ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

DECEMBER 1974 • $1.75

PLAYBOY

GALA CHRISTMAS ISSUE!

ROBERT REDFORD TELLS ALL (ALMOST) · DAN GREENBURG MAKES A PORNO MOVIE
SALVADOR DALI FLESHES OUT HIS EROTIC FANTASIES
GENE WILDER BUILDS A MONSTER IN MEL BROOKS' "YOUNG FRANKENSTEIN"
SEX STARS OF 1974 · PLUS
ISAAC BASHEVIS SINGER
GARRY WILLS · EVAN HUNTER
LARRY L. KING · ARTHUR C. CLARKE · HUNTER THOMPSON
AND MUCH, MUCH MORE!

How many of these people should you surprise with Cutty this Christmas?

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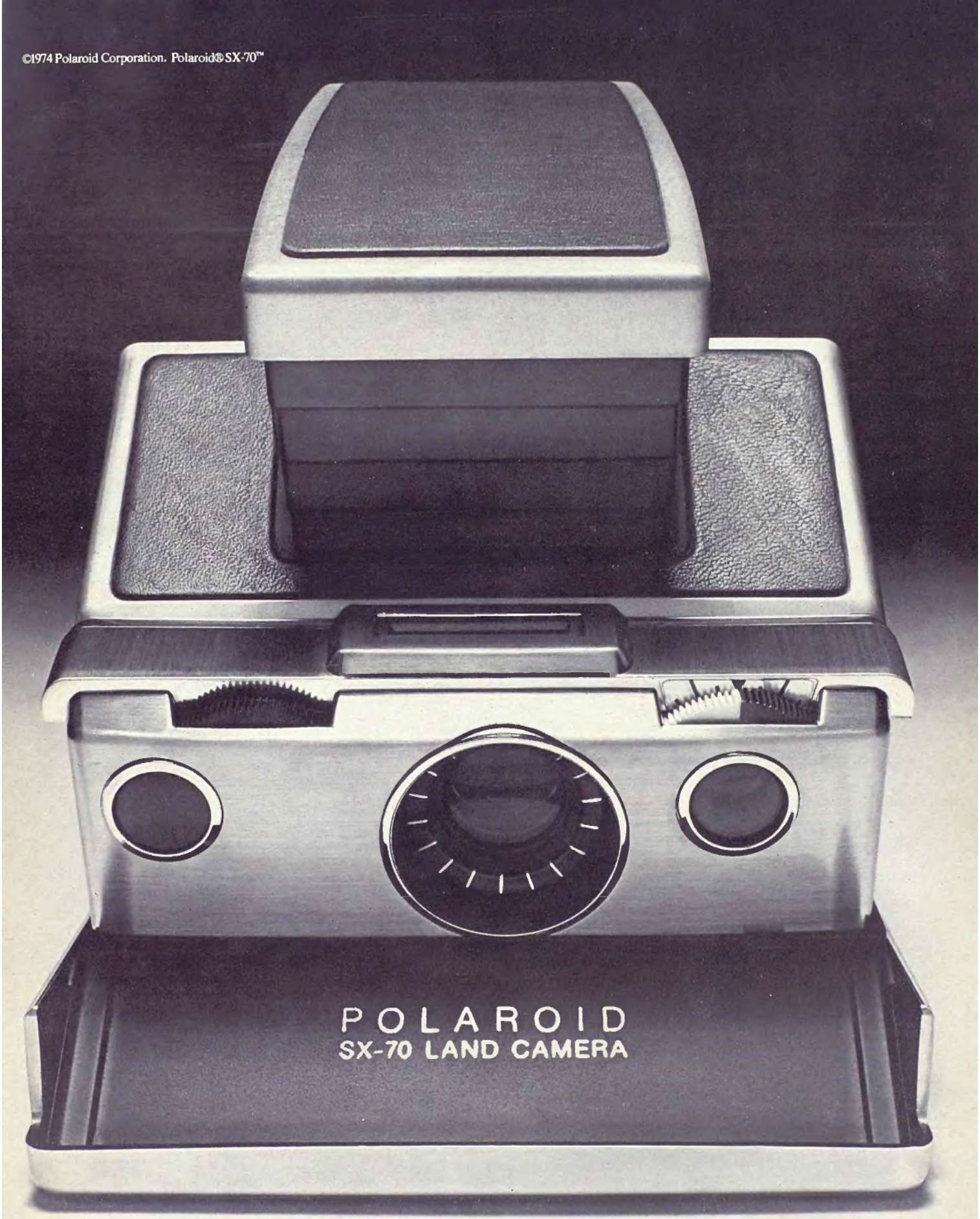

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LADIES and gentlemen, behind these thin paper doors you'll find wonders you never dreamed of—one of the greatest shows on earth, a marvel of the Western Hemisphere—for you are now the proud owner of a brand-new, fully guaranteed (against rust), Christmas-model 1974 PLAYBOY magazine (if it feels warm, that's because it's hot off the presses). It will give you hours of pleasure if you simply follow the easy-to-read instructions in this, your owner's manual. First find some good light. Studies show that reading PLAYBOY in total darkness reduces its usefulness. Then a brief glance at the handy guide that follows will give you clues to the kind of ecstasies that await you when operating your PLAYBOY.

You want strange? You got it: Dr. Hunter Thompson, inventor of Gonzo Journalism, writer for *Rolling Stone*, subject of last month's interview and author of many self-induced, hysterical seizures, such as *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas* and *Fear and Loathing: On the Campaign Trail '72*. After reading enough of his work, we figured he needed a good long rest in a sunny place, so we sent him to the southern tip of Mexico for a little R&R. But he must have thought that meant rock 'n' roll, because he wound up involved in the Third Annual International Cozumel Fishing Tournament on a $325,000, 54-foot deep-sea cruiser and—later—at various cocktail parties given by Striker, the company that makes the big boats for rich industrialists. "The ugliness threshold was low," he says of the scene. You might think after churning through a few *Fear and Loathing* articles that he's done about everything with drugs that can be done in writing. Not so. New and more terrifying worlds open up in this unnatural testimony to Yankee ingenuity at its limits. It's called *The Great Shark Hunt* (with illustration by Paul Lamantia) and Thompson originally sent us the end of the piece with a note "Beginning and middle to come." Then he sent the beginning with a note "Middle to come." Later, when the manuscript was near completion, the story led up to this amazing shark hunt and stopped abruptly with a note "Shark hunt insert to come." Now, you can be sure Thompson tried his best to catch a shark. But we had to wait so long to find out whether or not he succeeded and whether or not he was able to bring himself to write about it that we think you should have to find out for yourself. Besides, it's understood that most of the real sharks are inside Thompson's skull and most of the hunting is done at Customs check points.

PODWIL

GREENBURG

WILDER, BROOKS

SINGER

HUNTER

DALI, POSAR

When a man in Washington said to Henry Kissinger, "I want to thank you for saving the world," the Secretary of State answered simply, "You're welcome." Garry Wills, in *Kissinger*, brings to light how a man could come to accept such a strange compliment, how he could have developed such an image of himself and how he might fail to live up to it. Having fled from Nazi Germany in his youth and returned to the country as an American officer after the war, Kissinger found himself with enormous power over a defeated people. "Though he clearly fell in love with power then, he did not misuse it," says Wills. By going deep into Kissinger's past, Wills learns just what seems to be making the man tick in this unnerving present.

And at the end of any year, it's natural to look back and take stock of the past. Several other people do just that in this issue. Larry L. King goes all the way back to his adolescence and beyond in *Getting Off* (illustrated by Gerry Podwil), the detailed history of one man's sexual education, from bathtub discovery to those peeling old beer joints where "tough-faced young barmaids with firm prize asses twitch and switch them enough to make good men quit home."

Duke Ellington, world-renowned member of our country's jazz royalty, died this year. Murray Kempton, who knew the gentleman, recalls some of his impressions of the Duke in *Loved You Madly*.

Arthur C. Clarke is looking in another direction this December—toward the future. *The Snows of Olympus* envisions a time when Mars may become to future generations what America was to Columbus: the New World. This isn't so far-fetched when you consider that the story was largely inspired by Clarke's visit to the Jet Propulsion Laboratory, where he saw that they could actually do it. Evel Knievel should have tagged along.

The Hotel Chelsea is a New York landmark. There's even a plaque by the entrance listing the names of some former tenants, many of them famous writers. ARTISTS AND WRITERS WHO HAVE LIVED HERE, the sign reads, INCLUDE ARTHUR B. DAVIES, JAMES T. FARRELL, ROBERT FLAHERTY, O. HENRY, JOHN SLOAN, DYLAN THOMAS AND THOMAS WOLFE. In *Remembering the Chelsea*, Farrell himself goes back to the hotel and, while he finds the truth of Wolfe's famous statement ("You can't go home again"), he also discovers that "nobody ever leaves the Chelsea."

Dan Greenburg's memory is quite a different breed. *How to Cast a Porno Film and Not Get Too Nervous* concerns the depth of character one must possess to bring off screen-testing breath-takingly naked women while you're unbelievably horny (apparently always for Dan). The story gets fairly bizarre at one point, when Zero Mostel sticks his tongue in everyone's mouth at a party. No one was really sure why.

Another kind of kinky scene is mapped out by Isaac Bashevis Singer in *A Tale of Two Sisters*. The story takes us from Poland to Russia in search of a mad girl (a Jewish survivor of Nazi terrors). Her sister and a male companion finally

find her, take her to Paris and establish a strange *ménage à trois*. As the story progresses, we see that insanity can, indeed, be a contagious disease under the right circumstances. (For further enlightenment about what one man can and should do with two women, see George Johnson's *Stuck in the Middle with You*.)

Other fiction includes *The Top of the World*, by Tom Mayer, a pilot/English teacher who commutes 100 miles to work in a 30-year-old biplane. He has 1000 hours of flying time over Mexico and wrote *Staggerwing and Me* for our September 1972 issue. His short story concerns an eagle hunt with a shotgun and a light plane somewhere south of the border.

In John Irving's *Brennbar's Rant*, two pressing issues are explored: pimples and the contradictory intimacies of a long-term husband-wife relationship. Says the author, "I wanted to reveal how such intricate familiarity is a source both of irritation and of desire. I wanted to write this from a woman's point of view and suggest that, in any successful long-term relationship, the woman is as combative as the man." The man in this case is a member of a little-recognized minority group: victims of acne. If that's not enough for you, *The Analyst*, by Evan Hunter (illustrated by Alex Gnidziejko), demonstrates that suicide can also be quite contagious.

Alexander Pushkin was Russia's greatest poet. Most of his work is—as one would expect from a major artist—serious, deep and full of your basic eternal verities, but old Al had his yoks as well. Kinuko Craft is the artist who does those great Italian Renaissance–style paintings you've seen here before (*The World's Most Dangerous Book*, December 1973, for example). To take care of the sacrilege quotient of our annual Christmas package, we've put together Craft's erotic work and Pushkin's irreverent poem *The Gabriliad*, which is still banned in Russia and is discreetly left out of most English translations of his writings.

Further disrespect may be found in *Know Your Bible*, interpretations of Judaeo-Christian history by cartoonist B. Kliban, who sometimes finds it hard to distinguish between Jericho and Geritol.

Nowadays, with so many religions imported from faraway places such as China, India and Shreveport, Louisiana, you may sometimes find it hard to tell the saviors without a score card. *Dial-a-God* provides you with an easy guide to choosing your own personal path to salvation. Exactly where the feature came from is as much a mystery to us as it is to you. One day this masked man came in and held us all at gunpoint until we agreed to use it. He also told us a story about researching the piece. It seems at one point he dropped in at a concert hall where Leroy Jenkins was preaching, poked his head in the door and a girl who was seating people asked if she could help. He asked if he could have a program. "Honey," the girl said, shocked, "this is a religion. We don't have programs."

GNIDZIEJKO

IRVING

CRAFT

FARRELL

CLARKE

YATES

Gene Wilder and Mel Brooks (riding high with *Blazing Saddles*) have put together a new movie version (previewed here) of an old classic in *Mel Brooks' "Young Frankenstein."* Ballantine Books will publish it as a novel.

Our odd coupling this month was to bring together Staff Photographer Pompeo Posar, a charmingly diffident gentleman who takes those beautiful pictures of lovely women, and Salvador Dali, the outrageously flamboyant painter of surrealistic melting clocks and atrophied limbs on desert landscapes. *The Erotic World of Salvador Dali* blends two artists' remarkable imaginations.

Five other artists—all of them photographers—got together for a big shoot-out and Playmate-actress Claudia Jennings got caught in the middle. As you'll see in *Claudia Observed*, no one was really seriously injured.

Also, don't forget, since this is the end of 1974, we're just about 21 years old—old enough to buy booze in every state. And that usually calls for some kind of celebration. In honor of the occasion, Jack Denton Scott, in *The Whet Set*, shows us how to make drinks that won't spoil our dinner. Arthur Knight provides us with the inside run-down on those movie people who were the *Sex Stars of 1974*. And Larry DuBois tracked down the elusive and reclusive Robert Redford to get this month's interview. DuBois had a big assist from PLAYBOY Associate Editor Gretchen McNeese, who helped him put it all together back in Chicago.

You can round off the holiday season by taking a test drive in *The Sportsedan*, Brock Yates's appraisal of those square-looking sleepers that often leave you in their dust. One friend of ours went from Boulder, Colorado, to Chicago in 13 hours in a BMW Bavaria, hitting top speeds of 138 miles per hour. Now, *that's* a family car.

And the "much, much more" this month includes Judith Wax's latest editions of *Playboy's Christmas Cards*; scads of cartoons; a meticulously wrought *Vargas Girl*; and, of course, a Playmate, Janice Raymond. Finally, this issue of PLAYBOY—your nifty, all-purpose, portable nirvana—has been fully equipped with almost everything you need for a roaring good time. All that's missing is you.

KEMPTON

KNIGHT

MAYER

KLIBAN

SCOTT

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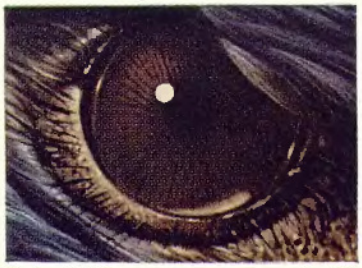
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DEAR PLAYBOY

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ENEMY LINES

I am what I suppose you'd call the enemy. I've frowned upon PLAYBOY for many years for what I believe to be your exploitation of women. Somehow, however, I got hold of Richard Woodley's September article on the male predicament, *We Have Met the Enemy and He Is Us*, and I must praise you for the pleasant shock I received upon reading it. The article is sheer poetry and a learning experience for me. Those of us involved with women's rights sometimes forget that men have been equally confined by the roles society has assigned to them, too. It is refreshing and even a bit painful to hear a male's point of view and realize that all men and women are in the fight together. I do hope more sisters read the piece. And thank you for publishing it.

Beth Jersey
Stockton, California

I'm a 20-year-old male who is tired of being confronted with all this bullshit about impotence. I agree with Woodley that it is somewhat embarrassing to be haunted by the idea of not being able to obtain an erection, but embarrassing to whom? The conventional wisdom seems to have it that the responsibility for performance is exclusively the male's. But shouldn't it rather be the female who should feel insecure for her partner's failure to rise? After all, she is the one who is supposed to arouse her partner, and if she doesn't, I don't think it should be all *his* fault.

Michael J. Aubuchon
Connersville, Indiana

Woodley's words are long overdue: The real enemy of mankind *is* man, not woman. I, too, believe that we have created a social system in which masculinity is defined in terms of who dominates whom, a system that generates a lot of losers whose doubts about their own masculinity surface as a drooping dick. Personally, I think that for every "castrating female" there are a dozen castrating males—or corporations. If we could all simply up and quit when confronted by a humanly or sexually destructive situation, how simple life would be. In the real world, the problem is a lot tougher: to humanize and/or restructure the institutions that employ us so that they no longer menace our masculinity. Or femininity, for that matter.

Robert Claiborne
Truro, Massachusetts

GAY THOUGHTS

Gay Talese's thoughts on sex in *The View from Talese's Head* (PLAYBOY, September) are right on. Whenever I try to explain to a woman how much I need some sign that *she* feels sexual toward *me*, she shoves some article from *Ms.* under my nose. Now I have an article to shove back.

Don Strachan
Venice, California

Talese's view on the relationship of drugs and sex is summed up by his feeling that the supposed increase in the impotence ratio among collegians could well have been because "so many of them were stoned during the Sixties." In response to this bit of police folk wisdom, allow me to say that stonedness—as distinguished from drunkenness—goes with sex like bread goes with butter. Being stoned is an intensification of awareness, and thereby heightens sexual as well as every other kind of pleasure. Of course, there are a small minority of paranoids who cannot benefit from being stoned. These tend to become speed freaks instead. Now, speed *does* make you impotent, and since the pop-culture literati of New York (of which Talese is a member) is about 95 percent speed freak, it is no surprise that from their point of view, impotence is breaking out all over. Let it, I say. There is no way to shut a speed freak up, but the thought that he cannot reproduce himself makes the endurance of his silly chatter more bearable.

Art Kleps
Burlington, Vermont

According to self-proclaimed sex expert Talese, man is still "wandering around, looking for sexual diversion and, contrary to what he wishes to admit, not finding it often enough." I believe men who aren't getting enough are really getting exactly what they want. Then they blame women because they feel guilty for not living up to the PLAYBOY standard of wanting more. Moreover, Talese blames women who

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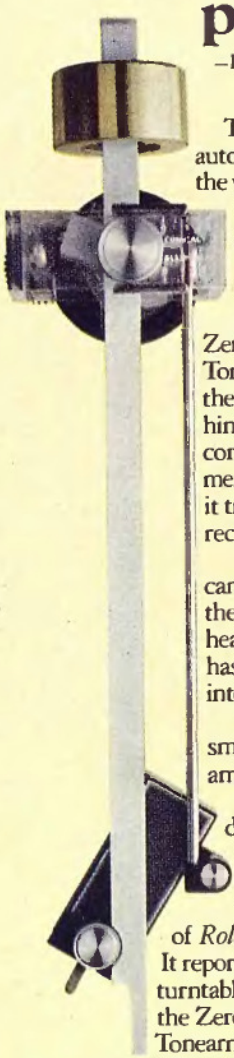

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"are not yet comfortable with the notion of impersonal sex" as part of the male's problem. I, too, am not "comfortable with the notion of impersonal sex." But are men? Or is it, rather, simply unacceptable for men to *admit* that they aren't?

Deborah Perkins
Toledo, Ohio

POWLEDGE KNOWLEDGE

Fred Powledge's *Memoirs of a Househusband* (PLAYBOY, September) is great. I'm a househusband and everything Powledge wrote is true. I, too, find that when I tell women that I'm a househusband, most get insecure, especially when I tell them that when my wife comes home from work, I have coffee on, supper cooked, dishes done and the house cleaned up.

Richard M. Hardin
Tire Hill, Pennsylvania

ALL THAT *JAZZ*

I wish to congratulate you on the publishing of Evan Hunter's *Jazzing in A-Flat* (PLAYBOY, September). I found the story, though fictional, realistically detailed, especially concerning the musical abilities of the blind. It was a good piece of work.

Fred Pacheco
New Bedford, Massachusetts

SURVEILLANT SURVEY

David M. Rorvik's *Bringing the War Home* (PLAYBOY, September), which examines the new uses to which Vietnam War technology is being put, shows how the bureaucratic establishment in Washington is taking over all of us—our lands, our enterprises and our very lives. Reading the article together with the bill of particulars in the Declaration of Independence points up the fact that there isn't much new—we are back to the same old problems. We of the Liberty Amendment Committee of the U.S.A., of which I am national chairman, believe that such practices violate the Constitution and that the only way to put an end to them is to strip the administrators of Government of their economic power over our lives by repealing the 16th (income-tax) Amendment.

Willis E. Stone
Los Angeles, California

Bringing the War Home is the most thought-provoking and downright scary article I have ever encountered. The use of such surveillance technology, I believe, goes against every concept for which America stands. I, for one, am damn tired of the military and the police trifling with my civil liberties and stock-piling arms for possible use against me. In trying to protect us, the law-enforcement establishment is turning America into a police state and it is up to patriots like Rorvik and yourself to keep the public informed of abuses in this area and how to combat them.

Roger D. Hair
Edmond, Oklahoma

Rorvik's article sets out to discuss the application of military technology to peacetime policing and, in the process, tars law enforcement and the Law Enforcement Assistance Administration (LEAA) with a rather broad brush. Rorvik is critical of the development of nonlethal weapons systems for use by law enforcement. Perhaps he would advocate instead the use of such traditional crowd-control measures as the czar's cavalry and machine guns. For the sake of contrast, let me list some programs our department has implemented, thanks to LEAA funds: We've trained paraprofessional victim advocates who deal exclusively with the problems of crime victims. We've hired a specially qualified juvenile counselor, modernized our city's archaic police communications system and hired civilian paraprofessionals to handle nonpolice-service calls received by the department, which, in turn, will free police officers for the handling of more serious police matters.

Leo F. Callahan, Chief of Police
Fort Lauderdale, Florida

I cannot in all conscience advocate many of the devices and tactics described by Rorvik because of their obvious potential for misuse. But, on one issue, he and I part ways: He is opposed to the use of surveillance devices to scan public streets. Certainly, the civil rights of individuals can be violated through the use of such devices. But, as the victim of a mugging that included a concussion (though I offered no resistance) and as the father of a 12-year-old girl who was a near victim of rape, I find it difficult to be objective about Rorvik's righteously indignant stand on electronic police surveillance of city streets. If surveillance devices, if only by the common knowledge of their presence, could have prevented what happened to my daughter and myself, then I'm in favor of their use.

(Name and address
withheld by request)

Although I agree with much of what Rorvik writes, the fact is that most people are helpless in the face of the situation he describes. Helpless not because of a lack of interest but because such abuses of technology are more often than not veiled in secrecy.

Jack Sague, Jr.
Miami, Florida

Bringing the War Home is a misleading and demagogic piece of writing that purports to be a warning against the possibilities of our society's becoming a police state but is, in reality, nothing more than an argument against technology. Rorvik's technique is *reductio ad absurdum*; he lists technological advances and proceeds to conjure up the most totalitarian applications to which they can be put. Granted, advanced technology makes dictatorships more all-encompassing. Is it not also true that devices with which to see in the dark can be used against rapists and burglars as well as against subversives, that computers can be used to ferret out white-collar crime as well as to keep dossiers on political enemies and that boots can be used to hike in as well as to kick in doors? I have to run now, I'm due out on the streets for a long shift of brutalizing the citizenry.

Richard J. Mahony
Denver, Colorado

Rorvik misses the point. At the present time, there is no certain way to ensure both total personal security and unlimited individual freedom. And, though he advocates a position very near unlimited individual freedom, the populace is leaning toward security.

Huck DeVenzio
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

***JERRY*-BUILT**

Though your magazine hit the stands within hours of President Nixon's resignation, I found Reg Potterton's September parody of those *Reader's Digest* anatomy articles, *I Am Jerry's Brain*, to be neither timely nor clever. Dialog such as "Hi, this is the leader of the free world" and analogies likening President Ford's brain to an unfurnished room constitute simplistic crap, not humor. Judging from this article, it is Potterton, not Ford, who "must be prevented from trying to do two things at once"—like, for instance, thinking and writing at the same time.

Tim May
Stockton, California

Potterton replies: Wunga, wunga, wunga.

MILLER TIME

Many, many thanks to you for Henry Miller's piece on love and age, *Insomnia* (PLAYBOY, September). I once had a lover like Miller's. It seemed, just as Miller wrote about his love, that "everybody 'had her number' . . . except me."

David Blakeney
Starke, Florida

For years I have been Henry Miller's lawyer and, in spite of his dour view of my profession, I have been his friend. I have found him intellectually rewarding and, if he will forgive the phrase, spiritually satisfying. Those qualities come through in almost everything he writes or says, whether labored over or tossed off casually. Henry Miller the artist is Henry Miller the man. Although the most gentle of persons in many moods,

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he does not strive for the gentlemanly qualities. As a matter of fact, he abhors anything that suggests artificiality. He is the natural man, the natural writer. I could not help thinking these things as I read his little masterpiece in PLAYBOY. It is quintessential Miller. He writes about his deeply felt experiences with the same eloquence and simplicity that would characterize his conversation about them. I venture to suggest that *Insomnia* will find its place in many anthologies. It is a quick and unforgettable means of learning what Henry Miller means and is.

Elmer Gertz
Chicago, Illinois

Miller's reflections on the thrills of a newly discovered love at 75 radiate that search for truth that has made him one of the most avant-garde writers of our time. Seventy-five . . . 95 . . . 105 . . . what does it matter? As a friend of long standing, I know Henry will always be in love. He must; it stirs the wonderment and the magic within him. This incomparable man, with his abundance of love, will always stay with us as an originator of freedom in writing, a smasher of tradition, a teller of things just the way they are.

Mildreth Sheinkopf
Beverly Hills, California

MARKING ANTHONY

Your September interview with Anthony Burgess is excellent. I found his thoughts on civilization startlingly correct. His words stand as testimony that people of the arts can correctly diagnose the social and political ills that seem to be of epidemic proportions in the world these days.

Tom Shelton
Rockville, Maryland

I have had to listen to Anthony Burgess talk about literature as if he were a great writer and informed literary thinker long enough. His writing is overdone and, although he can rattle off posh words in fat sentences, much of his brainwork tends to be fatuous. His comment in the interview that "the basic rhythms of Joyce's figures are derived from Lewis" is unequivocally dumb. Anyone with an understanding of Joyce realizes that Joyce had no need to parody or derive rhythms from another man. On the other hand, a goodly portion of the "innovative" language in *A Clockwork Orange* was extracted, without acknowledgment, from *Finnegans Wake*. Ain't that horrorshow?

Grant Ruttinger
Detroit, Michigan

Oh, my brother Anthony, you have been both pee and em to me. But after I viddied the bezommy, cally chepooka you creeched in the bolshy-groody gazetta PLAYBOY about my droogie Kurt Vonnegut, I must itty elsewhere on my own oddy knocky. May you stuff your carmens with bolshy deng gavoreeting in your holy goloss to the skolliwoll chellovecks.

Alex
Gainesville, Florida

THE *AHS* HAVE IT

Pompeo Posar's pictorial contribution to your September issue, *Sis! Boom! Ah!*, is the finest layout I've seen in some time. Posar's camera successfully captures one of the greatest-looking ladies ever to beautify your magazine.

W. Mark Burow
Des Moines, Iowa

MARKET ANALYSIS

Andrew Tobias' *How to Keep Your Head in Today's Market* (PLAYBOY, September) has an ambitious title. Few of us have been able to keep our heads securely fastened during this market's toboggan ride, a ride even more harrowing because, as we go down, interest rates and the prices of everything else go up. Still, Tobias strikes a commendable blow for simplicity and provides common-sense guidelines for the novice investor. Also, he writes with humor. Nevertheless, several of his assertions—that there are just two dominant market emotions and three kinds of stocks, that people will pay what they think a stock is worth, that IBM and Levitz may be grouped together and that the purchase of "top-tier" stocks is to be eschewed—strike me as simplistic. With most stocks at nine-year lows, it is our firm's contention, after 116 years in the business, that blue chips, including top-tier stocks, will lead the recovery impressively, that middle-grade stocks may be sluggish followers and that lower-grade ones may not bloom again until most of us are in our golden years.

Albert Haas, Jr.
Senior Vice-President
Sutro & Co.
San Francisco, California

THE NIXON LEGACY

Geoffrey Norman's September *Playboy After Hours* essay on what he sees as the grateful absence of "Nixon schools, highways, parks" was fine except for one fact he overlooked. There *is* a Richard M. Nixon Freeway and it is located in Southern California. Like its namesake, the freeway does not go all the way—constructed as it is in two sections about 40 miles apart. At present, the Nixon Freeway consists of wide portions of well-used streets. The whole project—so far, at least—has accomplished little and has ended in the middle of nowhere.

Glenn D'Onofrio
Torrance, California

THREE WORDS THAT ARE GOING TO CHANGE THE LANGUAGE OF LEARNING.

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formulas, or foreign phrases are necessary, they are translated into ordinary English. Illustrations appear in the text, at the point they illustrate. The articles range in length from about 1,000 words to nearly a quarter million; a dozen and a half of them are as long as one or more ordinary books. They are alphabetically arranged, and contain nearly 1,300 color and more than 6,700 black-and-white illustrations and 160 color plate inserts.

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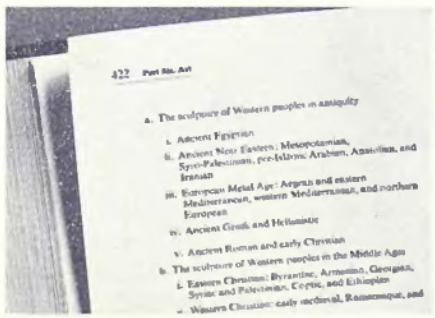

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The point we're trying to make is that Datsuns are built better. Not just the big things we usually talk about, like fuel economy and performance. Little things, too. When you have to spend years with a car, little things mean a lot.

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Means of support

The crankshaft in an engine takes a beating you wouldn't even like to think about. Every time a spark plug fires, "WHAM!" the crankshaft is jolted by a piston rod. That's why we have five places of support—five main bearings—for the Datsun 710 crankshaft. Lots of engines try to get by with three. But the crankshaft is so important (and so awfully expensive to replace) we decided that two extra bearings were well worth it.

Upstairs, downstairs

Most cars have pushrod engines. A camshaft down in the bowels of the engine makes push rods go up and down, which make rocker arms rock, which—finally—open and close the valves on cue. That's a lot of activity to open a valve. The Datsun 710 has an overhead cam engine which uses 43% fewer moving parts, thus cutting power-eating inertia and friction. What's more, even if your car *does* have an overhead cam, the odds are that it is driven by one of those rubber belts instead of a stout, enclosed, oil-bathed twin chain like the Datsun's. Know why? Because rubber belts are lots cheaper to make than stout chains.

Golf balls vs. luggage

We must admit that there are bigger trunks on a few cars. Not many, mind you. But cubic feet do not tell the whole story. You see, trunk capacity usually is measured with golf balls. You put as many as you can get into the trunk, then you calculate how much that is in cubic feet. Never mind that there's a spare tire sticking up in the middle or a jack protruding from the side. All our trunk space is usable. There's a flat bottom, vertical sides, a straight up and down back wall, all closed up with a more

than your car.

or less flat trunk lid. Other cars may hold more golf balls. We hold more suitcases.

Is it a motorcycle or a car?

If you blow a headlight fuse on the Datsun 710, you still have 4 headlights working, complete with your choice of brights or dims. The two on the side with the blown fuse don't throw an awful lot of light, naturally, but they *will* tell oncoming drivers that you're a car, not a motorcycle.

A long and zappy life

Datsun's standard battery is a really heavy-duty 60 amp/hour one. Most others come with low-power, cheap batteries standard and often don't even offer a heavy-duty option at extra cost that's as powerful as our standard equipment battery.

The old spaghetti factory

On most cars, when you open the hood you look at a lot of plastic spaghetti. There are wires draped here, drooped there, clamped over yonder, going Lord knows where. Even experienced mechanics have their hands full tracking it all down when there's a problem. On the Datsun 710, all the wiring leads neatly and cleanly to a big black box covered by a weather-protecting lid. Open the box and there you have all the resistors, cluster connections and relays that the mechanic needs to get at. What's more, we even take the trouble to install all the hose clamps right side up for the mechanic. Why be so nice to the mechanic? Simple: the easier it is for him to do his thing, the smaller your repair bill is likely to be.

The moral of the story

We could go on with examples like this for page after page. But there's really only one surefire way for you to find out if Datsun really *is* better: Put down this magazine, get your coat, go to your nearest Datsun dealer and take a test drive and a long, hard look at the Datsun of your choice. Look at the little things, like how the doors fit, how the paint covers what it should and keeps off what it shouldn't. Check out the details as well as the big things. It's the little things that make your car a friend or enemy, over the long haul. And the long haul is what Datsun is all about.

Datsun

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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

All right, we won't kick him while he's down; but we can nudge him, can't we? A passage from P. G. Wodehouse's *Brinkley Manor*, published in 1933, reads as follows (Jeeves is speaking to Bertie Wooster):

> "Two men named Nicholls and Jackson set out to ride to Brighton on a tandem bicycle, and were so unfortunate as to come into collision with a brewer's van. And when the rescue party arrived on the scene of the accident, it was discovered that they had been hurled together with such force that it was impossible to sort them out at all adequately. The keenest eye could not discern which portion of the fragments was Nicholls, and which Jackson. So they collected as much as they could, and called it Nixon. I remember laughing very much at that story when I was a child, sir."

•

How exciting *was* it, Johnny? From a review in the publication *Pyramid*: "Duane Decker's cape caught fire, causing him to leap on top of his organ. It was an exciting performance by an exciting group."

•

A policewoman in Bedford, England, was shocked to find a young couple making love by the banks of the Ouse River. "Stop it!" she shouted, yanking at the man's arms. "Leave us alone!" the couple shouted in unison. They didn't stop, the policewoman later told a judge, until male police reinforcements arrived and arrested them. The couple spent an hour in jail and then posted bond. They went straight to a public park, nestled in the shade of a bandstand and went at it again, starkers. A second policewoman stumbled onto them and placed them under arrest.

•

Restaurant news: A bank in New York received a check made out by a depositor to a local dining establishment. Above the signature, the endorsement read: "For a dreadful meal, served extraordinarily slow." . . . And in Tel Aviv, a sign written in English and hung in a restaurant window read: COME IN. LET US HOSPITALIZE YOU. The owner explained to a reporter that he thought he was using the verb form of hospitality.

•

The Federal Government recently sent out a questionnaire to survey certain business practices. Among the questions, it asked: "How many employees do you have—broken down by sex?" A New Jersey firm answered: "Very few. Liquor is more of a problem here."

•

A newlywed couple in Italy installed a television camera in their bedroom to record certain events for posterity, or at least for reviewing. Wires got crossed and the camera was somehow hooked up to their apartment building's cable-TV system, giving neighbors keen insights into their family life.

•

Frederick N. Mellinger, whose personal Beautify America campaign centers on the sale of padded bras by his famous Frederick's of Hollywood stores, recently spoke at the Chicago Association of Direct Marketing. His topic: Making Mountains Out of Molehills.

•

Ho-hum, the hospital life: A medical advisor for Blue Shield reviewing the report of a surgical procedure was pleased to find that the usual tedious prose was enlivened by the following paragraph: "The patient was placed in the lithotomy position and the pubic area thoroughly scrubbed with bedatine solution. She was then raped in the usual manner, and the surgery commenced."

•

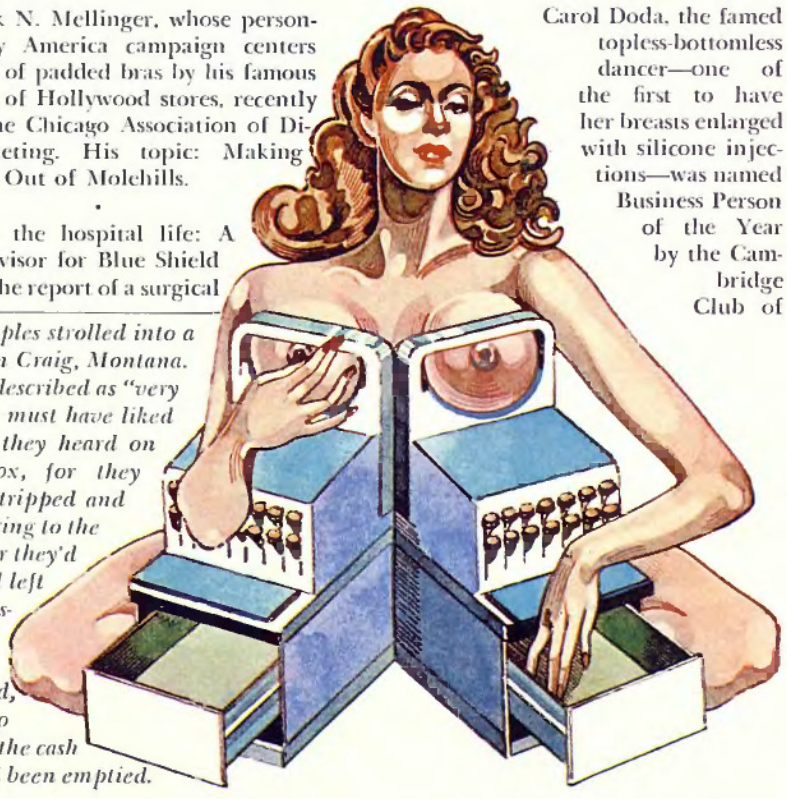
A news dispatch out of Washington on a Supreme Court decision that dealt a blow to the tax-exempt status of certain religious groups announced that the ruling went against "a liberal religious greedom group and a fundamentalist university."

•

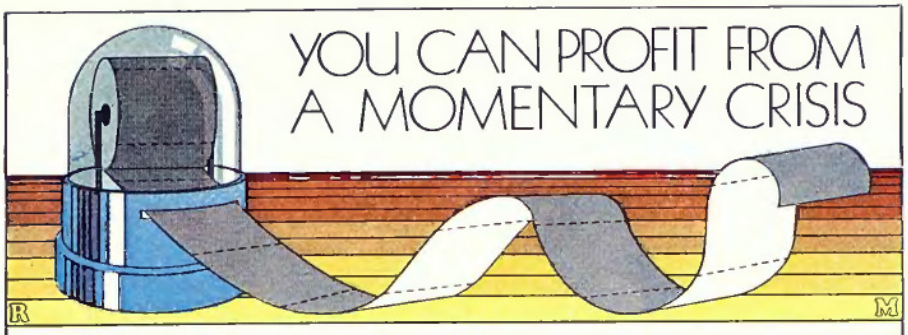
Sybil Leek, the witch, was profiled in a recent issue of the *Chicago Sun-Times*. The biographical material read in part: "She grew up in England with a little bell to pull and a chauffeur would come when it rang. 'I'm not ashamed to admit I enjoyed it,' she said."

•

Carol Doda, the famed topless-bottomless dancer—one of the first to have her breasts enlarged with silicone injections—was named Business Person of the Year by the Cambridge Club of



Two couples strolled into a quiet bar in Craig, Montana. The girls, described as "very attractive," must have liked something they heard on the jukebox, for they promptly stripped and began dancing to the music. After they'd dressed and left with their escorts, the bartender, still stunned, happened to notice that the cash register had been emptied.



YOU CAN PROFIT FROM A MOMENTARY CRISIS

Any economic crisis that begins, peaks and dies in less than an hour is a momentary crisis. During that short time, you can make or lose a fortune. Anticipating these crises is the key to making a profit. Not anticipating these crises is the key to losing your ass.

Why Crises? Why Not a Rash or the Mumps? The primary cause of momentary crises is the decline in piggy banks and other private savings devices. The little people are no longer putting their pennies away; they are out there spending like crazy. Prices rise, the Government prints more money, the gold reserves are depleted by increased demands of dentists, the worth of paper money is lessened, the Government goes into the scratch-pad business and the little people die of starvation. Into this environment comes the greedy investor, signaling the beginning of a momentary crisis.

If more than 100,000 people invest in the same thing at the same time, a crisis occurs. Example: 400,000 Shriners put their money in wax lips. The price of wax lips goes up. An hour later, they change their collective mind, withdraw their money from wax lips and put it in gold stocks. The bottom drops out of wax lips and gold futures rise. The Shriners make no appreciable gain on their investment. However, the man who took his money out of wax lips at the moment they peaked and put it in gold stocks makes a profit.

An Abbreviated Course in Investment: It takes character to invest and profit. Any fool can invest and lose. I have listed several character strengths essential to investment gain:

A. Kindness to animals: Just as Tarzan was able to enlist the aid of the jungle creatures when he was out of smokes, you, too, need the help of the animal kingdom. Take the example of the fellow who packed a stockholders' meeting with annoyed squirrels and caused such confusion that he walked out of the meeting as a major stockholder. All that power for the price of a bag of peanuts.

B. Good table manners: No man can expect to be a successful investor without proper table etiquette. The late John D. Rockefeller refused to lend money to a man who ate soup with his fingers. He was, however, amused by people who ate chicken with a spoon.

C. Courage: It takes guts to make a killing. As in battle, you can't taste victory if you dress as a woman and huddle in a potato cellar singing nursery rhymes to a borrowed child. You have to be willing to suffer the consequences if you want to reap the benefits and vice versa.

Investments: I have listed here some of the more promising investments. If they don't prove to be promising, I didn't list them:

Raleigh coupons, Bazooka comics, Green Stamps: Premiums such as these, while commonly thought of as long-term investments, are very unstable. If a Bazooka comic offers a wristband pacemaker, a run can begin. If you bought into Bazooka coupons at a tenth of a cent, sold the gum for three tenths of a cent and the wrapper for .000000005 of a cent and if you chose a hot offer, you could expect a staggering 40,000 percent profit. Impressive growth, to say the least. However, if you buy into Pigeon Shoes, you can lose your mittens.

Foreign Currencies: A. Algerian urga: Two years ago, an urga was worth .0000000000006 of a cent. Today it is worth $34,000. This extraordinary gain is due to its scarcity. If you happen to be one of the lucky three who own an urga, hold onto it.

B. Bulgarian grotzinc: The grotzinc is backed by vacuum-cleaner parts and is very stable. Its annual growth rate is 5600 percent.

C. Dutch tinc: The tinc has replaced the British tsk tsk as the glamor currency of the world. One side of the coin has an engraving of 37 favorite royal sexual positions, the other has a list of rumors about Jackie and Ari.

If You Fail: If you take the suggestions I have outlined in this article, you have a good chance of coming out ahead (fifty-fifty).

If you have lost and have brought dishonor to your family, don't call me; try giving a hickey to a freight train (moving). —*John Hughes*

the Harvard Business School. Miss Doda's initial $2000 investment bought her 44 inches—a growth factor, the Harvard boys cited, that clearly displayed her "leadership in the field of asset management and her consistent attention to the bottom line."

•

No charge: Low Voltage Electric Blankets, Inc., is "apologetically" recalling its products. It seems that some "interaction" between the blanket filler and individual body chemistry can cause the blankets to light up brightly at night.

"A harmless incandescent phenomenon," says the company, but it would like to restuff them just the same.

ACTS AND ENTERTAINMENTS

Chris Miller, who's mainly funny for the National Lampoon, *is a closet rock writer, here exposed.*

Fans of rock 'n' roll are often so preoccupied with their lament for the great lost acts of the Sixties (the Beatles, Hendrix, Redding, Joplin, the Doors) and for those other stars who have mellowed into decline (Dylan, the Stones) that I wonder how many of them appreciate the survival and continuing growth of the most sublime of all American white pop groups of that era—the **Beach Boys.**

Yeah, yeah, I know: Their lyrics are inane. They sing about girls and trees and water instead of transvestites and dead babies. They're WASPy and clean-cut, even with their beards, at a time when it is *de rigueur* to appear either depraved or Third World. And they're so continuously, unfashionably good-humored that certain critics have pronounced them "irrelevant" and labeled their output "rock Muzak."

Well, bullshit. These complaints are *non sequiturs*. With the possible exception of Dylan, lyrics in rock 'n' roll have

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Cyndi Wood

never much mattered. Nor, beyond Chuck Berry's duck walk, has "theater." What has mattered has been the *sound* of a group. If their sound made you feel good, you didn't care if the performers looked like cops and sang about hair tonic. One of the most exciting rock-'n'-roll offerings of the Sixties, better than nearly all of the war, acid and we-got-to-get-it-together songs, was the Four Tops' version of *Pepsi's Taste that Beats the Others Cold.* So what is this noise about banal lyrics whenever the Beach Boys come up? You want verbal profundity, go read the London *Times.*

The best rock 'n' roll has always utilized voices as other instruments, not deliverers of messages. The medium—the music itself—is the message. James Brown, for one, grasps this utterly. More and more over the years, he has made his voice the lead instrument of his sound rather than a medium for lyrics. Today, he seldom bothers to express a linear thought. The words he utters are there for the way they sound and make you feel, not for what they say.

Similarly, the Beach Boys' voices are their most important instruments. Whether exquisite, shimmering *oooooooh*s or rolling driving *ooh-wah-wah*s, their incredible harmonies are the central fact of their music and the reason why, at a recent performance at a baseball stadium in Jersey City, they were able to drive 28,000 kids (who didn't yet have pubic hair when the Beach Boys released their first hit record) into a joyous frenzy the likes of which I hadn't seen at a rock concert in years.

To a strident group of song requesters in the human sea that lapped up against the foot of the stage in center field, a Beach Boy responded, "Hey, we have trillions of songs. You don't think we'd go away and leave you unsatisfied, do you? I mean, really. After this many years, we know each other better than that." Right. The Beach Boys really know how to do it to you. Their *oeuvre*, stretching back a full 12 years to *Surfin' Safari*, is vast and diverse. Like few other groups, they can choose among newies and oldies, number-one chart hits and adventurous, complex album cuts, up-tempo hard-rockers (well, as hard as the Beach Boys get) and slow, dreamy ballads, arranging their selections into a show that becomes ever more exciting as it progresses. The first half contained mostly songs from *Pet Sounds* forward, their middle and late periods, performed with incandescent mastery. But of their final ten songs, eight were oldies, and it was these that the crowd loved best.

Listen to this finale: After a pair of high, floaty, make-you-feel-stoned numbers, during which the audience had drifted a little, the Beach Boys launched into a spirited *Sloop John B.* The crowd came alive, beginning to clap and dance. The Beach Boys *segued* into their primal ballad, *Surfer Girl.* The people put their arms around each other and their heads on each other's shoulders and swayed. Swayed! When's the last time you saw *that* at a rock concert?

Then, in quick succession—*Heroes and Villains, Help Me, Rhonda* and *I Get Around.* The crowd was going wild in ecstatic disbelief. "They did *that*, too?" Then—*Good Vibrations.* It was the climactic moment of the night and, toward the very end of it, as the Beach Boys hit that high, ethereal chord that directly precedes the up-tempo run-out, some hot shit in the stands fired off a flare such as you see in war movies, which shot high into the air and floated slowly down on a parachute. It was orange and it was like an orgasm.

Then, without a break, straight into *Fun, Fun, Fun,* the beginning of which happens to be, almost note for note, the matchless guitar opening to *Johnny B. Goode.* As though it was released from a spell, the crowd shrieked with pleasure. I saw tears in eyes at that moment and reflected that, for the first time since the death of Otis Redding, the predominant emotion going down between audience and performers was love.

The Beach Boys waved and left the stage. They waited until the screams for more had almost turned panicky before they ran back on and destroyed everyone once and for all with *California Girls, Barbara Ann* and *Surfin' U.S.A.* This time, when they left, the crowd cheered mightily but let them go. The Beach Boys had been as good as their word; a less unsatisfied crowd would have been hard to imagine. Nicest of all about the Beach Boys: They didn't come on like superstars. They simply *were* superstars.

RECORDINGS

The good old Grateful Dead, last of the true original San Francisco rock bands, just keeps rolling along. It's never had the hits of the Jefferson Airplane, but Dead freaks form a fiercely loyal audience, convinced that Jerry Garcia and the Dead play rock 'n' roll just the way God intended it. With the exception of *U. S. Blues*, which chugs right in there with *Casey Jones* and *Truckin'*, ***Grateful Dead from the Mars Hotel*** (Grateful Dead) is a bit slow and solemn—but, like all the Dead's efforts, it repays careful listening. The rewards come faster on Garcia's new solo LP, ***Compliments of Garcia*** (Round), which is chock-full of some startling goodies. On it, Garcia applies his wise and flowing guitar to Dixieland, soul and The Rolling Stones. His version of *Let's Spend the Night Together* turns Jagger's punk-hungry plea into a gentle seduction; and *Russian Lullaby* gives you a flash of how the Dead would have sounded if it'd started out in speak-easies instead of at acid tests. Garcia makes music as naturally as a bee makes honey, and he's at his best on this album.

•

Oh, my, is Freddie Hubbard hot. ***High Energy*** (Columbia) is—and it's hard to believe—better than anything he's done before. Hubbard has over the past couple of years all but eliminated the competition for the title of top trumpet player. He is, simply and definitively, sensational. The Hubbard Quintet, which features reed man Junior Cook and pianist George Cables, is augmented by a stream of first-rank musicians, including such stalwarts as Ernie Watts, Victor Feldman and Joe Sample. But Hubbard often makes you forget everything that's going on behind him. His tone and technique are faultless, but it's the constant stream of new ideas pouring out of his horn that's hypnotic. There are six tracks on the LP and every one is a mind boggler.

•

A few months ago, Jimmy Buffett passed through Chicago and sang a dynamite tune called the *Ballad of Spider John.* The lyrics left us aching: "Lil she had no idea of my illustrious occupation/She thought I was a saint and not a sinner gone astray." Hey-hey. We bought Buffett's album to learn the song and discovered that it was written by one W. A. Ramsey. We called a friend who is addicted to songwriters and asked if he recognized the name. "Willis Alan? Sure enough. He was encouraged by Gregg Allman and Leon Russell. He's got an album out coproduced with Denny Cordell. The collaboration may remind you of

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what Robbie Robertson did for Jesse Winchester on *his* first album—Ramsey would have been better left alone—but it's good in spite of the help. If you think *Spider John* was a classic, you should hear *Muskrat Candlelight* or *Northeast Texas Women*: 'with kisses that are sweeter than cactus.'" We ordered ***Willis Alan Ramsey*** (Shelter); we don't know how we missed it the first time around. Ramsey looks like Jerry Van Dyke and sounds like a cross between Dr. John the Night Tripper and Leon Russell. Some of the songs on the album have been covered by other cosmic cowboys—America recorded *Muskrat Candlelight* but called it *Muskrat Love*. Do yourself a favor and catch the original.

•

Welcome Back, My Friends, to the Show That Never Ends—Ladies and Gentlemen—Emerson, Lake & Palmer (Manticore) is a marathon three-record set of live performances that are more like assaults. They roar from start to finish with such frenetic energy, *ad overkill*, that you may find yourself wishing the show *would* end. This is not to diminish the dazzling, flawless performances or the awesome tightness of the band, because it's all here, recorded with complete faithfulness—everything an E.L.P. freak could desire. For anybody but a diehard fan, however, there are no surprises in the album and little chance of sudden conversion.

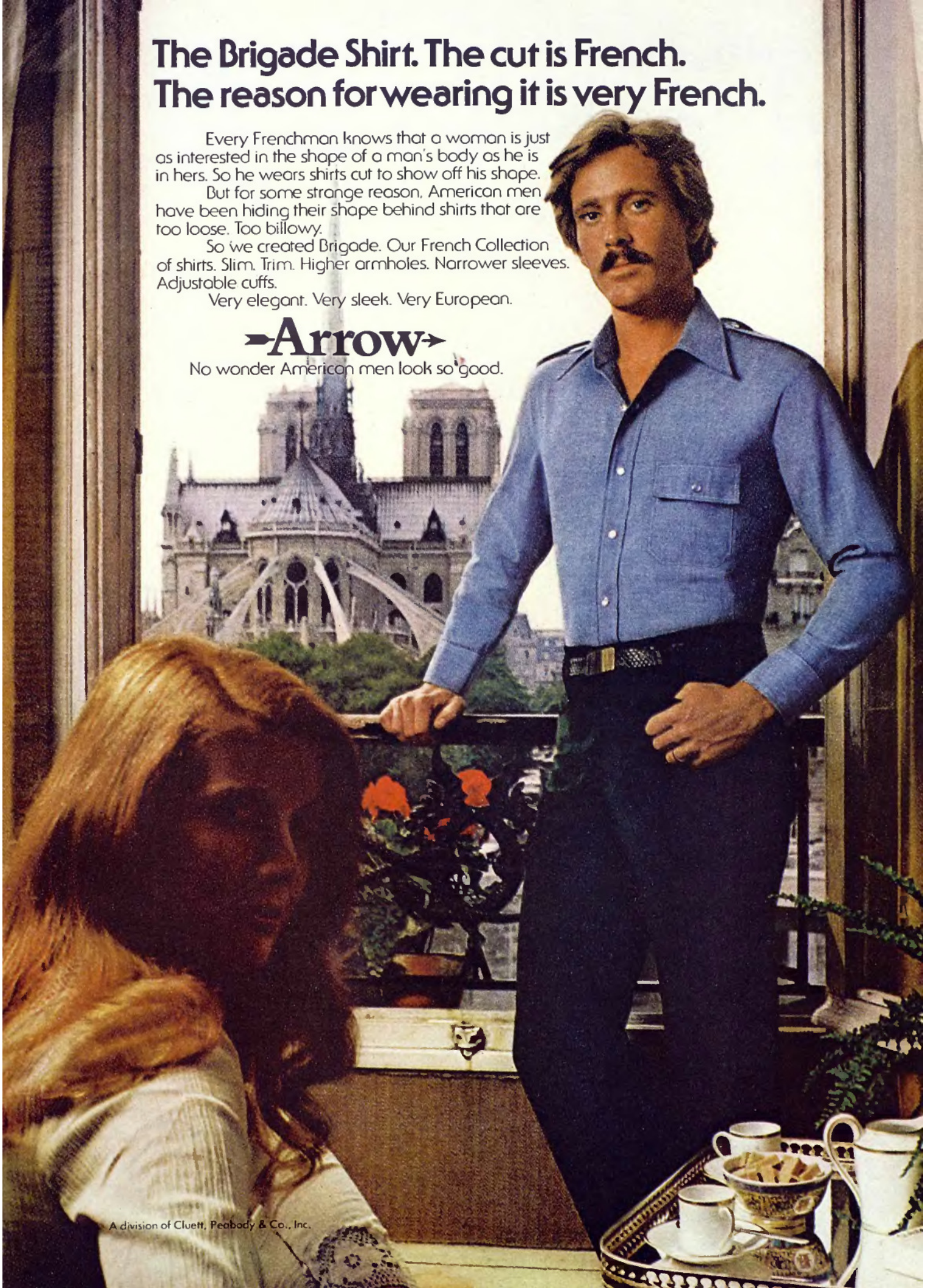
•

If you and she are foundering between the six-headed Scylla of Masters and Johnson and the sudsy Charybdis of Fibber McGee and Molly, let Dixie's coast guard of marriage—Porter Wagoner and Dolly Parton—throw you a line. Their latest lifesaver, ***Porter 'n' Dolly*** (RCA), is a ringer. The mini-oratorio runs the gamut of styles from slow rock-a-billy through folk and pop to Cajun and calypso. And the scenario is effective: love pledged in *Please Don't Stop Loving Me* and *The Fire That Keeps You Warm*; love ruptured in *Too Far Gone*; love reaffirmed in *We'd Have to Be Crazy* and *The Power of Love*. The flip side of the romance follows suit. Dolly's voice is an uncanny blend of Patti Page and Ethel Merman. But never was *Mockin' Bird Hill* more sweetly rammed by Cleopatra's barge.

•

With new jazz organists coming up all the time and doing their best to rip off Jimmy Smith, it's a pleasure to hear a young entry who comes out of a really different bag. We mean Ronnie Foster, whose keyboard roots appear to be more in Ray Charles and Booker T. ***On the Avenue*** (Blue Note) follows the pattern of his previous LPs in that it combines some sophisticated harmonic ideas with the space rhythms of jazz-rock and some very dexterous keyboard solos. Produced by nonpareil guitarist George Benson, it nonetheless features another top fret

The Brigade Shirt. The cut is French. The reason for wearing it is very French.



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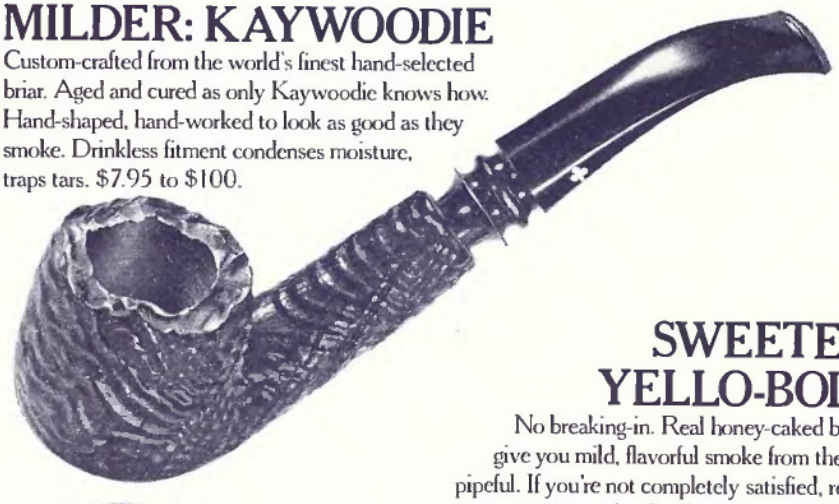

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The World's Favorite Pipes

man—Phil Upchurch—on guitar and bass, and the results are spectacular, indeed, as 'Church and Foster apply their educated chops to some Foster originals (*Serenade to a Rock*; the title tune), plus entries by Stevie Wonder (*Golden Lady*) and Freddie Hubbard (*First Light*). Light-heavyweight champ Bob Foster may be losing his knockout punch, but his organ-playing namesake appears ready to pick up the slack.

•

Herbie Hancock's ***Head Hunters*** (Columbia) continues the ongoing saga of the composer-pianist's development into one of the moving forces in the Afro-jazz-rock idiom. With the sterling assistance of reed man Bennie Maupin, bassist Paul Jackson, drummer Harvey Mason and percussionist Bill Summers, Hancock, performing on electric piano, clavinet, synthesizer and pipes, fills this LP with mesmerizing sound. In addition to his classic *Watermelon Man*, there are three extraordinary tracks—*Chameleon*, *Sly* and *Vein Melter*, and if the last named doesn't do just that to you, you're dead, baby. ***Bill Evans / The Tokyo Concert*** (Fantasy) offers an absorbing counterpoint to the Hancock approach. Each new Evans album reveals another facet of his awesome talent. We'd always thought of him as probably the most cerebral pianist around, but with the Tokyo cuts, it becomes apparent that some body and soul

are being added to the mind—a little more flash, a little more spirit, a little more guts. Whatever. Evans, in concert with exemplary bassist Eddie Gomez and drummer Marty Morell, tore things up in Tokyo. From the opener, Bobbie Gentry's *Mornin' Glory*, to the capper, Bronislau Kaper's jazz classic *Green Dolphin Street*, it's all winners.

•

As one of the initial boy wonders of the rock-'n'-roll scene, Stevie Winwood, through a nine-album excursion with his own Traffic and a side trip with both Blind Faith and Ginger Baker's Air Force, has rarely failed his promise. Now he's following the imaginative Seventies trend: bands of the middle and late

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Sixties either re-forming or, if still hanging in there, returning to their roots and dredging up all the qualities that made us love them. So Winwood has taken Traffic back to the *John Barleycorn* days with the band's tenth release, ***When the Eagle Flies*** (Asylum). Together with original and current members, Winwood effectively recaptures that warm but spare Traffic sound. Add an occasional dash of mellotron and today's production techniques, and you've got an enjoyable album of the first order.

•

The electric utility companies ought to declare a special dividend for Eddie Harris. He's come up with the most productive use of electricity since Thomas Alva was doing his thing. ***Is It In*** (Atlantic) has Harris on electric sax and electric piano (he also pitches in on acoustic piano and does a little vocalizing), Ronald Muldrow on organ and guitorgan, Rufus Reid on electric bass and string bass and William James on drums and electric bongos. And the juice is really loose. Harris has developed a high-voltage hallmark that sets him apart from his jazz confreres. It may not be the wave of the future, but it will do for now.

•

Bachman-Turner Overdrive owes its identity—and its platinum LP—to Randy Bachman's lyrics: Top 40 rockers about hard work and trying to make good that usually talk to you and leave you singing. Unfortunately, ***Not Fragile*** (Mercury) won't. A couple of cuts do hit that B.T.O. push-button AM single sound—so you may find yourself humming a little and having what passes these days for a good time—but the album is mainly rock 'n' roll at its undistinguished best. Which is to say that it sounds in various places a little bit like any rock group you'd care to name—practically a summary of the form. So if your Ten Years After is out on loan, and Creedence is lost in the stacks, turn up B.T.O. and hum away.

•

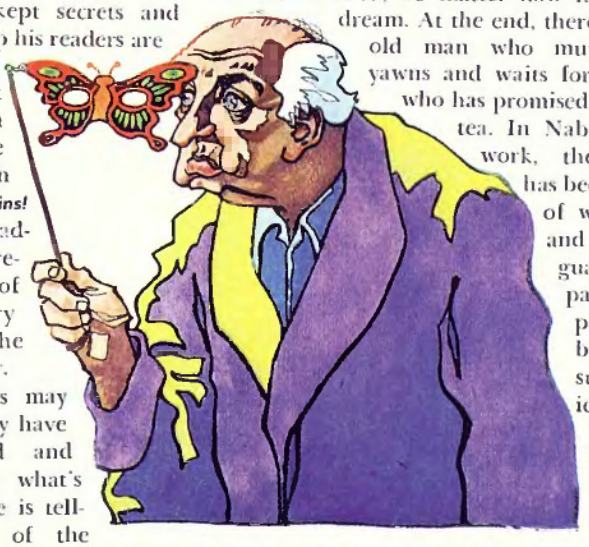
Rock 'n' roll and evening clothes? It may come to that, if Bryan Ferry is any indication. Known primarily as the lead singer, songwriter, musical major-domo and arbiter of elegance of a very mannered and witty English band called Roxy Music, Ferry has taken to performing in formalwear of late, singing songs whose style and verve are the equal of his sartorial elegance. On ***These Foolish Things*** (Atlantic), his first solo album, Ferry's treatment of 12 other classics is similarly unique. He sings them straight, almost as Janis Joplin, Smokey Robinson, John Lennon and even Lesley Gore did originally—but not quite. The approach is that of an entrepreneur, a song stylist in the Sinatra vein, singing in a slightly dramatic, emotional manner that emphasizes the lyric content of each song. Ferry considers a well-written rock song a "guitar-strumming poetry reading"—a rather lofty opinion but, judging by his virtuoso performance on *These Foolish Things*, eminently justified.

•

Guitarist Cornell Dupree, a young but much-decorated veteran of the studio wars—he's played on a million things with people such as Aretha Franklin and his Fort Worth–home boy, King Curtis—gets to do *his* thing on ***Teasin'*** (Atlantic), and it's a one-man, one-album course in how to play great blues-rock guitar without getting your hair mussed up. David Newman contributes his usual tough tenor, Richard Tee cooks on the keyboards and the veteran rhythm team of Chuck Rainey and Bernard Purdie lays down its too, too solid beat as Dupree runs through an r&b program ranging from old Ray Charles Gospel-style numbers (*What Would I Do Without You?*) and rollicking jazz boogies (*Okie Dokie Stomp*) to the modern rock of *Jamaican Lady* and the title tune. The guitar sounds are relaxed and unpretentious—they seem almost liquid—and every one is right in place.

BOOKS

When an old man sits down to compose his memoirs, he may try to set the record straight at last. He'll rummage in the past and make a huge effort to get the right names and dates and the correct sequence of events. He'll purposely avoid moral lapses, embarrassing moments, the well-kept secrets and pieces of hot gossip his readers are waiting for. A tedious business but about all one can expect from the ordinary mind. In ***Look at the Harlequins!*** (McGraw-Hill), Vladimir Nabokov presents the memoirs of the extraordinary mind—that of the artist-genius-writer. Names and dates may fail him, facts may have to be invented and people, too, but what's the difference? He is telling *his* version of the story and it is too late to begin again and look at the world through the eyes of a bookkeeper or book reviewer or historian. "Come on!" the poor batty Vadim's abnormal aunt cried out one day when he was seven or eight. "Play! Invent the world! Invent reality!" And he did, and so helped keep his madness at bay, helped himself survive—after a fashion. Of course, one invention leads to another and, in time, all of them pile up and depend upon the maintenance of some very precarious balance. Let one fall and they all fall; let other people pull the rug out from under you and you'll end up in a rest home forever. And Vadim works hard to take care of himself in the "real world." He hops from wife to wife and country to country and book to book and applauds his brilliance and his gorgeous body and his charm and his place in the history of literature. He is a giant. He has, in fact, written many of the books Nabokov himself has written and if reviewers and scholars and translators have trouble figuring out what he is up to, so much the worse for them. Some can't even get the plots straight, and in the Formosan translation of *A Kingdom by the Sea*, it is reported that for Al Garden, a wealthy poet who travels from resort to resort with a nymph named Ginny, "all seems to end honky-donky." Vadim has other problems. People try to get out of invitations they have extended in some drunken moment and Vadim has to make it clear that he is not your ordinary weekend house guest. He comes and he stays. And it is not true that he drinks too much or weaves when he walks, that his breath smells, that he is amoral or perverse or a lousy teacher. He is not mad. He is only disturbed by his inability to imagine himself turning on his heel and reversing his direction in space or, more precisely, reversing the order of time and going back to where he had been a moment before. "Time is not reversible." This is the terrible fact that can never be altered, no matter how fantastic the dream. At the end, there is just the old man who mumbles and yawns and waits for the nurse who has promised rum in the tea. In Nabokov's best work, there always has been the feast of word games and quadrilingual puns and parodies and puzzles, but beneath that surface magic there have been the serious, often sad sense of loss and loneliness and longing for time past, for love that is gone or never was, the fear of moving from the darkness of birth to the darkness of death, the folly to which we all cling now and then that we might somehow fool the gods. Things, people, places, sounds, smells, love, passions are all always lost, and yet one cannot forget, and in the remembering comes both the comfort and the terrible distress. In *Look at the Harlequins!*, the magician has taken



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over and one can applaud, but after all, one cannot care. Vadim is old now and dreaming of the end and it doesn't matter to anyone at all—even to Vadim.

