; it'll fuck away at different speeds,

like a spastic. When I tested it, I used it on the girl I was seeing at the time. She liked it, but she found it a little too rough because it was difficult to angle properly. You almost had to hold it in one hand as it carried on. We rated it "not acceptable."

Another product we evaluated was Accu-Jac—a fully automatic electric cock-sucking machine that cost \$119.95. This elaborate device had different-size sleeves for different-size cocks and twin inputs powerful enough to make two guys come simultaneously. I was afraid to test it, so my ad manager and a *Screw* contributor were chosen. They both came. In fact, they got so attached to it that they were reluctant to give it back to me. When I saw they weren't electrocuted, I took it into my office, closed the door and tried it myself. I came, but I had to look at photos of women to do it. The machine itself wouldn't even induce a hard-on.

PLAYBOY: Have you tested any other products yourself?

GOLDSTEIN: Different-shaped French ticklers: little devices like rubbers that go on the head of your cock. They're sort of silly. When my cock has a French tickler on it, it looks like it's wearing a clown's hat. I also tested cock deadeners called Enduro and Prolong. They were supposed to desensitize the head of your cock. We told the readers that there were medications on the market that do the same thing at one tenth the price.

Something I did recommend was Auto-Suck—a bargain at \$19.95. It looks like a nine-inch vibrator, only it's hollow; you put your cock inside. And when you plug it into your car's cigarette lighter, it vibrates. The theory is if you're driving along or if you're stuck in traffic on the throughway and you have nothing else to do and the radio's boring, you may as well plug in the Auto-Suck and come. I tried it out one Sunday on the Brooklyn-Queens Expressway, on the way to visit my parents. Traffic wasn't heavy, but I had trouble getting it up. Guys who are really into Auto-Suck like to honk the horn or flash their lights when they come. But I was worried that if I came, I would lose control—'cause that's one of the great joys of coming.

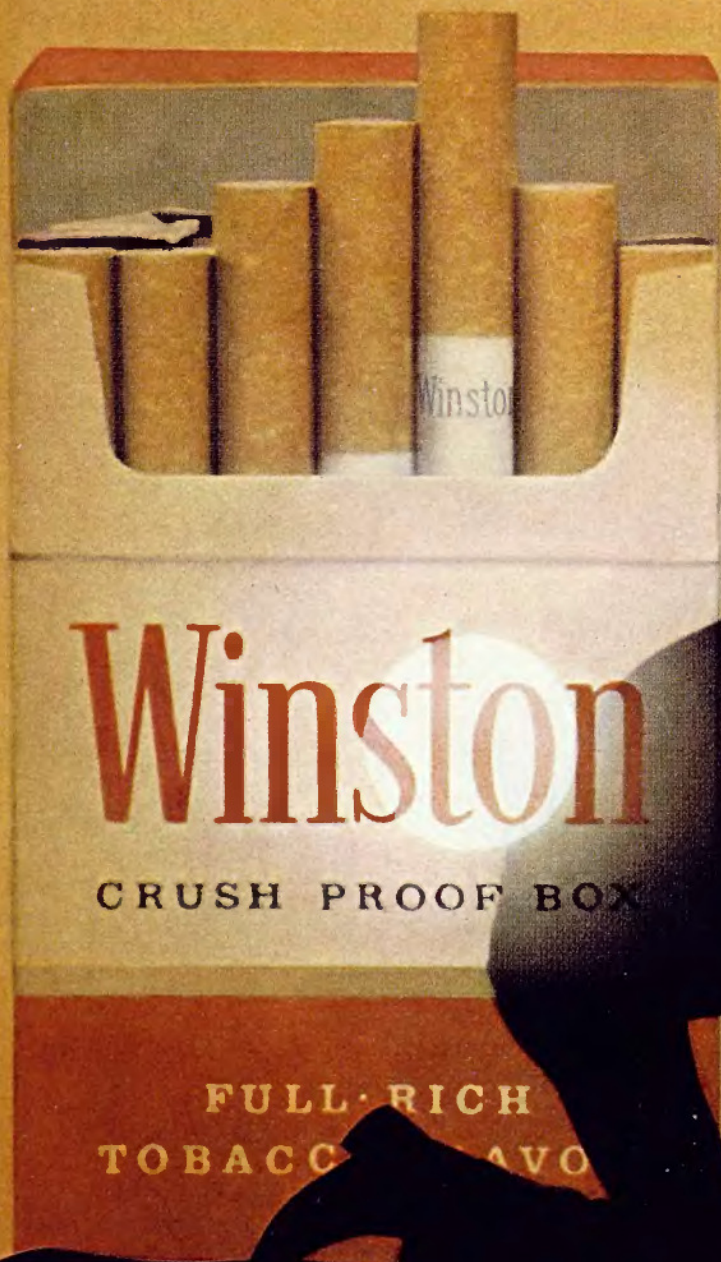
PLAYBOY: Does Auto-Suck have a warranty?

GOLDSTEIN: Yeah—5000 ejaculations or two years, whichever comes first.

PLAYBOY: What elements contribute to other *Screw* ratings—of a massage studio, for example?

GOLDSTEIN: The ambience and, naturally, the options available to the customer. When we evaluate studios, we award them from zero to four cocks. Much of our text is euphemistic. I wish we could say that studio X has a wonderful girl who really gives a swell blow job. That

Winston



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would help the reader. But it would also help the cops close the place down.

PLAYBOY: Which of New York's massage parlors warrants the highest rating?

GOLDSTEIN: There's one studio, Caesar's Retreat, that's like an extravaganza. Its bill of fare is listed on the sort of wooden carving board you'd find outside an English tavern. If I had terminal cancer, that's where I'd go to die. For \$100 you get an hour-and-a-half champagne bath with three girls in a sunken tub. The champagne is Taylor's New York State rather than Mumm's Cordon Rouge, but who cares when it's being poured over your head and dribbling into your mouth while these nude girls are caressing your body and anointing you with hot oils? It's just wondrously self-indulgent.

PLAYBOY: What else do you get for \$100?

GOLDSTEIN: That's it. If you want sex, you've got to negotiate. If you're interested in a *ménage à trois* or a *ménage à quatre*, you're talking about \$350 or \$400. And you should tip the girls \$50 apiece. One break is that they accept BankAmericards. I'd also recommend Relaxation Plus, the massage studio in the Commodore Hotel. Each of its nine rooms has a different motif. One of them is decorated in a jungle setting that includes live parrots in a cage. There's also a geisha house, a Western bordello, a 2001 spaceship, a sultan's den and a Roman bath. The room I love best they called the Al Goldstein Infinity Room. That's not a plug, because I haven't yet used it sexually. I want to lose weight before I do, because I'm not currently prepared to look at myself in the four-wall and ceiling mirrors.

PLAYBOY: Do you honestly think you'll ever get slender enough to face that?

GOLDSTEIN: It may be hopeless. I'm completely fucked up in food. I think about it all the time. I've been known to eat myself into such stomach cramps that, rather than an aphrodisiac, I need a stomach pump—or a shot of morphine. Which is ridiculous, because to me the sensual pleasures of food and sex are almost interchangeable. If I were a gourmet, which I'm not, I'd love to edit a food magazine. Because people like James Beard or the editor of *Gourmet* magazine don't upset anybody—except people on diets. Whereas in the sexual area—whether you're a photographer or a hooker or a publisher—you have to go over all kinds of hurdles. The Church inveighs against you, pressure groups try to put you out of business. Our society has made it much easier to satisfy your senses through eating than through sex. There's tremendous prejudice against fat people, but they don't get arrested, just embarrassed.

PLAYBOY: If you've been too embarrassed to use the Infinity Room, why was your name attached to it?

GOLDSTEIN: I guess because I'm synonymous with some quality control in this field. It makes me feel like the Duncan Hines of pervo.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever given a place a zero rating?

GOLDSTEIN: Sure.

PLAYBOY: What's a zero-rated place like?

GOLDSTEIN: You walk through some back yards and garbage, take a freight elevator up to the fourth floor, walk in and find a pool game in progress among four guys who look as if they had played extras on *The Untouchables*. The place exudes retarded Sicilian Mafia decor. It's basic Bronx—like three-day-old pastrami. You can almost smell puddles of cat piss. You're slumped into a room where there are some women who resemble buffaloes. It's smoky, it's dirty and you're made to feel as if sweat is oozing from every pore in your body.

PLAYBOY: How much better are the places with one- and two-cock ratings?

GOLDSTEIN: They're more like a dentist's office. You make it on a surgically prepared table, perfunctorily. It's not any fun. Keep in mind that as the ratings go up, the places get larger. Instead of getting a hand job in a closet, you're getting it in a nice-sized living room. But I don't like going to these places for a hand job, 'cause I prefer my own hand. I'm really quite good at that. Some people say when you masturbate, you meet a better class of person. All things being equal, though, I prefer blow jobs.

PLAYBOY: What do they cost in a massage parlor?

GOLDSTEIN: At a three- or four-cock studio, your general price would be \$40 for a blow job, \$60 for fucking. If you look stupid or like a tourist, if you wear a tie or your shoes are mismatched, the girls will charge you a 50 percent premium for ignorance. If you tell her you love her, she'll probably charge you a 100 percent premium. If you ask her, "What's a nice girl like you doing in a place like this?" she'll probably charge you a 200 percent premium. If you tell her you're going to make her a *PLAYBOY* centerfold, she'll probably throw you out. These figures are just for the inside services; you should tip the girl an extra five dollars. The studio itself gets \$20 or \$25 for the half hour or 40 minutes you spend there.

PLAYBOY: Do these places guarantee satisfaction?

GOLDSTEIN: They don't even guarantee the most obvious amenities. I visited one massage studio recently where the girl who blew me insisted I wear a rubber. I was so insulted I couldn't come. That studio lost one cock in its rating for misrepresentation. If you pay for a blow job, for God's sake, you should get a real blow job.

PLAYBOY: Do you get a discount at massage studios?

GOLDSTEIN: I feel that I shouldn't have to pay at all, since I'm the editor of *Screw*.

But I'll give the girl, since she's working, a minimum of \$30 up to \$50, depending on how good she is.

PLAYBOY: As editor of a prestigious sex publication, if there is such a thing, don't you get a lot of freebies?

GOLDSTEIN: I usually don't get laid unless I pay for it. If I were a real swinger, like Bernie Cornfeld or Hugh Hefner, I would be getting laid every night with lots of new people. That doesn't happen. But I'm obsessed with it. I feel I'm much more typical of the normal American male than affluent people who have their choice of harems. So, basically, I'm paying for sex. And hookers supply an important outlet. Let's say I'm feeling anxiety because I'm late on a deadline, or I have to be in court, or I've been going through contact sheets to pick sex photos, and I've been turned on. I need a release. If I want to save \$50, I'll go into the *Screw* rest room and jerk off in the toilet. Or I'll call a hooker, close the door to my office and say, "No calls for 30 or 40 minutes," and I'll fuck on the couch or the rug. One time I had a hooker blowing me under the desk while people were coming in and out of my office. Nobody was aware that she was there. Occasionally my voice would raise a little bit or I'd cough. That was kinky. I would like to see *Screw* so successful that I could hire a permanent girl I could phone out for—just like I call the local eatery that delivers pizza. She could be on wheels in a little cubicle to the side of my office; I could press a button and have her come out like a train on tracks and service me. It would probably add only another \$200 a week to the payroll of what's become a multimillion-dollar business. That would be total satisfaction.

PLAYBOY: What percentage of your extramarital activities is with hookers?

GOLDSTEIN: Probably 85 percent. Obviously, I see a couple of them a week. I find hookers very comfortable to be with. I make love with my wife twice a week—Saturday and Sunday—and also visit a massage studio twice during the week. The hookers I like best are called "residential"—where I go to their home or apartment. I tell them I would enjoy it more if they were having a good time, too. I say, "I know I'm paying. Not only am I a John but I'm editor of *Screw*. So I want it to be a little different. If I give you pleasure, it would really be nice for me. But please don't fake it. Don't tell me my cock's big. Don't tell me I'm the most wonderful lay. That's insulting." They respect me for that.

PLAYBOY: How does your wife feel about your visiting prostitutes?

GOLDSTEIN: Gena is very afraid I'm going to give her V.D. It's amazing that I haven't had anything since I got gonorrhea in the Army at the age of 20. My shrink feels I must be immune to it. I

(continued on page 212)



WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

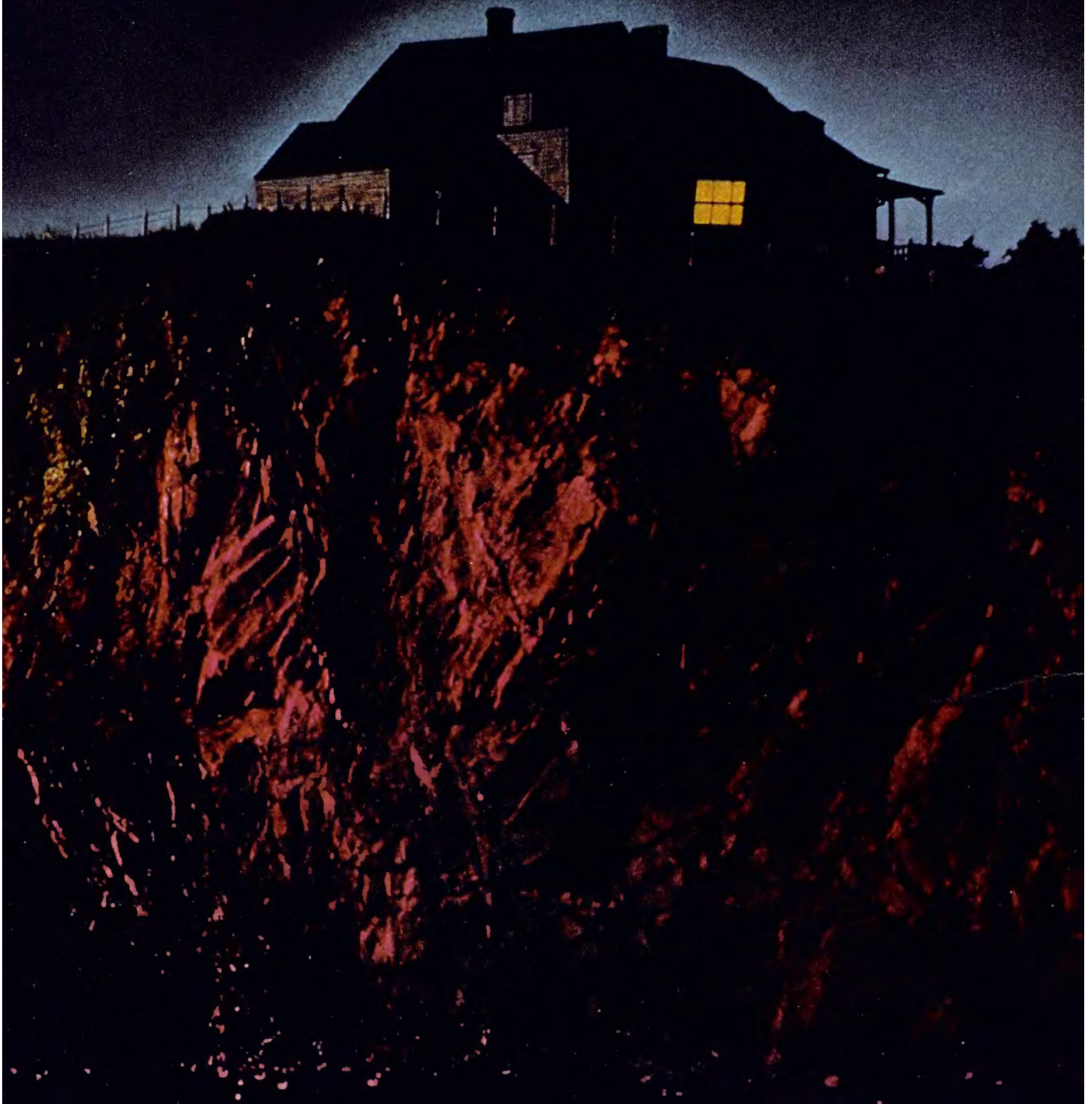
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*someone—or something—
had been in
their house. Though every
door had been locked*

fiction by david ely THE FIRST TIME it happened, they thought nothing about it. Having returned after dark from a cocktail party, Carl and Pauline Bays left their car as usual in the circle where the road ended and climbed the winding steps that were cut into the rock. At the halfway point, the steps turned sharply and the cottage came into view above them. It was then that they saw the light in the kitchen.



At first they assumed that some friend had stopped by for a visit (they never locked the cottage, for it was only a summer place), but when they found no one waiting for them there, they concluded that one of them must have turned the light on by accident before they left for the party. It was still daylight then, so they wouldn't have noticed it. The second time was more puzzling. As usual, before they

**the light
in the
cottage**

left, Carl turned on the little outside lamp down where the steps turned. (That was a safety precaution. Without the light, someone unfamiliar with the turning might take a nasty fall.) Then he made certain that all the inside lights were off, so that the cottage would be dark when they came back.

And yet on their return, they found that the bathroom light was burning. Again, the cottage was empty.

"No doubt about it this time," Carl said to Pauline. "Someone was here, all right." But a visiting friend would have left a note, and there was no note. "There may be something wrong with the electricity," Carl added. "That could be dangerous, if there's a short circuit or something. I'll have it checked."

The electrician came that same week (which in itself was a minor miracle), but he found the system in perfect order. "I had a cat once," the man said when Carl told him what had happened, "and this cat would turn on all the lights in the house by itself, jumping up and batting the switches with its paws, so when we'd come back at night, it looked like a party."

But Carl and Pauline Bays had no cat.

The third time—it was the light in their bedroom then—Pauline became upset. "I don't like it," she said. "Somebody's playing a joke on us, but it isn't funny."

Carl didn't like it, either. What troubled him most was the lack of an obvious explanation. The cottage was set high on a rocky spur overlooking the ocean, a location too remote to attract casual passers-by. It couldn't be seen from the road, and besides, no one drove out that far at night. It hadn't been a burglar who had entered, for a burglar would have taken something—a bottle of liquor or the portable typewriter—and nothing was missing. A prankish child? But a child would have done more than just leave a light on, and anyway, the nearest family with children was three or four miles away. Carl couldn't imagine that any of their friends would be capable of such an odd joke. In any event, all the people they knew well had been at the same parties on all three occasions. Could it have been someone from the town? These Maine villagers were sometimes peculiar if they took a dislike to an outsider. But that was very unlikely. Carl and Pauline were a proper Bostonian couple in their late 30s, spare and dry and unobtrusively elegant. They maintained a crisp and quiet public discipline: it was almost inconceivable that they could offend anyone.

• • •

The next time they went out for the evening, Carl locked the cottage.

"That'll do it," he said briskly. "Whoever our little visitor may be, he obviously isn't the type who goes around

breaking down doors. When he finds the place locked, he'll go away again. He—or she," he amended, for he was a lawyer and phrased even casual statements with care. "We've seen the last of it, I think."

"We haven't seen it at all," said Pauline. "That's the spooky part. Suppose it's someone who lived here while we were gone?"

"Don't be silly. That's impossible," Carl said, and with reason, for they had a caretaker who checked the cottage once a week during the winters. In the summers of their absence—they had not used the cottage themselves for seven years—they had rented the place to friends. "Forget this stupid business, Pauline," he said. For a few moments they stood at the top of the steps, watching the sunset fire the sky and tint the choppy little waves that slapped against the rocks far below. "Isn't that magnificent?" he said, smiling down at her. "I'm glad we decided to come back."

"You decided. I really didn't want to."

"But I wouldn't have insisted if you hadn't agreed. And you're not sorry now, are you?"

"No, I suppose not," she said slowly. "It is a beautiful place. But sometimes I can't help remembering—"

"Look, Pauline. We said we wouldn't talk about that," he said, and there was a sharp note in his voice. "That belongs to the past—and we're living in the present now."

"Yes, of course," she said. "You're right, Carl." She smiled at him and took his hand; together, they descended the steps.

The evening, however, did not turn out to be pleasant. They were dinner guests of Carl's law partner, George McKettrick, who had a rambling old summer place on the hill overlooking the village. George's brother, a professor of psychology, was visiting, with his wife and children. The brother, Ralph, was one of those talkative enthusiasts who dominate social gatherings, assuming that what interests them will also interest others. This was not to Pauline's liking, for parties stimulated her, too, to take a leading conversational role, and that evening Ralph McKettrick delivered what was almost a monolog on his research in child psychology (which was of no personal interest to Carl and Pauline, for they were childless).

Professor McKettrick's particular theme was the learning ability of very young children, which he expounded with the easy authority of a practiced lecturer, his nasal voice resounding in the night air. The table had been set out on the veranda, where the politely attentive faces of the other guests glowed in the light of candles. Down below were the lamps of the village and those of the boats anchored in the harbor.

"Children are incredible achievers,"

Professor McKettrick was saying, "but their capacity lessens each year. A child of four can do less than a two-year-old, and so it goes. An infant, by the same token, makes the two-year-old look like a dullard."

Carl, at the other end of the table, saw that Pauline was the only one not watching the speaker. She was looking down at her plate, a slight frown on her face.

"Recently we've been focusing our research on an even earlier period," Professor McKettrick continued. "The earliest possible period, in fact."

"Life before conception?" someone asked jokingly.

"Not quite that. No, I mean the prenatal period."

From within the house, a baby cried. Pauline shivered and laid down her dessert fork.

"There's a real achiever for you—the unborn child," Professor McKettrick went on. "He has to cover eons of biological history in just nine months. The accomplishments of the baby and the toddler are nothing compared with what the fetus does!"

"So then it's the fetus who's the smartest of us all," said the man to his left.

"Well, of course we don't think in terms of conventional intelligence in this connection," replied Professor McKettrick tolerantly. "It's more a matter of sheer creative drive—the thrust of the instinct to live."

Carl cleared his throat and cast a swift warning glance at his host.

"Naturally, there are technical difficulties in studying the fetus," Professor McKettrick said. "Much of our attention is necessarily concentrated on the mother—and on that strange phenomenon, the marvelous calm and serenity of pregnant women. Nature seems to insist on it, to protect the emotional stability of the unborn child. I might note," he added, "that we've run up against certain puzzling cases of seriously disturbed children with no physical defects and an apparently tranquil infancy. It's these cases that lead us to suspect that the answer may lie in the prenatal period. The mother may have suffered severe emotional trauma during pregnancy. The question of miscarriage deserves further study from this standpoint, too, I might say."

Pauline pushed back her chair, her lips working. Carl, too, seemed upset. The other guests were aware of their reaction, but Professor McKettrick's professional zeal had immunized him against such perceptions.

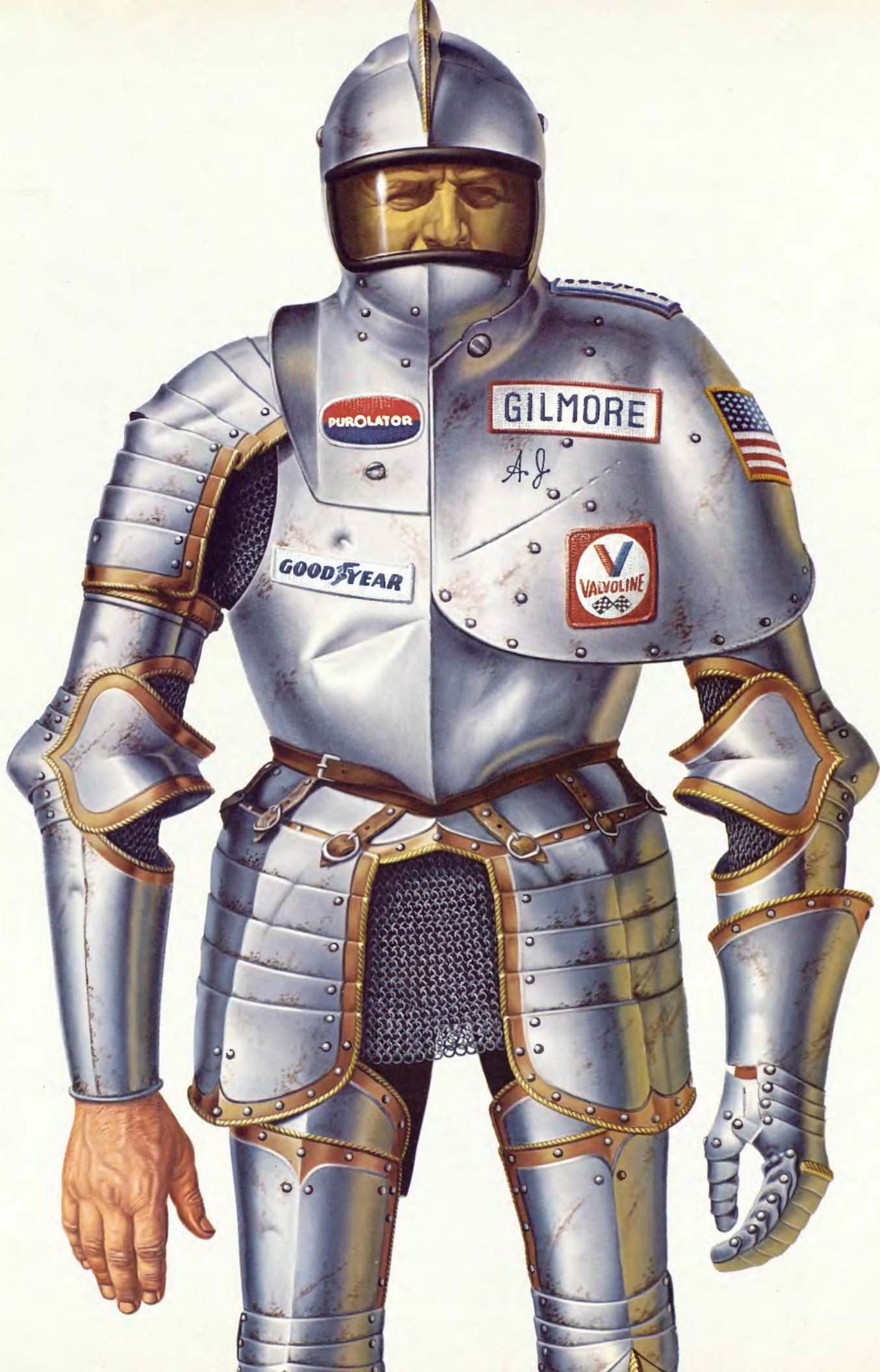
"The unborn child draws life and love from the mother," he declared with an agreeable smile. "But the reverse can also be true. The fetus—"

His brother hastily interrupted him. "Ralph, if you don't mind—"

"The fetus," Professor McKettrick
(continued on page 222)



"You never told me there was someone else, Fairfax!"



PUROLATOR

GILMORE

A.J.

GOODYEAR

VALVOLINE

*he drives the stockers
as good as those georgia
boys and the road
racers as good as those
europeans. so that
must make him just about
the best there is*

HE WAS STANDING atop the pit wall, hands on hips, looking out through slitted eyes at the Frenchmen—people he distrusts because they serve fish with the heads and tails still on them. And if that isn't enough, they all talk this goddamn funny language. Close beyond the first tight circle of Frenchmen was a looser stand of European journalists, all of them poised, waiting for some of those clean, cutting, kiss-my-ass quotes they had heard about. And beyond them all, parked on the edge of the track, sat the car.

The car was Ford's Mark IV, rear-engined, low-slung and roofed over, strictly low-mileage; 2580 pounds, exactly 499 horsepower in its 427-cubic-inch engine. It sat there with its tail up and its nose down like a good race car should and on the hood, roof and doors it wore NO. 1. There was no special significance to the NO. 1—but there *was* real meaning behind the red color. That was there to piss off Enzo Ferrari.

Now he reached into his back pocket and pulled out his wallet: the standard leather fold-over model. It was so full of money that it would barely fold over. "Here, hold onna this," he told a friend. The Frenchmen all sighed. The journalists all sighed; some of them jotted down in their notebooks, "Much Indy money." Then he turned to a crew official. "I know it's famous and all that stuff. I mean: I know this here is the scariest track in Europe and all *that*. But what I

AJ

mean is: This here"—and he waved one hand out at the track—"this here is just a country road that twists around a whole lot and runs through a bunch of trees, right?"

Several heads nodded.

And A. J. Foyt shrugged inside his driving suit. "Well, then," he said, and he smiled.

He has bone-white teeth, something of a natural dental wonder. He is probably so full of calcium that you couldn't break him with repeated blows of a tire iron. This hard-gloss, Kelvinator-door smile has been known to paralyze full-grown women at tight range.

It was France in June 1967 and a couple of weeks earlier Foyt had won the Indianapolis 500 for the third time. He was the darling of the racing world, a status he had carved out over 12 years of the meanest hornyhanded driving anyone had ever seen. And now he was set to drive the 24 hours of Le Mans with Dan Gurney as copilot—over a 8.475-mile course that savages the best men in the world.

Just outside town, along old RN158, the main drag from Alençon to Tours, the road widens up quite a bit and becomes a dead straightaway for about three and one half miles. Once every year they chase all the hay shakers off there, the horse-drawn wagons and old Citroëns and older men pedaling bicycles loaded up with bunches of tied twigs—and it becomes the Mulsanne Straight, then and now the fastest stretch of road

AS IN FOYT

personality **By WILLIAM NEELY**

ILLUSTRATION BY ERALDO CARUGATI

ever incorporated into a closed circuit.

There are trees up close along both sides and down toward the end of the straight you have to be hitting 200 or 210 miles an hour or you might as well park it. And as if you haven't got enough to do just hanging on, they've got this row of signs off to one side that tell you something—if you could read the things at that blind speed. Well, the signs are counting down kilometers, because at the end of the straight, just after this little 200-mile-an-hour soft right-hand dog-leg, they've got this 35-mile-an-hour corner where you've got to suck everything up tight. Suddenly you're going in the other direction. Back off a bit and hit the brakes; really mash down, then drag it down to first gear and breathe the brakes. Then hammer her back up to somewhere around 180 mph; gear down to 40 mph for a right-hander, gear down again for that slow left-right; punch it back to 160. Stand on it some more and crank it around the White House Corner and you had better plan to be hitting 180 and climbing as you go past the pits or everybody will think you're a fucking *tourist*. Over the hill and into the esses, where, usually, you are suddenly right up to your ass in little Alfas buzzing along in their own little race. You do all this 350 times in 24 hours, driving through night and day, and half the time it is raining down at one end of the track and sunny at the other—and most of the time they've got this cross wind that huffs up and blows you over one whole lane.

Foyt had it wired from the start. The Le Mans track really is just a little old country road, like he said. Anyone who would pump it full of special mystique and read extra romantic nuance into it just doesn't understand what it is that makes Foyt so special. Foyt recognizes a road and a car for what they really are and what they can do. And he bites people who don't do the same.

They won it, of course, and for the record, they covered 3249.6 miles in 24 hours at an *average* speed of 135.48 miles an hour, shattering the track record by the biggest margin in the history of the event. (They also averaged five and a half miles per gallon of gas and burned 20 quarts of oil.) On the victory stand, after spraying everybody—including chairman Henry Ford II and his new bouffant wife—with champagne, Foyt allowed as how "I tole you; damn, I *tole* you guys, that this here road isn't any different than a whole lot I have drove on."

They loved him in Europe; they still do. Foyt marched through Le Mans chin out and shoulders up in a stance that is peculiar to stock-car racers, and everybody else looked somehow fey by comparison. He also said exactly what he meant—in the land of the devious quote.

European Journalist: First you win ze Indy. And now, ze historic 24 hours of Le Mans. These two victories will make you famous, no?

A. J. Foyt: Famous? Lissen: I'll tell you what made me famous. You see this here right foot? Well, that there *foot* is what made me famous.

At lunch a few days before the race, sitting on a sun-washed terrace at one of the world's better restaurants, Foyt had growled softly at the waiter: "Gahdamn," he had said. "You expect me to eat this here fish? Lookee here, the little old sum-bitch is *staring* at me." And while the fish was being whisked away for proper Texas trimming, Foyt had grinned at his companions. "This here is a trick country," he said.

It was a clean, hot day and the companionship was good—fellow race drivers, really the only humans with whom Foyt feels at large ease. Denis Hulme was there, the big, affable New Zealander who had just been named rookie of the year at Indy, and whom everybody calls The Bear. Roger McCluskey was there, a small, very tough survivor of the same sort of racing that had created Foyt: everything from midgets to stockers to Indy cars.

This was the summer before the microskirt had really moved over to the U. S. and among the diners on the terrace was a scattering of bare thighs, belonging to these golden, willowy girls who were looking on at the drivers, clearly interested.

"I wonder if it's true about French ladies; you know, where they don't wear any pants," one of the drivers said.

Everybody looked around. "Man," said another, "if you don't find out in a place like this here, you'll never know."

At the table next to Foyt, one of the girls leaned over.

"You are the racing drivers for Le Mans, no?" she said.

Foyt flashed her the smile and she practically pitched forward into her chicet Lorraine.

"Uh-huh," he said. Then he paused. "Well, all of us here except this one." He pointed to McCluskey. "He's really a monkey."

She nodded brightly, accepting that. "I see the monkey," she said.

McCluskey looked at her and shrugged. "Yeah," he said. "Well, hell, ma'am, I can see yours, too."

• • •

Anthony Joseph Foyt, Jr., now 39 years old, was born in Houston, Texas, of sound stock and raised up to be steady of kidney, a kid with the good sense to leave school before they got to John Greenleaf Whittier or, worse yet, social studies—the sort of thing that can screw up a brain for fair. "I couldn't study any longer," he says now. "I could already take a car apart and put it back together

better 'n it was . . ." and he concludes the sentence with a sort of shrug indicating that anybody who needs more schooling than that will probably grow up to be some sort of bum, anyway. It is a matter of record that the exact last time he ever took any advice from anybody was in 1946. He was 11 at the time.

The senior A. J. remembers it well: "It was right after the war and I owned and campaigned two midget race cars in those days. So I took one of them to Dallas for a race and Miz Foyt went along with me. We left one of the cars at home—and we left A. J. home, too.

"Well, when we got back—I guess it was about 5:30 in the morning or so—we found the whole yard tore up. I mean everything was gone. The grass was all chewed to bits and there were tire gouges all over the place. The swing set we had in the yard had been knocked over; the place was one mess. I knew right away that A. J. had got some of his buddies to push him and that they had got that midget fired up; it didn't have a self-starter. And then—after I had stood there and looked at the messed-up yard, I went into the garage and saw the car. And I knew what had happened; he had caught the thing on fire and had burned up the engine. It was sitting there with the paint all scorched.

"I went right into the house and into his bedroom; I was thinking of whapping him. He was laying there playing he was asleep, but I could tell he wasn't really. My wife said, 'Well, don't say anything to him right now when you're still so mad.' So I didn't shake him up. But I knew right then, standing there in the kid's bedroom, that he would have to race, that there wasn't going to be any other way."

Next day, Dad dispensed the advice: "All right, you want to race, you can race. Only thing you got to promise me is always to drive something good. And one more thing: Stay the hell off the grass."

The rest is history, suitably laced with legend. Foyt drove his dad's midget cars at first, developing a sort of personalized balls-out, catch-me-come-kiss-me style that became part of his trademark. The other part consisted of those teeth and a jaw line that might have been done by Gutzon Borglum, plus real-silk shirts and crisp fresh white pants for every race. The pants probably did it: He acquired the nickname Fancy Pants and promptly kicked the hell out of anyone who said it in the wrong tone of voice—and by the time he was ready for bigger cars, it was clear that he was going to be either a champion driver or the damndest middleweight ever to come out of Houston.

First time up at Indy, A. J. Fancy Pants talked himself into the Dean Van
(continued on page 92)

*here's an a.p.b.
on mary wilcox,
who turns on
the heat with
tony curtis*

“LEPKE’S” LADY



FADE IN: A kitchen in New York City on a very hot day in the mid-Thirties. Louis “Lepke” Buchalter (Tony Curtis), the infamous contract murderer and head of what Walter Winchell dubbed Murder, Inc., is sitting at the table, eating. Beside him is the lovely widow Marion (Mary Wilcox). She is running an ice cube down her bare leg and complaining about the heat. Suddenly, she removes her bathrobe, revealing her lingerie, and Lepke tells her to stop acting like a whore. . . . Fade out. “I’m constantly being cast as a whore,” says Mary offscreen. “It’s funny, because I’ve always seen myself as the girl next



Lepke jumps bail and leaves his wife and adopted son to go into hiding. Hiding turns out to be no fun, but the widow Marion provides a few diversions.

The kitchen scene with Lepke, played by Tony Curtis, and the long-awaited outcome, below. The next morning, Lepke denies that anything happened between them.



door." Starting as a ballerina in Indianapolis at the age of four, she eventually abandoned professional ballet for the screen ("A ballet instructor once told me I had prima ballerina in me from the waist up") and has played minor roles in *Marlowe*, *Love Me Deadly*, *Willie Dynamite* and the aforementioned *Lepke*, starring Curtis. In the film, directed by Israel's prize-winning Menahem Golan, Mary provides Lepke with a hideout, but nothing ignites between the two until. . . . Fade in: The kitchen again. Same heat, same crook, same lingerie. Marion says good night. Lepke follows her into the bedroom, sees the silhouette of her naked body in the doorway. He walks toward her; she walks toward him. They meet at the bed. She takes off his suspenders. . . . Fade out.







"Tony Curtis was great to work with," says affable Mary. "Always professional and willing." With emphasis on the willing, no doubt.

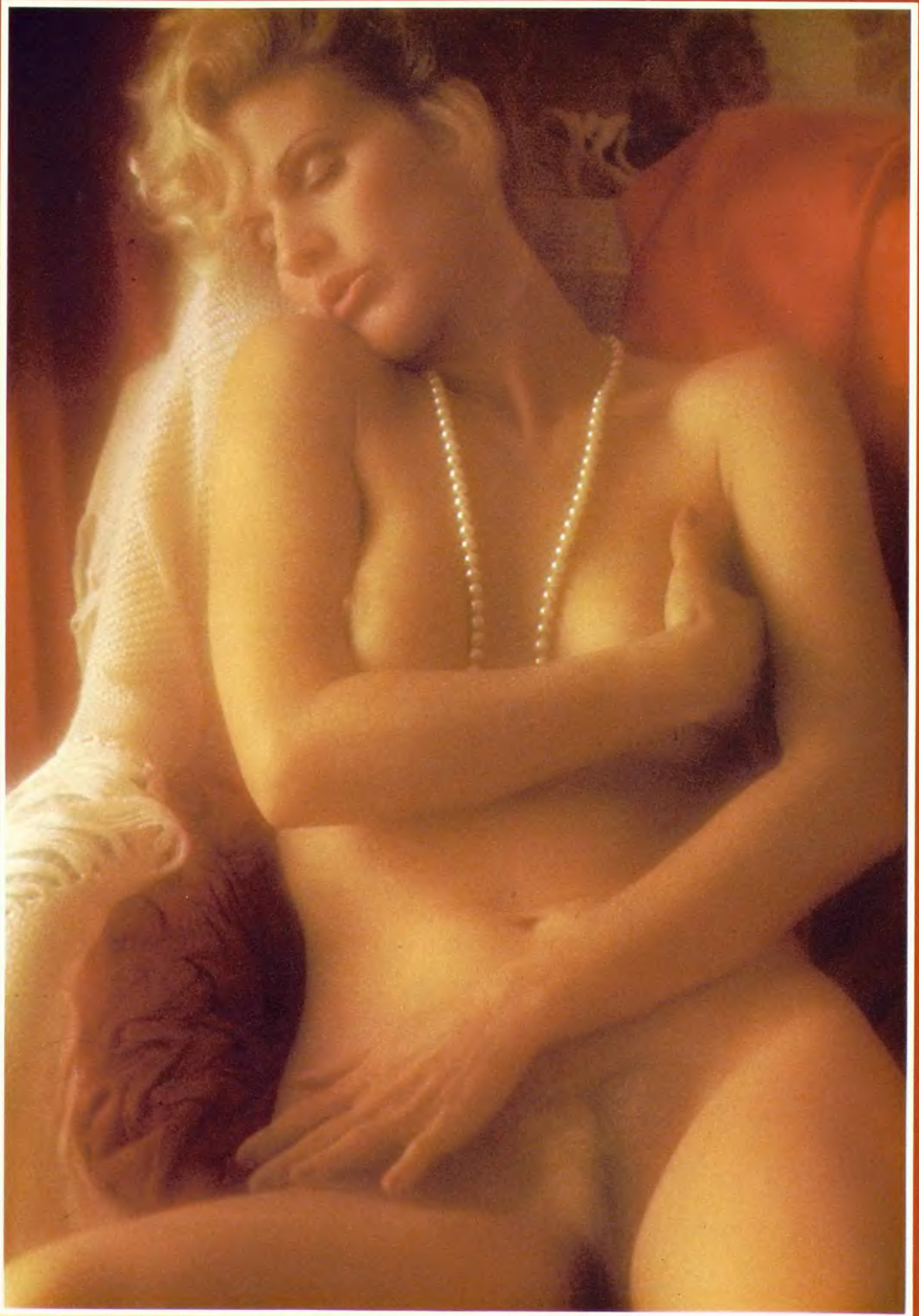


Before *Lepke*, Mary co-starred in a surrealist film called *The Kirlian Effect*, as a sexy private nurse who teases old men.

Although she frowns upon much of the special treatment most famous actresses receive, Mary's acting ambition is to live in a foreign country and have scripts sent to her.



"I always wanted to be a ballerina," says Miss Wilcox, "but I just couldn't knock off those extra curves. Ballerinas have to be thin as bean poles." That's showbiz.



A. J.—AS IN FOYT

(continued from page 84)

Lines Special, a hot car of the day—hanging in there in 16th place. Three years later, he won the race, \$117,975, and he has been getting richer ever since. "You know," a sponsor once mused, "for a guy who didn't get any schooling, Foyt sure knows how to read a contract."

Through the years, the United States Auto Club has watched A. J.'s career with special pride, mixed with a sort of bemused dread. Foyt is enough to make any organization proud and he is always good copy, a credit to the game and all that bullshit, but he also has a keenly honed sense of swift justice. In a 1963 episode, at a badass, no-account sprint-car race in Williams Grove, Pennsylvania, Foyt felt that fellow racer Johnny White was cutting him off at the turns. This sort of maneuver was a source of considerable irritation to Foyt and the moment the race was over, he vaulted out of his car and sprinted over to White.

According to one U.S.A.C. official, A. J. opened the conversation by slugging White, who reported the incident, and Foyt was suspended from racing.

At the appeal, Foyt brought McCluskey along as a character witness and, in his best courtroom manner, explained what happened: "I didn't either slug him," Foyt said. "Oh, I had him around the head pretty good and I was holding him, all right. But I didn't hit him." And McCluskey provided the clincher.

"A. J. didn't hit White," he testified. "If he had of, he would have tore his head off."

Case dismissed; driver reinstated.

The reputation grew, shot through, in no special order, with all sorts of highlights:

- Not too many years ago, at a midget race in Terre Haute, Foyt failed to qualify because of car troubles and a deteriorating track. The winner's purse was only \$600, and any man would have been well out of it, but Foyt was ticked off. So he walked down the line, found the right driver and paid him \$100 to let him have the 24th, and last, starting position. By mid-race, Foyt was in first place, and he won, as they say, by a mile.

- In March of 1964, Foyt showed up for the 12 hours of Sebring, a sports-car race that draws both tough and elegant gentlemen from the road-racing world. The Le Mans-type start sort of threw him; Foyt is a driver, not a sprinter. As a result, he got a late start.

The field roared away, and just as the smartasses in the crowd were pointing out that one should never—but never—leave one's proper niche in the world, the cars came around again.

And there was Foyt: He had passed 51 cars on the first lap. He rolled by the

stands and gave them his kiss-my-ass shrug.

And now he is on top. By count, Foyt has won more races and more championships than any other driver alive: in midgets, sprint cars, dirt cars, stock cars, Indy cars, sports cars and God knows.

A few years ago at Indianapolis, they told the story around the pits about the race driver who lost it in the second turn and skidded all the way to the pearly gates. Saint Peter walked up and put his arm around the race driver's shoulder. "Listen, son," he said, "you're in heaven. Don't look so unhappy."

"Hell—I mean, er—excuse me, shucks, I was right smack in the middle of my best season. I had that championship all locked up. And now I can't race anymore."

"'Course you can," said Saint Peter. "This is heaven, ain't it?" And so Saint Peter took him down and showed him a solid-gold track that was so unbelievably beautiful that the driver just stood there and quivered.

"What about race cars?" he asked.

"Race cars," Saint Peter said. "Race cars. Just take your pick." And he waved an arm toward the pit area.

The race driver casually strolled over to a gold-and-white rear-engined Offy and scraped at the finish with a dirty fingernail. Just as he thought: 14-kt.-gold and mother-of-pearl.

"Try it, son," Saint Peter said.

"I don't know. I mean, man, this here is a weird scene," he said. All the while, he was easing himself into the cockpit. He buckled up and slipped on his helmet. The car roared to full power—a throaty, solid sound he knew well—and he wheeled it onto the track. First lap, he broke the track record. Then, suddenly, he was in traffic. There were race cars everywhere and he was blowing them off like he had never been able to do down there at Daytona or Indy. Not even in this best season of his. Why, he could put that rascal up high in the corners or down low. Anywhere. And it stuck right in there.

After six or seven sizzling laps of weaving through traffic, along came this car and it passed him, the driver giving him the finger. And right there on the driver's helmet were the initials A. J. F. He wheeled the car in and coasted to a stop. Saint Peter strode up.

"What's the matter, son? You were turning some pretty fast laps."

"I didn't know Foyt was dead," he said.

"Oh, that's not Foyt. That's God. He just thinks He's Foyt."

It was weeks before anyone told Foyt the story. The man who did it was Parnelli Jones, who is carved right out of

concrete: if Foyt had punched him, the resulting fight would have torn the track up for miles around.

"Very funny," Foyt said and stomped off.

• • •

A visitor talked with A. J. in a motel outside Daytona last year. Foyt was tired after a hard day on the track. He'd blown an engine and now he watched television as Evel Knievel jumped a bunch of Mack trucks.

"You know, he's all right, Evel," Foyt said. "He's been out to my farm and I kind of like him."

It is the highest compliment A. J. gives anybody.

He eased his burly frame onto the bed and patted down his hair to cover the forehead that is becoming more and more apparent these days (A. J. had tried a hairpiece at Atlanta a couple of years ago but shelved it after Bobby Allison met him in the pits and said, "Where's your daddy, sonny? I wanna talk to him about his race car.")

"You know," he mused, looking up at the ceiling, "a lot of people worry about getting to be 40. Not me. Hell, I'll be 40 next January and my reflexes are just as good as ever. A man's reflexes don't change. Only his eyes. And lemme tell you, when your eyes go, you're through.

"I mean, did you see that goddamn thing the A.P. wrote about me a couple of weeks ago? Said I was gonna retire after this season. Shit. My eyesight is 20/15 and that's what counts." And he turned back to the television.

"You think he'll ever jump that Snake River Canyon? I do. He's crazy enough to do it. He is."

And he rubbed his scarred hands over his eyes. The hands tell a lot. The knuckles of a fighter and fingers of a mechanic. But that was \$2,500,000 ago.

As if on cue, he speaks of those early days (perhaps the A.P. story did get to him):

"You know, there were times when people actually booed me for breaking Tommy Hinnershitz' record on those Pennsylvania dirt tracks. That's when I was running the sprinter.

"Tommy was so popular that the fans couldn't stand watching him get old and seeing a smartass young kid from Houston taking his records away. But I think his eyes went on him.

"Why, I used to watch Tommy run that track, and it was a sight to behold. We were running knobby tires then. You know, them big old skinny things with knobs for tread, and they were rough. You had to run a lot harder with those tires on the dirt tracks then. I mean, you ran in hard and deep in the corners. Voom!" Foyt uses racing sounds as punctuation, semicolons and all. "And once you committed yourself, it was too

(continued on page 188)



SOKOL

"So this is what they mean by prostituting your art."





SYLVESTER THE CAT

*want to know why they
call him sly? read on*

personality **By JOHN GRISSIM**

IN SLY STONE'S encapsulated universe, life isn't always theater but travel can be. One afternoon late last year, it was a ride from the residential hills through the East Oakland ghetto to the airport. At 98th Avenue and East 14th, his Japanese bodyguard, Turu, Zen cool in leather and aviator shades, punched buttons to send conditioned air whooshing from discreet vents throughout the seven-passenger Mercedes. At a stop light a moment later, Bubba Banks, an old friend, put on an eight-track cartridge, while across the street in front of V. J. Liquors, a few brothers smiled at the sight of black faces behind tinted glass—righteous solidarity with the player's player. As the Doggie Diner came and passed from view, a sleek unsmiling beauty named Kim, wearing a creamy satin blouse with nipple accents, leaned forward from the seat opposite and with the tip of her perfectly manicured little finger gently, carefully, sensually dabbed a bit of Chap Stick on Sly's possibly parched lower lip.

He nodded thanks and resumed an unnecessary call to L.A. to make sure the color TV was being properly installed in his new toy, a \$40,000 custom Titan coupe. The mobile-phone connection was bad, but Sly's 16-track voice compensated. Lightly squeezed next to him was his longtime secretary and off-and-on girlfriend Stephani—lithe, alert and aristocratic—an open Tel-Address book on her knees, the little finger of *her* hand resting almost innocently on his forearm. "You can slow down, Twi, we got time." She was speaking to the chauffeur, an amiable but spaced blond kid in his mid-20s whom Sly, with deadly accuracy, had nicknamed Twilight.

Nearing the airport, Sly finished his

call and leaned back against butterscotch upholstery, a study in Nudie-tailored flaxen gabardine with gold trim. "A Titan?" he grinned, responding to a request for a description. "It's a car that looks like a car that a rock star would get who's just starting to make it big and wants everybody to know it." A long pause followed chuckles as the company rode in silence.

At length Sly looked up. "You really gonna write some good shit about me?" The tone wavered between genuine curiosity and testy put-on.

"Oh, absolutely."

Another long silence. This time he pulled his dark glasses down to the tip of his nose and stared over the rims. "Are you *sure* you're not a cop?"

The mood was playful, not hostile. That in itself is indicative of Sly's temperament these days. The haughty petulance and out-of-control craziness long attributed to one of pop music's most gifted artists are less evident now. Apparently, after six years of mercurial success, 30-year-old Sylvester Stewart has begun to mellow. There's a tentative openness about him, but not at the expense of his role as a purveyor of definitive flash.

That evening Sly, preceded by a small fleet of limousines, pulled up to the stage door of Hollywood's Aquarius Theater in a sleek 1936 Cord, white on white (from his collection of six vintage cars). The occasion was the taping of a show for ABC's *In Concert* series with Sly & the Family Stone as headliners. Word quickly spread through the packed studio audience. The band, already on hand for five hours, immediately took stations at the back of the revolving stage and ran through a short sound check. Then Sly took charge and cued the first number as the stage rotated to face a by-now-euphoric audience.

The set sizzled. The Family Stone, nine in all, was arrayed across the length of the stage, a glittering swirl of calfskin pants suits, satin shirts, rose-tinted glasses, leather fringe, frost-blue turbans and stacked heels. Center stage in sunburst glory stood beautiful sassy Sly, resplendent in a sparkle-plenty white V-necked jump suit and rhinestone belt. With a matching wide-brimmed digger-style hat perched jauntily atop a full natural, he towered over everyone, even as he sat at the organ. Here was the quintessential Sly, a scintillating presence, his earthy resonant voice sounding easy and commanding, booming through a solid wall of dazzling teeth that outrivaled the gold Star of David pendant around his neck. Six songs and 40 minutes later, he closed with *I Want to Take You Higher*, the heavy-voltage hit that had electrified Woodstock.

Everyone was happy with the show, but a few hours later, Sly capped the night with another performance. Having returned to his Bel Air home, a three-

story Tudor residence that once belonged to Jeanette MacDonald, he was preparing to leave for the airport when the police arrived. A girl had called the local precinct claiming she was being held prisoner.