•

The S.S. Ardshiel is a medium-sized (i.e., immense) oil tanker, a class of ships that most Americans have seen only in Texaco and Exxon commercials. ***Supership*** (Knopf), by Noël Mostert, which uses one sailing of the Ardshiel around the Cape of Good Hope to the Persian Gulf and back as the framework for an exhaustive report on the origins, economics and environmental dangers of the behemoths called VLCCs (Very Large Crude Carriers), is a welcome antidote to the fatuous and self-serving high-mindedness of those ads. The sheer size of the supertankers, Mostert argues, means that they mark a more radical break with the past than did even the transition from sail to steam. Most of the damage to birds, coast lines and the life of the sea itself that they are doing now and will surely do in the future derives from the greed-driven economies of scale that produced them. Planned to be written off in only ten years, many of them fitted with a single boiler (the Queen Mary had 27), operated by sailors so alienated from them that they're reluctant to refer to them in the traditional feminine terms and sometimes commanded by incompetent officers, they regularly collide, founder, break apart or blow up; and every day they dump and spill oil in some of the world's most delicate and productive seas. (Mostert cites evidence that, in fact, more damage is done by the slow, steady, routine spillage than by the news-making disasters such as the wreck of the Torrey Canyon.) So *Supership* will have a deserved success as a *Silent Spring* of the oil industry. But it is much more than that: In a style that's occasionally prolix and repetitive but just as often stunningly clear and strong, Mostert draws a novelist's portrait of the Ardshiel's master; describes the moods of the ship's crew, usually in unhappy contrast with the morale on the dozens of other, more human ships he's known well; pays homage to Kipling and Conrad; digresses for a concise history of 19th Century shipping; sings the praises of afternoon tea and mahogany fittings and the old charts with their fathom markings—of all manner of things alien to the spirit of the supertankers. These are the kinds of elements that make *Supership* more than merely an alarm and lift it into the lasting literature of the sea.

•

There's this fellow who lives inside a cardboard box. He's ***The Box Man*** (Knopf), by Kobo Abé—a state of being that is both cause and effect of his living in the box. He begins by telling you how to construct and survive in a box. He also tells you how a box man (there are others in Tokyo, setting of this novel) affects others. For example, one guy shoots him with an air rifle. And at the hospital, he switches identities with a doctor—or their identities intersect, pass through each other. These events and others that occur in every paragraph of this book are rendered tangible and exciting by the author's prose, which is not always the smoothest but keeps popping

open and illuminating all sorts of weird reality pockets. The novel is dreamlike in its spatial and temporal warps, identity switches and telescopically variable perspective. The box itself is one of those rare symbols that are singular enough and inclusive enough to carry a work. Yet Abé—between whose writing apparatus and thinking organ there appears to be little intruding tissue—has gone on from there to construct a wickedly complex and ambiguous plot, alive with nightmare tension and socked home by the constant graphic details that make you sense things that you always knew existed but didn't think anyone could get a handle on. He is some kind of sorcerer and he's written us a great book, especially if you think there's something positive about the erotic impulse showing up in the midst of near-total phenomenological disorder and behavioral paralysis. We obviously do.

•

Dog Soldiers (Houghton Mifflin) is a novel we've all been waiting for. It proves that the post-1968 American madness has not rendered all novelists numb. If a novelist has the inventive powers to do so, he *can* bring off an era that has crazily absorbed drugs, the Vietnam war and a political situation so grotesque that it would boggle the mind if it did not daze it. Robert Stone has such powers. He must rank with Thomas Pynchon as one of the most formidable young writers in America today. His first novel, *A Hall of Mirrors*, won him the 1967 Houghton Mifflin Literary Fellowship Award. Seven years later comes *Dog Soldiers* as a reaffirmation of his talent.

Stone is master of the chase and, true to form, begins his new novel with a setup: Converse—his antiheroic journalist, the self-dedicated nonswinger—arranges to have a psychopathic buddy, Hicks, transport a mighty stash of heroin from Vietnam to Converse's wife, Marge, in Berkeley. The attempt to unload the stuff involves Hicks and Marge in a nightmare flight up and down the West Coast as narcs on the take and other assorted lunatics with sadomasochistic predilections pursue them. Marge becomes a junkie—as if the only way to dispose of the stuff is to self-inject it. Hicks becomes a murderer—as if another solution is to O.D. somebody else with it. Converse is used to trap the pair and, at the end, after Hicks has been killed and the drugs lost, Converse drives Marge away from her pursuers. As Marge shouts back at them, "Fuck you—fuck you!" through her junkie glaze, Converse tells her, numbly, "Let it be."

"Let it be" is all that Converse can say after setting her up. He feels remorse no more than he feels recrimination toward Charmian, *la belle indifférence* in Vietnam, who reigns as drug queen supreme and sets him up for the take. Charmian "belongs to a vanished era in American history," Converse says. "Not many people can claim that condition at the age of 25." But Converse himself is not much older and he, too, is numb beyond the pale, number even than Rheinhardt in *Hall of Mirrors*. Rheinhardt was caught up in political-assassination plots and plots like that have now become a dime a dozen. Raise the ante, and you raise the threshold of pain. After Vietnam, what is there? Converse cannot handle it. To survive, he will cut off the feeling to kill the pain. He has no moral alternatives. But the author has. He has written a superb novel.

•

That military spending generates jobs and prosperity has been an article of American economic faith since World War Two brought an end to the Depression. By the Fifties, this doctrine had given rise to what Seymour Melman calls Pentagon capitalism—the wedding of Government and the defense industry in a mutually dependent, self-serving relationship that is progressively undermining the national economy. Melman is an industrial engineer at Columbia University and an unorthodox economic theorist who has published a number of articles and books on the Government's fiscal foolishness. In his latest, ***The Permanent War Economy*** (Simon & Schuster), he disputes the notion that defense spending complements peacetime economic growth and thereby provides both guns and butter. He argues instead that "the permanent war economy, far from solving problems of capital and labor surplus, [performs] as a prime generator of uninvestable capital, unemployable labor, and industrial inefficiency"; and warns that the results are a stagnant economy and a

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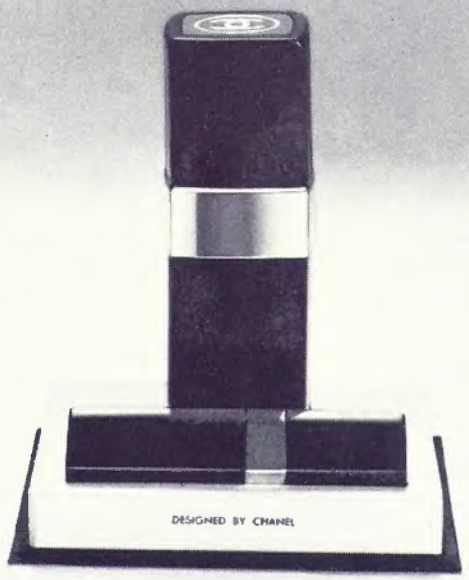

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compensating militarism. Melman's analysis is lucid, persuasive and scary. His chart of military-civilian trade-offs clearly shows the resulting deficits in the quality of life: 257 apartments could be built in New York City for $9,000,000, the cost of one Navy A6E Intruder plane; the proposed 1973 child-nutrition-programs funding cut of $69,000,000 could be covered by the cost of two DE 1052 Destroyer Escorts; the total cost of aircraft lost in Indochina by October 1969 (six billion dollars) would pay for three equipped schools in each of 250 communities, plus one-year salaries for 35,714 teachers. His book is also timely in light of President Ford's promises to fight inflation while resisting any cuts in the defense budget—policies that Melman insists are completely contradictory.

•

As you might expect in the Age of the Jock, the market is glutted with new sports books—about 50 at last count. There are a handful of good ones, lots of middlin' ones and, surprise, even a couple of revolutionary ones. Herewith, a not-so-random sampling:

The bondage syndrome is clearly evident in the travails of a hapless retired tight end, Tom Beer, author (with George Kimball) of ***Sunday's Fools*** (Houghton Mifflin), the "Harold Stassens of the N.F.L." who've been "stomped, tromped, kicked and chewed" as they muff their way from team to losing team, from season to losing season. But Beer's anecdotal saga lacks both incisiveness and spark. The emotions stir only near book's end, as Beer poignantly reveals the emptiness accompanying his final cut. ***Inside the Pressure Cooker*** (Berkley) covers the 1973 New York Jets season and such eccentricities as Coach Weeb Ewbank's "Tuesday rule" for married players ("If you don't do it by Tuesday, don't do it!"). Sportswriter Kay Iselin Gilman (the team president's daughter) conducts the tour of players, wives, opponents, management and teams of hefty middle-aged groupies against the backdrop of Ewbank's last year as coach. Along the way, she discerns a growing disillusionment with numerous elements of the sport too often held in awe. ("In Kansas City," a player recalls, "we'd start out with 'Our Father Who Art in Heaven' and end up with 'Let's go out and kill the motherfuckers!' ") You might say Gilman made the most out of four wins and ten losses.

Talk about revolution in sports and you're talking about women's tennis, which everyone knows has come ***A Long Way, Baby*** (Morrow). Grace Lichtenstein trailed the emerging women's pro circuit in 1973 and found it "a cross between a sorority and a summer camp, a team and a tribe, a jock sisterhood." *A Long Way* is the result, and as a depiction of the sport's liberation and its antiquarianism, the camaraderie and the

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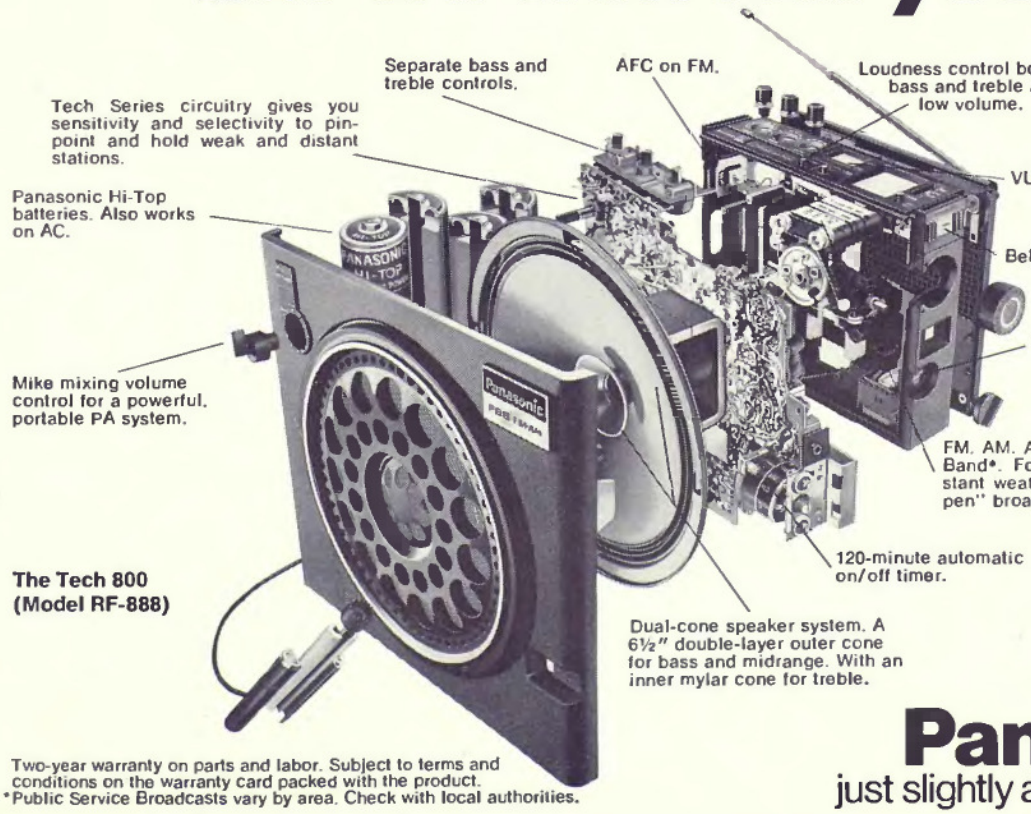

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grind, it's a good one. Lichtenstein is an imaginative writer (Billie Jean King "carved up Chris's game like a Benihana chef slicing up meat on a hibachi table") and a good interviewer. But the girls, for the most part, are incapable of introspection—only Rosie Casals, Julie Heldman and Julie Anthony emerge as something more than jockettes. Chris Evert fails miserably to live up to the author's assurance that she's intelligent and amusing. King, though worldly and bright, is too superficial (as she is in her recent autobiography) for a thinking revolutionary. So, in the end, what might have been an extraordinary book is quite ordinary.

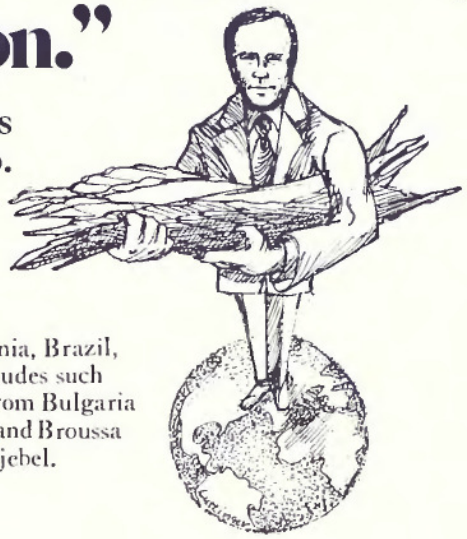
"A sportswriter," the late Jimmy Cannon told his colleague Jerome Holtzman, "is entombed in a prolonged boyhood." Walter "Red" Smith's boyhood continues, and any season with a Smith collection is an automatic hole in one. He calls it ***Strawberries in the Wintertime*** (Quadrangle), and it exemplifies that pithy, pungent and loving journalism that molded many of our attitudes on sports. Smith is a master of the art of shutting up. An interview with Arthur Donovan, the Louis-Schmeling-fight referee, is 88 lines long—12 lines of introduction by Smith and 76 lines in quotes of pure Donovan. His leads are arresting; his phrases are razor-sharp (on the Munich Olympics: "bloodshed, bungling and bitterness"). To Smith, the illegal spitter is "clandestine driveling," and the black bass is "Joe Frazier without Joe's cheerful disposition." He doesn't like a fixed soapbox derby or the Supreme Court's Curt Flood ruling or "Slavery Avery" Brundage or, we suspect, Chris Evert. But he mourned the passing of Gil Hodges and Jackie Robinson, "the ruined boy of summer." That's pretty good balance.

There's a last hurrah for the Golden Age of Smith, Cannon, Drebinger, Kieran, Frick, Povich and others in baseball writer Holtzman's oral history of the pre-Cosell days of sports journalism. ***No Cheering in the Press Box*** (Holt, Rinehart & Winston) explores 18 of those "prolonged boyhoods," long on reminiscences and short on bitterness. Some, such as John Drebinger, retired as sportswriters. Others, such as Paul Gallico and Al Horwits, later utilized their skills elsewhere. Fred Lieb befriended Mom Gehrig. Dick Vidmer watched Harding piss into the fireplace and Cannon—unshakably impartial—refrained from cheering in the press box. In a press box all his own is Howard Cosell, whose ***Like It Is*** (Playboy Press) deals with his experiences with Don Meredith, Sonny and Chér, sportswriters and many others, including himself.

In Schenectady, New York, ***Destiny's Darlings*** (Hawthorn), the 14 kids who won the little-league world championship 20 years ago, sparked a sports hysteria among the region's youth that lasted into the early Sixties. Martin Ralbovsky, a young writer with a sour taste for the

"Sometimes I think the world is one big tobacco plantation."

A few off-the-cuff insights from Amphora's Henk Kramer, the Marco Polo of pipe tobacco.



"Every year I travel to almost every part of the earth. It's not that I like to live out of a suitcase. As Director of Leaf Purchases for Douwe Egberts, my job is to buy good tobacco. And some outstanding tobaccos grow in just about a hundred countries. I don't think I've missed one of them.

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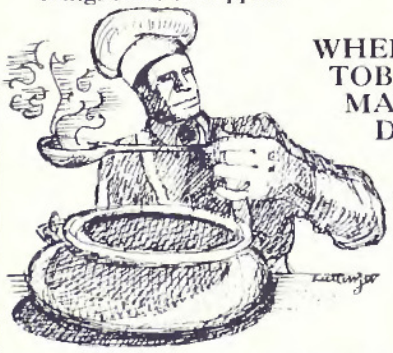

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You could write to Henk Kramer, but the last we heard he was somewhere east of the Cameroons.

sports mystique, returned to his home town to find that few of the lives of the 14, now in their early 30s, had mirrored their hopes. For the most part, they left their dreams on the steps of city hall two decades ago. Searing though subtle, Ralbovsky lets the interviews themselves indict the system. There was little that he had to add to the little leaguers' reflections; the message about misguided energies was clear: "Winning that world championship in 1954 was the greatest thing that's ever happened to me." "As long as I live in this town I'll always be 12 years old." Vince Lombardi said, "Winning isn't everything, it's the only thing." Provocative challenges such as this suggest that sometimes winning is nothing.

Funny. Hank Aaron clouts number 715 (and more) and four books appear—on George Herman Ruth. The Babe. Tempestuous, libidinous, spirituous, legendary. Indeed, how does one separate legend from truth? Robert W. Creamer writes that researching ***Babe: The Legend Comes to Life*** (Simon & Schuster) was "an exploration into a curious world of misleading

fact, perceptive misstatement, contradictory truth, substantiating myth." For the reader, the effort was worth it. Parts aren't exactly tailored to an eight-year-old hero-worshiper's experiences, but at the same time, there's a thesis that pinpoints Ruth's lasting effect on the game and the game's effect on America; namely, that more than Aaron or anyone else, he changed the game from tight to wide-open in the course of two years. The public Ruth fought with Barrow, Landis, Huggins and McCarthy. The private Ruth was, according to one friend, "the noisiest fucker in North America," but he tragically ruined his first marriage by his extramarital screwing. Creamer portrays compellingly both Ruths and his historic moments and fashions a portrait of a man who even amid complexities and trouble allowed nothing to suppress completely his casual, carefree personality. A sportswriter once said that Babe was "one of

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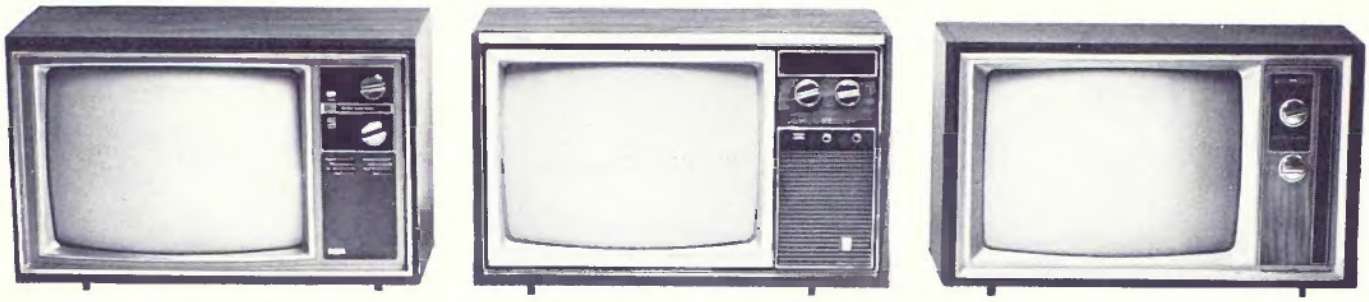

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those exciting people who make life fun, and who give more to life than they take from it," and this, basically, is Creamer's view. "God, we liked that big son of a bitch," said Waite Hoyt. No one can improve on that.

MUSIC

Before he traded in his horn on an IBM Selectric, way back in Texas, Staff Writer Laurence Gonzales worked the roadhouse circuit with Johnny Winter. When he was in New York recently, Gonzales caught Johnny at the Garden. Here's how it went:

Johnny Winter's long pink fingers open and close as if he were consciously trying to make a special pattern in the air, a pattern he can't quite get exactly right. His hands float above his lap to the level of his face. The fingers move, translucent—or luminescent, it's hard to say which. A guitar lies untouched in his lap. He lets his head hang forward, lets his long neck stick out. His hair falls across his chest, which is bare except where covered by a small silver vest. The strange fingers, like apparitions, move faster now and Johnny squints out the light. He is composing music in his head and it comes off the tips of his fingers.

No one is watching. The dressing room is jammed with noisy people in bizarre costumes—girls in see-through clothing with loose breasts jiggling inside, men in leather with jewels hanging all over them. The people are eating and drinking and talking—they are caught up in the state of *being* in the same room with Johnny, who sits like some emaciated Zen idol, who looks as if he's been two years under a flat rock. His beauty is metaphysical. He is a freak.

"Hey!" he hollers suddenly. "I've got to try that new guitar!" And somebody is up and on top of him, snatching the Stratocaster from his lap and handing him the "new" guitar. With no amplifier, Johnny plays barely audible notes, the bright fingers disappearing now and then in a blur of motion. Johnny is listening to what he just wrote.

I used to play trumpet with Johnny in Houston. The last time I saw him before we were reunited in his dressing room was around 1968. He was not very well known outside the South, but to the people who worked with him he was a star—a genius. Late one night, drinking Romilar CF and riding in the front seat of a car with a poet named P. S. Byers and Johnny, I listened to him talk about his girlfriend: "Man, pussy is so wonderful. It's just so soft and—man!—you can just put your fingers in it and touch it; oh, man!" He couldn't contain the mere thought of how happy it made him. He stopped talking and grabbed his head as if it were going to explode. Things got to him that way. He was like that about music. And I sat there that

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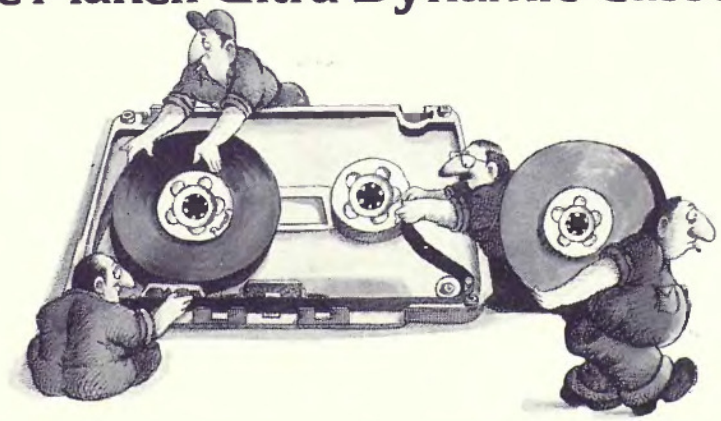

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night watching and listening to the only gentle musician I'd ever worked with and hoping that something good would happen to Johnny, something big and fine and stirring.

And it did. And I watched as he slowly burned himself out with acid and grass and speed and then cocaine and scag, riding that string right out to its end until he hit rock bottom. About that time, he was visiting Houston and stopped by to see my brother Gregory, who'd played tenor with him. They went to a little apartment Johnny was keeping and Johnny laid open a medicine chest he carried with him. Inside were a paper of heroin, one of coke, some PCP, MDA, THC, LSD, weed, hash, ups, reds and a few assorted devices. "Welp," Johnny said, "we can shoot some of this here smack or we can snort some of this coke. But you can't have any of the MDA," he added with a big grin. "That's all mine," a bigger grin—he could hardly stand it. "I use that to *fuck* on!" And he grabbed himself, hugged himself, lest he bodily disintegrate just from the thought of how good it was going to be.

That was fairly near the end. Johnny went off to a hospital and we never expected to hear him again. And the strange thing that night in the dressing room at the Garden was that he'd actually made it all the way back. He'd gone to the edge and looked over, and where Hendrix and Joplin had fallen right in, Johnny'd somehow managed to come back from the dead. And there he was, looking for all the world like a ghost or a saint, striking quiet lightning out of his soundless guitar and sipping bourbon and ginger ale, waiting to go on.

Out there the auditorium was filled. I walked around, looking at people's faces, looking into their eyes. And all that came into my mind was Quaalude, Tuinal, Seconal, downers. I mean to say, you could have gone up to any one of those people and stolen his appendix and he wouldn't have known it. And they were kids, 14, 18, 20, reeling around the Garden with their heart rates down to about 40. A real demented crowd. I couldn't figure what drew that kind of people to Johnny, brilliant, white Johnny with that unearthly way of moving his fingers. I'm still not certain.

And all there was between the space kids and Johnny was one hollow metal door and a skinny guy who claimed to have a third-degree black belt in karate. He wore a black kid glove on his right hand "for the psychological effect," he said with a soft, fluent Cajun accent. There is something truly threatening about a single black glove. I guess that's what movies will do to your sense of proportion. Except for that glove, you'd never have noticed him until he led Johnny to the stage.

Johnny can't see very well to start with, because he is albino, and that

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means that in the irises of his eyes there's almost no pigment, the coloring that normally screens light coming into the retina and keeps you from being blinded every time you look at something. Now Johnny's eyes are getting even

worse. Almost like a blind person, Johnny can't see. Unlike a blind person, who lives in a world of gray or darkness, Johnny lives in the center of one great white-hot flash. His world is on fire with light. People glow and shimmer in it like a sunspot on a photograph. So when he gets on the stage under half a million candle power of stage light, he just gives up any attempt to see what's happening and he plays, he wails in a void where other sounds—other musicians playing—are his only points of reference.

The downed-out kids haul up close to the stage and scream at him with love, with demented, slow-motion hysteria. From the upper balconies, bottles and cherry bombs and strings of Chinese firecrackers float down, some landing on the stage and detonating there. Johnny cranks up and tries to outdo those sounds. You can see the crowd surging like a very drunken man's body will before he gets sick. Johnny's white-heat delirium screens it all out and he keeps on playing. And maybe that's it. Maybe these embalmed kids come to hear and see Johnny because anything less intense would never penetrate their Quaalude haze. In a sleep that deep, it takes some heavy dreams to get through. Maybe it takes a saint to get through to the dead.

MOVIES

A former SS officer and the girl he left behind—as a prisoner in a Nazi concentration camp—come together for a weird reunion in Vienna in ***The Night Porter.*** The year is 1957. Keeping a low profile, the SS man works nights in an elegant hotel and spends his spare time with a band of underground Nazi freaks,

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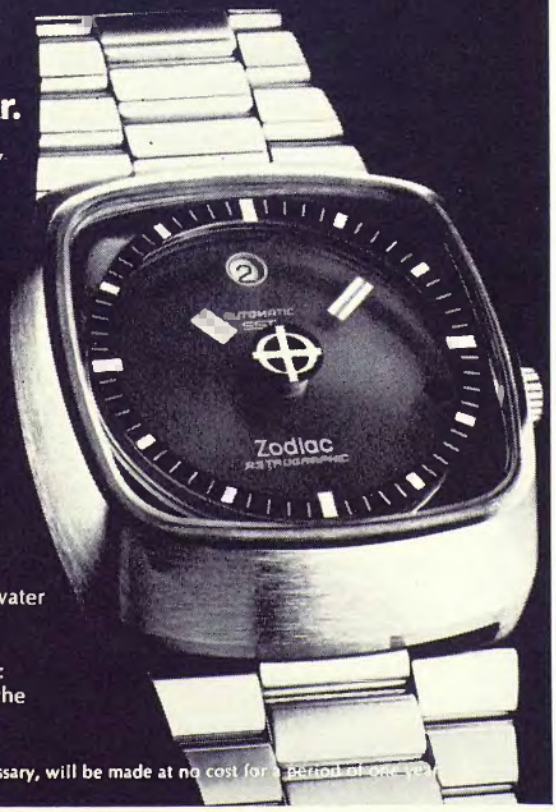

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who expiate their sins through a kind of group therapy—staging mock trials, usually ending in acquittal. The porter's psychological cover-up is blown, of course, by the arrival of the chic young guest, presently married to an American symphony conductor, whom he instantly recognizes as the teenaged sex object he recruited for sadistic fun and games during those long cold nights in camp. If you expect for a minute that *Night Porter* is a drama of confrontation built on the accusal-and-denial format, guess again. Instead of exposing her onetime tormentor, the lady reveals a sneaky, lingering fondness for various forms of bondage—and before you can say "*Sieg heil*" or "Auld lang syne," the porter slaps her around, throws her to the floor, and their deadly love-hate relationship is on again. Spelled out with frequent flashbacks by Italian writer-director Liliana Cavani—a lady whose curious perceptions place her well beyond the mainstream of the women's lib movement—this Anglo-Italian production bears a superficial resemblance to *Last Tango in Paris*, which ought to make it a conversation piece. Dirk Bogarde and Charlotte Rampling play the odd couple with hypnotic intensity and are fascinating to watch, even when Cavani's shambling drama of sexual ambivalence begins to crumble around them. Murky motivations and credibility gaps make the movie unsatisfying, as if a capricious editor had removed whole scenes in order to be sure the final effect would remain vague, arty and elliptical. One is left with the disturbing suspicion that nothing at all has been said, or said clearly enough to put comparisons with *Tango* on solid ground. *Night Porter*'s chief attractions are an eerie and pervasive sense of evil combined with the shock value of scenes depicting sodomy, sadomasochism and a creepy moment in which the SS master gives his toy mistress the gift of a fellow prisoner's head, neatly boxed. Yech.

•

Italy's phenomenal Federico Fellini makes movies the way Picasso painted pictures or, better yet, the way the greatest poets reduce a universal human truth to one glistening phrase. Images all aquiver with earthy humor and compassion are Fellini's not-so-secret weapons, and in ***Amarcord***—which means "I remember" in dialect Italian—he has constructed an unforgettable dream machine from memories of his boyhood in Rimini some 40 years ago, when everyone sang *Stormy Weather* and fascism came gift wrapped as an Italian-style New Deal. But *Amarcord* is not about politics, it is about life itself, with the accent on youth—more or less as seen through the eyes of a teenaged boy named Titta (marvelously played by Bruno Zanin, as a kind of stand-in for Fellini himself), plus a middle-aged narrator,

December 25, 1974

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who addresses the audience with unabashed nostalgia, rather like the stage manager in Thornton Wilder's classic *Our Town*. In tone not so different, either, from the lyric exuberance of Dylan Thomas' *Under Milk Wood*. Everything that occurs in Titta's world in the course of a year or so becomes fixed in eternity once Fellini has waved his wand over it, transforming the seemingly common growing pains of a lusty adolescent boy, hounded by priests and parents, into a child's garden of sex and inarticulate romantic longings. A major part of Fellini's genius must be his uncanny ability to look at any subject, however decadent on the surface, with the wonder and innocence of youth. And this asset lends a fairy-tale quality to *Amarcord*, whether Titta is recalling communal jerk-offs, hysterical family fights, his mother's death or a hilarious and oddly touching sequence about his mad Uncle Teo—who is taken out of the asylum for a Sunday picnic and straightaway climbs a tree, yelling to high heaven that he wants *a woman*. Not surprisingly, women figure large in the fantasies of every red-blooded Italian *ragazzo*, and the sex symbols here range from Jean Harlow and Ginger Rogers at the local cinema to a deranged neighborhood slut named Volpina; from a sumptuous manicurist named Gradisca (Magali Noël lends her stunning presence to the role), who is generally treated as one of Rimini's public treasures, to a huge blonde at the tobacco shop, whose ridiculously ample bosom presents the first great (and finally insurmountable) challenge to Titta's manhood. Such rollicking sequences are balanced by the sly delicacy of Gradisca's wedding—which somehow marks the end of innocence for Titta and his friends—and the epic rhythm of a day when the whole town puts out to sea in small boats to hail The Rex, a great ocean liner passing that way. What the hell, why not just say it: Fellini's golden pastiche of time remembered is a masterwork, a cornucopia abrim with things to amaze and gratify any moviegoer still capable of responding to priceless sonnets in an age dominated by the slam-bang, sledgehammer school of cinema.

•

Speaking of sledge hammers. Crude and crazy, and rowdy as a barroom brawl, ***The Longest Yard*** has Burt Reynolds plowing into an explosive charge of the stuff that makes sure-fire hits—a rugged ode to the underdog, belted out as if scenarist Tracy Keenan Wynn had written it with brass knuckles. Director Robert Aldrich is an expert at this *Dirty Dozen* kind of caper, though *Longest Yard* describes the low-jinks of an Awful Eleven football team made up of thieves, killers and rapists—that takes the field against a semipro squad of sadistic prison guards. The humor throughout has about as much subtlety as a knee in the groin but

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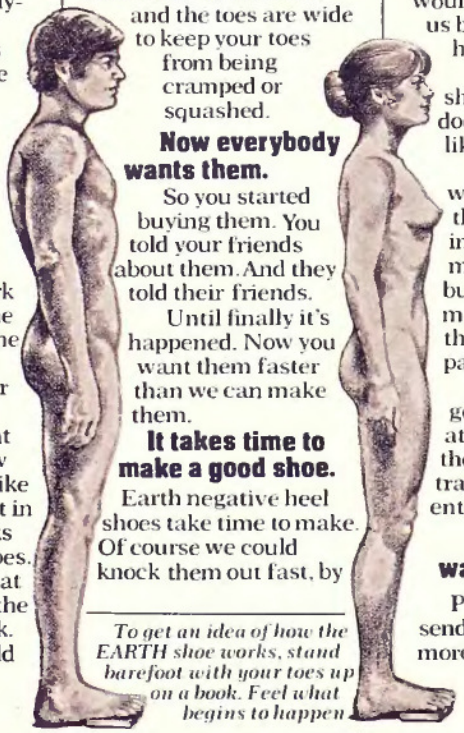

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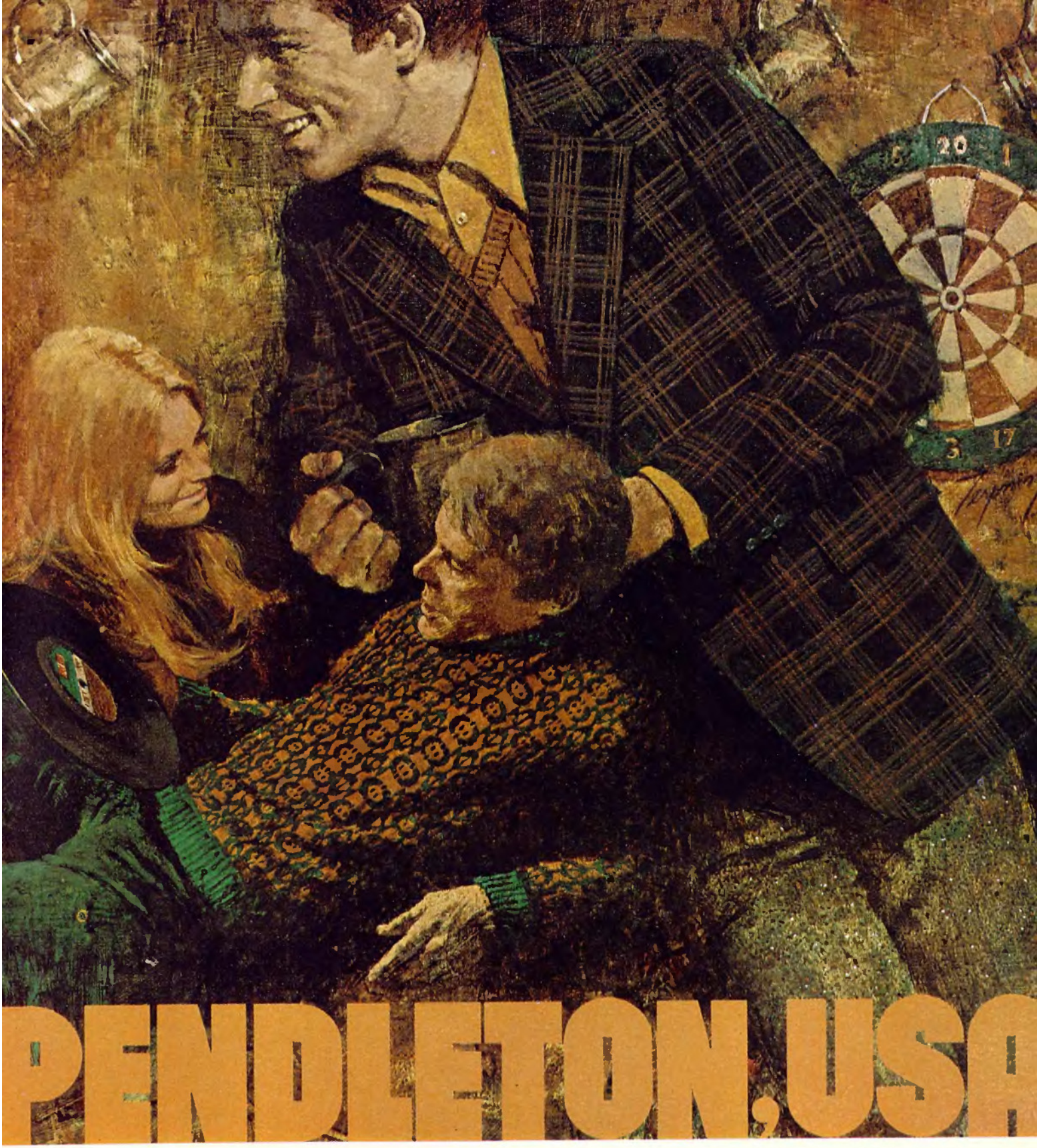
is good gut-level entertainment for audiences unlikely to savor the scrimmages of guys like Bergman and Fellini. Reynolds plays a former pro-football Great and Most Valuable Player named Crewe—once known as Wrecking Crewe but an outcast from the sports world after he began to shave points for easy money. (He needed the bread to pay for an eye operation for his old, blind father, he tells a cellmate—none too convincingly, yet Burt at least manages not to laugh out loud during this most-unlikely scene of a movie that doesn't waste a helluva lot of yardage on character development.) Crewe is now serving time for lesser charges (assault and resisting arrest, for example) and pitting his gridiron skills against the warden (Eddie Albert), the guards and The System. "All I want to do is survive," he says prior to a big touchdown finale that separates the good guys from the bad guys on both sides of the prison bars, just as you'd expect. Anitra Ford and Bernadette Peters add decorative touches (with Peters in especially good form as the warden's ravenous

secretary, who has her own little con games going) to Aldrich's free-for-all, parts of which were filmed within the walls of Georgia State Prison. At best, it's a movie one can enjoy without actually admiring it much, like junk food or pulp fiction.

•

Chase movies are so frequent, and generally so predictable, that a prime example can easily get lost in the shuffle. ***Escape to Nowhere*** (alas, even the title sounds pretty routine in English) is just that—a bright and engrossing French thriller built around the charismatic presence of Lino Ventura, a European superstar in the Jean Gabin–Spencer Tracy tradition. Ventura plays a kidnaped Soviet physicist who is actually a Frenchman by birth (prior to *another* kidnaping by the Russians, as part of the international brain drain) and whose work with the energy-producing properties of sea water happens to be of keen interest to British Intelligence. Never mind the scientific data, since it's clear in the first reel that Ventura wouldn't



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know a Bunsen burner from a sea bass. Derring-do is his specialty, and writer-director Claude Pinoteau (with a script co-authored by Jean-Loup Dabadie) has him plunged across the map from France to Switzerland, hotly pursued by Soviet K.G.B. killers, because he informed on their undercover agents in London as part of a deal to keep the British from executing him. Ventura's principal stops abroad involve a famous Russian conductor whose musical scores are heavily coded, and allow time for a brief, beautifully muted visit with an ex-wife (marvelous Lea Massari), now more or less happily married to someone else. Corny as it seems to invoke the name of Hitchcock when checking the achievement level of any movie calculated to generate high suspense, *Escape* is a finely crafted work that might elicit a low whistle of admiration from the old master himself.

•

Mere mention of another documentary about the war in Vietnam is undoubtedly an invitation to apathy—though the most hardened hearts and closed minds will certainly be penetrated by ***Hearts and Minds,*** if ever the American public gets a chance to see it. A *cause célèbre* at this year's Cannes Film Festival, the movie has since been stalled in complex litigation between Columbia Pictures, as the distributor, and the independent company backing director Peter Davis (best known for that corrosive TV documentary *The Selling of the Pentagon*). *Hearts and Minds* became further buried in controversy when syndicated critic-columnist Rex Reed touted it in a blistering piece that his New York *Daily News* editors refused to print. The movie, God help it, is a strong, shocking and defiantly one-sided view of America's role in a disastrous military adventure. Davis goes overboard here and there with irrelevant asides; using a football coach's get-out-there-and-kill-'em-boys pep talk to illustrate the American way of violence, for example, doesn't prove a thing that couldn't be proved just as easily by spying on a Brazilian soccer team in *its* locker room. But neither can a few lapses wipe out the movie's withering truth, seen in filmed interviews with Daniel Ellsberg (who is moved to tears) or George S. Patton (boasting of his troops as "a bloody good bunch of killers") or General Westmoreland (coming on right after the bereaved and weeping father of a North Vietnamese child killed in a bombing raid, to repeat his bland, facile assertion that "The Oriental doesn't put the same high price on life as does a Westerner"). From photography done over a two-year period on both sides of the battle lines, Davis collected some horrific testimony with pictures to match. Among the unforgettably chilling sequences is one of two nude, callow young GIs bedding "gook" girls in a Vietnamese brothel—and another of a returned

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veteran officer speaking to a classroom of young children while a docile nun stands by. Vietnam, he tells them, would be a beautiful country, "except for the people." Shame is the only civilized response to this indictment, which deserves attention even in a nation sick to death of breast-beating.

•

The all-American boys who have been brutalized during military service are depicted as sadistic, trigger-happy civilians in **Open Season,** a despicable little shocker about three apparently normal family men on their annual Canadian hunting trip—with a live, kidnaped couple they have picked for big game. Peter Fonda, John Phillip Law and Richard Lynch play the hunters—a trio you would hardly think capable of any crime worse than rape—while Cornelia Sharpe and Albert Mendoza portray the chosen victims, an illicit pair slipping off to Canada on a holiday from their respective mates. *Open Season* is a variation on the theme of *The Tenth Man* and a handful of previous suspense classics, and director Peter Collinson keeps it tighter than a cocked pistol until the closing scenes—when William Holden reappears to polish off his cameo role and see that justice is done. By then, of course, enough blood has been spilled to satisfy an audience's basest human instincts. Your average neighborhood sadist should love every minute of it, since there is little shading or subtlety in the movie's portrait of man as a cruel, cunning and treacherous beast. Though they exude a kind of snaky fascination, hunters and victims alike are viewed with total contempt by Collinson (abetted by scenarists David Osborn and Liz Charles-Williams), who goes for the jugular, making deadly murder look like a dandy new outdoor sport for people who get off on gore.

•

Amid a bumper crop of minor horrors for the holiday season, **Craze** stands out as a star-studded example of the terrible things actors are compelled to do just to pick up a little spending money. Veteran movie badman Jack Palance plays an antique dealer with black witchcraft as a side line. His murderous deeds—he is fond of impaling people—invite the concern (to put it mildly) of such personages as Dame Edith Evans, Trevor Howard, Hugh Griffith, Michael Jayston, Jule Ege and Suzy Kendall. There's also a disarming bit by former British sex symbol Diana Dors, an overblown blonde who still operates at gale force as one of Palance's alibis and has conceded nary an inch in her competition with the late Marilyn Monroe. Though *Craze* is certifiable lunacy, the British appear to have a soft spot for this brand of elegant, semiliterate trash.

•

Homebodies is an offbeat American-made shocker about six senior citizens who are being dispossessed from a beloved old brownstone in the name of progress. They decide to fight back by bumping off construction men, social workers, a building tycoon—and ultimately one another, since a couple of the group seem a mite absent-minded. Ruth McDevitt, Ian Wolfe, Paula Trueman and a band of capable character actors are employed by director Larry Yust in a freak show at least as macabre as *What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?* and occasionally as zany as *Arsenic and Old Lace*. Though awkward and overdone at times, *Homebodies*

may haunt you, if only for a bizarre scene in which several eccentric old charmers dispose of a builder—alive and kicking—by burying him in a block of his own cement. It all adds up to a bad day for geriatrics.

•

A queen bee among women film makers, Italian writer-director Lina Wertmuller is quickly working her way to the top echelons, where male supremacy has seldom been questioned. Her prize-winning but overpraised *Love and Anarchy* opened in the U. S. this year, followed by **The Seduction of Mimi**—an earlier and much superior work, again starring Giancarlo Giannini, who has endeared himself to European audiences as a schlemiel hero on the order of an Italian-style George Segal or Elliott Gould. Giannini as Mimi plays a Sicilian laborer who is forced to leave his family and move north after defying the local Mafia chieftains at election time. In the factory town of Turin, he becomes a union metalworker and ardent Communist, settles down with a beautiful left-winger (Mariangela Melato), who bears him a son, and gets along fine until his bosses transfer him to a branch near his home town. *Mimi* describes with hilarity and compassion how sex, pride, provincial ignorance, economic necessity and the strains of a double life between his wife and mistress ultimately transform the militant Communist into a company man, who learns to live with The System but has a harder time living with himself. Though Wertmuller's style is rollicking and unstructured to the point of chaos, she obviously knows her characters. One cruel and bawdy episode has Mimi, enraged to find his wife made pregnant by a revenue officer, setting off to revenge himself by performing the same stud service on the officer's wife. The *signora* turns out to be a beefy mother of five *bambini*, with a large wart on her cheek. To his horror, she agrees to let Mimi make her pregnant, a challenge roughly comparable to launching a sexual assault on a carload of pasta. If a male director had filmed such sidesplittingly funny love scenes with a lady's mottled bottom as the butt of the joke, angry feminists would have wanted him tarred and feathered, or worse.

•

The Ra Expeditions is a documentary account of two transatlantic voyages by explorer Thor Heyerdahl (of *Kon-Tiki*) in 1969 and 1970. The Ra I sank at sea, though Heyerdahl and his crewmen were rescued. A year later, the Ra II sailed successfully from Morocco to Barbados, lending credence to Heyerdahl's theory that primitively hand-wrought papyrus boats may have carried sailors of ancient Mediterranean civilizations from Africa to the New World. How replicas of such boats were built, manned and buffeted by mighty seas to test one man's stubborn conviction is an enthralling saga, as usual, but not quite so enthralling as the *Kon-Tiki* film, perhaps because the buoyant Kon-Tiki crew had more leisure time to fiddle with their cameras. Or it could be that a cumulative sense of *déjà vu* sets in after a slew of kindred contemporary movies about heroic adventures by land, sea and air.

•

Graphics designer Saul Bass, famed for his imaginative movie titles (*Anatomy of a Murder* and *Psycho* are memorable examples), has mounted **Phase IV,** his directorial debut in full-length features, with a strictly personal emphasis on visual splash—as if credits for a whole string of science-fiction epics were going to be superimposed on the film at some later date. The movie looks fabulous to a fault, all but glutted with striking images and incredible close-up photography of insects. Dramatically, however, it's a stone-dead effort to squeeze "ecological suspense" from that overworked war-with-the-ants shtick (which was done better in a dated sci-fi shocker called *Them*, still clacking around on your TV-movie schedules). *Phase IV*'s cosmic climax is a direct steal from *Space Odyssey: 2001* but rings hollow, despite noble efforts by Nigel Davenport and Michael Murphy, as a team of scientists working against a desperate timetable in their futuristic desert fort, with Lynne Frederick as the lovely, inevitable refugee from the last big ant attack. Handling real actors and dialog—particularly the simplistic dialog in Mayo Simon's screenplay—does not seem to be Bass's strong point.

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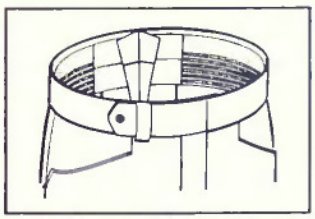

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Raytown — Peter's
St. Louis — Aronson's
St. Louis — Bachrach's
St. Louis — Big Mens Shop
St. Louis — Boyd's
St. Louis — Famous-Barr
St. Louis — Petersen's
St. Louis — Wolff's
Springfield — Dillard's — Brown Duncan

NEBRASKA
Columbus — Brandeis
Grand Island — Brandeis
Lincoln — Brandeis
Omaha — Magee's
Omaha — Brandeis

NEVADA
Las Vegas — Allen & Hanson
Las Vegas — Silverwoods
Reno — Harris & Frank

NEW HAMPSHIRE
Bedford — Kennedy's
Lebanon — Tom's Toggery
Manchester — Milton's

NEW JERSEY
Browning Fifth Ave. — All Stores
Field Brothers — All Stores
Jack Lang Clothes — All Stores
Larkey Co. — All Stores
Mink's — All Stores
Wallachs — All Stores
Atlantic City — Halpern's
Atlantic City — Jules for Men
Atlantic City — Schultz Inc.
Audobon — Jackman's
Bloomfield — Barry's
Burlington — Polsky's
Caldwell — Geismar's
Cherry Hill — Jackman's
Collingswood — Lee Newman
East Brunswick — Frank's Big & Tall
East Brunswick — Millers-on-the-Mall
Elizabeth — Al Norman
Hackensack — Lowits
Hamilton Square — Cedar Gardens Men's Shop
Hammonton — DiPaola Clo.
Hoboken — Geismar's
Irvington — Raff Clothes
Livingston — Kennedy's
Jersey City — Barrett's
Jersey City — Lorsch Inc.
Jersey City — Waldstein's
Matawan — The Little Big Man Shop
Newark — Harry's Mens Shop
Newark — Micchelli's
Paramus — Gimbels
Paramus — B & B Lorrys
Paramus — Rogers Peet
Princeton — The Little Big Man Shop
Rahway — Marks-Harris
Ridgewood — Mac Hugh
Rocky Hill — Jack's Custom Shop
Rutherford — Zimmerman's
Trenton — Frank's Big & Tall
Trenton — Jack's Custom Shop
Vineland — Di Paola Clo.
Wanamassa — Frank's Big & Tall
Westfield — John Franks
Westwood — Mac Hugh
Wallingboro — Stanford-Reed
Woodbridge — Kennedy's
Woodbridge — B & B Lorrys
Woodstown — Spinosi

NEW MEXICO
Albuquerque — Henry's
Las Cruces — Popular

NEW YORK
Browning Fifth Ave. — All Stores
Field Brothers — All Stores
Gimbels — All Stores
B & B Lorrys — All Stores
Rogers Peet — All Stores
Wallachs — All Stores
Albany — Kennedy's
Albany — Spector's
Albany — Wells & Coverly
Auburn — Homick's Men's Shop
Buffalo — The Kleinhans Co.
Endicott — Vaughn's
Kingston — H. G. Rafalowsky
New York City — Stanley Slacks
Ossining — Ross Men's Wear
Rochester — Cole's Dept. Store
Rochester — Kennedy's
Rochester — National Clothing Co.
Southampton — Harry Frank's
Spring Valley — Nat Kaplan
Syracuse — Dey Bros. & Co.
Syracuse — Gary's
Syracuse — Wells & Coverly
Utica — Wicks & Greenman
White Plains — Tall & Big Mens Store

NORTH CAROLINA
Asheville — The Man Store
Charlotte — J. O. Jones
Charlotte — Tate-Brown
Durham — Van Straaten's
Greensboro — Frankenberger's
Greensboro — Johnson & Aubert
Greensboro — Meyer's
Greensboro — Tate-Brown
Greensboro — Vanstory's
Hendersonville — Roper's
Lenoir — Triplett's
Raleigh — Barrett & Edwards
Raleigh — The Hub
Raleigh — Hudson-Belk
Raleigh — McLeod, Watson & Lanier
Raleigh — Frank A. Stith
Raleigh — Vanstory's
Wilmington — Fleishman's
Winston-Salem — Hine-Bagby Co.
Winston-Salem — Frank A. Stith

NORTH DAKOTA
Bismarck — Evan's Mens Shop
Fargo — Northport Clothiers
Fargo — Straus Co.
Grand Forks — Straus Co.
Jamestown — Straus Co.
Valley City — Straus Co.

OHIO
Akron — Koch's
Akron — Lang's
Canton — The Harvard
Canton — Hughes & Hatcher
Canton — Vicary's
Cincinnati — Burkhardt's
Cincinnati — Man to Man
Cincinnati — Nadler's
Cincinnati — Pogue's
Cincinnati — Steinberg's
Cleveland — B. R. Baker
Cleveland — Burkhardt-Davidson's
Columbus — Dunhill's
Columbus — Walkers
Dayton — Oshkill's
Dayton — Elder-Beerman
Dayton — Metropolitan Co.
Dayton — Walkers
Delaware — Parker's
Euclid — Gornik's
Findlay — Findlay Toggery
Lorain — Louis Cohn
Steubenville — Myer & Stone
Toledo — Oarnschroder's
Toledo — Diamond's
Toledo — Hudson's Men's Store
Toledo — Hughes & Hatcher
Warren — Hughes & Hatcher
Wooster — Barney Lehman's
Youngstown — Hartzell's-Rose & Sons
Youngstown — Hughes & Hatcher

OKLAHOMA
Altus — Austin's Mens & Boys Wear
Oklahoma City — All The Kings Men
Oklahoma City — John A. Brown
Oklahoma City — Dillard's-Brown Duncan
Oklahoma City — Mr. Buck
Oklahoma City — Napoleon Nash's
Tulsa — John A. Brown
Tulsa — Dillard's-Brown Duncan
Tulsa — Vandever's

OREGON
Eugene — Rosenblatt's
Portland — Rosenblatt's
Salem — Bishop's

PENNSYLVANIA
Allentown — Al Renner
Bridgeville — Carlton Men's Shop
Camp Hill — Stark Bros
Erie — P. A. Meyer & Sons
Exton — Jack Lang Clothes
Greensburg — Carlton Men's Shop
Greensburg — Gongaware-Long
Harrisburg — Outreich's
Harrisburg — Stark Bros
Johnstown — Miller's
King of Prussia — Jackman's
Kittanning — Moesta/Morgan & Yount
Lancaster — Stark Bros
Langhorne — Jack Lang Clothes
McKeesport — Cox's
McKeesport — Henry B. Klein
Monaco — Hughes & Hatcher
Monroeville — Carlton Men's Shop
Monroeville — Cox's
Monroeville — Hughes & Hatcher
Monroeville — Henry B. Klein
Philadelphia — Gimbels
Philadelphia — Jackson & Moyer
Philadelphia — Lee Newman
Philadelphia — Jacob Reed's Sons
Philadelphia — Strawbridge & Clothier
Pittsburgh — Hughes & Hatcher
Pittsburgh — Alex Reich/Franks
Reading — Hughes & Hatcher
Reading — Weiner's
Scranton — Schreiber's

RHODE ISLAND
Oonnelly's — All Stores
Kennedy's — All Stores
Providence — Dino's
Providence — Outlet Co.
Warwick — Wallachs
West Warwick — St. Onge's

SOUTH CAROLINA
Anderson — David McCall's
Columbia — Lourie's
Greenville — Heyward Mahon
North Augusta — Belk
Walterboro — Warshaw's

SOUTH DAKOTA
Sioux Falls — Norman's

TENNESSEE
Chattanooga — Ira Trivers
Columbia — Pigg & Parsons
Knoxville — Frankenberger's
Knoxville — Schwer's
McMinnville — Kelley's
Memphis — James Davis
Memphis — Goldsmith's
Memphis — The Squire Shop
Nashville — Everett Holzapfel
Oak Ridge — Samuel's
Union City — Bennett's

TEXAS
Amarillo — Blackburn Bros.
Arlington — Frank's
Arlington — Watson's
Arlington — Eddie Williams
Austin — Beverly-Waterman
Austin — Frank's
Austin — Merritt Schaeffer & Brown
Austin — Jack Morton's
Austin — Dave Parsons, Menswear
Austin — Priestley's Ottoman
Austin — Stax
Austin — The Toggery
Beaumont — Ou Cole's
Brownsville — J & O Men's Wear
Brownsville — Mr. John's
Brownsville — Sportsman's Center
Bryan — The Gentleman's Quarter
Corpus Christi — Lichtenstein's
Corpus Christi — Winsteads'
Dallas — Frank's
Dallas — L. O. Hammons
Dallas — Irby-Mayes
Dallas — E. M. Kahn
Dallas — Jas. K. Wilson
Denison — L. O. Hammons
Denton — Bomar's
El Paso — Al's Shop For Men
El Paso — Union Fashion
Ft. Worth — Cox's
Ft. Worth — David's King Size Clo.
Ft. Worth — Frank's
Ft. Worth — L. O. Hammons
Ft. Worth — Bill Reed's
Ft. Worth — Washer Bros.
Galveston — Levy's
Groves — Dryden's
Harlingen — The Sportsman
Houston — Battlestein's
Houston — Eddie's Mens Wear
Houston — Foley's
Houston — Galleria Gene's Tailors
Houston — Graham's
Houston — The Heritage of Champions
Houston — Joske's
Houston — Leopold, Price & Rolle
Houston — Oshman's
Houston — Pinter's Mens Wear
Houston — Walter Pye's
Houston — Rodney's
Houston — Willingham's
Houston — Zindler's
Kilgore — Hurwitz Man's Shop
Kingsville — The Man's Shop
La Porte — The Male Bag
Longview — Hurwitz Man's Shop
Longview — Turpie Slade
Lubbock — Frank's
McAllen — Ken's
Midland — Cal's Mans Shop
Nacogdoches — The Charles Shop
Odessa — Melvin's
Odessa — The Model Shop
Orange — Griffin's
Paris — L. O. Hammons
Pasadena — Nolan's
San Angelo — Carlin's Casuals
San Antonio — Afterman's
San Antonio — Frank Bros.
San Antonio — Harris & Frank
San Antonio — Joseph's
San Antonio — Hy Marcus
San Antonio — Leo Mendlovitz
San Antonio — Pate's Men's Wear
San Antonio — Penner's
San Antonio — Todd's
Tyler — Hurwitz Man's Shop
Victoria — Graham's
Waco — Cox's
Woodlands — The Man's Shop

UTAH
Logan — Leven's
Ogden — Fred M. Nye
Salt Lake City — Arthur Frank
Salt Lake City — Wolfe's

VIRGINIA
The Hub — All Stores
Shulman's — All Stores
Woodward & Lothrop — All Stores
Annandale — The Quality Shop
Arlington — The Quality Shop
Danville — Sater's
Falls Church — Lawrence Reed Ltd.
McLean — Embassy Father & Son
McLean — George & Co.
Richmond — Mel Burns
Roanoke — Heironimus
Roanoke — Mitchell's
Roanoke — Saksony Shop

WASHINGTON
Everett — Smalley's
Paulsbo — Snelson's Dept. Store
Seattle — Klopfensteins
Seattle — Prager's
Spokane — Harvey's
Tacoma — Klopfensteins

WEST VIRGINIA
Charleston — Frankenberger's
Charleston — Kelley's
Huntington — Amsbary & Johnson
Princeton — The Stag
Wheeling — Bernhardt's
Williamson — The Man's Shop

WISCONSIN
Appleton — W. A. Close
Eau Claire — The Boston
La Crosse — Newburg's
Madison — Baskin/Olson & Veerhusen
Madison — The Hub
Madison — Hughes & Hatcher
Milwaukee — Friedman's
Milwaukee — Gieringer's
Milwaukee — Hughes & Hatcher
Milwaukee — M. Hyman & Son
Milwaukee — Polacheck's
Milwaukee — Schmitt-Orlow-Stumpfs
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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

After reading the letter in the August *Playboy Advisor* about the gentleman with the 11-inch penis, I took out a ruler and, well, I discovered that 11 inches is quite long. According to one book I read, the average penis is only six inches long. Curious, I took out my own penis and found that there was a difference of several inches in total length, depending on where I placed the ruler. Do the statistics stem from top to tip, or along the bottom, to include the part under the testicles? What is the correct way to take the measurement?—L. K., Culver City, California.

Sex researchers Masters and Johnson know the correct way but won't tell anyone, for reasons of national insecurity. So feel free to invent. Our guess is that anyone who feels compelled to pull out a ruler will discover the two points that yield the largest figure; that's the way it should be. Then he'll convert the measurement to the metric system (one inch equals 2.54 centimeters). If anyone asks, he can say that he's a healthy 15.24 or whatever. It might interest you to know that size does make a difference—at least to some folks. We received eight letters requesting the address of the 11-inch penis. Two were from girls.

Is it possible to have an acid flashback without having taken LSD or mescaline? My girlfriend, who has never taken drugs, seems to have had one. She visited me for a week in the Rockies (she goes to graduate school in the East); we made love in the snow, in a sauna, in front of a fireplace, in the back of an old Dodge van. Our sex seemed to have an acetylene flare and we really got it on. Subsequently, I received a letter from her—she said that on the flight back, she had an uncanny feeling that she was still making love to me. The feel of her blouse against her skin, the slight rush of takeoff—something caused her to relive what we had done together. She said that the memory was incredibly exact. The whole flight was a balancing act between being sexually excited and being sexually satisfied. Was this some kind of temporary organic psychosis?—D. O., Vail, Colorado.

Dr. Helen Singer Kaplan states in "The New Sex Therapy" that "some patients (in my experience women only) report that sometimes the day after they have engaged in a particularly arousing sexual act with an especially loved and desired partner they experience profoundly pleasurable 'flashbacks.' These are triggered by memories of the erotic experience and are accompanied by intense erotic sensations and feelings of euphoria and love." (Possibly a man feels the same thing when he has a day-after hard-on—he just has to work at it a bit.) The mechanics of the phenomenon are still a mystery, but flashbacks of one form or another are part of human nature. Students who have read "Remembrance of Things Past" might say that your girlfriend was coming home to Proust. A vivid recollection can release the emotions that accompanied the original experience—even the bummer rerun of an acid flashback may be an ordinary response to an extraordinary experience. Therapists from Freud to Janov have worked with such memories to cure people, so we wouldn't classify it as a sign of a psychosis. As long as you get to go around only once in life, you might as well recycle the good parts.

Occasionally, my old college sidekick and I get together for a night of doing the town in and doing it right—fast and inaudible, as opposed to loud and obnoxious. Last time out, we ran into a cretinous club owner who nearly ruined the evening. Stopping us at the coatroom, he announced to the whole restaurant that we could not enter his establishment because we were improperly dressed. That was news to us—our dates were wearing long dresses and, frankly, looking out of sight; we had on cotton bell-bottoms, chambray or plaid Western-style shirts and embroidered denim jackets. Crisp, clean and casual. The club owner was wearing one of those art-deco acetate shirts that don't seem to button, slacks and a gold necklace with a tiny gold whistle—vintage Mod squad. My date politely asked him to define proper attire, since she couldn't see the difference between what we were wearing and what he had on. He became increasingly abusive and we left without being enlightened. The confrontation seemed like one of those red-neck–long-hair fiascos. I was under the impression that there were no set standards of fashion anymore. Am I mistaken?—J. P., Chicago, Illinois.

The new clothes ethic states that you can go anywhere in anything, if you can carry it off. As long as you are the scene, you should avoid scenes. Some clubs allow the outrageous (the customer is part of the floorshow); others insist that you blend in with the atmosphere (the customer is part of the decor). The distinction is often arbitrary. When you run into one of the latter, simply turn the other chic.

Help! I have sex almost every day, in one form or another. I try to limit my affairs to one person, but it is getting very hard. You see, unlike most males, I cannot ejaculate until I have had an

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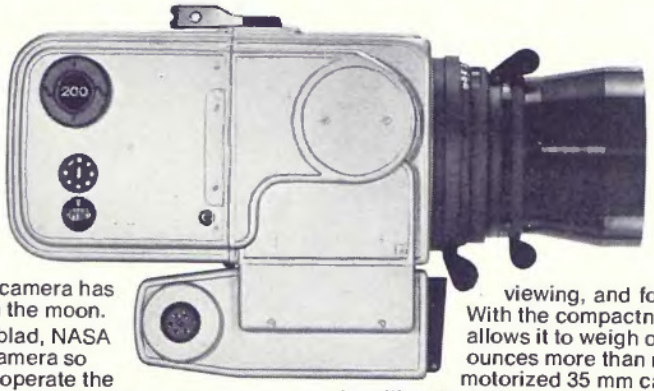

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incredible amount of sexual stimulation. This usually translates into balling sessions that last for several hours. My girlfriend just doesn't have my endurance. I bring her to an average of four or five orgasms, until she says that she can't take any more. I am then left unsatisfied, while she quickly dozes off. My passion being worked up to where it is, many times I am forced to masturbate in bed until relief comes. My girlfriend discovered this practice recently and said that unless I stopped, she would leave me. I don't want to lose her—I love her and want her to be my wife. I would like some advice on how to bring myself to orgasm during sex so that we can both enjoy our relationship.—S. D., Boston, Massachusetts.