Sly stood sideways in the center of the wood-paneled foyer roughly 15 feet from the door and politely but firmly denied anything of the sort. The officers asked to search the house. "No, I do not want you to come in." He spoke carefully, a model of lucidity. More questions. More denials. Another request to enter. Another refusal. It was a tense stand-off until Sly made the right move—he hollered upstairs to have every woman in the house come down. Immediately, Stephani, Kim and Cynthia Robinson (one of the best horn players in the business) stood before the door with just the right amount of indignation. After some hesitation, the officers retreated. As the door closed, someone upstairs reported eight squad cars outside. The house was surrounded.

Sly went directly to the phone. "This is gettin' *fonky*. I've already had one beef with the Man and I swear to *Gawd* I ain't about to have another."

Twenty minutes later, after failing to reach any of a half-dozen high-priced lawyers, he began to relax. After all, he *was* innocent. "I'll call Mayor Bradley if I have to. If I can't get him, I'll call Doris Day and have *her* come over."

Now, that would be something. Sly had met her the year before through her son Terry Melcher. He had even sung *Que Sera, Sera* with her at a highly publicized Beverly Hills party and later recorded the song. The encounter was a gossip columnist's dream—pop music's premier black superstar linked with Mizz Doris, the archetypal plantation owner's daughter, symbol to millions of all that is white and wholesome. That had kept the rumor mills on both coasts buzzing for months. If there had been more to it, Sly wasn't saying at the moment. He had finally reached a mouthpiece. "Now, listen," he said after hastily explaining his dilemma. "You get your partner and anybody else you know and get over here fast and you be *white* and you be *heavy*!"

As it turned out, the visiting Bel Air police contingent had already left. Following a momentary silence, the air was filled with the sound of the Cord's crackling exhaust as Mr. Innocent roared out of the driveway.

* * *

If Sly Stone is brilliant as a stage performer, he's a near genius as a recording artist. He has had an immense impact on the music industry. His uncanny sense of bottom—of the rhythmic guts of a song—makes for a unique sound that has been widely copied. Janis Joplin, for one, sought that feeling from her band. Moreover, Sly developed an entire reper-

toire of new electronic sounds that has been a major influence on such notables as Edgar Winter, Billy Preston, Curtis Mayfield and Stevie Wonder. In all, few facets of today's music have not been affected by his innovations. Not surprisingly, he commands one of the highest royalty advances ever offered an individual artist—\$1,000,000 per album—and his record company is happy to pay it.

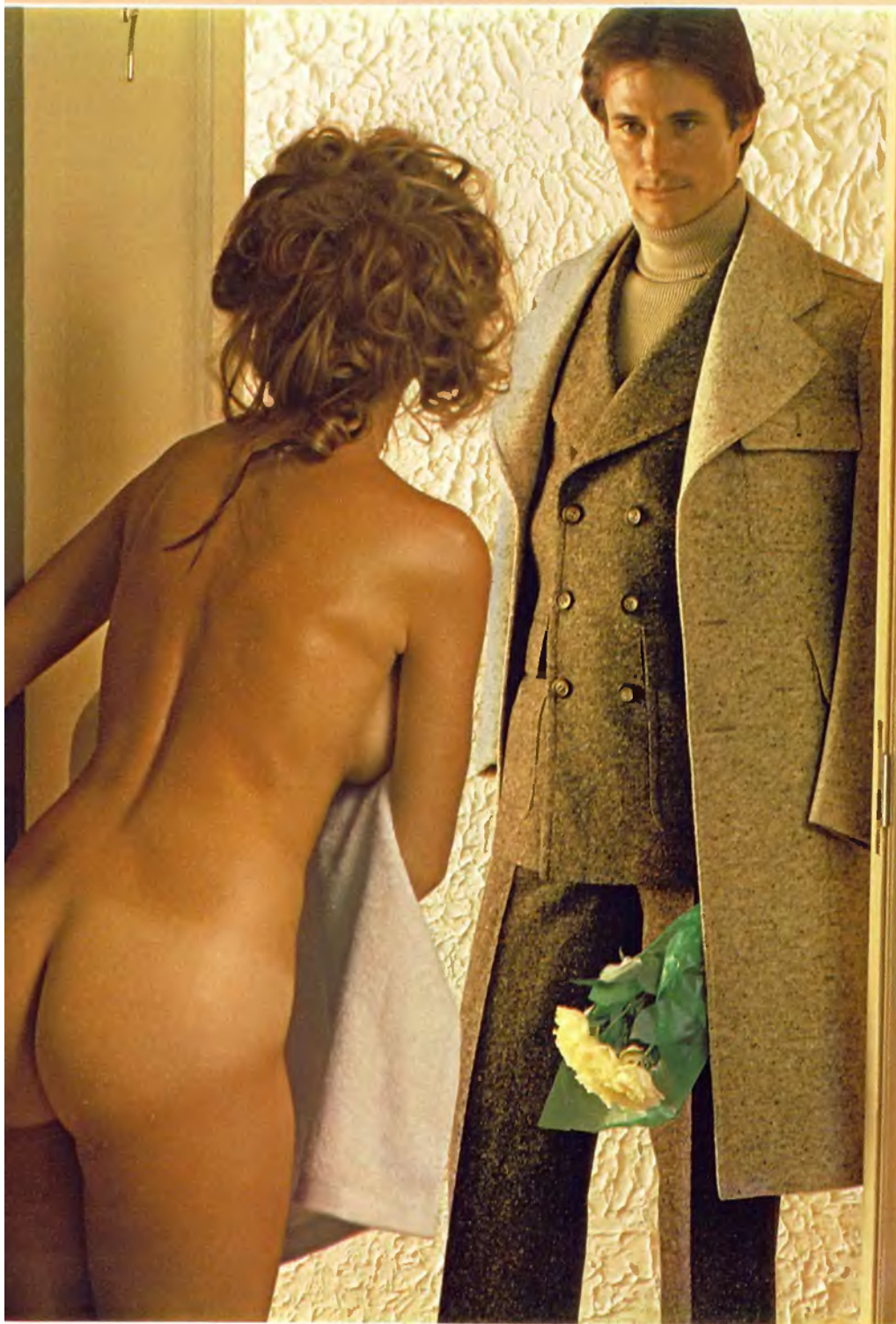
This was not always the case, however. In 1971, CBS suspended him for failure to deliver a promised LP. At that time, superstar Sly was falling victim to his own swift success. Increasingly isolated and surrounded by sycophants and self-proclaimed bodyguards, he had become impossibly arrogant and irresponsible. Not only did he fail to do an album but his record of no-shows, late arrivals and last-minute cancellations was the worst of any major performer since Judy Garland. Few promoters would book him, his band was frustrated, his drummer quit and his manager sued him, while Sly himself was widely rumored to be overly fond of cocaine. Finally, after two years of this near-lethal lifestyle, he decided to get straight. In the spring of 1973, Sly returned to writing, recorded an excellent album, appropriately titled *Fresh* (which quickly turned gold) and began touring on weekends—showing up on time. He was back on top.

Sly's life still borders on the surreal. His world is still self-centered (through circumstance as well as inclination); his routine is still a continuous succession of limousines, airplanes, hotel suites, concert stages and studios. Yet there are differences, chief among them the fact that he up and got himself married, in grand style, last June. He has also moved back to quieter San Francisco and has sold his Bel Air mansion. In the meantime, he has concentrated on his first love—making records.

To Sly the recording studio is the ultimate toy, a vast jungle gym into which he channels enormous energy. Early last year, when he finally started his long-overdue album, he was a man possessed. And when he couldn't book enough time at one studio, he scheduled sessions at another, working day and night for weeks, commuting between the two in a mobile home. And during that period—even though no one except studio engineers ever laid eyes on him—he was always dressed to go onstage.

Nor has the pattern changed. This year Sly spent most of the first three months encamped in or near the Record Plant, a lavish state-of-the-art studio in Sausalito just north of the Golden Gate Bridge. Aided only by an engineer and an assistant, he would work 50 and 60 hours at a stretch, sleep for eight hours in an adjacent office, then begin again. When he finished, he had some 30 or 40 cuts from which to select the best ten or

(continued on page 104)



PLAYBOY'S FALL AND WINTER FASHION FORECAST

*the definitive statement
on the coming trends
in menswear
and accessories*

attire **By** ROBERT L. GREEN

IT DOES SAY October on the cover of this issue, but, as you can see, it's not the season for Halloween masquerading. The eccentric, the outrageous, the defiantly personal modes of dress that flourished a couple of years ago, when the flower children were threatening to make Salvation Army Eclectic a mainstay of American fashion, are essentially gone. Pimps and musicians still go their own way, of course. The rest of us are turning back to the quiet elegance of suits and sweaters and the secure touch of tweeds, flannels and corduroys. The approach of winter has something to do with this; so does the fact that each and every trend in fashion guarantees its own countertrend, and so, perhaps, does the current swing toward conservatism. (Haircuts, as you've undoubtedly noticed, are back in style, too.) Not that individuality has been sacrificed: The layered look, with its infinite possibilities for variation, is still with us; and even the most conservative outfit can express individuality if properly garnished. See what we mean?

She'll need a few more seconds to get ready, she says; but her date is right on time—in a peacoat suit of Donegal tweed, about \$275, and an overcoat also of Donegal tweed, about \$225, both by Bill Kaiserman for Rofael, worn over a cotton turtleneck, by Cardin, \$20. So don't just stand there, dummy, step inside.



Our guy doesn't mind nursing a drink—but this one's starting to turn into steam. He's looking cool, however, decked out in a Shaker knit, hooded and pocketed pullover, \$85, worn with wool socks, \$85, and a cotton turtleneck pullover, \$18, all by Ralph Lauren for Polo. Sip, sip, sip. . . .

A book of Bauhaus interiors helps kill some time. Not that our man needs advice on design: Check the way he's combined that acrylic knit cardigan, \$45, with an oxford buttondown, \$14.50, both by Gont, plus an acrylic knit turtleneck, by Arrow Cosvol Wear, \$12, and flannel socks, by Corbin, \$45.





PHOTOGRAPHY BY BILL ARSENAULT



Make it snappy, he says. And she says, Mm-hm.

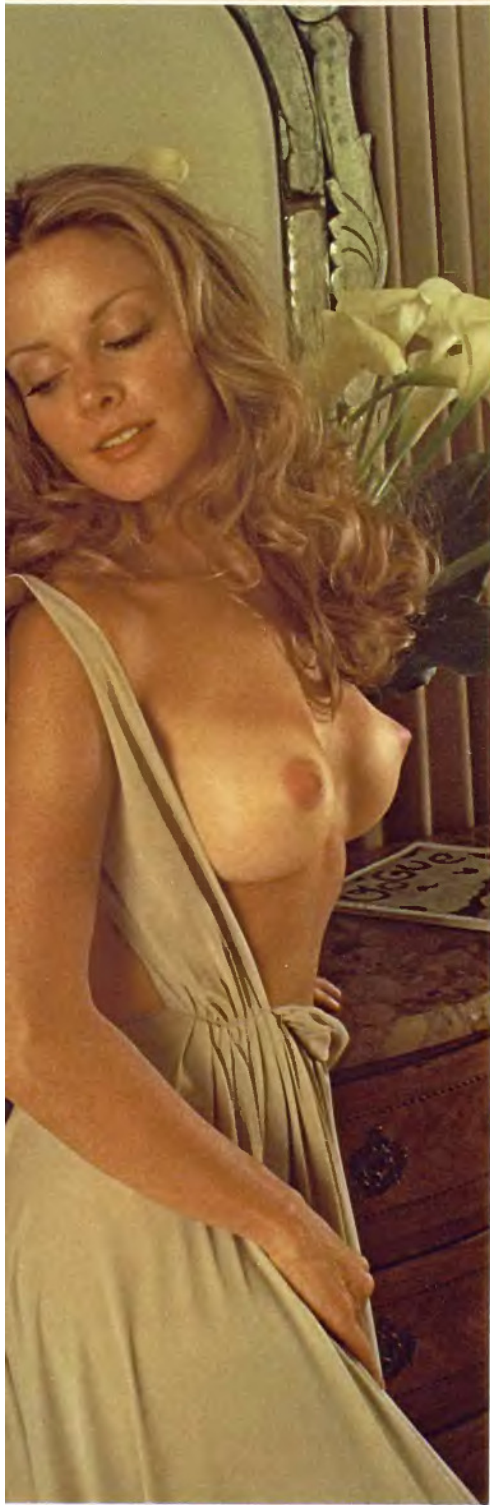
They're both thinking about his can't-lose outfit: a two-button gabardine suit, \$350, and silk scarf, \$25, both by Ermenegildo Zegna, plus a texturized polyester shirt, by Yves St. Laurent, \$20. Do you think she'll snap to it?

The mirror doesn't lie; neither does the clock. (He's checking to see what day it is.) Things, however, are still basically copacetic, particularly that suit of cotton corduroy, with coin lapels and leather buttons, by Flo Toronto, \$85, and that turtleneck of Orlon acrylic, by Holbrook, about \$11. Tick, tock. . .



An overwait problem? Ah, well, stasis has its own virtues, if the scene is as cozy as this one—and if you're wearing a two-tone satin-front cardigan, by Gentleman John, \$20, a cotton knit spread-collar shirt, by Larry Kone for Raffles Wear, \$25, and gabardine slacks with wide straight legs, by Gil Cohen for Boulet, \$28.

She's ready, now, for him to help her get it on. He's already got his things on: goatskin jacket, by East West Musical Instruments, \$180, chenille sleeveless pullover, by Stanley Blocker, \$20, linenlike shirt, by Sero, \$17.50, and tweed slacks, by Tattersall, \$35.



Finally, the happy couple emerges, to light up the town—an easy task for him with a Shetland wool suit, by Lebow, \$285, polyester and cotton shirt, by Career Club, \$12, wool necktie, from Kipper by Berkley, \$6.50, plus that eight-button, fur-collared coat, by Tom Fallan for Cortefiel, about \$140. And we were just getting comfortable.

SYLVESTER THE CAT (continued from page 96)

twelve for this year's album. The man likes to work.

He also likes to hang out on the town when time allows. To spend an evening riding with Sly is to be fully occupied with the business of going places, or at least getting ready to, and it can be a lot of fun. The destination is the journey. One travels in limousines, engages in endless discussion about where to go next and usually spends part of the time parked in the marquee limelight of a trendy night club, flirting with foxes. There are variations, like the night Sly debuted his chariot.

There he was, sitting in his pristine white Titan outside the entrance of San Francisco's Hyatt Regency hotel—watching *Kung Fu* on a giant Sony. The car itself was a better show, an extravagantly customized Lincoln Continental with a puckered grille, wide white sidewalls and an amazing roof antenna that looked like a four-way curb feeler leaning into a hurricane. Rising rock stars aside, one can envision pimps and players all over the country ordering duplicate Titans, including a Mission Control dashboard phone with its row of digital stand-by lights.

Inside the hotel, a formal dance and concert was in progress, sponsored by Black Porsche Inc., a club comprised primarily of blacks who own Porsches. Sly was ostensibly there to see Graham Central Station, a new group fronted by Larry Graham, his ex-bass player, but tonight was also an opportunity for one of the trend setters in black fashion to drop in on 2000 people dressed to the nines.

He entered the crowded lobby and stood there in his black-and-silver jump suit, flanked by Turu, Bubba and his velvet-clad Spanish driver, Sergio, who on cue ceremoniously helped him remove his silver maxicoat. Sly then ambled hazily about in his trademark walk—a kind of modified funky chicken—and fumbled with an Instamatic camera that refused to flash. Turu, who was carrying in his gloved hand a leather attaché case containing a phone, marched to his side, put down the case and very seriously examined the camera's batteries while Sly coyly eyed the lobby from beneath his high star-studded hat.

The drop-in and his entourage entered the ballroom and drifted along the side lines. He paused briefly when a wide-eyed girl asked him if he was really Sly. "The name's Slip," he grinned, hooking a thumb over his belt buckle incrustated with SLY in large letters. "M' friends call me Slippy." (They do, in fact.) She noticed the buckle and giggled with embarrassment. A moment later the party found open seats at a large table occupied by several fashion-plate executives and their ladies. Turu opened the attaché case and removed the phone. "Hello,

operator, hello, hello?" No response, but that didn't seem the point, anyway. Twenty minutes later Sly, followed by Turu and Sergio, exited the ballroom by a side door and explored several empty conference rooms in search of a bathroom. When none was found, there was no choice but to head for the men's lounge off the main lobby.

Among the first to spot Sly as he strode in was a sharp young blade whose jewelry and clothes left no doubt whom he idolized. He was preening himself in the mirror and when the Original suddenly materialized behind him, he froze for a fraction of a second, staring, then regained composure. Sly ignored the double take and the noticeable drop in the conversational noise level. With a touch of ritual, he unclipped his belt and handed it to Sergio, who carefully garlanded it over the maxicoat draped on one arm. Sly entered a stall and closed the door while Sergio positioned himself in front at parade rest. The atmosphere was heavy with dignity.

Sly is a constant user of telephones. Sometimes it seems he calls people just to reassure himself that he's still alive. There's a loneliness there and he admits it: "If I ever stopped bein' lonely, it would only tell me how lonely loneliness can be. I know how it is and that's why I make sure I'm never lonely." His voice is a cross between Lord Buckley and a lachronic street dude so stoned he might crash before completing a sentence. But behind those lidded eyes, Sly isn't missing a trick. "He's always talked like that," claims ex-Family Stone drummer Gregg Errico. "But what a lot of people don't realize is that beneath all that mumbling and rambling he's usually telling you what he really thinks."

Among those who have discovered this were a scriptwriter and a movie producer who last fall met with Sly in New York to discuss his possible starring role in a feature film. After outlining their proposal, they asked his opinion. He spoke slowly, letting his voice trail off until it was barely audible, at which point the pair resumed their discussion with the others present. Sly quietly interrupted to announce he hadn't finished talking. The two offenders quickly fell over themselves apologizing, whereupon he suddenly sat bolt upright in his chair, beamed triumphantly and cried, "Gotcha!"

Despite numerous offers from major studios, Sly has yet to sign a contract. To some degree, he's reluctant to gamble on his unproved acting talent, but he also seems to be looking for a part that fits his self-image. What that image is he won't say, exactly, but his secretary, Stephani, will. "He still considers himself basically a young street hustler, no matter how far he's come. In a lot of ways, those are the

people he identifies with the most. It means a lot to him that he's succeeded in their eyes and that they respect him."

Sly recently talked about writing his own script. "I think I could write the screenplay I wanna act in, but I don't wanna get into doing it, because it would detract from what I know I can do best right now." He looked around as everybody nodded in agreement. For a few seconds he stared into space, alone.

"I wish somebody'd disagree with me just to make it interesting."

• • •

He found something interesting indeed to do last June. At a quiet little gathering in Madison Square Garden, before 21,000 of his most intimate friends, he married Kathy Silva, the sensitive Japanese-American who'd had their son nine months earlier.

It had been announced in May, and depending on where you were sitting, the notion seemed either grotesque or just right. Taking the solemn vows in front of all those freaks with their brains fried or clubbed senseless by Quaaludes and then doing a set afterward seemed a little odd to some people; but then, it seemed at some level to be just what rock 'n' roll is supposed to be about, so showbiz and nuts that it became a beautiful statement about how deeply rock has penetrated some lives. And it was also something to do.

There was, of course, a moment when it looked like the whole thing would fall through. That was on the preceding Monday, when—you guessed it—Sly failed to show up at the Municipal Building to get the wedding license. But it was only his old habit of getting there late—an hour and a half after his scheduled arrival. But he did make it, and that meant the wedding would be legal—no matter what else it would be.

By Tuesday night he was calm enough about it all to spend the entire night in the studio. At seven A.M., he phoned his manager to wish him good night. Wednesday, the day of the event, dawned chaotic and stayed that way right through the reception, which was to be held on the Starlight Roof of the Waldorf. Much of the turmoil was due to the considerable presence of the media. Over 100 photographers asked for and didn't get photo passes, but more than 50 did—a little army from *Newsweek* (four cameramen with a photo editor to direct them), three from *Time* and equivalent numbers from A.P., U.P.I., the rock press, etc. And there were six television camera crews of at least four people each. At the Garden on Wednesday night, they were all milling around backstage and on the sides of the stage, because there wasn't a pit in front of it where they could do what they do.

Backstage was also packed with Eddie Kendricks and his band (the opening (concluded on page 208)



just my luck

was that a smile on fortune's face or a frown seen upside down?

fiction by warner law THE SECOND I SPOTTED the plastic credit-card case lying helplessly on the sidewalk in front of the Hollywood drugstore, I knew this was going to be one of my *lucky* days. I casually kicked it up to the building, dropped a pack of cigarettes on it and picked them up together.

Not until I was safely back in my grubby little apartment did I examine my find. There was a driver's license issued to William L. Wilson, who lived on Sunset way out near the ocean. There was a Master Charge card with Wilson's signature on its back. Also in the accordion-type holder were credit cards for five oil companies and four Los Angeles-area department-store chains. Not a single card had expired. What more could anybody *wish* for? *(continued on page 156)*

flying high

*stewardess ester cordet
makes us understand
why the skies seem
so friendly*




YOU MIGHT think that a girl who was born in Panama, schooled in California, New Jersey and Spain and who has also lived in the Philippines might want to plant herself somewhere and keep her feet on the ground. Not Ester Cordet. True, since 1967, she's resided in San Diego. But "Home," as Ester says, "is the skies." The skies of Pacific Southwest Airlines, to be exact, for whom she works as a stewardess. "I take a lot of pride in my job," says Ester, an attitude that's impressed her employers



"Cordet doesn't sound Panamanian," says Panama-born Ester, "but I'm part French."

enough to promote her to in-flight instructor and assign her additional duties as a public-relations representative in her off hours. "I love everything about flying," she says. "There's always something new to learn." Apparently so, because what's Ester's favorite free-time activity? Flying lessons. "Unfortunately," she says, "I haven't taken all the instruction I need"—the principal reason being those aforementioned PR dates. Which have led to several free-lance modeling jobs (including a pair





of TV commercials), which, in turn, have revived in Ester a long-dormant desire to act. "In high school," she recalls, "I was a member of an acting group. Many of my classmates, like me, were children of Servicemen and, although we read more serious things, we most enjoyed putting on Service comedies." Not surprisingly, Ester's dramatic preferences tend toward the comic. "I'd prefer nothing better than someday to be described by movie reviewers as 'a gifted comic actress' like Barbra Streisand." And, like Streisand,

Ester wants to sing, although she admits she'll "need a lot of voice coaching" before she'll ever give singing or musical comedy a whirl. "Still," she says, "I'd have an advantage over other beginning movie actresses: I wouldn't mind starting work at six A.M. As a stewardess, I've done that many times." And, after all, the name Ester does mean star.

"Of all the places I've been,
I like Spain the most. I really
have a love for the Spanish."





"Although I've lived in the U. S. nearly all my life, I'm still Panamanian. But I've finally decided to become an American citizen."



On a flying lesson with a friend, Paul (below), Ester boards the Cessna awaiting them at San Diego's Lindbergh Field. "I haven't soloed," she admits, "but next time I get ta copilot."



Aboard her Pacific Southwest flight to San Francisco, Ester (above) demonstrates emergency procedures. After serving dinner, she takes a few moments to chat with passengers.





MISS OCTOBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



"I think this is a good time for me to be considering a career as an actress," says Ester. "It used to be you couldn't even dream about being in a motion picture unless you had a light complexion. But now the movies are really opening up."

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

A politician who had just arrived in hell was being shown around the place. Passing a pit filled with unspeakable slime, he saw John Dean covered up to his waist and Haldeman and Ehrlichman submerged up to their necks, but then, a little farther on, John Mitchell standing only knee-deep in the stuff. "Hey," said the politician to his tour guide, "how come ole Mitch rates such preferential treatment?" "Don't worry about it," replied the attendant devil. "He's standing on Nixon's shoulders."



It was a blind date, but the handsome bachelor spared no effort to impress the girl—dinner with champagne, the theater, dancing . . . and then, finally, the fellow's apartment and soft music and candlelight and more wine. "Just how," the girl asked dreamily from the depths of the couch, "did Bob describe me in setting up our date?"

"Well—er," the man began, "he told me you were pretty in a perky way, were an excellent conversationalist, had an attention-getting figure—"

"But he didn't," broke in the girl as she coyly undid his zipper, "say anything about my being a pushover?"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *millionaire cunnilinguist* as a Midas muffer.

A rather poor student named Gowdy
At heart is salaciously rowdy:
Though he never gets A's,
His magnificent lays
Make his dates rate him magna cum laude!

When the executive came home from work one evening, he found his small son sitting on the front steps, crying. The father asked what was wrong and the boy said, "That Mr. Cole next door is a mean man!"

"Why?" the father inquired.

"Because he brought Mommy some ice cream and didn't give me any!" sobbed the son.

"Ice cream? Are you sure it was ice cream?" asked the man.

"Sure I'm sure," wailed the youngster, "'cause I heard Mommy tell him to hurry up before it got soft."

And then there's the young thing who is fondly known to the men in the office as Secretariat—not because she's a good secretary but because she's a wonderful mount.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *brownie points* as boobs on a girl scout.

An M.D. who was late for a golf date was rather curt with patients whose phone calls kept delaying him. The next day, his nurse said, "Doctor, several people were upset when you cut them short yesterday." At that point, a man who had been sitting quietly within earshot in the reception room got up and departed hurriedly.

"Who was that?" asked the physician.

"Someone named Johnson," answered his nurse, "who wanted to speak to you about a circumcision."

Don't you think I look younger without a bra?" simpered the aging trend follower.

"I must admit you do, dear," replied her husband, putting down the sports section. "It's drawn all the wrinkles out of your face."

What's disturbing many priests and nuns these days, we understand, is cloisterphobia.

I've been getting a lot of complaints from clients about you," said the madam to one of her girls.

"Listen," snapped the prostitute, "I give my Johns as good a time as any other girl in the place!"

"Maybe you do in most ways," the madam retorted, "but there's just this one thing—stop whistling while you work!"



Alloy Newman

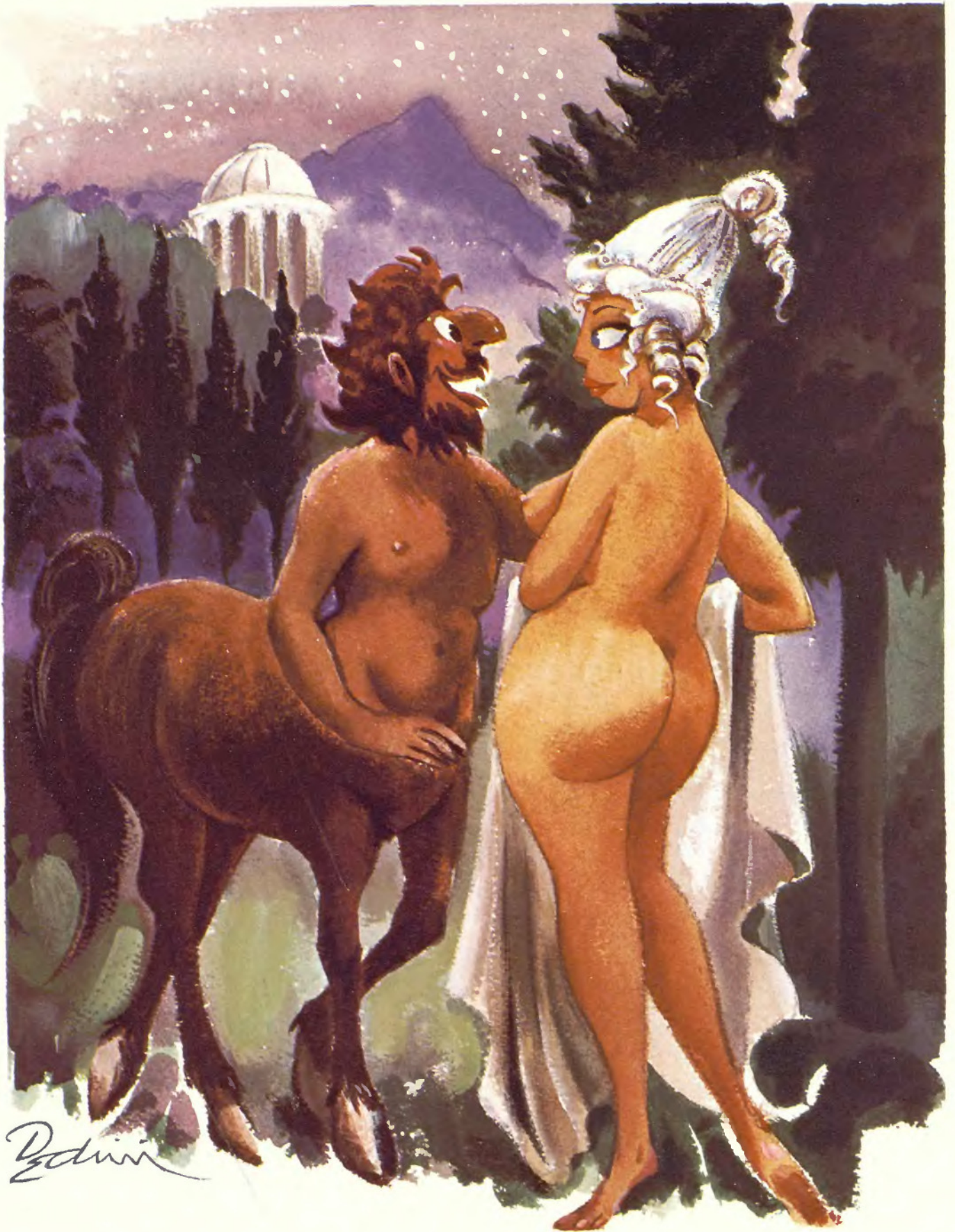
Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *bicuspid* as an A.C./D.C. spittoon.

The police had just deposited an unconscious fellow in the hospital emergency room and the intern in charge asked for a rundown on the circumstances. "He was parked with this girl, see," said one of the cops, "and the girl claims that he suddenly began to fondle her breasts and she became upset."

"And then what happened?"

"She lost control of herself and bit his penis."

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.



*"Remember, what's an unnatural act for you
is a natural act for me."*



SCULPTURE BY MIRIAM BROFSKY



Thus the principle which inspires hunting for sport is that of artificially perpetuating, as a possibility for man, a situation which is archaic in the highest degree: that early state in which, already human, he still lived within the orbit of animal existence.

—ORTEGA Y GASSET

I shot him. I shot him nine times with the .220 Swift. I hit him every time, and every time the bullet splattered on his outside. One time I hit him in the face and took away his lower jaw and still he didn't die. He just bled and began to snap fruitlessly with half a face at his own dragging guts.

—ROBERT RUARK

IT IS EIGHT A.M., Monday, February 19, 1973—George Washington and Eric Whitehouse's birthday. Outside, the temperature is zero degrees and the sky is hard, clear blue. Inside, Web Keefe is cooking breakfast. He hobbles around the small kitchen on a cane, pouring orange juice, getting out silverware, frying eggs. He is a big man with gray hair and a bad hip who doesn't look his 63 years. He has the same loose, unlocalized

article

By CHARLES GAINES

when you take all of the chance and all of the luck out of hunting, what you're left with is... slaughter

**OLD
DANCE
ON THE
KILLING
GROUND**

look of strength and the same sort of tough, shrewd face that John Wayne has. Which is maybe why his voice surprises as it does. Web's voice is a pliant, nasal croon: an old woman's voice.

He is owner-manager of Wild Hill Hunting Preserve in Ely, Vermont. Because of his hip and his age, he does the domestic chores. Tough face and all, Web is the one who buys the food, makes the beds and cooks the meals. In the living room, his partner, 28-year-old Bill Richter, is doing his part of the work: man-talking with the paying customers. He throws Jim Whitehouse's rifle up to his shoulder. It is a set-triggered over-and-under Heym, built in Germany. The bottom barrel is 8mm x 57mm; the top is a shotgun barrel that shoots 16-gauge solid-lead Brenneke slugs.

"Nice," says Bill. "It's good to have that slug backing you up with these boar. . . ."

"Bill," croons Web from the kitchen. Bill listens, stock to jowl. "Bill . . . could you give me a hand with these plates?"

Bill and Web go way back—22 years back, to New York, when Bill started school in the Westchester County system, where Web was a superintendent. Web liked the blond German kid's style: the way he enjoyed fighting bigger boys and loved contact sports (he was all-state in football and a state-champion wrestler in high school). During the summers, Web ran a boys' camp in Ely and extensions of it in Montana and Canada; and as soon as the boy was old enough, he took him up to work at the Canadian camp. Bill devoured most of what there was to learn there about the wild country and how to hunt it. Then, hankering after grizzly and caribou, he got a pilot's license and a job as a hunting guide in Alaska for a while. In the meantime, he and Web had gone into business. In 1959, they drove to Tennessee in a truck and brought oack nine Russian boar to Vermont. With the boar and \$15,000 worth of fence, they figured on starting the first commercial hunting preserve in New England. But problems developed. They had no preserve permit; and the town of West Fairlee, spooked by visions of mean big pigs chuffing up front yards, voted the importation of boar illegal. Web and Bill had to execute the animals. Shortly afterward—with some help from the governor—the town changed its mind, the game commission gave them a permit and Wild Hill preserve was in business.

Web's breakfast is eaten at two tables by a picture window. The house, a lodge for hunters in the winter and Web's home in the summer, stands at the top of a hill overlooking undulant Connecticut River Valley country. At the bottom of the hill by the road is a large pen with hay spread on the snow near its center. Grazing peacefully in it are a couple of

dozen sika and fallow deer, dainty, tiny-hoofed ruminants from Asia. Down the road is a similar pen full of Russian boar. These are Wild Hill's stock in trade. As he eats, Eric studies the penned deer through the window. He has just finished fixing a 1.5-to-6 variable Zeiss scope to a beautifully crafted 7 x 57 Ferlach rifle. Today is his 15th birthday. He is a quiet, chubby boy with a vulnerable face. His father and his older brother Jimmy are here for boar. Eric is supposed to kill a fallow deer, and the biggest thing he has ever shot at before is a rabbit.

Web leans back in his chair, eyeing Eric's brother. "Now, remember, if you get a shot, make sure you do the job." Jimmy looks back at him: 17, dressed in a pair of moosehide pants his father has given him. "A wounded boar is *your* boar," says Web.

"That's right," agrees Bill.

Jim Whitehouse, Sr., rises from the table. An oil-company executive nearing 50, he is a likable man given to piercing looks and crisp hunting talk that glints with specifics: velocities, reticles, trajectories. Before moving to Connecticut, he lived and hunted in England and Germany, where he bought the eccentric set of guns he has with him and the moosehide knickers and Tyrolean hat he wears. He and his sons arrived last night for a two-day stay. This is his first American preserve hunt and he's not sure what to expect. He is sure that he by God wants Eric to get a deer on his birthday and that he wants a couple of boar heads for mounts. When asked why he picked a preserve to introduce his sons to hunting animals, he says, "I wanted them to get a sure chance on dangerous game. The wild hunting's too iffy." That's another thing Whitehouse is sure of. He needs none of Web and Bill's prepping to convince him that wild boar are mortally dangerous. He doesn't need the story about the hound thrown 30 feet in the air, ripped open from throat to tail, nor the ones about how many times Web and Bill have been attacked and cut. He *believes*.

He examines the .44-magnum Smith & Wesson that Bill carries in the woods strapped to his leg, the short arm that would be responsible for stopping any charging animal that he and his sons were unable to stop. It is a chunky, formidable weapon, capable of putting a bullet through an automobile engine block. Whitehouse seems pleased with it, just as he is obviously pleased with the man who totes it. For nobody ever looked more like a hunting guide is supposed to look than Bill Richter does. With his blond curls, his clear blue eyes and Tab Hunter features, with his full-back's build and strong smile, he looks like a lot of things ought to look, including German lieutenants in World War Two movies.

Whitehouse hands the gun back to Bill. "Tell me," he asks resonantly, "you've

done a lot of hunting—what's the second most important thing you take into the woods?"

"Well," says Bill, considering, "it would depend on where I am. . . ."

"Toilet paper, my friend," booms Jim. "Toilet paper."

Everyone is standing now, pulling on boots and gloves. Web wishes the boys luck and the group files outside behind Bill, who has put on an old duckhunting hat and a patched parka but no gloves. Eric, who is last in line and who will see blood running from an animal's nose for the first time today, wears a skinning knife at his hip.

There are nearly 1000 commercial hunting and shooting preserves in this country now. Every year there are more. Basically, they are all state-licensed businesses where pen-raised birds or fenced-in game is kept or released on private land for hunters who pay, often through the nose, for whatever they shoot.

What they shoot and what they pay can vary considerably. Some preserves deal only with upland game birds—pheasant, quail, chukar partridge, etc.—that are raised in pens and stuck under bushes just before a hunt. Others get into ducks: tame mallards, usually, which are made, in a variety of ways, to fly over shooters in blinds. The going rate at these places is two to ten dollars for an upland bird and five to ten for a duck.

Then there are the big-game preserves like Wild Hill. Most of them maintain a combination of native and distinctly nonnative animals in fenced acreage of varying size, say from 100 to 75,000 acres. A place called Hunter's Haven East in Walland, Tennessee, for instance, has 455 acres behind fence. There you can hunt black and brown bear, Russian boar, mouflon, Barbados and aoudad sheep, sika, fallow, red and axis deer, elk, goat and turkey. Only five of those animals are anything like native to the United States. The rest are known in the trade, appropriately, as exotics. They are the romance of preserve hunting, animals you used to have to be Hemingway to shoot, and that's where the money is.

Let's say you happen to have always had a craving for a go at black buck—a medium-sized black-and-white antelope with spiraling horns, a native of India and one of the most elegant of all plains animals. Well, all you have to do is pack it on down to the Y. O. Ranch in Mountain Home, Texas, and you can shoot all the black buck you want for \$750 a crack. There are more black buck there than in all of India, where they are now protected. (Or there used to be. Severe weather in 1973 killed many of them. They won't be hunted again at Y. O. until 1975.) For \$1000 at the Y. O. Ranch, you could kill an ibex or a snow-white ram or, for less

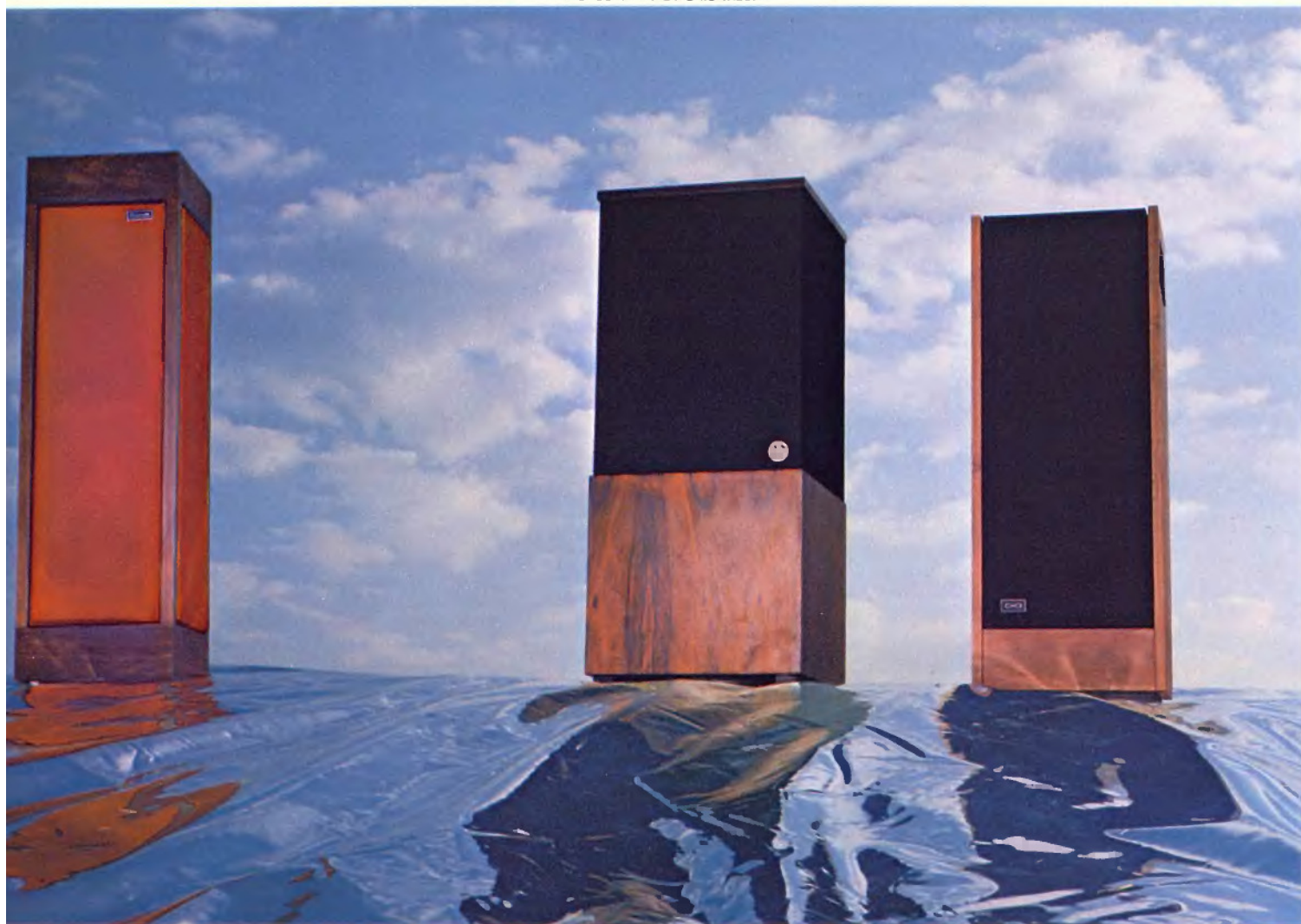
(continued on page 178)

modern living
**making
sound
waves**
*the music goes
round and round
and it comes out here*

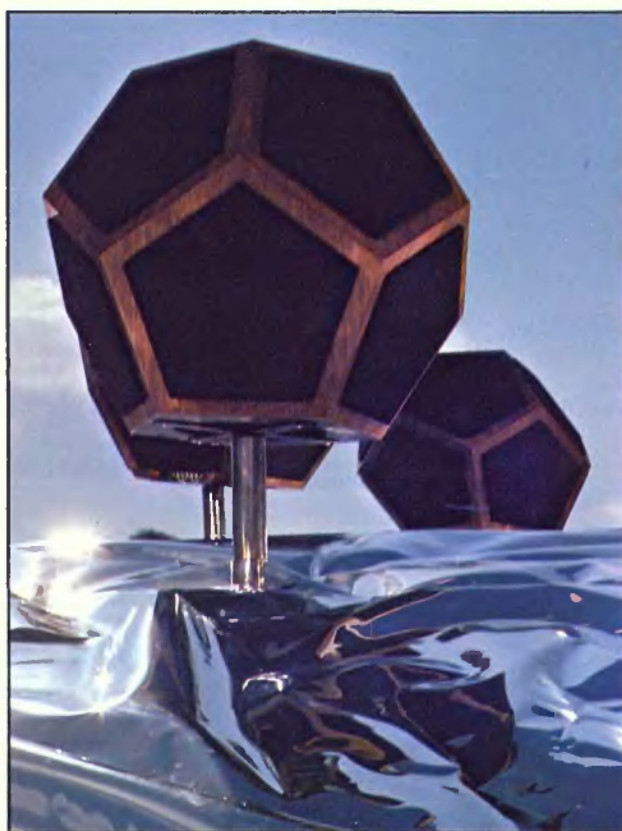
EPI's Model 1000 (right) is one half of a nice pair. The Tower's four 1" tweeters and four 8" woofers radiate the sound in all directions equolly.

There is no way to detect by listening where the music is coming from, so they put these invisible speakers in very visible 6½' cabinets that weigh 180 pounds and cost \$1000 apiece.





The Equasound 2 (above left) stacks a 10" woofer, a 4" midrange driver, a 1" and two 2" tweeters into a 42" cabinet that costs \$329. The RTR Industries' 280 DR Speaker (above center) has a 10" woofer and two 2½" tweeters on each of three sides, plus another 10" woofer planor-loaded near the bottom of a 39" rosewood cabinet. Cost: \$329.



The Infinity Monitor (above right) offers three distinct drive systems—a 12" woofer, a 4½" midrange dome and an ice-cream-cone-shaped Walsh tweeter—for \$429. Design Acoustics' D-12 Speaker (left) holds nine 2½" tweeters, a 5" midrange unit and a 10" woofer in a pedestal-mounted dodecahedron that stands 30" and costs \$425.

MAYBE YOU THINK that speakers should be felt, not heard. You put on a Led Zeppelin album, jack up the bass and relate to the music the way a tackling dummy relates to a linebacker. Maybe you like classical music. You put on a string quartet and get off on high-frequency tone that drive the local dogs nuts. Whatever; it's clear that sound systems—and good speakers in particular—aren't a luxury; they're a necessity.



The ESS amt 1s (first and third speakers above) each contain a 10" woofer and a Heil Air Motion Transformer for high tones in a 31" cabinet that costs \$315. Superbend Speakers by Intercontinental (right) do away with walnut cabinets entirely. Each plastic drainpipe holds a 5" bass-midrange unit and a 1½" tweeter. Available in colors for \$125.

Most speakers work like pistons—they pump air back and forth to create sound. The Ohm Fs (second and fourth speakers above) use a Walsh cone that pulses radially. There is no front or back to the sound and one unit handles both bass and treble frequencies. The "Newton's apple of electroacoustics" sells for \$500.



fiction By STEPHEN MINOT
those whom the bishop in blue jeans hath joined together, let no mom put asunder

Three-Part Harmony

HE HAD RATHER expected his mother to make some kind of protest at the wedding. She might simply refuse to talk to anyone beforehand or tap her foot in anger during the ceremony or remain standing in the back of the church, a slim cigar in her longest gold holder. He was braced for something like that. But a tantrum! And one of her class-A, star-studded, gilt-edged, glorioso tantrums, at that. Too much!

His sister Meg had warned him the week before that they might be heading for some heavy scenes. At 31, she was five years older than Benedict and had had five more years to observe the phenomenon they called Mother.

No cozy nicknames for Wilhelmina Blessing. Not one of her three husbands had managed to utter the slightest variation on that name—both first and last. For the two children it was Mother and it was to be enunciated clearly. Only once had Benedict tried an affectionate shortening.

It was on his 21st birthday—some five years ago now. His birth had fallen on

the day before Christmas, giving the three of them a double celebration. ("Yours was practically a virgin birth, if you know what I mean," she used to say when he was far too young to know what on earth she meant.) Double celebration but half the gifts, of course.

At any rate, the three of them had been drinking margaritas since early afternoon, chatting and watching the sun settle slowly into the atmospheric ooze over New Jersey, waiting for his birthday dinner to be sent up from Young Foo's, when he proposed a somewhat blurred but heartfelt toast: "It hasn't always been easy," he said, glass raised, "and we've had some royal battles, but through it all, you've been our mom."

"Our *what*?"

"Our. . . ." Sobriety washed over Benedict like a cold wave. The word he had uttered was an obscenity. In the awful silence, they could hear distant sirens. Somewhere a fire was raging.

"Of all the vulgar, demeaning terms," she said, voice trembling beautifully.

"Mother," Meg said, "he

didn't mean it. It was a slip of the tongue."

"Didn't mean it? Why would he say it if he didn't mean it? Since when am I 'Mom' to anyone? Is that what you call me behind my back? That's my *mom* over there; she's a *housewife*." Well, let me tell you, Benedict Blessing, I can take a lot of blows and stabs in the back, and God knows I had to with your father, but there are certain vulgarisms I will *not* tolerate."

At times like that, Benedict was reminded of the fact that as a girl his mother had been given voice lessons and was actually in a Broadway musical once before her first marriage moved her up to a higher station. Yes, she did have a gorgeous voice.

But he couldn't say that just then. He had other lines to deliver.

"I *am* sorry," he said.

"He *is* sorry," Meg said.

"It's the salt in the drinks," he said. "It drives men to madness."

She put down her glass and held out both hands, inviting him to step forward. Then, holding his temples, she kissed him on the brow

and then on the mouth. "Dear boy, you're a charmer," she said, and the food arrived.

But for all his charm, he had not figured out a way of telling her that he was at long last about to be married. That bothered him. In addition, it was on his shoulders to make the arrangements for the service as well. Arabella, his intended, was once a sculptor but now called herself a constructionist. She worked largely in plastics. At that moment, she was in the middle of a new construction that required all her waking hours, so Benedict had agreed to take care of everything. Time had not been a problem. As assistant art editor on a women's magazine, he could take a day off for a cause like this. But the responsibility of it all had left him somewhat unnerved. "My first marriage," he said sheepishly to Meg, who had been through it twice already. With typical kindness, she agreed to go with him to the church and meet the minister.

It's a long cab ride from the West Side, Manhattan, to Brooklyn Heights, and he was apprehensive. Meg must have sensed that, for she stroked his hand, saying, "Next week at this time, you'll be settled into your new life and you'll hardly know the difference."

When they arrived at the address, it turned out to be a brownstone. "This is a church?" she said.

"You've been out of touch."

Actually, he hadn't been exactly in touch, either. Born and raised in the city, neither of them had been inside a church in their lives. But they had seen pictures. And Saint Patrick's this was not.

But his beloved Arabella had heard that this was indeed a church and that the Freedom Under God group was "devout and legit"—her phrasing. And, more to the point, they were willing.

Meg and Benedict mounted the stairs, holding hands. He was grateful for the support. He had never met an honest-to-God minister.

The man who answered the door was reassuring. "Bless you," he said, taking both their hands. He was round-faced, bearded and wore a sloppy gray sweater, Levis and sneakers. "I'm Bishop Efringham and you must be Benedict and Arabella."

"Not exactly," Benedict said.

"Not exactly?"

"Well, I mean, this is my *sister*, Meg." He put his arm around her in an affectionate hug.

"Sister? Far out."

"She just came along for the ride," Benedict said, abruptly dropping his arm.

"A stand-in?"

"Aren't you sort of young to be a bishop?" Meg asked.

"Of course. But so is our group. And so"—he put both hands on Meg's shoulders for emphasis—"was Jesus."

Then he gave them a tour of the church. The two first-floor rooms had been joined to make a pleasant meeting area in glistening white. On Sundays and Wednesday evenings, he told them, they had services in which they borrowed rituals from all religions. And on other evenings, they had group-therapy and encounter sessions. They liked to think of themselves as an extended family.

"Speaking of families," Meg said suddenly, "we have a kind of problem."

"Everyone does," Bishop Efringham said cheerfully. "Every family is a cluster of problems. Every family is weird. . . ." He raised his hand like a figure in a Greek icon, letting his words sink in. "But with a good family, all those weird needs fit together like a jigsaw puzzle."

"I didn't say we were weird," Meg said, drawing herself up a bit. "I didn't say that at all. It's just that Mother used to be on the stage. She has a certain theatrical presence. It can be a problem."

"What kind of a problem?"

"She might make a scene," Benedict said.

"Splendid," Bishop Efringham said, clasping his hands together. "A marriage is a scene. With Freedom Under God, everyone is free to add to the drama."

"I don't think you understand," Meg said.

"Be not afraid, child. Life is one enormous psychodrama."

That night, Benedict made a full report to his beloved Arabella and to Tulip, a young Chinese girl who shared Arabella's spacious loft.

"Hold this," Arabella said, pointing to a length of red-plastic tubing that was to be bent around a pylon of clear Plexiglas, forming a coil. "So what's with this bishop? Is he legit?" She showed Tulip how to stroke the plastic tubing with an electric heating pad, making it pliable.

"Oh, he's legit," Benedict said. "He showed me his card. They have a whole group going there, you know. Maybe we should attend."

"To hell with that," Arabella said mildly. "But I'm not knocking them if they'll do the service. I want it done right, you know. No hokey stuff."

"No hokey stuff," Benedict said. "Genuine."

The smell of hot plastic wafted about him. Tulip stroked and he bent the tubing into place and Arabella supervised, muttering, "Good, good. Easy does it, now. There's no rush."

"Who's coming?" Tulip asked.

"Just us and a small group from the gallery and, of course, Benedict's sister and dear mother."

"Don't be nasty."

"I wasn't. I'm never, but never, nasty. She's a magnificent thing. A Happening, that woman is. Tulip, dear, don't rush it. Gently. Just a bit more right there. Benedict, lift it just a bit. Oh, good. Very good. You really are marvelous."

The day of the wedding turned out to be one of those raw, gray days when the sun starts setting at noon. The slush in the streets had crusted over and so had Mrs. Blessing's rage. Meg had finally volunteered to tell her the dread news and her reaction was not at all as bad as either of them had feared. After a day of hysterics in which she had to be sedated by the family doctor, she adopted a role of chilly disdain.

Benedict had spent the previous night at Arabella's loft, which was not the first time, but it was a bad tactic, nonetheless. His mother had said several times that she would rather see her son move in with "that plastic freak" than actually get married, but consistency was not her forte and every time he stayed downtown, she went into a sultry rage.

"Perfectly charming of you to come uptown," she said to him with a flip of her head just as soon as he had entered the apartment. "I thought perhaps you were expecting me to look up this alleged 'church' in the Yellow Pages and find myself a cab."

"It's a tense day," Meg said. "Let's not get dramatic."

"I'll say it's a tense day," her voice beginning to take on the old music-hall volume. "My son marrying an amazon plastic freak."

"She's a sculptress," Benedict said steadily, selecting the traditional term for his mother's benefit. "She works in stainless steel, Plexiglas and polyethylenes. She happens to be an expert in the bonding of heterogeneous thermoplastic resins. She's published articles on heterogeneous bonding agents."

"Sounds obscene to me."

"It's not exactly your field, Mother. But you know that she's taught at the New School. And she's shown uptown."

"I'll bet she has. But not her plastics."

"Mother," Meg said sternly, "don't be vulgar."

Mrs. Blessing shifted from irony to pathos, pressing the back of her hand to her brow and closing her eyes. "What I've been through—it would bring tears to the eyes of a psychiatrist."

The wedding itself was a beautiful, restrained affair. The bride wore a flowing Renaissance gown in wine velvet with a daring scoop neck and full sleeves gathered at the wrists, and a wide-brimmed hat in matching material. The entire ensemble served to accentuate her dramatic height.

(continued on page 206)



*"I just think it was a lot more fun when
we were a ménage à trois."*



**IN RUSSIAN,
"TO BE SILENT"
IS AN
ACTIVE VERB**

*a great nation still waits
in history with all its power,
performing the act of
a noisy, puzzling silence*

article By HERBERT GOLD

ONCE AGAIN the Soviet Union, that great preoccupying history, fills my hours. Long ago I studied "friendly Russian," singing the old songs about wide plains, willing maidens and birch-filled forests; I was trying to be a good liaison with our gallant Soviet allies. In volleyball tournaments with Russian officers, we wanted to win and so did they, and we also wanted to be friendly—all of us wanted that—and the friendship was precarious but worth working for. Russkies and Yankees both like to laugh, yes? Drink, yes? Other things, yes, oh, yes—let us like all those things together, plus Pushkin and Tolstoy and, sure, Jack London and Mikhail Sholokhov, why not? And volleyball, too.

When this war was over, we would all enjoy peace and love and remember how we sang *Pólyushka Pólyeh* together during blackout times.

And now I am waiting in the airport lounge in San Francisco and reading in the (continued on page 150)



PAINTING BY ROY SCHNACKENBERG



BUNNIES OF 1974



FOR BUNNY WATCHERS, it's been a very good year. Not only could everybody's favorite two-legged cottontails be seen in their natural habitat, at Playboy Clubs and Club-Hotels from San Francisco to London, but 23 of them—each of whom had been voted Bunny of the Year from her home hutch—entered viewers' homes in some 80 cities, via a colorful television spectacular. The 1974 Playboy Bunny of the Year Pageant, syndicated nationwide, was a smash success—beating out such tough competition as Saturday-night prime-time favorites in several markets. Featured in the hourlong show, besides the Bunny contestants, were host Don Adams, veteran entertainer George Burns, the Ike and Tina Turner Revue and the comedy team of Jack Burns and Avery Schreiber. The panel of judges, too, consisted of celebrities: syndicated columnist Earl Wilson, pro-football star Larry Csonka, comedian Bill Cosby, artist LeRoy Neiman, author-critic Rex Reed, motion-picture star Timothy Bottoms and singer-actress Connie Stevens. After (text concluded on page 140)



A 1971 vacation from her native Florida convinced Beth Martin (far left) that San Francisco was her kind of town. With her is Nicole Cisar, formerly of Atlanta and London. "Always wanted to be a stew," says Jet Bunny Karen Ring (above), "but this job surpasses my wildest dreams." Atlanta Bunny of the Year Karin Sims (below) and a friend recently streaked through a restaurant, a theater and a bar—"where it was so crowded nobody noticed us." Oh?



*it's that time again—
a pictorial portfolio
of international cottontails*



Sorry about that, Popeye: Bunnies Candy Collins of St. Louis (above) and Sue Marks of Miami (below left), when we queried them about their likes and dislikes, responded identically—they detest spinach. (What Candy does like, she says straight-facedly, is fried green tomatoes.) Off duty, Sue goes skindiving to collect specimens for her salt-water aquarium. Kim Behrend of Phoenix (below right) spends her spare time raising and showing Doberman pinschers; eventually, she wants to become a veterinarian. Less sure of her goal, Los Angeles' Vicki Cunningham (opposite) has signed up for an elaborate battery of aptitude tests at UCLA. Selfishly, we hope she sticks around the Playboy Club awhile.





Last time we phoned Randi Stewart of Great Gorge (above), she answered all out of breath: She'd been out digging in her marigold bed. Patti Begley (below), when not trouncing Cincinnati's at bumper pool, plays baseball.





Kansas City Bunny Niki Gentemann (above) opposes women's lib: "Why should any woman get down off her pedestal and be man's equal?" November 1973 Playmate Monica Tidwell (below) has become a Chicago Bunny.





"I wanted to be a fashion model, but they told me I was too large-busted," says Denver Bunny Linda Durst (opposite). Fashion's loss is our gain. Maxine Fox of Manchester (above left), one of Playboy's three British outposts (others: London and Portsmouth) is an aspiring actress who's appeared with the local Library Theatre group. Maxine tells us, inexplicably, that she doesn't care for men with money. (Line forms to the left, poor boys.) That's Dolly Ryan of Playboy's Club-Hotel in Ocho Rios, Jamaica, in seeworthy Bunny bikini at right above; the pensive beauty below is Cyndee Russell, a cottontail at the new Los Angeles Playboy Club in Century City whose avocation is carpentry.





Boston cottontail Alesha Ellis (above), who's quite obviously a spellbinder in her own right, is into the study of witchcraft. The enchantment Chicago's Angie Chester (below) wave around the judges at the Bunny Beauty Pageant was, she vows, nonaccult. But it worked: She was named International Bunny of the Year in the competition, seen via syndicated television around most of the country. Another star of the pageant was Detroit's entry Terry Bellant (opposite, below), who confesses that during the rehearsals and taping sessions, she fell head over heels in love with one of the guest artists, veteran showman George Burns—whom she labels "an absolute doll."





Baltimore's Kristi Matera (above) holds a degree in early-childhood education from Towson State College and wants to open her own preschool. To do that, she'd have to rise early, a habit Laura Misch of New Orleans (right) can't stand.





A chance to work at Lake Geneva led Illinois coed Greta Marshall (above left) to shelve her books for a spell. Also considering a change is New York's Barbara Mack (above right); you've seen her recently in a Playtex bra commercial, but, says she, "I've been modeling since I was nine, and I'm about ready for retirement." Libby Saleh (below) Bunny-hopped through six other Clubs before lighting in Los Angeles—where new friends have found she's a demon poker player. "My brother taught me when we were kids. The loser got to wash the dishes, so I had to be good—or I'd spend all my time at the sink." Montreal's Celine Ratelle (opposite) is saving her Bunny money to finance a trip to Europe.





due deliberation, they came up with a winner to fit the gold-lamé costume reserved for the International Bunny of the Year—1974: Angie Chester, a 21-year-old native Chicaguan.

Angie, a Chicago Playboy Club Bunny since 1972, will spend a good part of her year's reign as International Bunny of the Year visiting Playboy Clubs and Club-Hotels in the United States, Canada, Jamaica and England. After that, she'd like to give showbiz a whirl. She already has, in fact, having landed a small part in *Three the Hard Way*, starring Jim Brown and Fred Williamson. "It was just a walk-on, but it's a great beginning," Angie says. A screen test with Playboy Productions—one of her many Bunny of the Year prizes—may give her another boost up the entertainment ladder. "And," she remarks philosophically, "if I don't make it, I can always go back to school and become an X-ray technician."

Angie's runners-up for the top Bunny title were Debra Whitaker, Cincinnati; Ginette Pelissier, Montreal (named Miss Photogenic by the Los Angeles Press Photographers Association in a pageant preliminary event); Kacey Cobb, Los Angeles; and Nancy Turner, Miami. The Bunny contestants themselves voted one of their number, Magali Brajdic from Miami Beach, Miss Congeniality. Other finalists were, from Atlanta, Karin Sims; Baltimore, Sheila Ross; Boston, Renee Ann Worthington; Denver, Susan Sturm; Detroit, Terry Bellant; Great Gorge, Alyson Merkel; Jamaica, Judy Dalrymple; Kansas City, Niki Gentemann; Lake Geneva, Mary Hardt; London, Fleur Patterson; Manchester, Sharon Longworth; New Orleans, Debi Brown; New York, Naomi Lee; Phoenix, Camilla Johnson; Portsmouth, Jo Campbell; St. Louis, Jackie Sabatino; and San Francisco, Jan Seratt.

Playboy's is not the only beauty pageant that's been drawing cottontail entrants. Portsmouth, England, Bunny Lynne Plested, as a matter of fact, started her winning ways at the age of three, when she won a baby contest. She's since garnered such titles as Miss Fareham, Miss Southsea and Miss Southern Television and has represented Portsmouth in the finals of the Miss England, Miss Britain and Miss United Kingdom TV beauty contests. New York's Karen Hill, Miss Bucks County, was first runner-up for the title of Miss Pennsylvania in last year's Miss Hemisphere contest; and Great Gorge Bunny Renée Walitis was Miss Teenage New Jersey in 1973. Lake Geneva Bunny Greta Marshall was a finalist in the 1974 Miss Illinois-Universe pageant. Randi Stewart, another Great Gorge Bunny, and Kim Bowers from Atlanta also made the finals in teenage beauty contests.

Nor is Angie Chester by any means the only Bunny to break into show business. Los Angeles cottontail Jan Hughes

has appeared in the films *Uptown Saturday Night* and *Coffy*. She also played a TV role in *The Odd Couple*, as did fellow Hollywood Bunnies Rosemary Melendez and Tricia Williams. Hutch sister Ninette Bravo has been seen on three TV series—*The Streets of San Francisco*, *Owen Marshall, Counselor at Law* and *The FBI*—as well as in the screen feature *An Act of Vengeance*. Due to appear in *Funny Lady*, Barbra Streisand's sequel to *Funny Girl*, is another L.A. Bunny, Brenda "B. J." Miller, a veteran of TV exposure on the *Mannix* series. Down New Orleans way, Vanessa Hutchinson landed the role of voodoo queen Marie Laveau in the film *Marianne*, which was shot on location in Louisiana. When the *Banacek* series shot an episode in Boston, local cottontails Dina McDermott, Ann Marie Messano and Fabien Walters were recruited for on-camera duty. And Denver's Cheryl French, who jumps and shows horses for fun, worked in *Barquero* with Lee Van Cleef. You may not have recognized her onscreen, though—she was a stunt woman. Working on the other side of the camera is Boston Bunny Jennifer Ellis, who directed a Chamberlayne Junior College production of Ibsen's *Hedda Gabler* on Boston's television channel two.

Modeling is a field attracting increasing numbers of Bunnies. One Bunny who has made it to the pages of PLAYBOY is New Orleans' Laura Misch, featured in *Divers Pleasures* on pages 141, 142 and 143 of our June issue. "Some of my friends asked me if that was Mark Spitz in the pictures with me," Laura reports. "Of course, it was a male model, but if they want to think it's Mark, I let 'em believe it." Since that PLAYBOY layout was photographed in the Dominican Republic, Laura got an expense-paid trip to the Caribbean out of the deal—something she considers an additional plus afforded by her Playboy connections.

Six very special cottontails—the Jet Bunnies who staff Hugh M. Hefner's Big Bunny DC-9 jet—are up in the air on the job a good part of the time. Current members of that high-flying contingent are Anne Denson, Maynell Thomas, Joy Tarbell, Sharon Gwin, Karen Ring and Sue Huggy. All have gone through airline-hostess school as well as Playboy Bunny training and are based at the Chicago Playboy Club when not on out-of-town assignment.

One nominee for busiest Bunny of the year might be Great Gorge's Alyson Merkel. She's the featured vocalist with her own group, A-T & T, which has been appearing in the Club-Hotel's Playmate Bar; lead singer with (and choreographer for) the eight-member Bunnynette aggregation there; star of four ten-minute programs on radio station WNNJ in nearby Newton each week (two offering travel tips and two presenting book reviews); and she's studying for her third-class FCC license in preparation for a career in

broadcasting. All this, of course, in addition to her regular Bunny assignments. "Social life?" asks Alyson. "None. Don't have time." Former hutchmate Waren Smith, now Bunning in the New York Playboy Club, has already earned her master's degree in radio-television and moonlights as a disc jockey for station WPSC.

There's no dearth of dancing cottontails, either. Montreal's Bunnies Suzie Prenovost and Lou-Ann Uyeda have appeared with the Keigo Imperial Japanese Dancers; Great Gorge's Marilyn Bridges is an ex-Rockette. Debbi Crowe of Atlanta appears with the Decatur-DeKalb Civic Ballet and performed with Gene Kelly in a Theater of the Stars production this past summer. New York Bunny Dana Dixon, a ballet teacher for three years, won a two-year Ford Foundation scholarship to study the dance in 1966–1967.

Bunnies are, in fact, studying just about everything, at both undergraduate and graduate levels. Los Angeles cottontail Munyin Choy just received a master's degree in education from UCLA, and Becky Yates is working on her master's degree in social work at St. Louis University. Debbie Dimes of Boston is getting her degree in civil engineering from Northeastern University, while Simone Pertuiset, Montreal, is finishing requirements for a B.S. in ecology from Sir George Williams University. As Detroit's Terry Bellant points out, "Working for Playboy is a perfect way to put yourself through school, because the money's good and the hours are so flexible. I plan to enroll at Wayne State University here and take a course in medical technology; after class, I can go down to the Club and work a night shift."

Those flexible hours also make Bunny hopping an ideal two-career job, especially for a girl who's trying to get her own business enterprise started. Bunny Portlyn Mason owns a health-food store in the city of Lake Geneva, near the Playboy Club-Hotel, where she works; while down in New Orleans, Bonnie Williams operates an organic-baking business. "Best customers for her homemade bread and oatmeal cookies, all baked to order, are her fellow Club employees," Bunny Mother Barbara Page reports. New York Bunny Jane Ball is pursuing a slightly different tack: writing a cookbook, to be published by Simon & Schuster. Denver's Cheryl French, the equestrienne mentioned above, is doing research in biofeedback and the physiological effects of color. Perhaps least-likely second job is that held by another Denver Bunny, Susan Sturm, who works as a parole officer. Viewers who saw Susan on the Bunny of the Year telecast would volunteer to be in her custody any day.

Plans are already under way for next year's Bunny Beauty Contest; check in at your local hutch for the schedule in your area.



THE PLAYBOY JAZZ & POP POLL

vote for your favorites for the 1975 all-star band

SEVERAL YEARS AGO, the late Albert Ayler put out an album called *Music Is the Healing Force of the Universe*. Those words have stuck in our mind, and we'd like to think they're true. If they are, then music is needed more today than ever, because there's a lot of healing that needs to be done, as anybody can confirm with a glance at a newspaper. Fortunately, there are a lot of musical healers at work. Of course, not all our Pied Pipers are on such a positive trip: Some have never thought about healing anything except their own bank balances and there are more than a few who—after years of being ignored or ripped off—are in no shape to heal anybody, since they themselves are so badly in need of some kind of balm. Needless to say, our ballot separates performers by the instruments they play, not by their spiritual conditions. Still, it's amusing to look over these listings of names and think about the variety of stories behind them and the variety of personalities they represent: flashy showbiz types, workmanlike studio guys, transcendental innovators, folksy primitives. Many types of music are also represented; and it's reassuring to us that many of the people we've talked with feel that their favorite schools have been *underrepresented*. One person thinks we don't get enough jazzmen on the ballot. The next guy says we don't include enough rock groups. Or country singers. Or Latin musicians. You're probably wondering why it's reassuring to hear complaints. Well, it lets us know that people care about what we do. And if *all* sides think they're underrepresented, then perhaps we've managed to be fair. Which isn't all that easy.

BIG-BAND LEADER*(Please choose one.)*

1. Burt Bacharach
2. Count Basie
3. Louis Bellson
4. James Brown
5. Les Brown
6. Ray Charles
7. Eunir Deodato
8. Mercer Ellington
9. Don Ellis
10. Gil Evans
11. Maynard Ferguson
12. Lionel Hampton
13. Woody Herman
14. Harry James
15. Quincy Jones
16. Thad Jones/Mel Lewis
17. Stan Kenton
18. Henry Mancini
19. Chuck Mangione
20. John McLaughlin
21. Sun Ra
22. Buddy Rich
23. Bobby Rosengarden
24. Doc Severinsen
25. Clark Terry
26. Gerald Wilson
27. Stevie Wonder
28. Frank Zappa

TRUMPET*(Please choose four.)*

1. Nat Adderley
2. Herb Alpert
3. Cat Anderson
4. Benny Bailey
5. Chet Baker
6. Ruby Braff
7. Oscar Brashear
8. Randy Brecker
9. Billy Butterfield
10. Donald Byrd
11. Conte Candoli
12. Pete Candoli
13. Bill Chase
14. Don Cherry
15. Buck Clayton
16. Miles Davis
17. Roy Eldridge
18. Don Ellis
19. Jon Faddis
20. Art Farmer
21. Maynard Ferguson
22. Dizzy Gillespie
23. Bobby Hackett
24. Bill Hardman
25. Al Hirt
26. Freddie Hubbard
27. Harry James
28. Jonah Jones
29. Thad Jones
30. Hugh Masekela
31. Bob McCoy
32. Blue Mitchell
33. Sam Noto
34. Jimmy Owens
35. Cynthia Robinson
36. Red Rodney

37. Doc Severinsen
38. Woody Shaw
39. Clark Terry
40. Charles Tolliver
41. Snooky Young

TROMBONE*(Please choose four.)*

1. Chris Barber
2. Dave Bargeron
3. Harold Betters
4. George Bohanon
5. Bob Brookmeyer
6. Garnett Brown
7. Jimmy Cleveland
8. Buster Cooper
9. Vic Dickenson
10. Maynard Ferguson
11. Carl Fontana
12. Curtis Fuller
13. Benny Green
14. Urbie Green
15. Al Grey
16. Dick Halligan
17. Slide Hampton
18. Wayne Henderson
19. Quentin Jackson
20. J. J. Johnson
21. Grachan Moncur III
22. Turk Murphy
23. James Pankow
24. Benny Powell
25. Julian Priestler
26. Frank Rosolino
27. Roswell Rudd
28. Bill Watrous
29. Dicky Wells
30. Kai Winding
31. Si Zentner

ALTO SAX*(Please choose two.)*

1. Cannonball Adderley
2. Gary Bartz
3. Al Belletto
4. Anthony Braxton
5. Benny Carter
6. Emilio Castillo
7. Ornette Coleman
8. Hank Crawford
9. Sonny Criss
10. Eddie Daniels
11. Paul Desmond
12. Jerry Dodgion
13. Lou Donaldson
14. Bunky Green
15. William Green
16. Paul Horn
17. Eric Kloss
18. Lee Konitz
19. Walt Levinsky
20. Fred Lipsius
21. Jackie McLean
22. Charles McPherson
23. James Moody
24. Oliver Nelson
25. Anthony Ortega
26. Art Pepper
27. Marshal Royal

28. Tom Scott
29. Bud Shank
30. James Spaulding
31. Sonny Stitt
32. Frank Strozier
33. Grover Washington, Jr.
34. Bob Wilber
35. Edgar Winter
36. Paul Winter
37. Chris Woods
38. Jimmy Woods
39. Phil Woods

TENOR SAX*(Please choose two.)*

1. Gene Ammons
2. Curtis Amy
3. Gato Barbieri
4. Mike Brecker
5. Sam Butera
6. Al Cohn
7. George Coleman
8. Bob Cooper
9. Corky Corcoran
10. Eddie Daniels
11. Eddie "Lockjaw" Davis
12. Joe Farrell
13. Jimmy Forrest
14. Frank Foster
15. Bud Freeman

16. Jerry Fuller
17. Stan Getz
18. Dexter Gordon
19. Johnny Griffin
20. Eddie Harris
21. Joe Henderson
22. Jim Horn
23. Illinois Jacquet
24. Robin Kenyatta
25. Rahsaan Roland Kirk
26. John Klemmer
27. Yusef Lateef
28. Charles Lloyd
29. James Moody
30. Oliver Nelson
31. David Newman
32. Boots Randolph
33. Sam Rivers
34. Sonny Rollins
35. Pharoah Sanders
36. Tom Scott
37. Archie Shepp
38. Wayne Shorter
39. Zoot Sims
40. Buddy Tate
41. Lucky Thompson
42. Stanley Turrentine
43. Junior Walker
44. Grover Washington, Jr.
45. Ernie Watts



BARITONE SAX*(Please choose one.)*

1. Pepper Adams
2. Jay Cameron
3. Harry Carney
4. Leroy Cooper
5. Benny Crawford
6. Eddie Daniels
7. Charles Davis
8. Charlie Fowlkes
9. Chuck Gentry
10. Jimmy Giuffre
11. Frank Hittner
12. Bill Hood
13. Jim Horn
14. Steve Kupka
15. John Lowe
16. Gerry Mulligan
17. Jack Nimitz
18. Pat Patrick
19. Cecil Payne
20. Romeo Penque
21. Jerome Richardson
22. Ronnie Ross
23. Clifford Scott
24. Bud Shank
25. Lonnie Shaw
26. Sahib Shihab
27. John Surman

CLARINET*(Please choose one.)*

1. Alvin Batiste
2. Barney Bigard
3. Acker Bilk
4. Phil Bodner
5. Ray Burke
6. John Carter
7. Buddy Collette
8. Eddie Daniels
9. Kenny Davern
10. Buddy De Franco
11. Pete Fountain
12. Bob Fritz
13. Jerry Fuller
14. Jimmy Giuffre
15. Benny Goodman
16. William Green
17. Jimmy Hamilton
18. Woody Herman
19. Peanuts Hucko
20. Rahsaan Roland Kirk
21. Walt Levinsky
22. Fred Lipsius
23. Matty Matlock
24. Bob Palmer
25. John Payne
26. Art Pepper
27. Russell Procope
28. Jerome Richardson

29. Tony Scott
30. Pee Wee Spitelara
31. John Surman
32. Bob Wilber
33. Phil Woods

PIANO*(Please choose one.)*

1. Mose Allison
2. Burt Bacharach
3. Count Basie
4. Eubie Blake
5. Ronnell Bright
6. Dave Brubeck
7. Jaki Byard
8. Ray Charles
9. Alice Coltrane
10. Chick Corea
11. Stanley Cowell
12. Neal Greque
13. Bill Evans
14. Tommy Flanagan
15. Erroll Garner
16. Herbie Hancock
17. Roland Hanna
18. Barry Harris
19. Donny Hathaway
20. Hampton Hawes
21. Earl "Fatha" Hines
22. Nicky Hopkins
23. Dick Hymian
24. Ahmad Jamal
25. Keith Jarrett
26. Elton John
27. Hank Jones
28. Roger Kellaway
29. Robert Lamm
30. Milcho Leviev
31. John Lewis
32. Ramsey Lewis
33. Les McCann
34. Marian McPartland
35. Sergio Mendes
36. Lee Michaels
37. Thelonious Monk
38. Peter Nero
39. Randy Newman
40. Oscar Peterson
41. Billy Preston
42. Leon Russell
43. Joe Sample
44. George Shearing
45. Horace Silver
46. Lonnie Liston Smith
47. Billy Taylor
48. Cecil Taylor
49. McCoy Tyner
50. Mary Lou Williams
51. Neil Young
52. Joe Zawinul

ORGAN*(Please choose one.)*

1. Brian Auger
2. Booker T.
3. Milt Buckner
4. Ray Charles
5. Wild Bill Davis
6. Bill Doggett

7. Charles Earland
8. Keith Emerson
9. Clare Fischer
10. Ronnie Foster
11. Johnny Hammond
12. Isaac Hayes
13. Groove Holmes
14. Garth Hudson
15. Dick Hyman
16. Keith Jarrett
17. Al Kooper
18. Gap Mangione
19. Ray Manzarek
20. Dave Mason
21. Brother Jack McDuff
22. Jimmy McGriff
23. Lee Michaels
24. Don Patterson
25. Billy Preston
26. Sun Ra
27. Shirley Scott
28. Jimmy Smith
29. Rick Wakeman
30. Walter Wanderley
31. Stevie Winwood
32. Khalid Yasin

VIBES*(Please choose one.)*

1. Peter Appleyard
2. Roy Ayers
3. Larry Bunker
4. Gary Burton
5. Warren Chiasson
6. Gary Coleman
7. Don Elliott
8. Gordon Emanuel
9. Victor Feldman
10. Terry Gibbs
11. Gunter Hampel
12. Lionel Hampton
13. Bobby Hutcherson
14. Milt Jackson
15. Stu Katz
16. Phil Kraus
17. Johnny Lytle
18. Mike Mainieri
19. Garry Mallaber
20. Buddy Montgomery
21. Red Norvo
22. Dave Pike
23. Emil Richards
24. Cal Tjader
25. Tommy Vig
26. Clement Wells

GUITAR*(Please choose one.)*

1. Arthur Adams
2. Laurindo Almeida
3. Chet Atkins
4. Elek Bacsik
5. Jeff Beck
6. Joe Beck
7. George Benson
8. Chuck Berry
9. Richard Betts
10. Roy Buchanan
11. Dennis Budimir



12. Kenny Burrell
13. Charlie Byrd
14. Glen Campbell
15. Eric Clapton
16. Larry Coryell
17. Steve Cropper
18. Rick Derringer
19. Herb Ellis
20. José Feliciano
21. Al Gafa
22. Eric Gale
23. Jerry Garcia
24. Grant Green
25. Buddy Guy
26. Jim Hall
27. George Harrison
28. Terry Kath
29. Barney Kessel
30. Albert King
31. B. B. King
32. Freddie King
33. Alvin Lee
34. Pat Martino
35. John McLaughlin
36. Tony Mottola
37. Jimmy Page
38. Joe Pass
39. Bucky Pizzarelli
40. Keith Richard
41. Robbie Robertson
42. Carlos Santana
43. Cat Stevens
44. Stephen Stills
45. Gabor Szabo
46. Peter Townshend
47. Philip Upchurch
48. David T. Walker
49. T-Bone Walker
50. Mason Williams
51. Johnny Winter

BASS

(Please choose one.)

1. Dud Bascomb, Jr.
2. Max Bennett
3. Keter Betts
4. Walter Booker
5. Ray Brown
6. Jack Bruce
7. Mike Bruce
8. Herb Bushler
9. Joe Byrd
10. Ron Carter
11. Jack Casady
12. Peter Cetera
13. Stanley Clarke
14. Bob Cranshaw
15. Art Davis
16. Richard Davis
17. Chuck Domanico
18. Donald "Duck" Dunn
19. George Duvivier
20. Cleveland Eaton
21. John Entwistle
22. Wilton Felder
23. Jim Fielder
24. Larry Gales
25. Jimmy Garrison
26. Eddie Gomez

27. Rick Grech
28. Bob Haggart
29. Percy Heath
30. Michael Henderson
31. Milt Hinton
32. Carol Kaye
33. Cecil McBee
34. Paul McCartney
35. Charles Mingus
36. Monk Montgomery
37. Carl Radle
38. Chuck Rainey
39. Rufus Reid
40. Larry Ridley
41. James Rowser
42. Jule Ruggiero
43. Celestial Songhouse
44. Kyoshi Toganaga
45. Bill Wyman
46. El Dee Young

DRUMS

(Please choose one.)

1. Ginger Baker
2. Louis Bellson
3. Hal Blaine
4. Art Blakey
5. John Bonham
6. Roy Brooks
7. Karen Carpenter
8. Kenny Clarke
9. Jimmy Cobb
10. Billy Cobham
11. Cozy Cole
12. Bobby Colomby
13. Alan Dawson
14. Jack De Johnette
15. Bobby Durham
16. Vernel Fournier
17. John Guerin
18. Chico Hamilton
19. Louis Hayes
20. Roy Haynes
21. Red Holt
22. Stix Hooper
23. Paul Humphrey
24. Al Jackson, Jr.
25. Elvin Jones
26. Jo Jones
27. Philly Joe Jones
28. Connie Kay
29. Jim Keltner
30. Mel Lewis
31. Shelly Manne
32. Harvey Mason
33. Roy McCurdy
34. Buddy Miles
35. Mitch Mitchell
36. Keith Moon
37. Joe Morello
38. Alphonse Mouzon
39. Idris Muhammad
40. Sandy Nelson
41. Carl Palmer
42. Bernard Purdie
43. Buddy Rich
44. Ben Riley
45. Max Roach
46. Mickey Roker
47. Bobby Rosengarden

48. Danny Seraphine
49. Transcending Sonship
50. Ringo Starr
51. Grady Tate
52. Marshall Thompson
53. Charlie Watts
54. Tony Williams
55. Ron Zito

OTHER INSTRUMENTS

(Please choose one.)

1. Ian Anderson, *flute*
2. Elek Bacsik, *violin, violectra*
3. Ray Brown, *cello*
4. Paul Butterfield, *harmonica*
5. Buddy Collette, *flute*
6. Papa John Creach, *violin*
7. Bob Dylan, *harmonica*
8. Keith Emerson, *Moog*
9. Joe Farrell, *soprano sax*
10. Maynard Ferguson, *superbone*
11. Stephane Grapelli, *violin*
12. Al Grey, *baritone horn*
13. Sugar Cane Harris, *violin*
14. George Harrison, *sitar*
15. Paul Horn, *flute*
16. Bobbi Humphrey, *flute*
17. Doug Kershaw, *violin*
18. Rahsaan Roland Kirk, *flute, manzello, stritch*
19. Yusef Lateef, *flute, oboe*
20. Hubert Laws, *flute*
21. Charles Lloyd, *flute*
22. Gus Mancuso, *baritone horn*
23. Chuck Mangione, *Flügelhorn*
24. Herbie Mann, *flute*
25. Benny Maupin, *reeds*
26. Les McCann, *Moog*
27. Charlie McCoy, *harmonica*
28. James Moody, *flute*
29. Aírto Moreira, *percussion*
30. Walter Parazaider, *flute*
31. Cecil Payne, *flute*
32. Jean-Luc Ponty, *violin*
33. Sun Ra, *Moog*
34. Emil Richards, *cymbalom*
35. Mongo Santamaria, *congas*
36. Earl Scruggs, *banjo*
37. John Sebastian, *harmonica*
38. Bud Shank, *flute*
39. Ravi Shankar, *sitar*
40. Jeremy Steig, *flute*
41. Clark Terry, *Flügelhorn*
42. Jean Thielemans, *harmonica*
43. Joe Venuti, *violin*
44. Julius Watkins, *French horn*
45. Frank Wess, *flute*
46. Michael White, *violin*
47. Russ Whitman, *bass sax*
48. Bob Wilber, *soprano sax*
49. Stevie Wonder, *harmonica, clavinet, Moog*
50. Rusty Young, *steel guitar*

MALE VOCALIST

(Please choose one.)

1. Mose Allison
2. Harry Belafonte

3. Tony Bennett
4. Brook Benton
5. Andy Bey
6. Bobby Bland
7. David Bowie
8. James Brown
9. Oscar Brown, Jr.
10. Solomon Burke
11. Jerry Butler
12. Ray Charles
13. Roy Clark
14. David Clayton-Thomas
15. Alice Cooper
16. Sammy Davis Jr.
17. John Denver
18. Neil Diamond
19. Bob Dylan
20. Billy Eckstine
21. John Gary
22. Marvin Gaye
23. Mickey Gilley
24. Al Green
25. Merle Haggard
26. George Harrison
27. Johnny Hartman
28. Domy Hathaway
29. Isaac Hayes
30. Mick Jagger
31. Waylon Jennings
32. Dr. John
33. Elton John
34. George Jones
35. B. B. King
36. Kris Kristofferson
37. Steve Lawrence
38. John Lennon
39. Jerry Lee Lewis
40. Gordon Lightfoot
41. Dean Martin
42. Johnny Mathis
43. Curtis Mayfield
44. Paul McCartney
45. Van Morrison
46. Anthony Newley
47. Randy Newman
48. Harry Nilsson
49. Buck Owens
50. Wilson Pickett
51. Robert Plant
52. Elvis Presley
53. Arthur Prysock
54. Lou Rawls
55. Jerry Reed
56. Charlie Rich
57. Leon Russell
58. Frank Sinatra
59. O. C. Smith
60. Cat Stevens
61. Rod Stewart
62. Grady Tate
63. James Taylor
64. Johnnie Taylor
65. Leon Thomas
66. Mel Tormé
67. Andy Williams
68. Joe Williams
69. Stevie Winwood
70. Bill Withers
71. Bobby Womack

72. Stevie Wonder
73. Neil Young

FEMALE VOCALIST

(Please choose one.)

1. Joan Baez
2. Pearl Bailey
3. Maggie Bell
4. Barbi Benton
5. Teresa Brewer
6. DeeDee Bridgewater
7. Lana Cantrell
8. Vikki Carr
9. Betty Carter
10. Chér
11. June Christy
12. Judy Collins
13. Rita Coolidge
14. Ella Fitzgerald
15. Roberta Flack
16. Aretha Franklin
17. Eydie Gormé
18. Linda Hopkins
19. Lena Horne
20. Carole King
21. Teddi King
22. Gladys Knight
23. Cleo Laine
24. Peggy Lee
25. Abbey Lincoln
26. Miriam Makeba
27. Barbara McNair
28. Melanie
29. Bette Midler
30. Liza Minnelli
31. Joni Mitchell
32. Melba Moore
33. Maria Muldaur
34. Olivia Newton-John
35. Laura Nyro
36. Odetta
37. Esther Phillips
38. Flora Purim
39. Bonnie Raitt
40. Helen Reddy
41. Della Reese
42. Linda Ronstadt
43. Diana Ross
44. Buffy Sainte-Marie
45. Esther Satterfield
46. Carly Simon
47. Nina Simone
48. Valerie Simpson
49. Grace Slick
50. Mavis Staples
51. Barbra Streisand
52. Tina Turner
53. Sarah Vaughan
54. Dionne Warwick
55. Margaret Whiting
56. Nancy Wilson
57. Tammy Wynette

VOCAL GROUP

(Please choose one.)

1. Allman Brothers Band
2. The Band
3. Bee Gees
4. Bread

5. Jackie Cain & Roy Kral
6. Carpenters
7. Delfonics
8. Dr. Hook and the Medicine Show
9. Doobie Brothers
10. Earth, Wind & Fire
11. Emerson, Lake & Palmer
12. 5th Dimension
13. Four Freshmen
14. Grand Funk Railroad
15. Grateful Dead
16. Guess Who
17. Jackson 5
18. Jefferson Airplane
19. Gladys Knight & the Pips
20. Led Zeppelin
21. Loggins & Messina
22. Paul McCartney & Wings
23. Harold Melvin & the Blue Notes
24. Moody Blues
25. O'Jays
26. Tony Orlando & Dawn
27. Pink Floyd
28. Pointer Sisters
29. Rolling Stones
30. Scals & Crofts
31. Sly & the Family Stone
32. Spinners
33. Staple Singers
34. Stylistics
35. Temptations
36. Three Dog Night
37. Tower of Power
38. Ike & Tina Turner
39. War
40. The Who
41. Yes

SONGWRITER-COMPOSER

(Please choose one.)

1. Mose Allison
2. Ian Anderson
3. Harold Arlen
4. David Axelrod
5. Burt Bacharach
6. Thom Bell
7. Carla Bley
8. Oscar Brown, Jr.
9. Dave Brubeck
10. Ornette Coleman
11. Betty Comden-Adolph Green
12. Chick Corea
13. Miles Davis
14. Eumir Deodato
15. Neil Diamond
16. Bob Dylan
17. Gil Evans
18. David Gates
19. Dizzy Gillespie
20. Tom T. Hall
21. Herbie Hancock
22. George Harrison
23. Isaac Hayes
24. Freddie Hubbard
25. Mick Jagger-Keith Richard
26. Antonio Carlos Jobim

27. Elton John-Bernie Taupin
28. Quincy Jones
29. Thad Jones
30. Carole King
31. Kris Kristofferson
32. Robert Lamm
33. Michel Legrand
34. John Lennon
35. John Lewis
36. Gordon Lightfoot
37. John D. Loudermilk
38. Henry Mancini
39. Johnny Mandel
40. Curtis Mayfield
41. Paul McCartney
42. Eugene McDaniels
43. Johnny Mercer
44. Charles Mingus
45. Joni Mitchell
46. Thelonious Monk
47. Oliver Nelson
48. Randy Newman
49. Harry Nilsson
50. Laura Nyro
51. Kenny Rankin
52. Lou Reed
53. George Russell
54. Leon Russell
55. Lalo Schifrin
56. Gil Scott-Heron-Brian Jackson
57. Scals & Crofts
58. Horace Silver
59. Shel Silverstein
60. Paul Simon
61. Cat Stevens
62. Stephen Stills
63. Jule Styne
64. James Taylor
65. Allen Toussaint
66. Peter Townshend
67. Jimmy Van Heusen
68. Sid Wayne
69. Stevie Winwood
70. Bill Withers
71. Stevie Wonder
72. Neil Young
73. Frank Zappa

INSTRUMENTAL COMBO

(Please choose one.)

1. Cannonball Adderley
2. Gene Ammons
3. Art Ensemble of Chicago
4. Roy Ayers
5. The Band
6. Gato Barbieri
7. Al Belletto
8. Art Blakey
9. Blood, Sweat & Tears
10. Dave Brubeck
11. Kenny Burrell
12. Charlie Byrd
13. Chase
14. Chicago
15. Billy Cobham
16. Ornette Coleman
17. Alice Cooper
18. Crusaders
19. Miles Davis
20. Emerson, Lake & Palmer
21. Bill Evans
22. Stan Getz
23. Dizzy Gillespie
24. Grand Funk Railroad
25. Al Grey-Philly Joe Jones
26. Herbie Hancock
27. Eddie Harris
28. Hampton Hawes
29. Earl Hines
30. Al Hirt
31. Groove Holmes
32. Paul Horn
33. Hot Tuna
34. Freddie Hubbard
35. Bobby Hutcherson
36. Illinois Jacquet
37. Ahmad Jamal
38. Jefferson Airplane
39. Elvin Jones
40. B. B. King
41. Rahsaan Roland Kirk & the Vibration Society
42. Kool & the Gang
43. Yusef Lateef
44. Led Zeppelin
45. Ramsey Lewis
46. Charles Lloyd
47. Loggins & Messina
48. Malo
49. Chuck Mangione
50. Herbie Mann
51. Shelly Manne
52. Hugh Masekela
53. Les McCann
54. Marian McPartland
55. The Meters
56. Charles Mingus
57. Modern Jazz Quartet
58. Thelonious Monk
59. Airto Moreira
60. New York Jazz Quartet
61. Ohio Players
62. Oscar Peterson
63. Return to Forever
64. Max Roach
65. Sonny Rollins
66. Pharoah Sanders
67. Santana
68. The Section
69. George Shearing
70. Horace Silver
71. Sly & the Family Stone
72. Jimmy Smith
73. Lonnie Liston Smith
74. Supersax
75. Clark Terry
76. Tower of Power
77. Jethro Tull
78. McCoy Tyner
79. Jr. Walker and the All Stars
80. Grover Washington, Jr.
81. Tony Williams Lifetime
82. Paul Winter Consort
83. Phil Woods
84. World's Greatest Jazzband
85. Young-Holt Unlimited

Please put down the **NUMBERS** of listed candidates you choose. To vote for a person not shown on our lists, write in full name; only one in each category, except where otherwise indicated.

THE 1975 PLAYBOY JAZZ & POP POLL BALLOT

BIG-BAND LEADER _____

FIRST TRUMPET _____

SECOND TRUMPET _____

THIRD TRUMPET _____

FOURTH TRUMPET _____

FIRST TROMBONE _____

SECOND TROMBONE _____

THIRD TROMBONE _____

FOURTH TROMBONE _____

FIRST ALTO SAX _____

SECOND ALTO SAX _____

FIRST TENOR SAX _____

SECOND TENOR SAX _____

BARITONE SAX _____

CLARINET _____

PIANO _____

ORGAN _____

VIBES _____

GUITAR _____

BASS _____

DRUMS _____

OTHER INSTRUMENTS _____

MALE VOCALIST _____

FEMALE VOCALIST _____

VOCAL GROUP _____

SONGWRITER-COMPOSER _____

INSTRUMENTAL COMBO _____

CUT ALONG THIS LINE

PLAYBOY JAZZ & POP HALL OF FAME

Instrumentalists and vocalists, living or dead, are eligible. Artists previously elected (Duane Allman, Herb Alpert, Louis Armstrong, Count Basie, Dave Brubeck, Ray Charles, Eric Clapton, John Coltrane, Miles Davis, Bob Dylan, Duke Ellington, Ella Fitzgerald, Benny Goodman, George Harrison, Jimi Hendrix, Mick Jagger, Janis Joplin, John Lennon, Paul McCartney, Wes Montgomery, Jim Morrison, Elvis Presley, Frank Sinatra) are not eligible.

PLAYBOY'S RECORDS OF THE YEAR

BEST INSTRUMENTAL LP (BIG BAND):

BEST INSTRUMENTAL LP (FEWER THAN TEN PIECES):

BEST VOCAL LP:

Name and address must be printed here to authenticate ballot.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip Code _____

NOMINATING BOARD: Cannonball Adderley, Gregg Allman (Allman Brothers Band), Herb Alpert, Ian Anderson, George Benson, Ran Carter, Eric Clapton, Billy Cabham, Chick Corea (Return to Forever), Miles Davis, Neil Diamond, Billy Eckstine, Keith Emerson, Maynard Ferguson, Pete Fountain, Stan Getz, Benny Goodman, Lionel Hampton, Slide Hampton, Al Hirt, Freddie Hubbard, Milt Jackson, Elton John, J. J. Johnson, Rahsaan Roland Kirk, Paul McCartney, Gerry Mulligan, Oscar Peterson, Boots Randolph, Buddy Rich, Danny Seraphine (Chicago), Doc Severinsen, Carly Simon, Jimmy Smith, Ronald Townson (The 5th Dimension), Sarah Vaughan, Edgar Winter, Si Zentner; plus all the other musicians listed in last February's results; and Steve Backer, ABC-Impulse; George Butler, United Artists / Blue Note; Stan Carnyn, Warner Bros.; Milt Gabler, Commodore; Nat Hentoff, writer; Teo Macero, Columbia; Mark Meyerson, Atlantic; John Snyder, CTI; Bab Thiele, Flying Dutchman; and George Wein, Newport Jazz Festival.

Before compiling the list of performers on the preceding pages, we sent nominating ballots to all of the above—the list came to several hundred people. Now, our readers' ballot has a finite number of spaces, so, of course, we can't get everybody on it—and for everyone we add, we have to drop someone. So we try to get a list that reflects the range of today's musical spectrum—and it's possible that one or more of your favorite artists may not be included. If so, do not panic. You can still vote for that artist; just print his (or her) name in the appropriate space on the ballot—which is the flip side of this detachable page.

If the person you wish to vote for is on the list, you don't need to write the name—just the number. Last year, some readers wrote in names when numbers would have sufficed, which made things a little bit harder, not only for them but also for the people (and computers) who tabulated the vote.

The difference between a Big-Band Leader and the leader of an Instrumental Combo is the difference

between nine and ten. If the group has nine pieces or fewer, it's a combo; ten or more, and it's a big band.

Speaking of big bands, the reason you are asked to vote for more than one person in some categories is that big bands usually carry several men in those categories.

In voting for the Jazz & Pop Hall of Fame, keep in mind that the following people are ineligible, because they've already made it: Duane Allman, Herb Alpert, Louis Armstrong, Count Basie, Dave Brubeck, Ray Charles, Eric Clapton, John Coltrane, Miles Davis, Bob Dylan, Duke Ellington, Ella Fitzgerald, Benny Goodman, George Harrison, Jimi Hendrix, Mick Jagger, Janis Joplin, John Lennon, Paul McCartney, Wes Montgomery, Jim Morrison, Elvis Presley and Frank Sinatra.

When you've completed your ballot, make sure it has your name and address on it; otherwise, it won't count. Then mail it to Playboy Jazz & Pop Poll, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Ballots must be postmarked no later than October 15, 1974. Results will be in our February 1975 issue.



ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROLAND C. WOLFE

CUT ALONG THIS LINE

THE VARGAS GIRL



*"There's nothing like this
exercise for developing the
thighs . . . well, almost nothing."*

Vargas

AS A BENEFIT to the fair votaries of Love and as an aid to wanton youths who revel in their soft embraces, we take the liberty of offering a buyer's guide for our loyal readers.

The shops of Venus have never been more elegantly filled than at present. Marylebone, the new bazaar, shines with loves and graces on display; Covent Garden offers ardor; our ancient Drury is still the favorite of many. Bagnigge, St. George's Spa offer the choicest goods; there is much to be found in the purlicious of Whitechapel, farther east.

Here, then, is our guide, suited to every pocket and to every whim and fancy the most extravagant sensualist could summon:

Miss H_____w____ed, No. 10 Castle Street, Oxford Market.



*Her lily bosom and her tapering waist,
Her pointing lips, would tempt a saint to taste.
Love's sweet Elysium she will soon make yours
And bless with raptures new the passing hours.*

Our sweet Polly, that at present reigns the perfect model of innocence and good nature, has not yet entered her 19th year. Before she enlisted into service at The Thirteen Cantons, her former situation enabled her to learn something of the ways of life, her father being a tabor and pipe player at the fashionable shops in town. Although Polly made little use of his lessons concerning the proper use of the flute—not having an ear for music—she soon attained a proficiency in a more natural instinct and can now play any strain without complaining, always setting an expert tempo upon request, although allegro is her finest melody.

It is not a twelvemonth since the Middlesex invader broke down the road-block to new highways and, conscious of her merit and worth, she is now in daily expectation that some good citizen will take her into keeping, thus freeing her from the disagreeable necessity of nocturnal perambulations.

She is a middle-sized, genteel-made girl, with fine black eyes and hair, exceeding good teeth and a sweet affable temper. The dairy hills of delight are beautifully prominent, firm and elastic; the sable channel below is now properly adapted to the sons of Great Britain—when she has traveled the public roads 12 months more, the Hibernian sons may then, perhaps, find the parts suitably adjusted for their use as well.

Miss C_____t____t, No. 123 Queen Street, Golden Square.



*All night she'll keep you at wanton play,
Nor suffer slumber till the dawn of day,
Till tir'd nature melted into bliss.
Dissolved in sleep still pants the humid kiss.*

This pleasant creature at present possesses every requisite to form the good and agreeable bedfellow. Youth and beauty shine with a most superlative brightness, and not more than 16 months have passed since she made her first dive into the public stream.

She is of fair complexion; the hair that ornaments her person is a light brown, but that which shades the Cyprian fountain is much darker. This graceful armor has been near three years in arriving to its present state; at the early age of 15, the soft down just peeped through the snowy skin. Now, with an envious shade, it surrounds the Elysian mansion and is proof against the most stubborn repeated attacks.

A word to the wise: This lady is in genteel keeping by a gentleman of the name she now assumes; thus, her favors cannot be expected on ordinary terms. A single air is half a guinea; for a nocturnal rondo, she expects four times the sum.

Miss G_____rd____ner, No. 47 Union Street, Oxford Square.

*She thrust among the bushes her fair hand
To draw the plant, and every plant she drew*

She shook the stalk, and brushed away the dew.

This lady's character answers exceedingly well her name, being exquisitely well skilled in the art of raising plants in a hotbed, but naturally she wishes for a partner to be concerned in the business.

Her person is pleasing, she has the roses in her cheeks, encircled with beds of never-failing lilies; she takes a guinea to be engrafted upon and is a very agreeable sprig of harebell. She is much esteemed by the lovers of planting for having a beautiful show of navelwort and a fondness for rampions, arborvitae, Adam's-apple tree, sensitive plant, nutmegs and other such valuable productions.

If we are not misinformed, this lady is



one of the daughters of fortune, having a substantial income left to her from an old flagellant whom she literally flogged out of the world, and will probably do so to more, as she is as expert at this maneuver as Mrs. B_____ch herself of Chapel Street, Soho.

Economy is seldom a virtue practiced by females of her profession, but we can produce an instance of it in this damsel that is as whimsical as it is extraordinary. The chandler's shop, which furnishes her with instruments of delight, has agreed to provide her in turn with tea, coffee, bread, butter and all other articles sold in the shops at a considerably reduced price—on condition that she does not purchase switches, brooms and such anywhere else; and it is generally believed that it is indeed a contract advantageous to both parties.

While Venus holds her court, Morpheus is kicked out of doors. Therefore, we advise none but the most experienced, none but the truly armorous, none but those furnished with the finest parts to engage in the contest. Come, then, ye metallic Hibernians, ye brawny Scots and ye genuine beef-eating Britons, replete with health, vigor, youth and money, for this lecherous girl of only 18 will ease you of every article.

—Retold by John G. Dickson



"TO BE SILENT" IS AN ACTIVE VERB*(continued from page 128)*

Los Angeles Times the statement of Dr. Nikolai Blokhin:

[Solzhenitsyn] has long deprived himself of the right to the lofty title of citizen of the U.S.S.R. That is why depriving him of his citizenship and turning him out of the U.S.S.R. is a correct, a very correct decision.

Serendipity strikes the theme for this return to the Soviet Union. Last night I heard Bob Dylan sing:

*Time will tell
Just who has fell
And who's been left behind. . .*

Who are these nonpersons whom Dr. Blokhin and Dr. Dylan celebrate in different ways? Nine years ago in Moscow, as the guest of the Writers Union, I saw mostly official persons, hospitable, wary and well. But I got a whiff from the best of them of those others, the nonpersons, burdened with their stubbornness, and this time I'll seek them out through the enveloping Intourist-comfort fog. In California, news of the human-rights movement—the writers and scientists, those warded in psychiatric hospitals because to disagree with the government is plain crazy, the lovers of the word, the Jews, the political prisoners—is being replaced by the Nixon-Brezhnev businessmen's *détente*, with Dr. Armand Hammer leaping up to announce a fresh trade deal every few days. Alexander Solzhenitsyn has just been expelled—a slight setback. They decided not to administer harsher treatment to a man watched so closely by the West.

"Yea, the sparrow hath found a house, and the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young"—*Psalms* 84. "The son of man hath not where to lay his head"—Jesus.

A stewardess looks at my ticket and declares, "Moscow! Wow! Why?"

"Skiing."

"Oh, wow, groovy."

I settle down in my seat to stare out the window, trying to remember my Russian, sorting out my memories of Moscow and thinking ahead to what I can expect of trouble this time. I manage to turn off the stewardess. As Dr. Blokhin says: a correct, a very correct decision.