Endurance can be the enemy of sexual satisfaction, especially when it is not appreciated by the recipient. It sounds like you may suffer from ejaculatio retardata—*which is not one of the more famous Gregorian chants but, rather, an inability to achieve orgasmic release even after sufficient stimulation. The symptoms vary from one individual to the next, and even from one partner to the next. Some men equate staying power with the permanence of a relationship—they do not let themselves go, for fear of losing their partner. Others hold back as a sign of their lack of commitment. Sometimes the condition is the result of an early sexual trauma—a parent walking into the bathroom while you were masturbating, a policeman investigating the fogged windows of a parked car or bushwhackers tossing a cherry bomb into your room on a big college weekend. Forgive them, for they knew not what they did. In your case, the almost daily indulgence in sex may be taxing your natural urge—lay off for a week and see what happens. Explain your problem to your girlfriend. Perhaps you can adopt a style of lovemaking that combines coitus with manual stimulation (for example, the girl reaches down to grasp and stroke the testicles). Or she might learn to masturbate you to orgasm. Otherwise, if you keep it up as you've been doing, you may succeed in limiting your affairs to one person—yourself.*

A friend who studied theology in college told me that he once came across a description of bestiality in an old Latin text that concluded with the sage observation, "It is seldom done with tigers." I can believe that, but I wonder if you could verify another story that I've heard. Did Catherine the Great of Russia die while attempting intercourse with an animal?—S. K., San Francisco, California.

According to a popular myth, Catherine the Great was crushed to death when the royal stallion slipped and collapsed on top of her during intercourse. Another version dispensed with the missionary (or was it veterinary?) position and had

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"Where's the flute Henry?" my wife complained constantly. I was about ready to leave her. Then we saw a Marantz dealer. He told us that separation of sound is a true test of a speaker system. He suggested we put Marantz and other popular speakers to the test by listening to a familiar recording so we'd be able to hear for ourselves that it's the speaker and not the recording that makes the difference. Oh, what a difference Marantz made! What we thought were two oboes were clearly an oboe and a flute. And that barbershop quartet...well, they're really a quintet.

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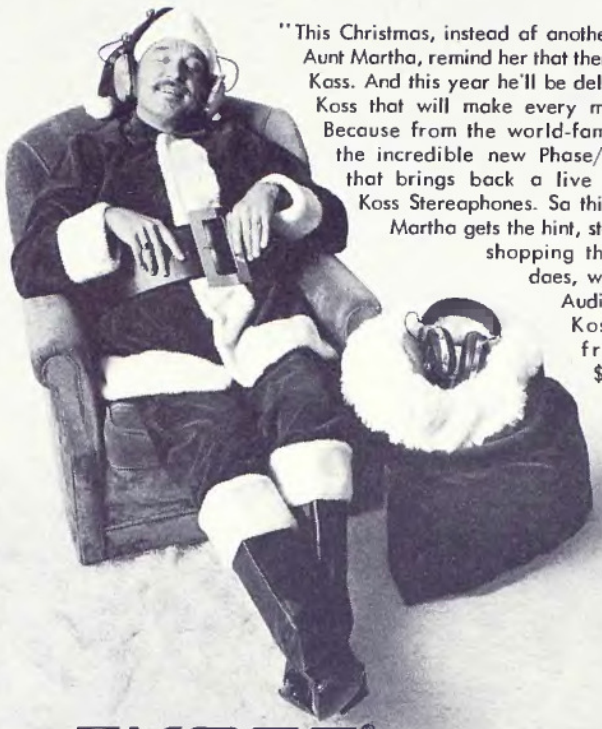

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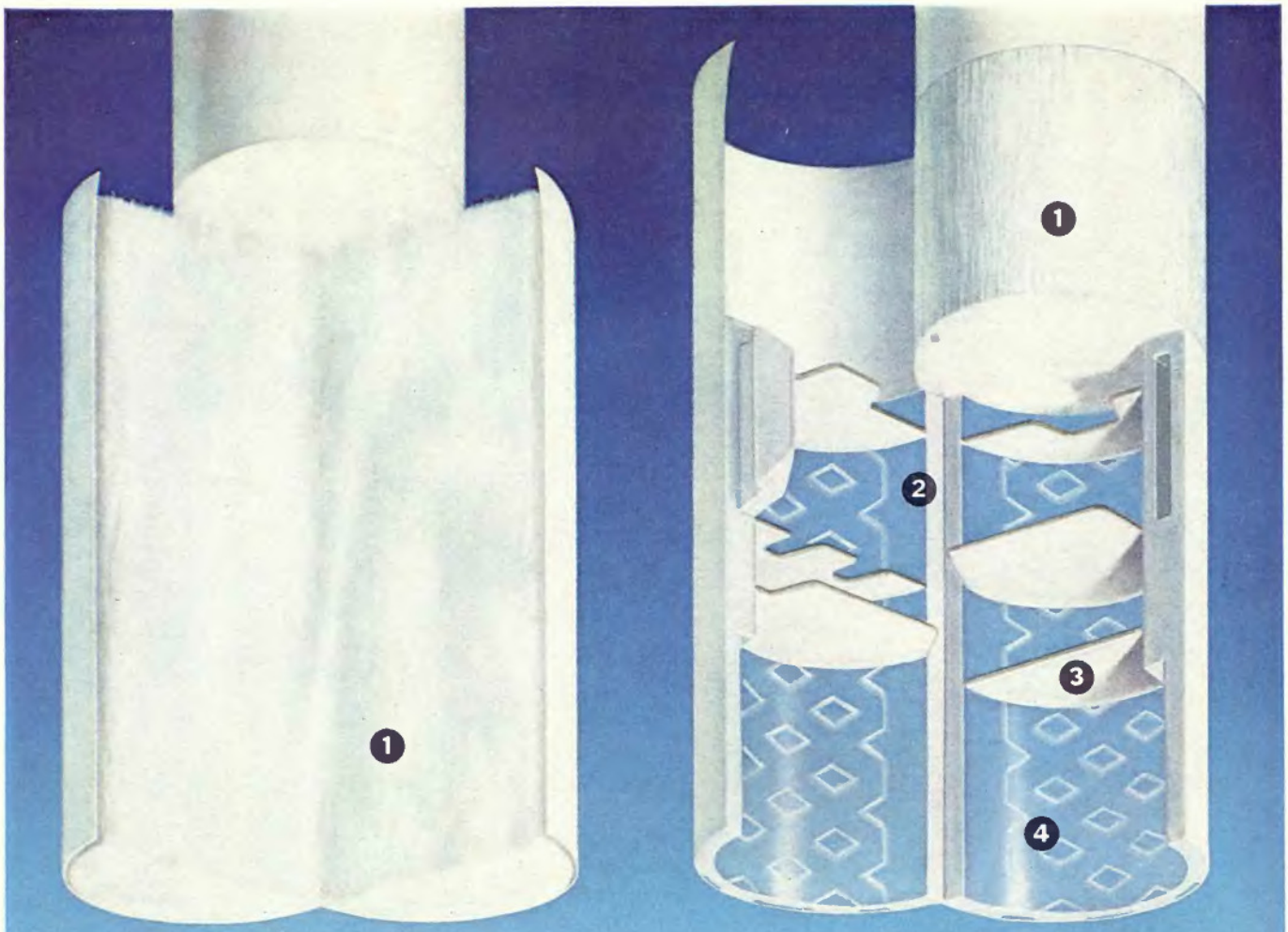
Catherine plunging to her death from a position astride the beast (hence the phrase falling off a high horse). Neither story is true. In fact, one prominent Russian historian devotes an entire lecture each semester to disproving the myths about Catherine's death. (It's amazing what you can get away with once you're granted tenure, isn't it?) Catherine died of apoplexy in 1796 at the age of 67. She did have an extremely active sex life, involving some 20 or 30 lovers, but all her studs were human.

The Joy of Sex and similar books have advertised variety and more variety. My question is simple: Why? After an initial flurry of exploration a few years ago, my wife and I settled on, or into, a few favorite positions and techniques that are reliable and rewarding. We can make love a hundred days in a row using the same position without getting tired of the orgasms. When we try one of the more esoteric positions, there seems to be a greater chance of failure. We don't always find the right fit. If we can't match our regular performances, I'm not sure it's worth the effort to repeat our earlier mistakes. What do you think?—W. O., Fort Worth, Texas.

We think that you should abandon a scoring system that equates lack of orgasm with failure. We've heard of a couple who judge their lovemaking like an Olympic diving event, with separate scales for difficulty and execution, multiplied by each other to give the score. A belly flop that results in orgasm might receive a 1.2 for intricacy and a 10 for success; total score—12. A rear entry with a half twist that lands one of you in the hospital might receive a 3.6 for intricacy and a 4 for success; total score—14.4. Trying that would get you around the orgasm hang-up, but you should recognize that sex isn't a contest. After all, you're the only one entering. Alex Comfort gives a very good reason for systematically reviewing technique in "More Joy": It's a good way to find sensations you've missed. He says that "some of these won't work for you, but don't write them off until you're sure it's preference and not inexperience which makes them fail." So take the plunge.

Ever since Clint Eastwood delivered a lecture on handguns at the beginning of *Magnum Force*, I've wondered which is better—the .44 magnum or the .357 magnum. Can you compare the two? Also, what is the best weapon for self-defense?—J. M., Wichita, Kansas.

Have you considered outfitting a Brink's armored car as a camper van? The problem with handguns is simple: Put a pistol on the wall in the first act and you have to use it by the third. (Hollywood speeds up that process—put a gun in the title and use it by the first scene.) The .44 magnum is the most powerful handgun



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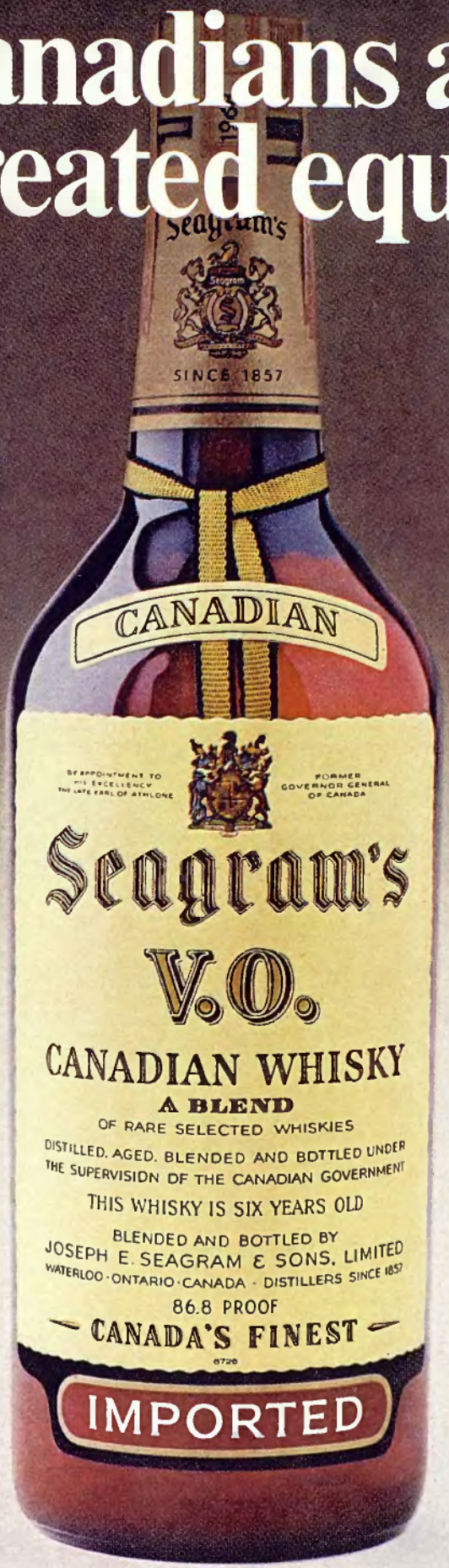
FILTER, MENTHOL: 14 mg. "tar", 1.0 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAR. '74.

All Canadians are not created equal.



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

made in America. It weighs as much as some shotguns, kicks like a horse (try hitting a boulder with a cracked baseball bat and you'll get the idea) and costs a fortune to shoot (Remington lists a box of 50 cartridges at $13). The roar can cause an instant flinch; at night the muzzle flash can blind you—neither contributes to the accuracy of a second shot. Essentially, it is a short-range hunting weapon, adaptable to self-defense only if your home is invaded by Kodiak bears. In contrast, the .357 has almost as much stopping power as its big brother, with considerably less kick and muzzle flash. Practice costs won't drive you to robbing banks. You can use .38 Special cartridges in the .357 for target purposes; most ranges sell reloads for about $3.50 a box. Also, it's much lighter than a .44 magnum—try quick-drawing one of those cannons and you'll end up with a hernia. (If you're seriously paranoid, you might consider a sawed-off 12-gauge shotgun loaded with magnum shells of 00 buckshot. It is without question the most deadly close-range weapon in existence and almost always produces fatal wounds.) Any available barn or mountain will do for target practice. Use it in your home and you can plan on starting that new wing where the wall used to be. Take it, or any of these weapons, out of the house in most states and you'll go to jail, where you'll be safe from gun-toting lunatics.

My lover is partial to oral sex that includes side orders of sauces, jams, preserves and even peanut butter (not the chunk style). We often proceed directly to intercourse and these foods inevitably end up inside me. By the way, preserves make an especially fine lubricant or sealant. The increase in friction is sublime. However, I'm concerned that some of these substances might not be removed by douching and that I am sitting here quietly fermenting. Is there any harm in this menu?—S. W., Birmingham, Michigan.

Probably not. Tell your lover that he has to join the clean-plate club before he gets dessert. That will settle the question of what to do with the leftovers, and you can get in a few licks yourself. Foodstuffs do make interesting lubricants, but stick to something like honey that washes off easily. Then you won't have to worry about giving birth to an eight-pound peanut-butter-and-jelly sandwich.

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.

"Dear American Tourister: The stuff is so easy to carry, my wife carries it." James Spero, Los Angeles

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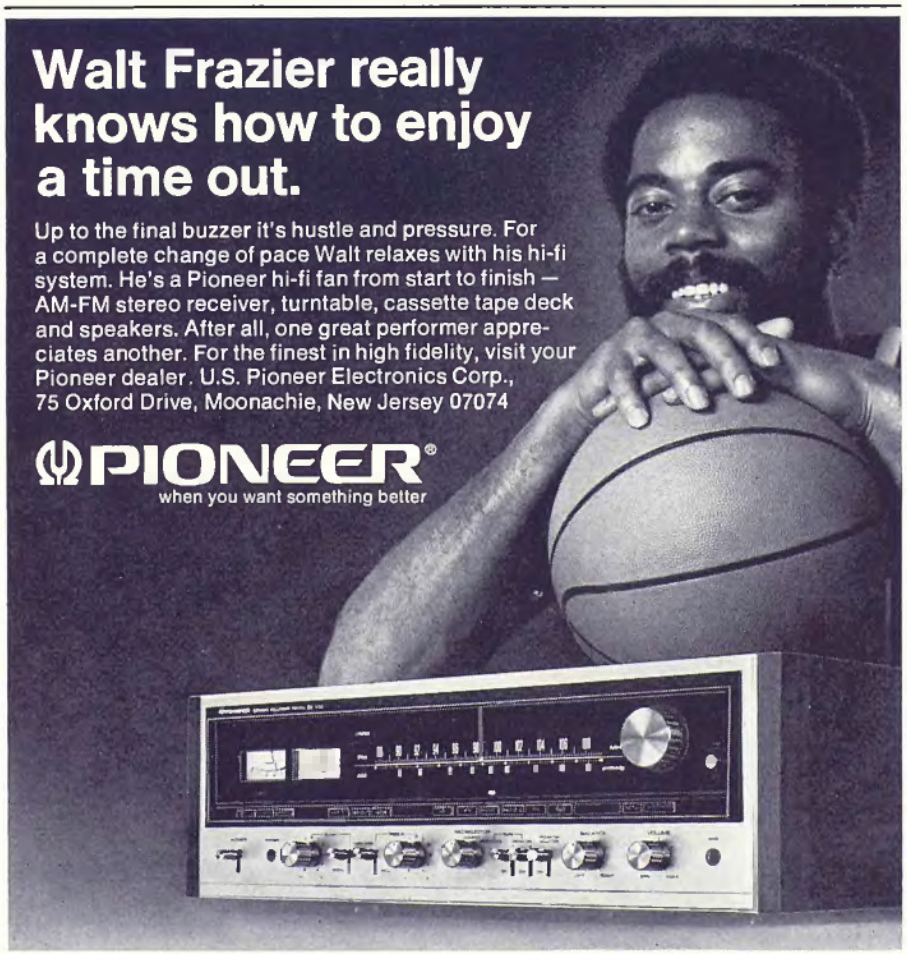

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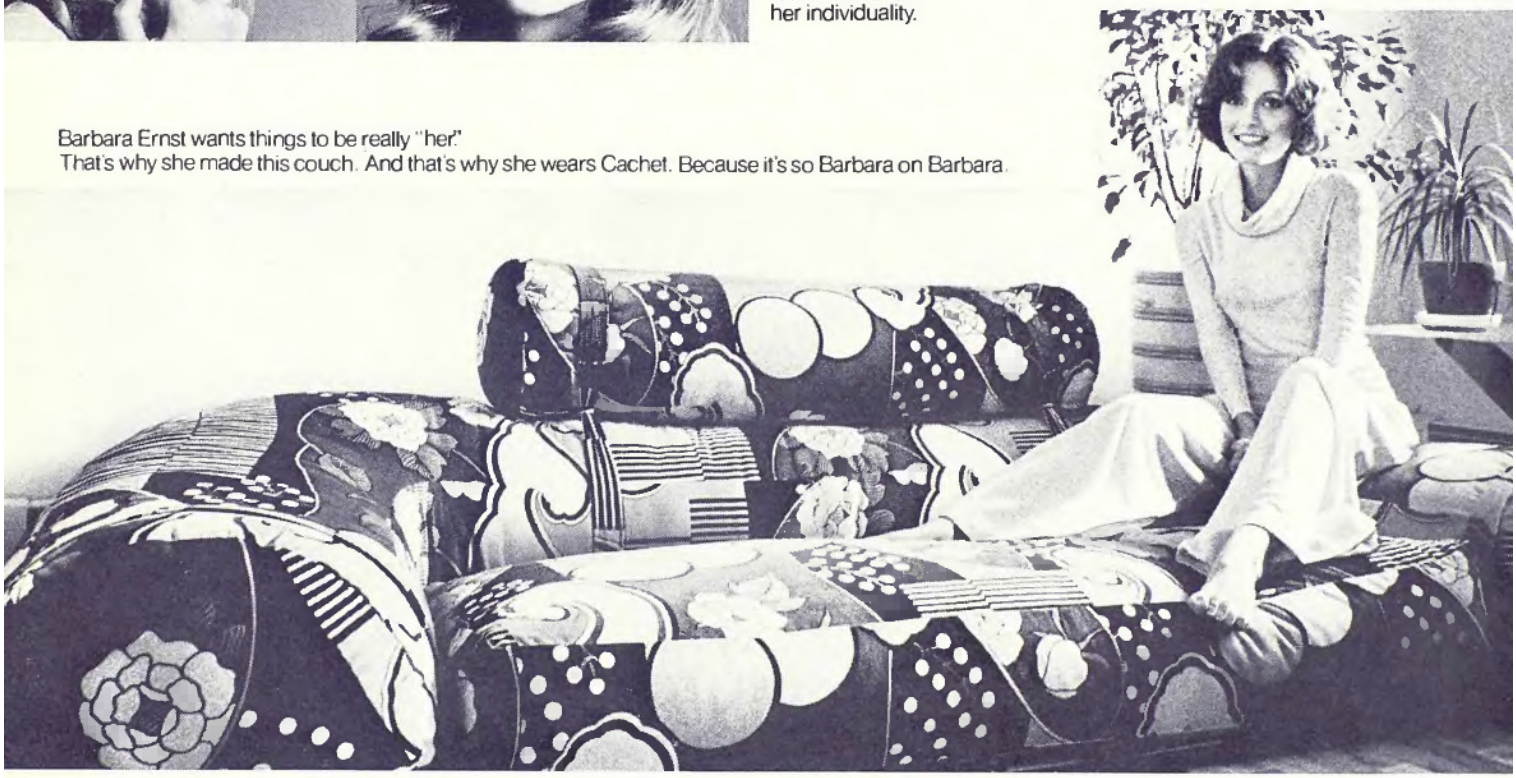
Judy Haas has too many curves to be a fashion model. But she'd never trade her skin for bones. She laughs when someone says womanly figures are coming back. She knows they never went out.

Jo Davidson's favorite gift is a hat. Her second favorite gift is Cachet. Because she feels both reflect her individuality.

Barbara Ernst wants things to be really "her."
That's why she made this couch. And that's why she wears Cachet. Because it's so Barbara on Barbara.



She wants Cachet. Because it's different on her than anyone else.

She doesn't want to look like the next girl. Or wear a fragrance like the next girl's either.
That's why she wants Cachet. Because, besides being fresh and fascinating, Cachet was designed to pick up and play up a woman's own special chemistry.
To be something a little different on her than on anyone else.

Give her Cachet. It's as individual as she is.

THE PLAYBOY FORUM

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

HEF'S "POT PARTY"

The watchdogs of American morality are at it again, snapping at Hugh Hefner's heels because of his fund-raising party for the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws. An ad by the John Birch Society published in a local newspaper last August warned, "We are presently the greatest marijuana-using nation *in all history*." The ad inaccurately defined decriminalization of marijuana as "to cancel all anti-marijuana laws" and went on: "Perhaps any lingering belief that Hefner and his pot-promoting Playmates are in any way a wholesome influence in America may now be cast aside."

It's odd how the Birchers perpetually claim to be in favor of individual freedom and against police-state tyranny—unless you happen to be doing something they consider sinful.

Norm Pliscou
Holtville, California

I am writing not only for myself but also for hundreds of people in prison like me to say bravo for Hugh Hefner's fund-raising party for the reform of marijuana laws. We're the victims of the harsh laws now in effect. We received stiff prison sentences for possession of marijuana and are behind bars with murderers, rapists and thieves.

In my state and in many others, it's hard for a drug offender to be paroled, so we must do our entire sentences. This teaches us nothing but contempt for the stupidity of society. Our dream is that one day the laws will be reformed and our sentences will be commuted. Our hopes are kept up by hearing about people like Hefner who care and are doing things to help us.

David Hunnicutt
Hendersonville, North Carolina

In August, Hefner gave a party at his Westwood, California, mansion, charging a $50 per person donation to the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws. Those attending included Tony Curtis, Flip Wilson, Tommy Smothers and state assemblyman Alan Sieroty, a longtime advocate of marijuana reform. The party raised over $7000 for NORML.

CONFIDENCE MAN

Washington, D.C., has one of the highest violent-crime rates in the country. The local Keystone Cops, however, are not to be distracted by mere rape, robbery or assault; they know what's really important. Some time ago a plainclothesman was trained to communicate in sign language and, pretending to be mute, spent six months as a student at Gallaudet College, an institution for the mute and deaf. He used his pretended handicap to worm his way into the confidence of the students and was finally able to nab nine of them for pot smoking. All of these hardened criminals were deaf and some were mute also. They were convicted of possession, given one-year jail sentences, which were suspended in view of their condition, and fined up to $250 each. How's that for a major accomplishment in law enforcement?

Now these nine students, already handicapped by nature, have police records to make their lives more difficult. The ethics of the whole charade are revolting: The cop pretended he had newly lost his voice and thus won the sympathy and friendship of the students, who had been coping with that problem all their lives. When such treachery is widely practiced and even glorified in our criminal-justice system, how can citizens react except with ever-greater distrust?

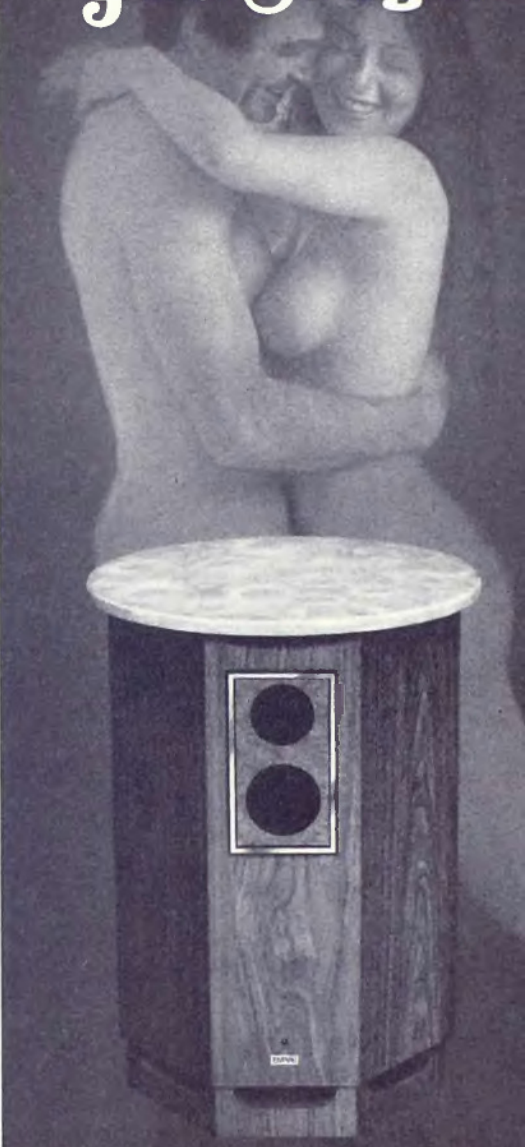
J. Anderson
Baltimore, Maryland

PLEA FOR REASON

Give me a break, huh, fellas? I am impressed by your logical, intelligent, objective response to my letter in the April *Playboy Forum* in which I point out that many rehabilitated drug users abstain from marijuana and that the road to drug addiction for some began with pot. But then, lo! In the September *Forum*, I receive one below the belt from a rehabilitated addict in Oregon who calls my letter "hysterical, uninformed babbling" and "either gross ignorance or the hype of someone who still can't face his own frailty." Well, God knows I have hang-ups and weaknesses. If one of my minor frailties is the willingness to sound like some sort of a square in print, I'll accept that, but by no means did I intend to imply that every drug addict started with pot. Obviously there are millions of people who are mentally balanced enough to try pot without becoming drug addicts. My admonition is directed to those who may not be.

I'm a well-meaning person and I don't advocate the harsh marijuana laws that

"A Song Of Love Is A Glad Song..."



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exist in many states. What I do support is people examining all sides of a question before making a decision that may affect the rest of their lives.

Nathan Kaufman
San Francisco, California

SCIENCE AND PUBLIC POLICY

George Berry's letter in the September *Playboy Forum* contains two statements that deserve comment: (1) "If one really believes in individual freedom, the question of marijuana's harmfulness is secondary" and (2) "I have concluded that science can't help us settle questions of public policy."

If one really believes in personal freedom, the question of marijuana's harmfulness is *primary*. The harmful effects of any drug are of paramount importance to the individual. Meaningful choices are based on information obtained from a variety of sources. Information obtained from scientific study can provide the individual with objective data regarding effects of drug use that are long term or difficult to observe. Information regarding the possible harmful effects of marijuana allows the individual to weigh reasonably the risks and benefits of its use.

The notion that science can't help decide questions of public policy is indefensible. Science is essentially knowledge gained by systematic investigation and observation. There are, of course, many instances of policy decisions that have been made on the basis of intuition instead of knowledge, but the uncertain results of these tend to show that it is better to use scientific information in decision making rather than to undermine its consideration. We do not imply that science is capable of answering all questions of public policy. Within the framework of political decision making, however, science can provide valuable information on selected issues.

Several states, including California, Illinois and New York, have formal machinery to provide scientific information to legislators, giving legislators a chance to combine their political intuition with knowledge provided by a science staff. Many legislators are using this scientific information when setting public policy on issues with obvious scientific aspects.

J. W. Ahlen, Staff Scientist
Charles R. Burns, Research Associate
Illinois Legislative Council
Springfield, Illinois

HEROIN MAINTENANCE

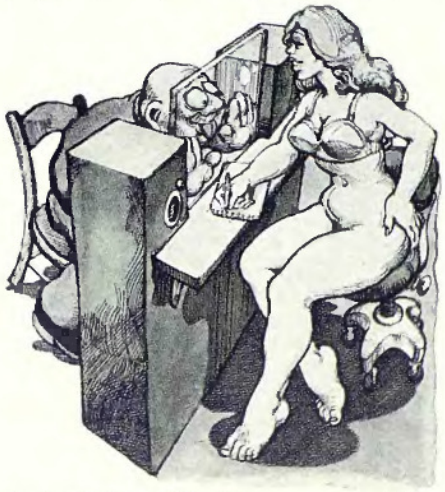
Congressional candidate Sanford P. Cohen advocates legalization of the sale and possession of hard drugs (*The Playboy Forum*, June), but, as a former heroin addict, I believe that there is no need for total legalization of hard drugs. All that is necessary is Government-authorized clinics in which doctors supply addicts with the drugs they need at

FORUM NEWSFRONT

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

DON'T AROUSE THE INMATES

WEST PALM BEACH, FLORIDA—*A circuit-court judge ordered local jail officials to stop discriminating against a female employee of the public-defender's office on*



the basis of sex. The jailers were not allowing the woman to interview prisoners unless she wore a bra.

HARASSING THE HOOKERS

KANSAS CITY, KANSAS—*Police have charged 17 women under an obscure 1901 Kansas City ordinance that makes unattended women subject to arrest if they are "in the streets or any public place" at late hours "without lawful business and without giving a good accounting of themselves." Police said the law, though rarely used, was designed to rid the streets and taverns of hookers who, for lack of evidence, cannot be convicted on prostitution charges. The president of the Greater Kansas City chapter of the National Organization for Women said she was shocked by the arrests and would file a complaint with city officials. A local A.C.L.U. attorney said the law was obviously unconstitutional.*

LESBIAN MOTHERS

SEATTLE—*Two women who live together as acknowledged lesbians have won a second court battle for the custody of their six children from their earlier marriages. A county superior-court judge ruled that they can retain custody of their children and are no longer bound by an earlier court order that they live apart from each other. The women were represented by the Washington A.C.L.U., with assistance from the Playboy Foundation.*

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

PARIS—*The French National Assembly not only has abolished the country's restrictive laws on contraceptives but also has authorized free distribution of contraceptives through the national social-security system. The new law replaces a 1967 statute that permitted distribution of contraceptives only on medical orders and by prescriptions with a time limit.*

In Dublin, the Irish Republic has rejected legislation that would have permitted the importation of contraceptives and their sale to married couples.

ABORTION BACKLASH

Population experts attending the United Nations World Population Conference in Bucharest report that abortion is rapidly becoming a world-wide practice and that almost 30 countries now have legalized abortion on request or for social, economic, physical or mental-health reasons. In the U.S., however, the abortion controversy continues:

• Connecticut's three Roman Catholic bishops have warned that Catholics who participate in an abortion in any way—doctors, nurses, even orderlies who take a woman to surgery—face possible excommunication.

• The Massachusetts legislature has overridden Governor Francis W. Sargent's veto of a bill that places restrictions on abortion, though the law will probably be found unconstitutional. It requires physicians to declare that any abortion they perform is medically necessary and to perform any abortion after the 12th week of pregnancy in a hospital with life-supporting equipment available in the operating room.

• The Pennsylvania legislature has voted to override Governor Milton Shapp's veto of a bill that requires a woman to obtain her husband's consent before receiving an abortion and permits abortion only when the mother's life or health is endangered.

• In Marlborough, Massachusetts, two Catholic priests refused to baptize the infant son of a woman who had stated her support of abortion advocate William R. Baird in a newspaper's man-in-the-street interview. A Jesuit priest from New York who later performed the baptism has been dismissed from his order. (See "Revenge of the Fetus People" in this month's "Playboy Forum.")

• Louisiana's first and so far only abortion clinic is staying open under a U.S. appeals-court ruling that has declared the state's restrictive abortion law unconstitutional. The state attorney general said that he still may enforce the state law and take the appellate-court decision to the U.S. Supreme Court.

• A Roman Catholic group has threatened to sue the school board of

Birmingham, Michigan, if it refuses to discontinue classroom use of a booklet published by the Xerox Corporation that allegedly defames the Pope and the Catholic Church. The booklet criticizes Catholic teaching and influence regarding population control.

RAPE-LAW REVISION

SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA—*Governor Ronald Reagan has signed legislation to protect rape victims from public questioning about their sex lives. Under the new California law, testimony about a victim's prior sexual experiences can be introduced in a trial only after a closed hearing by the judge to determine its relevance and, even then, such testimony cannot be used to measure the victim's consent or resistance to the rape. However, the law does allow the victim to be questioned about any prior sexual contact with the defendant. Similar laws have been passed in Michigan, Iowa and Florida and are under consideration in several other states.*

FLAG FANATICISM

EAST LIVERPOOL, OHIO—*Two teenage girls who publicly burned an American flag were ordered by a juvenile-court judge to make a public apology in a newspaper ad. The judge also ordered the*

girls to attend the daily raising and lowering of the city-hall flag for a week, to observe a curfew for six months and not to communicate with each other by telephone, letter or in person for one year.

YOUNG AT HEART

CHICAGO—*An 82-year-old housewife has filed a $250,000 alienation-of-affection suit against an 81-year-old widowed neighbor, charging that the woman has been hustling her 90-year-old husband. The suit alleges, among other things, that the husband took the neighbor on his annual health trip to Hot Springs, Arkansas, and left his wife at home. "Age don't mean nothing to Albert," the plaintiff told a newspaper reporter. The reporter then asked the current whereabouts of Albert and was told, "He's out on the back porch washing clothes."*

BOTTOMS UP

CINCINNATI—*On the complaint of a neighbor, police arrested a 28-year-old woman who was sun-bathing in her own*

back yard with her bikini bottom pulled down so she could get a tan on her buttocks. The complainant, also a woman, testified in court that the sun-bathing occurred in view of her ten-year-old son. The judge dismissed the indecent-exposure charge because no sex organ had been visible and commented, "I've never seen a fig leaf on a rear end."

SUPERCENSORSHIP

CAPE TOWN—*The government of the Union of South Africa, whose censorship laws already are unusually harsh, is drafting new legislation that one opponent says will lead to a "Kafkaesque nightmare." The proposed publications and entertainment bill, as it is called, provides for about 100 official censors operating throughout the country to scrutinize all art objects, films, books, periodicals and even public entertainment. The new legislation also abolishes the right to appeal censorship decisions in court, because the South African judiciary has consistently overruled decisions of the government's Publications Control Board. Opponents of the measure predict it will generate enough red tape to virtually strangle the publishing and entertainment industries. At various times in the past, South African censors have banned books by George Orwell, John Updike, John Steinbeck, William Faulkner and Vladimir Nabokov, among others, as well as works of art by Modigliani and Michelangelo. Films widely accepted in the U.S. and Europe are frequently banned or are so extensively edited that they become unintelligible.*

cost—which for heroin is approximately the same as the cost of aspirin.

Proposals for such clinics have been made by people who have never used drugs and whose claims can easily be dismissed as theoretical. I happen to have had experience as an addict with a maintenance clinic in the U.S. I attended a drug-maintenance clinic operated by the board of health of New York City in 1919. That clinic served over 7000 city addicts. It curtailed crime, helped addicts to find employment and, had it been continued, would have wiped out the underworld drug market over 50 years ago.

I became addicted at 15 and, as described in my book *I Was a Drug Addict*, spent 13 years trying to free myself. I saw most of my youthful drug companions die, spent time in prison, was treated, and relapsed again and again. I was lucky to find a way out. I believe it is time to eliminate the cause of the drug plague, which is the fact that there's an enormous amount of money to be made in the illicit dope market. There is only one approach that will work: Take the profit out of selling heroin by making it clinically available.

Leroy Street
East Moriches, New York

DRUGS FOR KIDS

It is true, as R. Hopkins suggests in the September *Playboy Forum*, that there may not be any such thing as minimal brain dysfunction (M.B.D.). But there are such things as learning disabilities and perceptual-motor difficulties, and these are not just a child's reaction to a boring or authoritarian school program.

Approximately ten percent of children suffer learning disabilities that until recent years were not fully understood. Current research has helped us to detect these children, and they are usually treated psychologically and educationally, not medically. But there is a small portion of them who are hyperactive or hyperkinetic, and amphetamines help them. Without such aid, they could not be reached in the classroom. Life for them is somewhat of a blur.

Most of the learning-disabled children who attend our school respond to the psychological and educational features of the program and are taken off medication as soon as possible. I think Hopkins' implication that medication for these youngsters is some sort of conspiracy, or a violation of their civil rights, is absurd.

Dr. Franklin S. Helsinger
Executive Director
The Summit School
Levittown, Pennsylvania

DEATH AT AN EARLY AGE

A *Washington Post* article reports that the return to normalcy on campuses is not as comforting as conservatives like to

Choosing a blank tape is like selecting a wine

Ever notice how the audiophile (and oenophile) has built a wall of words—a sound barrier—around selecting a quality blank tape (and a fine wine). Neither should be so complicated to enjoy.

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think. Even though enrollment in the high-status schools of law and medicine is up 50 percent over the past five years and the incidence of students dropping out to experiment with alternative lifestyles is down 25 percent, there is no return to faith in the system. Rather, reporter Emily Fisher finds, there is a mood of embittered despair.

According to the article, a former activist who is now majoring in law says he feels "like a traitor" but "there's just nowhere else to go—if you want to fight the system now, you gotta do it from the top, and you've got to compromise yourself to get there." A Harvard student closer to the corporate ideal sounds equally bitter once he gets talking: "I remember watching kids getting gassed on the news and feeling more bewildered than I had ever been. I was 13. You grow up watching something like that—or watching Vietnamese getting burned . . . and it kills something in your mind. No, I'm not committed to anything. There aren't many things I believe in anymore." A third student is more succinct: "People are just out to get their degree. . . . Politics is bull." A fourth says, "Altruism is out. Everybody I grew up with is terrified about money."

The tear gas and clubs of the police in the Sixties and the guns of Kent State may have killed idealism and radicalism, as conservatives hoped, but they have also killed part of the soul of American youth. It will be interesting to see, in years to come, what this new crop of nihilists does for—or to—our society.

M. Hodges
Fort Worth, Texas

THE BOOK BURNERS

I would like to thank Andrew Crawford for his kind letter of support that was published in the September *Playboy Forum*. And thanks to *The Playboy Forum* for its editorial comments on the Drake, North Dakota, book-burning incident and its aftermath.

My wife, my daughter and I were forced to leave Drake due to my having no job and the increasing threats of violence made by a small group in the area. Nevin Van De Streek, our A.C.L.U. lawyer in Minot, North Dakota, assures me that our suit against the board of education's censorship will have been heard in court in October. I hope PLAYBOY will continue to keep its readers aware of events. The country must know that censorship and ignorance are as prevalent as ever and must be faced squarely.

Bruce Severy
Fargo, North Dakota

PREVENTING EDUCATION

Having heard of some other students who had circulated the Bill of Rights as a petition a few years ago—and had it rejected by two thirds of those asked to sign it—some high school students in Santa Maria, California, decided to see how the First Amendment alone would fare in their town.

Happily, 64 percent of the citizens polled approved of the First Amendment. Unhappily, the other 36 percent rejected it with excessive vehemence. Some of their comments were as follows: "Anyone in favor ought to have his head examined." "It is too radical." "Spit on it and burn it up." "I don't agree with any of it." "It would be unconstitutional." "I don't want to get involved—no comment." "Radical teenage kid!" "Long-hair stuff." "OK, except I don't believe in freedom of the press."

Obviously, those folks are graduates of schools in which the faculty pursued a very vigorous policy of preventing rather than providing education.

F. Martinez
Los Angeles, California

WAR ON EVOLUTION

William A. Collier of Nashville mentions the Tennessee legislature's "war on the theory of evolution" in the September *Playboy Forum*. That state's 1973 law requiring science teachers to give the Biblical creation story equal time with evolution is but one instance of a new attack on the teaching of evolution. This campaign, the most vigorous since the 1925 Scopes trial discredited the anti-evolution position, is abetted by an organization called the Creation Research Society. The society has about 300 members holding advanced degrees in various scientific fields and all subscribing to the beliefs that *Genesis* is factually accurate, that the earth is only 6000 years old, that all the species of animals now existing were created in one week and that Noah's flood actually occurred and covered the whole earth. This organization was active in promoting a 1972 California ruling that evolution must be taught strictly as theory, not as fact. The board of education of Columbus, Ohio, in 1971 passed a resolution urging teachers to present both theories in discussing the origin of the universe. Unsuccessful efforts to insert the doctrine of creation into science classes have been made in Federal courts and in the legislatures of Colorado, Georgia, Michigan and Washington.

The business about teaching evolution as a theory is something of a phony issue. Evolution always is taught as a theory, but this doesn't mean it's just some airy notion no better or worse than any other explanation. It happens to be the most probable explanation of the known geological and paleontological facts. An explanation that requires supernatural miracles and can't account for obvious facts simply doesn't deserve consideration in science classes, however compelling it may be as theology or poetry. Efforts by special creationists to get their doctrines included in science courses would, if successful, break down the distinctions between science and religion in our schools and between state and church in our laws. Even more tragic, this turning back of the clock would mean that generations of children would be badly educated.

R. Jackson
Hartford, Connecticut

A Tennessee court has declared unconstitutional the law requiring that public school biology textbooks include the Biblical account of man's origin.

THE LORD'S ECCENTRICITY

According to a United Press International news story, an eight-year-old boy in Memphis, Tennessee, was lured to the Sunday services of a local church by promises of hot dogs and soft drinks. During the service, the minister, the Reverend Gene Hobgood, pointed out the boy's long hair, saying in effect that all males who don't keep it trimmed close are going to hell. The child was terrorized into submitting to a haircut then and there. The hell-fire sermon so frightened the boy, his parents say, that his nose bled all Sunday afternoon. They are seeing an attorney about the incident. The Reverend Hobgood, not dismayed, told the press, "I didn't start it. The Lord did. And it works."

If the Reverend Hobgood reports the Lord's position correctly, the Lord might need psychiatric treatment. Throwing little children into eternal flames because of the length of their hair is not behavior characteristic of the mentally sound. Such eccentric passions certainly do not fit a person for a responsible position such as that of Creator of the universe.

Robert Olson
Dallas, Texas

WHO'S TO BLAME?

Child molesters are considered to be among the most heinous of criminals because they exploit innocent victims who will be forever emotionally scarred and incapable of a healthy enjoyment of sex. Maybe it's true, though I was assaulted as a little girl and I can assure you it has not affected *my* enjoyment of sex. I am certainly not about to defend child molesting; however, I think simply condemning it is an evasion of the real problems it represents.

What I'm getting at is that sexual repressiveness produces both the individual who turns to antisocial sexual behavior and the victim who will be irreparably damaged emotionally by an encounter with any form of deviant sexual behavior. The repressive attitude fosters the belief that children are totally innocent of sexual knowledge and should remain so for as long as possible. The child who's kept uninformed gets the impression that sex must be a powerful evil indeed; such a youngster is most likely to be traumatized by almost any kind of

exposure to sex. Repressed kids are also the ones most likely to develop deviant and criminal sex habits. As the *Report of the Commission on Obscenity and Pornography* notes, "The early social environments of sex offenders may be characterized as sexually repressive and deprived." Ironically, the people who scream for the blood of a sex criminal are often the same ones who fanatically oppose intelligent, organized sex-education programs.

(Name withheld by request)
Phoenix, Arizona

BIBLICAL BRAINWASHING

My formative years were spent in Seventh-day Adventist schools, where authorities never missed an opportunity to remind students of the wickedness of sex. The goal of such training, apparently, was to create an automatic guilt reflex whenever any kind of sensual feelings were aroused. It succeeded: I can remember crying from fear of God's displeasure after my first masturbatory experience, and I was impotent by the time I graduated. Fortunately, I found a patient, understanding and thoughtful woman who helped me to overcome my association of sex with guilt and to outgrow my flaccidity.

I know that my case is not an isolated one, nor is it limited to my own religious background: I've talked to ex-Catholics, Protestant fundamentalists and many others who have experienced the same kinds of problems. They all agree that years of brainwashing with Biblical soap will take the starch out of anybody's noodle.

(Name withheld by request)
Sonora, California

SEX EDUCATION ON TV

A 30-program color television series titled *Human Sexuality* has been presented on Hawaii public television (KHET-TV). I conducted the series and it was produced by the University of Hawaii and the Hawaii public-television station. This is the first major effort to present a broad insight into human sexuality on TV. The favorable response from many different community factions ensures the rerunning of the series in Hawaii and distribution elsewhere in the U. S.

The Public Broadcasting System plans to make the series available to stations throughout the country via the Public Television Library (formerly National Educational Television). However, the Library's lawyers are concerned about the possibility that the Federal Communications Commission might consider that some material in the programs violates its regulations. If the FCC took punitive action, it would be against individual stations, not against the Public Television Library. To avoid this possibility, the Library is offering 25 of the 30 programs, though the others can be obtained from the original producer.

Our feeling is that the greatest value of the series will be its nonbroadcast usefulness. Video cassettes of all 30 programs will be offered by the Public Television Library for purchase or for rent by such institutions as schools, colleges, libraries, church groups and health departments, which can use them as audio-visual aids for courses on sexual behavior.

The series includes nothing that would be offensive to any reasonable person. Some program titles are: "The Body," "Sexual Development," "Abortion and Sterilization," "Sexual Object Choice," "Sexual Commerce," "V. D. Troubles," "Sex and the Law" and "New Lifestyles." The broadcasts cover everyday emotional and physical, sexual and reproductive processes. We present most issues without a moralizing context; however, we do discuss social and ethical questions where appropriate. We do not avoid difficult areas; rather we probe them with the trust that competent exposure of an issue should help people understand it and thus should better society.

Milton Diamond, Ph.D.
Professor of Human Sexuality
University of Hawaii
Honolulu, Hawaii

NOSE AND *THROAT*

St. Louis, the gateway to the West, is far from being a wide-open town. When *Deep Throat* opened there last August, nearly two years after its first run in New York, it was so obviously and so severely cut that one young man who had merely read reviews of the movie and was disappointed in the butchered film asked for and got his money back. "This is all St. Louis would accept" was the way a spokesman for the theater explained it. He was wrong. Even with laryngitis, *Deep Throat* was too much for St. Louis. A judge viewed the film and declared it obscene; the theater has been closed and four men who work there have been arrested.

St. Louis has no hard-core pornography theaters, no burlesque and not even any topless bars. Our largest civic monument, the Gateway Arch, should really be adorned with a big blue nose.

Ray Gordon
Ballwin, Missouri

HYPOCRITICAL HARASSMENT

Many of my European friends, as well as most Americans, can't understand why I prefer living in Switzerland to living in the U. S. The letters and news items that appear in *The Playboy Forum* and *Forum Newsfront* often help me to explain. In the July issue, for example, there is an item from Smithtown, New York, where I lived for 12 years. A topless dancer was arrested; the arrestee turned out to be a male and was allowed to return to work pending the town board's threat to "explore the situation." Why live in a place where people go so far out of their way to make trouble for others who are basically minding their own business?

The moral climate of western Europe certainly could stand some improvement, but it is without a doubt a far cry from the hypocritical harassment that passes for political activity in many small towns in the U. S.

Robert Liedlich
Zeiningen, Switzerland

TOO OLD FOR CHILD'S PLAY

Middle-aged studs who feel a need to prove their virility might be tempted to do as I did and latch onto a superheated teeny-bopper. In celebration of my 51st birthday, I began an affair with a lusty 17-year-old. That she called me poppa and herself poppa's little girl was only a momentary hang-up; the real problems started when, after balling, she wanted to run in the park. I'd gasp for air, she'd ask what was wrong; I'd tell her and she'd say, cuddling up, "Oh, no, I'll make you young," and want to screw some more! The next day, instead of heeding my cry for plasma she'd want to see if we could do it while sprinting around the park again: *Kama Sutra* during the 100-yard dash.

After an affair like that, one might conclude as I did that those wonderful memories of gymnastics in the back seat of dad's car should remain just that—memories. A delightfully bouncy little girl can provide an insightful but dangerous path over the hill. I'm happy for the opportunity, but next time methinks I'll just look.

Dr. Harry Schneider
Lausanne, Switzerland

POSTMARITAL SEX

Six months ago, I was a hospital patient because of insomnia, depression, weight loss and other indefinite complaints. The doctors gave me a whole array of tests but found nothing wrong physically. A psychiatrist, however, confirmed what I suspected but didn't want to admit to myself—that I was lonesome, sexually frustrated and a psychological mess.

My husband has been dead for more than three years. I was 45 when he died and subsequently I lived alone, our two daughters having married and moved to opposite ends of the country. I remained in a state of shock for months, then snapped out of it—I thought. I got a job, sold the old house, built a new one to keep busy and tried to start a new life without a man. Thinking back, I realize that I wasted much of my earlier life. I was a virgin when I met my husband at the age of 22. For 23 years, our sex life was fantastic in quality and quantity, though I remained completely loyal to my original moral code. I never took

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lovers during my husband's long absences on business trips and I refused to swap with another couple, even though my husband was for it. I tried to raise my daughters with the same moral code, stressing the importance of preserving virginity until marriage. Both of them ignored my views and in fact were enthusiastically active sexually with a number of men at college. So when my husband died I was entirely alone, physically and philosophically, in my strait-laced moral armor. I still believed sex outside of marriage was immoral and, more than that, at age 45, I had only fucked with one man. I was frightened and insecure at the thought of sex with anyone else; hence my efforts to be a serene widow busy with other things, untroubled by sex urges. It didn't work.

In the March *Playboy Forum*, you published a letter from a 68-year-old widow from South Carolina who met an old friend, wasted a lot of time kidding around, but finally began fucking with him regularly and expressed regret that she hadn't started sooner. I read that letter after my release from the hospital and I admitted to myself that I was out of touch with reality, that my celibacy had proved disastrous and done no good. I sold my house and moved to a new city. I threw out my panty girdles and matronly dresses and spent nearly $1000 on a new wardrobe and two weeks at a resort spa to learn cosmetics and to tone up a few flabby muscles. I started reading Masters and Johnson and many other authors to get with it mentally. I set out deliberately to make myself sexually attractive, to adopt a predatory attitude, to become what I once would have called promiscuous but now think is reasonable and sensible. Eventually I began fucking again, first with one man, then with more.

Like the South Carolina widow, I regret terribly the waste of time. I thank her and PLAYBOY for the advice and the encouragement.

(Name withheld by request)
Columbia, Maryland

LOVE AND WHIPPING

J. Edwards does not know what he is talking about in criticizing sadomasochists (*The Playboy Forum*, August). If S/M is not for the timid, it is not for the insensitive, either. S/M lovers do not kick each other around; if they have the courage to face their deepest feelings and the skill to explore those of their partners, testing the needs and capacities of their bodies can deepen and intensify their feelings for each other.

I admire the young wife from Louisville (same issue) who got the kind of husband she needs, but I don't agree that it is the young or the bored who will get the best results from spanking or whipping. I would recommend S/M only to long-married couples who are very sure of themselves and each other and are deeply in love. S/M is not characterized by a desire to injure, punish or humiliate the partner but is a true sharing of strong feelings.

(Name withheld by request)
Boston, Massachusetts

The young woman who enjoys having her husband paddle her every night before they have intercourse doubtless represents a minority view. In seven years of marriage, my husband has spanked me three times, and each time it was a painful and humiliating experience that was not sexually arousing in itself. However, despite all the feminist ideas in the air today, I am a woman who wants a marital relationship in which my husband is dominant and I am submissive. Those three spankings have been enough to establish in my mind that he is the boss. That feeling, in turn, makes him sexually attractive to me. So there is something to be said for an occasional marital spanking, even among people who consider themselves relatively normal.

(Name withheld by request)
Baltimore, Maryland

MASKED RIDER

I am sexually fascinated by masks. Just about any type of mask intrigues me, especially when worn by a woman. I wonder if many people share my feeling that such coverings are exceedingly sensuous. Masks are often used to evoke emotion and they have been widely employed in religion and in the arts for thousands of years—not to mention at masked parties and costume balls. Perhaps I would have been happier in past centuries, when masks were fashionable on all sorts of social occasions. I hope I can eventually find a woman to share my fantasy with; most would be offended if I asked them to put on a mask before making love.

(Name withheld by request)
New York, New York

LOVEMAKING WITH RESTRAINT

Once in a while, *The Playboy Forum* publishes letters from devotees of sexual sadism and masochism. I hope no one is led to confuse those predilections with simple bondage. The practitioner of bondage simply uses his mastery of his partner's body to help her derive the utmost pleasure from her fantasies of rape and sexual abuse. Indeed, a true bondage master would never even tie his bondage belle too tightly, which could threaten circulation, but just tightly enough that she knows she is no longer the mistress of her body. And he would not do anything to which she strongly objects.

A bondage relationship embodies love, trust and respect. The master expresses his love by accepting guilt and freeing his partner of any taint of sinning; he trusts that she will not cry rape and is respectfully concerned for her well-being. The woman, on the other hand, shows her love by her complete submission; she trusts her partner not to harm her and respects him for making her the ultimate woman, the sex object *sans pareil*.

A talented master of bondage can make a session last for hours, bringing himself and his bondage belle to the brink of orgasm and then retreating time and time again until nature can no longer be denied. The excitement is enhanced and intensified by the kind of titillation one finds in a good horror movie. In both cases, real terror would drive people away, but the *illusion* of terror will keep them coming back for more.

(Name withheld by request)
Torrance, California

THE NEED TO BE NORMAL

From time to time, I have read letters in *The Playboy Forum* and *The Playboy Advisor* from people who enjoy such things as tying each other up during sexual activity, spanking, anal intercourse, and the like. I must admit I've experienced urges to experiment with such things myself; however, I've abstained from experiments with kinky sex because such acts are not normal. PLAYBOY does a great disservice to the mental health of readers by either remaining silent or giving instructions on how to do some of these abnormal things. The majority of people never engage in bondage, peculiar variations on intercourse, sadomasochism, and the like, and they should not be encouraged to. Departures from the norm can cause serious shame, guilt and depression and do permanent emotional damage.

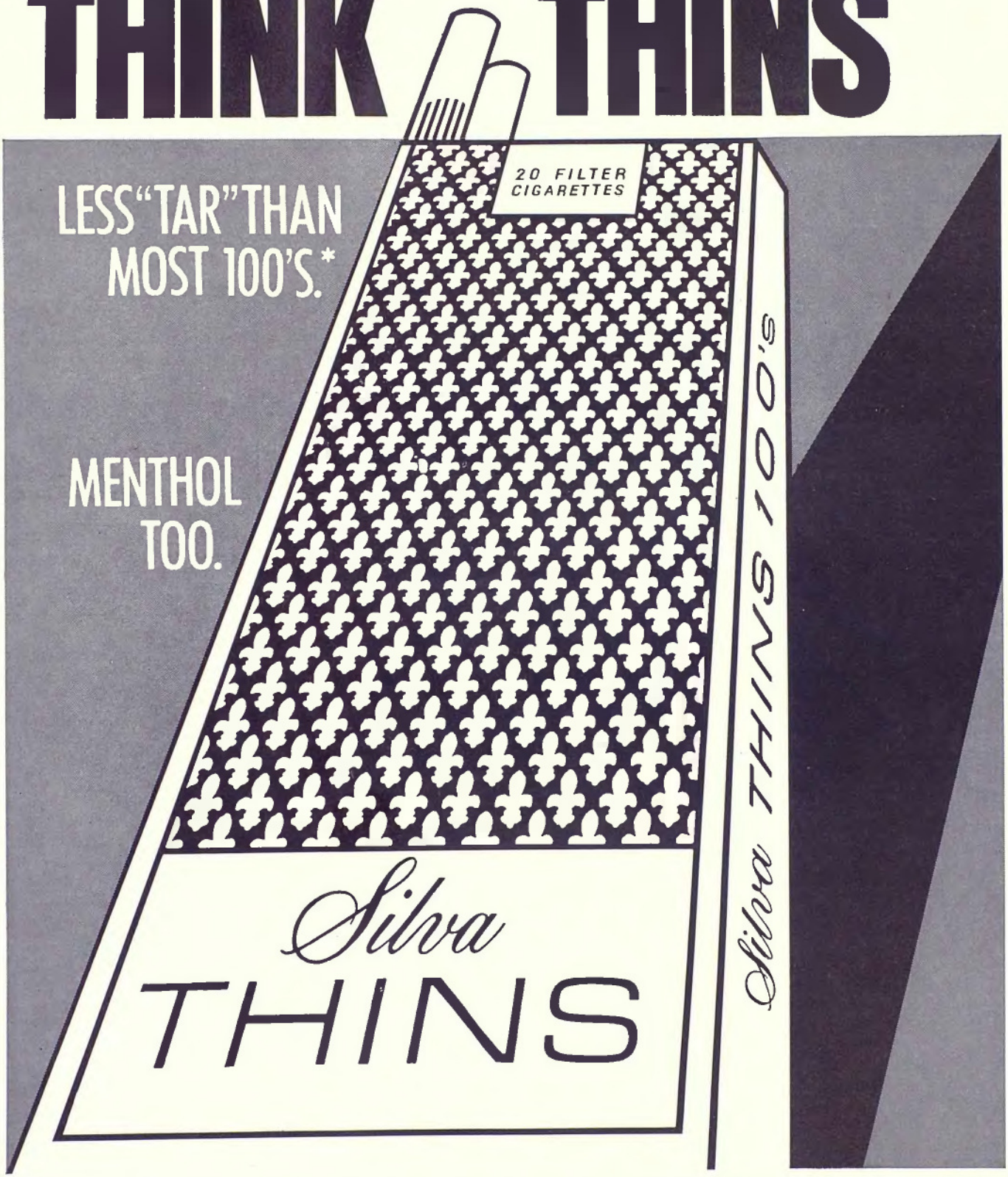
Robert Strong
Baltimore, Maryland

Sounds like you make a fetish of normality. However, since you don't seem to view it as a problem, we can't recommend that you seek help; therapists usually feel that curing a normality complex requires that the sufferer manifest a deep and sincere willingness to change. Though we respect your sexual orientation, candor bids us point out that normality is either a statistical concept or a standard based on some notion of morality. Thus anal intercourse might be described as abnormal, because, according to our survey "Sexual Behavior in the 1970s," only about 12 percent of married couples have tried it or because a commentator considers it immoral but prefers to use the more objective-sounding word abnormal to condemn it. In either case, normal is a catchword, not a sensible guide for conduct.

MORALITY AND INSURANCE

I have been a life-insurance agent in California for about five years, representing a large company. Several of my clients are being charged extra-high premiums because credit investigators have

THINK THINS



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discovered that they are living with a person of the opposite sex to whom they are not married. These people are adults, neither heavy drinkers nor users of drugs. I asked my company's underwriting unit why they would charge more money to insure a person who violates traditional morality. Their reply was that people in such situations tend to have a higher mortality rate than those who live more conventional lives. I think this is hypocrisy: these people are being penalized because they offend the underwriters' puritanical sensibilities.

(Name withheld by request)
Los Angeles, California

PLAYBOY *contacted the Institute of Life Insurance, which informed us that there are no statistics showing a higher mortality rate among couples living together unmarried.*

In the August *Playboy Forum*, Kenneth Collier stated, "It seems to me that a private businessman, such as an insurance agent, has no right to try to shove his own moral code down his customers' throats." Insurance agents do no such thing: the decisions about who gets and doesn't get insurance are made by the companies' underwriters. The underwriters rely on various sources of information about the person wishing to buy insurance, including credit-investigating agencies, which sometimes report false or insufficient information. Collier is unfair in singling out the insurance agent, who is simply the man caught in the middle between underwriters and investigators.

Richard L. Coleman
Baltimore, Maryland

PROOF OF VIRGINITY

I trust that the search for the Wowser of the Year (*The Playboy Forum*, March, June) is an international competition. If so, a leading contender must be Bishop Augoustinos of Greece, who has ordered priests in his diocese to refuse to marry couples who have had sexual intercourse while engaged. Evidently the good bishop thinks that people who have discovered sexual compatibility and want to wed shouldn't be permitted to marry, while those who don't know if they're really compatible are the ones who *should* marry. To complete this absurdity, the bishop ordered his priests to demand proof of virginity before performing a wedding, but didn't say what such proof would consist of. (Lie detector? Swearing an oath on the Bible? Scout's honor?) Clearly, Americans have no monopoly on sheer idiocy.

John Tyler
Los Angeles, California

WEIGHED IN THE BALANCE

September *Forum Newsfront* tells of a parish priest who forbade a Catholic burial for one of his parishioners who worked as a counselor and administrator in an abortion clinic. Evidently this priest feels that abortion is a terrible thing. Of course, the Catholic clergy could greatly reduce the number of abortions by making sex education and contraception available to everyone, everywhere. Let's ask them why they don't do that.

If it's any solace to the parents of this 27-year-old woman, she probably did more good in her brief time at the abortion clinic than that priest will do in his entire life.

Bill Wilke
Sarasota, Florida

REVENGE OF THE FETUS PEOPLE

Those anti-abortion zealots, the fetus people, have struck again, this time staging a dramatic farce that deserves to be called *Revenge of the Fetus People*. Shades of the Inquisition! Mrs. Carol Morreale of Marlborough, Massachusetts, merely told a local reporter that, in her opinion, William A. Baird's Parents' Aid Society had a right to open an abortion clinic in the town. Her parish priests noted her name in the newspaper and when she went to the church to have her baby baptized, they questioned her closely about her views and refused to baptize the child. Mrs. Morreale later stated in an interview with *The New York Times* that she supports freedom of choice with regard to abortion but this does not mean she believes in abortion. Subsequently a Jesuit priest, the Reverend Joseph O'Rourke, flew to Massachusetts and performed the baptismal ritual outside the church.

It has been said that the fetus people care more for the unborn than for the born and this case really proves it. The infant was perfectly innocent, yet the priests wanted to punish him for his mother's sin of daring to think independently. According to the priests' own theology, should a child die unbaptized it is condemned to limbo, where he or she is eternally deprived of the sight of God. If the child were unborn, they'd fight for his or her right to get born, but once born, they are willing to consign the child to limbo.

There's another act to the drama: Jesuit authorities subsequently dismissed O'Rourke from the order for baptizing the child. It seems these characters have never grasped the difference between morality and vindictiveness.

Stephen Gould
Boston, Massachusetts

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: ROBERT REDFORD

a candid conversation with hollywood's most self-effacing superstar

He doesn't have the Mediterranean sensuality of a Rudolph Valentino, the rakehell charm of a Clark Gable, the suave sophistication of a Cary Grant or the lady-killer reputation of an Errol Flynn. But there's no doubt that 37-year-old Robert Redford is the most powerful male sex symbol on the screen today.

That's not a label Redford particularly relishes: He dislikes all labels, in fact. An accomplished dramatic performer (with several critically acclaimed stage appearances and one Academy Award nomination, for "The Sting," under his belt), Redford is a concerned environmentalist, a fiercely independent thinker and, in the words of one of his producers, "so smart he could be the first actor to be President." (Today that may not be a compliment.)

Born in Santa Monica, California, in 1937, Redford went from Van Nuys High School to the University of Colorado, where he found himself majoring in mountain climbing, hunting and skiing, rather than in more conventional academic pursuits. He dropped out in his second year to spend 13 months studying painting in Europe. Returning to the United States, he enrolled at the Pratt Institute in New York. Vaguely motivated by some idea of becoming an art director for the stage, he followed the suggestion of an instructor and enrolled in the American Academy of Dramatic Arts. The original notion was merely to obtain theatrical background, but once Redford tried acting, he was hooked.

While Redford was studying in New York, his heart was on the West Coast with young Lola Van Wagenen, a Utah girl he'd met in Los Angeles. Following a courtship conducted partly by long-distance telephone, they were married in 1958 and have since become the parents of three children: Shauna, 14; David James (Jamie), 12; and Amy, 4.