Pan Am Lounge, Kennedy Airport; Orly Airport, Paris

Is that Andy Warhol I see before me? It's his two-tone wig, his blank stare into the new *Esquire* (the maestro looks glum), his chirping entourage gathered to bid him ta-ta. The Soviet Union will be different.

Warhol gets off in Paris.

Rushing through Orly and climbing

straight onto an Aeroflot Ilyushin, bound for Moscow, seems odd for a retired Francophile. I doze in this gray stratospheric global dawn. The melancholy of the traveler headed away from home is followed by thoughts that dart to and fro like arctic foxes, as cold as foxes. I soothe my disrupted metabolism by getting interested in the Russians returning home—women with flowers from the Champs Elysées, wrapped in plastic; bearded, fur-capped young men with affable, amiable, slovenly, old-time students' ease (is it a chess team?); gray bureaucrats in ice-blue suits and black-plastic briefcases attached like prosthetic devices to their arms. Their sleep-swollen, cholesterol-stuffed faces look as if they left behind any lively dreams years ago. But the nice plump stewardess, wider in the neck than the California stewardess was at the middle, doesn't ask if I'm coming to ski in Russia.

The last time I flew Aeroflot to Moscow, one filmy plastic glass served everyone for drinking, and you had to wait till it was free, and it was misty with strange lips when I finally thirstily received it and it played *Misty* for me. This time elegant little private cups—progress under socialism.

Rassiya Hotel, Red Square

Only one bag was lost in transit—mine. How do I define myself on my first day in Moscow? Who am I now? I am a man in sub-zero temperature, lonely for clothes, books, scarf, gloves, hat. Who else am I? I am sweaty man, man with secrets, worried about papers that might be found in my bag. I am man who needs a bath.

At customs they go through my briefcase carefully. A girl reads aloud from a book I've brought for a friend, one of my own novels, and makes it sound like German. She calls her superior. He calls his superiors. A group of officers is huddled over my book, saying, "Very interesting." But they don't mean they like it. They mean: Why is this writer coming here as a tourist? I understand their Russian, but I look dull and tired, because that seems the correct, the very correct way to look. Thinking about my lost bag helps. But also, since I have written and spoken about the Soviet Union, Solzhenitsyn and Andrei Sakharov, the trial of the writers Andrei Sinyavsky and Yuli Daniel, the plight of the Jews, I applied for my visa in Washington, not San Francisco. If their bureaucracy functions, I could be turned back from the airport.

I pass with a chill stare from the chief inspector.

My Intourist car takes me to the Rassiya, which is to the idea of a hotel what Los Angeles is to the idea of a city—massive, intimidating, overgrown. It's the largest hotel in Europe, perhaps in the world, and the elevators often work. Since I have nothing to unpack, I'll eat.

In the official dining room reserved for foreign tourists, I am placed at table with two English engineers bound for Siberia. Ruddy is the word for them—lean beef. They've just come from drilling in the Sahara, and now they're hunting oil and natural gas during the day and drinking vodka at night. "We work for six months in some Godforsaken place and drink ourselves to sleep every night, and then we come out with our money and get laid," says Ruddy One.

"I only have to drink for two months. I'm not staying any longer this time," says Ruddy Two.

"Those Berber girls. Those Venezuelan girls. Anything that's got mixed blood has got the clap," says Ruddy One, a six-month man with an analytical mind. "Let's have another cafe so I can sleep, hey?"

Ruddy Two's nose curves out and down, his pouting thin lips out and up, so that they nearly meet, and his face is on a unique time-space warp, looping around to recycle back into itself: a lonely, defiant, minimal face. "Another goddamn night when the British Empire's son doesn't set," he declares, pushing the table away from his chair.

I didn't drink enough of their vodka. I look out over Red Square, snowy and forbidding, and notice Berber girls dancing by the fireside near St. Basil's. A bunch of Venezuelan wenches are whooping it up near Lenin's tomb in the below-zero weather. I decide to go for a walk, wake up and realize I can't in this temperature, especially since my warm clothes haven't arrived.

Perhaps I could borrow a coat from the tail I have already noticed lurking down the halls of the Rassiya Hotel. He wears a tail's winter uniform of fur hat and black overcoat.

That middle-of-the-night melancholy returns, the traveler's disease, the chill loneliness that I used to think a compound of fear for mortality and the bruising of metabolic time zones. More than that, of course. As Solzhenitsyn says, a transplanted person is like a tree, all the large and tiny roots and rootlets cut, hurt, bleeding, until it finds its place again. And if it doesn't, it withers. Why do exiles suffer so? A traveler gets a whiff of it during his sleepless midnights. No wonder tourists behave so badly—they are hurt children. Travelers remember the postcards they sent, not what they felt as they finally decided. What the hell, I'll write some cards. And

(continued on page 190)

At Large in the Land of the Tooth of the Bandit

article
By Reg Potterton



A
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a japanese package tour explores the american west and finds it inscrutable

MR. MURAYAMA, tourist, has been in America less than two hours and already he's having a travel adventure. A swarthy lady to whom, I take it, he has not been formally introduced is trying to steal his gold teeth. This in broad daylight on the steps of the Science Academy in Golden Gate Park, San Francisco, and I can supply no information about the events immediately preceding this act of piracy, for it was already in (continued on page 158)

By JAMES DJCKEY

These paragraphs are, quite frankly, an experiment. They are impressionistic vignettes—or, with luck, prose poems—having to do with the American South, the place where I was born and where I hope to die. My method, or lack of it, was simply to cut in particular memories and impressions and to go with them wherever they took me.

The general plan of these pieces demands a good deal of the reader. I ask him, first of all, to give up his external identity—that is, his body—but to keep his senses preternaturally alive. I ask him to become invisible and to be able to take any shape that gets him deeper into some aspect of the South, or Jericho, as I, with the help of the King James Bible, have renamed it.

I make no pretense of possessing Biblical scholarship. It is sufficient to my purposes that there was a Promised Land and that Jericho was the first city in it. Those facts and the fact that Jericho fell, as the South fell, in the American "Iliad" of the Civil War. Those are the only conjunctions I wish to make. The rest of what I am trying to do here is purely mine and, beyond the connections I have indicated, is no fault of the Bible's nor of King James's.

The idea of the reader's becoming invisible and omniscient, ranging unsystematically over the Southern land and through many types of Southern people, is fundamental here. I should like the reader to be able to become a horse, a pine tree, a house,

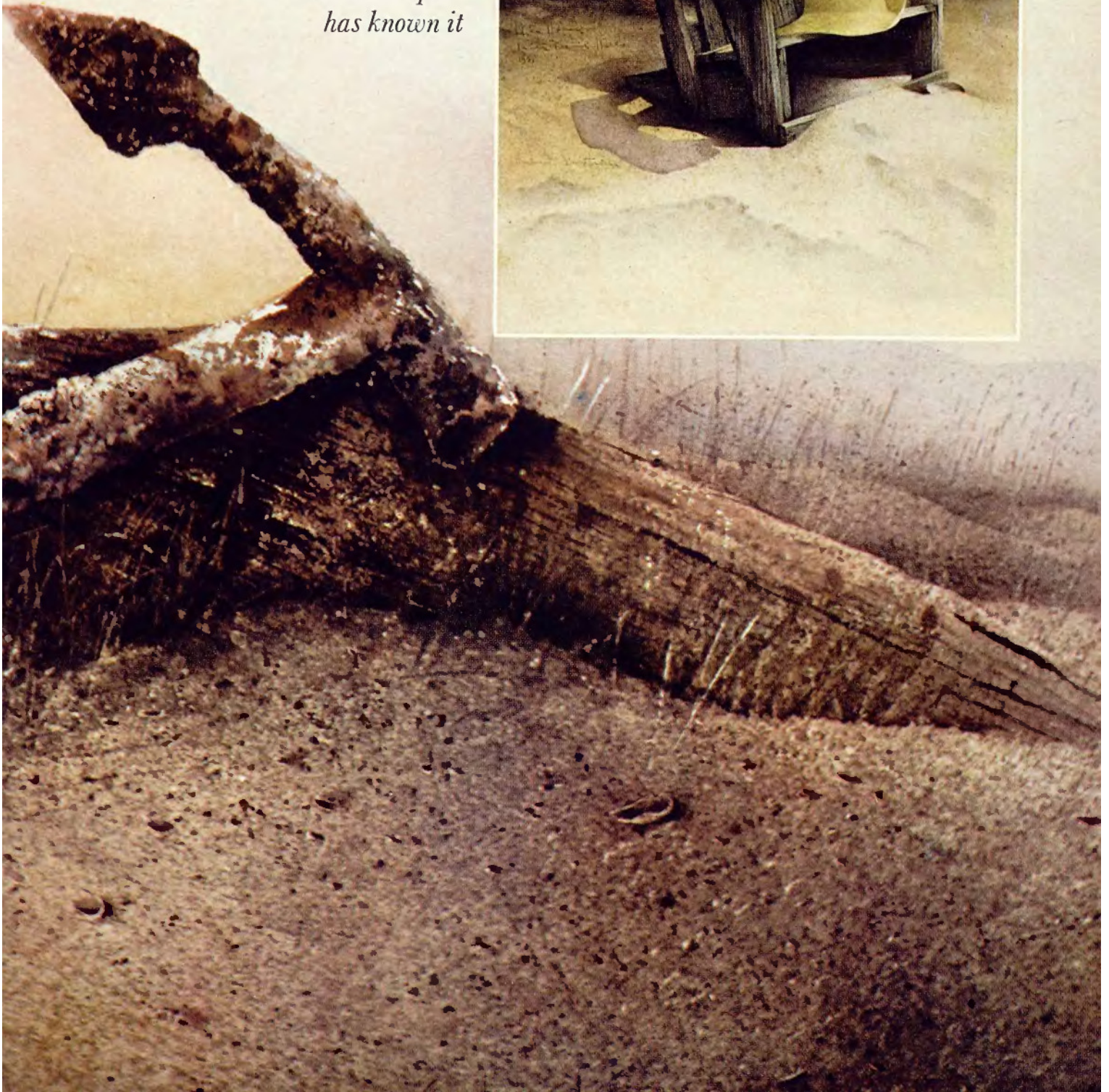
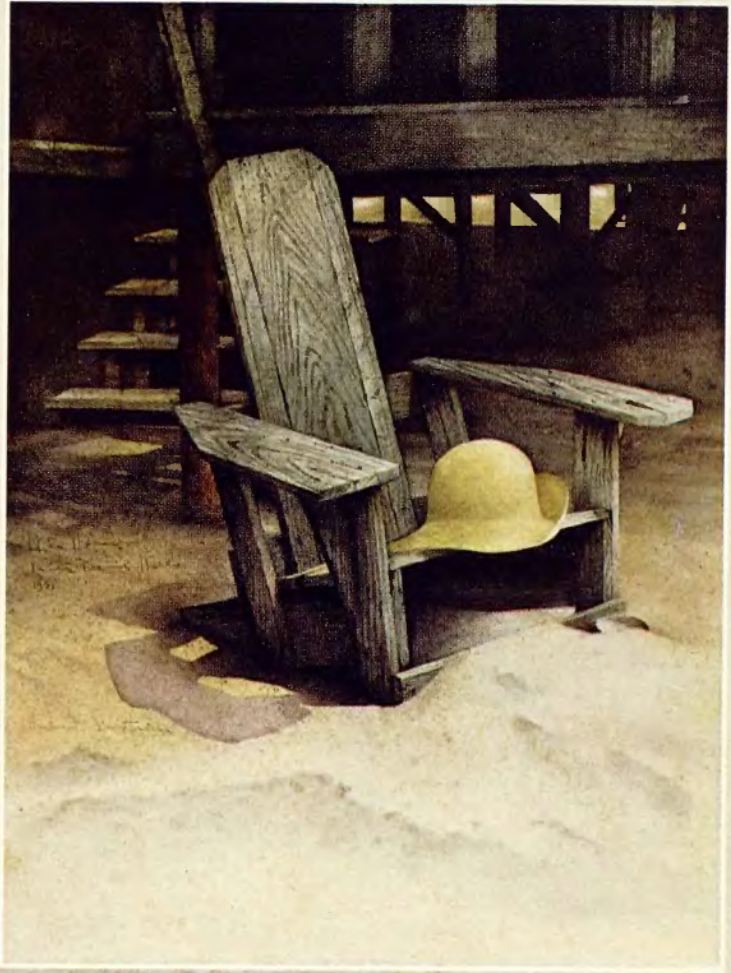
a church, a stock car, a hen, a rattlesnake, a human prisoner, a blues player at night in his cell listening to a freight train, a raccoon in a tree, a revivalist in a tent in midsummer. I should like the reader to help me behold the South and not simply see it. And I should like him to behold with such intensity, with whatever help these paragraphs are capable of giving, that he will look into the nearest mirror and half-believe that if he concentrates strongly and imaginatively enough, in his individual way—one known only to him, and from birth—he will see himself fade out before his own eyes and become what these paragraphs most want him to be: a Spirit, the Essence of himself, a Beholder of Jericho.

Ruins, where a child was conceived. The great house is gone. Nothing remains of it but the four stone columns that were the chimneys. The rock stumps of aristocracy, the Jericho version of Greek, the broken Doric, are easily overcome by ivy and a recent invader from Japan, kudzu. But 200 yards away are slave quarters, 200 years old, still standing, though roofless, and the future of Jericho is boiling within them. Here was something wrong. A child of two bloods was conceived here. The owner, the Man of Columns, knew how and when, but he could not say why. His only son went out through his own children into the world. The house and the Old Jericho fell, but the blood went on. It has flashed a left and a right—another left and right and the opponent is down. A new heavyweight champion



SMALL
VISIONS
FROM
A
TIMELESS
PLACE

*the south as one poet
has known it*



speaks quietly of the need to love each other, but he fights. Far from him, the shell-walled ruins of slave quarters seethe with meaning, and History refers to them at every moment.

Noise, and a huge racket assembling, Mass is producing, and the man turning frames in the foreground has come off the farm to produce it. He has a long wolfish face and bad teeth, but he's got the noise of making automobiles beaten: He sings at the top of his lungs. Not even a Spirit can make out the words, but we know that he is singing because now he is dancing long-legged, buck-dancing with the slowly whirling car frame.

Behind third base, and free of the looms. The girl from Ellijay, Georgia, watches the batter of the other girls' softball team. Her mind, a maze of shuttles and bobbins, concentrates meanly. We're gonna kill 'em. We're second in the league. Inside the mill, the looms fly in place, and we leave the field and drift inside, then flicker among the high-speed threads. In the waterfalling thunder and the shadowy haze of garment speed, in the hum of runaway geometry, we see faces, all faces of Jericho. One of the ways we rose from the ashes was into the mill. The faces belong to the land, the fingers to the thread.

Power-sawed from a pine forest, the marble quarry looks, at dusk, as though it might be the largest square hole in the world. With a beautiful dreaming motion appropriate for descent into the open country of gravestones, we go down to see the only man left from the day's work at the bottom. He is standing on top of a great oblong block, ghost-white with dust, and his eyebrows sparkle more than his eyes ever could. In a harsh net of cables he is waiting to lift himself. Overhead, the dim sky begins to groan, and he to rise. He sails upward through Time, from the Beginning to the Now. It is so dark that the strata of eons may well be shuffling geologic eras at will, or by chance, and may put the End in there somewhere, among the innocent ages. A few years more of this work and the man will buy a farm; he was born and raised on one. He steps off the block into the woods that stand around the place it was cut from. He washes his face at a washstand, and the dust of the graves runs off it. He and the crane operator get into his car, and the moonlight made for the four-sided woods around the unearthed quarry leaps into the huge hole in nature, prepared to seek the Answer of the Ages: prepared to find the square root of Time, and eat it.

All over Jericho we like to hang around. When you hang around, in this land, you hear stories, and you make up

your own. On country porches and in town squares, on hunting trips—for we are great hunters, here—even in the suburbs, the tongue matters. We are the most outrageous and creative liars in the world, and we take our time to make the lies a lot more interesting than the truth, in the strictness of its dreaming, could ever dream. You know that you are somewhere in the tingling and living Web of Jericho when somebody says to you—or you just overhear: Now, there was this old boy who drove for the governor. I knew him. Well, I didn't exactly know him: I knew a cousin of his. Anyway, he lived in Social Circle, Georgia, and he loved clothes. He worked in a filling station—Texaco. I think it was—part time, and he kind of doubled up on his money to go to Atlanta and buy clothes every year. So he saves enough for this one year, see, and he goes to town, right to Robert Hall's, and he's walking down them bare racks, and he sees this one suit he just about goes through the roof over. Spends all his money for it. So he goes back home to Social Circle and he's walking down the main street in this suit, and a buddy of his stops him and says, Jack, that is some kind of good-looking stack of threads you got on. Brings out the color in them strange eyes! Man, the gals around here are gonna mob you! But I've got to tell you one thing: The left sleeve is too short. Well, Jack looks at both sleeves and sure enough, his buddy's right. So he goes on back to Atlanta and says to the salesman, Look, can't you do something about this left sleeve? The salesman says, Don't worry about it. Just kind of pull your shoulder and your arm back up in the sleeve and the sleeve'll match up. So Jack says, OK. I'll try it. He goes home, holding that left arm just so. Then he meets another friend that says, Jack, I really like you in that new suit. Everybody's crazy about it. But, damn, the right sleeve is just too long. Back to Robert Hall's. This time the salesman says, You've got the thing licked on the left side. Now just take your right arm and kind of shoot that arm out a little more than you usually would. That'll do it. So he goes back to Social Circle and meets another buddy. Jack, the buddy says, that suit is great. But the doggone pants are too long. Poor Jack is in despair, but he feels like he's got to make one more trip to Atlanta. He does, and the salesman tells him that the solution to the whole problem is to hold his left lapel with his chin and then take his left hand and kind of hunch his pants up with it. So he goes home, and he's walking down Main Street. He's staggering along, trying to hold everything together, when he meets a man and his wife. The fellow and his wife go on by, and when they get where he can't hear 'em, the wife says, Did you see poor Jack Walker goin' down the street, all bent over with arthritis? At his age, too! And the guy says,

Yeah, but don't that suit fit him good!

Stories. We listen. They are the leg-ends of Jericho, and everyone makes them. Good. I've got a good one for you. There was this old boy. . . .

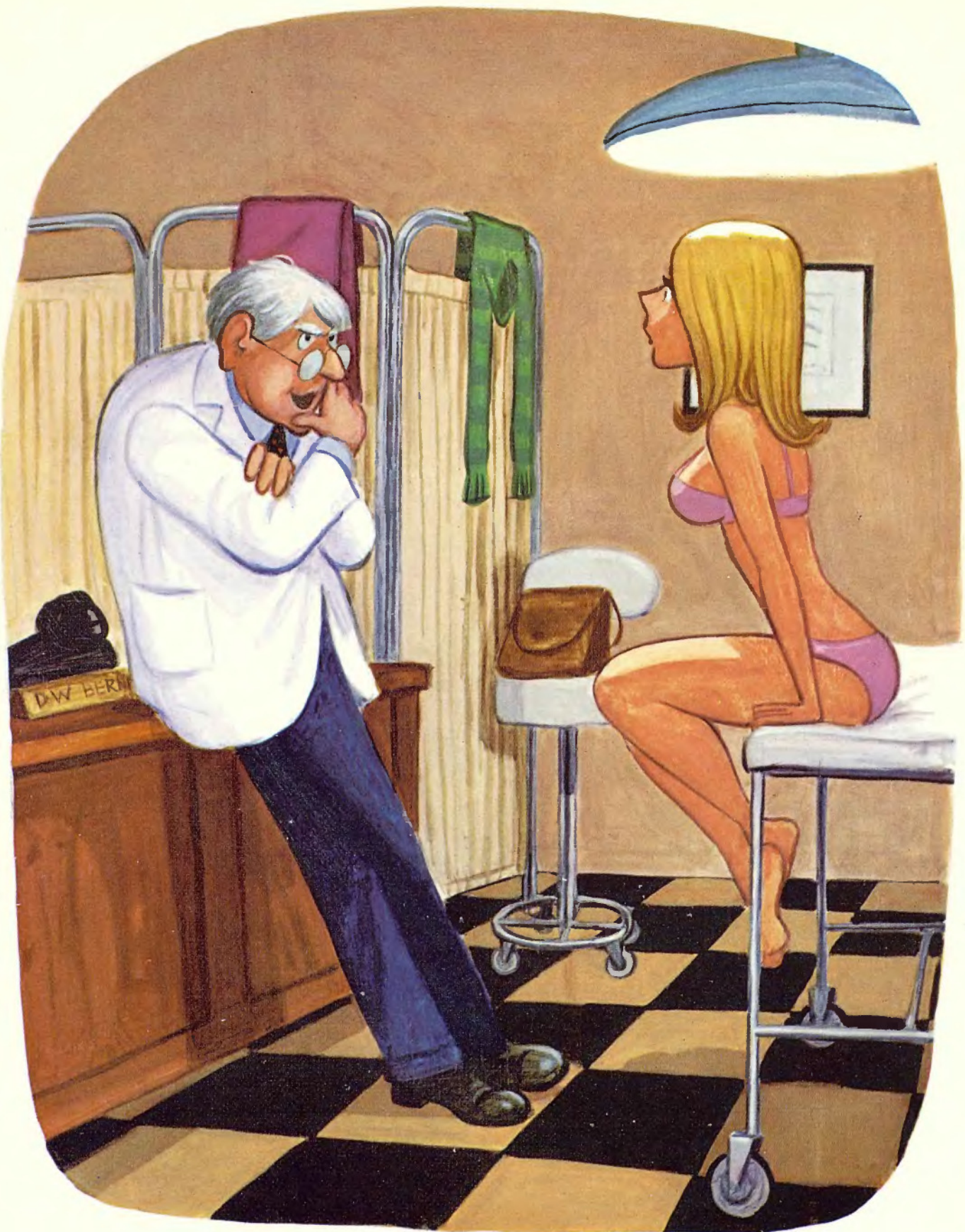
If you want some of this stuff, the scabby-bearded man says to us as we appear out of moonlight, you got to pay the high dollar for it. This here is good corn likker: I done run the bead myself. It ain't from one of them ground-hog stills. I don't use nothing but copper. Have a drink of this and you'll materialize. We drink. We don't come out of invisibility, but invisibility shines more, and the hummingbird is more with us, especially in the stillness of flight, the vibrating center. There we see another bearded man, running a joyous bead. We reel around the still coils, ruby-throated, praising copper. No one can see us: We are sheer delight, pale beyond the pale, the law.

A bridge, and a caged rattle. An attendant at a tourist reptile farm is bouncing a red balloon off the spring-tensioned, back-coiling head of a rattlesnake. The snake strikes the balloon and the customers leap back from the cage wire and giggle.

In a lagoon are lying hundreds of alligators, sprawled on the land of Jericho over and under each other, lolling in the water, half-emerging from the locked scum as in the true, the evolutionary Eden. They bring the Everglades: The vast river; and the ponderous heads gaze up—only the eyes out of the water—with an aesthetic appreciation known only to the Lower Forms of life, for strangely shaped birds. Someone says, I can tell you, Jack, that the alligator is one beast of which it can truly be said that if you've seen one, you've seen them all.

This zigzags us into cowboys, and Florida. Here we are mixing with flies and attacking the Santa Gertrudis, half-Eastern beast from the markets of India, now switching at us between palmettos. We ride on Jack Feagan's shoulder, the sun blazing on him through us, still full of mountain moonshine. He pulls his carbine from the saddle boot, stops and sighs down the shimmering blue barrel into sandy, shimmering water. O dusty vegetable excitement, all around! O the June-zooming light of insects! He fires through the sweat haze of salt, the pool jumps with gold scales, rolls with a sickening belly. The alligator spins as though he were tearing meat from the world itself. His teeth are closed like a jigsaw. His eyes open upside down. Jack holsters the carbine, and we go over. The prehistoric life dye is hanging slowly sideways through the sun's drying water. Brain matter floats around. One of the

(continued on page 220)



Buck Brown

*"Of course it's possible to contract V. D. in a public washroom.
So if I were you, my dear, I'd stop screwing in there!"*

just my luck (continued from page 105)

I whistled happily as I sat down and practiced the signature of William L. Wilson a few dozen times. It was simple and easy to duplicate. My luck was holding.

I long ago realized that everything that's happened to me in my 27 years, good or bad, has been due to pure luck, good and bad. Or, put another way, it's all up to the will of God. There are days when everything comes up asparagus when it's selling for 90 cents a pound. And then there are days when you can break your finger in a bowl of spinach.

An example of a day when God was out to get me was one morning three years back when I was ripping off an auto tape player in a car parked on a winding street in Hollywood at three A.M. I saw car lights coming and I lay on the seat. The car passed me and then stopped, and I soon looked up to see a couple of uniformed cops staring in at me.

As my luck would have it, it turned out that the damn car had been stolen. Also, I had the tape player half unscrewed, which was so difficult to explain that I was taken to the Hollywood police station and held.

To make matters worse, the manager went into my apartment that morning to spray for cockroaches and saw my 25 other auto tape players and called the law. The value of these was more than enough to move me into grand theft.

Even worse than that, it was my misfortune to be on probation at the time, simply because a year before, a pet boa constrictor had escaped and, unluckily for me, had slithered into my unlocked garage, and while people were searching for it, they came across my collection of 97 hubcaps and turned me in. This being my first arrest, the judge put me on probation for a year.

This time I felt lucky, so I pleaded guilty to the auto-tape-theft charge and threw myself on the mercy of another judge, who unfortunately turned out to have the same name as mine—Timothy Murdock—and he was so incensed and outraged that I'd sullied his proud name that he sentenced me to three years in Soledad State Prison, which is in the fertile Salinas Valley.

After 18 months of growing the most beautiful vegetables you ever saw, I was let out. My parole officer got me a job with a Los Angeles swimming-pool-construction company, helping the guys who knew what they were doing. I didn't earn much and barely managed to get by.

After Soledad, I stayed as clean as a rain-washed eggplant; I didn't want to get caught doing anything that would send me back to the clanger.

It was while raising vegetables in Soledad that I found God. What I mean,

either a cabbage is going to head or it isn't; either 1000 radishes will go to leaf or they won't. It doesn't depend on how much you water or fertilize the damn things; God in His infinite wisdom makes decisions even for vegetables.

So when I found the credit cards, I knew at once that God had put them there for me to find and He wouldn't have done so if He hadn't wanted me to make use of them. I figured He knew I'd been a hard worker and a mighty good but poor boy for over a year and that I *deserved* a few nice things.

Besides, this was a Saturday and God knew that William L. Wilson couldn't report his lost cards till the banks and credit departments were open again on Monday, which gave me two days without any sweat. God always knows what He's doing.

I made a list of things I really needed, like new tires and some clothes. Then I listed things I wanted, like a supply of good booze and some cassettes for my stereo. At the end of this list, I wrote: "Great big expensive dinner in really high-class place!"

But I didn't want to eat alone, so I called Doreen, a very luscious and desirable girl who sometimes posed for nude photos and whom I'd dated a couple of times but never made out with, mostly because she liked big spenders. I'd told her I was an executive trainee who was slated to become sales manager as soon as I'd learned all about swimming pools. Doreen suggested sweetly that I call her after I made sales manager.

She didn't sound too thrilled when I asked her out to dinner that night, but when I told her I'd won \$3100 on a daily double and wanted to get rid of some of it, her voice went up an octave and she said that, as a matter of fact, she'd been *hoping* for a date tonight, because her friends Marcia and Harry had just gotten engaged and they wanted to celebrate with another couple at Chevalier's, a new and *very* expensive restaurant where all the movie and TV stars went. I told her I could afford any restaurant in the world and we made a date for seven.

Not being exactly a lame-brain, I then called Chevalier's and made sure they honored Master Charge cards.

Half an hour later, wearing the only suit I had, I went down and got into my car. The battery was so weak I barely got it started. "New battery!" went onto my list.

I'd decided to find a gas station well out of my neighborhood, but when I was halfway to downtown L.A., God whispered in my ear, "You stupe! When you charge at a gas station, they put your license number on the charge slip!"

Phew! I stopped and cursed—without

blaspheming—and pondered, and finally remembered something and drove back to Hollywood and up into the hills and along a road I sometimes used as a short cut. Luckily, the car was still there. It was up on blocks next to an old shack and was overgrown with vines. It still had its license plates. No one was home and no one drove by while I removed them. Then I drove to a dead end and switched plates.

I was almost in downtown L.A. again when God told me, "You idiot! There are no '74 tags on those plates and it's nearly April! The cops could stop you and the numbers won't match your registration card!"

I thanked God and parked and with a screwdriver tried to peel the plastic '74 stickers from my own plates, but the damn things wouldn't come off. No wonder nobody steals them. So I had to drive all the way home and boil water and pour it over the plates. I finally got the tags off with a razor blade and went down to put them onto the other plates, but they wouldn't stick, so I had to go up and get some rubber cement, and this worked.

I checked my watch: it was 2:30 already! With all this futzing around, I'd wasted half the day!

I finally found a remote gas station and told the man about my daily double and said I could now afford four really good steel radials and a battery and I wanted gas and oil, too, and also some new windshield wipers. My bill came to \$235.87.

Then I drove back to Hollywood and to a liquor store and bought three cases of very fine assorted hard booze and a case of expensive wines and a case of French champagne at \$8.75 a bottle, with, of course, ten percent off for the case, which saved me \$10.50, which I spent on Macadamia nuts, which I love but can never afford.

The bill was over \$450 and the clerk who took my Master Charge said he had to call in for any purchase over \$25. While he was dialing, I suddenly got panicky. Maybe this Wilson was a dead-beat who hadn't settled his account for months! But all was fine. God was still sitting on my shoulder.

Then I drove to Music City and bought \$123 worth of stereo tapes. Again they checked my card and again all was OK.

I walked up Vine Street to a jewelry store and spent \$275 for some lovely 18-kt. gold and aquamarine earrings, to match Doreen's eyes. I knew what I was doing.

I'd saved the best for last. If there's one thing I really like, it's buying clothes. I even like trying on expensive things I couldn't possibly afford. I drove

(continued on page 171)

lie a lot and use a fairly clean two-by-four

drink By RON SPEER for that little old wine maker—you—
a down-home guide to getting it on with the grape or whatever else is handy

PROBING THE MYSTERIES of making wine is a popular pastime these days, and most wine books have been so simplified that anyone with a Ph.D. in chemistry or advanced calculus can produce a decent vintage with very little trouble. All you need to do, according to the books for that little old wine maker—you—is to fit hydrometer A-14 into fermentation lock 3-CLR, mix a yeast that would be the envy of General Mills, multiply one fourth the gravity table times the square root of the nutrient, then bottle and save for seven years. What's needed for a good wine, I noted in the last wine-making book I read, is a "reasonably well-balanced must." That sounded reasonably well balanced, but I couldn't discover from the author what a must was. I decided finally that, in my case, it meant I *must* keep buying and forget about bottling.

It was about this time that fate interceded and I found myself dispossessed of my big-city job and back in the cattle country of northwest Nebraska, where I was reared. This isn't exactly a wine drinker's paradise. A well-stocked liquor store in these parts has 78 brands of bourbon, three kinds of Scotch, an assortment of vodka and peppermint schnapps—and two kinds of wine, Mogen David and something a little sweeter. So it was back to the wine-making books for me, in hopes that I could convert rhubarb and currants and apples into *vin ordinaire*, as I think the wine books call it. My thirst for a glass of the grape was great—but my comprehension had not grown.

Then, as abruptly as any dry-voting, wet-drinking Baptist in the South, I was saved. It happened on a hot September afternoon. I was driving a herd of cattle down the Niobrara River Valley when I happened to see some wild grapes. Standing near them was an old friend, Leonard Peters, wearing a baseball cap and bib overalls. An unlikely costume for a savior, but savior he was.

"Wouldst thou care for nectar blessed by the gods?" asked Leonard, or words to that effect. (Actually, he said, "Get off your horse and have a drink, if you can strain it through your hippie mustache.")

So I dismounted and Leonard took me to his basement, where he commenced uncorking samples of his work. Nothing fancy in appearance, since the bottles had previously held vanilla extract, cranberry juice and soda pop, but plentiful, vintage stuff. Maybe the best year ever on the Niobrara River was the vine of '73.

I had a tad of currant, a swallow of chokecherry, a goodly helping of rhubarb, a taste of dandelion, a swig of apple, a mouthful of wheat and even two varieties of grape. Then I worked my way back through his stock, marveling with every sip (out of the bottle, of course; goblets aren't big in these parts). They all were potable. (I'm throwing in potable to add a little class (continued on page 172)



Land of the Tooth Bandit

(continued from page 151)

progress when I arrived at the scene. (I should say near the scene, as I've maintained a discreet distance, not wanting to intervene, in case it embarrasses the old gentleman or causes a public disturbance.)

The other members of Mr. Murayama's tour group and their guides are nowhere in sight; they're wandering around on the other side of the park, in the Japanese tea garden, perhaps, where Mr. Murayama left them a little while ago when he decided to take a solitary stroll. It was because he detached himself from his fellow travelers, thereby contradicting an abiding myth about Japanese group instincts, that I followed him to the Science Academy, where I found him in his present situation—a situation that some might construe as clear proof of that venerable maxim from Zen: The stake that sticks up is soon hammered down.

Mr. Murayama is 82. There is a notation to this effect next to his name on the passenger list distributed at the San Francisco airport this morning by Jalpak, the company that sold Mr. Murayama (and 118 of his compatriots) an eight-day package tour of the American West. They have each paid about \$735 for the trip, meals and optional side trips extra. Every traveler wears a red-and-white Jalpak crest, prominently displayed, and carries a red-and-white Jalpak flight bag

containing a free pair of paper slippers and a roll of Fujicolor, 20 exposures. Having joined the group in the United States, I get none of these accessories, although, as an honorary member for the ground arrangements, I'll see San Francisco, Yosemite National Park, Los Angeles, Disneyland and Las Vegas.

But back to the attempted plunder of Mr. Murayama's 14-kt. dazzlers.

I think the lady is of Hispanic origin, dark, middle-aged and not unattractive; she holds a hardcover Spanish-German dictionary tucked under her left arm. For all I know, she could be Canadian or Yugoslav. What is certain is that she's grasping Mr. Murayama's jaw with her left hand and manipulating his teeth with the fingers of her right: gently but firmly, a competent dentist on the job. None of the people passing by shows any interest in her work.

I wonder what Mr. Murayama will tell his friends when he is home, sitting on the *tatami*, clicking the slide-projector controls. "Oh, yes, it's customary in America to be greeted by strangers who fondle your teeth. A Mexican ritual, possibly, still observed in certain parts of California."

I can't understand why he doesn't move away. He's just standing there, no sign of alarm or even apprehension on his genial, nut-brown face. Perhaps he's suffering from terminal jet lag. Eleven

hours on the plane (it was held up by strong head winds over the Pacific), arriving in a time zone 17 hours behind the one he left, and then straight onto the bus for five hours of sight-seeing. This might account for his condition of simulated *rigor mortis*—or have I misread the entire thing? Did he perhaps ask the woman to feel his teeth and, if so, why?

But there, the dilemmas are resolved: She reveals herself by dropping one hand to Mr. Murayama's crotch and giving it a friendly squeeze. The old gentleman steps back, an awakening grin on his face, and presents the lady with a fiber-tip pen from a collection of pens clipped to his breast pocket. Then he bows, warily, and walks quite rapidly to the place behind the open-air stage where the buses are waiting.

Before the group arrived this morning, Tony Yanagase, Jalpak's San Francisco representative, briefed the tour guides on their responsibilities, the first of these being to make sure that the people boarding the sight-seeing buses outside the terminal were bona fide members of the group and not unrelated passengers from the same flight. There have been occasions, Mr. Yanagase explained, when nonmembers, evidently tired and disoriented after the journey, have attached themselves to Jalpak groups, causing unnecessary confusion.

"Japanese see Japanese going one way, so they go the same way," Mr. Yanagase says. To prevent this, guides stand at the Customs exit and exhibit the company colors. They do not carry flags. "They don't like them," Mr. Yanagase says. "They think flags are stupid."

In the parking lot outside the arrival terminal, soft cries of astonishment punctuate the sunlit morning as members of the group hurry from one vantage point to another, absorbing first impressions of the republic through the viewfinders of Nikons and Canon Super 8 movie cameras. One man has captured the likeness of a concrete abutment of the ramp leading to the departure building; he photographs it from three angles. Other cultural prizes are discovered and recorded in rapid fashion:

Click: the grille of a '74 Torino.

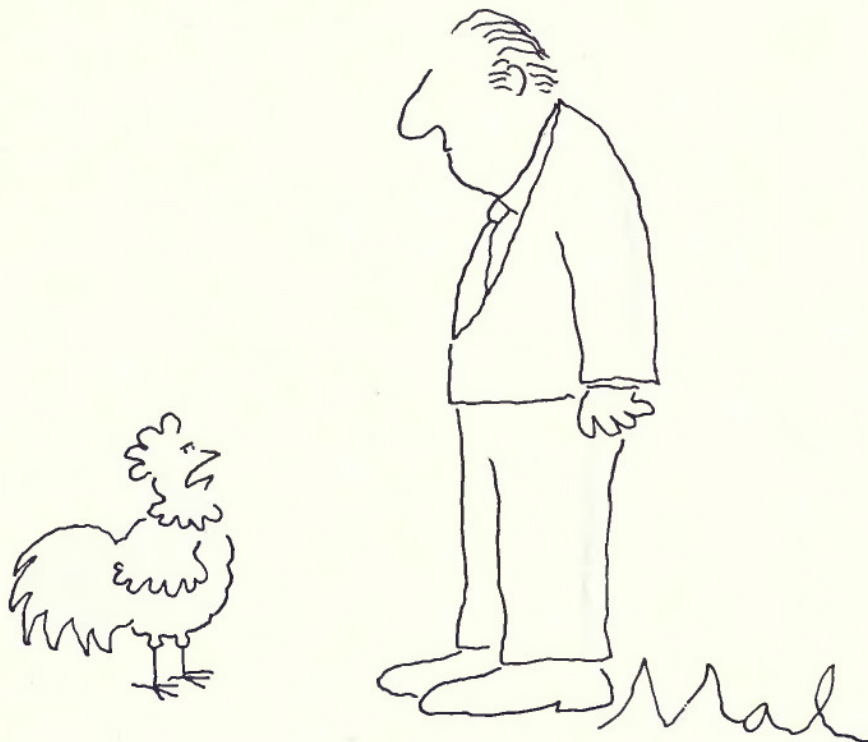
Whirr: 60 seconds of American male adult, walking toward terminal.

Click: long shot of a Chevrolet pickup truck.

Click: general view of the parking lot, looking west.

Whirr: traveling panoramic survey from the tails of distant airliners, across open ground, zoom and fade on large building.

A thin grinning young man wearing a necktie made of a shaggy fur material gives me his business card, the third I've received since the group arrived. On the back of this one is the handwritten inscription, "Tabo, assistant manager of



"He may be Colonel Sanders to you, but he's Adolf Eichmann to me!"



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Night Family Moroguchi in Kyoto."

Tabo is fascinated by the stance of a bus driver who leans against a nearby building, indolent and cowboyish, with the sole of one raised shoe pressed against the wall and fingers hooked into his belt.

"You never see old people stand like that in Japan," Tabo says, raising a camera. "Very . . . casual. But so heavy, I think. How hurting if falling down, all that heavy. Yes. Everyone too big in America. Eating too many food things."

"What's a night family?"

"I don't know how to say in English, but it come from America."

Before boarding the buses, the original group of 119 is divided into smaller groups according to length of visit and optional side trips. Some members are staying longer than eight days, others have already left to visit relatives elsewhere and a small percentage are going to Mexico. We have six honeymoon couples, one of whom, strictly speaking, is traveling in sin. This will be rectified tomorrow by marriage at a local Protestant church. "We prefer to use the Protestants," a Jalpak guide explains. "The Catholic ceremony takes too much time and the priests always want people to convert. Protestants are not so fussy." These vagaries of occidental religions seem to surprise my informant, who adds: "The real wedding is held when they return to Japan."

We travel north in a convoy of five buses, following Highway 101 to San Francisco through a suburban landscape of factories, railroad yards and indigenous art featuring works in neon and vivid plastics. My seat companion, a

pleasant lady who speaks fluent English, translates the guide's commentary that is relayed over the speaker system. It is a remarkably efficient sound system, powerful enough, one would imagine, to crack a fair-sized iceberg, but the lady next to me and the rest of the group show no discomfort.

"I suppose he's describing the sights?" I ask.

"A little, but mostly other things—industry, freeways, water and power supplies, house and land prices, California history, bridge construction and agriculture. Very interesting for us Japanese."

"Why is everyone laughing?"

"Because someone ask why there are so many motel signs. In Japan, motels are places where lovers go for one or two hours. Small places, very discreet."

"We have the same system here."

"Yes, but so indiscreet. All those big motel signs everywhere—not same in Japan."

At Civic Center, our first stop for pictures, an unauthorized man is discovered among us. He looks distracted and apologetic and is led away, explaining himself. I want to know whether he's one of those errant followers who have slipped through the airport cordon or whether he has merely been assigned to the wrong bus, but our guide is vague and politely evasive when I ask for details.

Tabo, the furry-necked young man, alights at Civic Center carrying enough photographic equipment to start a mail-order business. He draws my attention to a scruffy old Saab parked in front of the bus.

"Why this car so dirty? In Japan we

keep cars clean. Always new ones, not old dirty things like this."

"What do you do with the old ones?"

"All new cars in Japan. Please stand in front of tree. Say cheese. Thank you."

In a window on Post Street, a resident displays a metal sign made to resemble a California license plate and bearing the letters FK NXX. Should I try to explain this to the nice lady in the next seat? Better not. If she was so upset by the motel signs, God knows what she'd make of the political statement.

On through Haight-Ashbury:

"The former mecca of the hippies," my seat companion translates. The words Arren Ginsbergeru and Gratefuru Deaderu boom from the speakers, stirring a cataleptic youth on the curb into a semblance of movement as we pass.

We stop for more pictures at Twin Peaks. Afterward, as we drive down the hill, Tabo takes the seat behind mine and leans over the top. "Too much eating in America," he says. "Too much heavy people." He is becoming critical on the weight question. Time to take defensive measures.

I ask him, "What about that man at the back of the bus?" This is a large hulking individual whom I saw for the first time at the Twin Peaks stop. He wears an aquamarine Lee Trevino golf cap with a long peak and has one of the biggest faces I've ever seen.

"Ah, he not typical Japanese," Tabo says. "This man sumo wrestler. Name Morning Ocean—has famous restaurant in Kagoshima."

Morning Ocean looks rather fed up, I've noticed. Yawns a lot—understandable after the flight and the sight-seeing—and he hangs around the edges of the crowd when we stop, looking broody and rarely talking to anyone. Keeps the golf cap pulled low over his ears and fiddles with the peak. Once, when he removed it to fan himself, I saw that he wears his hair long, upswept and pinned at the crown in a topknot, sumo style. It's also liberally coated with a potent sweet grease, very shiny. "Necessary him eat much and plenty sleeping," Tabo says proudly. "Morning Ocean hungry all the time."

"They run this all goofy," our bus driver says. "These people need rest—they shouldn't be running around like this all day. Flying straight from Japan, for crying out loud."

We're standing by the bus waiting for the group to return from lunch at a Fisherman's Wharf restaurant. The sight-seeing tour is running almost two hours behind schedule, according to the driver, who, I've learned, is known to the guys at the garage as Silver Fox. I like our driver: an incredibly dapper turnout, flight-deck overtones in the uniform, with sleek



"My God! That's my gynecologist!"

satire By **ROBERT CAROLA** **WORD PLAY**

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"Organdy party dresses at home, little black evening dresses at the office—as a transvestite, my son is a joke."

gray hair dressed in a voluptuous duck-tail, fronted by rancher's mustache and black wrap-around shades. His bearing is that of a man who has seen many missions in heavy flak over enemy lines. I am sure there are crow's-feet behind the dark glasses.

In the finest tradition of his kind, Silver Fox is an excellent source of intelligence. (Yesterday I met a bus driver from the same company who informed me that his model-train layout was worth \$6000, that he was formerly a wealthy industrialist and that the catering franchises in the national parks of America were controlled by the Mafia.) Silver Fox has just confided that Madame Chiang Kai-shek owns more real estate in Los Angeles than any other living person and that in San Francisco, there's a Japanese travel agency that makes millions by running convoys of buses filled with horny Japanese men to the brothels in the Nevada desert. I commit these items to my notebook.

"They're the greatest people to work for, the Japs," Silver Fox says. "You could pay me double and I wouldn't carry those French and German assholes

up the block, but I'll take your typical Japanese tourist anyplace. Nicest, politest people you could hope to meet. Great tipplers, too."

Our first jet-lag victim: a girl who collapses after lunch and is helped to her feet, blushing.

Heavy going for the afternoon part of our tour. Jet-lagged casualties on all sides, but our guide's amplified voice, chatty and brisk, continues without pause. My seat companion is asleep and all I can do is recognize the occasional name in the deluge of information roaring from the speakers. Alcatraz, Machine Gun Kelly, Tony Bennett, Candlestick Park, the Giants.

Then Vista Point, our last stop before checking in at the Hilton. Once again we get out with our cameras.

A Japanese youth, not one of our group, sits in a dramatic pose on a low wall overlooking the cliff at Vista Point. He has hair to his shoulder blades and is dressed for the frontier, with fringed buckskin jacket and leggings over Indian moccasins. The hat is early Republic Pictures, a little out of context. Many of the

younger members of the group pose with him for photographs, but one man from our bus, Hiroshi Kurita, after speaking to the youth, apparently doesn't approve. "That boy been in America three months," Mr. Kurita informs me. "Cannot go back to Japan with hair like that." Mr. Kurita has a crisp gray crewcut and the build of a karate instructor. He takes deep breaths when he gets off the bus and examines his surroundings with shrewd, measuring eyes.

We arrive at the Hilton late in the afternoon and are told to stay on the bus until all the baggage has been removed. This takes 20 minutes. Tourists from other parts of the world might in the same circumstances rise from their seats and cry for blood, but, being well behaved and exhausted, we do as we are told. I have just learned that before room keys are issued, there will be a 30-minute briefing in the Teakwood Room at which the group will be acquainted with the intricacies of American hotel procedure. Eleven hours on the plane, five on the bus and now a lecture. Fortunately, we get almost an hour of free time before leaving for this evening's four-hour night-life tour.

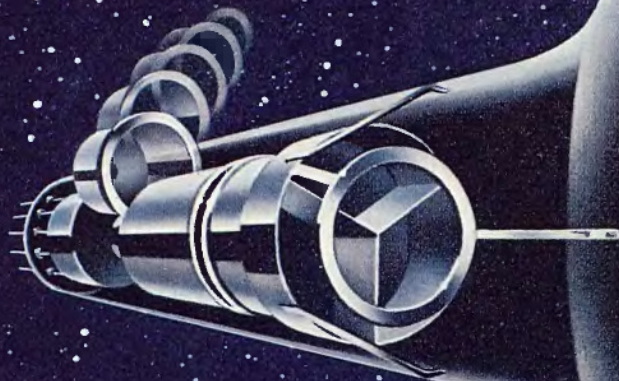
"These briefings are most important," Mr. Yanagase says. "Japanese tourists study hard before coming to America, they try to learn everything they can, but we must explain certain points for older people." Among these essentials are advice on using a Western-style bed, the hotel restaurants, telephones and shower controls.

In the Teakwood Room, Morning Ocean sprawls in his chair, huge fists on his knees and eyes closed. He looks like a man who would take a bath and eat his food any way he chose and the hell with it. Everyone else, miraculously revived, pays close attention, though some of the honeymooners look restless. The group is advised to deposit valuables in the hotel safe and not to leave money belts in the room. "We tell them not to walk west of the Hilton or below Market Street," Mr. Yanagase says. "The language barrier is a big problem for Japanese. People misunderstand them and take away their money, unfortunately."

The night tour has fewer than 20 members, the others having given up for the day or, alarming thought, gone down to Market Street to practice their English and learn about urban crime. If so, I hope Mr. Kurita, who is not among the night-life party, is leading the column.

Our first stop is the rooftop bar of the Fairmont Hotel, where we receive one free drink. A middle-aged journalist from Ehime gives me his card and invites me to join his table of half a dozen gray-suited men. My host and his companions

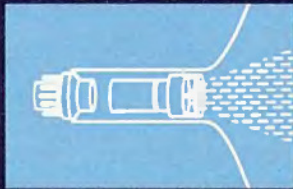
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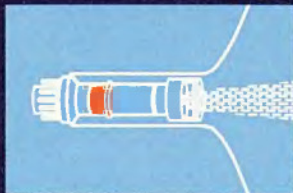
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"In Russia, you'd be painting your tractor."

belong to a Japanese political organization that, as I understand it, occupies the neutral ground somewhere between Billy Graham and the Waffen SS. They are leaving the tour tomorrow to go to Miami.

"We study road paving, drainage system, construction and newspaper offices," the journalist says. "Also, we like to meet women and—ah—have big party. You work for girlie magazine. You fix, please."

He translates this for his friends, who look at me with skepticism. Questions are flung across the table.

"This man over here very interested in gambling and sewers," the newspaperman says. "He want to talk to you about these things."

"They're not my strongest subjects."

"You like journalism? We like journalism. Topless journalism, yes? We drink to journalism and Miami drains. Cheers."

• • •

By the time we've visited Finocchio's (House of the Fabulous Female Impersonators) and the Condor (The Fabulous Carol Doda), our small contingent shows signs of advanced wilt. Morning Ocean, asleep at his table, wakes abruptly at the stripper music, focuses hungrily on the siliconed contours onstage and drops his head onto his arms when the act is finished. We are led back to the bus, dragging our feet. God knows how everyone will recover for tomorrow's trip to Yosemite: another ten hours on the bus, starting right after breakfast.

When we return to the Hilton, Morning Ocean starts growling and demanding food. He wants a steak, but the hotel restaurant is closed. Standing in the lobby, rubbing his stomach and making vigorous hand gestures toward his open mouth, he reminds me of a large fledgling that somehow missed the last feed. I offer to treat him and our guide at a steak place along the street. There, Morning Ocean disposes of two sirloins and two servings each of sautéed cauliflower, home-fried potatoes, a bowl of clam chowder, cherry pie à la mode and the contents of the bread basket.

With our guide translating, I ask our bloated friend what he thinks of San Francisco.

"He says this place too slow, not so fast as Tokyo."

"Which part of the trip is he looking forward to most—Hollywood? Las Vegas?"

"Not interested in Hollywood, not going to Las Vegas."

"Why did he come?"

"Buy clothes. Cannot get clothes to fit him in Japan. He come to buy clothes and see Mickey Mouse in Disneyland."

A large smile settles on Morning Ocean's face at these familiar words.

"Disneyland," he says. "Disneyland Mickey Mouse."

• • •

And up soon after dawn for the four-hour ride to Yosemite. Morning Ocean hasn't joined us nor have many of the other people I've met, but Seiicho Morimura and Kikuko, his extremely pretty wife, sit across the aisle and translate our guide's running commentary. It is the same as yesterday's but adapted to suit our rural surroundings: real estate, freeways, agriculture, the dimensions of houses. "Americans live in big homes," Seiicho says. "We do not have so much space in Japan. Also, you have names for streets. Not same in Japan."

We stop in Modesto at Web's Burger Stand. Three busloads of Japanese visitors disembark, watched with slack-jawed astonishment by a dungareed youth sitting on a pickup fender drinking a milk shake. There is a fusillade of camera shutters, the boy grins uncertainly and drives off in a spectacular dusty skid.

Our route takes us south of Victor, California, where nine people were found murdered this morning. What does Seiicho think about that? He looks at his wife and murmurs something before answering. "America is much blood coming from many places and living in same place," he says, hesitant. "In Japan, we have mostly one people in same place. You have many different kinds. This not always good." He does not want to pursue the topic.

An uncomfortable moment at the Ahwahnee restaurant in Yosemite when we arrive for lunch. One of a dozen business-suited men at a table near the back, a man in his 50s, looks at us with undisguised hostility and remarks in a loud voice: "Jesus Christ, they're everywhere. You don't expect them up here, too."

Another man at the table says: "You ought to see them in Europe, they're all over the goddamn place." We take our seats in an alcove at the rear; I don't think any of the English speakers among us heard what was said, but we eat our meal in an untypical silence.

Afterward, I find the Morimuras standing at the edge of a steep, wooded canyon. A waterfall drops in a thin sunlit spray from a cliff thousands of feet above us and an unseen river crashes and grumbles among the tall pines on the canyon floor. "Americans are very fortunate to live in such beauty," Seiicho says. "It must make them very happy."

• • •

The Western Airlines flight to Los Angeles the next morning is delayed for two hours and, since none of the cabin crew speaks Japanese, a stewardess recruits a tour member to explain the situation over the P. A. The volunteer is Teitsch Matsuo, an urbane young man who teaches English and Japanese at a language school in Yokohama. Enunciating her words slowly and deliberately,

the stewardess gives Mr. Matsuo his instructions: "Tell them we so sorry about delay. We go soon. We give everyone free drinks." Inexplicably, she adopts the pidgin-English inflections of a missionary's wife. Mr. Matsuo listens with an expression of baffled intelligence.

"I doubt if they feel like drinking so early in the morning," he says.

"But free! No money, see? Little bottles. Mini-a-tures."

Later, the stewardess explains to me why so many Japanese tourists visit America. It's because their government pays the air fare, enabling them to use personal savings to buy houses and land.

"The yellow peril strikes again," I suggest, having swallowed the contents of two little bottles.

"I don't know about that, but there sure are a lot of them around. But I like them, I really do—they're cute."

Mr. Matsuo, questioned afterward, confesses that he would appreciate it if his government paid his fare. He asks if the United States Government pays citizens' expenses when they go on vacation.

• • •

North on the San Diego Freeway and into Hollywood to start our L.A. sightseeing tour. A round of applause greets the announcement that California was the first state to import Japanese cars in quantity. We are given a detailed analysis of the city's water problem and, unaccountably, an outline of the history of Texas, starring Davy Crockett, the Golda Rusher and the Aramo. On the Strip, we pass two advertising benches at a bus stop. My shrewd friend Mr. Kurita asks what the signs mean. One, issued by the Los Angeles Police Department, says: FOR THAT RUN-DOWN FEELING TRY JAY-WALKING; the other is an ad for Groman Mortuaries. I try to explain why the juxtaposition of the signs is slightly—infinitiesimally—humorous. Mr. Kurita looks at me as though I had just begun to froth at the mouth.

"Look, Mr. Kurita, there's someone hitchhiking."

"Do not understand hitchhiking."

"The man holding up his thumb. He wants someone to stop and give him a ride."

"Why he not walk? Why he use thumb? What thumb mean?"

"Look at that girl, isn't she lovely?" Tasty young California blonde, lean and willowy; tight faded Levis, golden-brown bare midriff.

"Do not understand jaywalking and hitchhiking. Where do words come from, please? Very complicated language."

Mr. Kurita isn't bowled over by Grauman's Chinese Theater, either—or Mann's, as it is now known. He was under the impression that a mold of Marilyn Monroe's bottom was displayed in the forecourt. Instead, he finds her feet and hands. "Feet not interesting," he

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MICHAEL G. BORUM

MICKEY GILLEY *smelling like a rose*

FOR MOST recording artists, stardom spells prosperity. Not so for Mickey Gilley, a local Houston celebrity for the past few years, whose recent country-and-western single *Room Full of Roses* has propelled him suddenly to national prominence. The fact is, Gilley can't really afford fame, and it's cramping his style. Part owner of the most lucrative dance bar in the Houston area, Gilley, with his eight-piece band, used to be the major attraction, drawing capacity weekend crowds. "But ever since *Room Full* hit," says Gilley, "I've been on the road so much I can hardly find time to play at the club. Almost never on weekends, anyhow. That's why it's going to cost me money to pursue this new career. We had no idea that record was gonna take off like that." Born in Natchez, Mississippi, and reared by stern religious parents in Ferriday, Louisiana, Gilley and his first cousin, the one and only Jerry Lee Lewis, grew up playing and singing Gospel music in church. After high school, Gilley entered the construction business, keeping a watchful eye on his cousin's progress. When Jerry Lee hit with *Whole Lot-ta Shakin' Goin' On*, Gilley decided construction was not his true calling. "When I saw he was making money playing music, I said, 'Hey! I can do that!'" After a stint of one-night stands across the South, Gilley was offered a partnership in a ramshackle club on Spencer Highway, outside Houston. "When I first saw that place, I laughed," Gilley recalls. "It was a tin building out in the middle of nowhere with a bar and a couple of wooden chairs. Hell, you could see the sky through the roof." But today, resurrected, Gilley's (featured on the cover of his recently released Playboy album *Room Full of Roses* reviewed elsewhere in this issue) seats up to 2400 cowboys, trail riders and businessmen. Says Gilley: "I don't know about this stardom bit. Aside from my finances, it's also gonna mess up my golf game something fierce." Pause. "Then again, there isn't much you can do to a 19 handicap, is there?"

ON THE SCENE



JOHN MAHER *from the gutter to the street*

"WE'RE IN THE recycling business. We take human beings that society has thrown out and get them back into shape." So says John Maher, president of San Francisco's Delancey Street Foundation, a community of alcoholics, ex-addicts, thieves and prostitutes—an eclectic mix of those who've roamed hard through the nether lands. Maher has undergone a pretty thorough recycling himself. Born on New York's Lower East Side, he took up the twin professions of felony and drug addiction at an early age and wound up at Synanon. He says Delancey Street differs from Synanon in that "They give you an austere substitute lifestyle. We don't. If we were religions, they'd be the Amish and we'd be the Jews." Which means that Delancey Street is among other things a group of businesses—staffed by the 300 live-in members and aided by its graduates and friends—that includes a restaurant, a plant dealership, a moving company and a bodyguard service. So it pays its own way and has gradually earned the support of almost everyone in town. "The liberals like us 'cause of the wonderful good we do," says Maher, that playful exaggeration aimed at the bleeding-heart mentality he has little patience with, "and the hard-hats dig us because we preach the work ethic. We don't care a helluva lot for the whiners on Haight who think playin' with their wee-wee in public is a revolutionary act." Delancey Street did arouse neighborhood nervousness some time ago, when it moved into two mansions in the fashionable Pacific Heights area of the city. But Maher defended the move: "Trying to rehabilitate an addict in the slums is like trying to cure a drunk in a bar." Delancey stayed, and grew. Maher next plans to start centers in New York and Chicago. "Ya see, we're nuts," he says. "We think this country's streets are lined with gold and we don't know that we can't have some of it, regardless of the fact that we're just a bunch of bums tryin' to grow up a little." If he wants to move Delancey to our street, he's more than welcome.

JEFF COHEN



JEFF COHEN



MARGO ST. JAMES *chair "madam"*

SHE IS THE unofficial hostess of hip San Francisco. She's had all the obligatory colorful jobs: cocktail waitress, porno-movie extra, hooker. The skid-row derelicts who live in the Harbor House Hotel love her, and so do the North Beach literati. Sheriff Richard Hongisto is on her board of directors; so are Paul Krassner and Kate Millett. Margo St. James, 36, chair-madam of COYOTE (Call Off Your Old Tired Ethics), the first civil-rights organization for prostitutes, was arrested in 1961 for prostitution—before she ever turned a trick. It took a year and a half for the conviction to be overturned for lack of evidence. Afterward, she decided, "Everyone wanted to believe I was a whore, so I might as well be one." She adds, "But I never did that much hooking, because I was never really in it for the money. I just wanted to pay my rent and feed my friends." A health-food enthusiast, a nondrinker, a jogger and a feminist, St. James is hardly typical of the image that prostitution has generated for the past 2000 years. The link between women's liberation and COYOTE is obvious, she says: "If a woman has the right to decide what to do with her own life and be good at it, then she can decide to sell her own time for profit. That's up front, at least. Lots of women make that financial arrangement, only they call it marriage." At San Francisco's city jail, she teaches courses in grooming and money management to the hookers. COYOTE initiates legal action whenever appropriate; funded by donations and foundations, it works for decriminalization of prostitution as the necessary step to equality of the sexes. There are now two fledgling chapters, ASP in Seattle and PONY in New York, where millionaire philanthropist Stewart Mott serves on the board. Since COYOTE uses Y.M.C.A. office space and St. James is a frequent Bay Area talk-show guest, it all seems very legit somehow. But Margo puts everything into the right perspective: "I've gone public. First I sold ass, now I plan to kick some."

Land of the Tooth Bandit

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mutter. "More interesting if bottom. It says bottom in my book."

Morning Ocean's big moment arrives: Disneyland and Mickey Mouse. He is dressed for the occasion in a kimono of delicate blue and white, with white socks and wooden sandals. The hair, thoroughly greased, is magnificent. As he crosses the lobby of the Beverly Hilton, nostrils twitch in the miasma of dead goats it exudes, but Morning Ocean strides to the bus without looking left or right. I have never seen such a purposeful expression on his face. We sit together on the drive to Anaheim, our conversation restricted to the repetition of the word Disneyland and a sort of competition in which we name the central characters from Uncle Walt's Magic Kingdom. I think he has a guilty secret about Snow White.

My weight-obsessed friend Tabo isn't coming today. He's lurking around the hotel pool, hoping to meet the girl he ran into on last night's sight-seeing tour of Chinatown and the Mexican market on Oliveira Street. He told her he was an important figure in the Japanese record business. When I saw him in the lobby a few minutes ago, he was wearing that remarkable shaggy fur necktie again. I advised him to leave it off for the day.

Arriving at Disneyland, we file through the gate reserved for tours. Morning Ocean actually runs when we get inside, shoving his camera into my hands. I photograph him posing with a bear, a tiger, Peter Pan, Snow White

(twice), Goofy and Captain Hook. Other visitors give him their children to hold and stand next to him to be photographed by their relatives; having assumed by his costume that Morning Ocean works at Disneyland, they are surprised that he speaks no English. Later, when the noon parade passes, he stands on the sidewalk, waving happily. About a dozen of us leave early in the afternoon, but Morning Ocean stays behind. The last I see of him he is buying Mickey Mouse T-shirts in a store on Main Street. Extra-large size.

Interlude at the ticket counter, Los Angeles International Airport, while we are waiting to board a flight to Las Vegas. A pink-haired lady in a psychedelic muumuu has engaged the husband of one of our honeymoon couples in conversation.

"My husband and I were in Japan a year ago. *Wonderful* country, *charming* people. We planned to return this year, but my husband died a month after we came home."

"Ah, I am so sorry."

"Thank you. We had a *marvelous* time. Is this your first visit to the United States?"

"Yes."

"And you're going to Las Vegas now? You must be *thrilled* about that."

"Yes, I think so, but Las Vegas is not—ah—our final purpose in United States. Yosemite and Grand Canyon more beautiful, I think. America beautiful country."

"Oh, that's just *scenery*. You'll love

Vegas. Tell your wife I think she's a lovely little creature."

"Thank you."

Our hotel in Las Vegas is the Stardust—not the plushest on the Strip, but it has a neon sign the size of a small town and the group members are duly flabbergasted. On my way to make a predinner run on the tables, I pass the wide-open door of Mr. Murayama's room. The old gentleman is engaged in calisthenics of some sort, bent over with his back to the door and wearing what can only be described as a G string. It's clear that he wasn't paying attention at the briefing.

From friends in Las Vegas I hear that ambitious plans are afoot for the expected increase in the number of Japanese visitors, so instead of accompanying our group on the Vegas bus tour—our number is now reduced to about 15—I am meeting Joe O'Rayeh. Mr. O'Rayeh, in addition to being a former slot mechanic and, currently, hotel and casino executive at the Tropicana Hotel, is a converted Buddhist and a member of Nichiren Shoshu of America.

"You can say it's a lay organization of believers in the teachings of the true Buddha," he says when we meet in the Tropicana coffee shop. Approximately every three minutes, Mr. O'Rayeh's name is announced from the ceiling and he leaves to take a telephone call. In this respect, he appears to be orthodox Vegas.

"We spent somewhere between eighty thousand and a hundred thousand dollars on a Tropicana promotion party in Tokyo." Mr. O'Rayeh explains between absences. "We've got Japanese menus, an audio-visual presentation in Japanese—basic rules for craps, roulette and blackjack—and we're giving half-hour gaming lessons exclusively for Japanese guests."

A man wearing tinted glasses and a colorful ensemble of woven chemical fibers approaches our table and whispers urgent words into Mr. O'Rayeh's ear. He is introduced as Rick, the manager of the hotel's keno office. He, too, is a member of Nichiren Shoshu. "I was a Catholic for thirty years," Rick says. "Then I got involved in Nichiren Shoshu. I can't tell you what it's done for me—every day I look at myself in the mirror and say, 'There you are, that's you.'" I would have pursued this theological line, but Rick abruptly resumes his whispered urgencies and then gets up and leaves.

Mr. O'Rayeh gives me his card. It's printed in English and Japanese. "I spend a lot of time over there," he says. "Love it—just love that country."

There is a rumor in town that a party of Japanese businessmen—rich big businessmen—dropped a fortune a few months ago on the tables at the Sands Hotel, somewhere between \$1,000,000

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"I know she can't type, file or take shorthand. How about giving her a job as a paperweight?"

THINK THINS

LESS "TAR" THAN
MOST 100'S.*

MENTHOL
TOO.

20 FILTER
CIGARETTES

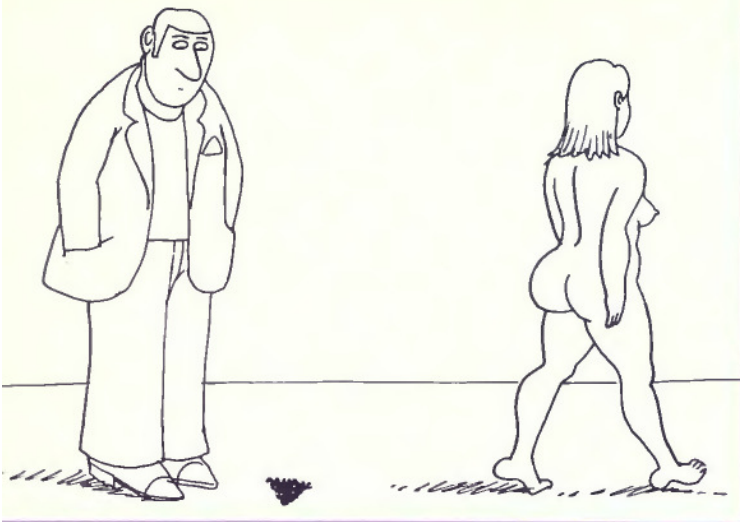
Silva
THINS

Silva THINS 100'S

THINK SILVA THINS 100'S

*According to the latest U.S. Government figures.
Filter: 17 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine; Menthol: 16 mg. "tar",
1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report March '74.

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

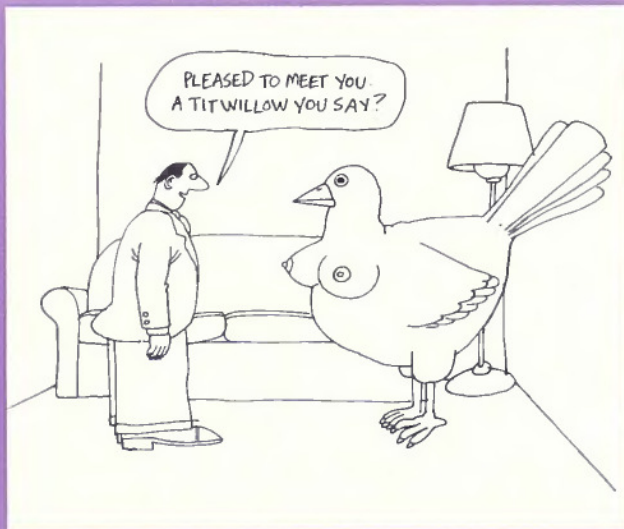


THE KINKY WORLD OF KLIBAN

*join us as we tour the padded brain
cells of this unique cartoonist's mind*

humor





Land of the Tooth Bandit

(continued from page 168)

and \$3,000,000, according to the rumor. I mention these figures to Al Guzman, the Sands PR director, and ask if he can verify the amount.

"No comment."

"Can you be more specific?"

"Let's just say a substantial amount of money was played."

On my last day with the tour—it's going to Honolulu, I'm flying to Chicago—we return to the Beverly Hilton in Los Angeles, where the group will wait for those members who left at the beginning of the week on independent travels. My journalist friend and his political cronies are back from Miami, where, he tells me, they had more luck with the drains than with the women. Morning Ocean is in the hotel coffee shop, wearing a large black-and-silver sombrero and a Mickey Mouse T-shirt. Tabo reports that the girl he met on the night-life tour never showed up at the pool. He has a complaint about his fellow tourists ("too many typical farmers") and about American food. "Everything taste same. Chicken like steak, steak like hamburger, hamburger like chicken. Plenty food on plate, not plenty different taste in mouth." Everyone is looking forward to Honolulu, where they'll spend a night and a day before going home.

Jalpak's general manager, Michio Endo, says Hawaii is the most relaxing part of the tour for Japanese visitors to the United States. "No language problem, you see. They can always find someone who speaks Japanese. Order meals in

restaurants, argue with taxi drivers, go shopping without being swindled. They feel free in Hawaii—it's almost the same as being home."

I have a farewell drink with the Morimuras, who, like everyone I've spoken to, say they would like to come back alone and spend more time. During his week in the United States—his first visit to this country—Seiicho Morimura has been watching and listening. "I think American people have not much nuance," he says in his usual hesitant, questioning fashion. "Not gentle. Very friendly, but too hard, not shy. Japanese people too shy, yes? We think perhaps necessary to be shy sometimes so other people not worried by actions, but maybe in America many people not always care what others think. This can be worrying. Next time we come, everyone more shy, maybe, not so hard."

Old Mr. Murayama has given away most of his fiber-tip pens, distributing them among the natives during his travels and replenishing the collection in his breast pocket from a hidden supply. Over the past few days, he has formed a friendship with two other elderly men, wiry and wizened like himself; possibly he chose them for reasons of collective security, as both are generously fitted with gold between the gums. I never did ask Mr. Murayama about his adventure that first day in Golden Gate Park. No doubt there is a proverb that justifies discretion in matters of this sort.



lie a lot

(continued from page 157)

to this story. It means fit to drink.) "Forsooth," I cried, "this wine belongs to the gods and should be saved for the ages! Let's have another round."

We did. In fact, we had two more rounds. The next day, I got the cattle I was driving out of a neighbor's cornfield. The suit still is pending, but that's another story.

"My kingdom," I pleaded, "my kingdom for your recipe." Leonard was reluctant, knowing how cramped my kingdom had become in the past few years. But he couldn't say no when he heard of my long crusade with the simplified books put out by wine makers.

"I've never had any trouble understanding how to fit the hydrometer into the fermentation lock and mix the must with the yeast to get the right specific gravity for the nutrient," he said. "But the only problem is, after I bought all that junk and read all those books and followed all those directions, the wine tasted awful. So I found an old settler's recipe for making all kinds of wine, and that's what I use now."

"What," inquired I, "do you call your method?"

"The two-by-four recipe," he replied. "If you've been in the city so long you've forgotten what a two-by-four is, it's a board two inches thick and four inches wide. I take a two-by-four and beat the fruit to death with it, and go from there. And I don't use anything else somebody sells except sugar and maybe a couple of oranges and lemons."

And then he dictated his recipe to me, after swearing me to secrecy while my right hand was placed on an old volume of *Wine Making Simplified*. Fortunately, I had my fingers crossed on the book when I took the oath of secrecy.

The best thing about making homemade wine my way (you'll notice it's become *my way*) is that you can use it to make wine out of almost anything that grows and doesn't bite. For example, as soon as I returned from the cattle roundup to my home in the little town of Crawford, population 1824, I spotted a crab-apple tree in a neighbor's yard. I attacked that tree like Genghis Khan, put the apples in a huge wooden salad bowl, found a fairly clean two-by-four in the yard and pounded the apples to a pulp.

It was fun. Lots of them had the rosy-cheeked, self-assured appearance of bosses and other big shots I had known in the past. Then I dumped the pulp into a six-gallon plastic garbage can I had washed as soon as I borrowed it, added water and covered it with a dish towel.

Once a day I stirred the concoction with a wooden stick—all the books say



"Well, it's good to see you out of your gourd again!"

never to use metal—and on the eighth day I strained it through a pillowcase, throwing away the pulp and the pillowcase, and returned the nectar to the garbage can. Then I added sugar, lemons and oranges, let it set for 24 hours, strained it through another pillowcase and poured the brew—with the help of a 39-cent plastic funnel—into gallon jugs and screwed on the lids very loosely.

I named my first batch Saddle Rock Sauterne, in honor of the towering butte west of Crawford. Then, changing the amounts of sugar, lemons and oranges, I created Sand Creek Chablis, White River Rhine and Soldier Creek Sherry.

Two months later, I bottled the wines, using green and brown bourbon and Scotch bottles saved by my favorite barmaid, Ruth, down at Mary's bar, and my son designed appropriate labels, and then we decided to throw a winetasting party. During the soiree, a lovely young thing came up to me and said, "The wine is wonderful. How do you make it?"

I started my pitch, going back to the time Saint Paul said a glass of wine was good for the tummy, and then explained, "What I do, really, is get me some apples and a two-by-four and pound the apples about a bit, and then dump them into a garbage can—"

The lovely young thing drifted off rather suddenly, leaving her glass of "wonderful" Soldier Creek Sherry on the kitchen table.

The next time I was asked how I created such a tasty treat, I shrugged my shoulders, threw out my hands and said, "I'm sorry, it's an old family secret." That seemed to make the wine even tastier. Apparently, a lot of connoisseurs of homemade wine don't want the details, just the delights.

I'm going to share these delights with you, but before doing that, I want to point out that you can make sweet or dry wine, as you prefer, simply by adding or subtracting sugar. The apple-wine recipe that follows is for my favorite version, but you can make Saddle Rock Sauterne or White River Rhine or Soldier Creek Sherry simply by changing the amount of sugar, orange and lemon additives. And the recipe for Pine Ridge Rosé can be amended, too. My friend Leonard Peters says it also works for blackberries, currants, raspberries and other fruits and berries.

If you own a hydrometer or a fermentation lock, and know how to use it, forget my method. But if you like to drink good wine, for maybe ten cents a bottle, here we go.

SAND CREEK CHABLIS

Gather ten pounds of apples, cut out the rotten spots, cut the apples in half, place in a wooden container, such as a large salad bowl, and pound, seeds, core



"Look out, Leon! It's a subpoena!"

and all, to a pulp with a two-by-four. Put the pulp into a five-gallon plastic, wooden or crockery container (no metal), pour in four and a half gallons of cold water, cover with a cloth and leave until the eighth day, stirring daily with a wooden stick. On the eighth day, strain through a dish towel or muslin cloth, return the liquid to the container, add eight pounds of sugar, the juice, rind (grated) and pulp of six lemons and three oranges, stir and leave for 24 hours. Strain through a cloth again, put into gallon jars or plastic containers with the lids on loosely, and do your drinking at your favorite pub for two months. Then, checking to make sure no bubbles are in the brew (if there are, let it stand for up to another month), strain again, pour into green or brown bottles, cork and pour on melted red wax to help seal the top, and rack, drink or have a party. The books say to leave it racked for a year or two, so I always make enough to drink some now and age the rest.

PINE RIDGE ROSÉ

Gather grapes from the vines or the supermarket, mash thoroughly with a two-by-four and put the pulp and juice into a plastic container, measuring to see how much you have in quarts or gallons. Then add an equal amount of boiling water and let stand for 24 hours. Strain and measure the juice left. For each gallon of juice, add two pounds of sugar. Mix well, let stand for 24 hours, strain and put into gallon jugs with loose caps until bubbles cease. Bottle and have a blast.

If nothing else, my method cuts down on book-buying costs. And I think you'll find the end product tastes good, too. As my friend Leonard says, it's not the size of the hydrometer, it's the way you use the two-by-four that counts. And it's as ego building as hell to know that not even Aristotle Onassis, with all his millions, can drink Sand Creek Chablis unless he's at my house.



Just my luck (continued from page 156)

up and parked across from The Broadway Hollywood, a big department store. I'd heard they had a first-class men's clothing department and, anyway, I figured that if William L. Wilson had a Broadway credit card, the place was good enough for me.

Inside, I told the salesman that I had bad news and good news, the bad being that a fire in my apartment had destroyed all my clothes and the good being that I'd just gotten a huge check from my insurance and wanted to buy a complete new wardrobe. He was thrilled for me and envious. I gave him the credit card and asked him please to check my account here, just in case Mrs. Wilson hadn't paid her Broadway bills.

While he was dialing, I suddenly realized that the Broadway credit department had to be open today and that Wilson could have phoned them about his card! I plotted my escape route through the aisles. But the salesman soon hung up and beamed at me and said, "A-OK! Shoot the works, Mr. Wilson! The sky's the limit!"

That was all I needed. *Boy*, did I have fun at The Broadway! I tried on 11 expensive suits and bought eight. I also bought ten pairs of slacks, five sports coats, six pairs of shoes, 24 shirts, 12 ties and 28 pairs of socks. They had a big sale on undershorts, so I got two dozen. I also bought some handkerchiefs. Then

I selected a beautiful black gabardine overcoat and a suede jacket and a cashmere-lined white pigskin car coat.

Luckily, everything fit me perfectly right off the rack. But I'd forgotten about cuffing all the trousers, which the salesman said would be ready on Tuesday. Sweating a little, I told him I *had* to have one suit for tonight and that I had a very good cheap tailor who could finish the trousers.

While waiting for the suit pants, I wandered around the floor and bought three pieces of beautiful matching luggage, in case I could ever afford to go anywhere, six pipes and five pounds of tobacco, a silk dressing gown from London and some mink-lined leather slippers and a quart of cologne. *God*, but it's great to be rich!

When the trousers were ready and I'd signed the slips—they totaled \$3026, including \$181.56 sales tax—the salesman and another clerk were kind enough to help me carry all my stuff across the street to my car. Since my trunk was full of booze, we had to pile everything onto the seats.

A fat clown walked by. "Well, I see you bought out the store! Whose credit card did you use, Horace?" He walked to his car, chortling.

The salesman clutched some of my clothes to his chest. His gullible eyes were worried.



"I was all out of tonic. It's gin and Dr Pepper."

I laughed. "Tired old joke. I never saw the man before."

"Oh," said the salesman, relieved. As he left, he said he hoped I'd been satisfied with the service and that he hoped I'd come back soon. I felt kind of sad, knowing that I could never set foot in his department again.

I looked at my watch. It was five after six! I drove home, unable to see out my rear window for all the clothes. It took me 20 minutes of running up and down stairs to unload my car.

Then I shaved and polished my teeth and showered and sloshed myself with cologne and put on new shorts and new socks and a new shirt and the new dark suit and new black shoes and tied a new tie in a half Windsor and combed my hair; and when I was finished, I looked in the mirror and grinned at the most gorgeous dude I'd ever seen in my *life!*

Doreen greeted me at her door at 7:05 wearing a tight bare-midriffed dress that told the almost unbelievable truth and nothing but. When she saw my two bottles of champagne, she kissed me. I told her to chill it, for later.

I gave her the earrings, saying that I wanted to share my good fortune with someone I really cared about. When she saw the 18-kt. marking, she screamed with delight and ran to a mirror and put them on and shouted in glee. The kiss she then gave me was the biggest down payment for later my lips have ever enjoyed.

Chevalier's is in Beverly Hills and its interior looks like a room in San Simeon. The waiters were running around in white ties and tails and for a split second I thought they'd all gone crazy and were trying to set fire to the drapes with torches, but then I realized it was only flaming food on swords, which you never see at McDonald's.

As the headwaiter escorted us across the huge room, all the men bug-eyed Doreen and hated well-dressed handsome lucky me. Marcia and Harry were already at a table. He turned out to be an attorney and she worked in a bank and they were an attractive couple, except that they kept going "Boo!" in each other's ears and then kissing and giggling.

We had drinks. Doreen and I studied the menu, which was written by hand. You'd have thought they could afford to have it printed, at those prices, which would have sent J. Paul Getty running out screaming.

"Golly, this place *is* expensive!" Doreen said joyfully. "I hope you brought enough money."

"I didn't," I said, "but I have my trusty old Master Charge card. Shoot the works! The sky's the limit!"

Harry said he didn't carry credit cards anymore, because he kept losing his wallet and had spent too many hours on the phone notifying everybody. Now he just



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carried a money clip. He said he'd give me cash for his half and I could charge the whole thing. This was glorious news; I didn't have enough to tip the parking attendant.

The headwaiter came to take our orders. Doreen got hers up to \$40 with no trouble at all, simply by ordering caviar and the smoked salmon and then asparagus with hollandaise sauce and then *filet mignon flambé* with side orders of onion rings and souffléed potatoes, which last turned out to be a gyp, because they were full of nothing but air.

When it was my turn to order, I thought, "Oh, well—easy come, easy go!" and asked for the same as Doreen's.

Harry and Marcia weren't about to pinch any pennies, either. Harry revealed that he was a great wine lover and he picked for us a nice little white at \$17.50 and a modest red, which he said was *remarkably* reasonable at \$22.50.

Gee, but I enjoyed that meal! I'd never tasted caviar before, and I loved it. The smoked salmon was a very light pink and not salty. The beef was heaven. Harry

was right about the wines, which had no kerosene aftertaste at all.

Between courses, Doreen and I also did the boo-kiss-giggle bit, except that we didn't giggle much, and Marcia and Harry told us to hold off till later.

All in all, it was the happiest evening I've ever spent. It wasn't until we were having our after-dinner coffee that Marcia started to torture me.

Her intentions were good, but she said that she hoped I'd kept the phone numbers I'd received along with my Master Charge card, in case my card was lost or stolen. Being the assistant manager of a bank branch, she knew how many cards fell into the hands of dirty crooks who forged signatures and charged all kinds of things! So now there was a special 24-hour phone number to call at night and on weekends, but a lot of cardholders were unaware of this.

I sent up a prayer that William L. Wilson was so hopelessly unaware that he went out wearing unmatching shoes.

"But oh, boy!" Marcia shouted proudly. "Do they go into action once they get

a loss report! Click, clack, bibbity goes the telex! Whirrr, clank, clunk goes the computer!" I was half expecting *The Trolley Song*. "And in a matter of minutes—literally *minutes*—the account is frozen all over the whole United States! And woe betide any dirty little creep who tries to use it!"

"Think of that!" I said, and did. My palms began to sweat. My heart began to thump so loudly I wondered why no one heard it. Water trickled down my chest. Goose bumps erupted, while chills and fever set in simultaneously. All I wanted was out of there.

Finally, the waiter marched up like a summoner to the guillotine and handed the check to Harry. He studied it, flinching only slightly, and then handed it to me along with a mountain of 20s and 10s. "Including half of a thirty-dollar tip," he said.

The bill was \$220.50. I brought out my Master Charge card and whipped it past Doreen's eyes to the waiter, who glanced at it and said, "Thank you, Mr. Wilson," and left.

"Wilson?" Doreen asked me. "Wilson?"

I panicked. I thought. I smiled. "Aka William Wilson."

"Aka?" Doreen asked, frowning.

"Also known as," Marcia volunteered.

"You see," I explained earnestly, "my father died when I was just a little tyke and my mother married a man named William Wilson, who later adopted me and changed my legal name to his. After he died, I went back to Tim Murdock, but I'm still *legally* William Wilson."

While I sat there drumming the table and waiting for the waiter to come back, Harry told me how easy it was to go to court and change your name, but I wasn't listening, because I knew that at this very moment, a cashier was making a phone call and reading Wilson's card number to someone who was probably shouting back, "Arrest that man! He's not Wilson! He's a dirty crook! That card was just reported *lost*, ten minutes ago! The account is *frozen*!"

The waiter was gone for what seemed like seven hours. I began to hear a drum roll—the suspense-building kind they play in the circus just before the nut dives off the 100-foot platform into a bucket of water. The drum roll kept getting louder and louder and more insistent.

"Boo!" Doreen shouted in my ear. I jumped eight inches.

"My, you're *nervous*," she said. "What are you so nervous about? Aren't you having fun?"

I kissed her. The waiter walked up and put down a silver tray with my card and a pen and the Master Charge slips on it and I nearly collapsed with relief. I picked up the pen and dropped it into my coffee cup.



"I understand, dear. Your impotence is caused by your fear of not satisfying me. But it doesn't bother me anymore."

"What's the matter with you?" Doreen asked. "Why are you panting?"

"Your kiss," I said, and I wrote down the tip as well as I could with my trembling hands and totaled the bill and signed.

But then the headwaiter walked up, beaming, and picked up the slips and tore them in half and said, "These we won't be needing. Mr. Wilson, we've just calculated that you are our ten thousandth patron! And so you must honor us by being our guests tonight."

My mouth fell open and my eyes bulged. "Really? Honest? That's wonderful! That's—very nice of you!"

"It's our pleasure," he said, motioning to a waiter, who wheeled up a cart laden with clinking liqueur bottles. "Please—sample some of our liqueurs."

He left and Doreen and Marcia and Harry bubbled with joy as they ordered liqueurs.

Harry smiled at me. "Got some money for me, old buddy?"

"Oh, sure. Heh, heh." I was sorry to see the huge wad leave my pocket, but then, God was really working overtime for me already, and you can't have everything.

After we'd all had three glasses of three different liqueurs, Harry suggested that maybe we were being a little greedy, and so we got up and left.

There were two police officers waiting for me in the foyer—one by the registration desk and the other by the door. They were in plain clothes, but I knew who they were even before the first one asked, "Mr. Wilson?"

"Yes?" I said.

He showed me his badge. "Sergeant Seller, Beverly Hills police."

"Police?" Doreen grabbed my arm. "Police!"

"What's the trouble, Sergeant?" asked Harry the attorney.

I sighed. "I *knew* they'd get me, sooner or later."

"Get you for *what*?" Doreen asked, edging away.

"Traffic violations," I said. "About twenty-five parking tickets. I let them pile up and never showed up in court."

"That wasn't very bright, old buddy," Harry said.

Sergeant Seller frowned at me and then glanced at Doreen and, like a decent man, kept his mouth shut.

"But how did they know you were *here*?" Doreen demanded.

I shrugged. "They obviously spotted my license plate in the parking lot." To Harry, I said, "This may take some time. Would you mind taking Doreen home?" I kissed her fondly. "Night, sweetie. I'll call you when I can."

With "Good lucks" and "Good nights," the three left.

"Thanks," I said to the sergeant.

He nodded. "Lovely girl."

The headwaiter came up and handed my torn charge slips to the sergeant. "I'm very sorry about this," he said to me.

"That's OK. It was a really great way to hold me till they got here."

"Shall we go?" the sergeant said.

"Sure." To the headwaiter, I said, "Will you tell the cook for me that it was the best damn meal I ever had in my life?"

"He'll be pleased to hear it, sir."

On the way down to the police station, I did some heavy thinking about God. Maybe He'd meant for me to return the credit cards and get in good with William L. Wilson, who was an eccentric multimillionaire with a beautiful daughter who would fall for me. Or maybe it was just that some stupe was fouling up my vegetable beds down at Soledad and I was badly needed there.

I do wish that God could be a little clearer about what He wants from me. While I'm not a profound thinker, I personally believe that His failure to communicate with the average person is the main reason so few people go to church these days and so many end up in the clanger.



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OLD DANCE (continued from page 120)

money, a number of other animals representing four continents, all under the "no kill, no pay" system that virtually all preserves employ. At other places around the United States, you could hunt American bison, nilgai, Corsican ram and Himalayan tahr. And there are herds of eland and oryx being readied for consumption. Himalayan tahr? Nilgai? Yes . . . well, they come from game-park surplus, mostly, these exotics, and are trucked around the country on demand. Of which there is more and more and more.

Among preserve people at this point in the history of American hunting can be sensed a heady, evangelistic faith that they are the future. And things do seem to be funneling toward them. Game-supporting public land, the little of it that is left, has a clutch of grim projections facing it, including Paul Ehrlich's that the country will have to build a city of a quarter of a million people every 40 days for the next 30 years to accommodate all of us. Many wild-game species are dwindling toward disappearance. In addition to these depletions of natural resources, the swelling popularity of preserves indicates that the nation's hunters could be running low themselves on the stamina, learned skills and patience that wild hunting requires. It is stunning how

many things a man hunting pheasant, say, on a preserve doesn't have to do. He doesn't have to own or find the land, or get permission to hunt it. He doesn't have to buy or train a bird dog. At some places, he doesn't even have to bring a gun. He doesn't have to learn the cover or anything about the habits of pheasant. He doesn't even have to clean and pluck his birds, for most preserves will swap him wrapped and frozen ones for his.

"Emphasize to all who ask that the net cost of bagging a big-game animal at a club such as yours is certainly no greater than the cost of a hunting trip to some distant point on public lands, and it is far less painful. Further, who can assure the hunter of the positive presence on public lands of the game he is after?" advises P. C. Christiansen, a preserve owner, in a paper given to an association of owners—all smiling, one imagines, as they listen to this cheerfully logical response to any possible quibbling over value. *The animals, the birds are here, seems to be the position, painlessly and immediately available to anyone who can pull a trigger, some of them animals you used to have to travel weeks and spend thousands to get to.*

But there is more to it than that, more to the widespread and increasing attraction

of preserve hunting than just the absolute certainty of the presence of game and the ease with which it can be killed. If that were all it took to satisfy hunters, there would be more enterprises like the one Roger Caras, the naturalist, tells about—a kind of *reductio ad absurdum* of preserve conditions. Caras learned about a farmer in Maine who gathered up black-bear cubs in the spring and raised them. When they were large enough, he placed them in individual cages where sportsmen came, money in hand, to shoot them through the bars.

The successful preserves know something much deeper about the American hunter than that farmer did. And they have found intricate ways of getting to it.

[Killing] is, as I discovered yesterday, a question of art. When it is difficult to kill the thing, when skill and achievement come into it, I find that the killing is worth while.

—T. H. WHITE

All hunters are the same people.

—ERNEST HEMINGWAY

The preserve is a 1500-acre tract about nine miles from the house. Strictly *out* in the country. The road leading into it is completely hidden from the blacktop by a bank to make it as inaccessible as possible to poachers, with whom Wild Hill is constantly at war. Bill Richter takes us in in two groups by snowmobile and there are signs all along both sides of the road, saying, DEPUTY SHERIFF PATROLLED, WARNING: WILD BOAR and this little masterpiece of theater: DANGER: TRESPASSERS MAY BE EATEN. Bill, it happens, is a deputy sheriff.

A mile or so into the woods, the road ends at a chinked-log lodge, where hunters stay during the spring, summer and fall. Located dramatically beside a small lake full of rainbow, brook and Kamloops trout (they couldn't resist an exotic here, either), the lodge could be a stage set: It is the archetype of all hunting lodges.

A pair of moose antlers hangs above the door. On a wooden fence, a few impressive jaws of boar bleach in the sun. Inside, huge beams muscle across the ceiling and stone fireplaces yawn at either end of the main room. The interior seems "done," by some decorator who specializes in hunting camps. Old leather furniture, hand-hewn coffee tables, Franklin stove, copper pots, stuffed ducks, shell belts, a bear-trap ashtray, iron cots, coonskins, moose calls, a skunkskin hat, deer-antler gun holders, boar tusks, mounted brook trout and walleye, a whole stuffed bobcat on a limb and, hanging on the high log walls above the fireplaces, the baleful heads of goat, deer, caribou, fox and boar. On a wall by the door is a photograph of Bill and Fred Bear, the bow



"Forgive me, for I have ginned."

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hunter, crouched beside a dead caribou in some high, windy-looking country.

Jim Whitehouse and his boys look around and handle things silently in the reverent semidark, like baseball fans in Cooperstown. *This, by God . . . now, this is what you call a hunting lodge.*

We don't start walking until almost ten—boar, says Bill, don't start to move until it warms up—and by then the temperature is in the 20s. It is a windless, cloudless day, as perfect as an egg. The sun is warm and snow is falling from the evergreens when we start, each fall making a brilliant dust that hangs against the sky. Because of a recent thaw and freeze, the snow is crust under four or five inches of new powder and we walk without snowshoes, north along a trail behind Bill, with low white-spruce country on the left falling beyond the trout lake to a stream bed and high ridges on the right. Merlin couldn't conjure a better day or place for hunting exotics.

Within a quarter of a mile, Bill turns off the trail and we follow him east up one of the hillsides to an open hogback and along it in the sun, seeing deer tracks. He walks slowly, looking back often at Whitehouse and stopping to scout whenever Jim seems tired.

"You can smell them this time of year," he says at one pause, mysteriously, for no one is sure exactly what it is he can smell. "It's a musky smell you can pick up a hundred yards away."

Whitehouse and the boys look around, noses lifted. Then, when Jim has his breath, we go on, continuing uphill in a slight southern curve, along ridges and through old Merino-sheep meadows now overgrown with pine. Bill points out some old sika-deer tracks, longer and narrower than a whitetail's, and the twin, intimate tracks of a pair of fisher cats.

Around 11 he finds a boar track, which, perfectly sensibly, looks like a pig's. "Boar track," he says, kneeling to it and running the back of his hand across it to tell its freshness. And then Whitehouse and the rest of us learn what we are doing. We are looking for a "run," one of the arbitrary paths that boar decide to follow through the woods. This is not one. This is simply a single boar's track in the snow, looking very much like a pig's. Bill ponders for a moment, eyes squinting. The deer, he reckons, are now in the hemlock.

We head upward again, getting near the ranges of the Catalina goat and mouflon sheep, two other exotics Wild Hill maintains, which are yarded on the highest meadows and not hunted in the winter. On this Vermont hillside now, a creature with scales and horns growing out of its chest could appear and every one of us would just watch it, nodding, and wait for Bill to tell us what it was.

He stops at the edge of a cornice overlooking a bowl of thick birch, evergreen

and beech, and beyond it the valley where the lodge is. In a moment, Whitehouse pants up and sits in the snow, breathing raggedly. Bill looks at him. "I think we've gone far enough," he says. "We'll just sit here and watch this little bowl for a minute. See if we can pick one out." He crouches like Deerslayer, tail just off the snow, right forearm lying across his left knee, his duck-shooting cap pushed back, squinting from the lip of the cornice into the mat of trees below. There is no movement down there, yet the suspense is palpable. A raven caws over his left shoulder. Snow falls from a hemlock in a bright shower. The instant seems choreographed.

"What, uh, do they look like?" asks Jimmy Whitehouse.

"They'd look black from up here. Most are really a brindle. Some are black and a few are a sort of silver color."

Whitehouse edges up to the cornice beside Bill and sits with his rifle across his lap, peering into the trees for something black.

Sus scrofa, the animal they are looking for, has been hunted for one reason or another since the Stone Age. On the wall of a cave in Altamira, Spain, is an energetic portrait of a boar done 15,000 years before Christ. And testifying to some strange intimacy primitive man must have felt with the beast, a mature male skeleton has been discovered in the Neanderthal burial ground on Mount Carmel, clutching the jawbone of one to his chest. The European variety was introduced into our Smoky Mountains in 1912 and he is now rife in those hills, where he is known affectionately as "Roosian" and has distinguished himself by killing and maiming more hunting dogs than any other game animal.

Physically and temperamentally, a truly wild boar is, without doubt, a fierce piece of work. A big male is deep through the chest and narrow in the hams, is maybe three feet high, five feet long and weighs around 350 pounds. He fights with amazingly quick thrusts of his head, using two curved lower tusks that can be as long as seven inches and sharp enough to pare a fingernail. The Greeks, who hunted him with great verve and feared him above the lion, waxed at length about the boar's ferocity. And in Europe during the Middle Ages, along with brown bear and something called an aurochs, he was classified as "black game," the hunting of which was known as heroic and reserved for royalty. One of these four animals, at various times and places, was singled out for its deepest blackness to be hunted by the king alone—to play a sort of allegorical Devil to the king's Force of Good. This graced animal, this game of kings, was always *Sus scrofa*.

After about five minutes of watching

the timber, Bill looks at his watch and suggests we start back down. Web will have lunch waiting. We go down much quicker than we went up and come out on the trail to the lodge a couple of hundred yards from where we started up the hillside, completing a pleasant two-hour circle. We walk back to the lodge along a line of the seven-foot, mesh-wire fence with electric bottom wire that contains the preserve: in single file, at leisure, like hikers on Mount Katahdin.

Back at the truck, Jim Whitehouse is worried. As Bill hides the snowmobile in the woods, he wonders just what the story is here. All morning without even *seeing* a boar or a deer? It occurs to him that Eric's birthday has only a few hours to go. He can't help but wonder just how set up this deal is after all. And he is determined for his heart's sake not to walk up any more mountains like the one this morning.

Web will assure him at lunch that they will see some boar this afternoon; that it would be disappointing to see them right off. But just then, standing by the game-empty truck, Jim is as meatless and forlorn as Hemingway in the green hills of Africa after weeks of no kudu. Or as any Australopithecus after a fruitless drive of mammoth.

. . .

That citizen was likely the first creature ever to use weapons to kill other animals. And though he lived some 2,000,000 years ago, certainly owned no moosehide knickers and used a fisted rock instead of a \$1500 rifle, there is connective tissue between Australopithecus and Jim Whitehouse. Between him and all of us who hunt.

Its necessity to survival cut away before history began, the sport has repeatedly been judged, both by those who hunt and by those who don't, against this very good reason for not doing it: It hurts and kills to be hunted, and no creature should have the right to impose suffering and death on another creature for pleasure. In recent history, particularly in America, the judgments have been more frequent and more severe, leading to what is now one of the country's truest polarizations, between those 15,000,000 to 20,000,000 who hunt, killing animals and birds they don't have to kill, and those who believe with a vengeance that they shouldn't. To the latter group, many of whom don't know a rifle from a shotgun, a hunter seems as dated and useless and ugly a thing as a souvenir Luger. He is suspected of political savagery, feeble-mindedness, sadism, and of unconsciously confusing his gun with his penis. And he is almost automatically assumed to belong to that segment of hunters who are lawless, cow-shooting despoilers.

That sort of thinking can make a man self-conscious. In defense, hunters have tended either to simply yell back at the pinko lag creeps or to try to rationalize



"Look—I appreciate your talking to me, and I know you mean well, but you're boring."

something that just feels good and that has, at best, a tenuous rational basis, by muttering about the millions they spend on conservation or harvesting game crops . . . or how animals don't feel pain, anyway.

The best of the rationalizing is found in the work of the formal hunting apologists, thoughtful men who hunted and wrote about it—Edward, the second duke of York, Turgenev, Ortega y Gasset, Ruark, Hemingway. They are the true hunting moralists, preoccupied with doing the thing the way it *ought* to be done and ritualizing and romanticizing variously as they go. The composite picture they paint, in books such as Ortega's *Meditations on Hunting*, of what the Good Hunter is, or ought to be, looks something like this: He is a big man with an easy grin and unlimited endurance and skill, who knows calmly that we are all, animals and men, born to die, and that nature itself is cruel. He wants the game he hunts not to be too plentiful or easy to find and he demands of it a full set of working instincts to match his own against. He considers himself just another predator in the scheme of things, like a bobcat or a lynx, taking no more than he can eat and renouncing the part of

his superiority that could allow him to poison a trout stream or shoot his animals from tanks. He is a natural, alert man, in a comfortable bond of wood smoke and dogs and aching muscles with others like himself, knowing and loving what he hunts and recapturing as he does it the innocence of his unconscious past . . . something like that.

It makes an image hard for even carping pinko fags to knock. An image that the beleaguered modern hunter can fit himself into and be proud of. That's the way he wants to look. No one, after all, wants to be a shooter of bears in cages. But between the idea and the reality falls this bitching little shadow. More often than not, the modern hunter is, in fact, a man who works eight hours a day indoors, a little skinny on endurance and skill, with little time and less wind. He would *like* to trail that caged bear like a Cree Indian and dispatch it with a bow and arrow, but he *can't*. To paint himself into that portrait—to justify his hunting to himself—he often needs someone to give him the numbers.

And, as it happens, there are people around who can do that. Not quite, of course. They can't really make him into something he isn't. But by taking

out a few of the hard parts, they can make him feel like that something for a few hours or days. Magic is the word. And there are people around who can get it for you wholesale.

The greatest enemy of hunting is reason. —ORTEGA Y GASSET

One shot, meat. Two shots, maybe. Three shots, heap shit. —ERNEST HEMINGWAY

Jim Whitehouse would like to do only this kind of hunting, he is saying. This way you get away from all the slobs in the woods. These preserve people can cull out all the bad animals. The thing is *controlled*. And you know you're going to get game.

But he doesn't look all that sure. We are back in the woods at 2:45 after a big lunch, following Bill down the little path from the lodge again. There is a noticeable digestive droop to things.

This time, instead of turning uphill to the east, we go through the preserve fence into the thick spruce woods. The walking is harder in here than on the hillside—there is more loose snow and every fourth or fifth step breaks through the crust. Bill stops at the edge of a little stream that runs from the south end of the trout pond and waits for Jim and Eric to catch their breath. Jimmy, the taller and thinner boy, has had no trouble keeping up and he seems a little bored at this point. He puts his eye to the Hensoldt Wetzlar scope on his rifle and sweeps it in an arc across the woods in front of us. It is not a boy's gun. It is an 8 x 57 Mauser with set triggers. When the rear trigger is pulled, it sets the front one so that the slightest pressure fires the rifle.

"We want to look for trails in here," Bill says. "If we find a trail, we'll find them in here." He tells us that he killed a boar just down the stream a couple of days ago and that he knows there are fallow deer around, feeding on the balsams. He is visibly different from this morning—his expression a little less polite and vague. He looks to be fixed on what he is doing now. "And, uh, you'll want to be a little quiet from now on," he adds.

We walk south, crossing and recrossing the stream on a lacework of snow bridges and stumbling often in the drifts. About a half mile down the stream, Bill stops again in a small clearing. Fifty feet from where he is squatting is a bloody wallow in the snow. He takes a deep breath and looks around. We seem to have arrived.

Very businesslike now, he takes Eric across to the east side of the stream and down a blood-spotted path, past two or three bright piles of frozen animal innards. About 500 yards into the trees, the path opens into a kind of amphitheater, where he tells the boy to stand beside three big pines. "You see where the



"Of course, Mrs. Morrissey, there's no law that says you have to use this room as a bedroom."



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*"I have discovered a heavenly body, Galileo—
right across the street!"*

clearing crosses the brook there?" He points to where the path crosses a snow bridge, leads up to a gentle rise, then levels off and disappears into the spruce. Eric nods. "Well, you keep an eye out. Sometimes they come through there." Eric nods again. "Good hunting," says Bill and he touches him on the back. Eric nods and watches him melt into the trees.

Whitehouse and Jimmy are put on stand where they are and told to watch south along the stream bank. "I'm going to run around in the pucker brush and see what I can kick out. You guys don't move unless I yell," Bill tells them. Then he disappears and there is a palpable drawing down of the moment over Whitehouse and his son.

It is four o'clock and darkening fast in the heavy woods. After we can no longer hear Bill, there is no sound but the occasional pop of a freezing limb. With nothing to look at but the encircling spruces, with the coming on of night and the silence and the knowledge that there are, well . . . *boar*, black game, out there—it's a little spooky is what it is.

In ten minutes, Bill is back. He moves Whitehouse and myself halfway up a little hill where boar have been making tub-size wallows in the snow and positions Jimmy just downhill from us to the left. Then he leaves again after whispering this new information: "Now, if you shoot one of a pair or a group, *freeze*. Just *freeze*, because if the rest see you, they might charge."

"I wonder," muses Whitehouse after

he is gone, "why he didn't think to mention that before?"