After impressing critics and directors in a series of supporting roles on stage and television, Redford landed the lead in the Broadway production of "Sunday in New York" in 1961. His first big break came in 1963, when Mike Nichols cast him as the young husband in Neil Simon's comedy hit "Barefoot in the Park." Six modestly successful motion pictures, including the screen version of "Barefoot," preceded Redford's blockbuster breakthrough, when he was teamed with Paul Newman in 1969's "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid." That was the first time anybody stole a picture from Paul Newman, and it should have led to an unbroken stream of film roles. What it did provide was a chance for the unpredictable Redford to be very choosy. In the same year, he did a skiing movie, "Downhill Racer," with his own production company, and a motorcycle film, "Little Fauss and Big Halsy," and starred in "Tell Them Willie Boy Is Here." Then he holed up in his secluded Utah home, refusing all movie commitments for a two-year period. Not until 1971, when he made "Jeremiah Johnson," did he emerge from his self-imposed retirement—already the fourth such extended absence from filmwork in his career. Suddenly, there was Redford again, all over the marquees with "The Hot Rock" and "The Candidate" in 1972, "The Way We Were" and "The Sting" in 1973 and "The Great Gatsby" in 1974. In 1975, Redford will be seen in "The Great Waldo Pepper" and he'll shoot a Western about Tom Horn, the scout who tracked Geronimo in the Sierra Madres (the script to be done by William Goldman, who wrote "Butch Cassidy"); and he's bought the film rights to "All the President's Men," the Carl Bernstein–Bob Woodward best seller (first introduced in PLAYBOY*) about the uncovering of Watergate. Despite this spurt of activity, Redford keeps talking about retreating back into his Utah mountain fastness. To find out if he really means it,* PLAYBOY *assigned free-lance writer Larry DuBois to track down the elusive Redford. DuBois' report:*

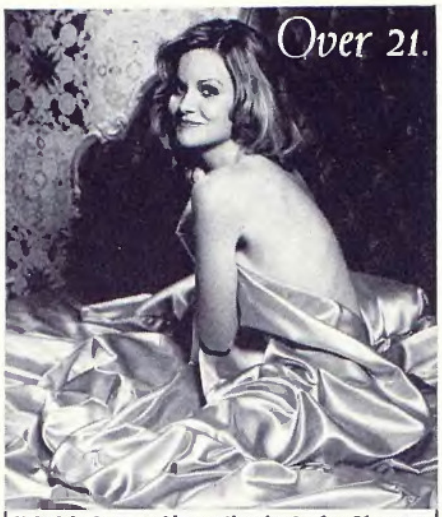
"Redford isn't really comfortable with any of the hoopla that goes along with his new superstar status, and so spending

"Most interviews make me look so perfect, so lucky, so one-dimensional. Nobody ever gives me credit for having a nightmare, for making people unhappy. I can be terrifically irresponsible and selfish."

"I'd certainly like to be very rich. Just because I like wearing Levis and have a disdain for certain material things doesn't mean for a second that I don't want to be the richest guy in the valley."

STANLEY TRETICK

"I have a gut-level feeling about politicians that goes way back, that there's nothing to see in their eyes. They all talk as though they're addressing a room filled with 40,000 people."



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his time in front of a tape recorder, participating in the invasion of his own privacy, came very low on his list of preferred pastimes—somewhere down about where most of us would place going to the dentist. That may be why it took almost two years to acquire roughly eight hours of recorded conversation.

"The first time I met him, in his office in Los Angeles about four movies ago, he asked all the questions. Who was I? And why did I want to interview him? How did I feel about this and that? He likes to save his performances for the screen, and if I expected to find out about him, I was going to have to let him find out about me. The questioning was sharp and precise, his manner polite but firm and—well, suspicious. He didn't start to relax until he found out that I was a Mormon from Salt Lake and finally he said, 'OK, what the hell.' As soon as he got out of Hollywood, a place that gives him a pinched nerve in the brain, and back home to Utah, I could meet him there to begin the interview.

"The weekend I arrived was the last of the ski season, and what he mostly wanted to do was ski. So each morning, it was straight to the lifts, straight to the top and straight down again as fast as possible, hooting and hollering all the way. You don't have to be from Utah to understand why he loves living there. His home, which he and his wife built themselves, brick by brick, looks over those spectacular Wasatch mountains where he filmed 'Jeremiah Johnson' and where he has developed a ski area called Sundance. The people in the area are pretty much unawed by celebrityhood, so it's easy for him to get away from its pressures. And those mountain roads, where there are few cars and even fewer highway patrolmen, are perfect for Redford's passion for driving his Porsche, his motorcycles, even the family station wagon, at truly immoderate speeds.

"We talked a lot that weekend—about Henry Miller and Hunter Thompson and skiing and Lola and art and self-discipline—you name it. He's a first-rate storyteller with the satirical eye of an editorial cartoonist: He loves to jump on himself, politicians, movie executives, anybody he catches indulging in any sort of phoniness or pomposity. But somehow we never got around to turning on the tape recorder, which was just fine with him.

"The next time we arranged a meeting was on the set of 'The Great Gatsby' in Newport, Rhode Island. He was in a very different mood, not loose and high-spirited at all. He was feeling suffocated by that high-society world he was immersing himself in on the set, and the locals in that status-conscious community tended to be impressed with Robert Redford. He was getting a lot of fancy invitations to a lot of fancy tennis clubs, and he gave

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STR-7065

"If the tuner section of the STR-7065 were categorized as basically meeting its excellent specification, we'd have to rate the amplifier as one that exceeds its claims by far...THD reached the manufacturer's rated (and very low) value of 0.2% at an incredible 85 watts per channel. Remember, that Sony rates the amplifier at 70 watts mid-band, per channel and, even more conservatively, at 60 watts/channel for all frequencies from 20 Hz to 20,000 Hz. At all power levels below 60 watts, THD measured well below 0.15%, while IM distortion measured under 0.1% for all power levels up to 45 watts, rising to the rated 0.2% at 60 watts and remaining at less than 1.0% even at 65 watts per channel and higher."

—Reprinted from Audio, Nov. 1973

STR-7055

"The audio amplifiers of the STR-7055 delivered 51.5 watts per channel into 8 ohms at the clipping point with both channels driven"...

—Reprinted from Stereo Rev., Nov. 1973

"Using Sony's rated 35 watts per channel as a reference full-power level, harmonic distortion was under 0.1 per cent from 30 to 20,000 Hz at full power or less, rising to the rated 0.2 per cent at 20 Hz. Typically, distortion was less than 0.05 per cent."

—Reprinted from Stereo Rev., Nov. 1973

SPECIFICATIONS

	Specification	Measured in	STR-7065	STR-7055	STR-7045	STR-
TUNER SECTIONS	Sensitivity, IHF	μV	2.0	2.0	2.6	2
	S/N ratio	dB	70	70	70	
	Capture ratio	dB	1.0	1.0	1.5	
	Selectivity, IHF	dB	70	70	70	
	Image rejection	dB	70	70	70	
	IF rejection	dB	100	100	90	
	Spurious rejection	dB	90	90	90	
	AM suppression	dB	56	56	56	
	Harmonic distortion (@ 400Hz)					
	Mono	%	0.2	0.2	0.2	
	Stereo	%	0.5	0.5	0.5	
	FM stereo separation (@ 400Hz)	dB	38	38	38	
	FM frequency response		20Hz–15kHz ± 1dB	20Hz–15kHz ± 1dB	20Hz–15kHz ± 1dB	30Hz ±
	AM harmonic distortion	%	0.8	0.8	0.8	
	AM S/N ratio	dB	50	50	50	
PREAMPLIFIER SECTION	Input sensitivity and impedance					
	Phono	mV / ohms	2.0 / 47k	2.0 / 50k	1.8 / 47k	2.5
	Phono—low	mV / ohms				2.0
	Microphone	mV / ohms	1.0 / 47k			
	Tuner, Aux., Tape, REC/PB	mV / ohms	150 / 50k	150 / 50k	140 / 100k	250
	Output voltage and impedance					0.5
	Preamp	V / ohms	1.0 / 4.7k	1.0 / 4.7k		
	Rec out	mV / ohms	250 / 10k	250 / 10k	250 / 10k	250
	REC/PB	mV / ohms	30 / 82k	30 / 82k	30 / 82k	30
	THD @ rated output*	%	0.2	0.2	0.2	
	IM distortion @ rated output**	%	0.2	0.2	0.2	
	S/N ratio, IHF					
	Phono	dB	72	70	70	
	Phono—low	dB				
	Microphone	dB	65			
	Tuner, Aux., Tape, REC/PB	dB	90	90	90	
POWER AMPLIFIER SECTION	RMS power per channel 20Hz–20kHz					
	2-Ch., both channels driven @ 8 ohms,	Watts	60	35	30	
	4-Ch., all channels driven @ 8 ohms	Watts				
	THD @ rated output					
	2-Ch./4-Ch.	%	0.2	0.2	0.2	
	IM distortion @ rated output					
	2-Ch./4-Ch.	%	0.2	0.2	0.2	
	Power bandwidth, IHF		15Hz–35kHz	15Hz–35kHz	15Hz–30kHz	10H
	Frequency response @ 1W output		10Hz–100kHz + 0, — 1dB	10Hz–100kHz + 0, — 1dB	10Hz–60kHz + 0, —3dB	10H + 0
	S/N ratio	dB	110	100		
	Damping factor (@ 8 ohms)		50	50	50	
	Dimensions (height, width, depth)	inches	6⅞ x 18¼ x 14¾	6⅞ x 18¼ x 14¾	6⅞ x 18¼ 14¾	5¹⁵⁄₁₆
	Weight		33 lbs. 8oz.	33 lbs. 11 oz.	31 lbs. 1 oz.	19 lbs

*Aux. input @ 1kHz **Aux. input, 60Hz : 7Hz = 4 : 1

STR-7055

"The overall performance of the Sony STR-7055 left nothing to be desired, and our positive reaction to the receiver was enhanced by the smoothness of its controls, its noncritical tuning, and its noise-free FM muting system."

—Reprinted from Stereo Rev., Nov. 1973

STR-7045

"The IM distortion, starting from 0.1 percent at 0.1 watt, increased to 0.2 percent at 30 watts and 0.5 percent at 40 watts ...IM distortion was less than 0.2 percent at all power levels from 30 watts down to a mere 1 *milli*watt!"

—Reprinted from Popular Electronics June 1974

"Sony's conservative power ratings were emphasized by the fact that at the rated 30 watts/channel (or less), the THD was under 0.1 percent at any frequency from 20 to 20,000 Hz and was typically about 0.02 percent."

—June 1974 issue of Popular Electronics

"The published ratings of the STR-7045, good as they are, do not do justice to this fine receiver."

—June 1974 issue of Popular Electronics

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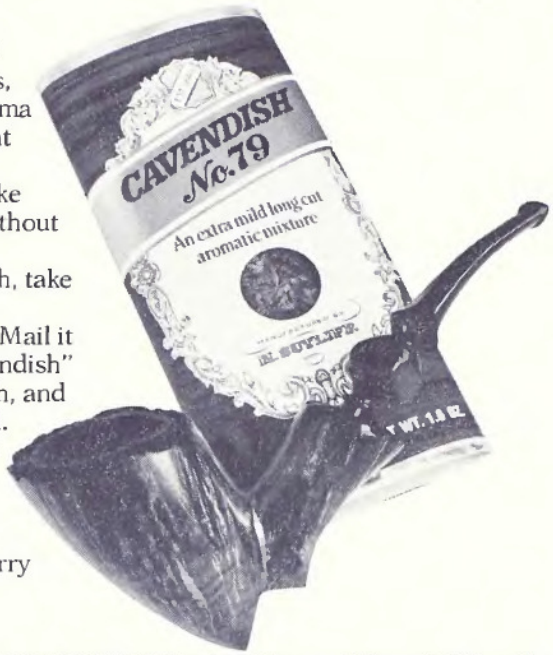

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off the feeling of a volcano that might blow at any time. His family was with him and, whenever he wasn't working, he wanted to be with them. So we shot a few baskets on the court at his rented farm and hung around the set for a while before I left early, as anxious as he was to be out of there. Later, he laughed at how constrained he felt living in Gatsby's world. 'It was like being in a strait jacket for 18 weeks,' he said.

"Finally, last winter, we got in some serious work, sitting on two canvas chairs in the middle of a big field outside San Antonio, Texas, where he was filming 'The Great Waldo Pepper,' which was much more to his taste in lifestyle, and he was enjoying himself enormously. Waldo Pepper is a slightly zany barnstorming stunt pilot of the Twenties, and Redford felt right at home in the part. He was getting especially high doing his own stunt work—things like walking on the wing of an old biplane at 2000 feet. God, how he loved that. Anyway, in between those wild scenes, we finally got his words on tape. They won't reveal everything you've always wanted to know about Robert Redford, but I think you will like, as I did, what they do reveal: He really is a good guy."

PLAYBOY: Why were you so reluctant to do this interview?

REDFORD: I haven't had very good luck with interviews. I guess the press is fallible, human like all of us, but too often I've found myself in a situation where I felt the interviewer didn't have an open mind. He came in with a prejudice, or maybe just an angle on what I was all about, or should be all about. And when the interview comes out, the angle overwhelms it and I'll read about "Redford, the mountain man," or "Redford, the loner," or "Redford, the success." They make me look so perfect, so lucky, so one-dimensional. Nobody ever gives me credit for having a nightmare, for making people unhappy, for inconveniencing them. I can be terrifically irresponsible and selfish, but I don't see that coming through in an interview.

Besides, I think a lot of my privacy. I believe in separating my work from my private life, and I'd like people to judge me by my work, not by what they read about me. Especially if they get some kind of fix on me, such as that business about being a loner. That's not true. If I were a loner, I'd be living alone, and I'm not. But after people read a lot of stories about you, they think they know you: they've made up their minds about you before you even meet them. So whatever spontaneity their reactions to you might have had is lost. You've got this image, which is never more than partly accurate, standing like some great shield between you and other people, and that makes it harder to get to know them. So at one

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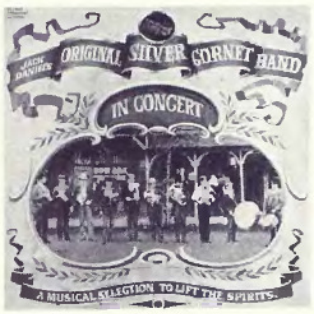

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point I got so angered with these stereotypes that I just said, "All right. The hell with that. I just won't do interviews."

PLAYBOY: So why do this one? Do you think it will show you the way you really are?

REDFORD: I don't know if that's possible. Maybe the problem before has been that I haven't been completely honest with the interviewer, or maybe it's because I change from the moment I give the interview to the moment it's published. This PLAYBOY thing, I feel, is really the best of the interviews, because it's the straightest; it'll be accurate in terms of what I said. But it's true that I'm not the same person I was six months ago, or even 20 minutes ago. And if you can deal with that—like catching somebody who's riding through and grabbing a piece of that person—that's fine. As long as it's a whole piece of that person, and not a lot of fabricated phony imagery.

The real reason I originally agreed to do the interview, though, was that I had some things I wanted to say and I thought this might be a good way. An actor, after all, is a person who's capable of the same feelings that other people are. He can be just as up on issues, and just as passionate about world events, and about what's going on in the country, as anybody else.

PLAYBOY: Has it occurred to you that if you *weren't* famous as an actor, few people would be interested in reading about your opinions?

REDFORD: That's true. Fame is a two-edged sword. It gives you good leverage to do a lot of what you want to do, but at other times it feels like a plague. You can court fame like a lover, or fight it like a sparring partner. Either way, it's trouble. It's gotten so that when I meet people, I have this impression that they resent me—resent the way I look, maybe, resent my success. Sometimes it's not really justified, and that's even sadder. Let me give you an example. I went to a party the other night, which is something I seldom do. And I was feeling pretty good, looking forward to meeting some people I didn't know. So I went in and started introducing myself: "Hello. I'm Bob Redford. How are you?" and so forth. And this one guy gave me a real weird look, a sort of blank stare, like I was some scum he didn't want to be bothered dealing with. And I thought to myself, "Fuck you, then," and moved away. I found out later that he was so impressed by the fact that *Robert Redford* had actually come over and introduced himself that he was speechless. I misread his reaction and that's a shame. Maybe we could have talked together and come away with something.

Even with old friends, I sense a difference in attitude. One of the last outposts for me was Madison Square Garden. I used to love to go there and watch the

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Knicks. The Knicks are almost an art form to me, the way they operate, the moves they make. They play basketball as it's supposed to be played, as a team without any stars. Anyway, I used to be able to go to the Garden and sort of dissolve into the crowd; it was kind of like going home to me, to be able to go to the Garden and scream and yell with everybody else, and argue and piss and moan. But the last time I went, a crowd started gathering around me, and people were taking pictures, and the cops were trying to keep them back. I spotted somebody I knew sitting a few rows away, and during intermission I went over to say hello, because I hadn't seen him in several months. And the look on his face was incredible. Mixed with a certain pleasure in seeing me again was this absolute panic—pain at being brought into the spotlight and having the cameras snapping away—and that look told me: *Go away. Good to see you, but go away.* I understood that, certainly, but it was disturbing. That whole feeling of becoming an object rather than a person bothers me a lot. I don't mind being an object on the screen, because that's what a role is, something you've worked at creating. Offscreen, I'm not some kind of *thing*; I'm a human being.

PLAYBOY: You're also a sex symbol. How does it feel to know that so many women would like a piece of you for themselves?

REDFORD: Eh, I just wonder where they were when I needed them. Seriously, that sex-symbol business is a rather recent thing, and I just associate it with somebody who's up there on the screen, and not so much with me. So I can't admit to having a problem with it, really. But I hate being stared at, by anybody. Walking down the street, I feel like I'm in a head-on collision, that my life is getting narrower and narrower, and I wonder why I'm so uptight. Some of the reason, I think, is that I've lost the capacity to wander around anonymously—just hanging out, being loose, watching people and listening to them.

PLAYBOY: When did people start staring at you?

REDFORD: I think the first time I had that feeling was when that *Life* magazine cover story came out, back in 1970. I didn't know my picture was going to be on the cover, just that there was going to be an article inside. Well, I spent a lot of time indoors that week. I really couldn't wait for the week to be gone, because I couldn't bear walking the streets and seeing my face staring out at me from every newsstand. And sure enough, next thing, our house in Utah got robbed, and these tourists were wandering around all over the place. We put up a gate, then a fence, then a burglar alarm. Next come the machine guns and the turrets.

Mingled with that, sure, were some good feelings. You believed you'd gotten

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somewhere when you got on the cover of *Life* magazine. It meant you'd gained a certain amount of importance, a certain position in this world, so you had to be flattered. But mix that in with the problems it caused and it was a mixed bag. And the negative won out, I think. I don't know that covers on magazines aren't like Academy Awards, which I don't feel very good about, either. Never did, even before I was in the business.

PLAYBOY: Why not?

REDFORD: Well, you know I grew up in Los Angeles, and the Academy Awards seemed to me sort of like California politics. Weird. An awful lot of extravagance for nothing, and the awards were always getting won by people who had done better work before, or did better work later. The Oscars just reflect the opinion of Academy members. The guy who wins an award for a foot race gets it because he was the fastest guy on that track at that moment. That's the only kind of award I have any real respect for.

I remember when I was in college in Colorado, there was a whole smartass attitude about Oscars. It was a camp evening, watching the Academy Awards, an evening you got together and sat around and booed and hissed. I'll never forget one time when this guy was sitting cross-legged on the floor in front of me, watching the television set in the fraternity house. He was so engrossed in what was happening that I just started flipping my ashes onto his head. I used to smoke all the time then, and I must have done five cigarettes on him—he had a flattop, which made it easier—and he was getting a whole pyramid of ashes on his head. Pretty soon, everybody else jumped on the band wagon, and this guy was just weighted down with these ashes. Somehow the image of the awards sticks in my mind that way. When I first became an actor, I was so against them that I would probably have taken the same position George Scott, whom I admire tremendously, took. Or even Brando, whom I admire, too, though he kind of blew it.

PLAYBOY: Blew it?

REDFORD: What he wanted to do turned out messy.

PLAYBOY: Given your attitude toward Oscars, how did you feel when you were nominated for one this year, for your performance with Paul Newman in *The Sting*?

REDFORD: Flattered, actually; to a certain extent, honored, because I realize now there *are* people who do care about the awards. I couldn't understand why Paul wasn't nominated, though, and I was. Mostly, I guess, I was surprised.

PLAYBOY: How did you feel when you didn't win?

REDFORD: Sort of relieved. I didn't deserve it.

PLAYBOY: Would you have accepted this time?

REDFORD: I didn't attend the ceremonies, but I had someone ready to accept the award in the unlikely case that I had won.

PLAYBOY: Didn't the people from the Academy put the heat on you to attend?

REDFORD: Oh, yeah, you get your standard arguments about supporting the industry, and so forth. I support the industry. I give a performance, and I'm paid well for what I do. If the public enjoys it, then it makes money for the industry, and that's the way I pay the industry back.

PLAYBOY: What do you do with all your money?

REDFORD: I don't have a whole lapful of it. That's a fantasy that's mostly been perpetrated by the press. This past year and a half, doing four films back to back, is the longest I've ever worked since I've been in the business. I've had a lot of problems in the past: I've gone in cycles, sometimes gone two years at a time without working because I just didn't want to act, or it took that long to develop something that I really wanted to do. I'd certainly *like* to be very rich. Just because I like nature and I like wearing Levis and I have a disdain for certain material things doesn't mean for a second that I don't want to be the richest guy in the valley. By God, I think I could enjoy that without making myself soft. I think I could resist the temptations of success, like having an entourage of maids, butlers, things like that. But no matter how you slice it, this business of being a Jeremiah Johnson, like that character in the film—of going up to this place I have in the mountains, backpacking and living off a horse—can't be done without money. Money is the single most dominating element in our society; you can't live without it. We are, as a society, completely tied to economics. It's a damning thing, a frustrating thing, but I think it's worth the fight. I really do. I think you've got to have certain fights in your life, or you just vegetable out.

PLAYBOY: You still haven't said what you'd do with all that money you don't have, if you had it.

REDFORD: I'd travel, and I'd buy land and build things on it. I'd like to use the money to create a little freedom in my life, as Howard Hughes has done. I like Hughes. He's doing fine. I was glad they blew that what's-his-name, Irving, out of the saddle on his hoax, because it meant Hughes could buy some more time before he had to appear in public. There's a guy who's managed to keep his privacy.

PLAYBOY: If you're so hooked on privacy, why continue in movies, the single art form that's most guaranteed to rob you of your immunity from curious stares?

REDFORD: If you know the answer to that, you've solved the riddle of the Sphinx. I have only a kind of half-assed answer, which is that I suppose if the pressure gets bad enough, I'll just pack acting in and do something else. Right now, I like to think I act because it's the thing I do best; and there are things I really want to do in films that I haven't done yet. Things like my next film, *All the President's Men*, which I feel strongly about because of my beliefs about the whole Watergate mess.

PLAYBOY: Isn't there a danger that the Watergate scandal will be very old news by the time the movie comes out?

REDFORD: The Watergate scandal itself is like being in a hotel room with a Gideon Bible. It's just there for everybody to see and know about. You're absolutely right that there would be no point in making a movie about Nixon. That's all been documented very nicely. What interests me, though—and this is what *All the President's Men* is really about—is how the whole thing was uncovered through the persistence of investigative reporting, which seems to be a dying art in this country. I, for one, think there ought to be more of it. As a responsible, civil rights–minded citizen, I want to see more investigative reporting that says, "Hey, Agnew, cut the shit. We've got the facts here." "Hey, Dick, how come you said this yesterday and you're doing this today?" That kind of reporting is a terrifically important part of our democratic system, and I want to know why so many papers lay back on the facts, what kind of taboos existed, what a newspaperman has to go through to get his story. Besides, I think that Bob Woodward and Carl Bernstein of *The Washington Post*, whose story *All the President's Men* is, have given us one of the top suspense yarns of our generation, which nobody would *believe* if it weren't documented with facts.

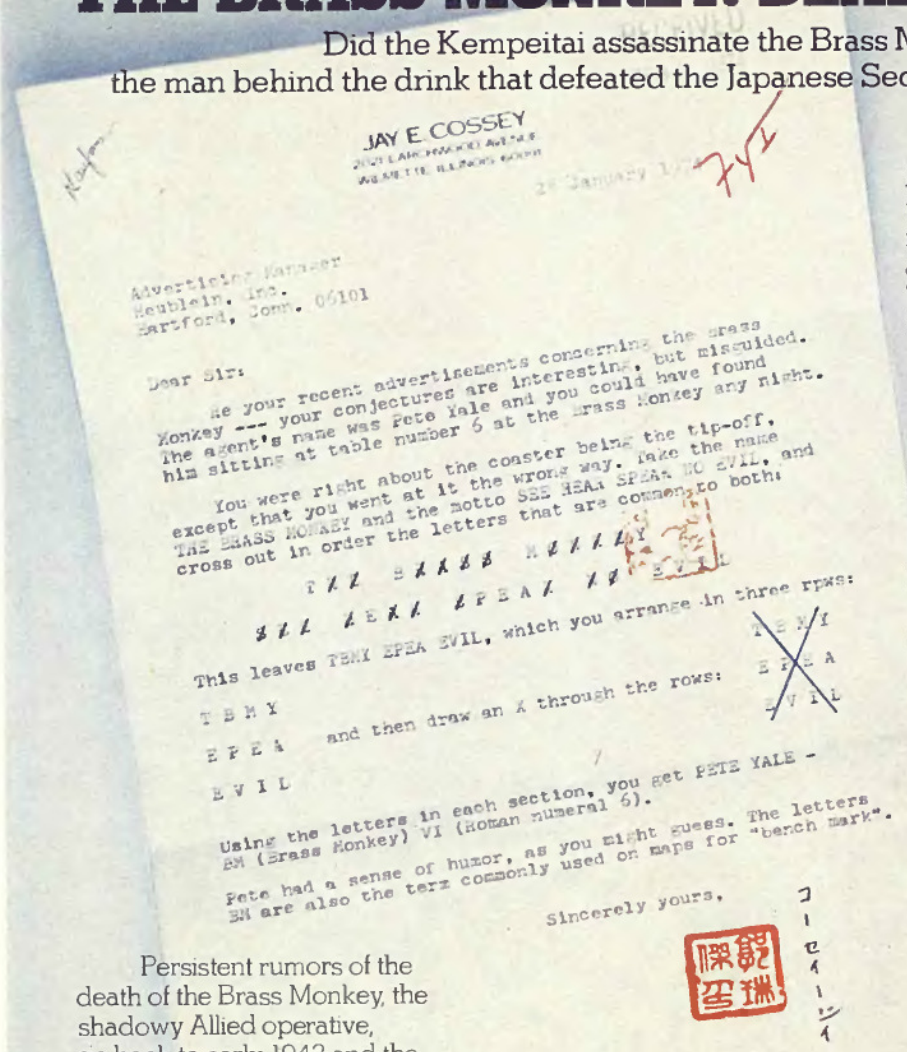
I think, really, the newspaperman is our one hero figure at the moment. Following these guys around in Washington, as I've done a bit lately, I learned how difficult it is to be a newspaperman, because you're always a moving target. You're in the business of grabbing history on the run, and sometimes you grab lightning on the run. You're gathering so much information so quickly, so constantly, that it's very difficult to be accurate every time, so you run the risk of getting shot down by each person you refer to in print. But with all their flaws—reporters tend to be lazy and sloppy sometimes—they also tend to be honest. You can't say that about the Government.

PLAYBOY: What do you think would have happened in this country if Watergate hadn't been uncovered?

REDFORD: I think we were heading for some kind of Orwellian nightmare, and that it was blown apart just before it went over the line. They were getting everything so nicely stacked: Supreme Court appointments, trying to take over the FBI, the whole mentality that said dirty tricks could be equated with national security, the concessions to big-business interests. One concrete thing we

THE BRASS MONKEY: DEAD OR ALIVE?

Did the Kempeitai assassinate the Brass Monkey, the man behind the drink that defeated the Japanese Secret Service in W. W. II?



JAY E. COSSEY

Advertising Manager
Heublein, Inc.
Hartford, Conn. 06101

Dear Sir:

Re your recent advertisements concerning the brass Monkey --- your conjectures are interesting, but misguided. The agent's name was Pete Yale and you could have found him sitting at table number 6 at the Brass Monkey any night.

You were right about the coaster being the tip-off, except that you went at it the wrong way. Take the name THE BRASS MONKEY and the motto SEE HEAR SPEAK NO EVIL, and cross out in order the letters that are common to both:

THE BRASS MONKEY
SEE HEAR SPEAK NO EVIL

This leaves TBMY EPEA EVIL, which you arrange in three rows:

T B M Y
E P E A
E V I L

and then draw an X through the rows:

Using the letters in each section, you get PETE YALE - BM (Brass Monkey) VI (Roman numeral 6).

Pete had a sense of humor, as you might guess. The letters BM are also the term commonly used on maps for "bench mark".

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Persistent rumors of the death of the Brass Monkey, the shadowy Allied operative, go back to early 1943 and the neutral port of Macao off the China Coast.

300,000 Chinese refugees crowded the town streets. Under cover of this chaotic situation, a "pipeline" was established from the Japanese-occupied mainland to the outside world. How long would it take the Japanese secret police, the dread Kempeitai, to discover that the route lay through H. E. Rasske's import-export warehouse? Why were they stepping up surveillance of Rasske's favorite drinking spot, the notorious Brass Monkey Club? And what was Pete Yale (recall his name from the international set?) doing on the scene?

Unlikely Warriors.

The Brass Monkey Club, as is well known, got its name from a small brass figurine in a niche by the door. The specialty of the house was a drink also called the Brass Monkey. It was much favored by those unlikely warriors, of many nationalities, whose weapons were quiet words, small gestures, scribblings on bar coasters—and whose armor was a convincing "cover." For a time, a businesslike truce was maintained. Then things began to happen.

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A few nights later, the chanteuse Loyana was replaced—at the height of her popularity.

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The "Man Who Never Came Back."

Who was it that died? Correspondent Cossey's analysis ties in with the disappearance of Pete Yale from the society columns of the day. Perhaps Yale had been buying time for our side. Cossey's reference to Yale in the past tense (*"had* a sense of humor...") suggests that the "Brass Monkey" sitting at table six was Pete Yale and not H. E. Rasske.

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← Big MaMa John

← Big MaMa Margarita

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And that's why we call him Big MaMa John.

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should get out of Watergate is campaign-spending reform. That was one of the reasons I made *The Candidate*: to show how our political process, as it now stands, shapes the kind of leaders we get.

PLAYBOY: At the time you made *The Candidate*, some politicians said you were being unrealistic, unduly hard on the political process.

REDFORD: That makes me laugh, because given recent developments, *The Candidate* pales in comparison with reality. I mean, there's something drastically wrong with a system that can produce, as the country's leader, a man who twice in his political career had to go on national television to tell the people he is not a crook. What *The Candidate* showed was that power does corrupt, and that once a guy gets power he's likely to insulate himself from the people in the street. Nixon, too, is the type of man who's been screened against humanity. I have a gut-level feeling about politicians that goes way back, that there's nothing to see in their eyes. They all talk as though they're addressing a room filled with 40,000 people; there's no sense of one-to-one relationship. With few exceptions—and there are some, because I do have acquaintances in politics whom I like—I find politicians extraordinarily shallow people. Maybe it's by necessity, because they're always going to a lot of luncheons, making a lot of speeches, shaking a lot of hands; but whatever the reason, they just lose the ability to deal with individual people. I can see why so many of the 18-year-olds didn't vote. If I were 18 and I picked up a newspaper and saw that this person's been indicted, that person's been cheating, this guy's undergoing a tax audit, and everybody's living in a state of corruption, I'd turn my back and go to something else. We're still being served up the same tired old hash like Rockefeller and Jackson and Ford, and I say they're cast in the same mold. It's a mold that has to be gotten rid of. I'm not saying they're income-tax cheaters, but that they're part of the old system, and unless the system changes, just give me a backpack and I'll go live in the mountains.

PLAYBOY: How would you want to see the system changed?

REDFORD: I feel, as far as politics is concerned, we have all become somewhat victimized by a system that relies more on the representation of special interests than on that of *all* the people. So until there is a major campaign-reform move like the recent one in California, we are all going to be saddled with the consequences of party-line politics. I don't at this time believe in party-line politics; it is old-fashioned, prejudiced and too prone to the special interests. I feel that our immediate salvation is to work or vote for the person—the individual and what he or she stands for. The current party-line structure has produced a moral climate that neither party can be proud of.

PLAYBOY: Both *The Candidate* and *All the President's Men* are topical films about political issues. Do you feel all movies should have a message?

REDFORD: Oh, no. If a film is legitimately entertaining, and people like it, that's good enough. It's even better, for me, if I can make a film that's both entertaining and informative. And sometimes you have to make one of the former in order to be able to finance one of the latter.

PLAYBOY: With all the films you have out now, do you worry about becoming overexposed?

REDFORD: Sure. But it's out of my hands. I can't help it if Columbia Pictures decides to release a film I've done for them in October and Warner Bros. decides to release a film I've done for them in November, even though they may have been two years apart in the making. If I produce the film, I try to control the timing of the release, because I'm afraid I might become a drug on the market. The four films I've just done, though, have afforded a lot of variety in the roles. That interested me. They weren't always the Sundance Kid in a different situation. I mean, you can really play the Sundance Kid in a detective story; you can play the Sundance Kid in a Western; you can play the Sundance Kid in a film about business; you can be the hired gun in any kind of tough situation. I was comfortable being the Sundance Kid, because there was something *simpatico* there, but I wouldn't want to play that role again next time.

PLAYBOY: *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid* is the kind of film that looks as if the actors had fun making it. Did you?

REDFORD: No film is a laugh a minute, because you always have problems. But for the most part, it was the most consistent fun of any film I've ever done. Paul Newman is a very generous, giving actor who was at his happiest when the whole thing was working. Not just his part, but everything. George Roy Hill, the director, is scared to death of horses, and he's the tightest man on earth. That was wonderful, because it made us charge him on our horses whenever we got a chance, try to maneuver him into paying the tab in a restaurant.

PLAYBOY: You said you felt comfortable playing the Sundance Kid. Why?

REDFORD: I had a strange identification with him that I can't quite put my finger on. There was a time when I was very young that I didn't think it would be so bad to be an outlaw. It sounded pretty good to me. The frontier wouldn't have been a bad place to be in the 1880s, it seemed to me. You didn't turn your back on too many people, but the atmosphere was free and you carved out of it what you could make out of it. One reason I liked *Butch Cassidy* was that it pointed out the fact that a lot of those people were just kids, doing what they did—robbing banks, holding up trains—as much for the sheer fun of it as for anything else.

PLAYBOY: Didn't some of the critics take *Butch Cassidy* apart because of that sense of fun, saying it wasn't realistic?

REDFORD: They were wrong about that. There are a lot of old people around, especially here in Utah where I live, who remember having met the real Butch Cassidy and his Hole in the Wall gang. And what they say is that Butch and the boys loved life so much they couldn't be contained. They robbed banks, they were wild as hell, and they had a hootin' time, and they liked each other. I've met Butch's sister, Lula, who's a buff on Westerns, and when she saw *Butch Cassidy*, she said it captured an honest-to-God emotion that's missing from most films on the West, that feeling of fun. Those guys got into so much trouble because they were having too much goddamn fun. When a guy just got *too* drunk and shot another guy's head off, he didn't necessarily mean to. The critics may not have liked *Butch Cassidy*, but obviously the reviews didn't make any difference, because the film was very successful.

PLAYBOY: The critics generally, though, have been fairly kind to you, haven't they?

REDFORD: Yes, I would say so. But I really choose not to think too much about critics. When I started acting, I was in the theater, and the success of a stage play was predicated pretty much on the reviews of the critics. So obviously I paid more attention to them then. But my feeling is that, in theater or in film, some critics can be just as power mad as politicians. I really do believe they love the idea of deciding what something is all about and perpetrating that on the public. I know what I set out to do in a film, and often the critics completely miss it. They get very emphatic and profound and say, "The real message of this film is such and such." And that's horseshit.

PLAYBOY: Can you give an example?

REDFORD: The most grievous error, as far as I'm concerned, was when a magazine critic misinterpreted the end of *Jeremiah Johnson* in a way I never thought possible. At the end of the movie, I make a gesture, which this particular critic interpreted as my giving the Indians the finger. That was absolutely mind boggling.

PLAYBOY: What *did* you mean by the gesture?

REDFORD: The gesture was an ad-lib response to the frustration of the pain and confusion the character was experiencing in just *continuing*. It indicated a respect for the enemy—what Rommel and Patton might have done if they had met. It was a salute of respect, but also of frustration in the knowledge that the hunt would never end. The criticism was especially painful to me because of my feelings and

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concern for the American Indian. The remark seemed to me farfetched and personal beyond the limits of responsible criticism.

PLAYBOY: Who was the critic?

REDFORD: Pauline Kael. She seems to be a very good writer who's an irresponsible critic. I met her once, and she made very little sense. It was like meeting Captain Queeg; she had everything but steel balls in her hand. She was rattling on about how she was the only one who could influence film, and how I had let her down.

PLAYBOY: How?

REDFORD: That is beyond me, except that in her opinion, I had only been doing crap for films in the last few years. So I thought, well, you just forget about somebody like that.

PLAYBOY: So you never let the critics get to you?

REDFORD: Well, I'm only human. You know it hurts when somebody says you're bad in print. It's like somebody throwing a tomato at you onstage. But if you put it all together, it averages up, like playing the tables in Las Vegas. Chances are that the majority of the raves you get as an actor are just as mistaken in their analysis of what was good about your performance as the unfavorable reviews were wrong in their analysis of what was bad. What matters to me is whether I like the film and whether the public likes it. So I can't put too much stock in critics.

PLAYBOY: The one film you've made lately that neither public nor critics seem too enthusiastic about is *The Great Gatsby*. How does it feel to put so much work into a role and then find out that a lot of people think it was a failure?

REDFORD: It's like robbing a bank and then discovering you carried the wrong bag out, and all you've got for your trouble is a sackful of old rags. But most things fall short of the mark, and that's the chance you take. The mistake, it seems to me, is to linger over it. The public will decide in the long run, and it will decide whether the critics were right or wrong.

PLAYBOY: What's your own opinion?

REDFORD: I think the hype on *Gatsby* was damaging. It was offensive to a lot of people. I'm not so sure a lot of critics would have recognized the real article, a faithful interpretation of Fitzgerald's book, if it had come down the road, but this just stacked the odds up against the picture and the performers. Which were bad enough, because the proprietary interest the public has in *Gatsby* is overwhelming. There was a time after we started shooting that I wished nobody had ever read the book.

PLAYBOY: Why?

REDFORD: Because so much of Gatsby's character is implied, which means every person has his own image of him. The clearest character in the book is that of

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Tom Buchanan, in my opinion. Everybody kept telling me *I* should be Buchanan, not Gatsby. "Why?" I'd ask. "Because you're athletic, you can ride a polo pony and you're blond." Well, so what? Why couldn't Gatsby be blond? Nowhere in the book does it say what color his hair is.

PLAYBOY: But you dyed your hair brown for the role. Why?

REDFORD: Partly as a concession to the opinion people have—that blonds are privileged. I wasn't happy about dyeing my hair, but in retrospect, I think it was a good idea, because it helped me feel slightly awkward, and an important part of Gatsby's character, it seems to me, was his awkwardness—and the attempts he made to conceal it. That was one of the reasons doing that film appealed to me; it was a chance to elude a stereotyped image. Some people have me labeled as a kind of upper-class WASP all-American boy—winning, successful, intelligent, assured, born of wealth and position. Typecasting is always a curse in this profession; I once played a young Nazi, and for a short period after that, to many people, I was this guy who just came over from Munich, and I'd be fine once I learned the English language. Then I played some psychotic killers on television, and I had to fight to land a comedy role. "Well, he's a great killer, but does he have a sense of humor?" So it's always a hassle. But this business of being overprivileged really makes me burn. "If you didn't look as if you had graduated from Harvard, we could believe you as a garbage collector." Well, I've got news for those people: I did collect garbage. I don't know what the inside of Harvard looks like; the closest I ever got to Harvard was getting the *Harvard Lampoon*'s Worst Actor of the Year award. I never got through college, never got good grades. I wasn't a bastard son born in Hell's Kitchen, but I did grow up in a less than privileged neighborhood, and I did run with a grim crowd for a while. I had my share of trouble, and I was exposed to a jail cell a time or two.

PLAYBOY: What for?

REDFORD: Oh, just your basic WASP juvenile delinquency. I wasn't your fair-haired boy. Never combed my hair; couldn't, because I had too many cowlicks. No one ever thought I was good-looking; I was always too messy. Someday I'd like to compare notes with these people who think they've been through more in life. I had all kinds of jobs, all kinds of stupid jobs, got tossed out of a lot of them. Now that I look back, I realize that a lot of my problem was simply that I was growing up in Los Angeles—a city that was beginning to look like the front and back end of a Hollywood set, with a great façade in front supported by stilts behind—in the Fifties, an era that somebody has described as an age in which the bland was leading the bland. You could tell a man by the shine of his shoes, we were advised, and I just couldn't buy that.

PLAYBOY: Tell us about some of the jobs you got fired from.

REDFORD: Oh, had my ego been a little smaller, I probably would have gone and jumped off a bridge, thinking there wasn't anything in life I could do successfully, because I got fired from everything. I got fired from Von's supermarket in Van Nuys because I couldn't stuff groceries into a bag. Couldn't stuff groceries into a *bag*! I worked at the Standard Oil refinery, started as a roustabout laying pipes, and I ended up sleeping in trenches. So they canned me from that job and put me in the barrel-reconditioning department, and I started playing games with the barrels instead of just taking them off the stack and walking over to the truck with them and loading them onto the truck. I found that by spinning the barrel a certain way, I could curve it, pretty much like a bowling ball, right into the slot by the truck. When I knocked down a whole truckload of barrels doing that, they decided to get me out of the barrel department and put me to work doing something with bottles. And I broke a whole load of bottles, pushed them off the end of the dock while I was looking up at the sky. The sky interested me; the bottles didn't. I was lucky they didn't put me on a boat and ship me out to sea! Then I was fired from a couple of jobs as a carpenter's apprentice because I was always crawling under the foundation to grab some sleep. I was a failure at everything I tried.

PLAYBOY: Why didn't you finish college?

REDFORD: Thought it was a waste of time. I dropped out of the University of Colorado during my sophomore year. But I never liked school, don't think I really began to learn much until I left. Most of my teachers were bureaucratic types tied to silly rules. "You must print on this side of the paper." "You must use this kind of line on your paper." "You must use this kind of pencil." "This is your textbook." "This is your seat in the second row." It was so regimented it was awful, and I didn't like it. Didn't like the other guys who followed the rules, either. I remember at my high school graduation, the guy who was the student-body president was giving a speech. I was reading *Mad* magazine through the whole ceremony. I was a slow reader. And this guy got up and talked about ideals and started to cry, and I just had this weird kind of crystal-ball premonition: *This guy ain't going to make it.*

PLAYBOY: Were you really a slow reader?

REDFORD: Well, I never liked books used as a form of instruction. I liked 'em on my

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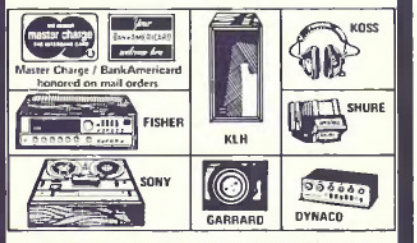

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PLAYBOY: What kind of books interested you?

REDFORD: Fantasies, fiction. I responded very strongly to Henry Miller's work; I think because he seemed to me to be breaking all the rules of conformity. I liked his irreverence. And he was carnal, and I was going through what I thought was a very carnal period. His love was as strong as his hate, and both were full-out there for everybody to see. And later, when I spent some time bumming around Europe, I identified with him, because he had had a pretty grim time in Europe, too. I used to drive up to Big Sur and go past his house a lot. One time I even walked up to the gate, but I couldn't bring myself to go in.

PLAYBOY: Why?

REDFORD: Because at the time I didn't have anything to give *him*, and I was very taken—and still am—with the concept of a fair exchange of ideas. I don't feel I have the right to go up to somebody who's famous and say, "I like your work, so here I am: Entertain me." If I meet a physicist, I hope I can tell him something about movies, because I'm interested in physics. If I sit with a Barry Commoner, I don't feel it's fair to say, "OK, lay it on me, Barry, where's technology taking us? How have we fucked ourselves up?," unless Barry has some interest in movies and how they work, and I can tell *him* something. So I couldn't go talk to Henry Miller.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever meet him?

REDFORD: In a strange sort of way, years later, I was in Santa Monica, driving along, and I pulled up to a crosswalk just as the light changed to green. It was a bright summer day, and all these kids had just gotten out of school and they were a little crazy, like kids are when they've just gotten out of school, and they were honking their horns and yelling at this old gent who was walking his bicycle across the street, hadn't made it across by the time the light changed. I pulled up next to the guy and I saw that he was Henry Miller, wearing knickers and a tweed jacket and cap and dark glasses. And it all came together right there in the middle of Sunset Boulevard: Henry Miller and all these punks yelling at him, things like, "Hey, move it or milk it," "Haul ass, old man," "Get off the road," stuff like that. And I was filled with 80,000,000 things to say to the guy, but what I did was I hung out over the door, looked at him and said, "Take your time, Henry," and drove off. That was my meeting with Henry Miller.

PLAYBOY: Driving cars is pretty much of a consuming passion with you, isn't it?

REDFORD: Yes. I love to drive around the country; my mind opens up a lot when I'm on the open road. When I'm driving alone, I get so high, I talk to myself.

PLAYBOY: Aloud?

REDFORD: You bet.

PLAYBOY: What do you talk about?

REDFORD: Whatever comes to mind.

PLAYBOY: Weren't you once pretty heavily into auto racing?

REDFORD: I used to think racing was everything when I was younger. I'll never forget my first car race. I was really jazzed, because I wanted to be an auto racer so bad, and I went out to this race near Van Nuys, and we were all lined up in double file. The guy with the checkered flag was going past all the cars, slamming the hoods shut, and you got in your car and started revving and revving, and everybody was getting ready to move, and that became such a high that I was just revving out the top end. And when he dropped that flag, everybody charged off, and there I sat. I hadn't put it in gear. I was still in neutral, and I had just wound that engine right to the moon. I had to sit there and wait for it to come down enough to get it in gear, grinding it like hamburger. It was an insane moment; I just sat there like some great, dead turd on the track.

PLAYBOY: And that experience didn't turn you off racing?

REDFORD: No. I raced a little bit. But I think cross-country driving is more exciting, because you're always varying the terrain. A race track, for the most part, is round. You can predict what's coming, know what obstacles are ahead. Driving through the desert, there's always something new to see: a rabbit darting across the highway, a wreck at the side of the road, an odd cloud formation, somebody hitchhiking, some unexpected obstacle.

Driving, to me, is serious business. Not that cruising-around stuff like I used to do in high school—with your arm out the window and pretending to watch the road while you're looking out for girls. I mean really driving, and that takes a lot of concentration. There's such a release, not unlike coming off the top of a mountain on skis when you're really loose and you know you're ready, that this run has really got it. It's all going to come together, you're going to make all your best moves, and you really let it fly. You let all the stops out. It's the same thing in a car when you just take a breath and say, OK, I'm going, and you just pile through the night or the day. It's a great high.

Even in a city, figuring out the lights and how to play them, maneuvering through traffic, allowing for ways to handle the guy who might run a red light—that's exciting to me. I once made it through all the lights on Park Avenue in New York, from 72nd all the way down to that Grand Central Building overpass at 46th Street, without stopping once. I'd always had a fantasy about doing that, because those lights are always stopping you on Park Avenue. So one night I did it. Must have been around two o'clock in the morning, and what I had figured out was that you have

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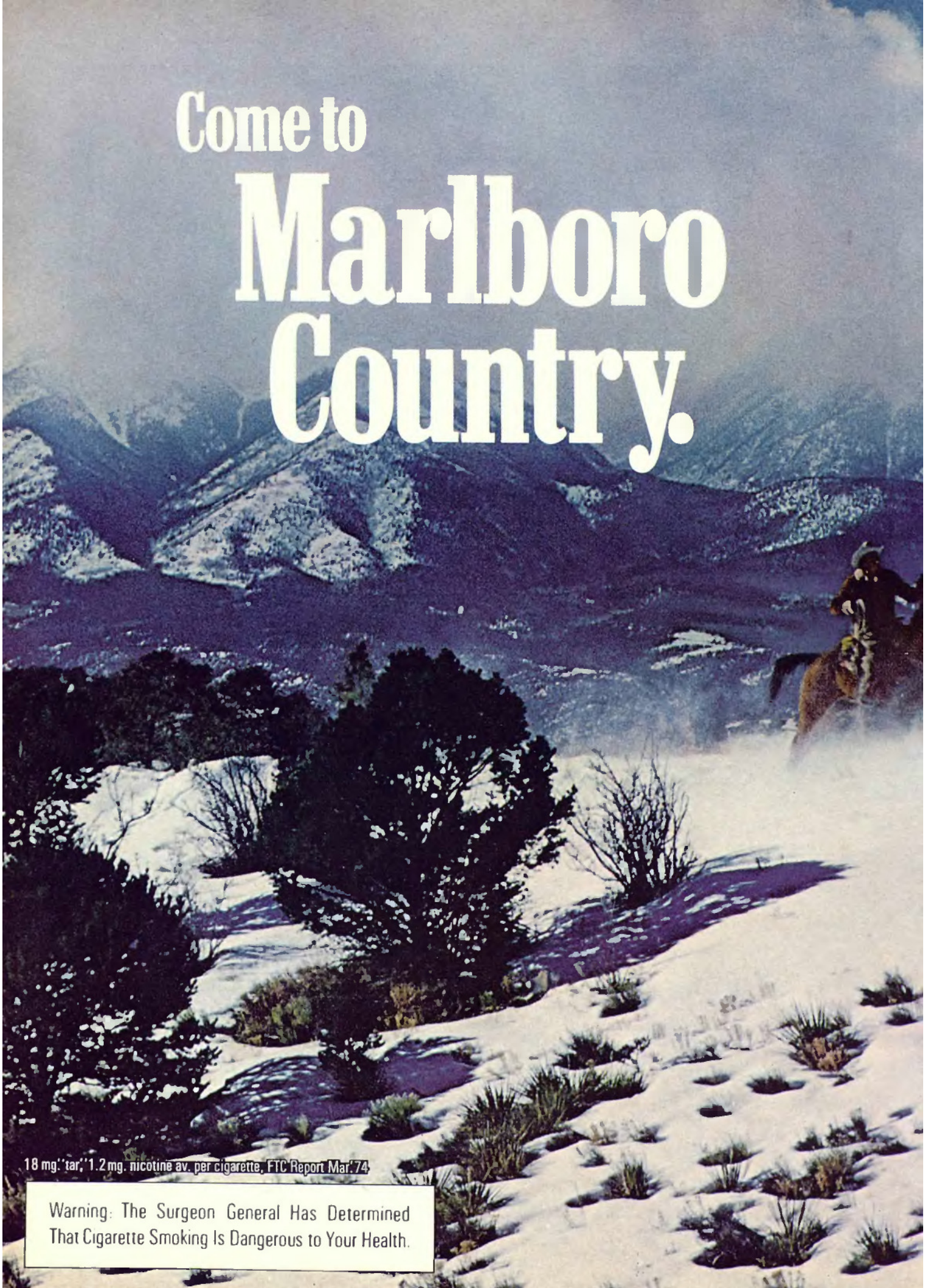
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to get going faster and faster in order to catch each light before it turns red. I was up to over 100 miles an hour; it's awful to contemplate. That was ten years ago, and my hands get sweaty when I talk about it now. I went barreling into that overpass like some giant dragon, just belching exhaust fumes, with sparks and rubber flying all over hell. I didn't think I was ever going to get geared down. I did a big S inside and just had to pull over afterward and wait for my heart to come back down from my mouth.

PLAYBOY: You were alone in the car?

REDFORD: Oh, yeah. It's better to do something like that alone, because you don't want to make someone else nervous, or hurt anybody. I suppose some people would consider that Park Avenue thing as reckless driving, but it was an incredible experience, because it had always been one of my fantasies. I have a lot of fantasies about driving.

PLAYBOY: What are some others?

REDFORD: Well, a long time ago, when I was a student in New York and stuck there without any money, the only way I could get away was by car, and I did a lot of driving from coast to coast. I'd start feeling good about the time I'd leave Chicago, along around Elgin, Illinois. And that good feeling increased when I'd get into Iowa. And Nebraska was just terrific. Omaha was one of the best spots for me. For years, I've bought Porsches from a dealer in Omaha just so that I'd have a long drive to the Coast after I picked up the car. Anyway, I always felt good on these trips through Colorado and Utah and Nevada. I just loved that big space. It has a real power to it, like a Henry Moore sculpture. The air took on a form of its own. Then I'd start to get antsy about the time I got into Arizona, and as I got to San Bernardino, just before you dip down into all that smog and shit that is Los Angeles, I'd start to go way down, feel real bad, and not want to go any further. I'd slow the car, stop more frequently, anything to prolong the pleasure of being outside the gates, so to speak. And then when I got to L.A., I'd crash for three or four days. Nothing could bring me up. Finally, I started to develop this fantasy about driving from one end of the country to the other, which always felt good. And when I got to New York, just before the Lincoln Tunnel, I'd just pull a big U right there at the toll station and head right back to the West Coast. And just before San Bernardino, it'd be another U. But in my fantasy, L.A. kept getting bigger and New York kept getting bigger, until pretty soon New York went all the way to Chicago, and L.A. came right after Utah, and eventually they cover the whole country. The only spot left was Nebraska, and I had visions of just spending the rest of my life driving in a circle around the state of Nebraska.

PLAYBOY: Do you really feel that uncomfortable in New York and Los Angeles?

REDFORD: With New York, I have a kind of love-hate relationship. There is something quite tasty and honest about New York, because it's dirty, really dirty. If things are going to get really foul and ugly, they're going to get foul and ugly in New York first, and I'd rather be where the action is. The bad things that are happening in London and Rome now happened in New York 20 years ago. Pretty soon, I think, the London bobbies will start having to wear guns, and all the development going on outside Rome will eventually engulf the beauty of the city, and it won't be such an Eternal City anymore. I couldn't stay in New York forever, but after a certain period away from the city, you begin to get restless for its grit, its edge, its unexpected surprises. In New York, you know you're alive.

Now, Los Angeles, well, as a young kid, I loved Los Angeles. I thought it was a fabulous place, and I really believe it was. It was beautiful; I remember being able to see the mountains from miles away, and smelling fragrances in the air that you can't smell anymore. But L.A. was being poisoned, really, from the time World War Two ended. Los Angeles was our first victim of technology, our first warning of the environmental crisis. After the war, L.A. was the end of the rainbow for so many people that everybody was coming there to spend their newly gained money, to sell their new inventions, to drive their new cars. L.A. as a receptacle just couldn't take all this; it cracked under the strain. All the new industry that came in—nobody bothered to think about what effects its chemicals were having on the air. When the freeways came, that really bothered me. I *never* liked the freeways. They were too smooth; didn't have enough wrinkles in them. By the time I was 16 or 17, Los Angeles had changed. I began to feel that there was nobody at home in L.A. anymore, and that's one of the reasons I left. I started driving or hitching around the country whenever I could.

PLAYBOY: Where did you go?

REDFORD: Vegas, lots of times. I used to love the smorgasbords there. I'll never forget, though, one of the most embarrassing experiences of my life happened in Las Vegas when I was about 17. I was supposed to meet this girl there, and I wheeled into town and went into the hotel to find out where she was, and they said she was out by the pool. So I went out by the pool, and there I saw all these fat, middle-aged slugs lying around. All the money guys—promoters, advertisers, publicity people—they were lying around the pool getting tan, to make it look as if they did a lot of swimming, but what grabbed me was that they never went into the water. The first thing that hit me was, hey, I don't have much money—I guess I had about 25 bucks on me—but I don't have to take a back seat to these guys. They're all just lying around, probably have a heart condition. But I needed some kind of entry, something to make people pay attention to me. So I figured, well, the thing I got to do is get up on that high dive there and really dazzle their minds a little bit, go through a few good moves. So I climb up and walk out to the end of the high board—I figure I'll go in dry, you know, to make it all the more impressive—and get ready to do this one and a half. So when I feel that all the eyes are on me, I go into my move. What I didn't know was that those boards in Vegas had so much spring. I knew the instant I hit that thing that I was in trouble. The moment I sprung into the air, I thought, my God, I'm going to the moon! Anyway, I came over and around and over again and landed flat on my back. It hurt so much I was crying under the water. I never wanted to come up, and when I did, there was that horrible moment when people were just looking away, you know? And my back was beet red. I felt as if there were a seam up my back. It was just very clear that whatever plans I had had to establish any kind of position with those people were just blown. I got out and walked around the pool, trying to keep my back turned away from everybody, and just slunk away. I never did get to meet the girl I was going to see. I was never one for hanging in after a great moment like that.

PLAYBOY: Does that sort of thing happen often?

REDFORD: Often enough. Another time started out, coincidentally enough, in Las Vegas, but it ended up in a Texas hamburger stand. That was in 1961, in the days when I used to play golf, and I'd been at the Tournament of Champions in Vegas and I had to go to Texas on some family business, so I just decided to put some miles on my Porsche. I went into the Silver Slipper, loaded up on grub at the smorgasbord, got behind the wheel and just drove 1500 miles, from Vegas to Austin. Stopped for gas and that was it; had a few beers, didn't eat.

PLAYBOY: How long did that take?

REDFORD: Day and a night. I got into Austin about 10:30 at night and I was like a zombie, because I'd been pushing that car to full performance the whole time. I literally had to pry my hands off the wheel when I pulled up at an outdoor hamburger joint. I was starving, *had* to have something to eat, even though I knew I looked berserk. So I went up to one window and said, "I-want-a-hamburger," in a robot voice. I could see the girl at the counter looking at me, and I realized that *everybody* was looking at me, because I was sort of weaving from my legs' being cramped up behind the wheel so long. So I put my hands in my pockets

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waiting for them to fix my hamburger, trying to appear cool. I decided to stretch a little bit, to let them know I'd been driving for a while, and I stretched and wahhh! Banged my head against the glass so hard it stunned me. This time everyone looked up. Well, I didn't want anybody to think I had done anything crazy, so I just started pounding my head against the glass, again and again, as if to say, *Yes, this is what I do, just like you scratch your ear; it's just my thing.* That whole experience was weird.

PLAYBOY: Was it only the driving, or had the beers on the empty stomach gotten to you?

REDFORD: No. I only had a couple. There was a time when I drank pretty heavily. Before I went to Europe, in 1956, and after I came back.

PLAYBOY: You went to Europe to paint, didn't you?

REDFORD: Yes. I was in Italy, in Greece, in Germany. I traveled a lot. It was a great education in a lot of ways, but there was a big low in Italy. I guess what I was doing was testing my self-discipline, and finding out what I could do without the benefit of the crutch that alcohol had become. But I was living in a very, very small room in Florence. I had only one outfit and I wore it constantly. I spent a lot of times alone—I mean, *really* alone. I went long periods without eating, mostly because I didn't have any money, but I enjoyed the fasting. I was willfully putting myself into a bleak situation, and I got into some wild trips. I'd sit in a chair for hours on end, not moving, just letting my mind go. I'd pick a small part of the room and concentrate on it for hours to see what happened. And finally, I was getting into honest-to-God self-induced hallucinations. It was exciting, but then it got frightening because I thought I was losing control of it. I started to conjure up physical symptoms of madness and sickness. I was getting these odd visitations from strange creatures, and it certainly wasn't anything I could share with anybody. I was too young and I didn't feel like any of my friends could understand.

So it was a completely solitary experience. Everything was going into me, and nothing was coming out except in the painting; and when I felt that the professor I admired most was rejecting my painting, it was a terrific blow. So much was happening to me mentally that I couldn't deal with it, and I began thinking very heavily about death and darkness. I remember one particular time lying there in that little room, puffing away on cigarettes all day, and thinking that no one anywhere knew where I was. I was completely alone, and I started thinking about Las Vegas, and it made me crazy. I could hear the slot machines, and I could see the Cadillacs pulling up and the guys with the sharkskin suits stepping out with the chicks on their arms, and I was hallucinating like mad. It was then that I realized how much you can really do on your own, and the idea of drugs and liquor couldn't carry much weight with me after that. But I was just so messed up it was ridiculous, and when I left Italy to hitchhike pretty much wherever a ride would take me, nothing seemed to matter. I had no desire to go home. I just wanted to move. And it was very frustrating when I came home after that experience. In about a year, I felt like I'd aged and become an old man. No one could relate to what I'd been through at all, and so it went back inside me, and I started drinking worse than ever because I didn't have anyone to share that incredible experience with.

PLAYBOY: Was that when you met your wife?

REDFORD: Yes.

PLAYBOY: What were you doing when you met her?

REDFORD: Dying. Just dying a little bit every day. Heading right downhill, and almost enjoying it. The worse it got, the more I kind of liked it. I really didn't have the energy to come out of it.

PLAYBOY: What do you think would have happened if you hadn't met Lola then?

REDFORD: I have a hunch, which probably sounds melodramatic, that I might have gone under in some way. Walked in front of a truck, thinking about the moon, maybe. I just don't know. The fact is that I *did* meet her. I needed to talk to someone who could understand what I'd been through, and Lola's attitude was so fresh and responsive that I started talking, all night long for a long time. She was genuinely interested in what I had to say, at a time when I really needed to talk. There were nights when we would walk around Hollywood Hills and start talking, like after dinner; walk down Hollywood Boulevard to Sunset, then up Sunset to the top of the hills, then over to the Hollywood Bowl and back and watch the dawn come up, and we'd still be talking. I had always said I'd never get married before I was 35, but my instincts told me that this was a person I'd like to go through life with. So we got married.

PLAYBOY: When was that?

REDFORD: September 1958. We've been married 16 years now, and as time goes on, I begin to realize we're sort of a museum piece, just by virtue of the fact we're still married. It's hard to be married, to make a marriage work, but the rewards are awfully rich if you can. There's an exchange that gets deeper as you go on, and it's very fulfilling. A lot of people can have relationships that go on for four or five years and then come apart, or they can just go their own way and have other relationships. That's just as acceptable, but I just happen to like the way things are going for me as is.

PLAYBOY: Has having children changed your relationship in any way?

REDFORD: What the kids did was make me realize that I could broaden my capacity to love people. There was a time when I didn't think I wanted kids. I used to have trouble expressing affection. But having kids made me find out that I can love one child as much as the next, and then a third child as much as the other two.

PLAYBOY: What do you expect to pass on to your children as advice on how to live their lives?

REDFORD: Don't expect anything, and learn to enjoy the surprises, because they're goddamn enjoyable. I will lay on them the things I think they should know, but it's up to them what they do with it. I wouldn't want them ever to feel they had to go along with peer pressure, which is very dangerous. If they can just develop their own thinking, their own way of doing things, I hope I'm big enough to go along with them. One thing I hope I can give them is a sense of roots, growing up here in Utah. I felt no roots at all, growing up in Los Angeles. Living in Los Angeles is like living someplace on a two-year lease. You feel no sense of permanence.

PLAYBOY: What was it that made you settle on Utah for your home?

REDFORD: I was exploring the West, tramping around a little bit, hitting the road, and I came to this place, and I remember saying to myself, I really want to build a house here, right here on this spot that I think is the most beautiful spot I've seen so far. I know there must be a lot of people who say the same thing when they're passing through some beautiful piece of territory, but they pass right on through the woods and only keep the place as a memory. That wasn't for me. I wanted to do it and I didn't care what it took, what sacrifices had to be made; and I was going to do it *then*. It was wildly inconvenient, actually; my career was going badly and I didn't have any dough. Besides, I had my doubts about my ability to build the place myself because I already had a record of being a klutz as a carpenter's apprentice back in high school. For another thing, I had signed to do a Broadway play—*Barefoot in the Park*—and I had only four and a half months before rehearsals began. Starting on the house was a monumental decision, but I made it. And it was a good move. It was the beginning of so many meaningful things that have happened to me; helped me learn so much about myself.

PLAYBOY: In what way?

REDFORD: I learned to care for things I never thought I cared about. For example, I used to hunt; hunting was very important to me at one time. But while I

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was working on the house, deer would come down and feed in the mornings, you know, and migratory birds would come around, and I started looking at birds and animals from a different viewpoint. That changed my whole attitude about killing animals. And I got very, very deep into the experience of living outdoors, being organically connected with the land. I guess I'd always had strong feelings about the land, but they'd been dormant; now they were becoming explicit. And I could express them in building the house, working with my own hands, putting up a stone wall.

Of course, not everything went according to plan. There were some great accidents in building the house. A stairway ended three steps before it was supposed to, so we had to improvise, do something with the space. I got so much into the experience of building the house that I never once gave the Broadway play a thought. I didn't want to go to New York. I wanted to stay and finish the house, and when the winter came I wanted to sit inside and see if the walls were going to fall off, or if the glass was going to crack, or whether the 40-foot fireplace I built was going to crumble into the 35 tons of rock that I had collected myself. I wanted to find out if it was going to stand, to get a reaction like Frank Lloyd Wright must have felt after that earthquake in Japan, when he got the telegram saying his Imperial Hotel was one of the few buildings in Tokyo still standing. So the night before I left for New York we were still working, with lights and lanterns, putting the last of the rocks in place. Then I got on the plane; and when I landed in New York, it was like a re-entry from space, which I didn't handle well at all. Everything seemed speeded up. Everybody was talking too fast and too loud. I felt as if I were about 15 feet tall and a total idiot, as if everything I was doing was in slow motion. And when we went into rehearsals, I just couldn't adjust to it; the play seemed stupid, silly, lightweight. I tried to get fired from the play, told Mike Nichols, who was the director, to get another actor. I did everything but lie down on the stage.

PLAYBOY: What did Nichols do about it?

REDFORD: He's a very smart man, an extremely smart man, and something of a psychologist as well. He didn't know *why* I didn't want to act, but he understood the *fact* that I didn't want to act—and furthermore, that I *should* act. He was determined that I was right for the part, and finally he said to me, "Look, I know what you're doing. And I can only say that you're not going to be fired from this part. If you want to go out on opening night with a script in your hand, then that's the way it's going to be. So it's kind of up to you, and I don't think you can afford not to do your best." So from then on, I kind of straightened out. But what I really wanted to do was to get back to the house and our two acres of land.

PLAYBOY: How much land do you have now?

REDFORD: Eleven hundred acres at the original place, plus an interest in the Sundance resort, which is another three thousand acres. Then we just bought a 56-acre farm in southern Utah at the mouth of a canyon. It's an old horse palace, with an indoor riding arena, a place for rodeos, 41 stables and a race track, but the principal thing is that it provides 56 acres for crops—corn, sugar beets, tomatoes and alfalfa. I need to have land around me, to farm—because I'm really afraid we may be heading for a famine—and just to walk through, just to sit down on, get in touch with the elements. We're running out of elements; we're abusing them so badly that people can't relate to anything. I think being away from the land is screwing up most people's psyches.

PLAYBOY: How can you reconcile this concern for the environment with the building of a resort, which most ecologists would deplore?

REDFORD: Sundance isn't an ordinary resort. We're developing an area that is anti-development. We're trying to enhance the beauty of the place, not destroy it; emphasizing the ecological underpinnings of the area. There is one other owner at Sundance, incidentally; I'm just the one who gets most of the publicity, because I'm an actor. One time they asked me to speak to a bunch of bankers about Sundance, and I'm not much on public speaking, but I agreed to do it. Now, Utah is quite a conservative area; I think the bankers there have a tremendous distinction in that they think they can somehow take their money with them. They sure are sitting on a big wad. They don't put it into the state and they don't send it outside the state. God knows what they do with it. So I was a little uptight about talking to the bankers, because I thought the way they were doing business in this state was prehistoric. Besides, I didn't think they really wanted to hear me give a speech. Didn't they really want to see me stand up and pull a fast draw, maybe, or find out if I'm actually six feet tall or only five feet, six, or whether I'm really pudgy and wear a hairpiece? Well, one of the other owners, who's a very dear friend of mine, wrote out something nice for me to say. But the moment I got up and looked down at the paper, I knew that speech had to go.

I started out with about the first four lines—you know, "Well, it's a pleasure to be here tonight"—and that's when I put the paper down. What I said to them was, "What are you guys sitting on your money for?" I said, "I would like to talk to you about how tough it is to do business with the bankers in this state." My friend was wilting in his chair, but I went on. What I said was heartfelt and not a put-down or anything, more of a question. Like: "I don't understand. You explain it to me. We come from outside the state; we want to improve the state. We want to build a development here that we think is unique. And we get no help or encouragement from you. You manage to treat people like they're invaders from Mars, and you find it difficult to give up ten bucks. And meanwhile, all the development that you people scream and yell about wanting to bring into the state is being developed by outside money: Texas money, Seattle money, California money, New Orleans money. Where's the Utah money? I mean, are you planting it, or what?" It was kind of an old-fashioned harangue, went on for about a half hour I guess, and I finally just sat down, kind of puffing.

PLAYBOY: What was the bankers' reaction?

REDFORD: Well, they clapped, and everyone started to pile out. They came up to me like you do at a wake, when you look at the body in the coffin, and shook my hand. And I thought, well, this is going to be interesting, because they're really going to jump on my bones. They'll say to me, "Who in the hell do you think you are? Some two-bit actor coming into an arena you know nothing about, telling us how to bank?" But that's not what happened. What *did* happen was that they came up and said, "Sure was an interesting talk. Say, tell me, you know in *Butch Cassidy*, when you guys jumped off the cliff, did you really make that jump yourself?"

PLAYBOY: We won't ask if you did. But after making four movies in a little more than a year, what are your plans?

REDFORD: I'm going to spend as much time as I can in Utah with my family. I guess after all is said and done, I'm happiest in the mountains and the West. And we've started designing a new house up at our new place. I'm so excited about it I can hardly wait to get to work on it. It's going to make even more interesting use of space than our first one. We'll have water coming down from a spring above, and we're going to try to use solar-cell heating and maybe a windmill for electricity, so the main thrust of its energy will be from natural sources. I hope to do as much work on the house as I can myself.

PLAYBOY: And what do you plan to do with yourself after you've finished the house?

REDFORD: I'll think about that when the time comes.

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A TALE OF TWO SISTERS

fiction

By ISAAC BASHEVIS SINGER

LEON, OR HAIM LEIB, BARDELES, poured cream into his coffee. He put in a lot of sugar, tasted it, grimaced, added more cream and took a bite of the macaroon the waiter had brought him.

He said, "I like my coffee sweet, not bitter. In Rio de Janeiro they drink tiny little cups of coffee that's as bitter as gall. They serve it here, too—espresso—but I like a glass of coffee like you used to get in Warsaw. When I sit here with you, I forget that I'm in Buenos Aires. It seems to me we're in Lurs's in Warsaw. What do you say to the weather, eh? It took me a long time to get used to Sukkoth falling in the spring and Passover in the fall. I can't even begin to tell you the confusion this topsy-turvy calendar brings out in our people. Hanukkah comes during a heat wave and you can melt. On Shevuoth, it's cold. Well, at least the spring smells are the same—the lilac has the same aroma that used to waft in from the Praga Woods and the Saxony Gardens. I recognize the smells, but I cannot identify them. The gentile writers list every flower and plant, but how many names are there for flowers in Yiddish? I know only two kinds of flowers—roses and lilies. When I go to a florist's once in a while to buy someone a bouquet, I always rely on the clerk. Drink your coffee!"

"Tell the story," I said.

"Eh? Can it be told? Where shall I begin? I promised to tell you everything, the whole truth, but can you tell the truth? Wait. I'll have a cigarette first. Actually, one of your American cigarettes."

Leon Bardeles took out one of the packs of cigarettes I had brought him from New York. I had known him over 30 years. I had once even written an introduction for a book of his poems. He was 53 or 54 and had survived the Hitler hell and the Stalin terror, but he still looked young for his age. He had a head of black curly hair, big black eyes, a thick lower lip and a neck and shoulders that exuded masculine strength. He still wore a shirt with a *slawojka* collar, just as in Warsaw. He blew smoke rings and gazed at me with narrowed eyes, like an artist at a model.

He said, "I'll begin in the middle. I beg you: Don't ask me for any dates, because when it comes to that I'm completely disoriented. It must have been 1946, or maybe it was still the end of '45. I had left Stalin's Russia and gone back to Poland. In Russia I was supposed to go into the Polish Army, but I wormed my way out of it. I went through Warsaw and saw the ruins of the ghetto. You wouldn't believe this, but I actually went looking for the house where I had lived in 1939—maybe I'd find some of my manuscripts among the bricks. The chances of recognizing the house on Nowolipki Street and finding a manuscript after all the bombardments and fires were less than zero, but I recognized the ruins of the house and found a printed book of mine, actually the one with your introduction. Only the last page was missing. I was amazed, but not terribly so. So many incredible things

have occurred in my life that I have become completely blasé. If I came home and found my dead mother tonight, I wouldn't blink an eye. I'd say, 'Momma, how are you?'

"From Warsaw I stumbled on to Lublin and from there to Stettin. Most of the cities lay in ruins and we slept in stables, barracks and in the street, too. They berate me here in Buenos Aires why I don't write about my experiences. First of all, I'm not a prose writer. Secondly, everything has grown jumbled in my mind, particularly the dates and names of towns, and I'm sure that I'd brew up such a stew of errors that they'd call me a liar and a fabricator. Some refugees were half-mad. One woman had lost a child and she looked for it in ditches, in haystacks, in the most unlikely places. In Warsaw a deserter from the Red army took it into his head that there were treasures buried beneath the rubble. He stood in the bitter frost and dug with a spade among the bricks. Dictatorships, wars and cruelty drive whole countries to madness. My theory is that the human species was crazy from the very first and that civilization and culture are enhancing man's insanity. Well, but you want the facts.

"The facts, to make it brief, were these: In Stettin I met a woman who literally bewitched me on the spot. You know that I've had a good many women in my life. In Russia there was a lack of everything except so-called love. The way I am, no danger, crisis, hunger or even sickness can rob me of that which is now called a libido, or whatever names the professors dream up for it. It was as far from the romantic love of our youth as we're now from Jupiter. All of a sudden, I'm standing in front of a woman and gaping as if I'd never seen a female before. Describe her? I'm not good at description. She had long black hair and skin white as marble. You must forgive me all these banalities. Eyes she had that were black and strangely frightened. Fear was nothing unusual in those days. You risked your life every second. Russia wouldn't let us out and we were supposed to enter Palestine illegally, since England wouldn't let us in. False papers were arranged for us, but it was easy to tell that they weren't in order. Well, but those eyes reflected another kind of fear. It was somehow as if this girl had been dropped on earth from another planet and didn't know where she was. Maybe that's what the fallen angels looked like. But those were men. She wore cracked shoes and a magnificent nightgown that she mistook for a dress. The Joint Distribution Committee had sent underwear and clothes to Europe that rich American ladies had donated to the refugees, and she had received this costly nightgown. Besides fear, her face expressed a rare kind of gentility. All this somehow didn't jibe with reality. Such delicate creatures usually didn't survive the war. They dropped like flies. Those who made it were the strong, the resolute and often those who walked over the corpses of others. For all my womanizing, I am somewhat bashful. I'm never the one to make the first move. But I virtually couldn't tear myself away. I mustered my courage and asked her if I could help her. I spoke to her in Polish. At first she was silent and I suspected that she was mute. She looked at me with the kind of helplessness often seen in a sick child. Then she replied in Polish. 'Thank you. You cannot help me.' "

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"Ordinarily, when someone gives me this kind of rebuff, I walk away, but this time something held me back. It turned out that she came from a Hasidic home and was the daughter of a Warsaw landlord, a follower of the Alexander rabbi. Deborah, or Dora, was one of those Hasidic girls who are raised in an almost assimilated atmosphere. She attended a private girls' Gymnasium and studied piano and dancing. At the same time, a rabbi's wife came to her house to tutor her in prayers and Jewish law. Before the war, she had two older brothers, the elder of whom already had a wife in Bedzin, while the younger studied in a Yeshiva. She also had an older sister. The war made a quick mess of the family. The father was killed by a German bomb, the older brother in Bedzin was shot by the Nazis, the younger brother was drafted into the Polish army and killed somewhere, the mother died of starvation and kidney disease in the Warsaw ghetto and the sister, Ytta, disappeared and Dora never heard from her again. Dora had a French teacher on the Aryan side, a spinster named Elzbieta Dolanska, and she saved Dora. How she did this would take too long to tell. Dora spent two years in a cellar and the teacher fed her with her last savings. A saint of a woman, but she perished during the Polish uprising. That's how the Almighty rewards the good gentiles.

"I didn't get all this out of her at once but gradually, literally drawing out word after word. I said to her, 'In Palestine you'll get back on your feet. You'll be among friends.'

" 'I can't go to Palestine,' she said.

" 'Why not? Where, then?'

" 'I must go to Kuibyshev.'

"I couldn't believe my own ears. Imagine, a trip in those days from Stettin back to the Bolsheviks—and to Kuibyshev. The road was rife with danger.

" 'What business have you in Kuibyshev?' I asked her and she told me a story that, if I hadn't confirmed it myself later, I would have called the ravings of a sick mind. Her sister, Ytta, had jumped from the train taking her to the concentration camp and made her way through the fields and forests to Russia. There she lived with a Jewish engineer who had attained a high rank in the Red army. This officer was later killed in the war and Ytta lost her mind. She was confined in an insane asylum in that area. Through wild chance, actually a miracle, Dora found out that her sister was still alive. I asked her, 'How can you help your sister when she is insane? There she at least gets medical care. What can you do for a deranged woman without money, an apartment or a groschen to your name? You'll both die.'

"And she said, 'You are perfectly right, but she is the only one left of my family and I can't leave her to waste her years away in a Soviet asylum. It's possible that she'll get well when she sees me.'

"It's usually not my way to mix into other people's business. The war taught me that you can't help anybody. In essence, we were all walking on graves. When you spend years in camps and prisons and stare death in the face ten times a day, you lose all compassion. But when I heard what this girl proposed to do, I was filled with a kind of pity that I had never felt before. I tried to talk her out of it time and again. I offered a thousand arguments.

"She said, 'I know that you are right, but I must go back.'

" 'How will you get there?' I asked her and she said:

" 'I'm ready to go even on foot.'

"I said, 'I'm afraid you're no less crazy than your sister.'

"And she replied, 'I fear that you're right.'

"After all his wanderings and tribulations, the person sitting here next to you gave up the chance to go to Israel, which was to me at that time the most beautiful dream, and I went off with a strange girl to Kuibyshev. It was actually an act of suicide. One thing I found out then was that pity is a form of love and, actually, its highest expression. I won't describe the trip to you—it was not a trip but an odyssey. I can only tell you that the Reds detained us twice along the way and it failed by a whisker that we didn't both end up in prison or in a slave camp. Dora behaved in a strangely heroic fashion during the trip, but I sensed that this was more resignation than bravery. I forgot to tell you—she was a pure virgin and underneath all that despair lay a passionate woman. I was used to women loving me, but this was different from anything I had ever known. She clung to me in a mixture of love and desperation that frightened me. She had an education and in the cellar where she had hidden for two years she had read a whole library in Polish, French and German, but she lacked all experience. Every little thing frightened her. In her hiding place she had read many Christian books as well as the works of Madam Blavatsky, and occult and theosophic writings that had been left to Miss Dolanska by an aunt. Dora

"Actually, Miss Tinsley, this is where we separate the fairies from the elves."

babbled on about Jesus and ghosts, but I had no patience for such things, even though I myself had become a mystic, or at least a fatalist, during the holocaust. Oddly enough, she combined all this with the Jewishness of her home.

"There was no particular hardship in crossing the border into Russia, but the trains were jammed. In the middle of everything, the locomotive was uncoupled, hooked on to some other wagons, and we were left standing there for days on end. In the cars, the passengers fought constantly. A brawl would erupt and everyone would be shoved out of the wagons. Corpses lay scattered along the tracks. The cold inside the cars was frightful. Some people even rode on flatcars while the snow fell on them. In the closed cars you had to carry a chamber pot or a bottle in which to relieve yourself. A peasant sat on the roof of a car and when the train entered a tunnel, he lost his head. And that's how we got to Kuibyshev. All the way there, I couldn't stop wondering at myself over what I had done. This thing with Dora was no simple affair. I had actually bound myself up with her for life. To abandon someone like that would have been like leaving a child alone in a forest. Even before we got there, we got into all kinds of conflicts, all of which had to do with the fact that Dora was afraid to leave me alone for even a minute. When the train stopped at a station and I tried to get some food or hot water, she didn't let me get off. She was always suspicious that I was trying to desert her. She would seize my sleeve and try to drag me back. The passengers, especially the Russians, had something to laugh at. A streak of insanity seemed to run through this family; it manifested itself in fears, suspicions and a kind of mysticism that stemmed from the time when man still lived in caves. How this primitive heritage reached all the way to an affluent Hasidic family in Warsaw is a riddle. This whole adventure that I went through remains an enigma to me to this day."

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"We got to Kuibyshev and it was all in vain. There was no sister and no insane asylum. That is to say, there was an asylum but not for strangers. The Nazis destroyed hospitals, clinics and asylums as they retreated. They shot or poisoned the patients. The Nazi murderers hadn't reached Kuibyshev, but the hospital was jammed with the heavily wounded. Who in those days worried about the insane? Well, but a woman had told Dora all the details. The Jewish officer's name was Lipman, the woman was Lipman's relative and there was no reason for her to lie. Can you imagine the disappointment? We had endured the whole trek with all its miseries for nothing. But wait, we did find Ytta, not in an insane asylum but in a village living with an old Jew, a shoemaker. The woman hadn't invented things. Ytta had suffered from depression and had been treated for it at some institution and after a while they had discharged her. I never learned all the facts, but even those that she told me I later forgot. The whole holocaust is tied up with amnesia.

"The shoemaker was a Polish Jew, actually from one of your towns, Bilgoraj or Janow, an old man nearly eighty but still active. Don't ask me how he got to Kuibyshev or why Ytta moved in with him. He lived in some dump, but he could patch boots and shoes and there is need for this everywhere. He sat there with his long white beard, surrounded by old shoes in a shack that was more like a chicken coop, and as he hammered tacks or drew the thread, he mumbled a verse of the *Psalms*. By a clay stove stood a red-haired woman—barefoot, ragged, disheveled and half-naked—cooking barley. Dora recognized her sister at once, but the other didn't know Dora. When Ytta finally realized that this was her sister, she didn't cry but started to bay like a dog. The shoemaker began to rock to and fro on his stool.

"There was supposed to be a communal farm, a kolkhoz, somewhere nearby, but all I could see was an old-fashioned Russian village with wooden huts, a little church, deep snow and sleighs harnessed to dogs and skinny nags, just the way I used to see them in pictures in a Russian-language textbook. Who knows, I thought, maybe the whole Revolution had been only a dream? Maybe Nicholas still sat on the throne? During the war and afterward, I saw many reunions of people with their loved ones, but these two sisters played out a shattering sisterly drama. They kissed, licked, howled. The old man mumbled through his toothless mouth, 'A pity, a pity. . . .' Then he turned back to his shoes. He seemed to be deaf.

"There was nothing to pack. All that Ytta had were a pair of shoes with thick soles and heels and a sheepskin without sleeves. The old man took a black loaf of bread out of somewhere and Ytta tucked it away in her sack. She kissed the old man's hands, his brow and beard and commenced to howl anew, as if possessed by the spirit of a dog. This Ytta was taller than Dora. Her eyes were green and as fearsome as a beast's. Her hair was of an unusual shade of red. To describe to you how we made our way from Kuibyshev to Moscow and from there back to Poland again, I'd have to sit here with you till morning. We dragged along and smuggled our way through, facing arrest, separation or death at any moment. But summer had come and after lengthy travails, we finally got to Germany, and from there to Paris. I make it sound so simple. Actually, we only got to France by the end of 1946, or maybe it was already 1947. One of the social workers on the Joint Distribution Committee was a friend of mine, a young man from Warsaw who went to America in 1932. He knew English and other languages as well. You can't imagine the power Americans wielded in those days. I could easily have obtained a visa to America through him, but Dora took it into her head that I had a sweetheart there. In Paris, the Joint—actually, that same young man—got us a small apartment, which was no easy task. We received a monthly stipend from this same organization.

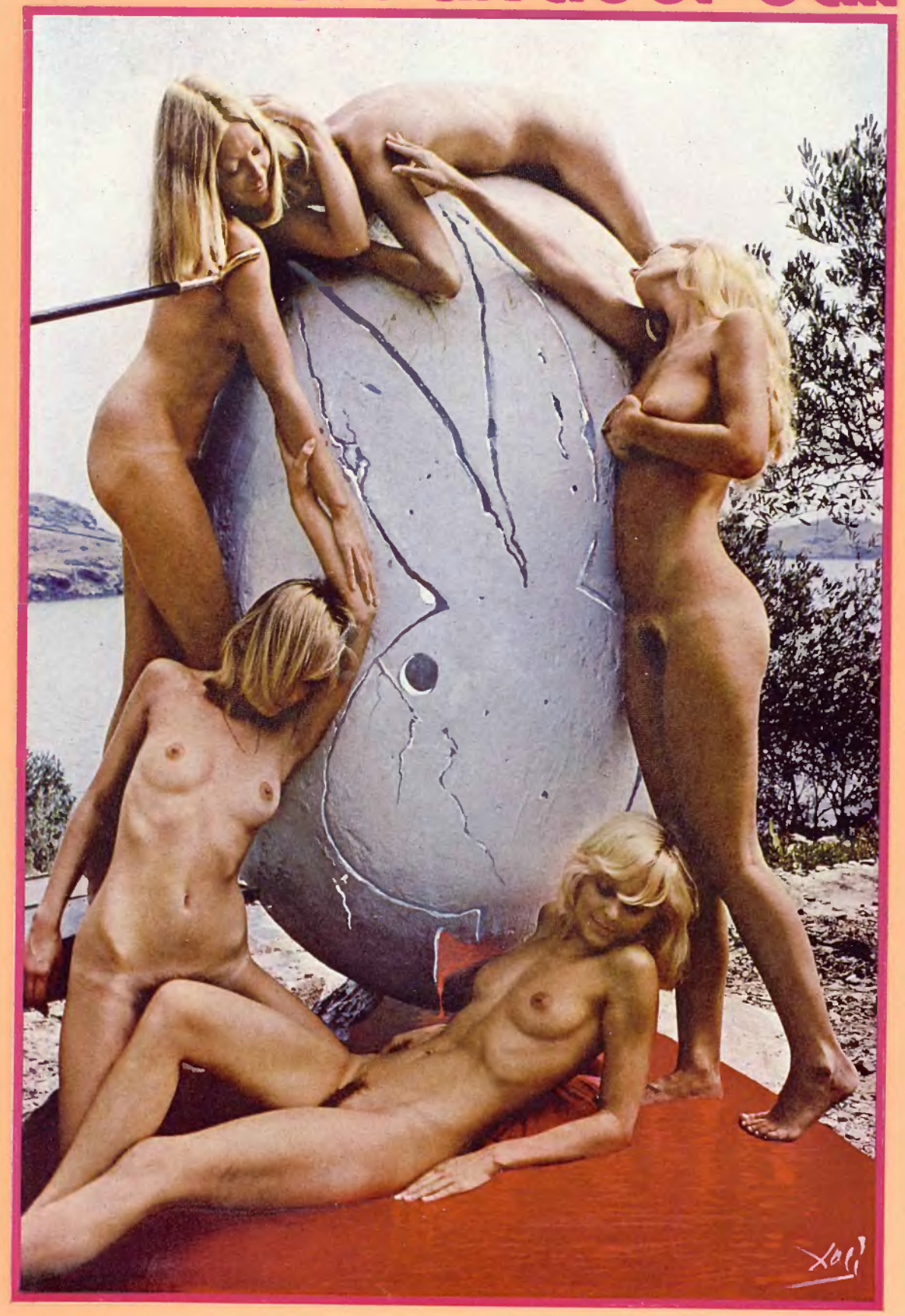
"I know what you're about to ask me—have a little patience. Yes, I lived with them both. I married Dora officially in Germany—she wanted to stand under a canopy and she did—but, in actuality, I had two wives, two sisters, just like the patriarch Jacob. All I lacked was a Bilhah and a Zilpah. What would stop the likes of me? Not the Jewish and certainly not the gentile laws. In the war, the whole human culture crumbled like a ruin. In the camps—not only in Germany but in Russia and later in the DP camps where the refugees lived for years—all shame vanished. I knew of one case where a woman had her husband on one side and her lover on the other and all three of them lived together. I've witnessed so many wild things that to me they've become normal. A Schicklgruber or a Dzhugashvili comes along and moves the clock back ten thousand years. Not completely, mind you. There were also instances of rare piety and of self-sacrifice for a minor law in the Shulchan Aruch or even for some custom. This itself may be a bit of wildness, too.

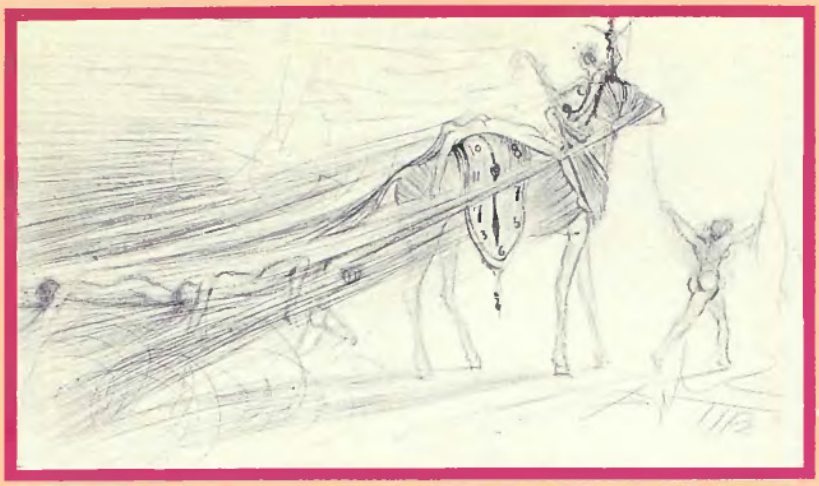
"I didn't want all this. It's one thing to have an adventure—it's quite another to make a permanent institution out of it. But it was out of my hands. From the moment the two sisters met, I was no longer a free man. They enslaved me with their love for me, their love toward each other and their jealousy. One minute they would be kissing and crying from great devotion and suddenly they would begin to slug away, pull hair and curse each other with words you wouldn't hear in the underworld. I had never before seen such hysteria or heard such screams. Every few days one of the sisters, or sometimes both, tried to commit suicide. One moment it would be quiet. The three of us might be sitting eating or discussing a book or picture—all of a sudden, a horrible shriek and both sisters would be rolling on the floor, tearing pieces from each other. I'd run up, trying to separate them, but I'd catch a slam in the face or a bite and the blood would be dripping from me. Why they were fighting I would never know. Fortunately, we lived on the upper story, a garret, and we had no neighbors on our floor. One of the sisters would run to the window and try to throw herself out while the other seized a knife and went

(continued on page 128)

aided by playboy photographer pompeo posar, the world's premier surrealist fleshes out his unique fantasies

the erotic world of salvador dali





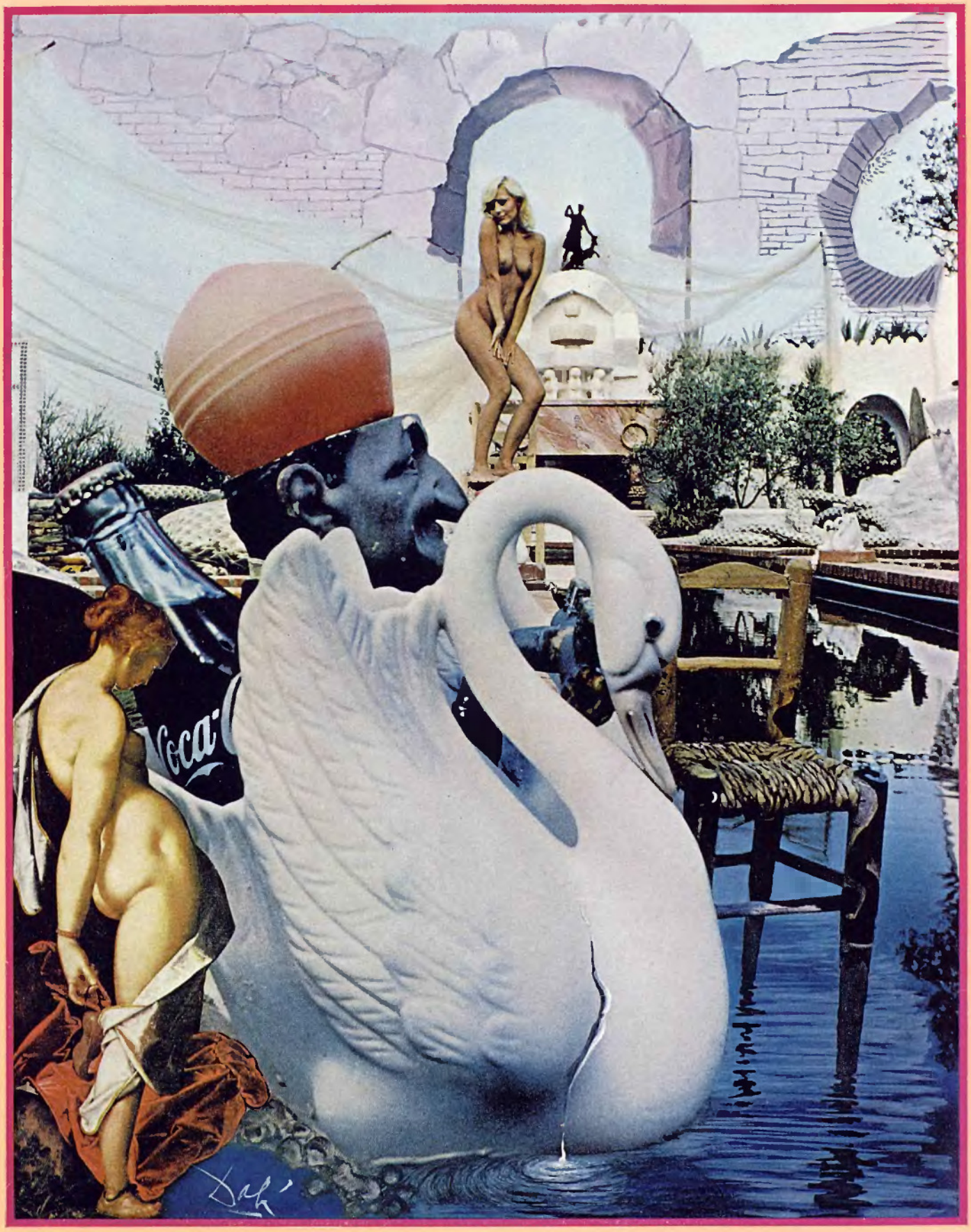
Above: Dali's rough sketches that were tronslated into the compositions seen here.

SALVADOR DALI. Surrealist genius of limp clocks and moonlit deserts. Having commissioned Dali to compose these photographic surrealities, we sent Staff Photographer Pompeo Posar to Dali's Mediterranean villa in the small Spanish village of Cadaqués. Upon arriving, he was ushered to a poolside throne. Dali rose, offered his hand and began yelling "Butterfly! Butterfly!" A bemused Posar returned the greeting and they became a loud duet, pumping clasped hands and shouting cheerfully "Butterfly! Butterfly!" The shooting itself was both businesslike and bizarre. When Dali emerged from his house, his gaggle of worshipers and protégés bowed, chanting "Master! Master!" He acknowledged them with an imperial wave and got down to work.

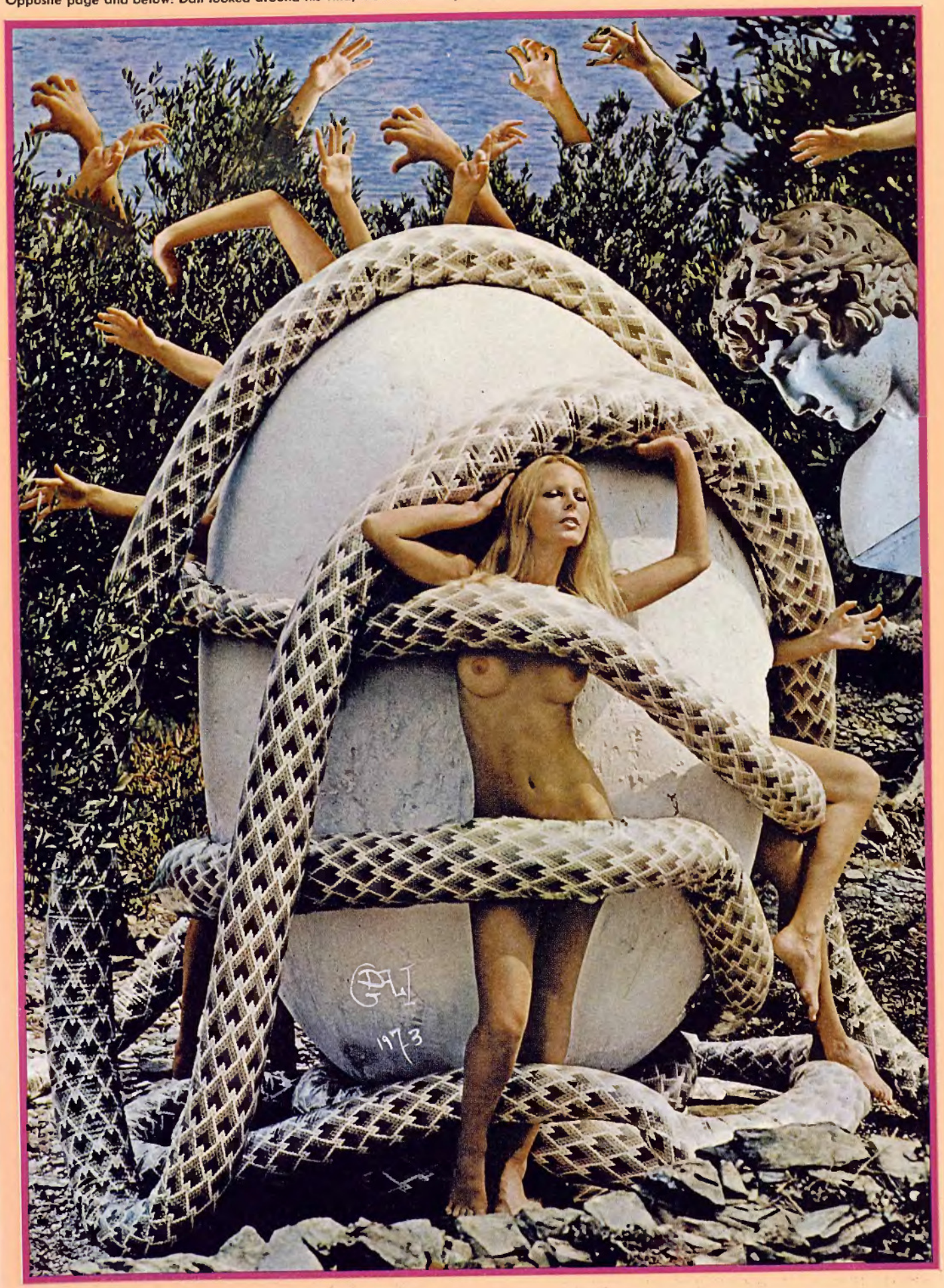
Below: Doli seems somewhat startled by the odd trio he has created, recolling something he once said: "I know whot I eat. I know not whot I do." He obviously knows very well; otherwise, he wouldn't be able to eat—and live—so lavishly.

Below: One of the many eggs found all over Dalilland looms large on o roof behind flooting women, castles, choirs and water.

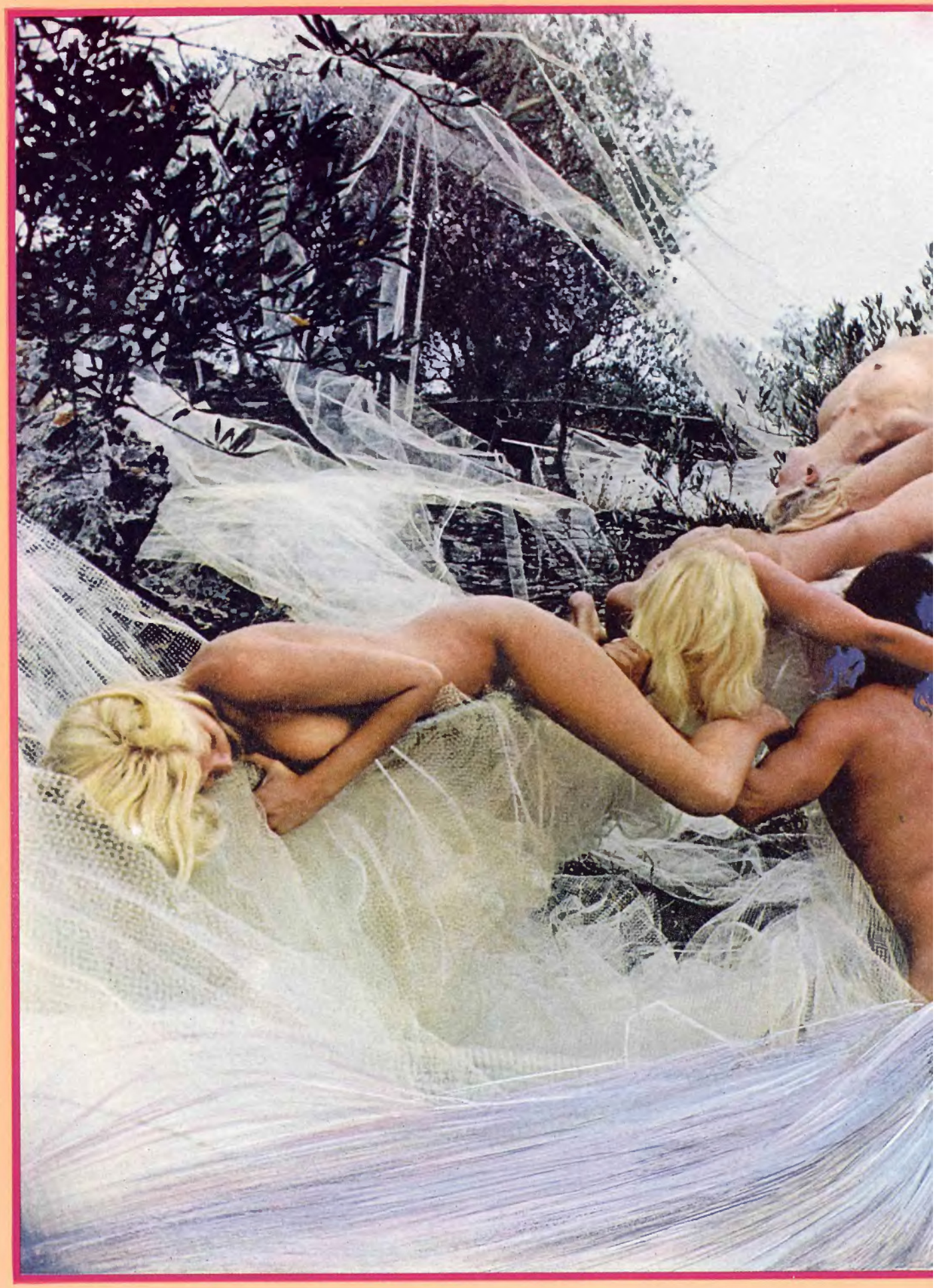
Dali set up each shot, based on his preliminary sketches, while issuing supervisory commands. The villagers congregated on the surrounding hilltops as word spread through the town. It was quite an event—for Cadaqués and for PLAYBOY. We asked Dali what these compositions meant. He replied, "The meaning of my work is the motivation that is of the purest—money. What I did for PLAYBOY is very good and your payment is equal to the task." We think we got our money's worth.

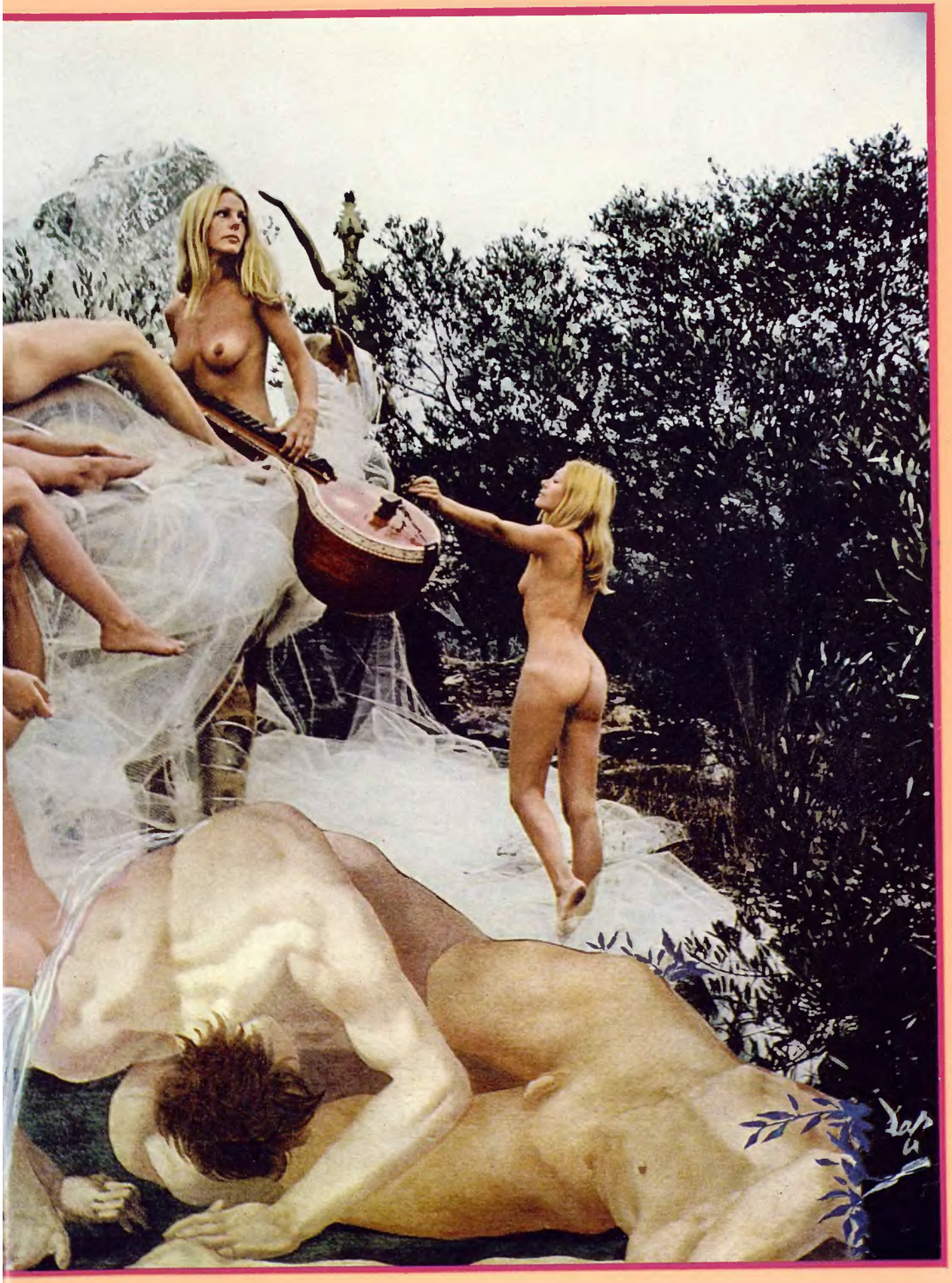


Opposite page and below: Dali looked around his villa, then eclectically combined bits and bottles with swans, serpents and ripe-bodied bathers.



Sprawled seductively around and on tap af a camel's back, Dali's subjects are carried taward a statue on his personally created horizan.





kissinger

before his reputation dimmed, even before it soared, the question was always: is he the gentle harvard professor, the student of metternich...

personality By GARRY WILLS

"I'M . . . NO, I won't tell you what I am. I'll never tell anyone." That was Henry Kissinger's last comment to the very skillful interviewer Oriana Fallaci. But she was too skillful for him—he had already told her and didn't know it. Just a minute or so before, he explained his success this way: "The main point stems from the fact that I've always acted alone. Americans admire that enormously. Americans admire the cowboy leading the caravan alone astride his horse, the cowboy entering a village or city alone on his horse . . . a wild West tale, if you like."

It would be easy to dismiss that comment if it came from anybody else. But not only was it an unexpectedly romantic outburst from the professorial Kissinger; it came as a last concession after long artful fencing by Fallaci. "I won't tell, I won't tell," he kept protesting as she pried at him and peeled away layer after layer of defensive nonexplanation, until finally she got down near the core—and out galloped Hoot Gibson.

In others, as I say, such a comment need not be taken very seriously. We Americans all grew up playing cowboys and Indians. But, of course, Henry Kissinger is American with a difference—a difference subtly marked in his own words. *Americans* like the loner—it is a taste implicitly contrasted with that of other nationalities. There is a note of selection and analysis even in Kissinger's private dream of romance. He wants not only to play Hoot Gibson but to catalog the kinds of audience response this wild West tale will inspire.

And, after all, Kissinger did not grow up on the cowboy legends. Western movies were popular in his native town of Fürth, but Jewish boys were not allowed in the theater. The Thirties were darkening toward holocaust while Henry went through his adolescence, and Jews clung protectively together. They dared not risk dates with "German" girls or play Indians to the moviegoers' cowboys. After he came to America in 1938, he had a few teen years left to see cowboy shows at the Coliseum on 181st Street—but not much time or money for such entertainment. He had to work by day and go to school at night. His first steady diet of movies, all of the fighting-American kind, came in an Army camp down South, where he became a naturalized citizen of the country whose uniform he already wore.

So Henry's fantasy does not come from the springs of equivalent fantasy in most of us. Quite the opposite—his comes from a reality. For Henry *did* ride into town alone, gun strapped to his side, and restore law and order, winning a terrified people's nervous adulation. What is more, he did this at the age of 21. He was, for almost a year, the autocratic

before his reputation dimmed, even before it soared, the question was always: is he the gentle harvard professor, the student of metternich...

...or is he just another power-hungry egotist? that's a rhetorical question

ruler of an entire German district (Bergstrasse). He lived in the area's lushest villa, slept with its most beautiful women, drove its most impressive car—and all this as a white knight, restoring justice after tyranny. Marvin and Bernard Kalb, in their biography of Kissinger, smile at the Secretary of State's answer to a man in Washington who said, "I want to thank you for saving the world." Kissinger gravely answered, "You're welcome." It was not the first time he had heard the remark. Many Americans in the occupying force heard something like that 30 years before—the words had a special meaning for Kissinger, then as now.

I have known officers, given such heady power in the Occupation, who were never the same afterward—and these were mature men who had already achieved some distinction in civilian life. Kissinger was a man with a high school degree plunged back into the country where he had been beaten as an awkward teenager, a country his own parents were driven from in fear. He was wearing the uniform of a country where two years earlier he had not even been a citizen. His 15 years in the Fürth ghetto, and his five years as a deliveryboy and student in New York, had not prepared him for anything like this. He was caught between two worlds, in neither of which had he been very comfortable—and was suddenly getting the best of both of them. No wonder he would thenceforth stand a little apart from life; outside it, to get just a bit above it; commuting between worlds, representing all the best of one to the needs of the other. Not yet quite American in New York, he became super-American in Germany; but he received his position of advantage by representing what was best in Germany, the survivors of its persecution.

Kissinger has, in interview or reminiscence, almost totally expunged from memory his initial 15 years in Germany. His vivid life begins with his return there as an American, when he drove alone across the *(continued on page 280)*

ILLUSTRATIONS BY BILL UTTERBACK

Playboy's Christmas Cards

TO A TV WEATHERMAN

The funny side of weather's
Your nightly tubeside style—
Tornadoes with a tickle
And earthquakes with a smile.
But when your voice announces:
"Now here's the weather, folks,"
We hurry to our basements
To miss the hail of jokes.

TO A BISEXUAL PROSELYTIZER

The straight's a narrow path, you warn,
Tradition's rusty trap.
No perfect mate for man was born—
It's just a bourgeois rap.
We've listened to you sound the horn
And if we do not clap,
It's sometimes hard to get across
A gender-ation gap.

TO A B.S.* M.D.

You told us what we feared to ask,
You sexy little elf,
Then swore that "Any Woman Can"
(If only by herself).
Your dandy little how-to books
Sit handy on the shelf;
But should your muse cry out, "Write more!"
Physician, steel thyself!

*Best-selling

MISSIVES AND MISSILES FOR THE JOLLY SEASON

verse

By Judith Wax

to a would-be swinger

Though you're dreaming nonstop
Of the thrill of the swap,
The perils deserve to be known:
As your fantasies mesh
In a tangle of flesh,
The wife you crave may be your own.

TO A COMATOSE KOHOUTEK

An anxious world awaited
Your performance in the skies.
It proved inept... but please accept
Our Year's Worst Streaker prize.

TALE OF TWO SISTERS

(continued from page 114)

for her own throat. I'd grab one by the leg and take the knife away from the other. They'd howl at me and at each other. I'd try to find out what caused the outburst, but I learned in time that they didn't know the reason themselves. At the same time, I want you to know that both of them were intelligent in their own fashion. Dora had an excellent taste in literature. She'd offer an opinion about a book and it was accurate to the dot. Ytta was musically inclined. She could sing whole symphonies. When the energy came upon them, they displayed great capability. They had picked up a sewing machine somewhere and from scraps and pieces they sewed dresses of which the most elegant ladies would be proud. One thing both sisters shared, a complete lack of common sense. Actually, they shared many traits. At times it even seemed to me that they were two bodies with one soul. If there had been a tape recorder to take down the things they said, particularly at night, it would make Dostoievsky seem trite. Complaints against God poured out of them, along with laments for the holocaust that no pen could transcribe. What a person really is comes out only at night, in the dark. I know now that both of them were born crazy, not the victims of any circumstances. The circumstances, naturally, made everything worse. I myself became a psychopath living with them. Insanity is no less contagious than typhus."

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"Besides squabbling, brawling, telling endless stories of the camps and of their home in Warsaw and chattering about clothes, fashions and what not, the sisters had one favorite topic: my treachery. They forged an indictment against me that made the Moscow trials seem like pure logic by comparison. Even as they sat on the sofa, kissed me, waged a playful competition over me and indulged in a game that was both childish and animalistic and therefore indefinable, they kept abusing me. It boiled down to the fact that I had only one urge—to betray them and carry on with other women. Each time the concierge called me to the telephone, they ran to listen in. When I received a letter, they promptly opened it. No dictator could have enforced such a strict censorship as these sisters did over me. They left no doubt that the mailman, the concierge, the Joint Committee and I were all part of a conspiracy against them, although what kind of conspiracy this was and what was its purpose was something even their twisted minds couldn't establish. Lombroso contended that genius is insanity. He forgot to say that insanity is genius. Their helplessness was genius, too. I sometimes had the feeling that getting through the war had drained them of that specific power for survival that every human and animal possesses. The fact that Ytta hadn't been able to find another job in Russia besides that of a maid and mistress to that old shoemaker only accented her lack of initiative. They often toyed with the notion of becoming maids in Paris, governesses, or something in that vein, but it was clear both to me and to them that they couldn't hold any kind of job for more than a few hours. They were also the laziest creatures I had ever met, although from time to time they were seized by a burst of effort and energy that was as exaggerated as their usual laziness. Two women should have been able to keep house, but our apartment was always a mess. They would prepare a meal and argue as to who should wash the dishes until it came time to cook again. Sometimes, days and even weeks went by and we ate only dry food. The bedding was often dirty, and we had cockroaches and other vermin. The sisters weren't physically dirty. They boiled pots of water at night and turned the apartment into a bathhouse. The water dripped down below and the downstairs tenant, an old French cavalier, banged on our door and threatened us with the police. Paris was starving, but in my house food was thrown out in the garbage. The apartment was piled with rags. They hardly ever wore the dresses that they sewed or received from the Joint Committee, but they went around half-naked and barefoot.

"As alike as the sisters were, so were they also different. Ytta possessed a brutality that was completely foreign to a girl from a Hasidic home. Many of her stories dealt with beatings and I knew that bloodshed and violence of any kind roused her sexually. She told me that while she was still a girl in her father's house, she once sharpened a knife and slaughtered three ducks that her mother kept in a shed. Her father beat her for this severely and Dora used to throw this up to her when they quarreled. Ytta was unusually strong, but each time she tried to do something, she managed to hurt herself. She walked around covered with bandages and plasters. She often hinted that she would take revenge on me, even though I had rescued her from slavery and want. I suspected that somewhere inside her she would have been glad to remain with the old shoemaker; maybe because this would have allowed her to forget her family and especially Dora, with whom she maintained a love-hate relationship. This hostility used to come out in every quarrel. Dora was the one who screamed, wept and scolded, while Ytta resorted to blows. I was often afraid that she might kill Dora in a rage.

"Dora was better educated, more refined and possessed of a sick imagination. She slept fitfully and kept telling me her dreams, which were sexual, diabolical, tangled. She awoke quoting verses from the Bible. She tried to write poems in Polish and in Yiddish. She had formulated a sort of personal mythology. I often said that she was possessed by the dibbuk of a follower of Shabbetai Zevi or Jacob Frank.

"I had always felt a curiosity about the institution of polygamy. Could jealousy be rooted out? Could you share someone you loved? In a sense, the three of us were taking part in an experiment whose results we all awaited. The longer the situation lasted, the more obvious it became to us all that things couldn't remain the way they were. Something had to happen and we knew that it would be evil, a catastrophe. Each day posed a new crisis, each night carried the threat of some scandal, or impotence. Although our neighbors on the lower floors had their own troubles and were accustomed to wild doings from the time of the German Occupation, they began to look at us suspiciously, to nose around and to shake their heads in disapproval. As sinful as was our behavior, our religious upbringing soon began to make demands on our Jewishness. Dora made the benediction over the Sabbath candles every Friday and then sat around smoking cigarettes. She had formulated her own version of the Shulchan Aruch in which pork was forbidden but horse meat was kosher, in which there was no God but you had to fast on Yom Kippur and eat matzoh on Passover. Ytta had become an atheist in Russia, or so she said, but every night before going to sleep, she mumbled a nightly prayer or some incantation. When I gave her a coin, she spat on it to ward off the evil eye. She would get up in the morning and announce, 'Today will be an unlucky day . . . something bad is going to happen. . . .' Inevitably, what happened was that she hurt herself, or broke a dish, or a stocking tore on her.

"Dora kept the funds in our household. I always gave her more than she needed, since I received stipends from a few institutions and later money from relatives in America as well. After a while, I noticed that she had accumulated a nest egg. Her sister apparently knew of this and received her share of the loot. I often heard them whispering and arguing about money.

"I forgot the main thing—children. Both sisters wanted a child by me and many arguments erupted because of this. But I was dead set against it. We were living on charity. Each time the conversation came around to children, I came up with the same answer: 'For what? So the next Hitler would have someone to burn?' I don't have a child to this day. As far as I'm concerned, I want to put an end to the human tragedy. I suspect that neither Dora nor Ytta was even

(continued on page 136)

CLAUDIA OBSERVED

five top glamor photographers focus in on playmate-actress claudia jennings, who knows all the angles

PETE TURNER

"Trash—with lots of flash" is Claudia's pithy appraisal of her East Hampton photo session with Pete Turner. "We were just having fun with silk stockings and champagne bottles plus a beautiful Hispano-Suiza used in *The Great Gatsby* but originally custom-made for the king of Tunisia. This is the *Hollywood* me, not the real me—very camp, like so many movie roles I've played."

J. FRED SMITH

What J. Fred Smith saw in Claudia might be construed as a cross between Helen of Troy and a tomboy, perhaps a subtle reflection of what Claudia saw in Smith: "Fred was cute—like Santa Claus, with a twinkle in his eye and a trim-thin body. He freaked me a little at first, discussing eroticism and nudity. But I soon got into his low-key style of shooting. Generally, I agree that pictures meant to be sexy should not be too pretty. I'd rather show raunchy sex—it's much more honest."

text By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

Any male chauvinist taken in by the cliché that Playmates are beautiful bits of fluff whose brains have been stuffed with something the consistency of Reddi-Wip should try to arrange a meeting with Claudia Jennings. Several meetings would be even better. Let's start, say, with a midnight rendezvous at Michael's Pub in Manhattan, where she has collected a group of Beautiful People to hear Woody Allen on clarinet. There she sits, a smashing strawberry blonde, wearing the hip-standard Hollywood uniform of blue-denim jacket and jeans, with a green-plastic bow in her hair, and you mentally tick through a check list of her credits, starting with 1970's Playmate of the Year. Since then, she has adorned at least a dozen movies, mostly the kind of drive-in-theater Saturday-night specials that fill a girl's pressbook with stories calling her Queen of the Bs. At the moment, she is in transit, a love goddess between planes, just back from

MARIO CASILLI

From unisexual hip to wet and wonderful, the wilder sides of Claudia are celebrated by Los Angeles–based Mario Casilli. "Water is always sensuous," says Claudia, "and Mario felt it would be highly erotic, as well, to put me in a man's suit, holding an Irish coffee and with a dab of cream on my lip. Mario is seldom wrong. He shot my *Playmate of the Year* layout. He can clothe you up to the ears or wrap you in a burlap sack and can make any woman look sexy—probably because he really *likes* them. I'm sure he's one of the great photographers of women."

jetting around Europe to be deified in full color by five of the world's flashiest glamor photographers.

A mile-a-minute conversationalist, Claudia doesn't want to waste one of those minutes rehashing the stock biographical data that puts her to sleep faster than Nembutal. It's the great all-American story of a redheaded, freckly teenager from Evanston, Illinois, who never considered herself pretty. She had a nice childhood, yes, and her mother is still a college teacher. But by the time she gets into that, the kid whom schoolmates knew as Mimi Chesterton looks a little glazed, ready to hit the accelerator. "I knew what I

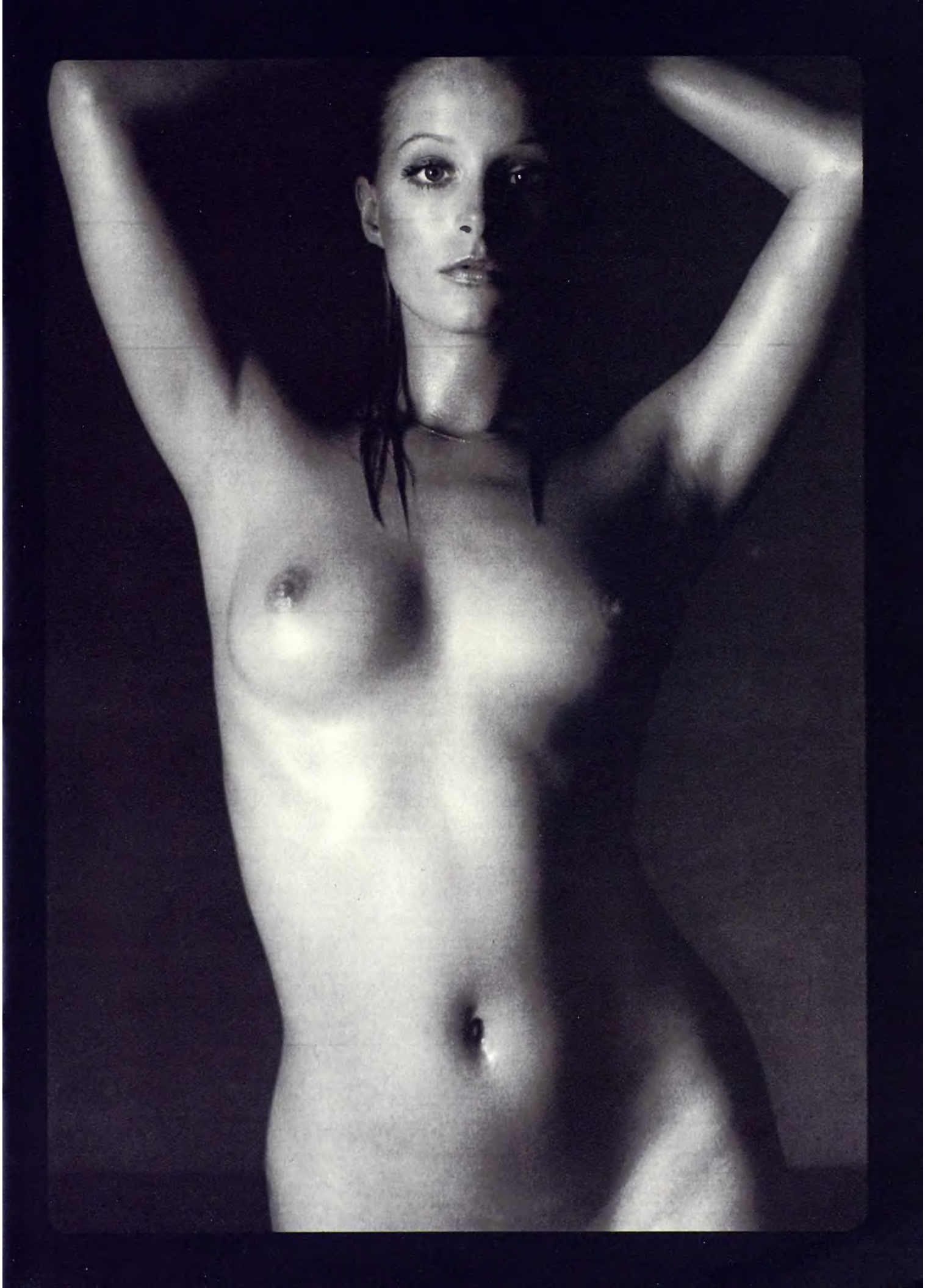
(text continued on page 236)

DAVID HAMILTON

Mirror, mirror. Being glorified by Europe's prestigious David Hamilton was a clear case of narcissism made easy for fair Claudia. "I chose David because I admired his work, and enjoyed this session most of all—maybe because we were in the south of France, maybe because I got along so well with his old lady, Mona. But David amazed me, as an absolute master whose methods are very precise. He'll say look to the left, look to the right, and you simply trust the man's talent. Our shooting went very fast, which left us time for a marvelous lunch at Club 55 in St.-Tropez."

VICTOR SKREBNESKI

"The first man who ever photographed me" is Claudia's nostalgic acknowledgment of camera wizard Victor Skrebneski, who works black-and-white wonders in Chicago. "He's a terrific human being, who likes to shoot you as you are, flaws and all, because he finds *that* beautiful. We played a lot of loud music, had a fabulous time. The way Skrebneski photographs women is so uncomplicated, as if you were a still life, just standing there like a woman . . . and all woman, and that's the way I want to be." You are, Claudia, you are.



TALE OF TWO SISTERS

(continued from page 128)

capable of bearing children. Such females are like mules. I'll never understand how a Hasidic Jew came to have two such daughters. We carry stray genes going back to the time of Genghis Khan, or the Devil knows when."

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"The calamity that we anticipated came in a quiet fashion. The arguments gradually subsided to be replaced by a depression that consumed the three of us. It began with Dora's getting sick. Exactly what was wrong with her, I never found out. She lost weight and coughed a lot. I suspected consumption and took her to a doctor, but he found no evidence of illness. He prescribed vitamins and iron, which didn't help. Dora became frigid, too. She no longer wanted to join in our nightly games and idle chatter. She even got herself a cot and set it up in the kitchen. Without Dora, Ytta soon lost interest in our sex triangle. She had never been the one to take the initiative; in fact, she did only what Dora told her. Ytta was a big eater and a heavy sleeper. She snored and snorted in her sleep. A situation soon developed in which instead of having two women, I had none. Not only were we silent at night but during the day, too, we became steeped in moroseness. Before, I used to get weary from all the babbling, endless wrangling and the extravagant praises the sisters heaped on me, but now I longed for those days. I talked the situation over with the sisters and we decided to put an end to the alienation that lay between us, but such things can't be changed with decisions. I often had the feeling that some invisible being lurked among us, a phantom who sealed our lips and burdened our spirits. Each time I started to say something, the words stuck in my throat. When I did say it, the words that came out required no answer. I looked on with amazement as the two chatterbox sisters became close-mouthed. All the speech seemed to have been drained from them. I became as taciturn as they. Before, I could babble on for hours without any thought or reflection, but suddenly I became diplomatic and careful to weigh every word, afraid that no matter what I said would cause a commotion. I used to laugh when I read your stories about dibbuks, but I now actually felt myself possessed. When I wanted to pay Dora a compliment, it came out an insult. Oddly enough, the three of us couldn't stop yawning. We sat there, yawned and looked at one another with moist eyes in astonishment, partners in a tragedy we could neither understand nor control.

"I became impotent, too. I lost the urge for the two sisters. I lay in bed nights and instead of lust, I felt something that can only be called anti-lust. I often had the uncomfortable feeling that my skin was icy cold and my body was shrinking. Although the sisters didn't mention my impotence, I knew that they were lying in bed with their ears cocked, listening to the strange process taking place within my organs—the ebbing of the blood and the cramping and shrinking of the limbs that seemed to degenerate to the verge of withering. I often imagined that in the dark I saw the silhouette of a figure that was as flimsy and transparent as a spider web—tall, thin, long-haired—a shadowy skeleton with holes instead of eyes, a monster with a crooked mouth that laughed soundlessly. I assured myself that it was nerves. What else could it be? I didn't believe in ghosts then and I don't to this day. I became convinced of one thing one night—thoughts and emotions can literally materialize and become entities of some substance. Even now, as I think about it, ants crawl up and down my spine. I've never spoken about this to anyone—you're the first and, I assure you, the last person to ever hear this.