For minutes we crouch in the snow, looking at the wallows and into the blankness of the trees, watching the closing down of dark. We are surrounded here by Jimmy and Eric and Bill—all within easy shooting distance in these blind woods: a disquieting realization—and also by a heavy, tangible presentiment of animals: animals present and past, living and dead, rising out of gut heaps. Exotic animals. With sight failing like the light, a sense of countless unseen presences develops—a sense of the woods as crowded with hunters and hunted, of perceptions straining toward one another through the tissue of air: aurochs behind trees, ears cocked; listening nilgai and bison and oryx; Australopithecus crouching somewhere with a hafted stone; Duke Edward drawing a bow in a tree blind. Mystery develops. The woods seem bansheed. Whitehouse and I listen for other things listening.

Then there is a shot, splitting the quiet like an ax. "Eric," whispers Jim. In a few minutes, there is another shot and then a third. Jim talks excitedly. "He's got a gun shoots straight as an arrow. If he was on him, he got him. That kid will be sitting on top of the world. . . . You know, this is the way you keep kids close to you—out of the house, away from the cocktail parties—" A fourth shot interrupts him. "That's four shots," he says, looking puzzled.

The deer came out of the woods on the

trail and stopped about 75 feet away. It was a little six-point fallow that would dress out to about 60 pounds. Eric raised his rifle and pulled off the first shot, missing it cleanly. The deer moved a few feet forward and gazed at him. The second shot caught it in the gut just behind the rib cage. The deer stood still, as before, and then knelt, slowly, so that it was just visible over a little ridge of snow. Eric shot a third time and the deer didn't move. He looked at the animal, his mouth open and trembling and all the color gone from his face. "I think it's dead but doesn't know it yet," he said finally.

Then Bill Richter appeared in the spruces and yelled for Eric to come on.

"This is the part I don't like," Eric said. As he crossed the stream, the deer stood up, blatting, and walked about 15 feet into a clear patch of snow. Then it knelt again.

Eric joined Bill by the deer. He cradled the rifle in his arms. "What should I do now?" he asked, watching the deer. The deer was trying to hide itself by digging with its forehooves in the snow.

"Shoot it," said Bill.

The deer stood up slowly and looked at Eric and Bill. It turned a slow 180 degrees and began walking directly away from them toward the woods.

"Now would be a good time," Bill commented.

Eric raised the rifle and pulled the trigger, but the chamber was empty.

"Better hurry up, Eric," said Bill softly. "You don't want him to get into the woods."

With the deer about 15 feet away, Eric reloaded and shot, putting the bullet up the deer's rectum and killing it.

"Good hunting," said Bill. He shook Eric's hand. "How do you feel, fella?"

"Fine," Eric said. "That's my first big game."

Jim Whitehouse is happy. He is sure his son has bagged a fallow on his birthday. He just hopes it was a good head and a clean kill. As it is five o'clock by the time Eric's shooting stops, he doesn't think we will see any boar this afternoon. But they have tomorrow for the boar. We stand and shiver in the tightening cold and wait for Bill.

It is nearly 5:30 when I hear something that sounds at first like snow falling from boughs and then like brush being cleared. It fades, then grows again, and Whitehouse is on his knees when it materializes into a pair of boar, one behind the other, cracking through saplings downhill along a lane in the trees, making chuffing pig noises, looking blunt and huge and black against the snow.

They are maybe 50 yards away and coming at us when Whitehouse shoots—"chances his throw," as the Spanish have it, and chances it nicely. The lead boar drops in place, its left hind leg kicking, already dead. The second one stands and stares. For more than two minutes, the

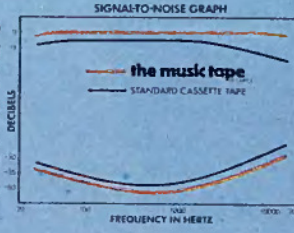
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hind leg kicks, the second boar stands without moving—grieving or confused or looking for us—and Whitehouse whispers, “Freeze,” litanylike, through his teeth. Then the standing boar whirls like a black cape and is gone over the hill.

At that moment, Bill yells to us from a few feet away, spectrally present again at the moment of truth. “Good shot,” he says. “Now you want to go up careful.”

We go up carefully and abreast of where the boar lies, snout in the snow and a quarter-size bullet hole between its eyes. Dead, in the almost full dark, it looks now like only a large black pig.

Whitehouse yells for Jimmy. Then he lifts his boar’s head by an ear. There are no tusks. “It’s a sow,” he says. “The other one must have been the boar.”

“It’s a sow. But it’s a nice sow,” says Bill. He looks diversely harried, as a stage manager. Kneeling, he runs a forefinger experimentally in and out of the hole in the animal’s skull, bringing out pieces of bone and brain. “Head’s all broken up,” he says. “But it won’t hurt the mount.”

Jimmy comes up now, his rifle slung on his shoulder, and bends over the boar as Bill begins to gut it with his boy-scout knife. We are all watching him work. Whitehouse is smoking and Jimmy is sitting in the snow when the second boar bursts out of the woods again. He is within ten yards, coming down and slanting across the hill. In a blur Jimmy is up, his gloved right hand fumbling on the rifle for the set trigger. The rifle fires once while it is still at his hip and the bullet kicks up snow ten feet from Richter.

“Take off that goddamn glove,” his father shouts at him.

Jimmy heaves the rifle to his shoulder and runs with it like that at the boar, still gloved and firing as he goes. Bill, Whitehouse and I scattering behind him. “Take off the glove,” his father yells again.

On his third or fourth shot, Jimmy hits the animal. It rolls behind a dead tree and is running again when it comes upright and then is gone into the trees. “I got him. I got him, didn’t I?” Jimmy says, turning to Bill.

“Well, you *hit* him, all right. But it’s too dark to look for him now. We’ll let him stiffen up and come back tomorrow with the dogs.”

Whitehouse comes over and puts his hand on the boy’s shoulder. “You just got a little excited is all. A little buck fever. . . .”

It is night now and a wind is rising. Bill finishes gutting Jim’s boar, puts a rope around its snout and hoists it up into a tree.

By the time he finishes, Jim and Jimmy have both relaxed and are enjoying themselves, letting the finished day spread through them like a drink. The birthday deer, one boar in a tree and one in the bush, stiffening up—not bad for two hours’ hunting. Bullet right between

the eyes. Eric’s mother is going to be pleased as punch. And after this morning, all of it coming at *once* like that. “Old Eric really earned his bones today, didn’t he?” Whitehouse says.

“Sure did. That’s a wonderful boar.”

“Well, it’s a sow, but it’s got good size. The one you shot must have been the boar.”

“Let’s take it easy going out. I’m a little bushed,” Jim says to Bill as we start picking our way back through these black, occupied woods, leaving the boar dangling like a totem from a spruce. “You’ve got just that little touch more stamina than I do. . . .”

“Yeah,” says Bill. But right now, it’s hard to tell. Right now, Bill Richter looks exactly like what he is—a man who has put in a hard day on the job.

. . .

It took Ring, a hot-nosed mountain cur and a silent trailer who doesn’t begin baying until he sees his animal, about five minutes to find the wounded boar’s scent. He found it just on the far side of the trout pond and within ten minutes, he and the other dog had found the boar. From where we stood near the stream, we could hear the deep oval barking uphill and to the west and working toward us. It’s a sound Ortega y Gasset claimed is to hunting what polyphony is to music, raising the sport to its most complex and perfect form.

But nobody here seemed to be paying any attention to it. The object of it, after all, was a wounded goddamn wild boar, who, stiffened up or not, could tear somebody asshole from elbow. As the baying got closer, coming downhill directly at us, no one could quite figure out what to do with himself. I mean, do you hunker down, or climb a tree, or what? Those dogs are bringing the thing right down here. . . . There were no instructions from Bill and he had slipped off somewhere in the woods again. But Jimmy knew what he was supposed to do: He was supposed to kill the boar, and he moved manfully in front of the rest of us, gloveless this time, to do that. It was considerably easier to feel brave once the animal finally appeared, rooting dolefully and without conviction at the two dogs, who were managing to bay and snap at the same time. In the light of day, driven by two small dogs, the boar looked hopeless and tractable as a sheep.

Jimmy waited until he had a clear shot and shot the boar in the head. It fell dead without movement and the dogs commenced to growl and pull at it. In its neck, there was a ragged hole big enough to put your fist into where Jimmy had wounded it the night before.

In a book about hunting, Hemingway writes about “the elation, the best elation of all” of killing off a wounded and dangerous animal. Maybe that’s what Jimmy Whitehouse felt. It was hard to tell.

The boar was another sow, weighing around 200 pounds and with a pair of tusks that barely reached its upper lip. We got a long look at this one while Bill was dressing it, scooping handfuls of red, blue-gray and purple interior into another gut pile among the spruces. It is a hard animal to sentimentalize, but there is beauty in the deep chest and narrow hindquarters and dainty hooves, and in the stiff brindle hair that makes a long, bristling ruff down its neck. Curious about what they find to eat, these wild boar, when there is three feet of snow on the ground, I took the stomach from Bill’s pile and opened it with a knife. What they eat, apparently, is hay. Who knows where they find it?

Jimmy and I dragged his boar out of the woods and sat on it in the snowmobile road, waiting for the others to bring out the one in the tree. The torn pink tissue around the boar’s head wound, like a small shell crater under one ear, was still jerking. From where we sat, we could see the lodge up the road, looking like a hunting lodge out of Disneyland with its chinked logs and moose antlers. Even the woods around it looked staged—the sign between us and the house saying DANGER: TRESPASSERS MAY BE EATEN, referring to horrid-looking but friendly things with signs on their chests saying BOO! out there in those plaster of Paris trees. Also out there somewhere would be the Hunter who lives in the Lodge: a big man with an easy grin.

It was 11 o’clock. After they got the other boar out, Bill would take us and the two animals by snowmobile back to the truck and then back to the house, where he would hang the boars and the fallow deer from the roof of a shed for pictures. And Whitehouse, pleased as punch with everything, would arrange for the butchering of his animals and for the making of their heads into mounts. Then he would take his sons and the liver of Eric’s deer in a Baggie and go home.

The night before, after a lot of strong male talk about women and boar and the European hare and roe deer Jim had hunted in Germany; after grace was said and Jim made a birthday toast to Eric, congratulating him on his deer and calling the killing of it the happiest event of Eric’s life next to being born and having him for a father, Whitehouse had told me that whether the dogs found the wounded boar or not the next day, he was happy. He knew they would get a second boar. And he didn’t mind at all the \$900 he was spending. His kids were having a real experience. He would be back, maybe next time to try for those whatis goats up in the high country.

“The thing is. . . .” he said, “the thing is, you always get what you pay for at a place like this.”



"He just shouts 'Open sesame!' and I'm powerless."

A. J.—AS IN FOYT

(continued from page 92)

late to back off. You had to run in straight and just throw the car sideways. Blam! And hope to hell those old tires didn't get a bite then. Because if they did, it would throw the whole goddamn car out of the park." Foyt said. "Blooney!

"It was so rough that a lot of people got fractured elbows and broken arms, just from trying to hang on to that wheel. I got two busted elbows. Man, when a race was over, it looked like everybody had been in a hatchet fight.

"And ol' Tommy would run in so hard that he'd get the car up on its right wheels so far you could see the whole undercarriage. He could have sold billboard space on the bottom of the car.

"Ah, hell," he said. "Those were the days."

. . . .

"I still tell anybody to go to hell if I feel like it," Foyt says. "I mean, some people think that old crash at Riverside slowed me down, but look at my record. I won Indy again after that and Le Mans and the Daytona 500 and a hell of a lot of other races. Is that slowing down?"

The Riverside crash, however, makes him stop and think. It has been nine years since it happened, and it was the only time he was ever seriously hurt (this does not count routine breaks, bruises, burns and lumps, including being run over by one's own race car). At Riverside, Foyt was running in a NASCAR stock-car race on the road course and had been one of the front

runners most of the afternoon.

About two thirds of the way through the race, the twisting course had taken its toll on the 4000-pound stocker: The brakes were completely gone and a quick pit stop determined that they couldn't be repaired. At this point, a lot of racers would have parked it behind the pit wall and gone for a Coors. Foyt roared out of the pits and ducked in behind Junior Johnson, one of NASCAR's best and a man A. J. knew he could trust. One does not follow just anybody closely when one has no brakes. A. J. knew that Junior was not apt to make a mistake.

It worked for about ten laps and, true, Junior did not make a mistake. But the car in *front* of Johnson did and Junior had to hit his brakes—having no idea that Foyt didn't have any to hit. They were just entering the sweeping turn nine at about 140 mph. A. J. had a fraction of a second to weigh the situation. He could hit Junior full-bore in the rear or turn right. He turned right and the car leaped over the embankment. The nose dug in and the force catapulted the car 50 feet into the air; it slammed down on its top with a sickening crash.

Foyt was unconscious when they got to him. It wasn't until they got him to the hospital that a discerning doctor discovered that Foyt had a broken back. "A. J. Foyt will never race again," they pronounced; the sort of refrain that race drivers could set to music.

It took Foyt roughly two weeks to

convince the doctors that he would be just as well off at home in bed. From there it took him another week to convince his wife, Lucy, that he would be better off in the Arizona sun, watching an Indy car race from a nice, easy wheelchair.

Two weeks later, he was watching a race from a nice, easy race car. He winced a lot as he got in and out of the car and everybody knew that he assuredly hurt like hell during the races, but he was back racing.

Now they say he's mellowing.

"I don't feel that I have to prove myself. If I decide I want to win, I go out and win. If I don't, I just don't care," he says.

But can one believe that the best race driver around doesn't care about winning? He drives as hard today as he ever has. And he isn't shy about declaring his intention to pass another car. I mean, if he waves you over, you ought really to give him room.

And he knows the quick route around every track in the country. "I know the tracks pretty good now," he says. "But I can never tell exactly how I'm going to drive a track until the time comes. When I get ahead, I just follow the groove. If I get behind, I just work my way back up front the best way I know how. My hands get tired in a 500-miler from hanging on to the wheel. Sometimes on the straights I open my hands and push down on the wheel with my palms to rest my fingers. If things are going real well, I might drive with one hand. But it's no Hollywood effect. My hands just get tired."

Foyt *has* been known to ham it up, though. A few years ago at Daytona, he had his Ford running so far out in front of the pack that he could have coasted the remaining five or six laps. He had led the race for so long that the covey of Ford executives in the paddock area had already made reservations for the victory dinner that night. His pit crew was lounging on stacks of tires examining their fingernails. That's when Foyt came out of the fourth turn, backed off the accelerator and ducked into the pits for an unscheduled stop. The Ford execs froze. The pit-crew members fell all over themselves getting to the pit wall. They stood in horror as Foyt poked his head through the window.

"You all want me for anything?" he asked. Then he flashed the white smile, dumped it back into gear and roared out of the pits, still comfortably in first place. He won, of course.

. . . .

So here he is at Daytona, Super Tex at 39, who says he won't quit, no matter what the Associated Press says. The Associated Press can kiss his ass.

He is standing by his pit, looking out at the world through the slitted eyes—ready to talk only to those he really cares



"Biggest goddamn fairy I ever saw!"

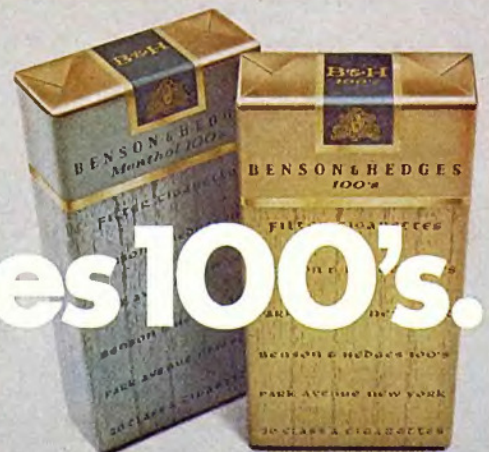


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Menthol or Regular

to talk to. A driver comes into view.

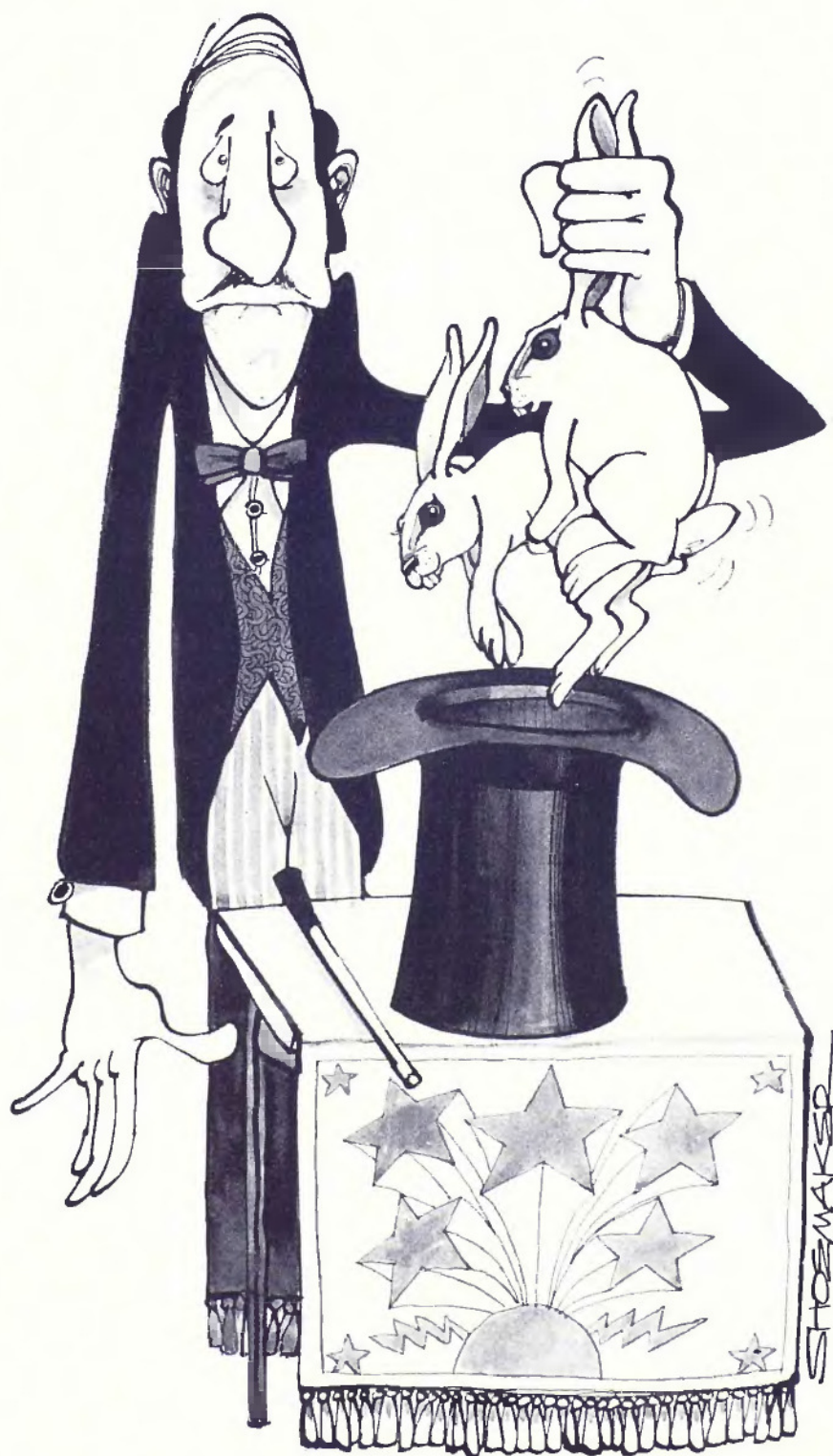
This is Paul Newman. Mr. Blue Eyes, the face that American millions adore; there are folks all over Daytona, men and women alike, who would give their right front fenders to stand alongside a pit wall and chat with Paul Newman.

True, Newman has credentials; he is a race driver himself, though undistinguished, in a sport that regularly attracts

movie stars. Steve McQueen races; James Garner is a buff; so is one Smothers brother—and who really gives a damn which one it is?

They chat until Foyt figures he has had enough. He turns to the growing circle of fans. "Lissen, you guys, I gotta go," he says. And then he turns to Newman:

"So long, Steve," he says.



"TO BE SILENT" IS AN ACTIVE VERB

(continued from page 150)

then they are ill-mannered, drunken, demanding of joyless luxuries.

What to do without my duffel? I look out at the winter scene, sky and snow glowing, Moscow glowing in its self-generated winter light like an astral body, immobile in the scope of universe. Soon the morning snow sweepers appear, those widows with legs wrapped in rags. Moscow looks frozen inside and out, and I shiver as I lean across the radiator to the frosted glass in accesses of swooping doubt as all the Soviet people I've seen parade across my brain, with that thickened and wounded and stubborn look they have. Americans are not a happy people? Of course not. Russians neither; brothers of a sort.

My Russian is beginning to come back and, as language always does, the Russian language more than most, it tells about history, hope, dread, soul. Nine years ago, a woman at the Writers Union stood silently weeping because no one answered when I explained why I couldn't be, in their terms, a "progressive." (Because if I were a Soviet writer, I would be dead.) She approached me later with a philological comment: "You know, in Russian, the verb 'to be silent' is an active verb." And then I came upon these words in the stage direction at the end of Pushkin's play about tyranny, *Boris Godunov*—but what great Russian work is not about the convulsions of tyranny? *Narod byezmolstfuyit*. A poor English translation would read (Boris falling, Boris dead, his children strangled, all finished): "The people are silent." But it really says: "The people perform the action of silence." And that isn't it, either. "The people enter a world of silence." *Narod byezmolstfuyit*. "People without-words-there-stand."

It can't be translated. But that's what they are still doing, except for the brave and tragic few who defy and suffer.

The word for dissident means those who think differently. Andrei Sakharov, the great Soviet physicist, has said there are many moral people who are secretly joined together, without knowing one another, without even any physical contact, with links now effectively severed by the secret police; but nevertheless they are joined, simply because they are moral people. The most famous of them is Solzhenitsyn. He has been through all the tyrannies—the cancer tyranny, the concentration-camp tyranny, the police-censorship tyranny, even the conventional young-writer-wanting-fame and husband-grown-weary-of-wife tyrannies—and now he has come out in some spectacular balance and health within a prolonged threat of martyrdom. He refused to leave his Russian soil for comfortable exile until they picked him up and threw him out. He gripped his birthright with all

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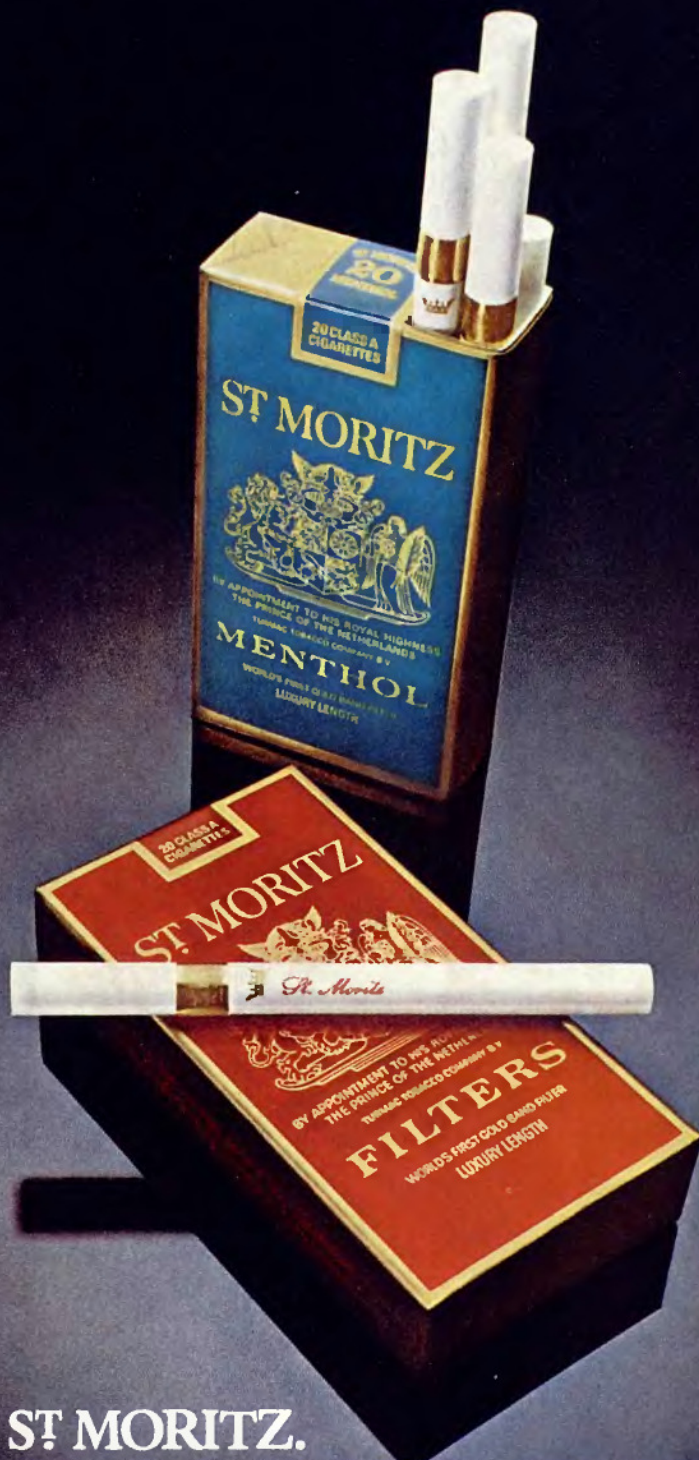
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his strength, alternately patient with explanation, scornful, howling with rage in letters to the Swedish Royal Academy, which negotiated with Soviet authorities about a diminished Nobel Prize ceremony in Moscow, to the Writers Union that expelled him, to publishers who would no longer print him, to colleagues who turned prudent backs, to foreign journalists, even to Kosygin, Brezhnev and the Presidium, to anyone in the path of his memory of pain and his prayer for the future—and especially to the notebooks in which he inscribed the history of shame. And now, after imprisonment, abuse, cancer, threats and exile, he has achieved a kind of health. Amazing grace! Of course he is obsessed and often wrong, like all prophets. But he has found his path in the way of the great 19th Century Russian novelists, who believed in God, in benevolent authority, in sin and redemption and the destiny of the great, sluggish, ominous Russian people. Like Dostoevsky's, his passion turns out to have more worth than mere rightness.

Pyotr Grigorenko, the general and war hero being "treated" in an insane asylum for supporting the democratic movement, may have shown more of a soldier's stalwart courage. Sakharov, who linked the free-speech movement with the right of Jews to emigrate to Israel, may show a broader world sympathy and culture. Others have suffered bitterly, unknown, hustled into camps or prisons or psychiatric infernos or into a still, stifled silence like the predawn streets of Moscow at which I stare now from my window. But Solzhenitsyn, because he knows how to howl, makes his pain real to the rest of us in our comfortable, anxious, unquiet elsewhere. He may not even be the best man among a brave company, but he speaks for them all. Therefore, he also speaks for us.

If my clothes don't show up, he'll speak for a scarecrow. But somehow I imagine my duffel is safe in some office at Shiryemyétyiva Airport Number One.

At eight A.M., I wake to watch the snow still drifting down over the onion domes of St. Basil's and Red Square. In this children's-paperweight vision, figures are marching to work with karakul or thick fur hats, black greatcoats; they would be more picturesque somehow without their plastic briefcases. At the Intourist office downstairs, I mobilize the ladies who *must* find my luggage. I insist. I am definite. I will accept no fatalistic shrug; I prefer my own clothes. I narrow my eyes and utter pedantic ungrammar in my best Cornell accent. An energetic soul gets on the phone to the airport, spelling out my name for the luggage handler at the other end: "Gospodin Gold! Gold! Galina! Olga! Ludmilla! Dmitri! GOLD!"

She promises to pursue the subject as

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I head for my limousine and guide. In the clothes I wore in San Francisco. I'll see Moscow with a sturdy Intourist explainer in fur hat, plastic boots, rimless glasses, capacious purse. My luxe tour gives me a black Volga, smelling new, a blank chauffeur, an Intourist Lareina, smelling of her furs. She is ready to answer every question: "You know, when you will see lines in shops, do not be surprised. It can be attributed, you know, to the great purchasing power of the Soviet people. . . ."

"There you see concert hall, Tchaikovsky concert hall, seating capacity one thousand five hundred. That gray building is called Satire Theater. The name speaks for itself. The building to the right is movie hall—"

"Are those Chinese?" I asked, pointing to a little line of Japanese tourists.

"Very few Chinese here now. Only embassy. Our apartment houses are very good, hot water, heat is from central heat plant, coming from steam central. I will now brief you on our medical system. . . ."

We trudge along a sight-seer's way. The car waits, motor chugging, chauffeur dozing. Snow, slush, spit, fur caps. There are 7,000,000 people in Moscow, 250,000,000 in Soviet Union. "You know, Moscow is now fifth largest city in world," remarked Lareina.

No one just lies about in this weather. You've really got to want to get someplace. But all I want is to recover from jet lag, receive my baggage, proceed with my secret desire, which is to know more than: "Birch tree, you know, is symbol of youth, something slim, slender. Here is Moscow University, named for Lomonosov, great scientist. Now I will give you briefing on Soviet education system. After finish school, no problem to find job, you know. There are always place in university for everybody. Women have first choice, also collective farmer." I knew that Jewish kids were having trouble entering humanities and arts programs, but Lareina was saying: "Nobody force to go to school or work. Citizen decide. Lomonosov found university in 1755, very late, always dominated by

Church. Lomonosov always good at art, mosaics, specialist in Russian language, astronomy, in 1761 he discovered first that Venus had atmosphere. Somehow he found it out." The key was spinning out of control in her back; a spring had snapped. She applied emergency slow-down equipment to her tonsils. "Now university bears his name, Lomonosov, in city of Moscow."

No, I couldn't just walk through the halls of the university to look at students and teachers and classes. "For that you need special pass. Ask. It is matter of details I do not familiarize myself."

The Stalinoid towers, black with the weather, made me think of Brigham Young University, probably minus football. The university hulked over the skyline, isolated by guards, like an imperial barracks.

I wondered if my bag was finished getting through the K.G.B. inspection service while this Grushenka with the tape loop ratified her life with a sweet librarian's conviction. If her lips were less thin, if her glasses didn't have that rimless dull glitter, she might have gotten the jump on the West. Instead, yawning away, I hummed softly the bad word of the hour: "Solzhenitsyn." My excuse was that we had passed an anti-Solzhenitsyn poster in a window on Gorky Street: something about a toad, a squat, a spew, the usual running-dog view of a dissenter. Lareina explained:

"I tell you story. To explain question is very good answer. *Alexander Solzhenitsyn, Bad Child* is title of story. So, I have child he was treat too severe. Punished, you know. The camps in the Cult of Personality time. That is all finish now. We regret. But now we apologize, those who are dead receive pension, yet he never forgives. He keeps on writing same old way. He even sends manuscript abroad. So naturally he is sick, we send like sick child far away."

Amazed, I asked, "Are you a mother? You send a sick child into exile?"

"Others," she stated, "we treat very bad, maybe worse than Solzhenitsyn—after all, we cure his cancer—they say thank you for apologize. He never forgive. He repeat, repeat, repeat."

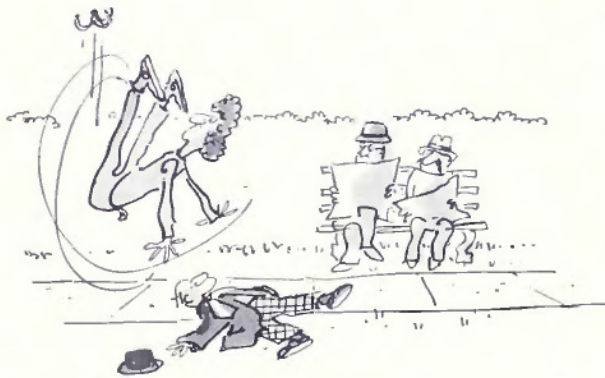
I was scratching my fur hat, bought for foreign currency only in the Byeryózka shop to which Lareina had led me. The subject of Solzhenitsyn was finished and the key whirled on.

"Lenin Library, twenty-five millions volumes in one hundred seventy languages."

It was snowing in every language. Downfell the swirlsnow upon one metabolism, California, malfunctioning. I needed something hot. I wanted to end my tour and see if my baggage had surfaced into Socialist Reality. "I've noticed," I said, "that I can't buy anything



"Gosh, you're so good to me, Senator, I wish I was old enough to vote."



Booth

"See there! . . . the System does work."

but official Communist Party or Soviet newspapers and I'd like some news besides the strikes in France—"

"We cannot buy foreign papers because we save our hard currency—very reasonable," she remarked, with her peculiar habit of judging her own comment and finding it good. The plump moon turned up to see how I was taking it. "Also perhaps to avoid the influx of hostile foreign propaganda, perhaps. And now a few words about our Kremlin, which means fortress. I hope you know there were two dynasties from the Russian czars. When I am ask who is our president. I usually answer: We have a collective presidency, unlike your Watergate. Mr. Podgorny, a Ukrainian, is the chairman of the Presidium of the Supreme Soviet. The prime minister would be Mr. Kosygin. Mr. Brezhnev is the general secretary of the Communist Party, our unique party. There are twenty towers in the Kremlin walls, five of them topped with ruby stars, which are also weather-vaned. You look like Jewish writer person, yes? You look like Jewish person from our Ukraine, too, you know."

You don't need to be a weather vane, I thought, to see where the wind is blowing.

"Tomorrow you will see Palace of Socialist Cooperation?"

I returned to my room at the Rassiya and thirstily gulped down several glasses from the Palace of Central Moscow Water Recycling Plant. As "3-In-One" Oil protects bicycle gears, this product protects the tongue from harm. I replayed in memory my guide Lareina's sentimental parting shot: "You ask if Lareina is Russian name. Lareina is name of all nations—Spanish, Portugal, France—but is especially honest Russian name, too."

At the Intourist desk I received my good news: Bag arrives. "You will proceed to airport to identify."

"Why don't they just send it here?"

"You will proceed to airport to identify."

At the airport, a little K.G.B. crew was gathered about my ski bag. "For whom these books?" My mouth was dry. Again I had done wrong. Teacher said. I shouldn't have brought books to my Soviet friends Tolstoy, Dostoievsky, Gogol, Pushkin. A cop was reading from the jacket of an English edition of *Fathers*, which describes the story as that of "a Jewish immigrant from the Ukraine." Good old Lareina. "Very interesting," said the cop. And with this diagnosis, like a flock of pigeons attended by confetti, they flew off and released me. But where was my ski bag when my bag was lost? (Footnote: Never again in the Soviet Union would I be attended by less than a crew of dicks. In the worst rush-hour crowd, with lines gesticulating for taxis, I would never do more than

raise my finger and a cab would appear. My tail became a fact of life, like steam heat. Sometimes I could even hear the crackling of the walkie-talkie in a nearby briefcase.)

At midnight, in the night bar, thick bureaucrats in gray suits lurched around to the music that Glenn Miller replaced. Their heavy ladies swayed in exaggerated paroxysms. A drunk piled menacingly toward me and was pulled off by his friends. I noticed that one sleeve was in his pocket. The war is not finished yet. He thought I was staring because of his missing arm: I was staring because he was a crazy drunk. A tall hood asked if I wanted to change money and glowed in the dark with invisible neon: OFFICIAL K.G.B. BLACK MARKETEER. A pasty blonde lady wanted to go to my room and throbbed with invisible lights: OFFICIAL K.G.B. WHORE.

To bed alone. My phone rang in the middle of the night and I lurched like the drunk toward it. No one.

Again an hour later.

I took the phone off the hook. Now they'll not know if I'm in or out. I bedded down comfortably with plump, charming, ever-babbling Miss Paranoia.

By the end of the first week I had made certain delicate psychological calibrations to the fact of being followed, watched and no doubt taped. At first

Miss Paranoia was a difficult companion, and I suffered a fading of confidence, a blur of doubt, an itch of plaint and those occasional stabs at futile evasion (walking fast, leaping in and out of cabs or trolleys). Then I tried reasoning: Little could happen to me, other than a quick hustle to the airport; and if the people I talked to didn't mind and I always warned them, why worry? And then I tuned back to the ridiculousness of it all and my eyes learned that old Moscow roll toward the ceiling—"Hey, Fred! I'm really loyal!" one foreign resident used to address his bug—and it was reduced to a mere fact of life.

Nevertheless, the heaviness remained. Other stations were fussily turned to mine. Everyone jokes; but everyone is also sapped by that interfering buzz.

In the bar of the hotel, a man in orange jacket and brown teeth, tall, with a friend in brown jacket and orange teeth, short, was waiting for me. As I walked by, he pinched my sleeve and pulled at it. "Oh! How-are-you-seed-down-I-wish-practice-my-English. You wish change monyeh?"

"No."

"Two for one," said his little friend. "Very good rate."

I was followed everywhere. Since illegal money didn't stimulate me, maybe something else could work. As I strolled

on a quiet street, a new yellow Soviet-built Fiat pulled up, three girls and one driver, who hunched over his wheel to be invisible, not quite a successful maneuver. The girl in front hissed, beckoned, announced, "Hallo! How are you? You like to change monyeh?"

"No."

"No really?"

I peeked inside, enjoying the packed perfume of this cargo of dumplings who were hustling me from a yellow Fiat on a deserted street near Red Square, Moscow, U.S.S.R. "It's illegal," I said.

One of the back-seat backups pointed to Devushka One. "Hey! You like to go to restaurant with this girl private?"

Devushka One flapped an angry hand at her colleague. "*Padazhdyityi, padazhdyityi!*" ("Wait, wait!") She looked deep into my eyes. She exhaled a deep, frosty sigh, a bubble of haze in the winter night, and leaned forward to whisper: "Khow are you kwhere are you from?"

Page seven, K.G.B. Directory of Dalliance.

As soon as I refused, the driver, hugging the wheel, pulled away with screeching tires. I was alone for a few moments, amid the granite walls of this granite city, plugged with monuments and museums, gray-black in the night. The stone seemed to have been laid and erected with a Pharaoh's efforts. It was very cold, it was dark, there were the ancient

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Ever
rough it like
this before?

Once. When a
bartender ran out of
Black & White. Arf.

towers of neighborhood godless museums nearby. The coldness of Moscow's beauty testifies to a certain cost. I walked, thinking of the blocks of apartments farther out, where people like my friend—call him Yuri—worry about their hearts, treasure photographs of their friends, make a life in their dreadful privacy.

The yellow Fiat was gliding alongside again. "Hallo!" called a tinkly voice. "You sure?"

The next night, a trio of happy *boulevardiers* stopped me on Gorky Street, one pinching a familiar spot on my sleeve to say, "You like it here?"

"Terrific city"—my crispest English waste-no-time style.

"Alas! No free emigration, you think?" I shrugged.

"So now we go talk a little, practice English, drink a little"—and they boxed me in and were moving me along.

"No-o-o-o," I said, drawing my vowels and shifting my bowels. It was less out of elegance than out of what could proudly be described as Stark Terror. "I'm just running along now down to my hotel."

"Oh, yes! Little talk! No free emigration, is forbidden!"

I broke free. They would have to slug me and drag me. Somehow, at this late hour, they expected me to be drunker. They tried a new tack. A keen young fellow with a sharp nose and bright blue eyes, a little drop of moisture at the end of his nose and a glop of yellow in the corner of each eye, declared: "You are artist. So I sell icon cheap, for few dollar."

"I believe it might be forbidden," I said.

"Oh, dear." He sighed the same delicious flirtatious smile as the girl in the yellow Fiat. "Lovely icon for few dollar," he murmured, and the droplet on the end of his nose fell to the swept stone. A trio of volunteer police in their red arm bands, looking for drunks, marched by. The Three Iconeers followed them.

• • •

Valodya reports a conversation with a K.G.B. interrogator. "What if I prove Israel is bad?"

"Then let me go to fight badness in my own country."

"This is your motherland."

"I can't fight anything any longer here except to go. I want to go home, although I've never been there."

I have made contact with various outcasts—Jews, nationalists, religious people,

those who believe in the common freedoms. I also take the police with me on my Intourist guided tours. Before a painting of a baptism: "This is group of Shivering. They catch cold." Before a wedding dance: "We Russian have same sense of humor as you American, not the English. From the historical point of view, very interesting, also from the artistic. . . . And here is Rublev, top man in icon painting."

I twist around to look at a line of pushing, frost-blowing women at a food shop. Larcina: "You may have noticed our consumers waiting in queue. This is not because of shortage. This is because our people are so rich they are pressing, pressing, pressing to buy goods."

Carrying forbidden thoughts—to paraphrase a master—wonderfully concentrates the mind. My friends among the dissenters are so desperate they no longer fret about being followed. My tails and their tails stand like the shivering baptized outside the door. I have lunch at the Restaurant of Stars in the new Intourist Hotel. I turn down another K.G.B. offer to exchange money: "How are you I practice my English give you three rubles for one dollar?"

The place should be called The Restaurant of Occasional Light Bulbs in Ceiling.

• • •

"Pop art," explained my friend Sasha, "represents the excess of *things*—soup cans, Jell-O boxes. Sock art represents the excess of ideology—slogans, poster messages."

Sock art?

Sasha explained that they do these satirical pictures of slogans and poster styles, not really satirical, they don't mean to be funny, they mean to be true. No, without seeing, I couldn't really understand. Yes, the artists were desperate for a window to the West and would be pleased to have a visit, even with my police tails. Sasha and I took a cab and another car followed us.

Sock art, socialist op art, is the creation of two young men, Alexander Melamid, very skinny, married, wife pregnant, and Vitaly Komar, divorced, watchful. They used to be Soviet painters. Now they have been expelled from their painters' union for ideological degradation and they are not Soviet painters anymore. They are forbidden underground painters. Nonetheless, they are still painters. The two men work in a tiny apartment in what looks like a Soviet Lefrak City. Melamid, goggle-eyed behind his glasses, was the patient explainer. Of course, better just to look, but sometimes words help. The sturdier Komar, a bit of the soccer player in his style, carried and propped paintings in corners for me to examine.

"I'm sorry to bother you," I say.

"No bother. We like."

(continued on page 200)



"Five minutes, Master Strudler."

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PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement

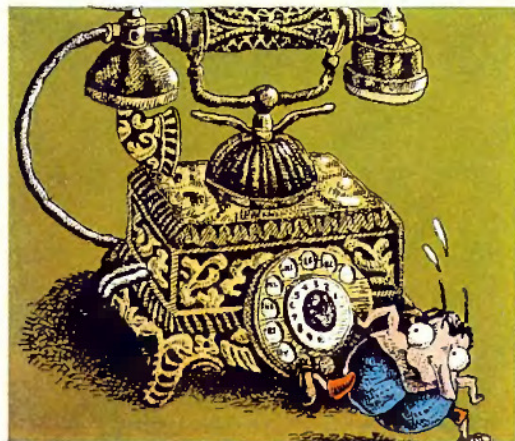
THE MIGHTY FINN

Even if you're going first-class by air, you're still riding a flying bus. But there are more civilized ways to travel. Like the Ambrose P. Finn, Sr., a railroad car for sale at \$119,000 (write to The Guilbault Company, Ltd., 505 N. Lake Shore Drive, Chicago). It sleeps ten, has a kitchen, lounge and observation deck and is 200,000 pounds of solid steel decorated in dark wood. And when the Finn comes in for a landing, nobody makes it circle LaGuardia.



THE FRENCH DISCONNECTION

Here it is, the latest in Watergate chic—a Continental-style telephone called The French Disconnection that Communication Control Corporation at 441 Lexington Avenue in Manhattan is selling for \$2700. Inside the gold-tone-plated exterior is a remarkable miniaturized device called the Wiretap Trap that, with a mere turn of a knob, "automatically renders any illegal wire tap, present or future, totally inoperable." For \$2700, let's hope so.



SAY GOOD NIGHT, IGOR

"Listen to them, the children of the night, what music they make." Yes, children of the night, if you know what that line is from and have a taste for plasma, The Count Dracula Society welcomes you with open teeth. Founded in 1962, the society (334 W. 54th Street, Los Angeles) is a nonprofit organization dedicated to serious interest in the weird and the Gothic. For a \$10 contribution, you get to attend not only lectures, discussions and films but the annual banquet at which awards are given for the best horror movies, literature and television programs of the year. Note: It's strictly a bring-your-own-coffin affair.



STICK IT IN YOUR NOSE

Dr. Johnson called snuff brain food and its use has been attributed to the curing of *noli me tangere*, dropsy, king's evil, the poisoning from arrows, night sweats, consumption and the French pox. Aside from all that, the ritual of sniffing is kind of keen—you tap the box three times, gingerly lift a pinch to your nose, inhale and—whammo! You've just dynamited your sinuses. And if you want to sample such dynamite snuffs as Bezoar Fine Grind, Camelopard No. 5, High Dry Toast, Jasmin and Wren's Relish among a total of 18 especially blended varieties, send \$7 to Dean Swift Ltd., Box 2009, San Francisco 94126. Snuff said.

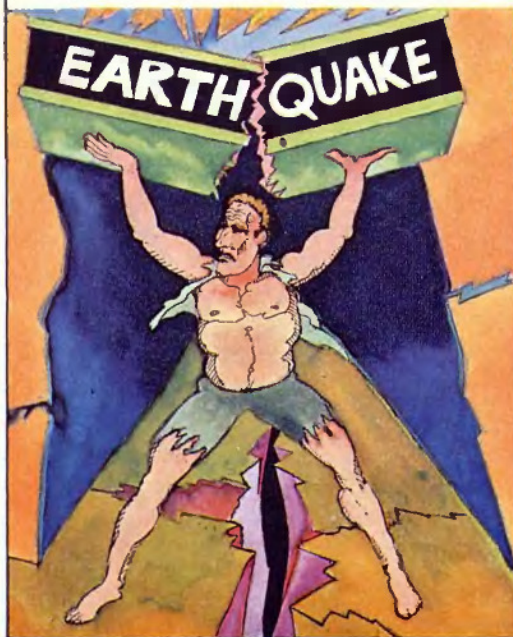
AN EYE IN YOUR PUNCH

Most people wear their eyeballs on their faces. Now you can wear an eyeball on your finger. How? By sending your ring size, eye color and \$33 to the Kali Jewell Company (1848 Thunderbird Street, Troy, Michigan), maker of some of the weirdest sterling-silver talisman jewelry in Christendom. You can also get, for \$36, a black-widow-spider ring—and, for \$25, a roach clip with a black widow embedded in plastic. Or is it a spider clip with a roach in plastic?



GREAT SHAKES

Charlton Heston, Lorne Greene and a cast of thousands—in what? *The Ten Bonanzas*? No, in *Earthquake*. Based on a story by Mario (*The Godfather*) Puzo, *Earthquake*, which is soon to be released, dramatizes the neat little things that might happen the next time the San Andreas faults. Furthermore, the picture will employ a new electronic system that will simulate the full audio impact of the cataclysm. Fun!



GOLD DIGGERS OF 1974

Today, you don't have to look like Gabby Hayes or hang around with a mule to be a bona fide prospector. All you have to do is join The Prospectors' Club of Southern California (3216 Sterling Road, Bakersfield). For a \$7.50 membership fee, you get to attend the annual Prospectors' & Treasure Hunters' Convention to be held this October fifth and sixth in California City. Events include the Finders' Keepers' Treasure Hunt and Gold Panning Contest. Extra points for locating the lost city of Atlantis.

PORN PUZZLES/DIRTY DOTS

Remember all those tedious youthful hours you whiled away working follow-the-dots puzzles in tattered kiddie magazines? Or, in later life, the times you solved "Compass direction" as "E.S.E."? Well, now, better sharpen your pencil, as there's sex life in those old chestnuts; to wit: *Dirty Crossword Puzzles* and *Adult Connect the Dots*, the latter subtitled "You Too Can Be a Pornographer." Each retails for \$2 from American Publishing, 125 Walnut Street, Watertown, Massachusetts. (OK, what's a three-letter word for "Bodily orifice surrounded by crumply skin"? Answer: ear.)



RUM'S THE WORD

So you think you know about rum: It's the stuff you put in a daiquiri or soak the *baba* in. Friends, whatever you know about rum, it's as nothing compared with the savvy amassed during a lifetime of guzzling, cooking, restaurant management and general knocking about by one Victor J. Bergeron, better known to the world as Trader Vic. Vic tells all, from cocktails through desserts, in his recipe-laced book *Trader Vic's Rum Cookery and Drinkery*, to be published by Doubleday soon at \$6.95. We'd say the price alone is a reason to yo-ho-ho.

"TO BE SILENT" IS AN ACTIVE VERB*(continued from page 196)*

A painting in the style of heroic socialist realism, the style of Lenin on the mountain, Lenin on the steps, memorializes the father of Melamid. A timid man is embedded in Pharaonic stone. Ah, real people here, but they are swamped by idea. I begin to understand. A slogan is given a fancy frame and signed—as Warhol might sign a photograph of a motorcycle and sell it as his. PARTY AND PEOPLE ARE ONE—A. Melamid. COMMUNISM WILL TRIUMPH—V. Komar. The familiar object is personalized and brought back where it belongs, to the voice of a man, so that it can be judged by men. Conversely, intimate subjects, girls, parents, flowers, the things allowed by commissars as long as they are taken to be landscape, are treated in the grandiose manner, expressing the double-think of double views. Yes, it makes me smile, since I have lived only a few days among this gigantesque tumor of ideology. Methodically, patiently, ferociously, they respond to its affront to the spirit. They paint a cigarette box, even as Warhol or Wayne Thiebaud would paint a pack of cigarettes, but I see now the glorification of the Sputnik program that is a stylized part of Soviet tobacco merchandising.

Komar doesn't explain, but watches to see if I see anything.

Wispy, worn-out, a frail boy, Melamid remarks very precisely: "The mass culture which surrounds *you* is tomato-soup can. The mass culture which surrounds *us* is poster about maternity, is slogan about party and people united, is portrait of Solzhenitsyn as dog with fangs, is Moshe Dayan with swastika for eye patch."

What surrounds us in this room with its shades drawn, the closed-down opposite of an artist's loft in, say, New York or San Francisco, is a succession of visions of Soviet reality. "In our dreams we cannot get rid of posters," Komar remarks. "So when we paint girls, they have this cubist look. It is not always so sad."

"Though they say we are crazy and maybe we need shock treatment. That is a little bit sad," says Melamid. "It is an interesting diagnosis."

We all think a bit on this, and then Melamid proceeds with what interests him more than his fate at this moment—to make sure I begin to understand the vision he has come to as he works here in the dark, with bare bulbs, with shades drawn, with spying neighbors. "Totalitarianism, you see, creates privacy instead of making public men. Man is driven into himself by the pressure of mass. We want to show how men are made alone and we paint together, Komar and I, to eliminate personal fact and show only *fact*." He notices that I am uncomfortable about this small-

group effort. "We work not in art but in ideas about art. Art is a tool for us."

"The pictures are good."

A brief, wan, peaked smile from Melamid. "*Spasyiba*." Komar nods a chaste acknowledgment.

"Painting is your form of, uh, the word we use in America, it's almost a cliché now . . . dissidence?"

"We've heard the word. No, we are not dissidents, we are artists and we make ideas. We express a certain inertia, active inertia."

But we would all rather look at their work than filter theories through several language barriers. Komar sets up a conventional setting-sun painting, only the setting sun is a hammer and sickle. They are taking the psychology of their time and expressing it as if it is reality, because, indeed, it fills the air they breathe, and not with inertia.

The shades are drawn. There are no buyers. They show me dozens of paintings. No, this is not inertia.

For example, the Nose Series. They have invented a one-eyed painter named Buchumov. He is a Soviet genius, a conventional silly painter, and they have painted his paintings, 64 of them, four each year, each at a different season, but at the same place, the same time of the year, until his purging. ("Why was he purged?" I ask. "Nobody knows.") Impasto, blur, art-school self-taught modeling. Buchumov never moves. Early on, in 1917, there is a country church. The church disappears. There has been a revolution. A tree grows. The sky remains the same, year after year. The life of Buchumov literally frames the events, and I begin to giggle with the hilarious repetition of one silhouette—his nose. The one-eyed painter, of course, sees his nose as a fixed heroic structure. As the vision takes me, I begin to laugh, but they don't even smile. So many noses in the crude, nearly identical frames of the 64 painstaking, talentless oils. Bergson describes humor as coming from the perception of mechanical repetition where there should be original, individual adjustment to reality.