"It was a spring night in 1948. A spring night in Paris can sometimes be bitter cold. We went to sleep separately—I on the cot, Dora on the sofa and Ytta in bed. We put out the lights and lay down. I don't remember such a cold night even in the camps. We covered ourselves with all the blankets and rags we had in the house, but we still couldn't get warm. I put the sleeves of a sweater over my feet and threw my winter coat over the blanket. Ytta and Dora burrowed into their covers. We did all this without speaking and this silence lent our frantic efforts a brooding oppressiveness that defies description. I remember precisely lying there in bed and thinking that the punishment would come that night. At the same time, I silently prayed to God that it shouldn't. I lay there for a while half-frozen—not only from the cold but from the tension, too. I searched in the dark for the *shed* (as I called the creature of spider webs and shadows), but I saw nothing. At the same time, I knew that he was there, hovering in some corner or possibly even behind the bedboard. I said to myself, 'Don't be an idiot, there are no such things as ghosts. If Hitler could slaughter six million Jews and America sends billions of dollars to rebuild Germany, there are no other forces except the material. Ghosts wouldn't permit such an injustice. . . .'

"I had to urinate and the toilet was out in the corridor. Usually, I can hold myself in, if need be, but this time the urge was too insistent. I got up from the cot and went creeping toward the kitchen door, which led to the outside. I had taken only two steps when someone stopped me. Brother, I know all the answers and all the psychological flimflam, but this thing before me was a person and he blocked my path. I was too frightened to cry out. It's not in me to scream. I'm sure that I wouldn't scream even if it were killing me. Well, and who was there to help me, even if I did? The two half-mad sisters? I tried to push him aside and I touched something that might have been rubber, dough or some sort of foam. There are such fears from which you can't run away. A furious wrangling erupted between us. I pushed him back and he yielded a bit, yet offered resistance. I remember now that I was less afraid of the evil spirit than of the outcry the sisters might raise. I can't tell you how long this struggle lasted—a minute or perhaps only a few seconds. I thought I would pass out on the spot, but I stood there and stubbornly and silently wrestled with a ghost or whatever it was. Instead of feeling cold, I became hot. Within a second, I was drenched as if standing under a shower. Why the sisters didn't scream is something I'll never understand. That they were awake I am sure. They were apparently terrified of their own fear. Suddenly, I caught a blow. The Evil One vanished and I sensed that my organ was no longer there, either. Had he castrated me? My pajama bottoms had fallen. I felt around for my penis. No, he hadn't torn it out but had jammed it so deep into me that it had formed an indentation negative rather than positive. Don't look at me that way! I'm not crazy now and I wasn't crazy then. During this whole nightmare, I knew that it was nerves—nervousness that had assumed substance. Einstein contends that mass is energy. I say that mass is compressed emotion. Neuroses materialize and take on concrete form. Feelings put on bodies or are themselves bodies. Those are your dibbuks, the sprites, the hobgoblins.

"I walked out into the corridor on wobbly knees and found the toilet, but I literally had nothing to urinate with. I read somewhere that in the Arab lands, such things happen to men, especially to those who keep harems. Strange, but during the whole excitement, I remained calm. Tragedy sometimes brings a kind of brooding resignation that no one knows where it comes from.

"I turned back to the apartment, but neither of the sisters made a rustle. They lay there quiet, tense, barely breathing. Had they cast a spell over me? Were they themselves bewitched? I began to dress slowly. I put on my drawers, my pants, my jacket and my summer coat. I packed some shirts, socks and manuscripts in the dark. I gave the two sisters enough time to ask me what I was doing and where I was going, but they didn't utter a peep. I took my satchel and left in the middle of the night. Those are the bare facts."

"Where did you go?"

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to this day, no group has protested it, no politician has dared mention it, no civil liberties suit has been filed on it

BRENNBAR'S RANT

fiction **By JOHN IRVING**

MY HUSBAND, Ernst Brennbar, worked steadily on his second cigar and his third cognac. A slow, rising heat flushed his cheeks. His tongue felt lazy and overweight. He knew that if he didn't try to speak soon, his mouth would loll open and he'd belch—or worse. A bear of guilt shifted in his stomach and he remembered the bottle of '64 Brauneberger Juffer Spätlese that had accompanied his ample portion of *truite Metternich*. His red ears throbbed a total recall of the '61 Pommard Rugiens that had drowned his *boeuf Crespi*.

Brennbar looked across the wasted dinner table at me, but I was lost in a conversation about minority groups. The man speaking to me appeared to be a member of one. For some reason, the waiter was included—perhaps as a gesture meant to absolve class distinctions. Perhaps because the man who spoke with me and the waiter were from the same minority group.

"You wouldn't know anything about it," the man told me, but I'd been watching my blotching husband; I hadn't been paying attention.

"Well," I said defensively, "I can certainly imagine what it must have been like."

"Imagine!" the man shouted. He tugged the waiter's sleeve for support. "This was the real thing. No amount of *imagining* could ever make you feel it like we did. We had to live with it every day!" The waiter guessed he should agree.

Another woman, sitting next to Brennbar, suddenly said, "That's no different from what women have always had to face—what *(continued on page 304)*

ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN YOUSSI

Beautiful Peopling over zinfandel, a French Kiss, Campari and soda.

Through a glass lightly; his Americano, her champagne cocktail.

THE WHET SET

predinner drinks that won't do in dinner

By JACK DENTON SCOTT

"ALL THE GREAT villainies of history have been perpetrated by sober men, and chiefly by teetotalers. But all the charming and beautiful things, from the *Song of Songs* to terrapin à la Maryland, and from the nine Beethoven symphonies to the martini cocktail, have been given to humanity by men who, when the hour came, turned from well water to something with color to it, and more in it than mere oxygen and hydrogen."

This observation by H. L. Mencken, the departed sage of Baltimore, is a truth that should not be tampered with.

But another oft-quoted intellect, Jean Anthelme Brillat-Savarin, zeroes in a little more on the matter at hand. A big epicurean type in France in his day, Brillat-Savarin's dicta on dining and drinking were considered infallible. "The order of drink," he said, "is from the mildest to the most heady and the most scented."

We seem to have turned this around, too often belting down the most heady in too-large portions in the

Shipshape young thing snugly harbors a predinner Yacht Club.

Twa sides ta taste making: her Bunch Punch, his Tequila Teaser.

wrong order, regardless of the time, money and effort the host has spent on spreading his dinner table. Therein lies our essay.

Something is obviously wrong socially when guests load up on hard liquor before sitting down to a special dinner of *boeuf à la mode*, tender prime beef braised, then gently simmered in chambertin wine, a dish that has had to be prepared in three steps.

I know whereof I speak: I am referring to a dinner that I recently cooked for 12. Four of my guests sat and stared dully at the lovely beef in its sauce. They had brought their booze to the table with them. One woman nearly ate her napkin and her husband illustrated a conversational point he was making by dipping a finger in his glass of my ten-year-old burgundy and drawing a pink map on my fine white-linen tablecloth.

The fault was mine. I tilted the bottle too much before dinner. Now, I am heartily with those who like to relieve the tension of the inner man with a few drinks before sitting him down to dinner. But the accent should be on "few" and on the kind of drinks.

It is the physical *faux pas* to which I object: Bountiful booze, I learned the hard way, may give you a witty tongue, blissfully relax and float you to the ceiling, but it also dulls and virtually destroys the taste buds. As these are sensitive assets that aid us in enjoying fine food skillfully prepared, it doesn't make sense to deliberately deaden them before having a delightful meal. If you have taste buds that prefer five Scotches and poking aimlessly

PHOTOGRAPHY BY PAUL GREMMLER

at a piece of Chicken Marengo the way Napoleon had it served, what follows isn't for you.

But a fast-growing segment of our society is turning from serving well water with meals when it entertains, and before dinner offering something with color to it, that *interestingly* contains more than mere oxygen and hydrogen. These are the Don't-serve-drinks-that-destroy-dinner folks who with imagination, finesse and flair at their parties are successfully putting down the-hell-with-the-taste-buds bashers.

A current party plan to keep from overextending physically and financially on booze is to mix interesting wines. For example, I was a guest recently where the host spent his money on excellent prime fillets of beef. Before dinner, he served nothing but a yellow wine that had everybody intrigued.

It was Jura, a French wine no one had heard of, named for the region. Firm, strong, straw-colored, it comes from a grape I didn't know, the savagnin, and is kept in a cask for six years, where it picks up nutty character and flavor, somewhat as sherry does. With the beef, our host served plenty of silky young Beaujolais. That was a party. One person did fall on his face, but only because he missed a step going from the elevated dining room. Food and conversation were appreciated. True, dinner was expensive, but it would have cost the host more to lavishly entertain his guests from the hard-liquor bottle first, as is generously but mistakenly done too often.

Fun can be had planning such a party, choosing an unusual, dramatic wine for predinner drinking and a pert, pleasing one for the dinner palate. A little digging will turn up American wines with a flair at reasonable prices. For example, a California zinfandel, slightly spicy, tasting somewhat of raspberry, and a New York State vergennes, dry but with a nicely different taste of the grape, are dramatic mixes of red and white. The horizon is wide and exciting in wining, then dining experiments.

Perhaps the best of all wines as a before-dinner drink is champagne. Writer and epicure Alec Waugh pulls into focus this entire matter of drinking before dinner, describing his own favorite, the champagne cocktail. "It is pleasant to taste, it looks marvelous, it sparkles, it does not impair the palate and it is not very strong."

His recipe: a cube of sugar in the bottom of a thin, stemmed glass, a single drop of Angostura bitters on the sugar, about a teaspoon of brandy, a thin slice of peach, lemon or orange, then half fill the glass with cold champagne.

My favorite before-dinner drink (and one that can be drunk right through the meal, no matter what you are serving) is a good, very dry champagne. Its bubbles and acidity prevent gulping, and a glass and a half will take you through that dangerous drinking time. When I can afford it, I serve only champagne before dinner. It puts spark into any party.

A more offbeat idea that is catching on is to bring out the aperitif and *aperitivo* bottles as they do in Europe. The bottles are interesting in shape, color and label, and their contents are simple to serve. For example, Pernod, or *pastis*, popular in Europe, especially along the Riviera, is potent, almost colorless, slightly licorice-flavored. One part is added to four parts water. Ricard, slightly bitter, is served on the rocks with some water; bittersweet Byrrh and Amer Picon, on the rocks with perhaps a twist of lemon. Raphael and Dubonnet Blonde, one red, one white, are slightly sweet and poured over ice. Tart Punt E Mes is sometimes mixed with water or soda. Adventuring with aperitifs is also enlightening. I have discovered that people have their own ideas in mixing and drinking them. One guest blended one part Italian Cynar (a somewhat bitter aperitif made from artichokes) to eight parts beer. It was an interesting drink. Picon is often handled the same way.

Probably the most popular of the dinner-party pickups in Europe, where many of us learned what little we know of the aperitif approach, are the vermouth drinks.

Vermouth is largely misunderstood and underappreciated here. Taken with pleasure in Europe for many years, it is a drink with a double duty: Bouncy, despite the fact that it is only 18 percent alcohol, it also stimulates the appetite. Simply, vermouth is a white wine, either sweet or dry, slightly flavored with aromatic herbs and spices, the herb usually wormwood, a bitter extract also used in making absinthe. One of the most popular dry vermouths is the French Boissiere, Vermouth de Chambéry; the sweet one in favor is the Italian Martini & Rossi. The Italians also like to pour their "mellow" light and dark (both sweetish) Cinzano on the rocks with a twist of lemon.

Surprisingly, dedicated hard-booze boys often find vermouth drinks pleasing. I am among them. Not long ago, before I got the real message on this drink thing, my host told me that we were having sweetbreads on a bed of toast and ham, laved with a lemony hollandaise, and would I consider following his example and having a French Kiss rather than my usual belt of vodka. Intrigued, I went along. Sweetbreads (tipping the scales with gold these days) never tasted better, and I am becoming fond of the drink: It gives a definite glow that doesn't spring into a blaze.

FRENCH KISS

2 ozs. dry vermouth
2 ozs. sweet vermouth
Thin lemon peel

Pour vermouth over rocks in a stemmed glass; stir well; twist lemon peel into drink.

LILLET ORANGE

Here is a unique vermouth, not overly sweet, with a delightful flavor found in no other drink. Another reward, other than saving the dinner and using the imagination rather than the bottle of bourbon, Scotch or gin, is that this drink is a conversation creator.

3 ozs. chilled Lillet
1 slice orange

Rub orange around lip of glass; add Lillet and orange slice; stir well. Lillet should be chilled but not served on the rocks, as it gets watery fast.

CASSIS CLASSICS

A trio of civilized drinks becoming very popular are the cassis concoctions, *vin blanc* (white wine) cassis, vermouth cassis, champagne cassis. The *vin blanc* cassis is also bottled, called Kir, and is the name by which many know the drink. This was the favorite drink of Canon Felix Kir, a priest, who was also the mayor of Dijon, a Resistance hero and a member of the French Parliament. Kir was a man, it is said, who used his head rather than his elbow and became eminent largely because of his invention of this mild but very tasty drink.

This is a simple mixing of white wine, vermouth or champagne (usually a stale champagne) with crème de cassis, a sweet liqueur made from black currants.

4 ozs. dry white wine (or your choice)
1 oz. crème de cassis

Place ice cubes in a stemmed wineglass; pour in wine, then cassis; stir well. (A splash of soda may also be added.) Be careful not to overdo the cassis or the drink becomes too sweet.

Although the Italians like vermouth, they are more famous for another before-dinner drink, Campari; a bitter liqueur, used as a tongue-curling and appetite-building base for combinations of liquids. Here are the most popular.

CAMPARI AND SODA

1½ ozs. Campari
1 small bottle club soda

Fill a stemmed glass with ice; pour in Campari, then soda; stir well. Tonic may be substituted for soda.

AMERICANO

1 oz. Campari
2 ozs. sweet Italian vermouth
Lemon peel

Fill a stemmed glass with ice; pour in Campari and vermouth; stir well; add twist of lemon peel.

SPRITZER

The Germans aren't exactly restrained with either food or drink, but here is a

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The Gabriliad

The true story of bliss in Eden and of lovely Mary's busy day as restored from the original sources for the first time by Alexander Pushkin

PAINTINGS BY KINUKO CRAFT

During the Easter week of 1821, all government employees in the town of Kishinev were required to fast and to attend an endless round of religious services. One of the clerks—more bored and rebellious than all the rest—in the midst of the long liturgical chants, decided to write a poem. It was conceived as the longest, most mocking, most antireligious sex shocker in the Russian language.

The 21-year-old clerk happened to be Alexander Pushkin, destined to become Russia's greatest poetic genius. Some months before, the czar had banished him to this dreary job in this faraway town in Bessarabia because of his "Ode to Liberty" and other subversive works. There, in the employ of a kindly general who forgave his misdemeanors, Pushkin spent his time gambling, quarreling, fighting duels, dancing, chasing women (including some of the officers' wives) and writing poetry.

He titled his Easter-week satire "The Gabriliad," telescoping the archangel Gabriel's name with the title of Homer's epic. It is a mock-epic spoof of the New Testament story of the Annunciation, and Pushkin's main joke was to make the serious figures of the Bible behave in the philandering manner of Greek gods. It was, as his friend Vyazemsky said, "one of Pushkin's finest pieces of mischief"—a witty protest against the Russian establishment and the Orthodox Church rather than a studied sacrilege.

"The Gabriliad" was never published in Imperial Russia. It was circulated clandestinely in manuscript—as the samizdat' *protest writings are today—and seven years passed before it came to the attention of the chief of the secret police, who described Russia's greatest poet as "a worthless playboy." The matter was referred to the czar himself and an investigating commission was set up. Pushkin denied authorship of the poem—but, finally, he wrote a letter to the czar, confessing all. Czar Nicholas forgave him, not so much out of generosity as from the thought that he now had one more thing to hold over Pushkin's head.*

Does "The Gabriliad" retain any of its shock value after 153 years? Apparently. Although it has appeared in scholarly publications, the English translations of Pushkin omit it. While Soviet literary critics solemnly describe it as a blow against bourgeois religion, the widely circulated editions of Pushkin's work in Russia leave it out.

Remote, far from Jerusalem,
there dwelled,
Distant from gaieties and young pursuers
(Used by the Tempter as his chief
undoers),
A comely wife, by virtue still upheld,
Whose tranquil life flowed passionless
and mellow.
Her husband was an honorable fellow,
A graybeard, not adept at drill and
brace,
Still, the sole carpenter about the place.
And night or day (what with the time he
took
With ax and plane—the tools of his
profession—
And faithful saw) he was not apt to look
Upon the maiden charms in his
possession.
And the secluded little floral gem
(Whom fate had saved for sacred
indiscretion)
Had never dared to open on its stem.
The aged spouse's empty watering-pot
Failed to refresh her of an evening—
rather,
He lived with his dark blossom like a
father:
A nice, paternal kiss was all she got.

• • •

My well-beloved! The good Lord saw fit,
As from the upper world He spied the
nether,
To eye His servant maiden's limber waist
And gleaming thighs, and feeling in high
feather,
Resolved, from loving kindness and good
taste,
To spray this most deserving vineyard
plot,
This arid, unplowed, never-watered lot,
With bursts of secret bounty, aptly
placed.

He sent for Gabriel, His presidential
Chief aide, to brief him on His lusty
mood—
Their actual words the Church keeps
confidential,
A passage the Evangelists exclude—
Yet some Armenian sources clearly deem
That Heaven's Czar, with words of praise
unsparing,
Chose Gabriel His agent in this scheme
(With much advice re attitude and
bearing),
And sent him down at dusk to Mary's cot.

• • •

But Satan, ancient demon, slumbers not,
And, roving all the world,
has heard the newest,
That God has cast His eye upon a Jewess,
A beauty, destined by a sacred lot
To save our seed from Hell through a
Redeemer.
This roused the fury of the cunning
Schemer—
He bustled off. Our Lord, meanwhile,
impatient,
Oozed mooning through the cloud banks,
softly yearned,
Ruled not a thing, but daydreamed and
vacationed,
And all went haywire while his back was
turned.

• • •

And Mary—for the moment unpursued
By Joseph's doddering solicitude—
In palmy coolness where a freshet purled,
Sat still and watched the ripples' glassy
vagrance,
Alone, abstracted in her private world,
Unconscious of the flowers' balmy
fragrance,
When suddenly appeared a boa, curled,
In scaly coils all gleaming, iridescent,
Emerging from the shade, a swaying
crescent.
And presently the splendid creature
spoke:
"Fear not, sweet maid"—his tones were
warm—
"I am a magic friend to womenfolk."
Thus Satan wooed her in his snaky form.

"Who are you, Serpent?" doubtfully
asked she.
"Perhaps the one who managed to
beguile
Our mother Eve to that mysterious tree
From which she plucked the fruit that
turned so vile?"
"Distorted version that the Bad Book
teaches!"
The boa said. But Mary pondered yet
If she should listen to these Serpent
speeches
And fall, unwitting, into Satan's net.
And yet the Lord would hardly visit evil
On me, his servant—and for what? A
chat!
The Lord is kind; He loves me and all
that
And would not wish me mischief with
the Devil.
What's more, this boa's nothing if not
civil.
Oh, pooh, there's little here to shiver at!

Deciding to be cool but not unpleasant,
She shelved her reservations

for the present
And listened. The sly Serpent spread his hood,
Uncoiled some yards of glistening self and shimmied
Out of the tree, to rear up where she stood.
He lit a sensual glow within her timid
Young inglenook and said, "Fair Eve, like you,
Was bored in Eden. Her unconscious told her

That Paradise could still hold something new.
Though life was sweet, she longed for something bolder
Than wandering with Adam, mild and blameless,
On paths through their green world's idyllic sameness.
Not youth, nor health, nor cozy nooks untold
Appeared to stir in them a sensual thought.

(continued overleaf)

They ate, they drank and hand in hand they strolled,
Yawned in the daytime and at night knew nought
Of tumbling sports or procreative games.

"Would you believe a tyranny so callous?
Desiring Adam's playmate for His own,
The God of Israel, cross-grained and jealous,
Had shrewdly tranquilized our Eden dwellers
And kept them in a kind of sterile zone.
Eve's future fate had secretly been cast
For heavenly honor, a celestial blast—
A niche on high where she could sing and thrum,
Pray at His feet, go into transports, fast,
Adore His works, extol the great Panjandrum,
And never, ever take a harmless break
To hobnob with a cherub, feel a snake,
Or arch with an Archangel! Such awaits
A girl whom the Creator elevates.
And the reward? Compensatory joys
For all this crashing, soul-congealing boredom?
Rewards of superannuated whoredom;
Part song by fuzz-faced, pimply choirboys;
The reek of incense; iconry inferior,
Daubed by some frantic bungler in Siberia—
A real embalming party, you perceive.

"I felt so sorry for my charming Eve
That I resolved, His Lordship notwithstanding,
To wake the couple (how I often grieve
At Scripture's lies about this scene!) by handing
Two apples to them from the Wisdom Tree.
Eve saw and knew her state of sweet undress,
Felt secret heat, a longing to make free
With her young man's protrusive nakedness.
(Thus, by my science, I invented love,
Of human troubles surely the least boring.)
The two strolled off into a leafy grove
Where, swiftly, eyes and hands began exploring.
Discovering undreamt feelings, love insurgent,
He probed the half-sealed fountain of delight,
Till it, with throbbing fever just as urgent,
Broke and engulfed him out of mind and sight.
Not asking the Almighty's by-your-leave,
All kindled, raven hair fanned out, sweet Eve,
With lips but faintly moving in her bliss,
Clung fast to Adam with a lingering kiss,
In tears of love, blind waves of happiness.
The palm fronds waved; the flowers of youthful Earth
With showers of petals greeted man's true birth.

"O blissful day! The bridegroom took his pleasure
With his resourceful bride from early dawn;
How richly strenuous was now their leisure!
They hardly closed an eye from dark to morn.
Till God, encroaching on their rapt endeavor,
Expelled the pair from Paradise forever.
I'd taught them all the world of sensuousness,
The warm, delightful pleasure-maze of youth,
The sad, pure ecstasies of flesh, of ruth,
New codes of tenderness and tears of bliss.
Now say—am I deceitful? Vile? Abhorrent?
Was Adam damned through me, do you believe?
I would say not. In any case, I warrant
I've ever since been best of friends with Eve."
The Fiend fell silent. Pricked with new desires,
Mary had harkened to the Prince of Liars.

Her mind, her maidenly imagination,
Had drunk in Satan's tale, forgetting strictures.
She liked its facile flow, the combination
Of candid phrasing, tantalizing pictures.
Someone quite new now suddenly appeared—
And where the serpent head had lately reared.
Here, in its place, a man of dazzling looks
Stood at her side. Without preliminaries,
He fixes her with eyes like glittering hooks
And, moving with a forceful courtliness,
One hand presents a flower, the other carries
Confusion to her simple linen dress
As nimble fingers steal beneath the robing
And frolic there with playful stroke and probing
Among her virgin privacies: Caress
That seemed improper, strange, but nonetheless
A fascination hard to stop. A sly
Shiver of panic and delight commingled
Ran up and down and up the maiden thigh;
Her breath grew short; delicious tremors tingled
The swelling nipples, seemed to lift them high.
She could not speak. And soon she could not stand;
Upon those radiant eyes there fell a shadow,
So, drooping onto Satan's chest and hand,
She murmured oh! and tumbled on the meadow.

And thus the Master of Deceit now relished
Victorious issue to this strange affair.
Poor, rumpled lamb—her downfall has embellished
His evil score: He has contrived to snare
The Lord's elect into his potent care—
A coup delicious in itself, and hellish.
Your triumph will be brief—enjoy it, Fiend!
The world grows dark, extinct the sun's last glimmer.
Behold! Above the languid maiden shimmer
The pinions of an angel—he's subvened,
God's messenger, the Heavens' brilliant son!

Discovered in the semblance of grave error,
The victim hid her face in artless terror.
Dark-faced with fury now, the Evil One
Reared up and growled, "You flyboy paragon,
What do you want? A voyeuristic leer
At common folk? Back to the upper sphere!
Don't barge into a personal affair
With drafty featherworks and boorish stare!"
But Gabriel's censorious intrusion
Cut short the Critic's venomous effusion:
"Benighted foe of Heaven's great brotherhood,
Proud villain, hopeless exile from the Good,
You've slithered up the dress of trustful Mary
And now you chide me, foul voluptuary?
Away, you helldog—or I'll lift my hand
To leave a little grease spot where you stand."

"No limp-wrist hymningbird can make me quaver,
No light-winged chap who flits to do a favor
By flying down and pimping for His Nibs!"
And Satan, raging now, with heaving ribs,
Threw him an uppercut from well beneath
And bashed the Angel squarely in the teeth.
A cry rang out and Gabriel lay upended,
His left leg buckled and his garment ripped,
But rose again, miraculously mended,
And, moving fast, ingeniously he slipped
The Fiend a punch that shook him to the core,
Whereat the Demon raised a horrid roar.
They clinched in fury, gouging, bumping, clamping,
But neither Fiend nor Angel could prevail,

(concluded on page 318)

"It's for an article on sex I'm writing for my high school paper."

modern living **By BROCK YATES**

TRADITIONALLY, we Americans have measured automotive quality with the same standards we've employed for prize beef and battlewagons—in pounds and feet. If big is good, bigger is better, we have reasoned, and our cars have blossomed accordingly in length and in bulk. But a strange twist in buying patterns is occurring. A growing body of affluent citizens—those who have been the strongest exponents of big cars—is forsaking the implied status of two and a half tons and 20 feet of top-grade American plastic, vinyl and steel for the smaller, lighter European machines.

Imported vehicles have been a factor in the domestic car scene for so long that their presence is no novelty. But until now, their influence has been limited to the bottom echelons of the market, where modest price and stark packaging have enabled them to undersell Detroit's low-line offerings. Excluding a selection of high-priced sports cars, the identity of the imports has been linked with cheap, short-haul transportation, while the general citizenry has

if you have to ask the price, you shouldn't own one

THE SPORTSEDAN: ROUGHING IT ON THE ESTATE

remained committed to the bulk-equals-elegance syndrome. The prime example of this mentality is the Cadillac. There has been no stronger symbol of success within this culture than these great, whispering arks. Men have lusted for Caddies, knowing they will catapult them upward through the social strata more effectively than a job promotion or marriage to a rich widow. Ownership of a Cadillac can transform the owner of a grocery store into a supermarket entrepreneur; a neighborhood bookie into a gang lord; a night school chiropractor into a brain surgeon; a sharecropper into a cattle baron. Out there in middle America, there is no stronger medicine than that carried in the amulet known as the Cadillac. If the flying saucers are real, and if they are carrying extraterrestrial anthropologists, they must be going nuts recording the influence of our flashy, finned kings of the concrete.

But things are changing. Wealthy Americans are beginning to drive smaller vehicles. Not less luxurious, just smaller. Take for example, the incredible Mercedes-Benz 450SE, a four-door machine that is positively miniature by Caddy standards yet costs almost twice as much to purchase. The 450SEs are rapidly replacing Cadillacs (and

CITROEN SM

A marriage made in heaven: the renowned Citroën engineering, with its unique hydraulic suspension, coupled with a hairy Maserati engine. But the SM should be classified as an endangered species in the U. S.; Federal regulations seem to be insurmountable.

BMW 3.0 S

The BMW is the archetypal German automobile—form following function, aesthetics bowing to utility. But as with all sensible designs, the BMW's unadorned, boxy look grows on you. And its modest six-cylinder, three-liter engine produces super performance.

JAGUAR XJ12L

The XJ12L, successor to the XJ12, gives the rear passenger about four extra inches of leg room. Its exotic V12 engine makes transportation a hush-hush affair and its burled-walnut facia (that's dashboard to you) and leather seats are veddy, veddy English.

MERCEDES-BENZ 450SE

The 450SE is moved along by an electronically fuel-injected overhead-cam 275.8-cu.-in. engine, which boils down to this: It can go like hell. The 450SEL offers several more inches in the wheelbase and leather seats—and leaves you with a much thinner wallet.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROBERT KUHN

their generic stepsisters, the Lincolns and Imperials) as *the* automobiles to own in the spiffiest echelons of society; and we know, thanks to the sociological trickle system, that the tastes of the upper class are immediately aped by the upper-middle, then the middle class, and so on down (which is why Chevrolet prospered so long by convincing the working stiff that his Impala was really a replica Cadillac). Hang around the posh spots of the nation—Connecticut's Fairfield County, Philadelphia's Main Line, Florida's Palm Beach, the Hamptons of Long Island, Southern California's Newport Beach, Beverly Hills, etc.—and you'll begin to think everybody, including the upstairs maid and the gardener, is wheeling Mercedes-Benzes. In fact, they are so common in the environs of Carmel, along Northern California's magnificent coast line, that locals refer to them as Monterey Fords. That's how heavy the Mercedes are with the big shooters.

Will somebody please explain why this is going on? After all, how can this German interloper, which is over two feet shorter overall, weighs 1100 pounds less and has a peewee engine compared with the 500-cubic-inch thumper in the Caddy—yet costs over $16,000 to put in your driveway, compared with about $10,000 for the old king—be a factor? For openers, the old king creates luxury in part through the use of insulation, baffles, grommets, bushings, gaskets and sheer space to buffer the passengers from road noise and bumps. The result is an aseptic isolation wherein one is given the impression of traveling in a hermetically sealed space capsule hovering a few inches above the highway. In comparison, the Mercedes-Benz seems to be welded to the earth. This is not accidental. Daimler-Benz, A.G., manufacturers of the Mercedes, trace a lineage to the very genesis of the automobile in the late 19th Century and maintain a fierce Teutonic pride in the excellence of their products. All of their automobiles have a reputation for superior handling and the 450SE represents a pinnacle in terms of production-type four-door sedans. Utilizing independent suspension (where the Cadillac maintains the aged, solid-rear-axle configuration) and four-wheel disk brakes (the Caddy uses disks on the front wheels only), the 450SE corners and stops with staggering alacrity. This baffles the Cadillac contingent, causing it to grumble. Says one dealer, "I can't understand what they see in those goddamned, bumpy Mercedes, when you can buy one of our smooth, soft-riding Coupe de Villes for little more than half the price. It makes you wonder what's happening to the world." To be sure, the Mercedes-Benz ride, with its stiffer suspension components and its radial tires, has traded the Cadillac's silkiness for maneuverability and high-speed stability. "It's a change in American automotive consciousness," says one expert. "The whole European concept of nimble, neatly sized vehicles began to enter our thinking when the first sports cars arrived here in quantity after World War Two. Slowly the idea of functional machines—machines that really *worked*, rather than represent some Babbittlike social aspirations—became important. People were willing to trade off all the size and marshmallow ride of the Cadillacs and Lincolns for taut functional machines like the Mercedes. Now it's ironic that the only people who are bitching about the harsh ride of the 450SE are the old big daddies and big mommas with the fattest asses."

If the American big-car establishment is alarmed about the new cachet attached to the Mercedes-Benz 450SE and to the longer-wheelbase 450SEL, then other cars of the same type are also causing serious rumbles in the market place. They are, in a sense, a generation of supersedans that promise to significantly alter American car-buying habits and, hopefully, to upgrade the general automotive environment in the United States. These supersedans include, in addition to the Mercedes, the Jaguar XJ6 and XJ12L, the BMW Bavaria and 3.0 S and the Citroën SM. All are modestly sized, between 193 and 205 inches in length; are relatively light, 3300–4200 pounds; are intended to carry four or five people and luggage in high-speed luxury; and are laden with such mechanical exotica as overhead-camshaft engines, fuel injection, four-wheel disk brakes and complicated independent suspensions. They contain sophisticated power plants varying in configuration from V6s (Citroën) to straight 6s (BMW and XJ6) to V8s (Mercedes) to V12s (XJ12L), each with rather modest displacement by domestic standards, ranging from 181 cubic inches (Citroën) to 326 cubic inches (XJ12L). Each car carries a wallet-busting price tag, beginning at about $9300 for a sparsely equipped BMW Bavaria and spiraling upward to nearly $20,000 for a loaded Mercedes-Benz 450SEL (the L designating Long, which brings the customer a 3.9-inch-longer wheelbase for an extra $1600 beyond the price of a basic 450SE).

If Captain Nemo owned an automobile, it would doubtlessly be the Citroën SM. Not only is it France's only homebred luxury car (discounting its Italian-designed Maserati engine) but its level of mechanical zaniness would provide an irresistible attraction for the man who built and piloted the Nautilus. No other mass-produced automobile in the world is quite like the SM. Beneath its Flash Gordon bodywork lies some of the most exotic mechanical gadgetry to be found outside Cape Canaveral. It is front-wheel drive for openers, with a central hydraulic brain that operates individually controlled suspension units on all four wheels, the fully powered four-wheel disk brakes and the quickest power steering in any passenger automobile. Available with either a five-speed manual gearbox or a three-speed automatic, the SM is one of the fastest, smoothest touring cars known to man. While it is the only machine of the group to have only two doors—technically a coupe instead of a sedan—it functions so well as a transporter of four adults over long distances that it cannot be excluded. Any traveler on France's *routes nationales*, or four-lane auto routes, has become inured to being passed by SMs—hunkered down on their adjustable suspensions as they whoosh past with the silent determination of a well-aimed arrow.

It is difficult to fault the Citroën, even in the areas of air conditioning and stereo systems, where high-priced European cars often appear rather primitive. If one is interested in 100-mph, landborne transport for four people in near-perfect comfort and stability, it has few serious rivals. But, sadly, the car is like the little girl with the curl in the middle of her forehead. When it is bad, it is very, very bad. Overcomplication is the nemesis of the Citroën SM owner and the men he seeks to keep it running. It is well built and initial quality is high, but the general complication of every component can lead to steady irritations.

The purchase of an SM in France, where the Citroën dealer network is widespread, would be a reasonable undertaking. There the car could be properly maintained. But it is a different matter in the United States. Here the customer who has spent nearly $14,000 for a new Citroën faces a genuine test of his sanity. This notwithstanding, the general uniqueness of the automobile, coupled with its over-all engineering excellence, has prompted over 1200 brave Americans to purchase SMs. But there is a strong possibility that the domestic market has seen the last of this incredible automobile. Citroën has fought hard for an exemption from the increasingly crackpot U.S. Government bumper standards, which the company argues are applicable to price-conscious mass consumers and not to discriminating purchasers of high-priced specialty vehicles. But the bureaucrats, in their fevered allegiance to Gresham's law, have refused to relent. Therefore, lowered production, caused by the relocation of Citroën's manufacturing facility in

(continued on page 222)

Mel Brooks' Young Frankenstein

scenes from the wild screenplay wherein grandson freddy revives the family transplant business

humor

By Gene Wilder and Mel Brooks

FREDDY FRANKENSTEIN, *surgeon and not-very-swift grandson of* VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN, *is visiting his grandfather's castle for the first time at the urging of family friend* HERR FALKSTEIN. *As his train pulls into the station,* FREDDY *sings out the window.*

FREDDY: Pardon me, boy! Is this the Transylvania Station?

BOY: *Ja, ja.* Track twenty-nine.

He walks off, then suddenly turns back.

BOY: Oh. Can I give you a shine?

FREDDY (*stunned*): Uh—no, thanks.

FREDDY *gets off the train. A crack of lightning illuminates a small, cloaked figure with large, strange eyes that look in different directions. After introducing himself (he insists his name is pronounced Fron-kon-steen),* FREDDY *notices that the man is a hunchback.*

FREDDY: You must be Igor.

IGOR: No, it's pronounced *Aye*-gor. . . . My grandfather used to work for your grandfather. *Herr* Falkstein thought it might be ironically appropriate if I worked for you.

FREDDY: How nice.

IGOR: Of course . . . the rates have gone up.

FREDDY: Of course, of course. I'm sure we'll get on splendidly.

In his uneasiness, FREDDY *slaps* IGOR *on his hump.*

FREDDY: Oh, I'm sorry. You know, I don't mean to embarrass you in any way, but I'm a rather brilliant surgeon. Perhaps I can help you with that hump.

IGOR (*coldly*): What hump?

FREDDY (*trying to recover*): Let's go!

CUT TO *somewhere near the station.* IGOR *and* FREDDY *approach a cart drawn by two horses.*

IGOR (*climbing into the driver's seat*): I think you'll be more comfortable in the rear.

FREDDY *climbs up on the spokes of one wheel and throws his suitcase into the cart.* *(continued on page 314)*

THE TOP OF THE WORLD

fiction

By TOM MAYER

man meets eagle in the cold arena of the sky

THE LITTLE PLANE taxied down the field through the dense fog, its tail wheel bouncing stiffly over the clumps of grass. The fog was so heavy it was almost palpable, moved in lethargic billows like slowly exhaled cigar smoke. The limp wind sock at midfield was tattered, the high-identification orange color faded and streaked to a light pink. The fog seemed to muffle the buzz of the motor, cloaked everything, sound and substance alike, in a gray like dead teeth or wet concrete.

Williams, the pilot, was mildly apprehensive, faintly tight through his chest. The plane was a Piper Super Cub: It had no artificial horizon or gyroscopic compass and this would be a full instrument take-off. They would lose all outside visual reference almost as soon as they started rolling. Williams reviewed again the compass heading he would hold after lift-off, the time he had before he would near the mountains and have to begin a turn if they had not broken out yet. The strip was in a valley bottom and in every direction were mountains. He knew there would be

no turbulence in the fog, or he would never be attempting this, but he did not know how deep the fog was, how long it would take to climb through it, and from his seat, behind the passenger, he could not see even the minimal instruments he had very clearly. The propeller scooping ahead was almost like an egg beater biting into stale whipped cream. He wished he had brought along gloves. The prop blast squirming through the imperfectly sealed door was already numbing his stick hand.

In the front seat, Mondragon was toying with his shotgun, a five-shot Winchester automatic he had bought in San Antonio on his last trip to the United States. He was a young man, very rich, his looks marred by a certain weakness of mouth and thick glasses. He wore a smartly tailored buckskin jacket, 1000-peso riding boots from Jalisco, fleece-lined gloves. He looked off to the side of the field, trying to penetrate the fog, see down into the hollow where the hacienda was. He could hardly see the wind sock, which was only 55 yards away. What had seemed like a fine idea last night was becoming more foolish at each bounce.

The plane wheeled abruptly and the motor roared as Williams ran a magneto and carburetor heat check. Mondragon twisted around to look at the pilot.

"Everything is all right?"

"What?" Williams, studying the tachometer and other engine instruments, pretended he could not hear above the noise.

"We should wait, maybe." Mondragon had been educated in the States, spoke good English.

"No sweat."

"The fog."

"No problem, I told you."

"How do we return?"

"What?"

"The fog. How do we land?"

"It'll burn off. It's only ground fog."

"Sometimes it does not before noon."

"No sweat. We have three and a half hours' fuel. We'll go over to Matehuala."

Mondragon started to say, What if Matehuala has fog also?, but checked himself, turned back to face the instrument panel. Either he must stop this, say he had changed his mind, wanted to wait until later, or else trust this man.

But why should he trust him? He knew nothing of him, only that he was a gringo with an airplane, an aviator gypsy hopping around his country aimlessly, perhaps a *contrabandista*. He said he was a *fumigador*, a crop duster. He was not like most Americans here—not that many ever got to Mondragon's valley in the first place—not like the tourists, the hippies who came down in caravans of Volkswagen buses with paper flowers pasted all over them, some with the windows painted to look like stained glass, like a church, or the middle-class ones in their Pontiacs and Fords, models with air conditioning and automatic transmissions and bigger engines than you could buy in Mexico, in quest of Mexican food that tasted as if it were made by McDonald's, bargain bracelets, picturesque hotels with the latest plumbing. Nor even like the few pilot tourists, whose planes cost many thousands of pesos, were covered with skin of aluminum rather than linen, were machines of obvious substance and luxury.

He could say he remembered something, some chore, some *negocio* that would not wait, and they would go this afternoon. He wondered briefly if his wife would think less of him but decided not. He could tell her the machine was clearly unsafe. He started to turn around again, but the engine roared more loudly even than before and they were rolling, the acceleration pressing him against the seat, the fog blurring past the wings, the wind sock rushing by the barrel of his Winchester, the tail rising, and he clutched at the overhead bracing, thinking they were about to nose over.

"Get your hand down," Williams shouted. The idiot was blocking his view of the turn-and-bank indicator. "Relax."

They were airborne, boring into the thick gray. Williams was concentrating on the turn and bank, holding the black ball dead center in its liquid-filled tube, keeping the needle absolutely vertical. All of his tension was gone now, transformed into a total and rapt attention. He liked the difficult moments like these. This was like diving upward into tepid water. It was dead calm. The motor seemed to be running with perfect smoothness, the fog dampened the usual vibrations. Williams had a sensation of gentle swaying, as in a hammock.

Most flying, after you had mastered the type of plane, was uneventful, not dull exactly, but not dissimilar from driving a car on a long, uncrowded freeway at far less than maximum performance, a continuing series of minor adjustments and monitoring a set of instruments. But there were two sorts of flying that were never even faintly tainted with routine, that remained, no matter how many times he practiced them, as exciting and satisfying as anything he had found in life. Sometimes he tried to explain to people how they affected him, why he kept doing them, but he always had to fall back on cliché metaphors, sounding, to himself, like something out of a World War One adventure book.

Serious instrument flying—and this particular take-off was serious enough because of the paucity of instruments in this particular airplane—was the most totally demanding activity he knew. You might spend hours in a state of utter concentration. If things were really tight, if you encountered severe turbulence, as in the sometimes inevitable penetration of a thunderstorm, or the accumulation of ice, the simple matter of controlling the aircraft became a task of paramount difficulty, but of course even then you always had the other elements to contend with; the radio work, the voice of the controller intruding on your attention at the most crucial of times and the needles and gauges, the devices by which you maneuvered precisely along localizers and electronic radials and invisible vectors and the intangible tilted plane of the glide slope. You could explain everything that happened concisely enough in terms of air masses and moisture content and cloud types, Coriolis force and isobars, of radio signals and radar impulses. In fact, instrument flying was the most scientific of aeronautical undertakings, if you cared to think of it in theoretical terms, but to him it was always a game, played under an elaborate and demanding set of man-made rules, that challenged the fringes of the mysterious.

The other sort of flying that captivated him utterly, that he liked best of all, was agricultural flying. He had passed five seasons now on wheat and one with cotton, low work where you lived by the seat of your pants and the tips of your fingers, and neither the oily chemical smells nor the heat and bugs nor the succession of small towns had daunted his enthusiasm. He loved the planes, modified old biplanes and Pawnees and Agwagons and even the dangerous ill-suited Super Cubs and Champs that they started you on, and especially the big Snows and Callairs and Grummans, machines of the most modern manufacture that managed to embody the ethos of other times, that were graceful in the manner of a Da Vinci drawing rather than a McDonnell Douglas drawing board, that emanated octane and dope and leather and sweat instead of the kerosene reek of jet fuel. . . . Early morning on Midwestern strips of turf or clay, the grass heavy with dew, ponderous downswing of a blade on an R-1340 Pratt & Whitney or a pilot-mechanic in bug- and grease-spattered surplus coveralls yelling "Brakes and switches" and propping a Stearman. Coughing catching grunts like some African Gargantua prodded from a sound sleep settling into the wonderful irregular earth-shaking rumble of a big radial (in the profession, you called yourself a round-engine man). The feeling of an open cockpit and the helmet snug against your temples and the music of the wind in the wires, skimming over the rows of wheat in the still cool morning trailing chemical mists, heading for the flagman at the end of the field on a course and altitude certain to decapitate him, at the last instant pulling up and up, feeling the gs press you into the seat and the speed playing off until the controls became mushy and you let her fall off on a wing and back down toward the upushing ground gathering speed and flattening out for the next run.

(continued on page 238)

ILLUSTRATION BY PETER LLOYD

article
BY GEORGE JOHNSON

STUCK IN THE MIDDLE WITH YOU

three bodies in a bed is easy; three psyches is another story

Did you know you better
make up your mind—
To pick up on one and
leave the other behind.
It's not often easy and not
often kind.
Did you ever have to
*make up your mind?**
—JOHN SEBASTIAN

First came the eternal triangle. That's when, according to tradition, you'd have this terrific thing going with Ellen, but this other lady, this Gail, had a way *of*, I don't know, turning you *on*, and you figured, shit, a guy might just be able to keep it going with two ladies, separate quarters and all that, I mean it can't hurt to *try*, right? Which is when the whole damn structure would collapse on you, right? *(continued on page 301)*

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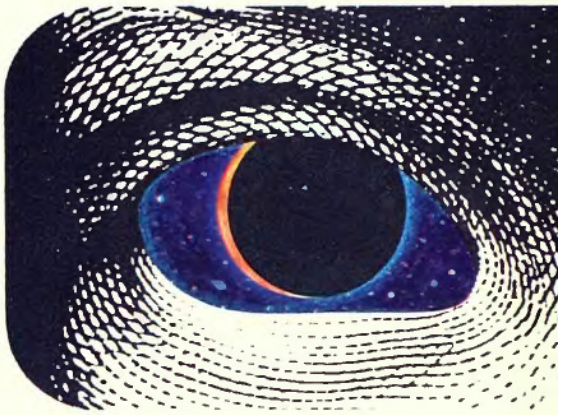
"Hold it! I'd like to indulge in a little plea bargaining!"

it is incomparably grand, a place far beyond anything science fiction ever showed us



THE SNOWS OF OLYMPUS

essay

By ARTHUR C. CLARKE

IN 1972, for only the third time in history, mankind discovered a new world. It happened first in 1492. The impact of that discovery was immediate, its ultimate benefits incalculable. It created a new civilization and revivified an old one. The second date, not quite so famous, is 1610. In the spring of that year, Galileo turned his primitive "optic tube" toward the Moon and saw with his own eyes that Earth was not unique. Floating out there a quarter of a million miles away was another world of mountains and valleys and great shining plains—empty, virginal—awaiting, like Michelangelo's *Adam*, the touch of life. And 362 years later, life came, riding on a pillar of fire.

With the end of the Apollo program, there will now be a short pause until much cheaper transportation systems are developed. Then we will return and the history of the Moon will begin. But it may be quickly overshadowed by a greater drama, on a far more impressive stage. The third new world was not found by sailing ship nor by telescope; yet, like the two earlier discoveries, it was a shocking surprise that resulted in the overthrow of long-cherished beliefs. No one knew that such a place existed, and when the evidence started to accumulate, early in 1972, many scientists were literally unable to believe their eyes.

This new world has nearly twice the diameter of the Moon and is almost four times as large as both Americas. And it has the most spectacular scenery yet discovered anywhere in the Universe. Think of the Grand Canyon, the greatest natural wonder of the United States. Then quadruple its depth and multiply its width five times, to an incredible 75 miles. Finally, imagine it spanning the whole continent, from Los Angeles to New York. Such is the scale of the canyon that is carved along its equator.

Yet even this is not the planet's most awesome feature, for it is dominated by volcanoes that dwarf any on Earth. The mightiest, which has been christened Nix Olympica—"The Snows of Olympus"—is almost three times the height of Everest and more than 300 miles across. The volcanoes are slumbering now, but not long ago, they were blasting into the thin atmosphere all the chemicals of life. Including water: There are dried-up river beds that give clear indication of recent flash floods—the first evidence ever found for running water outside our Earth. It even appears that this may be a young world, geologically speaking; if life has not already begun there, that will be yet another surprise.

By now, you may have guessed the identity of this new world. It is Mars—the *real* Mars, not the imaginary one in which we believed until Mariner 9 swept aside the illusions of decades. It will be years before we absorb all the lessons of this, the most successful robot space mission ever flown; but already it seems that Mars, not the Moon, will be our main order of extraterrestrial business in the century to come.

This news may be received with less than enthusiasm at the very moment when NASA's budget is being cut to the bone and voices everywhere are calling for an attack on the evils and injustices of our own world. But Columbus did more for Europe by sailing westward than whole generations of men who stayed behind. True, we must rebuild our cities and our societies and bind up the wounds we have inflicted upon Mother Earth. But to do this, we will need all the marvelous new tools of space—the weather and communications and resources satellites that are about to transform the economy of mankind. Even with their aid, it will be a difficult and often discouraging task, with little glamor to fire the imagination.

Yet "Where there is no vision, the people perish." Men need the mystery and romance of new horizons almost as badly as they need food and shelter. In the difficult years ahead, we should remember that the Snows of Olympus lie silent beneath the stars, waiting for our grandchildren.

ILLUSTRATION BY LEN WILLIS

BIG BUNNY FOR THE BIG BUNNY

playmate janice raymond, a stellar attraction of the los angeles hutch, is eager to become a jet bunny; at 5'10", she's used to heights

JANICE RAYMOND is going places. We mean that both literally and figuratively, since she's been accepted as a Jet Bunny on the Big Bunny, Hugh M. Hefner's customized DC-9—the world's most opulent private plane—and, at presstime, was about to begin training for her new job. Being a Jet Bunny will give Janice a break from her regular duties at the Los Angeles Playboy Club. She's been a Bunny for just over a year, and though she works only several evenings a week serving cocktails and food to keyholders, she finds it "hard work." That's partly because the statuesque 23-year-old has to fend off endless questions about her size: "Every single night, somebody will say, 'Can I ask you a personal question?' And I just say, 'I'm five, ten—flat-footed.' Am I uptight about being tall? Well, I used to be, in high school—but not now." Janice had no hesitation about becoming a Bunny; she had been driving a minibus at L.A.'s International Airport, taking customers to

"I never know what to say about myself," states Miss December. No need for Jonice to worry; she's obviously never at a loss for looks.

"I expect to get married sameday, but far now I'm just dating different guys. I haven't faund Mr. Right yet—or he hasn't found me."

their rent-a-cars. "It was 40 hours a week, and I just drove in circles all day." But rent-a-cars are a thing of the past for Janice and she revels in the California lifestyle. It's about a 20-minute drive from the L.A. Club to the Playa del Rey apartment Janice shares with a girlfriend. On rainy days, she may busy herself about the pad, but if the sun's out, Janice—who majored in physical education at Long Beach State—is more likely to be found water-skiing or riding a bike around the beach. Or at a car race, such as the Riverside Grand Prix or the California 500. She's been watching the cars all her life, since her father—who moved the family to the States from their native England when Janice was about two—was a mechanic for Stirling Moss, Phil Hill and other auto-racing stars. Janice still has relatives in Britain; earlier this year, she spent a month with her aunt and uncle in Lancashire. "The countryside was gorgeous," she reports. "The people were more down-to-earth than they are in Los Angeles, and life was generally slower. It was really good, in a way. But, to tell the truth, I'd rather stay in California; as far as I'm concerned, this is utopia." Looking at Janice, we'd be inclined to agree.

Opposite bottom: Bunny Janice table-hops at the Los Angeles Playboy Club. On another shift (below), she takes a snack break in the kitchen. Keyholders will see less of her after she ends Jet Bunny training and joins the crew of Hugh Hefner's customized DC-9 (right).

GATEFOLD PHOTOGRAPHY BY LARRY DALE GORDON

MISS DECEMBER
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

Janice—who once thought of becoming a stewardess but never dreamed she would do it *this* way—checks out the Big Bunny's many-splendored control panel, chitchats with her future colleagues, then tries out the airborne edition of Hugh Hefner's famed circular bed.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

While the old grad was visiting his son in a newly mixed residence hall, the lad regaled him with graphic stories about a celebrated campus stud who happened to occupy the adjoining room. The father kept shaking his head in smiling disbelief, until small sounds making their way through the wall built up into a series of intense female moans. "By God, you're right!" exclaimed the father. "That fellow must really have put it to some girl!"

"No, no, Dad," said the son, "at this point he's just *showing* it to her."

David of the Bible is beginning to emerge in a new light. One of our researchers has pointed out that he was a young man who used leather to get his rocks off.

After having completed his examination, the gynecologist said, "I'm sorry, miss, but removal of that vibrator is going to involve a very delicate operation."

"I'm not sure I can afford it, Doc," sighed the girl. "Why don't you simply replace the batteries?"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *flexible flier* as a stewardess who gets laid in the john of a 707.

It was in the wee, small hours that a fellow who was sleeping overnight with his girl began to make strange noises. When she woke him, he explained in a shaking voice that he had been dreaming he was dangling over the edge of a precipice, his fingers desperately entwined in a bush he had grabbed for support. "You're safe, so relax," whispered the girl.

"I'll be all right now," muttered the man. "You go back to sleep, dear."

"I will," said the girl, "if you'll just let go of the bush."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *daisy chain* as coming full circle.

A quiet young head known as Clark
Liked tripping at home in the dark;
But his Christmas went bad
When they raided his pad—
'Twas a visit from good old Saint Narc.

Perhaps you've heard about the not-too-bright mother of 12 who was called upon to use her diaphragm so often that she kept it tacked to the headboard of her bed.

An account executive entertained some clients at a swank night club. When the check arrived, he whipped out his wallet, but then did a double take and called the waiter. "Look," he said with some embarrassment, "I find I've got just about enough cash to cover the check, but with practically nothing left over for the tip."

"Don't give it a second thought, sir," said the waiter, retrieving the check. "I'll just add up this thing again."

The meticulous technician of a football coach fell in love and married right in the middle of the season. "Hey, coach," asked one of his players when he returned a few days later, "how was the honeymoon?"

"I don't know yet," was the reply, "I haven't seen the films."

And then there was the female activist who went berserk during a demonstration and attacked a karate-trained cop with a deadly weapon. She ended up a chopped libber.

A mountaineer concerned about continuing masturbation by his 19-year-old son insisted that the latter marry. So the boy picked himself the most attractive girl in the vicinity. A short time later, the father surprised the youth in the woods, jacking off. "Goddamn, son," he shouted, "I thought this here foolishness would stop, now that ye're wedded to Ellie Sue!"

"But shucks, Paw," replied the boy, "her li'l ol' arm gits so tired!"

Just before Cinderella left the house, her fairy godmother warned, "Child, you *must* be home from the ball by midnight, or your little pussy will turn into a pumpkin." Cinderella nodded brightly and tripped away . . . but it wasn't until three o'clock in the morning that she returned, humming happily.

"Whatever did Prince Charming do," cried the fairy godmother, "when your little pussy turned into a pumpkin?"

"I didn't go out with Prince Charming," smiled Cinderella demurely, "I went with Peter Peter Pumpkin Eater."

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.*

"Aunt Betsy! Uncle Dick! And can it be . . .
after all these years . . . little Nell?"

GETTING OFF

the road to sexual wisdom is long and, as they say, hard

article **By LARRY L. KING** IT BEGAN in innocence and guilt, in wonder and in secret fumblings. We fumbled first with ourselves, taking surreptitious inventory of that fascinating private stock stashed in the slightly damp and sour cellars of our underwear. There was much to explore, more hinted mysteries than seemed containable in such a pink, hairless, unfulfilled nub. One knew, of course, its bathroom duties—but nothing more. Somehow, it gave the impression of not delivering the full promise of its design.

And though it was our own, a part of our equipment the same as our ears or toes or floating rubber Donald Duck, adults—those compulsive policemen of many strange laws—seemed determined that we should not enjoy it. Mothers shouted that we should cease floating or sinking our little dinky-johns (or weenies or nubbins or puddins or dealies) in the

bath; when it filled from our bladders or its maiden rubbings and we ran to reveal this new accomplishment in prideful wonder, people shushed or scolded, even if they sometimes hid a bootleg smile. One learned that never was it to be aired in the presence of strangers—particularly little girls—or, even, alluded to in family circles except as it required washing, soothing powders or emptying. Apparently it was a joint of much bad character, a secret to be kept, a worthless appendage making mothers so nervous they gave it disarming nursery-rhyme names. Perhaps its prime value was that little girls couldn't duplicate it. When we gathered in dark corners free of patrolling adults, for our communal comparisons, little girls had no more to offer than big round unbelieving eyes.

As it grew with us, knowing strange stirrings and itches requiring new attentions, so did its reputation for trouble. Its manipulations, carried to the extreme, were said to grow hair in the palms or to foster blindness, pimples and insanity. Almost all small towns provided one decadent human pool-hall example to serve fathers haltingly warning their sons of pud pullings, coupling diseases or poison whiskeys. The more pious soldiers of the pecker patrol assured chronic masturbators of roasting vengeances posthumously awarded in hell. When feverish prayers and fear of hairy palms failed, we found strength in numbers by whacking off down at the old swimming hole, in Billy Clyde's tree house or in Alvin's cellar. Soon we achieved the end result of brief prickly joyous shudders followed by a quick drowsiness, even if—unlike The Big Boys who spit between their teeth, mocked our poor pale crops of pubic fuzz and tantalized us with their endless jokes pairing countless traveling salesmen with endlessly willing farmers' daughters—we could not yet bring forth magic fountains of sticky milky fluids. Our day, pardon the expression, would come.

• • •

And lo! With the green blossomings of the teenage years, new villains walked in the land. Our fevered personal embarrassments were not so much at fault—new lore taught—as those dark caves of hair and heat indigenous to girls; those slippery pits and tender traps in wrappings of cotton or silk. Football coaches in the desert Texas of the Forties warned against the sapping qualities of cigarettes, carbonated drinks and crotches. These would rob a boy of energies vital to the team, to keeping one's head in the game, and would threaten honors to school and town. Our parsons, persistent one-note trumpets of doom, provided the example of Eve's beguiling apple gained through conspiracies with vipers; the loose wives of Potiphar and Lot; temptress Bathsheba and that hussy prophetess of seduction, Jezebel; incest-bent Biblical daughters, mothers, aunts; hot-lipped witches of Sodom; harlots of Gomorrah. Ball crackers, all. Puredee ole cunts! These were advertised as willing agents of disease, defeat, disgrace; as periodic pourers of fouled blood, unclean, inferior products of Adam's rib. Years later, the Army would show us "training films" starring a clean-cut young GI who, beguiled by a Devil's missionary in short skirts, taxed his brief pleasure with a lifelong near-terminal case of root rot.

Our teachers taught us nothing at all, save those scandals and punishments accruing to sophomores discovered in possession of outlaw comic books rudely depicting Maggie doing interesting things to Jiggs, or Dagwood looking on while Mr. Dithers found joy in Blondie's varied hospitalities. When Jane Russell exhibited her twin assets in *The Outlaw* at a controversial midnight preview reserved for local young hotbloods, our police force patrolled our hot yowlings with their holsters unsnapped. Skittish parents roamed the Yucca Theater's gloom, seeking to rescue their fallen daughters while pretending not to discover their sons. Preachers assumed righteous sputtering poses near the ticket booth, intimidating Vacation Bible School's backsliders. One might have thought Jane had come personally to town, a mattress strapped to her back and indescribably rotten-crotched, offering special schoolboy prices.

Though pussy obviously ranked with hemlock among top poisons, we clung to guilty stubborn compulsions to sample the cup. If more of us smoked or boozed than screwed, well, then, it was only because of uneven opportunities. Reared on tales of bountiful carnal crops harvested by The Big Boys, we privately wondered at sudden famines and fallow fields. Even our contemporaries astonished with their boasts of conquests among bobby-soxers formerly suspected of awarding no more than cold stares or cool smiles. It being axiomatic that Good Girls did not screw (there being no pleasure in animal ruttings for females of high quality or pedigree), a few random-chosen belles starred in our locker-room fantasies. Though usually nominated from a low-rent family, a girl might otherwise qualify for infamy by growing an exceptional bust or appearing unconventional in dress or rouge. Should Bill or Joe or Bob report having made it with Daphne or Mary Lou, then Bruce and Frank and Larry soon would top all prior gamy recitations reserved to the privacy of the football squad. Once chosen, even if owning the toughest hymen in Texas, no girl might decline to serve our slanderous boastings and studied public insults: No matter that we got little more than I suspect of Richard Nixon. Probably our cruel liar's mortar shaped high school dropouts, early suicides and lesbians; on rare occasions, a tormented Daphne or Mary Lou might be driven to the desperation of hostessing a gang bang, as if to fulfill some dark obligatory community prophecy.

In truth (and, unknowingly, following a great American tradition), most of us shed our cherries in the squalid bins and hutches of disinterested whores. We roved in midnight packs among those nooky salespersons populating the peeling old Crawford Hotel—pinching tits, bartering prices, cracking wise, half hoping against being required to perform and half fearful that we might not be—or we made dizzy beery ugly-American assaults on Mexico's cheaper border-city bordellos. And though we locked the frightful knowledge deep within ourselves, I suspect that a high percentage found those initial couplings not nearly so satisfying as dirty stories and underground fuck books had promised.

Probably my own earliest threshings were not atypical. The original working lady was awaited in a scummy motel: We called them tourist courts in that ancient summer that would be F.D.R.'s last. Flashes of that old movie continue to screen themselves on the brain. ENTER *the 15-year-old boy, hard-peckered and cotton-mouthed, groping overhead for a rough twine string activating a naked yellow light bulb.* FLASH TO *the obscenely glinting cover of a mocking worn Gideon Bible on a night table hard by the lumpy, menacing green-brass bed.* CUT TO *close-up of The Kid, involuntarily sucking in breath at heaven's last ostentatious warning while mumbling incoherent prayers of forgiveness to God and Home.* Then the clickety-clack of spiked heels punishing a wooden walk, that first false bright smile of commerce, the karate chop to the psyche when one realized that one's partner in paradise was old enough to be . . . oh, God, yes! *Mother!* Then a timeless blur: money exchanged; practiced washings of the soon-to-be-dipped wick ("Hummmm, honey, that's a *big* one": kindly moldy lie courtesy of wily management); a daze of inexpert punchings and joustings; breathy exhortations in the ear recommending haste to avoid waste, "Come, kid, *come!* Git it while it's hot." Panicky thoughts of failure crackled and fried in the brain: the sudden desperate certainty that one would fire a blank. *Why, there's nothing much to it. It's awkward. Strained. A gyp! Not at all what*—gasp! Ah! Zoom! Surprise!!! Still, it had resembled a wrestling match of pigs in armor more than legend, Hollywood or The Big Boys had hinted, its ecstasy quotient measured near to nil. *She gave an abrupt practiced buck and roll: blue-ribbon rodeo stock unseating a junior cowboy. Abandoned, unhorsed, The Kid*

(continued on page 182)

in a half century of creativity,
the duke—bandleader, composer, pianist,
american institution—
managed to touch us all

LOVED YOU MADLY

HE WAS, quite simply, the only perfect gentleman I have ever known. Ten, maybe 12 conversations in 30 years, and those mostly just courtesies from him, and very little from me. You do not, I think, walk up to the Bellini *Saint Francis* at the Frick and talk very easily to it; the light is too much a distraction. The work is still there and will certainly last longer than I, and a very grand gift it is. But what will we do without the *presence*?