"It is not satire," says Komar. "We are just stating the fact. And he pays with his life."

"You will perhaps notice," says Melamid, "that the nose gets a little larger as Buchumov ages. Noses do so."

It's in the Russian tradition to be fascinated by noses. Gogol's noses paraded down the street like people. The series stops suddenly. Melamid shows me a typed book, a tribute to Buchumov. He must have died in some purge. Out of tact and sadness for the execution of the imaginary painter, I don't ask how Buchumov sinned. The seriousness of their effort makes Western art foolery seem merely trivial.

They also own all the known works of another painter, Zyablov, the serf genius who invented abstract art in the 18th Century. "Our Russian inventor," Melamid murmurs proudly about their creation. "You know how Russians discovered everything?" Melamid and Komar have also written the biography of Zyablov and collected the usual academic tributes.

During the worst days of Stalinism, the painters who made their careers on repeated heroic expressions of Stalin Speaking, Stalin Thinking, Stalin Sympathetic, Stalin Steellike also produced an avalanche of landscapes, by some comfortable reflex action. Komar and Melamid have parodied these lobotomized landscapes without the glorification of sloganized abstraction. Under their bare light bulbs they have been very busy and very productive, undistracted by gallery owners, buyers, exhibits or public discussion.

In another room they have constructed a space they call *Rai*, which means paradise. It is filled with collage, wire construction, breezes, painting, images, paste-ups, and as they let me live in it a little, they turned on a tape of the steady instructional mutter of Soviet broadcasting. It was an environment of mixed satire and hope and not so claustrophobic as this description must seem. There were small pleasures and discoveries—maps, nudes, colors, shapes, flowers, perspectives, memories. When I had had enough, I signaled to be let out. Their faces were bland. They hoped I enjoyed the trip.

To be expelled from their union for violating the principles of socialist realism means that these two young men are now outlaw artists. This is a contradiction in terms. If you're not a member of the union, you're not an artist. They write letters of protest to officialdom: officialdom does not stoop to answer outlaws. Officialdom has more important papers to shuffle. They know that the K.G.B. is gathering information about them. Sock art must seem insane to cops. What can happen? What happens when only the cops are free. The world will not protect unknown artists. If they are declared crazy, who can argue for them? No trial is necessary. As Melamid says mildly, "The average Soviet psychiatrist will certify us."

The novelist Vladimir Maksimov and the physicist Sakharov came to see their work. This will not protect them. Newsmen sometimes come. But what is the special story in a couple of unknown artists, working alone in Moscow's Lefrak City? They are not even political.

They are not dissidents or revolutionaries or heroes. They are only artists with several good jokes and a certain intensity. All they have is talent and stubbornness. They have some playful



"And these are my ladies in waiting."

visions and some poignant ones, and they seek time and space, paints, canvas and freedom to work through that stubborn itch of creation. Who will keep them from harm as they try to provide an alternative to Lefrak City, Moscow branch?

I enter the warm clutter of an intellectual Russian apartment—books, records, photographs, furniture of all periods, many chairs, as if an audience is expected (and, indeed, the evening is a performance, the guests are an audience), dark wood, sweaters, scarves, the smell of wool, guitar, a Frisbee incongruously perched on a bookshelf near a portrait of Pasternak, trays of cheese and sausage, bread and butter, coffee, cognac, tea, and more food appearing every hour. *Kulturny* was the traditional Russian word that expressed this style and it meant graceful, tactful, loving, intellectual; and perhaps it also had overtones

of us against the world. Someone is singing a song, one of whose couplets runs:

*Those with empty eyes in leaden face
Tell me to pay their debts.*

Nine years ago, I made a friend in the Writers Union. He shrugged helplessly over the "problem" of Iosif Brodsky, poet, who had been sent to a labor camp for parasitism—he was not an official poet. My friend was "evolved," perhaps more evolved than others, but after all, socialism has bettered the lot of men. He would keep his peace.

Now my friend has spoken out about some things—Solzhenitsyn, the trial of Sinyavsky and Daniel, the use of mental hospitals against General Grigorenko and others—and gritted his teeth about such matters as the armed crushing of Dubček's "socialism with a human face" at the end of the tragic Prague summer, about the bitter anti-Zionist campaign,

with its archaic resonances. His partial prudence has only partially saved him.

My friends from 1965, flourishing after the Khrushchev thaw, are now outcast, unemployed, threatened. They were being harassed by success and the fight against cynicism in the middle Sixties. Now they look unworried and younger than nine years ago. Perhaps they are only thinner. They are black-listed. "We are free now," one sings. "The lies are down like fallen flags." The guitar thrums. They sip tea, nibble bread, sing the songs that make trouble and laugh when I ask what their best hopes are. An old friend answers: "Hopeless!" And then he picks up his guitar and sings a new song, full of bears, snow, drums, revolution. "We're fighting for peace by getting ready for wars, we've always done that—"

My friend Yuri says to me, "And now it is time for a walk." He points to the ceiling and makes that familiar circular gesture of a tape whirling on its spool.

We blow puffs of frost and circle the long dark block, plodding against crisp ice. Yuri has a complicated matter to discuss. A few years ago, an American friend, a writer, offered him a gift of money. He refused, a little insulted, even. "I was working, my wife worked, no problem. Now, now would you tell him I am so happy for the success of his last book? But I can no longer publish my books. My wife no longer has job. So if he would still like. . . . No."

"I'll tell him."

"The situation is difficult for us now. But no."

"I'll make sure he understands."

It has to do with things he has said and not said, petitions he has signed and not signed, even with books he has read, languages he knows. With the difficult times. And so if this American friend would still like to make a gift. . . . He was wringing his hands. There were frozen tears on his cheeks. Rage and pride take strange, contorted shape on a sturdy grandfather's face. "No! Please do not."

"Don't worry, I'll explain."

"Sometimes we're not sure if we'll have enough to eat!" he cried.

We walked back in silence, until at the door he shook his head stubbornly and said, "No. Promise me. Say nothing. Only my greetings to an old friend."

Alexander Goldfarb has dark, thick-lashed, sleepy eyes and the kind of relaxed slouch that tends to irritate parents and make girls long to improve a fellow's character. He is also a very intelligent young man, a microbiologist by profession. He has let his hair grow long; he wears jeans with zippered pockets; he looks like a Berkeley graduate student. But instead of the pleasures of coffee-houses and grant-getting, a trick of history has put him into a tortured maze at the age of 26. He happened to be born in



"State and Municipal Life makes no moral judgments. We merely say that a man with two wives should carry twice as much insurance."

the Soviet Union. He has requested a visa to Israel for himself and his non-Jewish wife. The round of abuse, banning and trouble is now his life. He is an *otkaznyik*—a refusenik.

His father is an internationally renowned geneticist, a Soviet war hero who lost a leg at Stalingrad. Sasha himself was placed in a research institute where, as the single Jew, he had good hopes of a comfortable career. Instead, he has been out of work for two years, arrested, hounded by the police, beaten up by mysterious anonymous strangers, because he requested to be allowed what the Universal Declaration of Human Rights, which the Soviet Union voted to adopt, prescribes—the right of free emigration, without which men are serfs.

Why has he chosen this difficult fate? He is a cheerful man, not a suicidal one. He makes trouble for family and friends, not just himself, and he has interrupted his research at the crucial age of rapid achievement, and there is reason to fear his sacrifice will be in vain, they will hold him prisoner and toy with him—*why?*

We hung out together; we wandered the streets of Moscow, noses burning with cold, beards frozen. I met his friends, many of them watching his troubles unroll before they make their own decisions. His wife, a slim and pretty girl with a broad face and long braids,

fixed lunch. She practiced her Hebrew on me and showed disappointment at my vocabulary. I let their story unfold as we pulled apart the chickens and ate marvelous black Russian bread, made from American *détente* grain, which somehow metamorphosed during its sea trip from glutinous Wonder Bread to chunky strong *chorny khlyep*.

Sasha could have had the goodies the Soviet Union offers its technical elite, but instead he risks prison for an uncertain sojourn in a troubled little nation far away. He began to think of himself as a Jew and to inform himself of what this meant only after he decided to go to Israel. Now he is reading the Bible, remaking his history. His fair Slavic wife wears a Star of David around her neck and carries her Hebrew-Russian dictionary and doesn't fret too much about what happens to her in the street. Why?

The example of Israel's triumph and suffering led him, no doubt about that, but his life in the Soviet state, despite his family's favored status, determined his path. As a brilliant graduate, he was chosen by the head of a research department to enter his program. When his name was put forward, the political overseers—what we used to call commissars—asked the chief: "Why do you need this Jew?"

"He's very good. He's valuable." The professor hinted he would resign if his request were not granted. The Soviet gov-

ernment favors science and sometimes a professor can stand up against a cop, if he doesn't abuse the privilege.

"All right. You can have him. Take him. But he's your responsibility."

Sasha's face is glum. He loves and admires this Russian who remained firm for him. But as things developed—the Six Day War, the anti-Zionist campaign, with its resonance of anti-Semitism, the restrictions and limitations of Soviet life for other people, for Sasha's friends, if not for him—"it became rather difficult." He was asked to do "volunteer street-cleaning labor" and refused, and his chief said, "Look. I stuck out my neck for you. They'll never give me another Jew." So he swept the streets on his day off. But it rankled.

"A few little problems. But mostly I could have lived comfortably, petted, coddled, gently milked, if I had looked away from my brothers."

He warned his parents and his sponsor at the research laboratory that he planned to ask for an exit visa. They asked him not to. His father would no longer have the right to travel abroad. His chief would be berated for poor judgment and the K.G.B. overseer would say, "You see, we warned you, you may be a good researcher, but we know our business." His wife's brother screamed at her: "Better you had married a Negro! Now if I have to put down that I have

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relatives in Israel, all is lost, promotions, everything!"

He told his chief he was determined. The man shrugged, sighed, turned away.

He went to OVIR, the visa office, and applied.

Of course, he lost his job immediately. His application was denied, and denied again, and denied again. No means to live. No chance to keep up his skills. He, too, is threatened with the mental hospital. He carried old copies of *Scientific American* with him wherever he went. "Of course, very interesting, but I am research. I need lab. Of course, it is also rather hard to concentrate."

Two years of this. He works as a laborer to avoid the charge of parasitism. He is now a refusenik and a Moscow Jewish activist. Many of those dear to him are hurt by his action. His family, his sponsor, some teachers. "Well, they have made their choice, they have to permit mine," he says, but clearly it saddens him to be the source of pain and trouble for others.

He is learning English and Hebrew, and waiting—especially the last. Patience comes hard for a young research scientist. These are the years of creation. His wife was also a scientific researcher and also lost her job. She is better at Hebrew than her Jewish husband. One consolation in all this, she says, is that they spend more time together. They are holding hands. I am holding the wings of a chicken in two chicken-smelling hands. They laugh at my negligible chicken-eating skills.

Sasha talks freely about his troubles. Being followed is now a familiar part of

his life. He writes open letters to the Presidium of the U.S.S.R. and appears in demonstrations in Red Square. He visits other refuseniks and non-Jewish dissenters, such as Sakharov, and those who strive for internal reform, and even persecuted Baptists and other religious people and Ukrainian nationalists. He says about a young K.G.B. probationer who tried clumsily to entice him into a money-changing operation: "Poor kid. He's stuck."

"You don't hate those who make trouble for you?"

He, too, is a Russian. He accepts. He says: "Maybe I'll go away to prison for a year or two. Usually, after that, they get tired of the game and let us go."

"I prefer not to go to prison," remarks his friend Vladimir Kozlovsky, a scholar of Sikh culture, a researcher into Eastern religions, a compiler of slang dictionaries, who apparently also has secrets that require refusal of a visa. His last job was doing a running oral translation of *The Godfather* for a private showing.

"How do you feel about those who are still waiting, those who will never take your risks?"

Sasha is two decades younger than I, but he looks at me with pity for my American simple-mindedness. "How can they throw away all their beliefs, all they have suffered for?" he asks me. "How can they tell themselves not only that they will die but also that all their lives were a disaster? Don't you remember that thousands went to their deaths shouting 'Long live Stalin!' as the firing squads fired?"

We spend the day gossiping, eating, walking about. He points out the chauffeured cars of important people with curtains on their windows. The faceless bureaucrats don't want their faces seen as they glide through their domain.*

When I get a cab for the trip back to my hotel, it also contains a girl. She offers me a quick cuddle home. Although it's cold and lonely in here, I decline. She stares straight ahead.

Red Square, the Rassiya Hotel, a hot bath and push-ups. I hope the girl won't get a demerit because her khow-are-you failed to bring the blush of love to my cheeks.

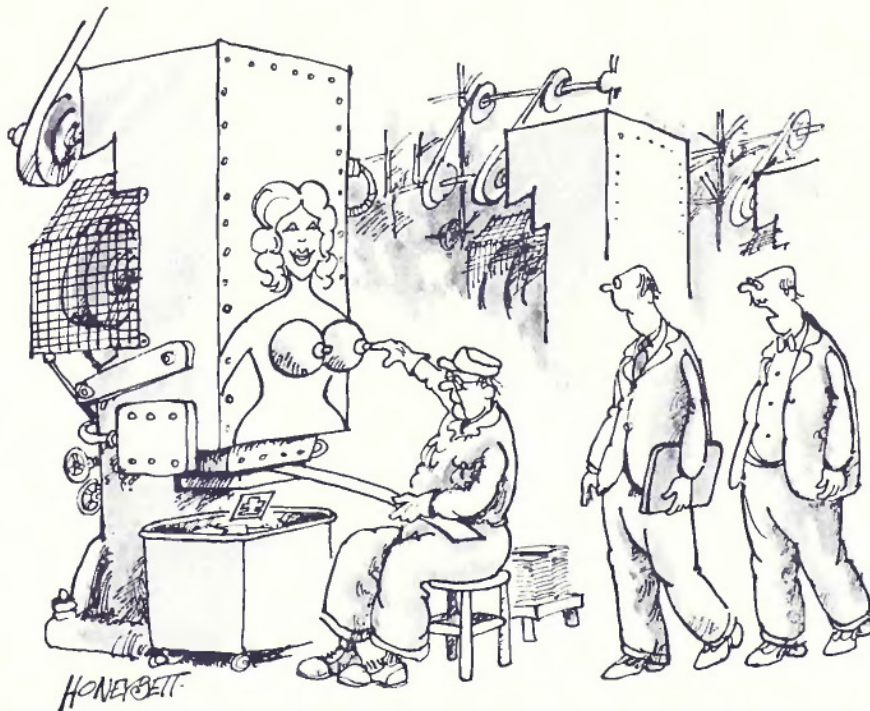
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I awake late the next morning. As I stroll in the wintry sun of Red Square, the soldiers stand at attention in front of Lenin's tomb and it seems I am looking at the same guided tourists from Eastern republics, waiting to file past the waxen, melted relic of the great untouchable leader, that I saw in June nearly ten years ago. Someone has brought them winter coats and fur hats. Healthy, spick-and-span officers clatter by in their high boots. One young captain holds his daughter—the age of my youngest—by a hand and takes his salutes with the other. The child toddles in the stiff, bundled gait that seems almost natural now. I, too, am swaddled in layers of wool, leather and fur.

I am waiting to meet Lydia, a dissenter, at the Intourist Hotel. The city looks clean despite sky-darkening belches from the stacks of the electric plant nearby. No dogshit (no dogs, either), little litter of paper and squads of old *babushki* sweeping the square with long birch brooms. But once you leave Red Square, the somber, closed-down look of Moscow makes you forget it's really a nicely scrubbed town—a layer of brown reserve, a beige and dark withdrawal, no commercial gaiety and the morose drunks who are swept up by the citizen militia along with the litter. Somehow the stark slogans in red on white or black—COMMUNISM WILL TRIUMPH OR PARTY AND PEOPLE UNITED—are no more invigorating than PEPSI TASTES GOOD OR I'M OK YOU'RE OK. Komar and Melamid are still telling me something, which is what artists are supposed to do. They go on going on.

Lydia is not afraid to be seen with me. Nothing more to lose; a familiar story now. She belongs to a group that has sworn to take the consequences of its judgment of life here and hardly cares what happens to her. Despite this grim adjustment, she is a twinkly, spectacled, grizzly middle-aged lady with that

*At presstime, I received word from underground sources that my friend Alexander Goldfarb was in hiding, pursued by the K.G.B. His friends are threatened with prison unless they betray him. A brave young man is being hounded to destruction.



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JOHN



cheerful Russian indoor mealtime volubility. Before she drifted into the democratic movement—reform, free speech, exchange of information, no prison or asylums for dissidents—she worked as a translator for Intourist. It amuses her to shock her former colleagues by appearing here. She says happily, “Good, the food for lunch is better than it used to be. The German businessmen will be happier.”

On one of my last days in Moscow, Melor Sturua, a foreign editor of *Izvestia*, invited me to visit him in his blue-walled sunny offices above Gorky Street. The name Melor is an acronym for Marx Engels Lenin October Revolution. Melor’s parents must be old-timers. The last time I saw him, he was a correspondent, visiting San Francisco. Now, natty and cordial in an elegant, tight-waisted French suit, he offered me the customary Russian hospitality, tea, cookies, sweet and savory eatables on a tray, served by a lady he described as his “colleague.” She whisked the food off the tray and then the colleague whisked herself away. “So how have you been?” he asked.

I was talking fast about his suit, his healthy look, our mutual friends in New York. I feared embarrassing questions about what I was doing, whom seeing, but his real concern seemed to be to express hurt because of an open letter to him by our friend Earl Shorris, published in *The New York Times*. “How can politics and personal life be confused?” he asked. “I am a Soviet person—but why blame me for political hurts?”

A moment of melancholy enveloped us along with the sun, the smell of lemony tea, the silence of incomprehension. Shorris had written about the gleeful Soviet urging of war upon the Arabs and how this changed their friendship. “He would not have written so after the Six Day War,” said Sturua. “Because there was what the Arabs call a victory this time, naturally, he was emotionally upset. I was not so concerned.”

That night I went to the farewell party for Vladimir Maksimov, the novelist, who was being expelled to France. Hundreds of people flowed through his apartment, all day long, to say goodbye. Those observing outside looked like the plainclothesmen I have seen at demonstrations in the States, only in thick black coats and fur hats like tea cosies around their heads. The crackling of occasional hidden walkie-talkies might be confused with the stomach rumblings of giant robots.

In his tiny kitchen, Maksimov weaved slightly, pressed his pugnacious lips together and said, “It is a disaster, a catastrophe.”

“Why not enjoy your exile?” He is a former laborer, self-educated and frightened. Less famous than Solzhenitsyn, he knows how trees wither when their roots are cut. I talked about Turgenev, Nabokov, Bunin, all the Russian writers who



“So much for Mother Goose. Now the myth about vaginal orgasms. . . .”

worked in exile. “Why not just enjoy Paris?” I asked, feeling foolish, like anyone who suddenly finds himself in the consolation business.

“A disaster, a catastrophe, and do you understand me?” He stared at me with a glaze of rage. How could he explain anything? Comfortable in California, what could I know about his earth, his history, his hope to live in peace with his own people? Only at home did life have any reality.

I thought of the peculiarity of this nation, where those who desperately want to stay are shipped into exile and others, who feel they can survive only elsewhere, are pinned in place like wriggling insects for the pleasure of people who seem to have no pleasure and give no reasons.

Belligerently Maksimov shouted after me: “I’m not Turgenev, I am. . . .” I thought I heard him say he was greater than Solzhenitsyn. It was sad to be drunk, hurt, expelled from the only language and world he understood. “Maksimov wants to be a Russian!” he howled. It was a long party for him.

Then I went for another midnight supper—getting heavy on cheeses, sausages, butter, bread—at the apartment of some friends from my last visit, when I had found them attractive Soviet people, enthusiastic about foreign literature, very intellectual, but making out OK in Soviet reality. They would never rock the boat. Well, now the boat has been rocked. They are expelled from the Writers Union, black-listed; and they are not world-renowned, but they are decent, distinguished, thoughtful, warmhearted, at the late end of middle age and fixed in a limbo of no work, no money, no travel;

they are frozen in a winter they cannot understand: fear, threats, isolation, and their last years passing in a peculiar din of silence.

Nevertheless, their Russian gaiety pokes its head out for the evening. A guitar, songs and exchange of jokes, eager questions about writers whose books they no longer receive in the mail. An old man who looks like a Tolstoyan peasant, huge baldish head with a thin mane of white hair, a cane, grizzled beard, great wet kisses for everyone, male or female, makes a nonpeasant reply to my questions about Maksimov. “Some manage to leave for the West. Some Jews can go to Israel. The rest just disappear. They stay. I don’t mean die. I mean silence. I mean drink or silence. Gone. That is not brain drain. What Maksimov said, disaster, that is true. It is soul drain.”

“What can I do?”

He looked at me with his rosy, charming, old man’s face, and took his peasant’s heavy staff and pounded the floor with it, and shouted with a certain Russian pride: “The Soviet Union will not be solved, or solve itself, at the will of a traveler!”

And all these friends are fixed in a frieze of joy and laughter, staring at me and inwardly, at themselves, in judgment of the presumptions of human will. Time will tell who will fall and who has been left behind. My rosy, cheerful old friend keeps his manuscripts in a metal box. He has a weak heart and will die one of these days. And a great nation is still waiting in history with all its power, performing the act of a noisy, puzzling silence.

Three-Part Harmony (continued from page 126)

There were more guests than anyone had anticipated—Arabella's friends from the gallery and art dealers and critics; Benedict's associates from the magazine and a number of his mother's circle of well-dressed West Side residents; and a quiet little knot of Chinese known only to Tulip. In addition, there was a scattering of individuals from various walks of life in a profusion of costumes, members of the congregation along for "the sense of shared bliss," as one of them put it.

The program started with readings from Rimbaud and Baudelaire delivered by the bishop to the accompaniment of a three-stringed Chinese violin. A group from the congregation began a Hare Krishna chant while the bishop wafted the room with incense.

Then the bishop moved to the heart

of the service, having the participants join hands and reading to them his authority to join the participants in holy wedlock. At the moment of the traditional statements and responses, all hell broke loose.

It was coming from the back of the crowded room. Benedict couldn't see exactly what was going on through the haze of incense, but there was no question as to who was the star performer.

His mother's voice, thrilling in its finest contralto vibrato, called the church a "goddamned brothel," the guests "weirdo, plastic-freak cultists" and the bishop "a son-of-a-bitching Lower East Side fink."

"Marvelous," the bishop kept saying, his eyes sparkling. "Splendid."

"The last days of Rome! Twilight of the gods! This is the absolute end!"

Exit Mrs. Blessing. And Meg. For a hushed moment, the audience listened to the offstage tirade drifting in from the street. It died, finally, with the slam of the cab door.

"And so," the bishop said, finger tips touching, "revitalized and rededicated by that stirring performance, we move on to the culmination of this union."

As soon as the final pronouncement had been made, Benedict skipped out by himself. The cab that had brought Arabella and Tulip was still waiting. He commandeered it. Though married, he had a filial obligation to fulfill. He was sure that everyone would understand.

It was an agonizing ride, crawling through the darkness of a winter's-afternoon rush hour. The ticking meter, the horns, pneumatic drills from street crews all blended in his mind with the chants. He even thought he could hear the nasal wailing of the three-stringed Chinese violin. Were all weddings this traumatic?

"I've just been married. Things went wrong. Are weddings always this difficult?"

"Always," the cabby said. "Believe me."

Benedict found this beautifully reassuring.

But his mother's apartment was deserted and his anxiety returned. The doorman hadn't seen either of them. Benedict went to Henri's and searched the dark booths—his mother would never sit at the bar—but they weren't there. He went on to the Volga, an obscure cocktail lounge favored by aging White Russians. This time he was right. The two of them were at a little table in the corner drinking margaritas.

He sat down without a word and signaled to Bruno, the waiter, for one more of the same. Judging by the napkins, Meg and his mother were into their third round. Fast work. Still no one talked. They were leaving the opener to him.

"Did you see that three-stringed Chinese violin? Wasn't that something?"

It was like lancing a boil: "Violin? You talk about a weirdo violin? You sit there after an affair like that and talk about a violin as if we've just been to some international musical soiree? How could you?"

Anyone else might have felt that his had been the wrong opening move, but Benedict had observed his mother for more than two decades. He knew from experience that no one moved his mother with appeals to logic or reason. Distraction, indirection: These were the only tactics that worked.

"And the chanting," he said. "Have you ever heard Hare Krishna given so much feeling?"

"Feeling? My God, Benedict, I should have had you committed."



"That's far enough, Cyrano."

"You liked it," he said to Meg. "Didn't you?"

"Charming. As weddings go."

Mrs. Blessing stood up. "You're both absolutely insane. Insane!" Her voice had risen. All heads in the Volga were turned in her direction. The captain and Bruno stood nearby, smiling like idiots in their apprehension. "What did I do wrong? The two of you chattering about the *music* after conducting a ritual that was a positive obscenity. There are no standards left anywhere. It would serve you right if I stepped out that door right in front of a cab. Monsters, I've raised!"

It was time to shift tactics. "You've done marvelously," Benedict said, standing, too. "No son deserved more. A terrible strain on you. Other mothers would have suppressed their feelings, would have been eaten out. You express your honest convictions. Right out in the open. Just exactly what you feel. And that takes courage. I've learned that from you. Whatever courage I have, I've learned from you." He picked up both her hands, clutched them together and kissed them. "Thank you, Mother." He turned to the captain and the waiter and the nearby tables. "I've been the luckiest son in the world."

Mrs. Blessing stood there, caught for once without words. Benedict couldn't

be sure, but he thought that there were tears in her eyes. One last kiss, full on the lips, and he was gone. On the run.

. . .

When he reached Arabella's, he was flush with the sense of victory—the master diplomat who has singlehandedly avoided a nuclear confrontation between major powers. He opened the door with his key and caught the familiar, sensual smell of hot polyethylene. The lights were out and for one dark moment, he was afraid that he was in for another search. But no, there were candles lit. And at the far end by the studio windows were two forms. It was Arabella and Tulip dancing slowly to a recording of soulful Tibetan temple music.

He sat down on the water bed, home at last. The gentle undulations under the covers soothed him.

"Everything solved?" Arabella asked.

"A great ritual parting. Everything solved. Sorry to leave you at the church. But you knew I'd be back, didn't you?"

"Of course, love."

She stopped dancing for a moment and gestured to him. He danced with her for a while. Later she stepped back and he and Tulip continued. He always found her thin, adolescent body a pleasant contrast with Arabella's ripe fullness—like sweet-and-sour pork, he

thought. No, more like a rich port and a light Chablis, alternate sips.

Without planning, completely at ease, they moved to the water bed together. He began kissing the supine Arabella while Tulip massaged his thigh.

"Easy does it," Arabella whispered. "There's no rush."

Lovingly, hands were undoing clothes. There was no sure way of knowing whose were working on which. Fabric slipped away here and there. The Tibetan musicians slid up and down the scales with serpentine sensuality.

"Why was she so uptight?" Tulip's voice asked. It was coming from behind him now, but he couldn't tell whether those were her hands massaging him. His cheek was resting on someone's arm or perhaps a leg. "What set her off?"

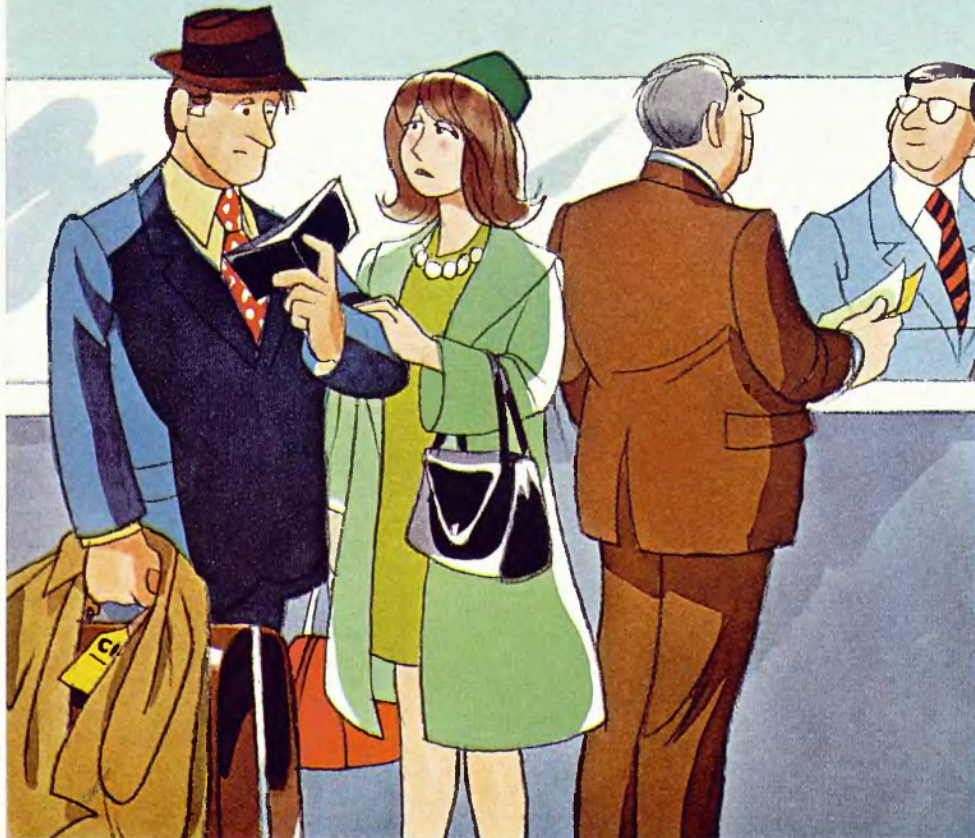
"Who knows?" Benedict said, shifting again, probing new areas. "Perhaps it was the service. I mean, when the bishop said, 'Do you, Arabella, take these two good people as your lawful mates?'"

"Oh, good," Arabella whispered, but she wasn't talking about the bishop. "Very good. You know, you two are really marvelous."

Benedict felt no sensation of strangeness, of experimentation. Indeed, it was as if he had been doing just this all his life.



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SYLVESTER THE CAT (continued from page 101)

act), his crew, Garden staff, Sly's retinue—and 11 of the tallest, prettiest, skinniest black girls you ever saw, all dressed in black. They were the bridesmaids. Some of them turn up occasionally in *Vogue*, and all work as high-fashion models.

By a quarter of nine Kendricks was well into his set, but in the backstage area, anyway, it was just background noise. Everybody was watching the first of the bridal-party limos roll to a stop. Inside were members of the band and Kathy's sister, who was to be maid of honor. The men were wearing black pants and battle jackets covered by the liquid gleam of gold sequins. Kathy's sister and the girls in the band were wearing solidly sequined dresses with deep V necklines and no backs.

Then came the limo bearing the couple's parents. They were also sequined, but sparsely. Mr. Stewart, Sly's father, had a few gold sequins sewn on his black tie. The TV crews surrounded them and Mrs. Silva got off the best

line of the night: "I always wanted a garden wedding."

Sly and Kathy arrived a little after nine. More gold: his a jump suit that was all gold sequins, with a floor-length cape dripping from his shoulders like a golden waterfall; and hers a dress vaguely inspired by a sarong, with train, also solid gold. Under the TV lights, with flashbulbs and strobes silently exploding everywhere, all that gold practically blinded anyone within 50 feet—which was probably the point—to be so dazzling that human eyes cannot look upon you.

By 9:30—right on schedule—the procession started onstage. First the models, all carrying golden palms (in honor of Kathy's home, Hawaii), and then the band. Sly's mother, by way of kicking things off, made a speech about how happy she was and how "Me and my mister have been married forty years." Next Sly's 12-year-old niece sang *I Don't Know About Tomorrow* to an organ accompaniment. A nice family touch, but awful as music, since she was very loud

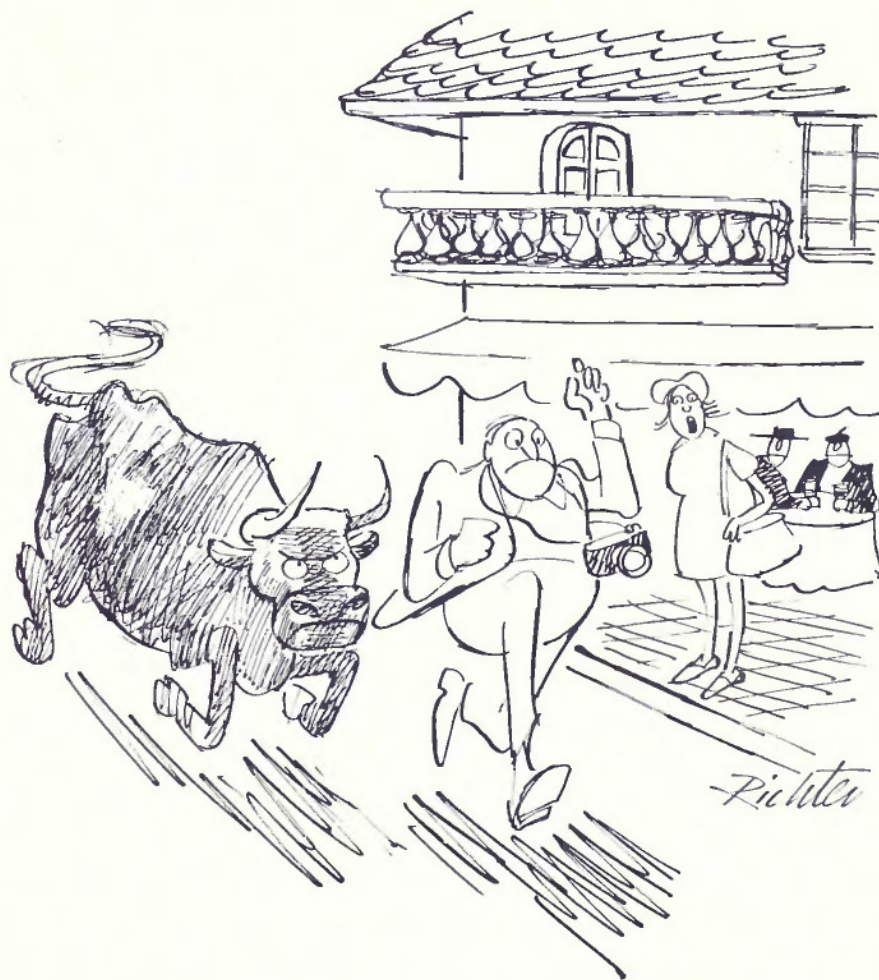
and couldn't find the right notes. Following the band in the procession were the parents of the couple, plus three small unidentified children. Then came Sly and Kathy and the minister, Bishop B. R. Stewart from Sly's family church in Oakland. By this time the audience was a field of flashbulbs going off and the screams were more and more frenzied—and it took several requests for quiet from Bishop Stewart before the ceremony could begin.

But it was a real ceremony, if a brief one. Somehow in the midst of the super-De Mille staging and clamor, Bishop Stewart managed to give the moment a touching and very real dignity. By ten p.m. the great screams and applause and final sea of flashbulb blasts proclaimed the couple officially married—and the wedding party retreated while the stage was set up for the concert. Jan Hodenfield said the next day in the *New York Post* that Sly's playing wasn't the greatest, but "Well, what the hell, how many bridegrooms really do perform well on their wedding nights?" Nice line, but not accurate. Sly did play well—mostly old hits such as *Stand, Dance to the Music* and *Higher*, plus a couple of songs from his new album. Not transcendent, but good as you'd need.

By 11:30 a large clot of photographers had congealed around the elevators leading to the Waldorf's Starlight Roof. They were waiting for the celebrities to arrive. What they got were some society folk, some actors and an unbelievable crush of would-be gate-crashers—from people wielding broken bottles and issuing death threats to stoned kids who wandered in claiming to be Truman Capote or whoever entered their minds.

But the party went well. A dance band headed by someone named Webster Lewis played all night; there was a Japanese buffet, including two *sushi* bars; gallons of booze; noise turned all the way up to ten; and the biggest wedding cake anybody ever saw, topped with a gold record. Sly and Kathy arrived about one a.m. They cut the cake, did an hour's worth of obligatory partying and left for more private pleasures. The party lingered and fizzled until after three. It ended, as parties must these days, with a streaker.

College streakers are into it for the pure dumb fun of doing something to mind-boggle the straights, but Sly's streaker had other reasons, since he was in real life a star of porno films. His dash across the nearly empty Starlight Roof, cock jiggling past the party's remains, wasn't flasher high-jinks; it was an ad for the equipment. Which was probably right: The night ended, not with a bang or a whimper—but with a commercial.



"Tell him you're a Taurus!"

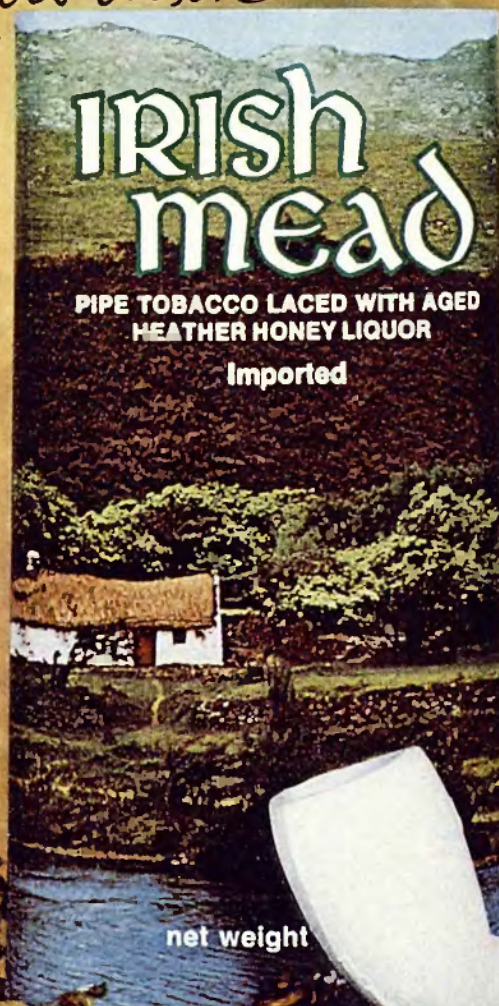
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PLAYBOY FORUM *(continued from page 60)*

opponent of methadone in his office for giving a misleading account of autopsy reports on addicts.

I am impressed by the letter from Sanford P. Cohen. I wish I lived in New York so I could vote for him.

Patricia Bond
Denver, Colorado

SANITY AND THE LAW

At last, one public official in New York State has taken a stand against the state's Draconian antidrug law, which was passed mainly for the purpose of furthering Nelson Rockefeller's Presidential ambitions. Manhattan district attorney Richard H. Kuh has announced that those arrested for selling small amounts of methadone will be given a chance, before they are indicted, to plead guilty to lesser, misdemeanor charges. Under the ultraharsh law, they would normally face a mandatory life imprisonment.

A *New York Times* editorial compared Kuh's stand with that of 17th Century court officials who, during the witch-hunt mania, found ways to circumvent the cruel punishments imposed by that era's laws. As the *Times* pointed out, "Mr. Rockefeller's politically inspired monstrosity . . . has failed to have any measurable impact on the flow of drugs or the operations of major narcotics dealers." Perhaps Kuh's action is a first step back to sanity and compassion.

J. Edwards
Atlantic City, New Jersey

POT AND SEXUAL FUNCTIONING

Researchers at the Reproductive Biology Research Foundation reported that heavy marijuana use—at least four days a week for six months—by 20 healthy men significantly decreased their plasma testosterone levels and sperm counts (*Forum Newsfront*, June). Two subjects reported actual difficulty functioning sexually. The researchers were careful to note that they could not check the potency of the marijuana used, nor did they know the subjects' hormonal levels before they began to use marijuana. Despite these limitations, the research was generally carried out with great care, and the consistency of the findings indicates that marijuana affects hormonal functioning.

Because there is little or no understanding of the effect on human behavior of reduced plasma testosterone, the significance of these findings is unclear; however, it's possible they may be relevant to the consistent report by users that marijuana affects their sexual experience. (My "High States: A Beginning Study," a Drug Abuse Council monograph, confirms the frequency of such reports.) Marijuana alters the perception of time and many users say that

under marijuana's influence a sexual experience appears to go on for a long time. Each phase of sexual contact, in particular, orgasm, is often felt as more differentiated and more specific than usual. Also, it is generally agreed that there is a greater empathy with the partner's responses. The work from the R.B.R.F. provides the first evidence that there may be an objective physiological correlate to the consistent subjective report of changed sexual response.

Unfortunately, these tentative findings are being cited erroneously by opponents of marijuana decriminalization. Marijuana decriminalization is a social policy aimed at reducing the harm caused by defining marijuana users as criminals; it is not based on a finding of harmlessness, nor is it intended to encourage use. The authors of the R.B.R.F. study recognized this problem when they testified before the U. S. Senate Internal Security Subcommittee:

We wish to draw the distinction between our role as scientists and as concerned citizens. . . .

[As scientists] our position is simply that of wanting the legislators and the public to be well-informed on all sides of this issue. . . .

[As concerned citizens] we would now like to state our personal hope for a move toward the decriminalization of marijuana possession.

We should decriminalize marijuana while continuing valid research efforts into the potential effects of marijuana on the user.

Norman Zinberg, M.D.
Cambridge, Massachusetts

Dr. Zinberg is a member of the faculty of Harvard Medical School, the Boston Psychoanalytic Institute and the advisory board of the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws. His most recent book, written with J. Robertson, is "Drugs and the Public."

THE PERILS OF POT

An article in the June tenth issue of *U. S. News & World Report* confirmed my long-held suspicion about marijuana: It's physically dangerous. The article reported on the results of an investigation of marijuana use by the U. S. Senate Internal Security Subcommittee. Without going into all the details, suffice it to say that a number of distinguished scientists testified that marijuana is nowhere near the innocuous substance that you and other drug-law reformers have tried for so long to pretend it is. Another article, by *Washington Post* writer Robert Joffe, also suggested that using pot entails serious physical risks: It apparently causes chromosome damage, endangers

pregnancies, produces psychological dependence, lowers male testosterone levels (thereby undoubtedly causing sexual problems and possibly impairing sexual development and disrupting maturation) and adversely affects the body's immunological system.

Since marijuana is clearly a much greater peril to human health than even some of its detractors had previously suspected, I think it's time to end the crusade to liberalize laws against its use. If you're honest, I think you'll have to agree.

James Johnson
Chicago, Illinois

We're honest, and we disagree. The "distinguished scientists" who presented their findings to the subcommittee were chosen from among those known to be hostile to marijuana use. (Subcommittee chairman Senator James O. Eastland stated before the hearings began that their purpose was to offset what he viewed as an "imbalance in the published information generally available to the public on the subject of marijuana.") Many equally distinguished men of science have challenged the findings of those who testified, and in some cases have found it difficult or impossible to repeat their experiments and achieve the same results. (See "Killer Weed Returns," "The Playboy Forum," July.)

These scientific arguments are a different issue from the legal question. Advocacy of decriminalization is not based on the premise that marijuana is harmless but on the fact that the state has no justifiable interest in incarcerating people for using it. Jailing users certainly doesn't rehabilitate them, nor is it at all effective as a deterrent to others; the Government's own figures show that marijuana use is increasing rapidly despite all legal attempts to discourage it. All one can say for the punitive approach is that it adds to whatever problems the user already may have.

Several state bar associations have gone on record in support of legalizing the controlled sale and use of marijuana. In fact, many vocal anti-marijuana spokesmen themselves favor some form of decriminalization. They include Senator Eastland, who stated that he and the subcommittee are "opposed to sending young people to jail for the simple possession of small quantities of marijuana for personal use. . . . This is no longer at issue."

"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

(continued from page 76)

know from reading *The Playboy Advisor*, of course, that I can get the clap from eating pussy or getting a blow job. Gena says it would take her a long time to get over her hatred of me if I gave her anything. This is a constant area of tension.

PLAYBOY: Do you and Gena have other areas of tension?

GOLDSTEIN: How much time do you have? I really love my wife, but I also feel I can love other women and I fuck around. This is no secret. Gena not only knows about it but later she has to be confronted with reading about it in print. That gets her crazy. And causes fights. She really feels our sex life should be private. So we are constantly at war. Gena would like me to be nicer and, I think, less human. But I am what I am. So it's a hard trip for her. Most times she knows I love her. But she's also aware that I have a great compulsion for exhibitionistic candor. And that's painful to her. We've been able to reach an agreement concerning extramarital sex. She simply insists that none of my sex take away from any of her time. So I fuck around daytimes. Since I wouldn't see her in the daytime anyhow, she figures it's OK as long as we're together at night. As soon as it gets dark, I become married again. My extramarital relationships are all right with her as long as she doesn't know about them and as long as they're not blatant.

PLAYBOY: What would she consider blatant?

GOLDSTEIN: What I'm doing now is blatant—talking about it in *PLAYBOY*. Blatant is rubbing her nose in it—like going to an orgy and having great sex and then going home and telling her about the fantastic blow job I got or the beautiful tits on a woman I laid and saying it was the greatest night of sex I ever had. Or bringing it up in a fight, saying, "I don't need you. I got laid last night elsewhere." Or maybe telling her mother. Basically, that would be exploding the very roots of the marriage.

PLAYBOY: Does Gena have a similar opportunity to fool around when you're away?

GOLDSTEIN: Absolutely not. Our relationship is a classical double standard. Considering the atypical life I lead, I'm amazed to find how valid some of the old values are. I tend to think this country is on the brink of a return to sexual conventionalism, that a lot of the unfashionable old values—a nice house and a family—will suddenly begin making more sense. And those values have always embraced cheating—for the man. I like fooling around, but I also like going home to somebody I love and I like having the security of a main, important relationship. Gena keeps asking how I'd

like it if she did the same thing. I say, "If you did it, the marriage would be over." That gets her very upset; she says it's unfair. Then I admit it's not only unfair, it's medieval—but that's where I'm at. I've got to honor my craziness. I can see Gena getting really pissed at me and starting to fuck around at some point. Probably not for the next four or five years. Maybe by then I'll be open to some change. Because it really is unfair, what I'm doing. But maybe by then I'll care less. The first scratch on your new car really hurts you. It doesn't matter after that. With Gena, I'm sure that after there's a few more dents in her, I'll be more willing to lend her out. But for now, I still feel insecure, because I know she's a warm lady and other guys could make her come. So I can't allow her the same freedom I insist on for myself. I still need the excitement of little firecrackers going off in my asshole. No matter how hard you try, keeping sex in marriage exciting is impossible. Gena's superb, but eventually, things become predictable.

PLAYBOY: What is superb about Gena?

GOLDSTEIN: My wife is the greatest hump I've ever had. And she's a great cocksucker, better than Linda Lovelace. One of her holds on me is that I know she'll do anything I want. But this interview is bound to cause another fight. I don't care, 'cause I want this to be the most honest interview *PLAYBOY* has ever run, even if I'm jeopardizing my marriage and 19 friendships and my analytical relationship. Gena and I have had so many fights anyway that they should be assigned numbers. Like number 27 was the fight we had about my blow job in *It Happened in Hollywood*, a hard-core film that *Screw* financed and produced. I was curious to see what happens to the brain as you're being done when there are 11 people on the set, cameras going and lights blazing. I really feel my cock is in fine shape; I'm 38 and it gets up and pops its load nicely. But this particular day I didn't come for three and a half hours, because I felt very alienated; I was just a hunk of meat trying to conform to a certain schedule that had been programmed for my cock. I was supposed to be a stud who would ejaculate at the right moment. A very pretty actress named Kathy finally caught my come in a challenge. I really didn't get to talk to her much while we were filming, because my cock was in her mouth. After the shooting, I invited her to lunch. She refused. It amazed me, because she'd given me a nice blow job. It was like my cock was good enough to suck, but I wasn't good enough to have lunch with.

Anyhow, Gena has refused to see the film. But at least she no longer zaps me about it. Her analyst says she must make a choice: If it's that painful dealing with a personality like me, she can move out; or accept me for the crazy person and

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The Baltimore Bang

INGREDIENTS: 1 1/2 oz. EARLY TIMES,
1/2 oz. Apricot Brandy,
1 oz. Lemon Juice, 1 teaspoon Sugar.

RECIPE: Shake with ice 1 1/2 oz.
EARLY TIMES, 1/2 oz. Apricot
Brandy, 1 oz. Lemon Juice,
1 tsp. Sugar. Strain into sour
glass. Garnish/cherry,
orange slice.



The Denver Mint

INGREDIENTS: 1 1/2 oz. EARLY TIMES,
1/2 oz. White Creme de Menthe,
3/4 oz. Lime Juice, 2 teaspoons Sugar, Club Soda.

RECIPE: Shake over ice 1 1/2 oz. EARLY TIMES,
1/2 oz. White Creme de Menthe, 3/4 oz. Lime Juice,
2 tsp. Sugar. Strain into highball glass, filled
with ice, stir in Club Soda.
Garnish/orange slice and straw.



The Milwaukee Madness

INGREDIENTS: 1 oz. EARLY TIMES,
3/4 oz. Peppermint Schnapps, 1 Dash Bitters.

RECIPE: Add 1 oz. EARLY TIMES,
3/4 oz. Peppermint Schnapps,
1 Dash Bitters to ice filled rocks
glass; stir well.



The Philadelphia Filly

INGREDIENTS: 1 oz. EARLY TIMES,
1 oz. Brown Cacao, 1 oz. Cream.

RECIPE: Shake vigorously 1 oz.
EARLY TIMES, 1 oz. Brown Cacao,
1 oz. Cream with cracked ice.
Strain into stem glass.



The Minneapolis Hustler

INGREDIENTS: 2 oz. EARLY TIMES,
1 oz. Sweet Vermouth, 1 oz. Orange
Curacao, 1/2 oz. Lime Juice.

RECIPE: Shake over cracked ice 2 oz. EARLY TIMES,
1 oz. Sweet Vermouth, 1 oz. Orange Curacao,
1/2 oz. Lime Juice. Strain into stem glass.



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The Tampa Tarpon

INGREDIENTS: 1 1/2 oz. EARLY TIMES, 1/2 oz. Triple Sec, 3 oz. Orange Juice, 1 teaspoon Sugar, Club Soda.

RECIPE: Shake 1 1/2 oz. EARLY TIMES, 1/2 oz. Triple Sec, 3 oz. Orange Juice, 1 tsp. Sugar with ice. Pour into highball glass, stir in Club Soda.
Garnish/Pineapple slice.

The Reno Split

INGREDIENTS: 1 1/2 oz. EARLY TIMES, 1 oz. Apricot Brandy, 2 oz. Pineapple Juice, Club Soda.

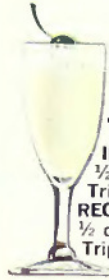
RECIPE: Shake 1 1/2 oz. EARLY TIMES, 1 oz. Apricot Brandy, 2 oz. Pineapple Juice with ice; pour into highball glass, stir in Club Soda.
Garnish/pineapple slice.



The Phoenix Bird

INGREDIENTS: 1 oz. EARLY TIMES, 1/2 oz. Creme de Banana, 1/2 oz. Triple Sec, 1 oz. Fresh Cream.

RECIPE: Blend 1 oz. EARLY TIMES, 1/2 oz. Creme de Banana, 1/2 oz. Triple Sec, 1 oz. Fresh Cream with cracked ice; strain into sour glass.



The Memphis Sling Shot

INGREDIENTS: 1 oz. EARLY TIMES, 3/4 oz. Sloe Gin, 1 1/2 oz. 7-Up®, 3 Dashes Lime Juice.

RECIPE: Stir 1 oz. EARLY TIMES, 3/4 oz. Sloe Gin, 1 1/2 oz. 7-UP®, 3 Dashes Lime Juice with cracked ice, pour into sour glass.
Garnish/orange slice.