• • •

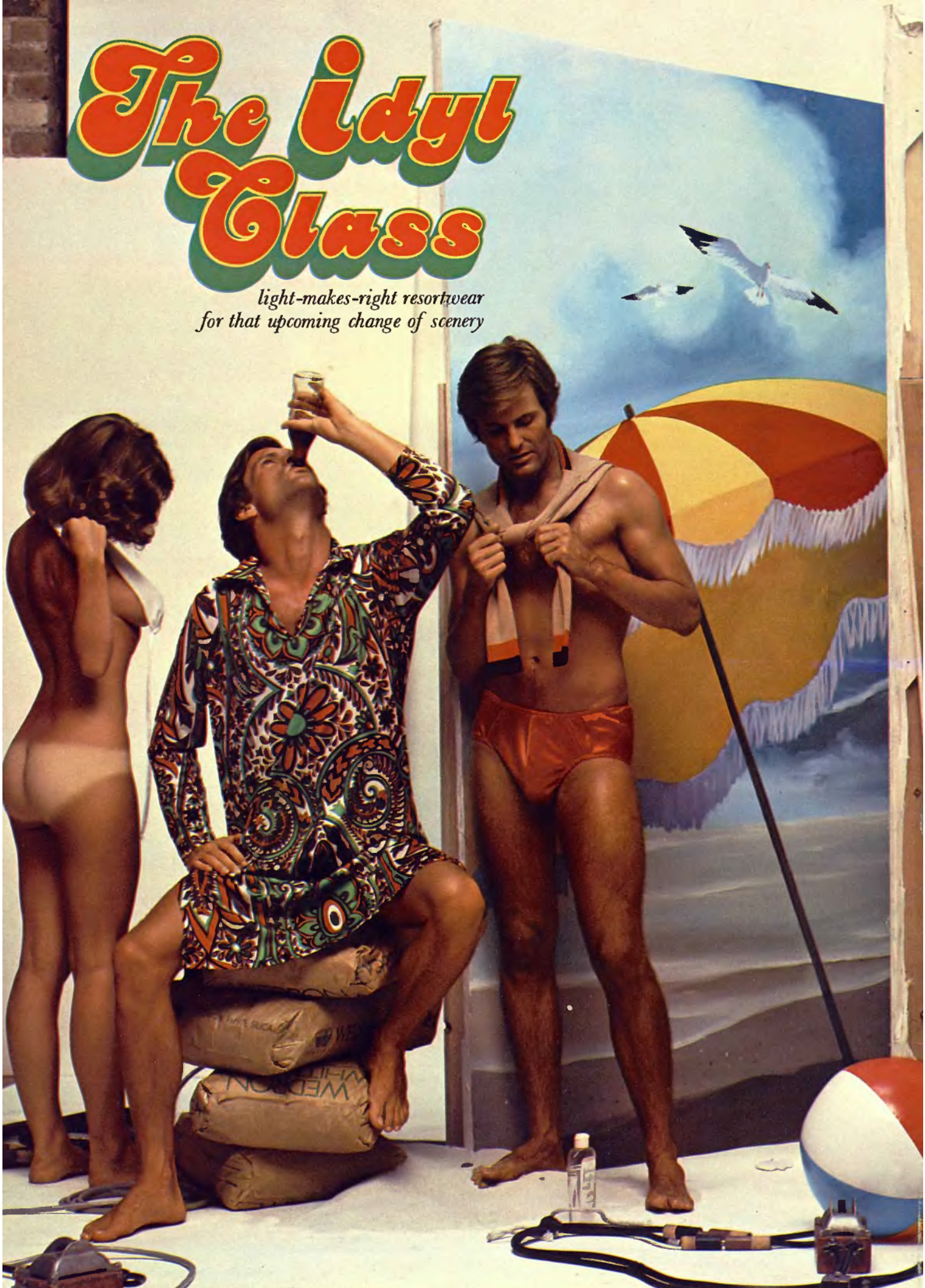
There remains only one memory of Ellington by day. He was in Harlem doing the morning show at the Apollo *(concluded on page 320)*

essay By MURRAY KEMPTON

SCULPTURE BY JACK GREGORY/PHOTOGRAPHY BY SEYMOUR MEDNICK

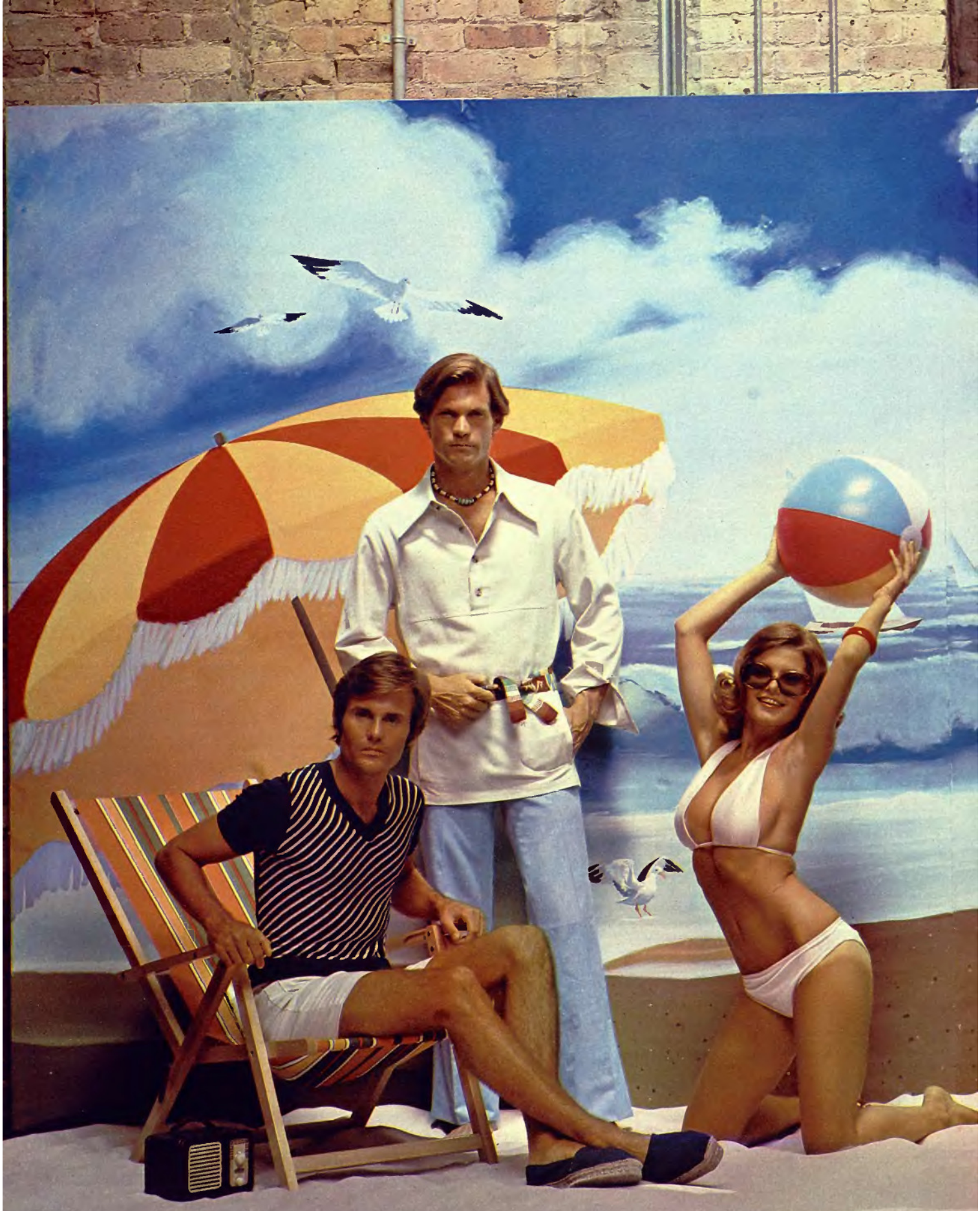
The Idyl Class

light-makes-right resortwear
for that upcoming change of scenery



attire By ROBERT L. GREEN

Our models arrive at the studio—assignment: showing off some vocationwear—and the girls decide that a little prephoto primping is the order of the day. The guys take the time to relax and do what most male models do when there are great-looking half-nude girls around—get ready for the shooting. Of course, you're looking at what the guys have on, aren't you? From the left, a Punjobe pullover, by Alexander Shields, $65; a satin bikini, by Gil Cohen for Boulet, $5, worn with a crossover-necked pullover sweater, by Meledandri, $75; and a pullover-shirt suit with a drawstring waist, by Robert Truth, $41, accented with a silk scarf, by Handcraft, $12.50.



And now, from whatever tropical paradise you care to imagine: a cotton knit pullover with diagonal stripes, by Peter Barton's Closet, $25, and a pair of polyester/cotton shorts, by Sero, $16.50.

That's a Mexican pullover of natural cotton, complete with wrap belt, by Sal Cesarani for Country Britches, $45, worn with faded denims that feature contrast-stitch trim and flared legs, from Trousers by Barry, $35.

Completing our island tableau is a cotton knit pullover with contrasting ring neck, cuffs and waist, $50, worn with wide-legged jeans, $55, both by Jackie Rogers, and a polka-dot silk scarf, by Handcraft, $15.

GETTING OFF *(continued from page 176)*

awaited bells and gongs and blinding sunrises lighting the soul. Over the sounds of running water, he heard her mating call: "Better wash your ass and git outa here, kid. I got another trick due in five minutes. . . ."

That sense of being cheated or flimflammed, of screwing's being unfairly advertised, would persist. Victims, we secretly assumed the worst possible contributing inadequacies. We reverted to frustrated hand-reared boys, whacking off until our poor members reddened, grew sore and blistered: remembering Betty Grable's legs, Jane Russell's sinful boobs, any number of undelivered celluloid promises. "Poontang, now, it just ain't as *good* as it's supposed to be," one football stalwart blurted on a stag beer excursion to the sand hills. We greeted this unwelcome affirmation with sullen mumbles and shufflings: What worth was Eden if even its sweetest forbidden fruits proved tainted or juiceless? The truthful young heretic, beer-eyed and reckless, missed our mood: "I'd ruther jack off. Sure 'nuff, now. Jacking off's just *better*." We shouted outraged oaths, howled how nooky made our worlds go round, accused our adversary of cowardice, faggotry, small balls. We extracted from his surprised hide the pains and assessments of all those semijoyless squeaky bouncings in the beds of bored mercenaries who had mocked us with their wise old eyes.

For, in fact, we dealt in cash transactions. Some few envied couples, pinned or going steady, regularly made it, sure. Statistical freaks. Forget, however, our schoolboy dreams of flushing coveys of nubile nymphomaniacs whose fathers owned liquor stores. Our high school vamps adhered to the sermons of home and pulpit: kissed with pinched lips, jumped as if they'd seen a snake should naked hand touch naked knee, knew more impenetrable defenses than the old Chicago Bears of Bulldog Turner. Copping a feel of bare tit while parked on some rural lane constituted a hot night, indeed; should one be so fortunate as to engage in a game charmingly designated as stinkfinger, one might dine out on the story for weeks. "Smell my new girlfriend," we'd say, thrusting a finger under a buddy's nose during postworkout showers.

Mexico's whores awarded our first gifts of sexual tenderness, inspiring fleeting thoughts of Devil Woman as other than a cold-fish pro or one of those bobby-soxed iron maidens sponsoring our balcony-seat defeats and rumble-seat losses. Young and sweet-faced, they puzzled and conquered with a shy kindness not native to the American skin trade. In the soft night breezes of border-city Boys' Towns, one could momentarily imagine fuckings near to love. In candlelighted beds, under crucifixes of wood or plaster stoic-suffering pierced Jesuses, we knew our first cool, liquid, soothing marijuana highs and dim, wondrous, dizzy undulations of yielding flesh, and we bent—in salute and gratitude—to our initial, shamed, unmentionable acts of cunnilingus.

Later, spent and shamed and shaken, fearful that others might suspect softenings of our heart or pussy on our breath, we regrouped in designated cantinas to cool ourselves with Carta Blanca beers and thunderous boasts of recent conquering brutalities.

"Find 'em, fuck 'em and forget 'em."

"Damn right. Buncha greasy pepperbellied Meskin bitches. I bet ain't a man here didn't catch clap."

"Hail far, Joe Bob, I wouldn't a frigged that scabby rag mop of yours with *your* dick!"

"Bite my ass, Bert. Only thang kept *your* gal from being judged a sow was her not having enough tits."

Balls affirmed, sir: All present and accounted for. . . . Very well, Sergeant. Tell the troops to stand at ease. . . .

• • •

We grew up; the military, minor colleges or low commerce claimed us. Occasionally reunited, we relived old whorehouse invasions and boasted of new conquests, chuckling over how all the "free" nooky of a larger world drove us toward bankruptcy. Prices of courtship were higher, it seemed, at Texas Tech or Fort Dix or in Dallas. So were hazards: Those who had fatally succumbed to the charms of sophomore coeds, telephone operators or brides with Yankee accents were spoken of with hushed regrets; we figuratively dashed their goblets against the wall. Perhaps our secret parts envied them their conclusions to the chase.

In New York City, it astonishingly developed, young soldiers need not always pay for sex outright. Costs might include drinks at some pickup bar, certainly; even dinner and a hotel room. Still, romantic mystery lurked in never knowing how high the tab might be or what unaccustomed risks or commitments might be required. A girl foolish enough to *give* it away seemed a potential source of endless profit. Not good enough to marry; no, nothing you'd drag home to Momma. Even so, such partners were less likely to buck one off in midstream or insist that the room be vacated for other appointments. One might even *talk* to her, almost as candidly as with The Guys, exchanging highly dramatized life stories and impossible dreams. Or be able to follow the plots of movies without fretting over the prospects for later achieving bare tit; maybe, even, imagine in the sheet tangles faint echoes of long-promised bells, gongs, harps.

Most of our consorts were, in fact, semipros who regularly haunted the same poor Manhattan or Queens watering holes. Once Corporal Shenesky had fully explored the possibilities of one or another maiden, only to find her wanting, then likely Sergeant Clark or Private First Class Harper would succeed him. A chart depicting the various linkages might soon take on the appearance of a spider web. To succeed one's comrades in the affections of a well-traveled lady was to become fair game for rough barracks treatment:

"Hey, Garrett, I hear you been eatin' where I won't fuck."

"Piss on your wrist, Carter; I hear you couldn't get it up."

"I could until a certain bitch bit it. Sure hope *you* been vaccinated."

Fistfights erupted like swirling summer squalls. To our occasional amused horror, some newcomer to our ranks might actually marry one of the more accommodating lovelies. There were methods, few going unused, for instructing such foolish grooms as to exactly what damaged goods they had received. The wonder is that someone wasn't killed.

Homosexuals. Yes, they lived in the flesh as well as in remembered lithpy jokes. Back home, we had labeled certain "sissies" as fags, boys not manly enough for football, ultraSkinnies or Fats who wore eyeglasses and perhaps appeared too regularly on the honor roll. And while we teased them for skin-flute musicians, probably we doubted their participations. In New York, however, we discovered the real Miss McCoys. We preyed shamelessly on their Forties closet needs and guilts. No gay lib movements then provided unity or respectability, no thoughts ran that "queers" or "fairies" might be possessed of civil rights. No, such despised perverts were lower, even, than bitches in heat or common niggers. Our coaches and bosses had called us to account for unmanly executions:

"King, you're blocking like a tired ole fag. I'd sure hate to drop the soap in the shower with you, boy."

"If you boys can't pissant more pipeline than that, maybe you better bring your purses tomorrow."

And back in that foggy old twilight of postpuberty, lashings and stormings were more severe, should one be caught experimenting with cousins of the same sex, than were reserved for our discovered fumbling ignorant misadventures with little girls. If one was required to prove his balls by showing a callous brutality toward women, then a special terror must be extracted from homosexuals.

Headquarters Company preferred Dudley, a 60ish old supernance who wore Pan-Cake make-up and might be found almost any haunted evening seeking young flesh from his Village outpost in

(continued on page 228)

The Great Shark Hunt

article By Hunter Thompson

Four-thirty in Cozumel now; dawn is coming up on these gentle white beaches looking west at the Yucatán Channel. Thirty yards from my patio here at Cabañas del Caribe, the surf is rolling up, very softly, on the beach out there in the darkness beyond the palm trees.

Many vicious mosquitoes and sand fleas out here tonight. There are 60 units in this rambling beach-front hotel, but my room—number 129—is the only one full of light and music and movement.

I have both my doors and all four windows propped open—a huge bright magnet for every bug on the island. . . . But I am not being bitten. Every inch of my body—from the soles of my bleeding bandaged feet to the top of my sun-scorched head—is covered with 6-12

there's this fishing tournament they have down in mexico, great stuff, really—but first let me tell you about some really dynamite acid

ILLUSTRATION BY PAUL LAMANTIA

Insect Repellent, a cheap foul-smelling oil with no redeeming social or aesthetic characteristics except that it works.

These goddamn bugs are all around—settling on the notebook, my wrists, my arms, circling the rim of my tall glass of Bacardi Añejo and ice . . . but no bites. It has taken about six days to solve this hellish bug problem . . . which is excellent news on one level, but, as always, the solution to one problem just peels back another layer and exposes some new and more sensitive area.

At this stage of the gig, things like mosquitoes and sand fleas are the least of our worries . . . because in about two hours and 22 minutes I have to get out of this hotel without paying an unnaturally massive bill, drive about three miles down the coast in a rented VW Safari that can't be paid for, either, and which may not even make it into town, due to serious mechanical problems—and then get my technical advisor Yail Bloor out of the Mesón San Miguel without paying his bill, either, and then drive us both out to the airport in that goddamn junk Safari to catch the 7:50 Aeromexico flight to Mérida and Monterrey, where we'll change planes for San Antonio and Denver.

So we are looking at a very heavy day . . . 2000 miles between here and home, no cash at all, ten brutally expensive days in three hotels on the Striker Aluminum Yachts credit tab, which just got jerked out from under us when the local PR team decided we were acting too weird to be what we claim to be—and so now we are down to about $44 extra between us—with my bill at the Cabañas hovering around $650 and Bloor's at the San Miguel not much less—plus 11 days for that wretched car from the local Avis dealer who already hit me for $40 cash for a broken windshield, and God only knows how much he'll demand when he sees what condition his car is in now . . . plus about $400 worth of black coral that we ordered up from Chino: double-thumbed fist, coke spoons, sharks' teeth, etc. . . . and that $120 18-kt.-gold chain at the market . . . also Sandy's black-coral necklace. We will need all available cash for the black-coral deal—so things like hotel bills and car rentals will have to be put off and paid by check, if anybody will take one . . . or charged to Striker Aluminum Yachts, which got me into this goddamn twisted scene in the first place. But the Striker people are no longer with us; extreme out-front hostility. Bruce, Joyce—even the bogus lecher Eduardo. How did we blow the image?

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"Dear Mr. Thompson. . . . Here's some background information on the Cozumel cruise and international fishing tournament. . . . Regarding the cruise schedule, about 14 Strikers will leave Fort Lauderdale on April 23, arriving in Key West that night, leaving Key West midday on the 25th, to assure skirting the Cuban coast in the daytime, and arriving in Cozumel midafternoon on the 27th or 28th. In addition to the proven sailfishing, there will be a Marlin Only Day on Saturday May sixth, in the initial attempt on any volume basis to determine how good the blue-marlin fishing is. . . . Each night during the tournament, there are cocktail parties with over 250 people attending, mariachi and island music, etc. . . . We are happy you can make the trip. . . . Flights leave Miami daily for Cozumel at 2:45 P.M. You will need a Mexican tourist card, which you can pick up at the Mexican Tourism Department, 100 Biscayne Boulevard, Room 612, Miami. There are no shots required.

Sincerely,
Terence J. Byrne
Public Relations Representative
Striker Aluminum Yachts
Fort Lauderdale, Florida"

Indeed . . . no shots: just a tourist card, plenty of Coppertone, a new pair of Top-siders and a fine gringo smile for the customs officers. The letter called up visions of heavy sport on the high seas, *mano a mano* with giant sailfish and world-record marlin. . . . Reeling the bastards in, fighting off sharks with big gaffs, strapped into a soft white-Naugahyde fighting chair in the cockpit of a big power cruiser . . . then back to the harbor at dusk for a brace of gin and tonics, tall drinks in the sunset, lounging around in cool deck chairs while the crew chops up bait and a strolling mariachi band roams on the pier, wailing mournful Olmec love songs. . . .

Ah, yes, I was definitely ready for it. Sixteen months of straight politics had left me reeling around on the brink of a nervous breakdown. I needed a change, something totally different from my normal line of work. Covering politics is a vicious, health-ripping ordeal that often requires eight or nine shots at once—twice or three times a week in the peak season—so this unexpected assignment to "cover" a deep-sea-fishing tournament off the Yucatán coast of Mexico was a welcome relief from the horrors of the campaign trail in 1972.

Right. Things would be different now: hot sun, salt air, early to bed and early to rise. . . . This one had all the signs of a high-style bag job: Fly off to the Caribbean as a guest of the idle rich, hang around on their boats for a week or so, then crank out a left-handed story to cover expenses and pay for a new motorcycle back in the Rockies. The story itself was a bit on the hazy side, but the editor at PLAYBOY said not to worry. Almost everybody unfortunate enough to have had any dealings with me since the campaign ended seemed convinced that I was in serious need of a vacation—a cooling-out period, a chance to back off—and this fishing tournament in Cozumel looked just about perfect. It would pry my head out of politics, they said, and force me off in a new direction—out of the valley of death and back toward the land of the living.

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There was, however, a kink: I had just come *back* from "vacation." It was the first one I'd ever attempted, or at least the first one I'd tried since I was fired from my last regular job on Christmas Day in 1958, when the production manager at *Time* magazine ripped up my punch card in a stuttering rage and told me to get the fuck out of the building. Since then I had been unemployed—in the formal sense of that word—and when you've been out of work for 14 years, it's almost impossible to relate to a word like vacation.

So I was extremely nervous when circumstances compelled me, in the late winter of '72, to fly to Cozumel with my wife, Sandy, in order to do nothing at all.

Three days later I ran out of air in a rip tide, 90 feet down on Palancar Reef, and I came so close to drowning that they said, later, I was lucky to get off with a serious case of the bends. The nearest decompression chamber was in Miami, so they chartered a plane and flew me there that same night.

I spent the next 19 days in a pressurized sphere somewhere in downtown Miami, and when I finally came out, the bill was $3000. My wife finally located my attorney in a drug commune on the outskirts of Mazatlán. He flew immediately to Florida and had the courts declare me a pauper, so I was able to leave without legal problems.

I went back to Colorado with the idea of resting for at least six months. But three days after I got home, this assignment came in to cover the fishing tournament. It was a natural, they said, because I was already familiar with the island. And besides, I needed a change from politics.

Which was true, in a way—but I had my own reasons for wanting to go back to Cozumel. On the evening before my near-fatal scuba dive on Palancar Reef, I had stashed 50 hits of pure MDA in the adobe wall of the shark pool at the local aquarium next to the Hotel Barracuda—and this stash had been much on my mind while I was recovering from the bends in the Miami hospital.

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So when the Cozumel assignment came through, I drove immediately into town to consult with my old friend and drug crony Yail Bloor. I explained the circumstances in detail, then asked his advice.

"It's clear as a fucking bell," he snapped. "We'll have to go down there at once. You'll handle the fishermen while I get the drugs."

These were the circumstances that sent me back to Cozumel in late April.

(continued on page 200)

HOW TO CAST A PORNO FILM AND NOT GET TOO NERVOUS

article

BY DAN GREENBURG

in which our novice moviemaker concludes that auditioning naked women is, indeed, of greater interest than gargling

"YOU GET TALENTED big-name people fucking oncamera and you got yourself another *Gone With the Wind*." This is Carl Gurevich, a man with a dream.

How I know Carl Gurevich is that I wrote a thing in the December 1972 issue of PLAYBOY called *My First Orgy*, and although I said in the piece that the host of my orgy was a tall guy named Walt, that was merely my crafty way of assuring the anonymity of a short guy named Carl.

How I know Carl's dream is

Insect Repellent, a cheap foul-smelling oil with no redeeming social or aesthetic characteristics except that it works.

These goddamn bugs are all around—settling on the notebook, my wrists, my arms, circling the rim of my tall glass of Bacardi Añejo and ice . . . but no bites. It has taken about six days to solve this hellish bug problem . . . which is excellent news on one level, but, as always, the solution to one problem just peels back another layer and exposes some new and more sensitive area.

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How I know Carl's dream is

that I seem to have become a part of it. But perhaps, as they used to say in the old days, I should begin at the beginning.

One day last year I get a phone call from Carl, whom I have not heard from since the above-mentioned orgy. Carl tells me he has decided to produce a major motion picture with talented big-name people fucking oncamera and Terry Southern is going to write it for him. Carl is new to showbiz and wants advice on working with writers. What it turns out Carl wants advice about, although this does not come out during the first phone call, is how to work a production schedule around a script that has yet to be written and that is showing few signs of being done so, to say the least.

As it happens, I was one of the contributors to *Oh! Calcutta!*, whose creators had a dream not wholly unlike Carl's, and it occurs to me that maybe Carl could hedge his production-schedule bets with Southern by breaking the film down into bite-size *Oh! Calcutta!*–like segments, with Southern responsible for only one of them. Maybe Carl could assign other segments to some of the people who wrote for *Oh! Calcutta!* itself—Jules Feiffer, Bruce Jay Friedman, John Lennon, Samuel Beckett, that whole crowd. I tell Carl that, if he insists, I might write a segment as well.

Carl likes the idea and Southern, when he hears about it, reportedly thinks it's OK, too. Friedman isn't available, but a wonderful short story he's written is and playwright Jack Richardson agrees to adapt it for a second segment. John Avildsen, who directed such films as *Joe* and *Save the Tiger*, has an idea he wants to develop with a writer of his named David Odel, thus making segment number three. I allow myself to be arm-twisted into writing the fourth and final segment. All four segments will have not only separate writers but separate directors and casts.

The only working production person Carl knows is a dubious-sounding character whose experience has been limited to schlock porno films. At my suggestion, Carl hires a producer friend of mine named Benni Korzen, who knows a lot about film, and my 22-year-old sister-in-law, Amy Ephron, who knows a lot about everything else. The feature is given a working title of *Fourplay* and we are under way.

• • •

I have written a half-hour script called *Norman and the Polish Doll*. It's about a guy named Norman who is kind of a klutz with ladies, who attempts to solve his libidinal problems with a life-size mechanical doll from Poland that he finds in a toy store. The doll, though gorgeous and sexy, doesn't quite work out the way he thought it would. For example, when he tries to mount it, its talking mechanism keeps repeating "I vunt a bathie," till he's forced to give it a bath and, in the bath, it starts saying it wants a rubber ducky and a meaningful relationship. Norman's mother arrives, complicating matters further, and eventually an exasperated and sexually unfulfilled Norman is forced to *schlep* the doll back to the toy store.

It is now early on a sunny Monday morning in late spring. With me in my midtown Manhattan apartment are my director, Bob McCarty (who also directed a feature I wrote called *I Could Never Have Sex with Any Man Who Has So Little Regard for My Husband*), and my aforementioned sister-in-law, Amy. We are about to begin casting the role of the voluptuous mechanical doll. The role of Norman has already been cast—comedian Pat Paulsen read the script, agreed to play him and that was that.

Amy's function here today is that of head casting person and gynecologist's nurse. That is, she is here to underscore the fact that, although we are going to be asking some lovely young ladies to take off their clothes for us, there is going to be absolutely no hanky-panky.

I don't know about Amy, but Bob and I are incredibly nervous. We have cast things together before, although not nude ones, and I think what is making us so nervous is the conflict of, on the one hand, our dazzling horniness and, on the other hand, our equally dazzling determination to remain professional and not to do anything to indicate that looking at lovely young ladies without their clothes on is any more stimulating than, say, gargling.

Our first actress arrives. She is introduced to us in my large, sun-filled living room and is asked to sit down with us and chat. The purpose of the chat is to enable Bob to explain what the film is about and to find out if the actress has any reservations about reading without her clothes. The plan is for the actress to read three scenes from the script with her clothes on, with me doing the part of Norman. Then, if we like her reading, we will ask her to undress and read with me again. Unfortunately, Bob goes to such lengths and such euphemisms to describe the sex and nudity in the script that our hopefully smutty film sounds suspiciously like something cooked up by Doris Day's mother. And if Bob has mentioned that we might be asking the actress to take off her clothes, I have somehow missed it.

We finish our chat and the actress stands up and reads her three scenes with me and does fairly well.

"OK," says Bob as nonchalantly as possible, "now why don't you try it without your clothes?"

The actress looks genuinely alarmed.

"Why don't I *what*?" she says.

"Uh, why don't you try-it-without-your-clothes?" says Bob, getting very nervous. "Listen, remember when we were talking a little while ago, I said that if we thought you were a serious prospect, we'd ask you to read a second time without your clothes?"

The actress *doesn't* remember, of course, because Bob had been speaking so elusively and euphemistically, and now she is saying that nobody had ever mentioned the nudity thing to her at all, not her agent, who'd sent her up to read for us, nor anybody else, and although she likes what she's read so far of the script and although she likes us personally, she's never in her life auditioned for anything nude and she is monumentally embarrassed.

Amy swears to us that she told the lady's agent the role involved nudity, and Bob and I both say in chorus that there is no point in pursuing the nudity thing, since she is so embarrassed, and it soon becomes apparent that it isn't that she doesn't *want* to take off her clothes for us, it's that she wants to be reassured and sort of talked into it.

Bob and I begin to reassure her and talk her into it, and the tone and the cadences of our voices and the whole thing is so much like coaxing a girl to go to bed with you in college that we are all beginning to get terribly turned on. Finally, breathless and blushing furiously, the actress says she will do it, and it really is as if she were our date and is telling us she has decided it will be all right to go all the way with us.

Bob tells her she can change in the other room if she would be more comfortable.

"Why should I?" she says, blushing even more furiously. "What have I got to change *into*? I mean, you're going to see everything anyway, so what's the point?"

Bob and I pretend incredible calm, but our faces are flushed and sweat is trickling down our necks. We watch without *seeming* to watch as the actress removes her shoes, her blouse, her blue jeans, and then, with a brave little smile, she whisks off her bra and wriggles out of her panties and there she is. She has a very cute little body—cute little breasts and a cute little tush and even a cute little bush—and she is so sweet and so embarrassed and so vulnerable-looking that it is all I can do to keep myself from hugging her hard and telling her that I really do respect her a whole lot and that I'll try to be very gentle with her.

Bob does the professional equivalent by saying with barely suppressed emotion that however well or badly she reads now, we are definitely putting her on the call-back sheet—i.e., we are definitely going to date you again.

The actress begins reading with me in this very soft trembly voice, and I keep wanting to hug her and tell her it is

"Please, Professor, this is a sonata for four hands."

going to be all right. In the third scene, the doll is supposed to be in the bathtub and I, as Norman, am supposed to be rubbing her back while we speak. We sit on my living-room rug, I in my clothes and she in her nakedness, and I rub her back and have to maintain terrific concentration to keep my rubbing confined to her back and away from her sweet little breasts and tushy.

When she has finished reading and putting her clothes back on, we all have a very emotional goodbye, complete with hugs and earnest pressings of hands. It is very painful for me to see her leave, I am so knocked out by her, and my infatuation for her lasts well into the next quarter hour, when we encounter the *next* actress who hasn't been told about the nudity by her agent and who has to be coaxed into taking off her clothes. This actress is not quite as shy as the first one, but when she peels off her duds, she is so spectacularly beautiful that, just looking at her, I want to cry. By the time we get to the back-rubbing scene in the tub, I am tragically in love with her.

That is the way it goes all day, and the strain of falling in love so many times in so short a period wears me out. So it goes for the next two weeks. I am positively groggy from the procession of lovely young things who take off their clothes and read with me on my living-room rug and arouse my ardor. If I were not at least legally married during all of this, I might well have passed out engagement rings as if they were jujubes.

I happen to live in a row of brownstones, and my next-door neighbor is a good friend named Fred. On about the third day of auditions, Fred, who knows I am separated from my wife and dating fairly furiously, stops me on the street and demands to know why a continuing parade of beautiful girls is passing in and out of my house.

I tell him I'm helping to cast a porno film.

Fred looks at me carefully for several moments and then asks me what I'm *really* doing. I tell him again, but he does not seem convinced. He asks if he can drop in and watch. Bob and I have decided that, in fairness to the actresses, only the director, the writer and the casting person can be present at auditions. I explain this to Fred. Fred only pouts. Later that afternoon, Fred moseys by my house and rings the bell. He tells the production girl who answers the door that he wants to come in and chat with me, but she doesn't allow him to come upstairs to the living room where we are casting. Fred's face threatens to develop permanent poutmarks.

During this two-week period, there are, unbelievably, certain appointments I've made that I am unable to cancel and that make me miss as many as half a dozen undressed honeys. One of these appointments is with the program-development people at CBS-TV, for whom I am writing a pilot for a comedy series. As is usual in such meetings, everybody shoots the shit for ten or fifteen minutes before getting down to the business at hand, but today I can't take it.

"Look," I say, "while you guys are horsing around here, I could be in my living room at this very moment, watching outrageously beautiful actresses take off their clothes and audition for a porno film."

Several network jaws hit the desk. Once they have ascertained that I am serious, they toy with the idea of having our meeting at *my* place, but then I tell them of the pact I have made with my director and they testily agree to hurry through our meeting and return me to the casting carpet.

Lest you think it was all wall-to-wall nakedness on my living-room rug for the whole two weeks, I hasten to point out that not all the actresses we auditioned were willing to strip for us. A few felt we were not really making a film at all and stalked out, speechless with rage. A few said we were male chauvinist pigs and declined to disrobe on political grounds. One cagey cutie said she would be glad to take off her clothes, but only *after* she got the part. But, we said, what if we think you're a dynamite actress and then we find out after we've hired you that your body isn't right for the part? She could show us pictures of herself, she said. No deal, we said. She left in a dark fury.

Most actresses who came to read for us were sent by reputable theatrical agents and were at least fairly good in their tryouts. But one agent, who was apparently less than reputable and who probably figured we were only looking to get laid, sent us a succession of glamorous girls unencumbered by intelligence whose readings were not to be believed. One of these lovelies, the possessor of a pair of the largest charlies I've ever seen on a regular civilian, spent a good 20 minutes in the chat part of the audition trying to determine in a sort of Method manner exactly what *brand* of mechanical doll we wanted her to impersonate. Did we, perhaps, want her to be a Saucy Walker doll? she said. What was that? we said. A kind of doll she'd had as a child, she said. Sure, we said, whatever. She got up and read for us and, Saucy Walker or not, the young lady was not—how to put it delicately?—impressive. Still, and despite the fact that I am not a tit man, I desperately wanted to take a gander at her jugs.

Bob merely thanked her for reading for us and told her she could go.

"Don't you want me to read without my clothes?" she said.

"No, that won't really be necessary," said Bob, bending over backward in a disgusting display of needless professionalism.

The lady walked up to Amy and whispered with her briefly before she left. When she'd gone, we asked Amy what she'd said.

"Well," said Amy, "she asked me why you didn't want her to take off her clothes. She said she'd really been looking forward to it."

Among the actresses who came to read for us were three Platonic friends I hadn't realized were on our list. Watching them undress and auditioning them nude was exciting and warmly embarrassing.

When we had seen all the actresses on our list, we began call-backs for those who had impressed us the most. We asked them in call-backs to do a number of exercises, including nude improvisations of mechanical dolls walking around a room and bumping into things. I happen to have been one of the things they kept bumping into. I didn't mind all that much.

Well into our last week, it occurred to me that we'd been working the whole time in a room with floor-to-ceiling windows and that right across the street was a large office building. I can only guess at the number of horny guys who'd been staring at us through binoculars from their darkened cubicles, watching our naked lovelies strut zombielike around my living room and trying to figure out what in the name of Christ we could possibly be up to. At times, I myself wasn't sure what we were up to, nor did I quite see why any woman in her sane mind would subject herself to the doubtlessly preposterous requests we were making. I frankly felt a little sorry for them.

• • •

One day while we are casting, I get a call from John Avildsen. He tells me he's been working on a creative device to string together our four diverse segments into a cohesive unit and he thinks he's got the answer—a sort of *cinéma vérité* series of scenes on video tape showing porno-film actors being interviewed and auditioned, and then a sort of porno Happening:

"I had an idea six or seven years ago," he says. "What would happen if somebody came out of a theater after seeing a film and he was confronted by an actor he'd just seen on the screen? Especially if the film was a sexual situation, a fantasy sexual situation, say, and suddenly here's the same actor outside, saying, 'Let's go someplace and you direct me in your own film, you direct me and tell me what you'd like me to do.'

"Well, we put the word out in the porno-film underground that we wanted to see some porno-film actors. We wanted people who were outgoing and not uptight and who'd work well with strangers. We saw 30 to 50 of them on Monday.

(continued on page 324)

an abundance of extra-special largess to make giving and getting a yule treat

PLAYBOY'S CHRISTMAS GIFT GUIDE

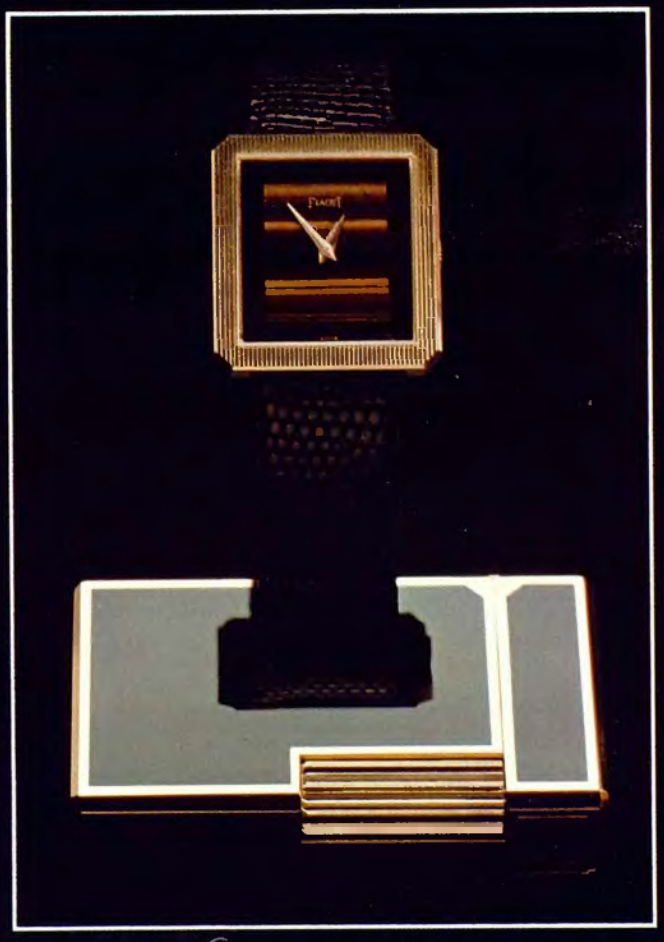
Aqua-Naut diving mask that features an exceptionally snug fit and optional purge valve, by U.S. Divers, $16.50, is shown with a two-cylinder Jet Ski water scaoter that weighs 220 lbs., by Kawasaki, about $1100.

PLAYBOY'S CHRISTMAS GIFT GUIDE

Tigereye cigarette box that's lined in black onyx with gold trim, by Barbara Lockhart, $650.

A hook to hang a key on—brass key rings that measure two inches and three inches, by Carmel Bay Co., $6 each.

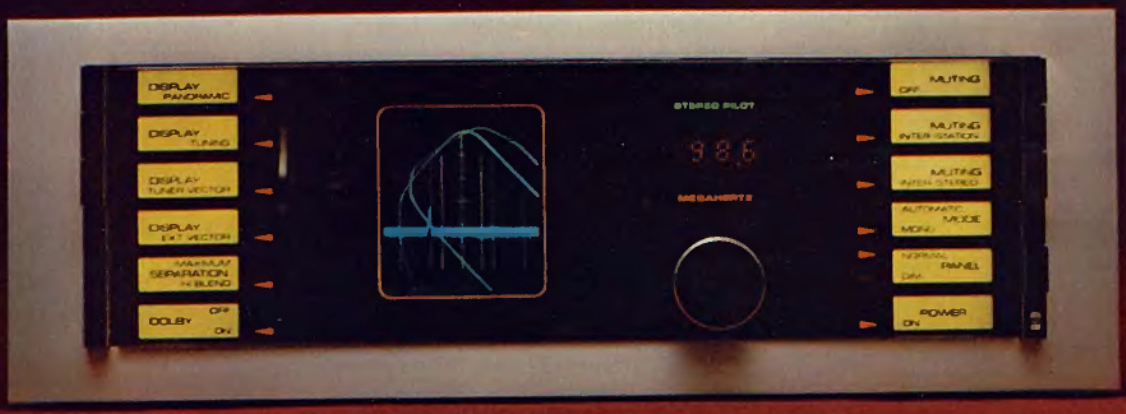
You're looking at what probably is the world's most elegant ash receptacle: a sterling-silver ashtray, by Bulgari, $275.



An 18-kt.-gold men's wrist watch that features a tigereye and anyx face, 18-kt.-gold buckle and 18-jewel movement, by Piaget, $2240, sits atop a Chinese lacquer butane pocket lighter, by S. T. Dupont of Paris, $190.

PLAYBOY'S CHRISTMAS GIFT GUIDE

Counterbolanced Odyssey lamp adjusts harizantally and vertically and ratates 360 degrees; shade measures 3″ x 5″, by Sonneman, $160. Bambangala one-arm suede chair, designed by Maria Bellini far Atelier Internatianal, $750.

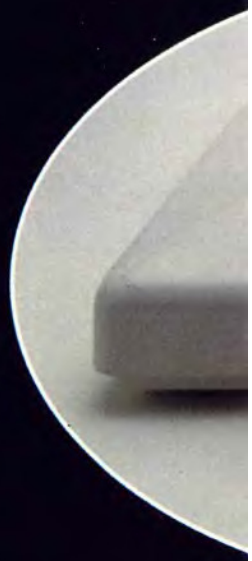


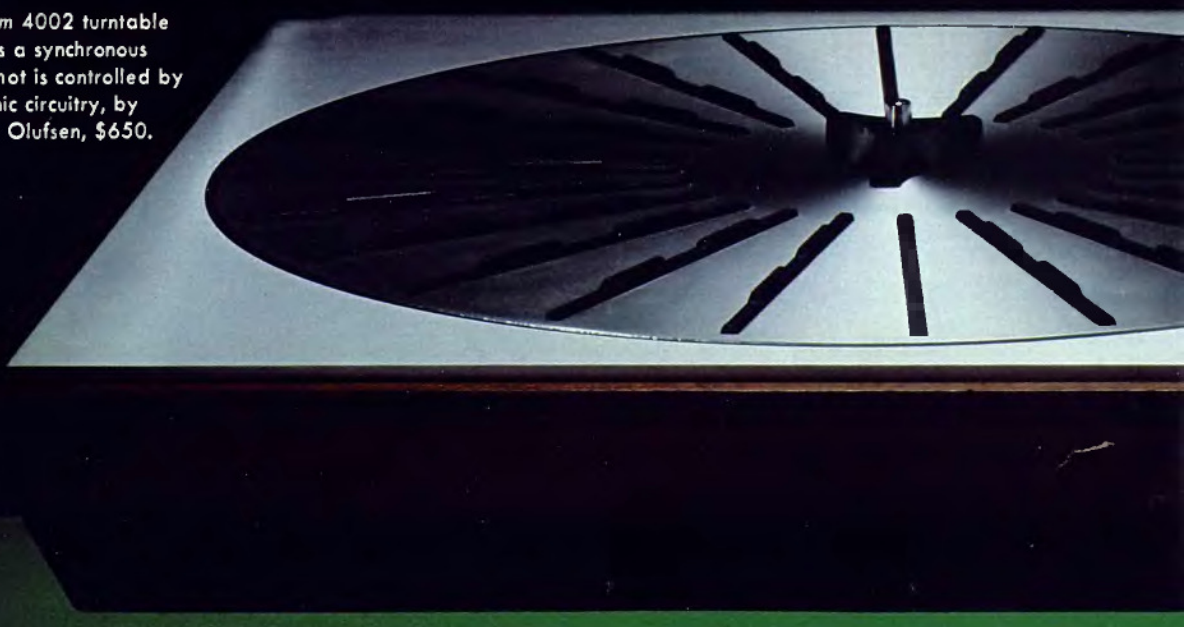
Limited-production Model 1 FM tuner features an oscilloscope that captures an FM station's signal, Dolby Noise Reduction System and optional remote push-button tuning, by Sequerro, $2650.

Sterling-silver picture frames inspired by carved and striated wood dowels; $225 for 7 5/16" x 5 3/4" and $295 for 9 5/16" x 7 5/16", both by Hunting World.

PLAYBOY'S CHRISTMAS GIFT GUIDE

Coco-de-mer sculpture, created from the fruit of a palm tree, resembles a lady's loins, by Karl Springer, $600.

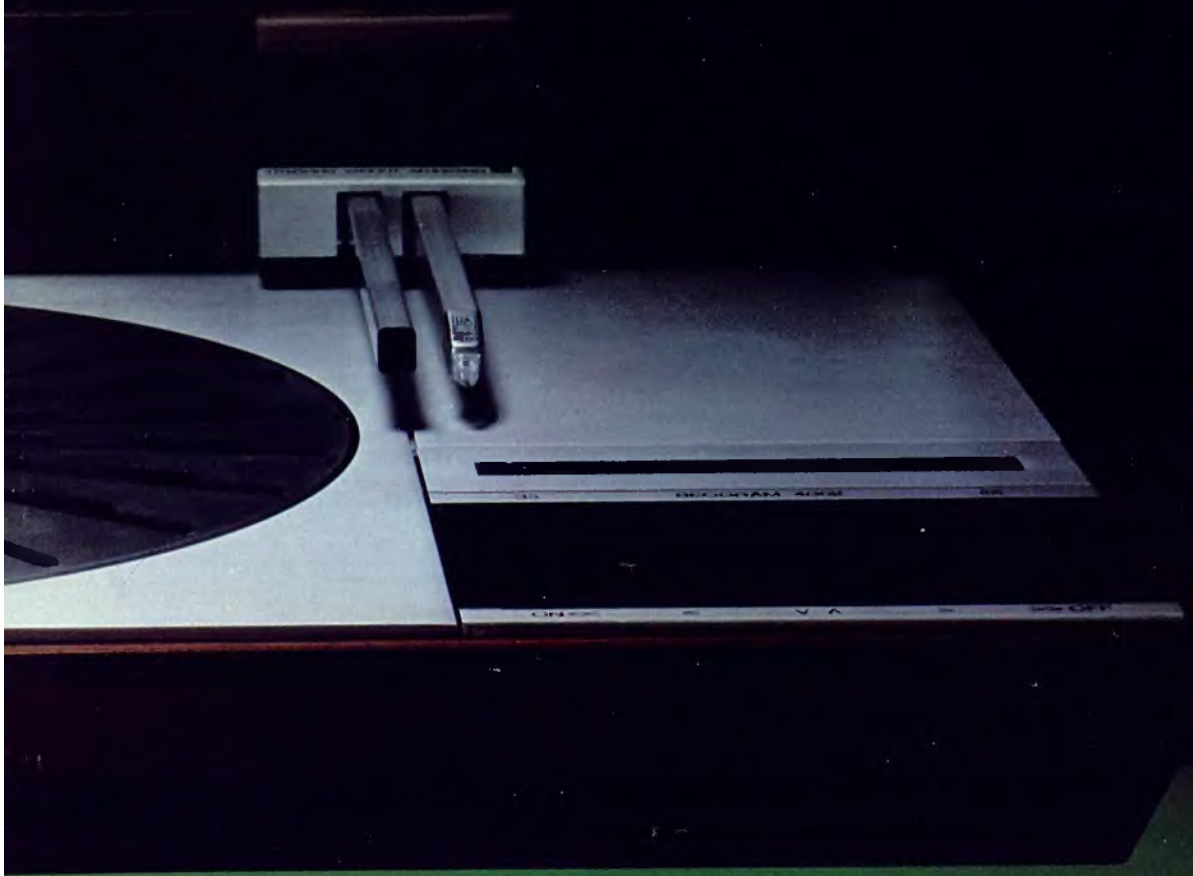




Beogram 4002 turntable features a synchronous motor that is controlled by electronic circuitry, by Bang & Olufsen, $650.

Compact portable clothes dryer that unfolds and has the capacity to dry 20 lbs. of clothes in 90 minutes, by Braun, $100.

A Gentleman's Cologne: eight ounces of a classic masculine scent, by Chanel, $9.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY DON AZUMA

"Now, that's the way to play leapfrog!"
Vargas

Great Shark Hunt

(continued from page 184)

Neither the editor nor the high-powered sport-fishing crowd we'd be dealing with had any notion of my real reason for making the trip. Bloor knew, but he had a vested interest in maintaining the cover because I was passing him off, on the tab, as my "technical advisor." It made perfect sense, I felt: In order to cover a highly competitive situation, you need plenty of trustworthy help.

• • •

When I got to Cozumel, on Monday afternoon, everybody on the island with any clout in the tourism business was half-mad with excitement at the idea of having a genuwine, real-life "PLAYBOY writer" in their midst for a week or ten days. When I slumped off the plane from Miami, I was greeted like Buffalo Bill on his first trip to Chicago—a whole gaggle of public-relations specialists met the plane, and at least three of them were waiting for *me*: What could they do for me? What did I *want*? How could they make my life pleasant?

Carry my bags?

Well . . . why not?

To where?

Well. . . . I paused, sensing an unexpected opening that could lead almost anywhere. . . . "I think I'm supposed to go to the Cabañas," I said. "But——"

"No," said one of the handlers, "you have a press suite at Cozumeleño."

I shrugged. "Whatever's right," I muttered. "Let's roll."

I'd asked the travel agent in Colorado to get me one of those VW Safari jeeps—the same kind I'd had on my last trip to Cozumel—but the PR crowd at the airport insisted on taking me straight to the hotel. My jeep, they said, would be delivered within the hour, and in the meantime, I was treated like some kind of high-style dignitary: A few people actually addressed me as "Mr. Playboy" and the others kept calling me "sir." I was hustled into a waiting car and whisked off along the two-lane blacktop highway through the palm jungle and out in the general direction of the American Strip, a cluster of beach-front hotels on the northeast end of the island.

Despite my lame protests, they took me to the newest, biggest and most expensive hotel on the island—a huge, stark-white concrete hulk that reminded me of the Oakland city jail. We were met at the desk by the manager, the owner and several hired heavies who explained that the terrible hammering noise I heard was merely the workmen putting the finishing touches on the third floor of what would eventually be a five-story colossus. "We have just ninety rooms now," the manager explained, "but by Christmas we will have three hundred."

"Jesus God!" I muttered.

"What?"

"Never mind," I said. "This is a hell of a thing you're building here: No doubt about that—it's extremely impressive in every way—but the odd fact is that I thought I had reservations down the beach at the Cabañas." I flashed a nice shrug and a smile, ignoring the awkward chill that was already settling on us.

The manager coughed up a brittle laugh. "The Cabañas? No, *Señor* Playboy. The Cozumeleño is *very different* from the Cabañas."

"Yeah," I said. "I can see that right off." The Mayan bellboy had already disappeared with my bags. "We saved a junior suite for you," said the manager. "I think you'll be satisfied." His English was very precise, his smile was unnaturally thick . . . and it was clear, from a glance at my high-powered welcoming committee, that I was going to be their guest for at least one night. . . . And as soon as they forgot about me, I would flee this huge concrete morgue and sneak off to the comfortably run-down palm-shaded peace of the Cabañas, where I felt more at home.

On the drive out from the airport, the PR man, who was wearing a blue baseball cap and a stylish blue-and-white T-shirt, both emblazoned with the lightning-flash STRIKER logo, had told me that the owner of this new, huge Cozumeleño hotel was a member of the island's ruling family. "They own about half of it," he said with a grin, "and what they don't own they control absolutely, with their fuel license."

"Fuel license?"

"Yeah," said the PR man. "They control every gallon of fuel that's sold here—from the gasoline we're driving on right now in this jeep to the gas in every stove in all the hotel restaurants and even the goddamn jet fuel at the airport.

I didn't pay much attention to that talk, at the time. It seemed like the same kind of sleazy, power-worshiping bullshit you'd expect to hear from *any* PR man, anywhere, on any subject in any situation. . . .

• • •

My problem was clear from the start. I had come down to Cozumel—officially, at least—to cover not just a fishing tournament but a *scene*. I'd explained to the editor that big-time sport fishing attracts a certain kind of people and it was the behavior of these people—not the fishing—that interested me. On my first visit to Cozumel, I'd discovered the fishing harbor completely by accident one night when Sandy and I were driving around the island more or less naked, finely twisted on MDA, and the only reason we located the yacht basin was that I took a wrong turn around midnight and tried—without realizing where I was going—to run a roadblock manned by three Mexican soldiers with submachine guns at the entrance to the island's only airport.

It was a hard scene to cope with, as I recall, and now that I look back on it, I suspect that moldy white powder we'd eaten was probably some kind of animal tranquilizer instead of true MDA. There is a lot of PCP on the drug market these days; anybody who wants to put a horse into a coma can buy it pretty easily from . . . well . . . why blow that, eh?

In any case, we were bent—and after being driven away from the airport by armed guards, I took the next available open road and we wound up in the yacht basin, where there was a party going on. I could hear it about a half mile off, so I homed in on the music and drove across the highway and about 200 yards down a steep grassy embankment to get to the dock. Sandy refused to get out of the jeep, saying that these weren't the kind of people she felt ready to mix with, under the circumstances . . . so I left her huddled under a blanket on the front seat and walked out onto the dock by myself. It was exactly the kind of scene I'd been looking for—about 35 stone-drunk rich honkies from places like Jacksonville and Pompano Beach, reeling around in this midnight Mexican port on their $200,000 power cruisers and cursing the natives for not providing enough teenage whores to go with the mariachi music. It was a scene of total decadence and I felt right at home in it. I began mixing with the crowd and trying to hire a boat for the next morning—which proved to be very difficult, because nobody could understand what I was saying.

What's wrong here? I wondered. Is there speed in this drug? Why can't these people understand me?

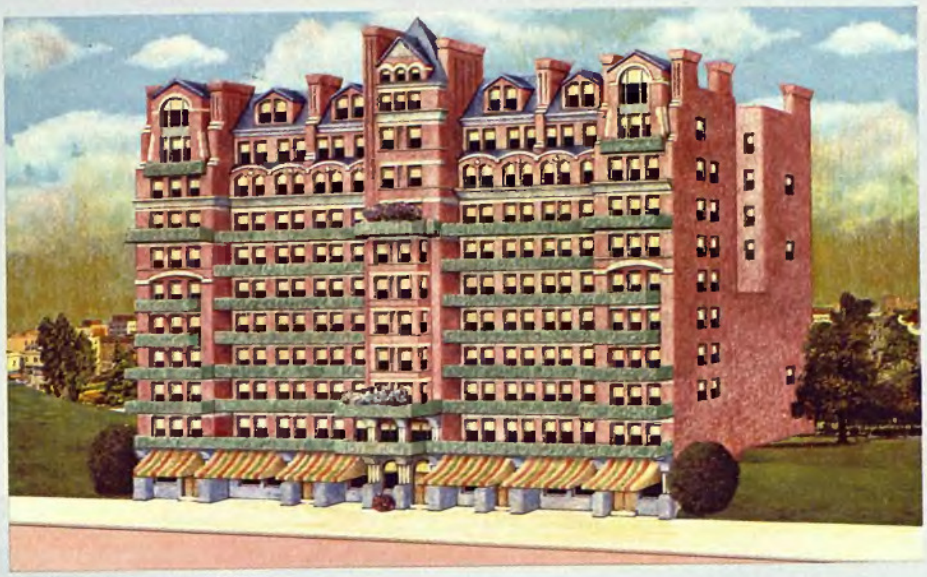
One of the people I was talking to was the owner of a 60-foot Chris-Craft from Milwaukee. He'd just arrived from Key West that afternoon, he said, and all he seemed to have any real interest in at the moment was the "Argentine maid" he was grappling with in the cockpit of his boat. She was about 15 years old, had dark-blonde hair and red eyes, but it was hard to get a good look at her, because "Cap'n Tom"—as he introduced himself—was bending her over a Styrofoam bait box full of dolphin heads and trying to suck on her collarbone while he talked to me.

Finally I gave up on him and found a local fishing merchant called Fernando Murphy, whose drunkenness was so crude and extreme that we were able to communicate perfectly, even though he spoke little English. "No fishing at night," he said. "Come to my shop downtown by the plaza tomorrow and I rent you a nice boat."

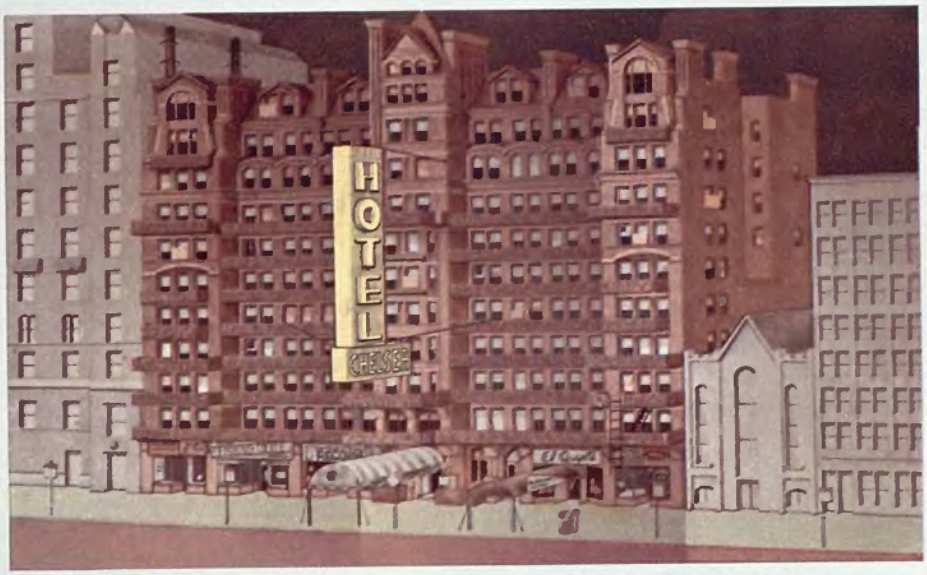
"Wonderful," I said. "How much?"

He laughed and fell against a pasty blonde woman from New Orleans who was too drunk to talk. "For you," he said, "a hundred and forty dollars a day—and I *guarantee* fish."

(continued on page 259)



Hotel Chelsea, New York, N.Y.



Hotel Chelsea, New York, N.Y.

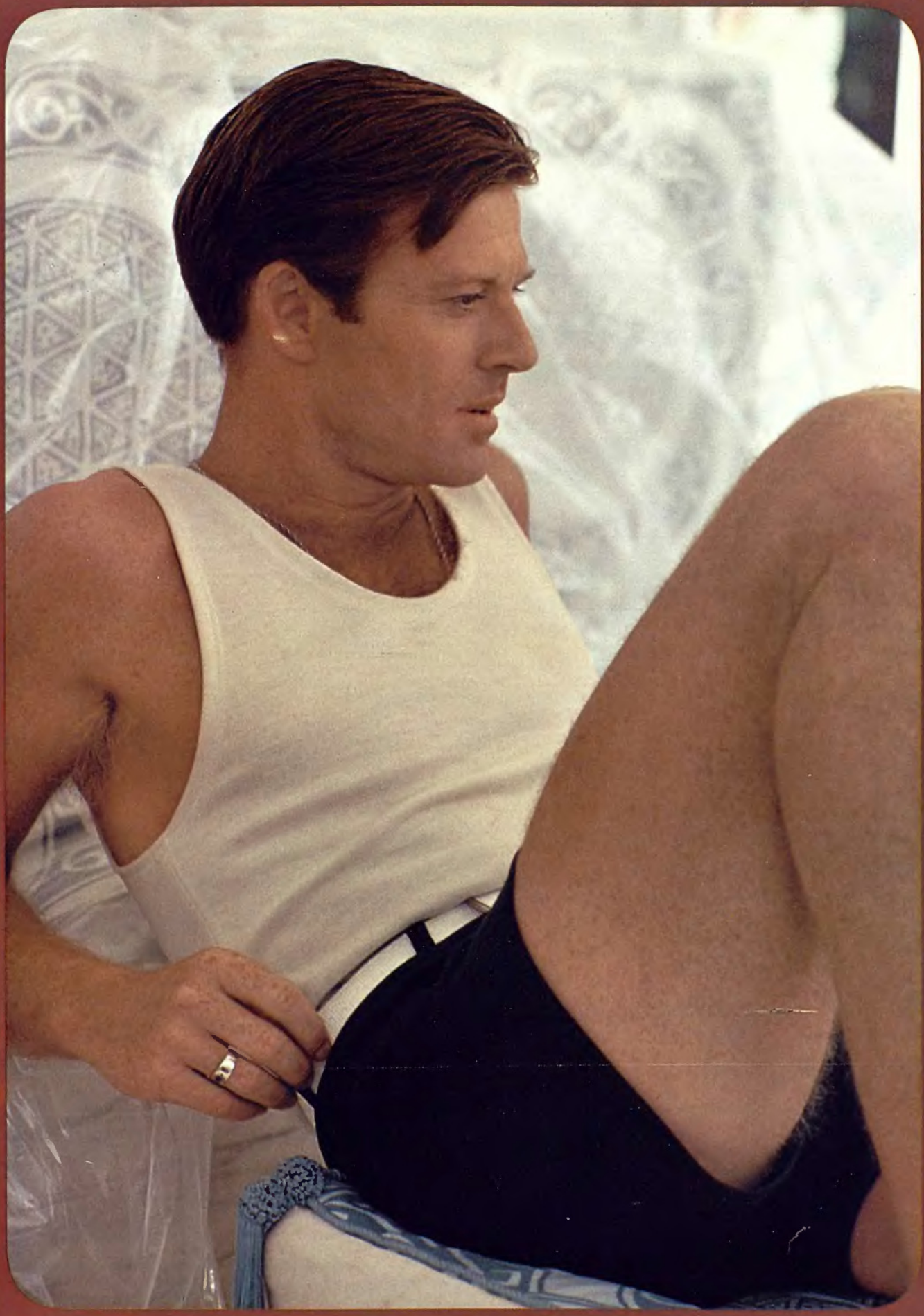
"Don't look; don't look. You don't want to see an old woman pee, do you?" I TURNED toward the voice. A woman, not too old—in her late 50s or early 60s—stood near a doorway, her legs spread apart, urinating. It was not quite four o'clock on a Saturday afternoon in April. One or two people passing by turned toward her, shrugged a shoulder, or smiled, or grimaced, and walked on. I looked past her. Twenty-third Street. Discount drugstores, florists' shops, stationery stores, secondhand-office-equipment places. Some things had remained the same. But there were some changes. The ornate grillwork in front of Steak & Brew had once been the impressive front of Cavanagh's Restaurant, a place where—when royalty checks permitted—a writer could be *(continued on page 306)*

Remembering the Chelsea

well, you wouldn't expect the author of "studs lonigan" to stay at a holiday inn

article
By James T. Farrell

ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN CRAIG



SEX STARS OF 1974

article

BY ARTHUR KNIGHT

hollywood's reluctance to make an x-rated product has left a lot of beautiful bodies out in the cold

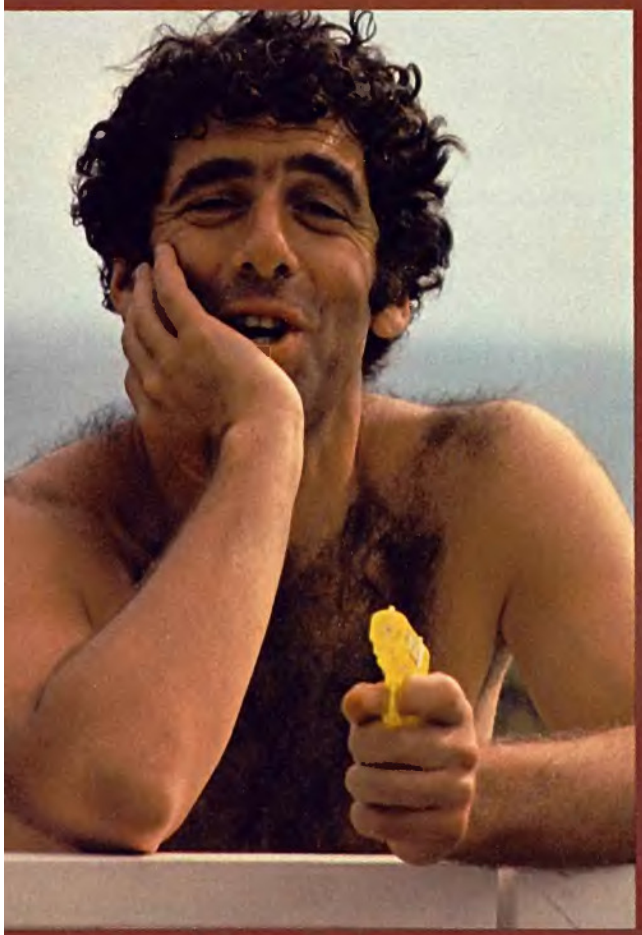
HOW, IN THESE DAYS of increasing cinematic circumspection—when the last X-rated movie handled by any major studio was 1973's *Last Tango in Paris*—is the film industry supposed to produce sex stars? One might reply that we had sex stars aplenty back in the old twin-bedded, feet-on-the-floor era of the Hays Office; but in those days, films afforded powerful roles for both men and women—whereas today the men get all the best of the thespian opportunities—and there were all those even more powerful studio publicity machines to grind out fodder for the faithful fan. Occasionally, a star will break through on the basis of sheer animal magnetism—Robert Redford is the premier current example—but, in general, the Marilyn Monroes and the Clark Gables of yesteryear are still awaiting their successors.

Like the films of 1973, this year's fare offered remarkably few plum roles for women. As this trend continues, fewer and fewer top female performers can be developed to the point at which they can be counted upon to carry an expensive picture to box-office success. The generally astute Peter Bogdanovich tried it earlier this year in *Daisy Miller*, lavishing pastel close-ups on the fluttery presence of his offscreen inamorata, Cybill Shepherd, and tossing in an occasional over-the-shoulder glimpse of period Italian landscapes almost as an afterthought. It was a loving and tasteful adaptation of Henry James's classic study of a wealthy, flirtatious American girl on the Continent at the turn of the century, but, despite a number of very respectful reviews, it failed to attract audiences.