The Kansas City Cutie

INGREDIENTS: 2 oz. EARLY TIMES, 1/2 oz. White Creme de Menthe, 1/2 oz. Coffee Liqueur.

RECIPE: Stir 2 oz. EARLY TIMES, 1/2 oz. White Creme de Menthe, 1/2 oz. Coffee Liqueur in rocks glass. Add ice and serve.

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exhibitionist that I am. She married me assuming she could change me, as all women do, and still isn't reconciled to the fact that she's not going to succeed.

PLAYBOY: You said Gena hated the photographs *Screw* published of Linda Lovelace performing her specialty on you. What did she say to you about them?

GOLDSTEIN: She didn't say anything. She sulked, went into another room and slammed the door. She displayed a Jewish-princess cuntiness that she's good at, because she learned it from her mother. I told her that I'm the George Plimpton of sex: I want to do everything. I must live my own life, both sexually and emotionally. *Screw* and my needs come first. The marriage is secondary. If she left, I would miss her, but without *Screw* and my writing, I might expire. I tell her that my life is my paper and that if she can subordinate herself to that, fine. If not, the marriage ends. It's a decision she has to make.

PLAYBOY: This is beginning to sound like a daytime soap opera.

GOLDSTEIN: It gets worse. Before we got married, my analyst wanted to meet with Gena, to explain why he thought I wasn't the greatest candidate for marriage. He feels I'm infantile, compulsive, always acting out my fantasies. He's right. I'm absolutely a child—and I wouldn't want to lose that quality. There's nothing I'll inhibit myself from doing. But she knew

that ahead of time. A prenuptial deal was made that I wouldn't write in *Screw* about my sex life with Gena. I've honored that, but there was nothing in the deal about my discussing her with **PLAYBOY**.

PLAYBOY: Is Gena one of *Screw's* avid readers?

GOLDSTEIN: Not if I can help it. Usually, if there's something potentially dangerous in the paper, I don't even take the latest *Screw* home. But then she'll say, "What are you hiding *this* week?" I can't believe it. I'm sure Hefner doesn't sneak around the way I do. One of the issues I didn't take home contained my article on eating pussy. You know, I'm probably the greatest pussy eater in the United States.

PLAYBOY: How can you be sure?

GOLDSTEIN: Let me amend that to read brilliantly superior and dynamically creative. Women *have* continuously told me I'm really excellent. It's not that complicated an activity; you quickly reach a saturation point of skill. But I think I'm as good as a guy can be. If we were talking about wine, I'd be *grand cru*, first-class, first growth. There might be other people who are as good as I am, like certain trombonists who are able to double- and triple-tongue. I can't do that. Sometimes I wish I'd kept up with my music lessons; if I'd only realized the training guys like Tommy Dorsey were getting!

PLAYBOY: Why were you afraid to take home the issue of *Screw* containing

your article on cunnilingus?

GOLDSTEIN: Because not only does the article deal with how I eat pussy but in it I describe eating a girl who happens not to be my wife. I didn't want to have a fight with Gena again. That's not very courageous of me, but, shit, it's certainly self-preservative. Who wants to have to sulk for a week?

PLAYBOY: It's hard to believe that any marriage could survive so much stress. Do you really think it's worth saving?

GOLDSTEIN: Definitely, yes. It's almost like I *need* that little bit of friction in both my personal and professional lives. It's funny. What induced me to marry Gena was a test in *Cosmopolitan* called something like "Are You a Door Mat?" I was impressed with her very high score, indicating that she wouldn't let me shit on her.

PLAYBOY: But isn't that exactly what you're doing, and however upset she gets, isn't she tolerating it?

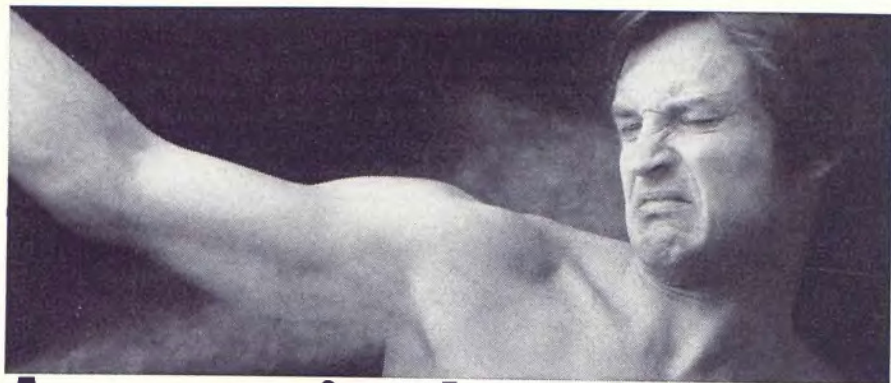
GOLDSTEIN: It's not totally one-sided. She also extracts a price. There are some psychiatrists who theorize that in a masochistic relationship, the masochist really has more power than the sadist. Because I'm dependent on her accepting my strictures, she's really in control. After I saw the results of that *Cosmopolitan* quiz, I took her to Portugal and said let's get married—and I don't regret it.

We wound up being married at Barney Google's, an East Side singles

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club. The rabbi who married us had been arrested for his work in the peace movement and thrown out of several affluent synagogues when he complained that they weren't supporting the poorer synagogues. I liked him because he seemed like a crazy. During the ceremony, he said, "Tomorrow, on the marquee of all the porno theaters in New York, it will read, GOLDSTEIN IS MARRIED." He said, "There's so much shit in our society that only the sincerity of two people to make a marriage work has true meaning. Because if they're together, they can help fight the crap that permeates this world." My family had never seen a rabbi like him before. Neither had I, for that matter.

PLAYBOY: What did you give Gena for a wedding gift?

GOLDSTEIN: I bought her two kinky nightgowns. One had bra openings allowing the nipples to come through. The other had a zipper down the pussy. I bought them at a schlock shop down in the Times Square area. For myself, I bought some briefs with a cock embroidered on them. Would you like to see them?

PLAYBOY: No, thanks. But did either of you ever wear them?

GOLDSTEIN: Oh, sure. We do lots of trappy things. We set scenes and play-act to keep things lively. It's so mundane, I'm almost embarrassed to talk about it. We look at fuck films to get turned on. Then I make

believe I picked her up at a bar. Sometimes we just randomly pick pages out of *The Joy of Sex*. One time I was doing a rape number on her and wanted to tie her up. I couldn't find any rope, so I had to use a 15-foot extension cord. I'm your typical inept male lover. I can do that slam, bam, thank you, ma'am, routine, too. But basically I don't want to come too quickly, so I'll think of things like parking meters, laundry lists, typewriters—anything that's counterproductive to eroticism. I won't lose my hard-on, but I'll lose my focus. If I wait too long, though, I'll be so tired I just can't come. I don't know how other guys operate, but I tell my wife it's not necessary for me to come all the time. And I don't want her to feel *she* has to come every time.

PLAYBOY: You make your relationship sound terribly unromantic.

GOLDSTEIN: I suppose our philosophy for togetherness would best be described as "Make war, then make love." Let me tell you about one final source of irritation. I keep telling myself I'm part of a sex revolution, and yet my wife and I fight about whether or not I should wear a wedding band. She'd like me to wear one, especially when I'm out of New York, so strangers will know I'm not a bachelor. As I said before, she doesn't care about my fucking them, but she's afraid I'll get into a meaningful relationship and leave her. And she feels that

ring is a red flag. She says I owe it to her—and others—to announce that I belong to her. She sounds like *me*, telling me that I belong to her. Which infuriates me. So, on principle, I refuse to wear one. Besides, it would cramp my style on out-of-town trips.

PLAYBOY: What kind of trips?

GOLDSTEIN: I spend a lot of time on the college lecture circuit. That's one of my major sources of sexual information—and dough. Three or four times a month, I get paid from \$500 to \$2000 for each appearance. Usually I screen *It Happened in Hollywood* and then participate in question-and-answer sessions. The kids are extremely open and receptive to me. I tell them, "When I went to college 12 years ago, my concern was getting laid. Are you guys getting laid enough?" And they'll say, "No!" To the women, I'll say, "How many of you can just grab a guy's cock and say, 'Are you feeling horny?'" I never see a hand go up. Which proves that the candor of our dialog has opened up, but the substance hasn't changed that much. These kids also reveal an awareness of their parents' hypocrisy concerning sex, an awareness that the words they were told to live by were very different from the actions of their parents. They're trying to lead their own sexual lives, as much as possible, consistent with some truth. They have trouble dealing with the generation gap. Their parents' generation smooched in the back seat of the car or went to a motel to have sex. These kids would prefer to have sex naturally, maybe even in their parents' bedroom.

PLAYBOY: What sort of questions do these students ask you?

GOLDSTEIN: Here are some of the most common ones. One: "How authentic are the *Screw* classifieds that advertise passionate gypsy girls, foot fetishists, horny housewives and headmistresses home for the summer?" I answer, "The ads in *Screw* are as real as the employment ads in *The New York Times*. There's some exaggeration and there's some dishonesty, as in any other advertising field. The buyer should beware; the guys' cocks may not be as big or the women as ravishing as claimed. But we don't sit in our offices and concoct classifieds out of thin air."

Two: "Are you in the porno business strictly for money?" I realize that Watergate has made these kids cynical, but I bridle when I hear that. I may be making a lot of money, but I really believe I'm doing some good by demythologizing a lot about sexuality.

Three: "What's your sex life like?" I tell them, "I'm constantly in search of pussy, but mostly I have to pay for it or I don't get it."

Four: "Do you get to meet all of the raunchy women you publish pictures of?" I say, "My sex life is probably less

exciting than that of most professors whose classes you take, at least the professors who look up the micromini dresses of 18-year-olds. I almost never meet models who are photographed for *Screw*. Ninety-nine percent of the photos are taken on the West Coast and bought from photo houses. Most of them are shot after fuck films are completed by enterprising still photographers waiting on the side lines. I don't want to get involved with getting girls—and having to make sure they're of age and that they don't have needle marks."

Five: "What's Linda Lovelace really like?" I have a stock answer: "She's just like any other big mouth that can take ten inches."

They also ask what kind of women, besides Linda and my Jewish-princess wife, really turn me on. I answer: Girls with good legs, high-fashion-modelish, long and thin with shapely calves. If a girl has ugly legs, I really don't want to fuck or eat her. Big tits don't hold much appeal for me. Pussy does. I'm oral. I've never met a pussy I didn't like. When I see a woman, my first sexual instinct is not to fuck her but to eat her. Most women I go down on come. The fact that I give them pleasure makes me feel more masculine. It removes my anxieties, takes the heat off for me.

My favorite fantasy is making it with a WASP princess like Cybill Shepherd. I like her frozen look. I'd also love to make it with Marilyn Chambers, the porn star. Jane Fonda, she attracts me because she's pretty, skinny and articulate. I tend to be drawn to strong women, or women who will reject me. That's probably why Gloria Steinem is a woman I find especially desirable. I also think she's attainable. I can really jerk off to the thought of her, because I can conceive of making it with her someday.

PLAYBOY: Really?

GOLDSTEIN: Sure. I doubt that she's the self-sufficient feminist she says she is. I still feel that a good pussy eater like myself could open her up to sexual pleasure. I keep sending her notes saying I'm really not that bad. It's a Walter Mitty kind of thing I go through. Yet if she and I were at the same party, I'm sure I would stay in the corner, too embarrassed to introduce myself.

PLAYBOY: Is there anyone else who triggers your fantasies?

GOLDSTEIN: I would go down on Tricia Nixon. And William Buckley's wife looks very desirable to me. There are many conservatives I'd like to ball. Pat Nixon is an exception, but that's only because of her waxiness. She looks like something out of Madame Tussaud's. But I keep dreaming of getting laid by all kinds of women. The only problem is that I'm rarely successful. Many otherwise accessi-



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ble women—feminists, ex-nuns and Jewish princesses waiting for their next doctor—won't go to bed with me because they think my standards are so high that they'll fail.

PLAYBOY: Are you sure that's the reason?

GOLDSTEIN: Definitely. They assume I've balled my brains out all over the place and after Linda Lovelace they'll be inadequate for my needs. It's as if they'd be playing stickball with Hank Aaron. When I spoke recently in Kalamazoo, Michigan, a student feminist started out being very antagonistic to me during the question-and-answer period. But later, after I had finished autographing copies of *Screw*, we got to talking and she invited me home with her. I was thinking, "Oh, boy, wow. I'm going to get laid." But once we got to her house and into some light necking, she began a whole number: "Ah, you must get this all the time, so much sex. My husband left me a year ago and I haven't done it since. I'm not going to be any good." Desperately I tried to reassure her, but she insisted: "I couldn't compare with all the other women you've been with." I couldn't believe it. Finally I said, "I won't judge you, I won't compare you, let's just fuck." Nothing doing. I never got laid; she just drove me back to my motel room, where I relieved my frustrations by jerking off. That sort of thing has happened so often now that I've come to

expect it. A well-known writer like Gay Talese—who's currently doing a comprehensive book on contemporary sexual mores—hits on a woman with an affirmative, aggressive directness. He'll simply ask a woman if she wants to make it with him. I'm incapable of picking a girl up. I can make small talk, but unless there's a very obvious welcome, I'm dead.

PLAYBOY: Why?

GOLDSTEIN: I'm so afraid of rejection. I envy the approach of a Talese. He and I have spent an appreciable amount of time together recently. About six or eight months ago, we participated in a four-hour boat orgy that took place on the East River and Long Island Sound. There were four guys and six women. Usually, you have to bring a woman—which is called a ticket—but since we were considered celebrities, we got in without escorts. Talk about name-dropping and claims to fame. I fucked side by side with Gay Talese. When I die, I want that as my epitaph.

PLAYBOY: How deeply involved are you in the orgy scene?

GOLDSTEIN: For a while, I was very heavily into orgies. But my feelings about them always seem to be vacillating. When I go, they disappoint me. But when I don't go, I remember the nice things—like the anonymity and excitement of fucking new bodies. Last year, after a SIECUS conference that included all of the heavyweights

of the sex world, I left this group of pontificating professionals to attend an orgy hosted by my partner's brother. I got undressed, walked into the bedroom and discovered a daisy chain consisting of seven or eight bodies. I found a girl who was being eaten, knelt down, put my cock in her mouth, fucked it, came, went out, got dressed and left. I have no idea who she was. It all seemed so weird and detached; it wasn't a substantial, meaningful experience. It would be a lot simpler if there were vending machines—maybe they could be called Vagin-olas—where for a quarter I could insert my cock, get vibrated, come and then go.

PLAYBOY: What kind of people do you meet at orgies?

GOLDSTEIN: By and large, the men all seem to be older and fat and flabby, sad physical specimens who obviously never attended a health club. Lonely men, getting old and frightened and desperately reaching out for one last tit. To me the orgy just represents a very nice context for wealthy people to get desirable bodies without the coarseness of having to pay. I can make it at an orgy. I can fuck. I can come. I can do all the things that all the sexual athletes can do. But I find it lonely. I find it sad.

PLAYBOY: Don't you ever get tired of making sex your whole world?

GOLDSTEIN: Oh, sure. I get saturated with the stuff. Man does not live by cock alone. When I get tired of the sex trip, I go to the Radio City Music Hall and review the stage show. What I seem to be fighting against lately is sexual ennui. I was in a group-therapy thing for a while, but I left it a few months ago. Each of my 12 fellow neurotics had vivid sexual fantasies. Mine were food fantasies. I wanted to be in a bathtub filled with milk shakes. The problem is that I have seen and participated in every variety of sex imaginable, so nothing—other than the search for fresh pussy—seems new anymore.

I've seen people fucking in every possible way; I've seen wall-to-wall flesh at orgies. I've been to swings, I've had mouths all over my body. I've been in threesomes, I've had Xaviera Hollander stroking away on me behind the podium during a panel discussion of pornography in the media, before 1000 people and a TV crew at NYU. It's like if you've been to the moon once, you don't want to go back.

Things have been so calm lately there's almost a tranquility to my life. My wife gave birth and I've been sued for libel four times in the last month. But still

there isn't enough happening. I haven't been arrested in two years. That makes me nervous. Where am I failing? I really need the attention of being arrested, because that means I'm still bugging the establishment, that I'm still gaddy to the state. Acceptance of me and *Screw* would be the kiss of death.

PLAYBOY: Judging from the Supreme Court's refusal to hear your appeal from those New York obscenity convictions—in effect, upholding them—that acceptance doesn't seem exactly imminent. Were you surprised by the Court's refusal?

GOLDSTEIN: Not especially. Realistically, knowing that four of the Justices are Nixon appointees, I doubted whether the Court would give us a hearing. Our words are unpalatable to the very limited, frightened minds seated on the bench right now, because we're so uncompromising. We cut the crap. We don't surround our raunchy material with academic bullshit about redeeming value. A hard-on is its own redeeming value.

PLAYBOY: Would you elaborate on that?

GOLDSTEIN: I'm saying there is intrinsic value in the very fact that somebody gets a hard-on. It's absurd for a court to argue that a soft cock is more redeeming than a hard cock. Our laws postulate that pictures of mayhem, blood, violence are OK. Soft cocks are OK. But a hard-on is bad. And actual fucking—or as a New York court said in one of our cases, "ultimate sex activity"—is bad. As I sat in the courtroom in Albany and heard the old judges using this phrase, I realized it's them against me. These are old people who don't fuck anymore. They don't speak for me. So we took our guilty decision and used it in promotion copy to sell subscriptions. We're not humble. We're not contrite. This infuriates the courts. Basically, we're saying we don't respect you assholes. Even if you find us guilty, we're going to keep giving you the finger. But even if you free us, we're not going to be appreciative. That gets them crazy.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever considered the possibility that you might wind up in prison?

GOLDSTEIN: I've already been to jail on ten different occasions, nine of which were for obscenity busts. Fortunately, I never had to stay overnight. And the same fellow, Donald Gray of the morals squad, arrested me each time. Since he knows I like Chinese food, he always makes sure I get booked at a precinct house in Chinatown and eat a sumptuous meal beforehand. He's such a nice guy that I invited him to my wedding. But the privileges he grants me can hardly make up for the embarrassment I—and others—have suffered. In one of my first



*"As near as I can translate it . . .
'Queen Nefertiti, ruler of the Nile, daughter of
the gods, empress of the Mediterranean . . . met Tutankhamen,
king of the delta, messenger from the heavens, most
exalted prince of the universe . . . and on this
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always hold arms that way—this morning he mistook spray starch for his underarm deodorant. Smokes his fat cigars down so far, the ashes drop behind his teeth. **4.** No. He's Tyrone Shulace, beach pest. The "58" stands for his I.Q. (He thinks "offshore drilling" is something the Marines do.) Smokes *Hull 'N Puff* superfiltered cigarettes. You have to draw so hard, an art diploma comes with them. **5.** Right. He enjoys the beach, not the beach crowd. Needs no fads or gimmicks in his cigarette, either. Camel Filters. Honest tobacco. Good, rich flavor. **6.** Unidentified frying object.

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obscenity busts, four blind news dealers were also charged and arrested. We were sent to the Tombs prison in New York and placed in a 12-by-16 cell with 40 other people, most of them junkies. Guys were peeing against the walls, nodding out and puking over people lying on the floor. When I saw this blind news dealer, who was being held for selling my paper, tapping his way with his cane toward the only urinal, I wanted to roll up and float away. I felt such compassion and pain for this man. Later, the charges against the blind dealers were thrown out, since it was obvious that they had no way of knowing what they were selling.

PLAYBOY: If you did go to jail for any length of time, how would your sexual needs be taken care of? Would you start making it with fellow convicts?

GOLDSTEIN: I would probably become a homosexual. I'm sure I'd get very bored with solitary masturbation. I could see myself avoiding sex with others for two weeks at the most, and then it would be either a padded cell or reaching out for a guy—whether it be active, passive or both.

PLAYBOY: Is that just another one of your fantasies, or have you actually participated in homosexual relationships?

GOLDSTEIN: Well, I don't know if this counts, but I once wrote about my experiences in a movie theater where you can get blow jobs. It's a sleazy joint in New York frequented only by men. Nobody looks at the films, but up in the balcony you can find whatever sex you want. Some guys are on their knees and others are standing up; those on their knees want to suck cock and the others want to get blown. It was weird. People I thought might be cops—in suits and vests, crew-cuts and wedding rings—were sucking cock. Guys in leather—Marlon Brando types, tough-looking guys I'd avoid on the street—these were the effeminate ones. They would generally be the cocksuckers—or I was their cocksuckee.

PLAYBOY: So you didn't just observe and report?

GOLDSTEIN: No, I participated. One guy who blew me was an old man who took his teeth out first. It was fantastic, better than Linda Lovelace. Most guys are better cocksuckers than women, anyway. Nine out of ten blow jobs in the theater are superior, 'cause the guys are really into it. You come and another guy steps in, like a mass-production line. Over several hours, some of these guys can blow as many as 80 or 90 guys. As for myself, I'm still very conditioned to the fact that homosexuality is a no-no. But I keep thinking ahead to when and if I have my first homosexual experience. It might be hard to deal with.

PLAYBOY: How would you describe what happened to you in the theater if it wasn't a homosexual experience?

GOLDSTEIN: It was, absolutely. But I feel that as long as I'm passive, it's incomplete.

PLAYBOY: That's hairsplitting.

GOLDSTEIN: At least it's *pubic* hairsplitting. Actually, I think bisexuality is much more sane than being committed to being a heterosexual or a homosexual. Bisexuality is as natural as driving different-color cars. If I was renting from Avis or Hertz, it would be silly to express a preference only for black cars.

PLAYBOY: We've been hearing a lot lately about bisexual chic. Is there any genuine evidence of increased public acceptance of bisexuality?

GOLDSTEIN: Oh, yeah. Bisexuality is this year's Hula-Hoop craze. When some phenomenon becomes established in the sexual world, slick magazines will generally rush an article into print. Then other magazines will pick it up and the activity becomes more acceptable. So you soon have what amounts to a self-fulfilling prophecy. But when a sexual phenomenon finally makes the news magazines like *Time*, it's probably about ready to die and wither away. By the time the big magazines move their asses, the picture covered has already changed. If you want to find out what's *really* happening, you have to read *Screw*. Or ask me.

PLAYBOY: You mentioned a while ago that nine of your ten arrests were for obscenity. What were the grounds for the other one?

GOLDSTEIN: That was my most dramatic arrest, the only one that's been seen on television. I was charged with conspiracy in a case involving pedophilia: erotic contact between an adult and a child. When I was told to turn myself in one day, I assumed it was another obscenity arrest. Next thing I know there's TV cameras, I'm handcuffed and I'm involved with this ring of baby fuckers. Its head had been selling photos of himself, in the classified section of *Screw*, getting blow jobs from his three-and-a-half-year-old daughter. Many people still think I was a participant or had knowledge of what was happening. Which I didn't. The ad innocuously offered photos of preteens for sale. It didn't indicate that sex would take place. Anyway, after a year of hassle, we were found guilty of accepting an obscene ad and we were fined \$7000. How an ad can be obscene, I don't know. As bizarre as pedophilia is—and personally I find it ugly—I still think people have the right to buy photos of eight-year-olds if they want to. The problem is when it moves into the area of action, because an eight-year-old can't evaluate a sexual overture. The pedophilia arrest was the first one where my mother called and asked whether I was really involved.

PLAYBOY: What does she think of *Screw*?

GOLDSTEIN: I don't think she understands

it. In the early days, she was listed in the paper as business manager, because I thought it would be nice to have a Jewish mother on the masthead. After we had done an article on J. Edgar Hoover's being a faggot, she was subpoenaed by a grand jury. She didn't particularly mind that. All she asked was that I pay for her cab fare. She knows what I'm doing and she's happy, as long as I'm not pushing drugs. Even if I'm being arrested or in handcuffs, she feels at least I'm important.

PLAYBOY: And your father?

GOLDSTEIN: He keeps writing to district attorneys to leave me alone. My mother keeps wanting to picket them. I tell her to ignore it, that this is just a political revolving door. In a way, I'm being persecuted in the same way that Lenny Bruce was. I frequently identify with Lenny. He also was compulsive, he had a weight problem and yet deep down was a good Jewish boy who wanted to be loved and respected. He used four-letter words as shock weapons in protest against established ideas about language and sex the same way I do. But I would never be found dead in a bathroom with a needle in my arm. I'd be surrounded by 11 empty Baskin-Robbins containers on the floor—proof that I had eaten myself to death. Like Lenny, the kind of message I'm trying to get across is so anti-elitist, so gut-truthful, so distasteful that there is no way it could have come in through the front door. We both had to come in through the servants' entrance.

Like Lenny, I've never had much use for religious institutions either. I could never understand why the Church wanted to jail him for using the word mother-fucker. Nor can I comprehend why the same Church people want to put me away and run my news dealers out of business. If you look at our editorials in the early issues of *Screw*, you'll see where I'm attacking the Church all the time. It's the most repressive force in our society. It's survived, but thank God its powers have decreased. Most Catholics know it's bullshit, and hence ignore its words on abortion, birth control and all the rest. But it's still there, making money. For me, the Church is the enemy.

PLAYBOY: Do you believe in God?

GOLDSTEIN: I believe there's *something*, but I don't know what it is. I guess I'm an agnostic. However, I did list God on the masthead in our early issues as *Screw's* spiritual advisor. If there were a God, I thought He'd be happy to get representation. If there's a God, I'm sure He's jerkin' off to *Screw*. As a matter of fact, if I hadn't decided to specialize in degeneracy with *Screw*, I might have become a rabbi.

PLAYBOY: Why?

GOLDSTEIN: So I could *really* make a profit on degeneracy.





"Honestly, Irving—sometimes I think you like salami with pickles, ketchup and Tabasco more than you like me!"

SMALL VISIONS

(continued from page 154)

beasts of Jericho, here even before us. His thoughts are of the waters of creation, blown into fragments. Jack says to him, Well, now, Old Buddy, did I hurt yore head?

. . .

It's about time we stole a car, or went with somebody who did. We do, and rob a little bank. We cross a state line with our boy, Junior Spruill, get sentenced and go to the Atlanta Pen with him. We can leave any time, but he can't, and we stay with the good old Wilkesboro, North Carolina, boy to see what happens. He just likes cars, and wants the holdup money to put in a double-cam overhead engine. He talks to himself all the time about stock cars, about Cale Yarborough, Richard Petty, Donnie Allison. The Pen people make him shave off his sideburns and work in the laundry, where he talks to himself, talks to us all the time.

Ever tell you about the first time I got

caught? I was running these country cops crazy. I knew every damned back road in every county, and the ways in and out of 'em, and the ways to cross the highways from one to the other. They just couldn't catch me in the country. My mistake was to rob one country bank in a little old town in Tennessee and then come on over here and try my first city job. I looked all over town for a branch bank I liked, and finally found one in a shopping center. I parked my car and stuck my cap pistol in my pocket. I buy those things at Woolworth's. The Government makes you fancy 'em up with a lot of curl-icues and junk, so people'll know they're just for kids. But—listen here—you can take and file that stuff off. That's what I do, and then dye the gun black. I never use an automatic, because when you lay that thing up on the counter and pull that hammer on a revolver back, and they see that cylinder turn around, it does something to 'em. Anyway, I went

into Kroger's and got a couple of candy bars so I could have the paper sack, and then went into the bank with my cap pistol under my coat. I didn't have no trouble gettin' the sack filled up—when I drew back that hammer she started throwin' money in with both hands—but just about time I got to the door, somebody had an idea I was gettin' away with something. I started walking down the street faster than I should'a done. When I got to my car, damned if a lady wadn't blocking me off with a car where they'us two little girls and a police dog and no momma. I turned around, and a squad car was pulling up. I heard the siren of another one, and I reckoned the best thing would be to try to get into one of the big department stores and ride the elevators around just like I used to ride them back county roads: You know, confuse 'em. I figured to get in the back way, so I started down an alley right next to the nearest big store. But the damned door only opened toward the outside, and when I looked back they was about three squads of cops coming down the alley, carrying riot guns, rifles, tear gas, billies, pistols, God knows what-all! And there I was, down to my last roll of caps! And I will tell you, I do believe to this day that if I'd'a had another roll, I could'a scattered the whole bunch.

Goodbye, Junior Spruill. We're going through the Great Gray Wall as though it were nothing but damp, unpleasant fog. Goodbye and get out. Let's go for those country roads, that Firecracker 500.

. . .

Here is the Other River: not the Mississippi, but something best observed from the position of a butterfly on a stone. The water is too dangerous for you not to have given yourself a way out that has nothing to do with water. This is an Appalachian mountain river in the fall, in the afternoon. The stone is a big, smooth boulder where the North Carolina river falls out of the mountains with such fury that all systems of thought are made impossible. The white water crashes continually on all sides, and a delicate, insane spray fills the suicidal and exciting air. On each side of the river are deep woods, and through the haze of water is a bobcat, who understands why this place is like it is.

. . .

A slain whale-hump hill, hairy with pine trees. Twilight. This is Kennesaw Mountain, where Joe Johnston held off Sherman's army for weeks. We come in like a wide-screen film camera on a man in a sweatsuit, climbing up pine-straw-covered ground. There was plenty of fighting here, over 100 years ago, and Joshua Hawkins comes here to hear the singing. It is for his cars and no others, for he is seeking out, with a World War Two-vintage mine detector, the War under the Pine Straw. Hear, now, the beginnings of a metallic scream. It is



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louder as we approach part of an old breastwork. The eye moves forward from Joshua Hawkins and picks out a place on the ground. In slow motion, a surplus Army foxhole- and latrine-digging shovel strikes in, as the buried War shrieks unbearably. Hands go into the hole, and a mud-encrusted cannonball is laboriously and tenderly lifted out. Cradling the unexploded shell, he heads back for Atlanta, down the way that Sherman took.

Beer. A little, isolated country juke joint. Two young men in a booth.

How come? one asks.
 I told him I us gonna do it, if he didn't keep from messin' around with her. I told him twice't. He didn't pay no 'tention to me. I went on home and got my shotgun.

You're crazy, J. W. His people are gonna come after you. So are hers.

I just walked up to the window. They us in there dancin'. Just them two. I said, Look out there, Lonnie. Mary Frances hollered and backed off. I just want both of you to see who done it, I said, and let drive with both barrels. I throw'd the gun in the car and come right on downtown to the sheriff's office.

What's gonna happen now?
 I don't know. And I don't care. But I'd do it again. Wish't I could. I'd like that.

Another city. Coffeeshouse night, underground. An old black man tunes the only new guitar he's ever owned. His discoverer says, Aren't you nervous, John? All your life you've been playing just for field hands.

Tha's right. But them boys knows good music. Everybody down around Teoc and Avalon—they Delta boys—they knows what's goin' on when a man picks up a guitar.

Yes, but, I mean, these people are different. There're even maybe a few music critics out there in the audience. And you're not nervous, this first time? Not at all?

Nawuh. I knows what I knows. I knows it, and I been knowing it.

We nest among the snakes. Their membranes sense something and they strike through us. The box opens and a hand reaches in, picking up two snakes and us with them. The rattles are chirring like June bugs, and we start to crawl up the bare arm of the worshiper. We slide in bewildered fury and coil around his neck. Still striking at us, still hammering their heads against phantoms, they use the preacher's body as the base from which to strike at the Angels, at Ghosts, at the Spirits of Jericho. The preacher takes us in his mouth, to show more faith. The snakes begin to speak a flickering language, and talk of the River Jordan.

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light in the cottage (continued from page 80)

went on amiably, "can also absorb the mother's tensions, the mother's fears, the mother's rage—"

"Please excuse me," said Pauline, hurriedly rising. Her face was pale in the candlelight. For a moment she swayed, her finger tips pressed to the surface of the table. Carl got up quickly and went around to her. Then she left the veranda, going into the house, Carl following her.

The other guests stirred in sympathetic concern. Even Professor McKettrick seemed to divine that all was not well.

George McKettrick excused himself and sought Carl out, with apologies. "My God, Carl," he said. "I'm terribly sorry about this. I should have said something to Ralph beforehand, but I'd forgotten all about it. How is Pauline?"

"She's resting. Don't worry—she'll be all right in a few minutes." Carl's smile was wan and his narrow face was tightly drawn. "I don't think it was the subject itself, George—not only that, anyway. It's mostly just being back here again. I thought that after all this time it would be all right, but . . ." He made a despairing gesture. "If you wouldn't mind making our excuses, George, we'll just slip out the side way."

But Pauline regained her self-possession and insisted on making a reappearance. Poised and smiling, she made her goodbye rounds, explaining that she was subject to migraine headaches, which came on without any warning.

At the car, Carl told her: "We don't have to go back, you know." It was at the

cottage that she had fallen and miscarried. "We can take a room at the inn right here in the village, and then tomorrow we can drive down to Boston."

Pauline shook her head. "No," she said quietly. "That would be cowardly. Of course we'll go back to the cottage."

"Are you sure?"

"Absolutely sure," she said, entering the car. "You did lock both doors, didn't you?"

"Of course. Front and back. Don't worry, Pauline. It's locked tight."

But when they returned to the cottage, they saw that the light in the spare bedroom was on.

Pauline sucked in her breath and clutched Carl's sleeve. He tested the front door. "It's still locked," he muttered. "Wait here a minute." He went around to the back, glancing in at the windows as he passed them. "The back door's locked, too," he told her when he returned. "And nobody's inside. It's empty." He unlocked the front door and entered. Pauline waited in the living room, twisting her handkerchief in her fingers, while he made a careful examination of the windows and the two doors. There was no evidence of a forced entry. All the windowpanes were intact. The locks and doorjambs were unmarked.

"All right," Carl said finally. "There are only two ways of getting into this cottage when it's locked, without breaking in." Pauline looked at him questioningly. "First, with a key," he said. "No," he added. "I don't suspect Mr. Fowles." Mr.

Fowles, the caretaker, was the only other person who had a key. "But someone might have taken his key without his knowledge and had it copied," Carl said. "The answer to that is to have the locks changed."

"You said there were two ways of getting in."

Carl smiled wryly. "Well . . . there's the chimney." He went to the hearth and squatted, peering up the opening. "The flue is open. It's pretty narrow, though. The only thing that could get down that way would be a squirrel or a bird . . . a bat, maybe."

Pauline shuddered, thinking of a bat fluttering about the darkened cottage, seeking a way out, and brushing against a light switch.

"Of course, a bat or a bird would leave excrement," Carl went on thoughtfully. "So would a squirrel, probably, and we haven't found any. But the thing to do is block the flue the way Mr. Fowles does at the end of the season. There's a board behind the wood box for that. First I'll build a fire, to smoke out anything that's up there."

"Oh, God, don't do that," said Pauline. She had a vision of some scorched thing writhing in the embers.

"Well, all right. I'll just block it," Carl said. "No time like the present," he added, going over to the wood box and lifting the board. "And then tomorrow I'll get busy arranging for the locks to be changed."

. . .

By the time they next went out for the evening, there were new locks on the doors. The window latches had been checked, too, and new hooks put on the shutters.

Carl closed the shutters and the windows, fastening them securely, and locked the doors. He also put tiny slips of paper low down in the doorjambs. If a door were opened, the paper would fall out or slide down to the hinge, providing a telltale sign. In addition, he smoothed some sand on the doorsteps, to obtain footprints. Straightening, he examined his handiwork with satisfaction. "Beyond this, criminal science cannot go," he remarked cheerfully.

Pauline was already starting down the rocky steps. "You won't find any footprints," she said.

"What do you mean?"

"It's inside. It's already inside."

"What are you saying?" He caught up with her and took her arm, annoyed.

She shook off his hand and went silently down the rest of the way. "I'm sorry, Carl," she said as he opened the car door for her. "It's just nerves. Please don't mind what I say." She looked back up the rise. The cottage was hidden, but



"Check your dip stick?"

the jagged curve of steps showed dark against the sunset sky. "Let's go back and throw the main power switch," she said.

"Then we'd lose the light out on the steps," he objected, starting the engine. "Besides, it's simply a matter of taking precautions. I've covered every possibility this time."

She made no reply but sat brooding by his side as he drove into the village.

It was midnight when they returned. Carl hurried up the steps.

"I don't want to see it," Pauline said suddenly. She stopped before reaching the turning and sat down on one of the steps.

Carl went on without her. "Look," he called down to her exultantly, "the cottage is dark! What did I tell you?"

She got to her feet and slowly mounted the steps while he inspected the sanded doorsteps with his pocket flashlight and verified the unchanged positions of the slips of paper.

"It worked, all right," he announced, returning from the back of the house. "Both doors are the same. Nobody went inside. I can guarantee that, Pauline. Come on." She joined him at the front door as he put the key in the lock, turned it and opened the door.

This time the light in the living room was on.

"Oh, God," Carl muttered. The

shutters had blocked the light from the outside. He'd forgotten about that. Pauline, behind him in the doorway, had made a choked little cry. "Anybody here?" Carl called out, his voice brittle. He made a hurried search of the place, but, as usual, he found nothing out of place and no sign of entry.

"Let's go away from here," she said, her voice trembling, her eyes wide. "We know what it is now. Let that be enough."

"We don't know," Carl snapped. "You're talking nonsense, Pauline." He paced about the room, trying to master his agitation. Then he turned to her more calmly. "There's no reason for you to stay here. I'll put you on the noon train tomorrow."

She looked at him with vague alarm. "Me? What about you?"

"I'm going to get to the bottom of this," he said. "There's one answer left and I intend to prove it out. It's the lights. There's got to be something wrong with the lights. That fellow from the village didn't find it—but that just means he wasn't competent. Tomorrow I'm going to phone Boston and get an absolutely first-rate electrician to come up here, and then we'll see—or I will, anyway. You'll be back home tomorrow night."

"No," she said dully. "If you're staying, I'll stay, too. It was more my fault than yours."

He frowned at her. "That has nothing to do with it. You know that."

She was still standing in the doorway, refusing to enter the room. Her eyes were half-closed and her mouth was drawn tight in a strange little smile. "Neither of us wanted it," she said, and she shuddered. "We wanted it dead. We both did."

"Stop this, Pauline."

"We murdered it. And now——"

"You've got to stop!" He strode across to her, seized her wrist and pulled her into the room. He slammed the door. "What's past is past!"

"You heard what George's brother said, didn't you?" She let him guide her to a chair. "It's smarter than we are, Carl." She giggled. "What's the old saying? The one about the wise child?"

He looked at her coldly. "Don't you remember?" he said slowly. "It's a wise child that knows its own father."

"Oh—I'd forgotten. I didn't mean that." She slumped in the chair, pressing her hands to her face. "I'm . . . I'm sorry, Carl."

"Never mind." He turned abruptly away, went to a window and opened it, flinging the shutters wide. They could hear the wind in the pines on the north side of the cottage and the rhythmic slapping of the waves down below. From far away came the cry of an owl, hunting.

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he said in an unsteady voice. He didn't look at her. "It's an electrical problem. That's all it is. An electrical problem."

"And if it isn't?" she said softly.

He made no answer.

. . .

The Boston electrician arrived two afternoons later. Carl followed him around as he inspected the wiring and the switches.

"Nothing wrong with any of it, Mr. Bays," the man said finally.

"There must be. I told you what happened. You must have missed something."

"Look," the man said. "A switch is a switch, and when it's off, it's off. It don't go on by itself. These switches are good switches, understand? And the wiring is OK. The guy who put it in, he knew his stuff."

"If you went back over it——"

"I could check it a hundred times, it wouldn't make no difference, but I'll do it once more just to satisfy you."

The electrician's second complete check of the system finished with the same conclusion. There was nothing whatever wrong with the electrical system.

Carl kept roaming about the cottage, fuming. "The only thing that could have gotten in would be a mouse," he muttered, stooping to inspect the baseboard along the kitchen wall. "But mice don't turn on lights. A snake, maybe. Or a cat. There must be wild cats around here." He approached Pauline, who was sitting listlessly on the sofa. "You go into the village tonight, Pauline. You can stay with George and Susan. I'm going to find out what does it, once and for all. There's some rational explanation. Probably a simple one." There was a roll of thunder in the distance, far out at sea. "It's going to storm," he said, resuming his restless pacing. "I'll drive you in to George's. Then I'll come back and wait. There's nothing to be afraid of," he added, glancing at her defensively, "but you'll be better off in the village."

"No," she said. "I'll stay, too." He protested this, but she wouldn't change her mind. "I'll stay," she kept saying. Her manner was apathetic and resigned and she seemed withdrawn. Only when the thunder boomed closer and the lightning flashed did she raise her eyes.

"We'll make it look as though we've gone," Carl said. "We'll drive the car up the road a hundred yards or so and park it among the trees. Then we'll walk back here and wait. All right?"

She made no response.

"We'll sit here—right here—with the lights off," he said. "Except for the one down the steps."

"And then?"

"Then we'll find out."

"Do you really want to know?" she said quietly.

"Of course I do."

"You know already."

He turned away from her impatiently.

"Let's go," he said.

By the time they had hidden the car behind the screen of trees and were walking back, the sky was darkening rapidly and the first drops of rain were falling. A patch of sunset flared in the west, but it, too, was swiftly blocked out by the hurrying clouds.

"It stormed that night, too," she said. They were climbing the steps.

"No, it didn't," he said, and then he caught himself. "Don't talk about that," he told her.

"It rained, anyway. The steps were wet."

He unlocked the front door. The cottage was dark. He swung his flashlight beam about the living room. "You sit on the sofa, Pauline. I'll take this chair. And we'd better not talk. That might spoil things."

"It won't matter if we talk," she said.

"Be quiet," he told her, but his words were lost in a burst of thunder that broke above the cottage. In the lightning that flared through the unshuttered windows, he saw her face livid and distorted, her eyes staring.

"Tell me, Carl," she said. "When you struck me——"

"Don't," he said.

"When you struck me, which one did you want to kill?"

"Oh, God," he muttered.

"Was it me . . . or it? Or both?"

"I didn't want to kill anything," he said savagely. "I didn't know what I was doing."

"If you hadn't hit me, I wouldn't have fallen."

"*It wasn't my child,*" he shouted. Again the thunder exploded. Her white face leaped alive and swiftly faded, and they sat silently in the darkness as the rain beat hard on the roof and the shutters hummed in the wind.

Then the center of the storm passed and the rain slackened. "Listen," she whispered, but the only sound was the rain. Then that, too, died away. He could hear her breathing and his own. His chest was tight and he was perspiring, although the night was cool. "Listen," she whispered again. He swung his head about, straining to see. "It's here now," he heard her say in a shaking voice and he tensed, glaring about. "It's here," she repeated. He was aware of a shape in the darkness, something he sensed rather than saw—and he stood, gripping the flashlight tightly.

The front door opened.

"Stop," Carl said harshly. He flicked the flashlight on, aiming the beam that way.

It was Pauline. She had gotten to her feet and gone to the door, opening it.

"I can't stand it," she said wildly. "It's here in this room——"

"Don't be an idiot!"

"It's here right now!"

"*There's nothing here,*" he shouted, flashing the beam around the empty room. When he swung it back to the doorway, she was gone.

He cursed and went to the doorway. She was hurrying down the steps. "Pauline!" He stared down the steps. Something was wrong. The lamp at the turning was off. Then he heard her cry out, and as he pointed his flashlight beam down the steps, he realized that she had missed her footing. She had vanished.

"Pauline!" He descended the steps quickly, sweeping the beam from side to side. "Pauline!" He stopped at the turning. For a few moments he listened, but all he could hear was the beating of the waves against the rocks. "Pauline!" he cried again, but there was no answer.

He went to the edge and pointed the flashlight down.

He saw her sprawled on the rocks, 30 feet below. Each breaking wave sent spray washing over her.

He ran back up to the cottage. The telephone was just inside the door, the list of emergency numbers tacked to the wall above it. A flick of the flashlight was enough to pick out the one he wanted. His voice, as he spoke, was racked by gasping sobs. "Hurry, hurry," he said. "And bring rope. For God's sake, don't forget the rope."

As he was starting down the steps again, he remembered the clothesline and ran around to the back to get it, frantically pulling it loose from its fastenings.

He hurried down to the turning and looped the line around the lamppost, knotting it again and again. He flashed the beam down. The free end of the line dangled near the rocks where she lay motionless beneath the driving spray.

Casting one last glance up at the dark cottage, he eased himself over the edge and started down. The line held. It was the slippery cliffside that betrayed him. His feet lost their purchase, then his hands slid scorchingly along the line and he fell.

. . .

The police had no difficulty in reconstructing the sequence of events in which Pauline and Carl Bays met their deaths. There was the telephone call, the clothesline tied to the lamppost and the two bodies close together on the rocks. The fact that the cottage was brightly, triumphantly illuminated—all the lights were on in every room—seemed of no particular significance and was not mentioned in the official report.





Buck Brown

"I can cross the street by myself, sonny. How'd you like to help me get through the night?"



CRAZY GINZBURG

Ralph Ginzburg, that brandied fruitcake of a publisher, is at it again.

First he devilishly exposed the intimate parts of Fanny Hill and Lady Chatterley to a blushing America while those erotic classics were still banned.

Then he bought himself a \$2-million libel suit by daring to question Barry Goldwater's psychological fitness to finger the nuclear trigger when Goldwater was running for President.

Next, with his muckraking magazine *Fact*, he risked the wrath of the mighty by attacking Detroit (for building cars that were not crash-worthy; this was before Ralph Nader), drug manufacturers (for selling cyclamates which had been proven to cause chromosome damage), and the tobacco industry (for attempting to hide the link between cigarettes and cancer; this was before the Surgeon-General's report).

Still on the rampage, he brashly waved a red flag in the faces of prudes and bigots by running a photographic study of a nude interracial couple in his elegant quarterly *Eros* (this bit of lunacy won him numerous graphic-art awards—and eight months in prison).

In no way "rehabilitated," he turned to the field of consumerism and set it on its ear with his hugely successful, greed-gratifying newsletter *Moneysworth*, in which he published such bawdy, and useful, articles as "A Consumer's Guide to Prostitution."

Now at the peak of his madness, Ginzburg is about to come out with the wildest, most enticing, exasperating, you-can't-live-without-it periodical of his career: *Avant-Garde Biweekly*.

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poetry, and tear-it-out-and-frame-it illustrations. *Avant-Garde* is going to be one of those things you've got to see just to be able to say you've seen it.

Just look at this list of the kinds of far-out articles and features *Avant-Garde* will print:

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Kennedy vs. Nader: A Preview of the '76 Democratic Convention

Carly Simon, James Taylor, and Baby Sarah: A Family Album

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Unde Sam at 200—42 notables (including Otto Preminger, Dr. Albert Sabin, Cleveland Amory, Paul Krassner, and Marshall McLuhan) offer suggestions for celebrating America's forthcoming bicentennial.

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24*

FOLLOW-UP: THE HANDWRITING ON THE WALL

In our August 1971 issue, we published "The View from Kilroy's Head," a collection of strange and wondrous graffiti recorded by then-Colonel Irving Breslauer, with Ken Sams, after years of careful research in Air Force latrines. The Air Force didn't appreciate it. In the months after the appearance of the article, life changed for Colonel Breslauer; and in the following short piece, he recalls how it went for him—and for the Air Force:

The general gripped the arms of his chair and peered over the half glasses that were perched on the end of his nose. He looked over the top of his glasses whenever he could, as if to deny that he really needed them. The combination of his dark-blue shirt with the four stars gleaming from both sides of the collar, his intense look and the knuckle-whitening grip he had on his chair was very intimidating.

Mostly, I wasn't afraid of generals, but since my article in *PLAYBOY* had been published, I had been led to believe that I needed to be on my best behavior. Coupled with a chain of events that was entangling my career, this probation feeling made me nervous and ill at ease. But I pressed on with my briefing.

I had just reached the stage where I was about to make an incisive point when the general coiled in his chair, leaned forward as if he were going to spring, raised his rump . . . and farted.

It was no ordinary fart. It was a career changer. I could tell by the expression on his face that he had put considerable effort into it. And by the sound it made, it had made an arduous journey before it was able to break out into the open. It was a four-star fart.

I continued my recitation as if he hadn't done anything unusual. For him, it probably wasn't unusual. He was used to getting his way, and if he had to raise up to move a recalcitrant fart—why, that's what he did. My presence wasn't even acknowledged, even though my story concerned him very much.

How did circumstances ever place me in a position where I could be so demeaned?

Since 1912, I had served honorably and faithfully in the military service of my country. I was a colonel. During my first weeks in Vietnam, I made a few orientation trips into the field. Naturally, I used whatever facilities were available. Whether in the senior officers' mess at MCAV headquarters

in Saigon or in a makeshift one-hole lean-to in the boonies, all the toilets had one thing in common. People wrote on the walls.

I began collecting thousands of sayings and cataloging them by subject. I then teamed up with a friend and we sent the best to *PLAYBOY*.

I was home on leave the week the article appeared. The magazine sold out and I became a local hero. People in the village pointed me out to one another, with the more courageous (mostly children) asking for autographs. I was given the best service in local stores and asked dozens of times. "When do you think you're going to do another one?"

But that week proved to be the zenith of my literary career, at least for the time being. The leave was over. I had to report for duty. I left my family in North Carolina and took an airplane to St. Louis, which was the closest city to Scott Air Force Base, Illinois, my new duty station.

As I entered what was scheduled to be my office, my secretary said, "Colonel, the chief of staff wants to see you right away." I wasn't concerned. The chief of staff was a two-star whom I'd known since he was a colonel. He was a friend and I had heard that he was one of the people who had recommended me for this job. He probably wanted to say hello.

His secretary announced me and I threw him a sharp salute when I walked into his office.

"Sit down, Irv!"

Nothing ominous about that. He should have said, "Sit down, Breslauer," if he was mad.

"Irv, do you have any relatives who write for *PLAYBOY*?"

"No, sir."

"Do you know anyone with your name who writes for *PLAYBOY*?"

"No, sir." We were both trying to avoid what we both knew was true.

"Well, then, do you know anything about an article that appeared in this month's *PLAYBOY* with a name like yours listed as the author?"

"I wrote it, and I guess there's no sense asking you if you liked it."

"Irv, several of your old friends recommended you for this job here, and now this article appears. It's the talk of the Pentagon. It doesn't show too much respect for the Air Force or the Government."

"Sir, the article just reported what GIs had written on the walls all over Vietnam. I have given my entire adult life to the Air Force. I have enjoyed most of it. If we can't stand to

laugh at ourselves or take a little criticism, especially if it is the truth, we're in trouble."

"Well, the general is upset by this. He asked for you specially and here you are with a questionable article in a girlie magazine and long hair like a hippie."

A new tack. "Sir, I got my hair cut yesterday, and it's within regulations."

"Better get it cut again before the general sees it. He's mad enough now, because of the article."

I guess that's when I started to get out of the Air Force. Forty-eight years old, a colonel, married, with college-age children, just back from Vietnam, where I had been on the team counseling our leaders about information programs that would become national policy—and I was being checked for haircut length by a two-star general.

The barber knew I had just gotten a haircut and thought it was hysterical. "Did you really come to get your hair cut again, or to check and see if your article was here?"

"Just cut it exactly like you do the general's."

The haircut took 15 minutes. Hell, it had been cut the day before.

Thirty minutes later, I was back in the barber's chair. "After all, Irv," the general had said, "you do represent the command. You don't need white side-walls like me, but. . ."

Three haircuts in 24 hours. A new Air Force record, I'm sure. When I finally met the boss, he didn't say a word, but for the next ten months I took my lumps wherever I went. Everybody had something to say about the article: "Did you get that article cleared by Defense, or did you do all your shithouse research off duty?" . . . "Good thing you didn't have diarrhea, or else you would have written a novel." Such are the perils of fame in the Air Force.

My last commanding officer—the general who farted—never directly referred to the article, but I'm told he was thoroughly briefed. And I'm not sure why, but his mindless act tied the bow in the ribbon that wrapped up my Air Force career. I retired within 90 days.

Now, as I look back, I've concluded that guys in the Air Force are not anything special. Mostly they are trying to make a living in the way they know best. Some are good, some are bad. Some are honest, some are crooks. Some are gentlemen, some are gross. Some fart quietly, some raise a leg. Some even write for *PLAYBOY*.

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