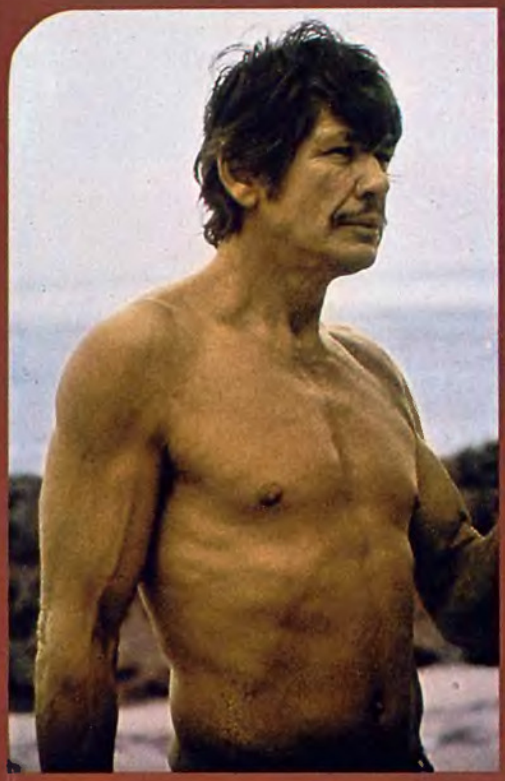
If one cannot find high-octane roles, one may always try high-octane *(text continued on page 212)*

BY POPULAR DEMAND: It's hard to believe, with three current films (*The Sting*, *The Great Waldo Pepper* and *The Great Gatsby*, in which he plays the title role, at left) and several revivals (notably, *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid*) onscreen in 1974, there *was* a two-year period during which Robert Redford simply stayed away from movies. (For more on Redford, see this month's *Playboy Interview*.) Also back from self-imposed screen exile are Julie Christie and Warren Beatty (right), teamed in *Shampoo* (Warren's first production since *Bonnie and Clyde*) but going their separate ways in private life. Julie was also seen this year in *Don't Look Now*, Warren in *The Parallax View*.

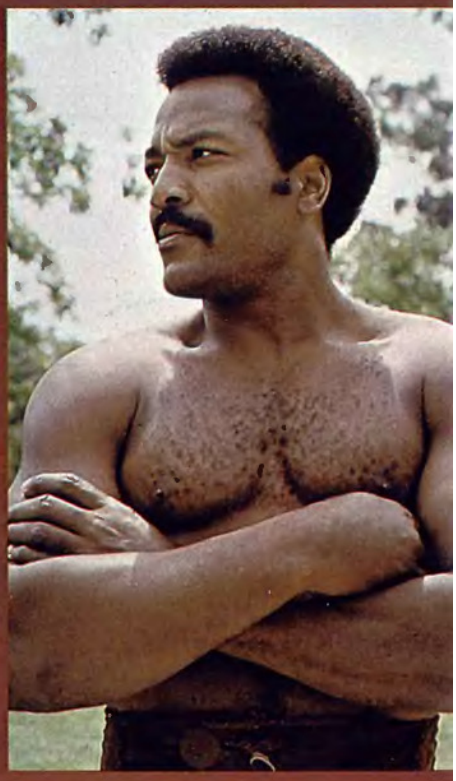
COPS: The forces of law and order gained some notable recruits this year, with James Caan (left) and Alan Arkin forming a plainclothes partnership in *Freebie and the Bean* and Elliott Gould (below left) working with Robert Blake in *Busting*, a tale of two Los Angeles vice-squad officers on the loose. **CROOKS:** A safecracker in *Thunderbolt and Lightfoot*, Jeff Bridges becomes a rustler in *Rancho Deluxe* (below); Burt Reynolds portrays a convict in *The Longest Yard* (with Anitra Ford, bottom) and a con man in *WW and the Dixie Dancekings*.



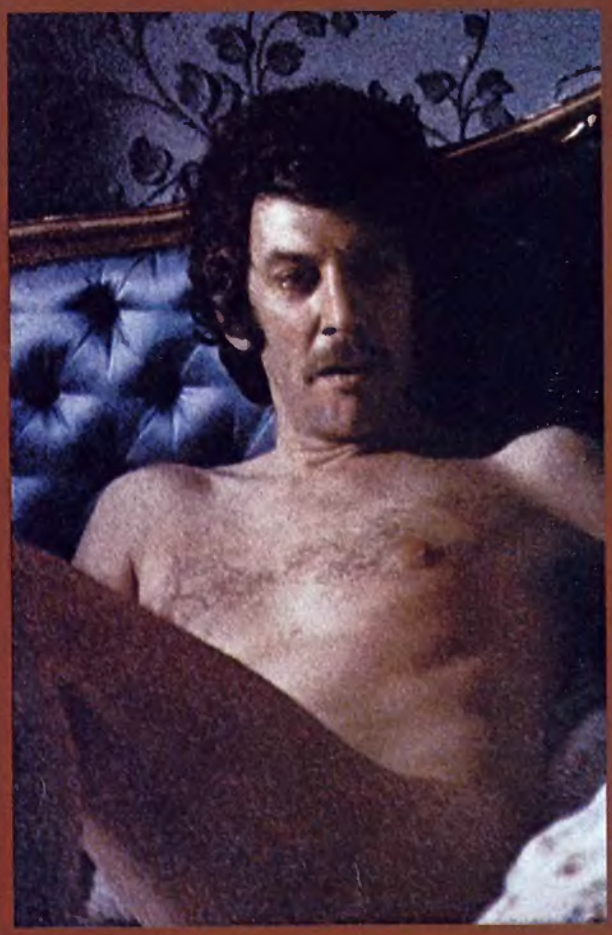
PLAYING BOTH SIDES: Clint Eastwood (above left), Bridges' buddy in *Thunderbolt and Lightfoot*, reprised his *Dirty Harry* tough-cop role in *Magnum Force*. Also performing in- and outside the law onscreen: Al Pacino (below left) in *Serpico* and *The Godfather—Part II*. **PARTNERS IN CRIME:** Candice Bergen (above) helps Charles Grodin pull off *11 Harrowhouse*'s diamond heist, while Vonetta McGee (below), in *Thomasine & Bushrod*, engages in stick-ups with Max Julien.



MEAN MOTHERS: The rugged Charles Bronson takes vengeance into his own hands in *Death Wish* (left) and *Mr. Majestyk*; his upcoming projects include *The Ten-Second Jailbreak* (which PLAYBOY readers will recognize as *Breakout*, October 1972). Bronson plays the barnstormer who rescues an American millionaire from a Mexican jail. Another *macho* performer, Jim Brown (right) went into action this year in *Three the Hard Way*.
MEAN MAMAS: Tops in the tough-lady field are Angie Dickinson (in *Big Bad Mama*, below left) and Claudia Jennings (below right and elsewhere in this issue), the star of *Truck Stop Women* and *Gator Bait*.

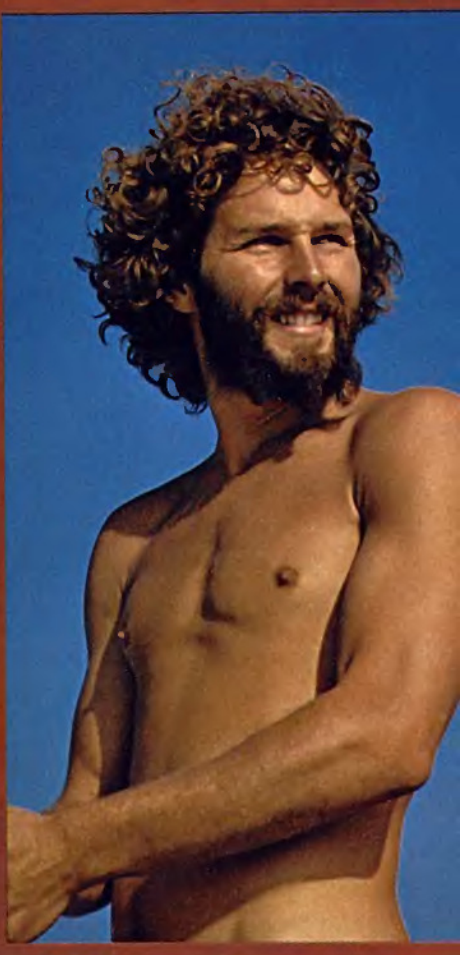


SPIES: Roger Moore (above left) is once more in James Bondage in *The Man with the Golden Gun*. And Donald Sutherland (in a scene from *Don't Look Now*, below left) is reunited with old *M*A*S*H* pal Elliott Gould in *S*P*Y*S*.
EYES: Jack Nicholson, one of Hollywood's hottest personalities, plays a cynical private detective in *Chinatown* (above) and Fred Williamson (below) is the man in the title role of *Black Eye*. The versatile Williamson will also star in two of his own screenplays, *Boss Nigger* and *The Black Rider*.



HARD-CORE SCOREBOARD: Porno superstar Linda Lovelace (above left) is changing her image to become, says her manager, "the Shirley Temple of sex." *Behind the Green Door*'s Marilyn Chambers (above right) has a nightery act, but John C. Holmes, also known as Johnny Wadd (above center), is still doing business as the same old stud. **HORRORSCOPE:** Joe Dallesandro (with Monique Van Vooren in *Andy Warhol's Frankenstein*, below) breathes new gore into old legends (he's also in *Warhol's Dracula*); Jason Miller (shown at right in *The Nickel Ride*) appeared in that chilling box-office bonanza *The Exorcist*.

OVERSEAS OPERATORS: Erotic imports are Britain's Charlotte Rampling (left) of *Zardoz* and *The Night Porter*, and Laura Antonelli (right), *Malizia*'s sexy housekeeper. **SWITCH HITS:** Unexpected comedic talents were revealed this year by hitherto dramatic performers: Michael York (below left), Raquel Welch (below center) and Faye Dunaway (bottom center)—all in Richard Lester's swashchuckler, *The Three Musketeers*—and Timothy Bottoms (below right), who stars in Playboy's *The Crazy World of Julius Vrooder*.



COVER GIRLS: Ex-models who're making it big in Hollywood are Cybill Shepherd (in steady beau Peter Bogdanovich's *Daisy Miller*, above left) and Lauren Hutton (below left), who plays James Caan's girlfriend in *The Gambler*. **BRIGHT PROSPECTS:** Hollywood expects great things from Jan-Michael Vincent of *Buster and Billie* (above center); Ann Turkel (above right), who wed co-star Richard Harris from *99 and 44/100% Dead*; Katherine Baumann (below right), who was noteworthy in the same film; and Robyn Hilton (below center), seen as Mel Brooks's superlatively stacked secretary in *Blazing Saddles*.

PAGED BY *PLAYBOY*: Stars both of films and of PLAYBOY pictorials, past and future, are (clockwise from left) Angel Tompkins, now on view in *How to Seduce a Woman* and *The Teacher*; Valerie Perrine of *Lenny*; Margot Kidder of *Gravy Train*, *The Great Waldo Pepper* and four other films currently in production (you'll see a good deal more of her in PLAYBOY soon); and Tiffany Bolling, who plays a pivotal role in *The Wild Party* and stars in *The Centerfold Girls*.

publicity. It seems safe to say that Elizabeth Taylor has remained a sex star more because of what she does offscreen than on. Her marriage to and divorce from Richard Burton are still providing hot copy for magazine covers, but her cinema roles have featured such spectacles as that of *Ash Wednesday*, in which she undergoes painful plastic surgery in order to win back the love of husband Henry Fonda. Who needs a sex star who must rely on plastic surgery to look beautiful? When it comes to being a sex star, column inches aren't quite enough.

If they were, beauteous Faye Dunaway would be tops right now. In the past few years, the cool-eyed blonde has been linked romantically with Marcello Mastroianni, Warren Beatty, Harris Yubin, directors Elia Kazan and Jerry Schatzberg and, finally, Peter Wolf, whom she married in a surprise move last summer, despite earlier protestations that she would forever remain single. Faye may have been big with the matchmaking columnists, but she was less so with the ticket buyers. Her *Puzzle of a Downfall Child*, directed by Schatzberg, was a disaster; *The Arrangement*, directed by Kazan, fared little better; and in *Oklahoma Crude*, in which she played the improbable proprietress of a wildcat oil well, her face was so daubed with grease paint and her body so swathed in homespun as to render her almost unrecognizable to any but the most ardent of fans. Roman Polanski's *Chinatown*, however, restored much of her former glamor and Richard Lester's *The Three Musketeers* some of her aura of faintly mysterious evil. By the time this appears, she will have been on view again in *The Towering Inferno* and her NBC special of Arthur Miller's *After the Fall* will probably have been aired. Since both are major productions, they could re-establish her earlier sex-star potential—although the temperature of sex on network television has never been particularly elevated.

Julie Christie's long-standing romance with Warren Beatty kept her in print, if not in pictures, for several years. The romance has now cooled, though she'll soon be seen opposite Beatty in *Shampoo*—but her status as a sex star should be enhanced by her torrid bedroom sequence with Donald Sutherland in *Don't Look Now*. Candice Bergen, one of Hollywood's few undisputed beauties, had been more in evidence as a writer and photographer—for PLAYBOY and other publications—before her appearance in *11 Harrowhouse* ended a two-year absence from the screen.

The press has also reported, with something of a vengeance, on the doings of porno stars of recent vintage—mainly, we presume, because they provide such colorful copy. Not until she filed for divorce did the columnists learn that *Deep Throat*'s Linda Lovelace was actually married to her promoter and constant companion, Charles Traynor. That was just about the time that Traynor decided to manage the career of Linda's most potent rival, *Behind the Green Door*'s Marilyn Chambers. The WASP-ish Miss Chambers is now the object of Traynor's affection and promotional efforts—including a so-far-unsuccessful bid to establish her as a night-club singing star. Miss Lovelace is sharing premises with her present manager, David Winters, and talking of plans for a $1,000,000 production of *Linda Lovelace for President*.

Raquel Welch changed partners, too. After divorcing Patrick Curtis, the young publicist who singlehandedly made her a household word, Raquel apparently has settled not only her affections but her destiny on bearded Ron Talsky, a fashion designer. Raquel's intentions in this regard first became apparent on the set of *The Wild Party*, when she not only insisted that Talsky be with her throughout the shooting but, as rumors had it, put more faith in his judgment than in that of either her producer or her director. Since then, designer Talsky has been named as Raquel's associate producer for a forthcoming TV special and will also have a role in the reactivation of her production company. Raquel claims that what she wants to do most of all is comedy in the Carole Lombard manner; that she can, indeed, be funny was manifested in *The Three Musketeers*, but in that outing, at least, most of her laughs came from the sort of pratfall more reminiscent of the Keystone Cops.

Playing Raquel's sister in *The Wild Party* is Tiffany Bolling. As PLAYBOY readers who were introduced to her in an April 1972 pictorial recall, Tiffany is very pretty. That she is also talented was evidenced by her indelible portrayal of the strong-willed Regina in the Hollywood Theater production of Lillian Hellman's *Another Part of the Forest*, seen last year on public television. It was that performance that brought her to the attention of *The Wild Party*'s director, James Ivory.

A month after Tiffany's appearance in the magazine, PLAYBOY showcased another young actress: Valerie Perrine, the former Las Vegas showgirl who showed all in her motion-picture debut as Montana Wildhack in *Slaughterhouse-Five*. In addition to a fantastic figure, Miss Perrine displayed considerable native dramatic ability. Her opportunity to show off both also came via public television, when she walked through Bruce Jay Friedman's metaphysical comedy *Steambath* with nothing but a towel draped loosely about her slim shoulders. By the time this sees print, she should be visible again opposite Dustin Hoffman in *Lenny*, playing the role vacated by Ann-Margret after her fall, that of Lenny Bruce's stripper wife, Honey. Just how visible Valerie will be depends on the rating the producers are willing to settle for.

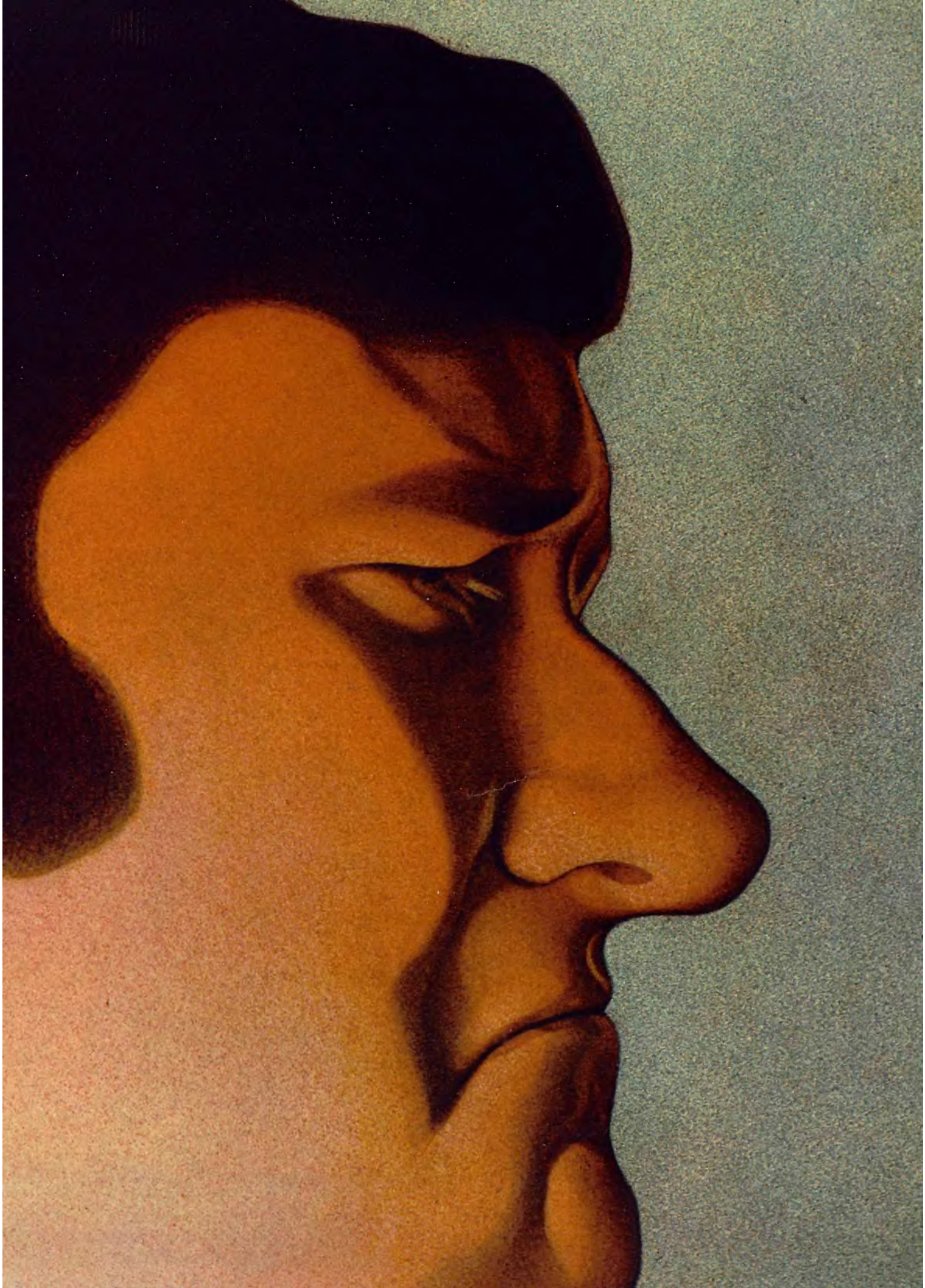
Equally uninhibited is—or was—Karen Black, who was featured at least partially nude in such films as *Drive, He Said* and *Portnoy's Complaint*. A gifted actress of impressive range, Miss Black gave what was by all odds the most multifaceted and intense performance in the whole overblown length of *The Great Gatsby*. With major roles in *Airport 1975* and *The Day of the Locust* still to come before the end of the year, Karen's future seems anything but Black.

Also coming up fast is blonde, wide-eyed Susan Sarandon, who is concurrently appearing in *The Front Page* and, opposite Robert Redford, in *The Great Waldo Pepper*. A fugitive from television's wasteland of afternoon soap operas, Susan made her first screen appearance as the hippie daughter in *Joe*—the girl who takes a very naked bath in the film's opening sequence and is gunned down by her father at the finale. The movie, one of the first to exploit the drug-culture scene, created something of a sensation in 1970 and made a star of Peter Boyle. For Susan, however, it was back to the soaps and an occasional role in whatever dramatic shows were still based in New York. Persistence finally paid off last year, when she won the plum role of Ailie Calhoun, a thinly disguised Zelda Fitzgerald, in Herbert Brodkin's television production of *F. Scott Fitzgerald and the Last of the Belles*, which skillfully intertwined the life of F. Scott Fitzgerald with the plot of one of his best-known short stories. George Roy Hill, director of *The Sting*, was impressed by her performance and signed her for *Waldo Pepper*. Well before the picture's release (Hill spent better than six months editing it to his satisfaction), he announced his conviction that she would emerge from the film a major star. With a relatively small role in Billy Wilder's *The Front Page* already behind her, Susan is back in New York, where, with her actor husband, Chris, she shares an old house in Pound Ridge and waits for Hill's prediction to come true.

Two other girls who seem likely to succeed at the moment are Woody Allen's bright-faced sweetie in *Play It Again, Sam* and *Sleeper*, the winsome, red-haired Diane Keaton—who repeats her small but telling role of Mrs. Michael Corleone in *The Godfather* with considerable embellishment in the forthcoming *Godfather II*—and Madeline Kahn, who's been rapidly rising since her picture debut as the jilted fiancée in Peter Bogdanovich's *What's Up, Doc?* She came on even more strongly as the carny cooch dancer in Bogdanovich's *Paper Moon*, with Ryan O'Neal once more the target of her unremitting affection, and, to put it mildly, she stole whatever wasn't nailed down in this year's *Blazing Saddles*, Mel Brooks's zany send-up of the old West and the old

(continued on page 254)

"Tell me. Exactly what all does your guard dog guard?"



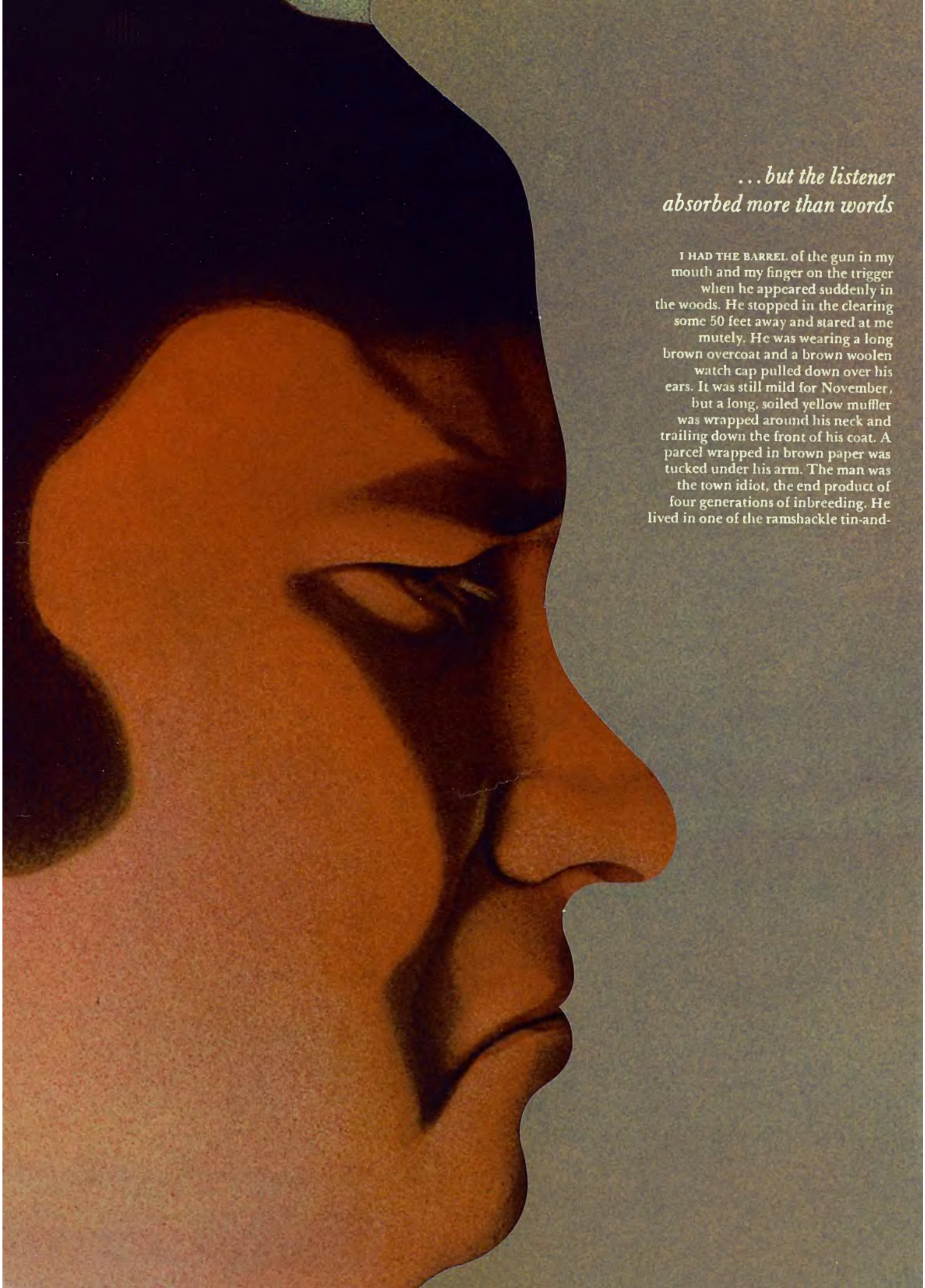
THE ANALYST

he poured out his troubles to a sympathetic ear...

fiction

BY EVAN HUNTER

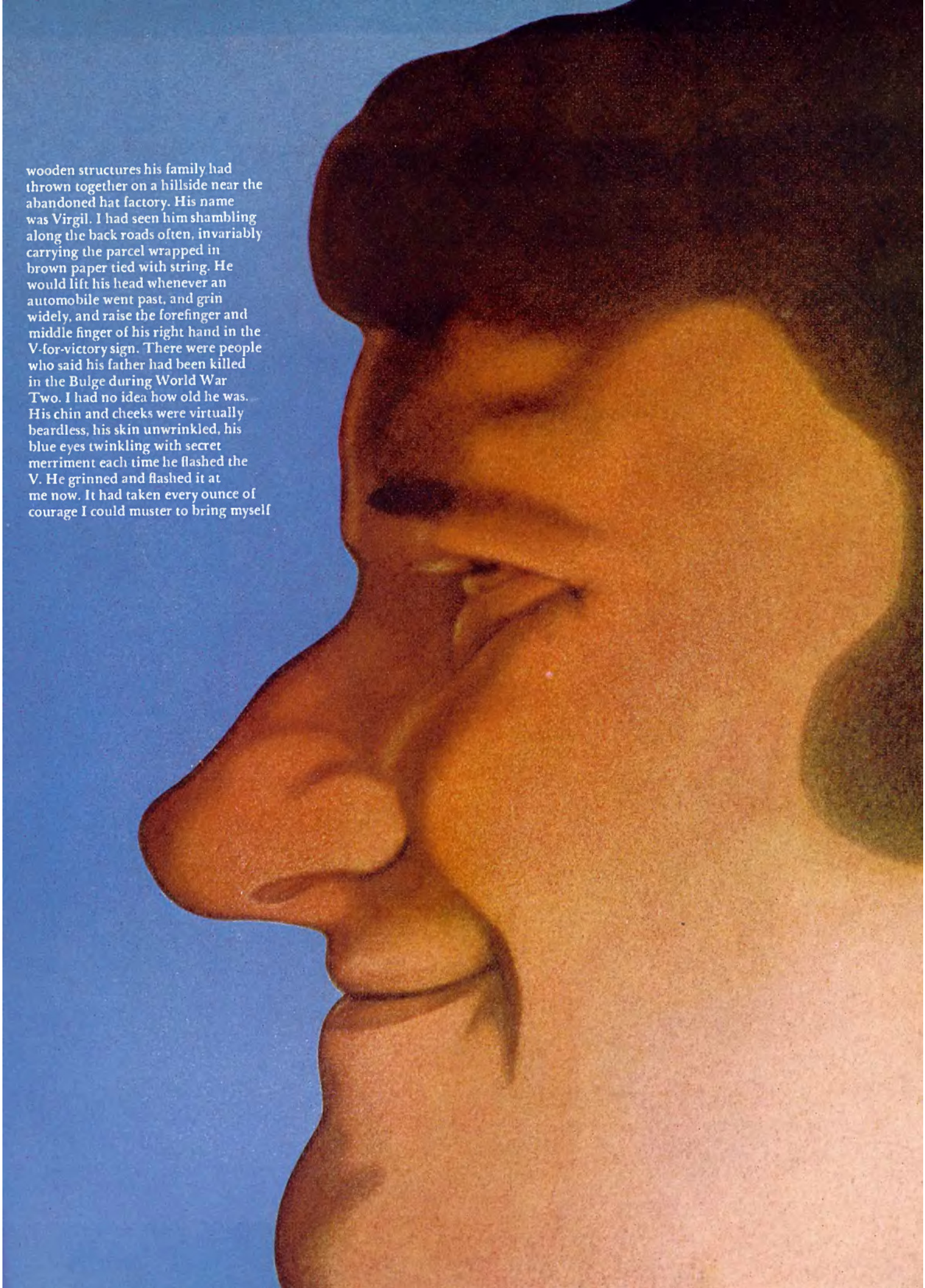
ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALEX GNIDZIEJKO



. . . but the listener absorbed more than words

I HAD THE BARREL of the gun in my mouth and my finger on the trigger when he appeared suddenly in the woods. He stopped in the clearing some 50 feet away and stared at me mutely. He was wearing a long brown overcoat and a brown woolen watch cap pulled down over his ears. It was still mild for November, but a long, soiled yellow muffler was wrapped around his neck and trailing down the front of his coat. A parcel wrapped in brown paper was tucked under his arm. The man was the town idiot, the end product of four generations of inbreeding. He lived in one of the ramshackle tin-and-

wooden structures his family had thrown together on a hillside near the abandoned hat factory. His name was Virgil. I had seen him shambling along the back roads often, invariably carrying the parcel wrapped in brown paper tied with string. He would lift his head whenever an automobile went past, and grin widely, and raise the forefinger and middle finger of his right hand in the V-for-victory sign. There were people who said his father had been killed in the Bulge during World War Two. I had no idea how old he was. His chin and cheeks were virtually beardless, his skin unwrinkled, his blue eyes twinkling with secret merriment each time he flashed the V. He grinned and flashed it at me now. It had taken every ounce of courage I could muster to bring myself



into these woods and take the gun from my pocket and shove the barrel into my mouth. I pocketed the gun now and turned my back to him and began walking up toward the road where I had parked my car.

"Hello!" he called. "Nice day."

I heard him walking toward me through the fallen leaves.

"Nice day," he said again, and I turned to face him. He was still grinning. He had put his hands into the pockets of the long coat, his head was cocked to the side, his eyebrows raised in expectation of an answer.

"Yes," I said.

"Hope it don't rain," he said.

"I don't think it will."

"I'm Virgil," he said.

"Yes, I know."

"Everybody knows me," he said, and he nodded in self-acknowledgment of his celebrity. "That your car up there?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Nice car."

"Thank you."

"Nice day, too," he said. He seemed to have run out of conversation. He nodded his head and smiled at me. "Hope it don't rain. Did they say rain?"

"I don't know."

"Sure hope it don't. That your car?"

"Yes."

"Could you give me a ride?"

"Where to?"

"The post office. Got to mail this. See?" he said, and he took a soiled and crumpled envelope from his coat pocket. "Is that enough of a stamp on it?"

"Yes," I said.

"It's to Hattie. My sister. Her birthday's Saturday. Will it get there?"

"Where does she live?"

"Same place I do. Is that too far?"

"No, she'll get it in time."

"Sure hope so," he said. "Sure hope it don't rain, too."

We walked up to the car in silence.

"Fender's all bent," he said.

"Yes."

"Tch!" he said, and he opened the door and climbed in. "Well," he said cheerfully, "you can fix it, don't worry."

At the post office, he got out of the car, grinned and flashed the V sign at me.

I drove back home.

• • •

I did not see him again till the following Wednesday.

I had been in the city looking for a job—it is not easy for an aging unemployed executive to find work. I still could not believe I'd been fired two months before.

"I've been with the company twelve years," I told Ralph. We looked at each other across the polished width of his desk, never any papers on that desk, pencils always sharpened and at the ready, but never a scrap of paper on it. I sometimes wondered what he *did* with all those sharpened pencils.

"It's not my decision," he said. "It came from upstairs."

"Well, can't you go upstairs and tell them you disagree? Ralph, I've been working here for twelve years."

"Andrew," he said, "what can I tell you?"

"You can tell me you'll go to bat for me."

"I can't do that."

"Ralph," I said, "I've got a fifty-thousand-dollar mortgage and two sons in college; the tuition comes to twenty-five hundred a semester for each of them; they cost me five thousand bucks before I bat an eyelash. I bought the Mercedes on time, that's another four hundred a month to meet the payments——"

"Trade it in for a Volks," Ralph said.

"Ralph, listen to me for a minute, will you? I'm forty-eight years old, I don't know any other line of work; who the hell is going to hire me at the salary I'm getting here? For Christ's sake, Ralph, can't you *please* go upstairs and tell them I need another chance is all?"

"Andrew," he said, "you blew the McGregor deal. You blew a two-hundred-and-fifty-thousand-dollar deal because you were dead drunk at one o'clock in the afternoon. We're not in business for our health here."

"Ralph," I said, "please."

"Andrew," he said, and he shrugged.

Through the windshield, I saw Virgil lift his hand in the V sign. In his other hand, he was carrying the customary parcel, clutched tightly to his chest. I pulled to the side of the road and rolled down the window.

"Want a lift?" I said.

"Hello there," he said, and he climbed in. "Nice day," he said.

"Yeah, just beautiful," I said.

"Just beautiful," he said, completely missing my tone. "Sure hope it don't rain. Did they say rain?"

"No, they didn't say rain."

"Sure hope not," he said.

"Did your sister get her card in time?"

"What card?"

"The birthday card."

"My birthday's June," he said. "June twelfth. Sure hope it's a nice day."

"Where are you coming from?" I asked.

"Oh, just walking," he said. "I walk."

"What's in the package?" I asked.

"A sweater. Case it rains and gets cold. I don't like to get cold. Where *you* coming from?"

"The city."

"Oh, yeah, the city. I been to the city. I don't like it there, it's noisy. You like it there?"

"Not today, I didn't."

"Was it raining in the city?"

"It *seemed* like it was raining."

"Oh, yeah, it rains a lot in the city."

"I was looking for a job," I said. "I'm out of work."

"Oh, well, that's all right," he said cheerfully. "You should carry a sweater, like I do. Then, if it rains, you won't get cold. But I don't think it'll rain today. Did they say rain?"

"Where do you want me to drop you, Virgil?"

"That's OK. Anyplace is fine. I walk, you know."

"How about the post office?"

"Fine," he said. "Maybe there's some mail."

I dropped him off at the post office and then parked the car and went into the bank. Peter Capoletti, the manager, signaled to me as I was filling out a withdrawal slip. I went over to his desk.

"How's it going?" he asked.

"Fine," I said.

"Andrew," he said, "the checking account is overdrawn."

"Is it? My wife," I said, and smiled. "She never has learned how to balance that thing."

"Andrew, it's overdrawn by more than two thousand dollars."

"Yeah," I said. "Well, Pete, why don't you just transfer the necessary funds from the savings account——"

"There's only fifteen hundred dollars in the savings account," he said.

"Well. . . ."

"What do you want me to do, Andrew?"

"Well, let me see, maybe I can—let me talk it over with Beth, OK? I'll stop in tomorrow morning, OK?"

"Andrew, I either have to pay those checks or stamp them 'Insufficient Funds' and return them. I can't pay them, because there isn't enough money in either of your accounts to cover them. Now, Andrew, if I stamp them 'Insufficient Funds,' those people you wrote the checks to are within their rights to bring charges against you. *Criminal* charges, Andrew. Now, I'm not saying anybody's going to be that rotten, but there's the chance somebody will, and it's a serious offense, Andrew, so please don't let this go longer than tomorrow morning, OK? Please talk it over with Beth and see what you can do and come in early tomorrow morning, OK? I'm talking to you like a brother, Andrew."

"I appreciate it."

"But I'm also an officer of this bank."

"Yes, I know."

"OK, Andrew?"

"Yes, Peter. Thanks."

• • •

I called my father long-distance. His wife answered the phone. He had divorced my mother ten years before and she had slowly drunk herself to death, or rather, had finally drunk herself into a stupor that caused her to crash her

(continued on page 217)

"Once I did—but I don't find the big city a lonesome place anymore!"

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JENKINS, REVEREND LEROY
Evangelist Association, P. O. Box F
Delaware, Ohio 614-9831
(See Advertisement This Page)

JI, GURU MAHARAJ
Divine Light Mission
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Denver, Colorado 413-8280
(See Advertisement This Page)

POPE, THE (See Advertisement This Page)
Saint Peter's Basilica
Vatican City, Italy 69282

Dial-A-God

and pray the number is still in service

"EVEN BEIN' GAWD," said a noted man of letters some years ago, "ain't a bed of roses." If this were even half true years ago, it's Gospel now, because there's so much competition. For the God biz virtually abounds with prophets, godheads, spiritual messengers, disciples and avatars, many of whom have utilized the nuances of the free-enterprise system to enhance their causes and, in some cases, their bank accounts. In this chaotic era of private-interest groups, split factions and diverse sects, we need a pantheon of gods like a moose needs a hat rack. But to this we say, "Vive la différence!" and, in keeping with the Christmas spirit (our version, anyhow), we've decided to give some order to all this divine chaos by sorting out a few of the heavier contenders, speculating how it would look if they were to advertise in the Yellow Pages. Lo, one day this may come to pass.

At any rate, in our intensive research, we discovered one Noble Truth: that Truth, whether spiritual or otherwise, is indeed stranger than fiction. Take, for example, the Children of God, led by a prophet named David Berg, alias Moses David. On the one hand, they claim that the two evils besetting mankind at the moment are American materialism and communism, yet, on the other hand, they worship Libyan head of state Colonel Qaddafi. Moreover, the Children of God, also known as Jesus Freaks, predicted some time last year that the comet Kohoutek was the true signal of Armageddon, an event that was scheduled for January of 1974.

In 1971, having failed as a swami in India, the Guru Maharaj Ji came to America and formed the Divine Light Mission. His aim is to bring peace to the world through complete control of our emotions, thoughts and life force. For the individual, bliss is the purported result. Titled corporate supreme executive and spiritual perfect

ONLY TRUE WAY

PEACE OF THE SPIRIT

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★ God on Earth
★ Most Perfect Master
★ Corporate Supreme Executive of the Divine Light Mission
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He's just 17, but he knows how to guru!

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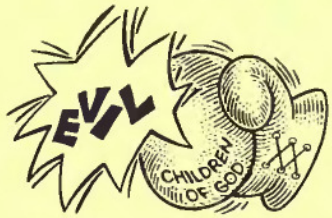
THE CHILDREN OF GOD KNOCK OUT EVIL:



PROPHET MOSES DAVID SAYS:
- THE POWER'S ALWAYS ON
- GOD'S SPIRIT IS LIKE A BROADCAST
- ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS TUNE IN

WHAT IS EVIL?
AMERICAN MATERIALISM AND COMMUNISM

DOOMSDAY, ORIGINALLY SCHEDULED FOR JANUARY 1974, HAS BEEN POSTPONED

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"It's the Real Thing"

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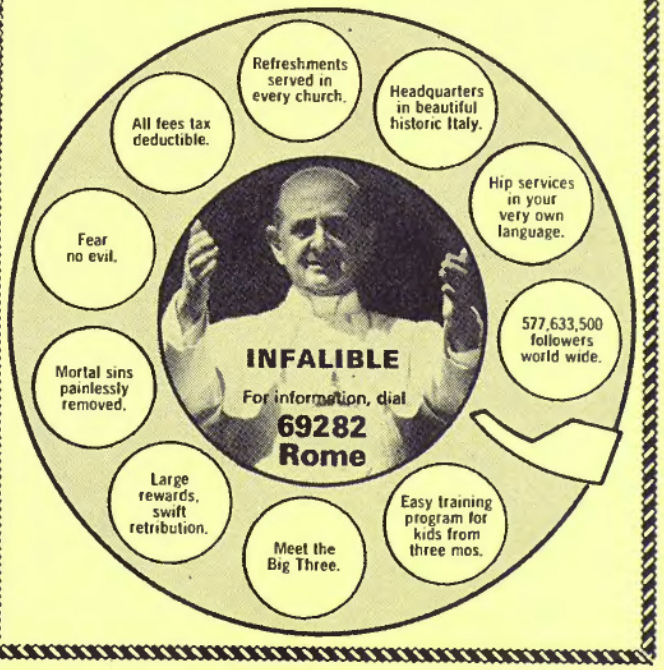

master, the 17-year-old Guru Maharaj Ji suffers from a stomach ulcer, has a taste for motorcycles and fancy cars and is unaffectionately known by the Rishikesh swamis as "that fat boy."

Another heavy contender in the guru category is Meher Baba, who "dropped his body" back in 1969. In other words, he died. Meher Baba is mainly noted for the fact that he did not speak for 44 years, preferring to point out the Word on an alphabet board, later moving on to hand signals. He did this because he felt that past masters had given the Word and no one had listened. Followers of Meher Baba consider him to be in the same line with Jesus, Buddha and Mohammed.

No catalog of contemporary religious practitioners would be complete without a faith healer. Basically a fundamentalist, the Reverend Leroy Jenkins bills himself as "only an instrument in the hands of God." His line of work, faith healing, came about after the reverend lost an arm and had it sewn back on.

There is not much to say about the Pope that is not already well known. It is common knowledge that he is infallible, but his infallibility is, of course, limited to doctrines of faith and morals. He is, allegedly, the Lord's representative on earth, presides over the Roman Catholic Church and continues to speak out against divorce and abortion.

Last but not least of the heavy contenders is Dr. Frederick J. Eikerenkoetter II, better known as the Reverend Ike. Founder of the Science of Living, which teaches us that the mind is the prime force in achieving peace of mind, the Reverend Ike also proclaims that lack of money is the root of all evil. His statements of doctrine, followed by over 1,000,000 people, have a nice ring to them. For example: "We are not interested in pie in the sky by and by. We want our pie now, with ice cream on it and a cherry on top."

That just about wraps it up for the Big Boys. We weren't able to find any female aspirants and, believe us, we tried; nor did we have any particular success locating a Jewish messiah. We did, however, manage to find several runners-up. Among these is a fellow by the name of Wally Fowler, a Southern religioso, who once purportedly advertised the sale of autographed 8" x 10" glossies of Jesus. We were not actually able to locate Wally, but rumor has it he has migrated to Acapulco. Way to go, Wally.

If by some freakish chance you happen to know of a contender we left out—whether male, female, vegetable or mineral—don't call us. We'll call you.

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Meher Baba, The Godhead, did not speak for 44 years

Yet His Sayings Live On

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GURU BABA IS:

- Buddha
- Jesus
- Mohammed

INSTRUCTION IN:

- Right Knowledge
- Law of Karma
- Divine Love
- Ventriloquism

415-8101

SERVING THE GREATER WORLD AND ITS ENVIRONS

THE SPORTSEDAN *(continued from page 150)*

France, has increased demand in the European market to a point where it seems almost certain that the factory will forgo the grief of trying to probe through the rising fog bank of regulations from Washington. The upshot is that once the current stock has left the showrooms, the courageous and highly original Citroën SM probably will not be sold in America again. So much for the bureaucrats' campaign to upgrade automotive quality in the United States.

Jaguar is reeling under similar Government pressures, although it is likely that its superb XJ6 and XJ12L sedans will remain available. Both the 6- and the 12-cylinder version of the automobile encountered extreme difficulty in passing the Government's 1974 exhaust-emission tests and there has been no 1974 version of the XJ12 in the lucrative California market, because it could not pass the state's more stringent air-quality standards. This has caused sales to slump badly, although the sensuous styling, the excellent performance and the indigenous glamor of the Jaguar name have kept demand for sedans at a high level. The difficulties in obtaining exhaust certification, coupled with the ongoing strikes, slowdowns, walkouts and protests that have become such frustrating facets of the British automobile industry, have conspired to reduce XJ-sedan supplies to near zero in America. British Leyland, the U.S. importer of Jaguar cars, entered last summer with an inventory of 156 XJs. "When you count those that are being kept by dealers for their wives to drive, you come up with zero for the public to purchase," says one company man.

Since the XJ6 was introduced in 1968, it has stood among the cleanest, most efficient five-passenger sedans in history. Low (54.1 inches) and slippery, the car quickly gained a reputation for silent running and responsive handling. Its six-cylinder engine is a refined version of the venerable double-overhead-camshaft unit developed in the late Forties that carried Jaguars to five victories at Le Mans in the Fifties. After 30 years of refinement, the bulky, rather heavy, low-revving six is a quiet and reliable device, making the car particularly smooth at low cruising speeds. At velocities over 90 mph, the XJ develops unseemly wind noises and its old six appears to be getting short of breath, which only increases the impression that the XJ6 is a rather sedate old lady when compared with the competition. Realizing this, Jaguar introduced its new 12-cylinder engine in 1971, which was exactly the kind of contemporary power plant the neat XJ chassis needed. For between $1500 and $2000 extra, the XJ12 produced better acceleration, three miles per gallon worse gas consumption (13½ *vs.* 16½) and the strange owner satisfaction of knowing that beneath that sloping hood lay the only 12-cylinder engine available in a mass-produced four-door sedan. A buyer also obtains a heavy dose of traditional English automobile ambience, which features expanses of thickly varnished, deep-grained wood paneling and seats stitched up in aromatic yards of soft leather. All XJs, be they sixes or the new XJ12L, which has a four-inch-longer wheelbase and has replaced the XJ12, are imported into the U.S. in one configuration: fully equipped except for the AM/FM radio. All available options are bolted on, meaning the purchaser gets everything from a new, quite efficient climate-control air conditioner to automatic door locks to an antiquated, lumpy Borg-Warner three-speed automatic transmission, whether he wants them or not.

Despite the supply and certification problems with the XJs, British Leyland has every intention of selling them in America. "We feel the car can be very formidable in this country," says a Jaguar spokesman. "But you've got to remember that Jaguar is a comparatively small organization. Our total output is fewer than 35,000 cars a year, whereas Mercedes-Benz produces nearly ten times that many. That means our engineering staff is under heavy strain to comply with Government safety and emission regulations. American luxury cars are large and heavy, generally with substantial surpluses of space where you can tuck components such as five-mph bumper mountings and catalytic mufflers. But a car like the XJ is tightly skinned, with the bodywork wrapped around the mechanical pieces like a surgical glove. Finding a few cubic inches of extra space for something like a catalytic muffler can mean a redesign. That, quite simply, is why there aren't more XJs in America, but Jaguar is on the threshold of a major expansion in production facilities and hopefully that situation will improve in the immediate future."

If Jaguars are hard to come by, the opposite is the case with Mercedes-Benzes. The 450SE, base price $15,820, is selling at a brisk clip, despite the current economic woes, meaning that Daimler-Benz of North America aspires to equaling its 1973 sales figure, when 9369 SEs and SELs were sold. This is a rather minuscule number when compared with the 202,156 Cadillac de Villes delivered during the same period but becomes impressive when judged against the more expensive Fleetwood sedans, which accounted for only 22,000 sales. Mercedes-Benz has made serious inroads into the top echelons of the domestic luxury-car market and Detroit is beginning to take notice. "It's relatively simple," says one

"Since the new flexible working hours began, Seymour, we haven't been able to locate yours."

Introducing the Jeep CJ/5 in "Jeans"

Look what the well dressed Jeep CJ/5 is wearing! New Levi's® styled seats with matching fold-down top. Made of rugged, easy to care for vinyl fabric in absolutely authentic styling—right down to the copper rivets. Built to take plenty of rough treatment and most anything the weather can dish out.

Choose Levi's® blue or Levi's® tan—to complement vehicle color.

The Levi's® interior is standard on the Jeep Renegade (shown above) and optional on the standard Jeep CJ/5.

Levi's® and Jeep Corporation—two names at home in the great outdoors—waiting for you! Jeep wrote the book on 4-wheel drive.

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From a Subsidiary of
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"I think all this emphasis on performance is unhealthy in the long run."

who is close to the Mercedes-Benz selling campaign in the U. S. "The Germans have assigned a high priority to selling cars in this market. They've hired top people, spent lots of money for distribution, marketing and advertising—in the neighborhood of $5,000,000 to $6,000,000, which is more than Jaguar, Citroën and BMW combined—and have developed a tough, enthusiastic and cohesive network of about 400 dealers. The advertising campaign, which emphasized the *rationality* of buying a $16,000 automobile, where the competition kept harping on glamor, has worked. The snowball syndrome is in effect and people who would otherwise never have thought of a Mercedes—never have considered anything but a Cadillac or a Lincoln—are spending almost twice the money to get a 450SE." The 450SE may or may not be twice as good a car, but the miracle is selling a car that costs that much in such quantities.

If any sedan in the world is worth nearly $16,000, it is probably the 450SE. Aside from the approximately $500 that can be spent for real leather upholstery (standard on the SEL), almost nothing is optional on the 450SE, meaning that air conditioning, a superb three-speed automatic transmission, power windows, a vacuum lock for all doors *and* the gas cap, four-wheel power disk brakes and AM/FM radio come as part of the basic package. There is nothing frivolous about the automobile. It is the embodiment of Germanic thoroughness. While its body style is hardly dazzling when compared with others of its class, the 450SE is quite aerodynamic and immune from interior wind noises. Moreover, the infrastructure of the car is designed to absorb prodigious crash impacts without deforming. Mercedes-Benz takes safety very seriously and builds its automobiles to handle well enough to elude dangerous situations—called evasive capability—and to protect its passengers with structural rigidity and proper interior padding, etc., if a collision is unavoidable. All this creates within the car an atmosphere of Spartan utility; but then, the Germans have never been famous for their giddiness when it comes to machinery. With a top speed of nearly 130 mph and an inspired four-wheel independent suspension that produces impeccable behavior regardless of the road surface, the 450SE represents another level of consciousness beyond that of the standard Detroit luxury automobile. Mercedes-Benz set out to produce the most perfect mass-produceable four-door sedan and succeeded; it's that simple.

Presuming one aspires to a Mercedes but cannot dupe his banker into lending him $16,000, he can easily turn to German alternates: the BMW Bavaria or its more elaborate sister, the 3.0 S. While the Bavaria is closer kin to the six-cylinder Mercedes 280, in terms of price and performance, the 3.0 S is in the 450SE's league by any standard of measurement. The BMWs are built on the same simple, solid four-door chassis introduced back in 1968 as the 2500 and 2800 models. Subsequent refinements and displacement increases in the exquisite, single-overhead-cam six-cylinder engines have resulted in the Bavaria and its gadget-loaded, immaculately constructed $13,000 sister, the 3.0 S. It is this car that most closely rivals the 450SE and, in the context of sportiness and the hedonistic pleasures of driving, is its superior. There is a certain aura of Germanic ponderousness emitted by the 450SE, much like a pudgy Wagnerian diva with a great range and perfect pitch. The emphasis is on results, not ambience, with the Mercedes-Benz, whereas the BMW 3.0 S has a quality of lightness and grace that is missing in its principal rival. Part of this is a simple function of weight: The BMW is 700 pounds lighter than the 450SE. Overall, it is a smaller automobile, with six inches less wheelbase and ten inches less over-all width than the Mercedes-Benz, and this translates into a quickness that is lacking in the larger automobile. This is enhanced by the availability of a slick four-speed manual transmission (unobtainable on U. S.-version XJs and 450SEs), which makes the 3.0 S easily the most responsive of these supersedans. Mounted in the curving, fully adjustable leather seats and facing the large, dished steering wheel and a bank of black-faced aircraft-type instruments, the 3.0 S driver experiences a sensation of command to be found only in first-class motorcars. The first urge is to drive too fast, because cars such as the BMW (as well as the Citroën, Jaguar and Mercedes) become keener, more acute devices at high speed. Their suspensions angle them through corners without effort, their steering gears point them with perfection, the brakes gnaw at the pavement with a fierceness unknown in most American machines. Yet this is done in an atmosphere of serenity, with modest mechanical sounds and minimal noises from wind and road engulfing the driver. Cars like the BMW have been designed to operate at steady 90-to-100-mph cruising speeds, carrying four passengers in air-conditioned splendor. It is a capability virtually misunderstood by most of the men who drive monster Caddies and Lincolns, and the attempt to describe to them the beauty of wailing down a highway in a BMW is like Wilt Chamberlain's trying to transmit the pleasure of a slam dunk to a pack of pygmies.

The BMW 3.0 S is a very fast motorcar. With a top speed of just under 130 mph, and a 0–60 time in the ten-second range, it will not shame itself in any traffic, yet its performance comes from a modestly sized three-liter (182-cubic-inch) engine that many experts believe to be among the most sophisticated passenger-car power plants ever built. Consider that this engine, in this era of performance-choking pumps and valves intended to purify exhaust emissions, produces 170 horsepower (in comparison, the Cadillac, with an engine *318* cubic inches

©"21" Blended Scotch Whisky, bottled in Scotland. 86 proof. Imported by "21" Brands, Inc., N.Y.C.

larger, produces only 20 additional horsepower) while providing mileage in the 20-mpg range. The engineers at the BMW works in Munich have developed a magical combustion-chamber design (for you German-technology fans, it's called *Dreikugelwirbelwannerbrennraum,* or trispherical, turbulence-inducing combustion chamber) that is so efficient that it produces power *and* economy *and* clean exhaust without the complicated antipollutant plumbing necessary for most engines to meet American Environmental Protection Agency standards.

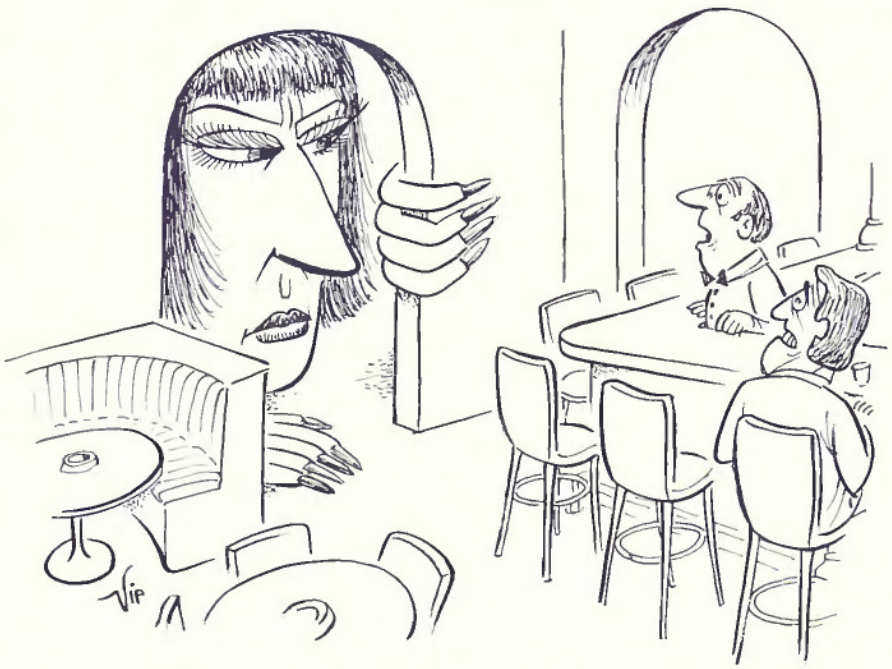
Like the 450SE, the 3.0 S comes packed with every conceivable gadget, with the purchaser given the options only to add a sun roof, metallic paint and a limited-slip differential. Another $396 will buy the automatic-transmission version of the 3.0 S, which has slightly poorer acceleration, somewhat diminished fuel economy and, for fanciers of rapid transit, a lower threshold of driving pleasure. The rapid revaluation of the German mark and certain internal complications with the American distributor have seen the price of the Bavaria nearly double in the past three years—and have boosted the 3.0 S from $11,500 to just under $13,000 in the past 12 months. This same phenomenon has hit all German imports. Volkswagen and Porsche as well as BMW and Mercedes, and sales have faltered due to the staggering prices. At $9000 to $10,000, the 3.0 S was a bargain, but at $13,000, many potential customers are being lured toward the better-known 450SE for a few thousand more. BMW realizes this problem and is increasing its advertising efforts as a countermeasure. Last year, only 481 of these superb machines were sold in the U. S. (coupled with 3457 of the cheaper Bavarias), but the parent company, like Mercedes, appears committed to selling automobiles in America.

This is a good thing. Not only will it produce inestimable driving pleasure for a tiny knot of fortunates who buy the cars but the very presence of such cars—the 3.0 S, the 450SE, the XJ12L and, if the powers that be change their minds, the SM—is a powerful force for good on the American automotive scene. These machines represent an allegiance to creative excellence in a nation inured to dull, mass-class cars of compromise. They stand in mute testimony that really excellent motorcars can be produced and sold. Most important, they reaffirm that aged bromide that good things come in small packages.

This nugget is beginning to sink into the brains of the men who run the American auto industry. Buffeted by sagging sales in the energy crisis and baffled by mass defections of the very rich toward the supersedans, Detroit has begun to recognize the essential goodness of small, terse luxury cars. Both Pontiac and Oldsmobile have modified intermediate sedans (the Grand Am and the Cutlass Salon) to reflect a more European sense of styling, if not of performance. Chevrolet has produced several models with radiator shells blatantly copied from the Mercedes-Benz, and Chrysler has unashamedly photographed its pentastar emblem in television commercials to suggest an association with the Mercedes three-pointed star. But those efforts are puny compared with Ford's 1975 Granada and Mercury Monarch models, both of which claim such close identity with the Mercedes that comparison drawings of the 280 Mercedes were circulated to the press during the cars' introductory previews. Mercedes and BMW sized (109-inch wheelbase, 199 inches overall), the mechanically identical Granada and Monarch have been called "nickel-nose Mercedes," but there is little question that they represent a growing awareness in Detroit that future automobiles must be smaller and more cleanly engineered than today's so-called family-size sedans. Surely, the new Ford products are good news, but they remain middle-priced machines, hardly intended to compete in terms of quality or damn-the-expense engineering with the 3.0 S or the 450SE. That final test of strength will come from the old Yankee standard-bearer, Cadillac. Yes, after decades of producing only the largest, most ostentatious luxury vehicles, Cadillac will market, beginning in February, a small, luxurious four-seat sedan called the LaSalle (resurrecting the name of a low-priced Caddy product taken off the market in 1940). The car will be slightly larger than the European supersedans (114-inch wheelbase) but will reportedly cost over $10,000 and be aimed smack at Mercedes-Benz. The LaSalle will utilize a totally new body shell and, understanding General Motors' tradition for using such shells throughout its line—Cadillacs, for example, use the same body shell as the large Buicks, Oldsmobiles and Pontiacs—it is likely that the car is the beginning of a whole new generation of middle-sized, top-quality cars. The car was originally designed to employ Wankel power, but now that GM has encountered some development problems with the rotary engine, a normal V8 will propel the first models, at least.

How will the LaSalle compare with the supersedans? That is difficult to determine, except that speculation is strong that the car will come closer to the mark than any American effort up to now. If Cadillac's engineers can resist the effort to maintain the rather dead-feeling suspension and steering that characterize their larger automobiles, they will have taken a quantum leap toward returning American sedans to a point where they can once again be compared with the best in the world.

But until that day arrives, if your sensibilities and bank account are such that you can aspire to the most intelligent, most exciting—and safest—sedan transportation in the world, the odds favor your next car's coming from Europe.



"Honest, Mrs. Shaw, he hasn't been in all evening."

© 1974 Lorillard

Newport

Alive with pleasure!

After all, if smoking isn't a pleasure, why bother?

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

Kings: 17 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine; 100's: 21 mg. "tar," 1.5 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Mar. '74.

GETTING OFF *(continued from page 182)*

Tony Pastor's. Dudley's virtues included generosity with gifts and specializing in servicing wild young herds. A half-dozen rowdies, turned hypermanic by ventures into the forbidden, might accompany Dudley to his apartment, there to drink his booze, steal his trinkets or bully, threaten or slap him around. Poor Dudley: So great was his hot thirst that all save near-certifiable homicidal maniacs would be welcomed back.

To accommodate a Dudley in group safety was one thing; to slip away alone was much the deeper sin. Only if desperately broke, unusually drunk or particularly fired in the loins did one dare. No, any one-on-one relationship conjured up visions too darkly near final perversions. It was, in such cases, ever so much more blessed to receive than to give. One just did not do it; there was a numbing horror even in being suspected of having tooted the skin-flute.

Thus were we tenderly shaped for our connubial beds.

• • •

Those iron maidens who had denied our high school fantasies spent the early Fifties in husband huntings. Increasingly, as they aged on the dark side of 20, they offered samples of themselves. Some lay board stiff and crippled by history; others developed a surprising sweet wantonness. It was like discovering gold: Riddles were solved, beauty glimpsed; much of the bed's taint dropped away. Where once cunnilingus bespoke depravity and dirty wit (one might be accused of "eating at the Y . . . gobbling a box lunch . . . munching hair pie . . . yodeling in the canyon"), we learned the world could become a pretty place down there in the wet warm silken musky.

We took brides. Life temporarily became one long raunchy punching liquid honeymoon. Even if we did not adore our mates excessively—for, in those days, one married simply when the time came—or even if we sensed that the meat might not always remain so sweet, we lost ourselves in free, new, officially licensed carnality. Young women who had kissed with closed lips fell to gaspings and gurglings south of the curly pubic border. Friends were shut out and appointments missed while we gorged.

Then came weepy pregnant wives who wore hair curlers to market, proclaimed bedtime headaches and otherwise imitated their mothers. We knew washdays, bad debts, heartless bosses, crying babies. "The honeymoon's over" took on new profundities. Soon even the fresh miracle of television palled. With little to encourage us at home, our loins stirred anew; the old chase resumed. We began to suspect that it might be endless. Perhaps that long hot race toward infinity, so compulsive and vital even if only momentarily rewarding, was intended as training for purgatory.

More experienced and grown less fearful of celestial bolts, we willingly accommodated divorcees, frustrated husband hunters or ladies not totally satisfied with things at home. Our best teachers often were ten or more years our elders. Made wise and cynical by their own disenchantments, they appeared beautifully casual and practiced beyond belief; one need not bleat that he loved them or fear new wedding dirges. So long as news of our broken fidelity did not limp home to tattle, it seemed, we might enjoy fruitful dalliances plagued only by fleeting visitations of minor guilt.

Ah, too good to last. Our experienced consorts progressively revealed themselves as brittle, bruised, bitter. Rather than blithe spirits, they proved to be women of growing desperations and scar-tissue hearts. Secret drunks and resentful abandoned part-time mothers, they burdened us with their pains and frightened us with bleak visions of tomorrow. We learned what exotic snakes writhed in cold connubial beds: of husbands queer or given to scary fetishes; of premature ejaculations and impotence; of naked bullies and satyrs and mental eunuchs; of middle-aged men who too clearly remembered Momma's admonitions on the care and feeding of their mischievous little dinky-johns. We learned that old heroes of the football field, the business community or—yes!—even the classroom or the pulpit figuratively stood in dark corners, protectively cupping their gonads. Grown weary of such dismal recitals, we contributed one more harsh vigorous grudge fuck and were gone.

We prowled in search of assignations threatening fewer involvements. Alas, the world is not so made. Except for whores, such casual alliances were in short supply. So professional ladies reentered our lives, often after we had drunk ourselves into semistupors in the heating presence of strippers grinding and bumping and flashing their G strings under surrealistic purple lights. Our members made as hard as Chinese arithmetic by such joyless shows, we raged red-eyed and foul-breathed into the night with nameless companions paid to accommodate our loveless desperate thrashings. Later, dully sobered and dreading the early bugles of our jobs, we slipped in quietly against waking our sleeping innocent cursed sexless children.

• • •

In our early 30s—in Ike's last official years of reign or Kennedy's first and final few—we seemed to come, however temporarily, to new and semirestful accommodations with our libidos. Perhaps we were merely frazzled and thrashed out; perhaps natural rhythms dictated that we pause to blow; perhaps, finding ourselves more than formerly in our careers, it became less necessary to seek rewards in couplings. Or, perhaps, our wives suddenly returned from their damp tiring worlds of swollen seedings, morning sicknesses, diaper duties, predawn feedings. Our children, in school, required fewer constant attentions. Their mothers, with fresh opportunities to consult mirrors and their souls, now painted up, patched up and perked up: dieted, exercised, surrendered old hair styles and offered new fashions. Warmer, more comfortable lusts visited and were made welcome. Home fuckings became less frantic or competitive, more leisurely; there was not so much of vengeance in them; they approached good honest fun.

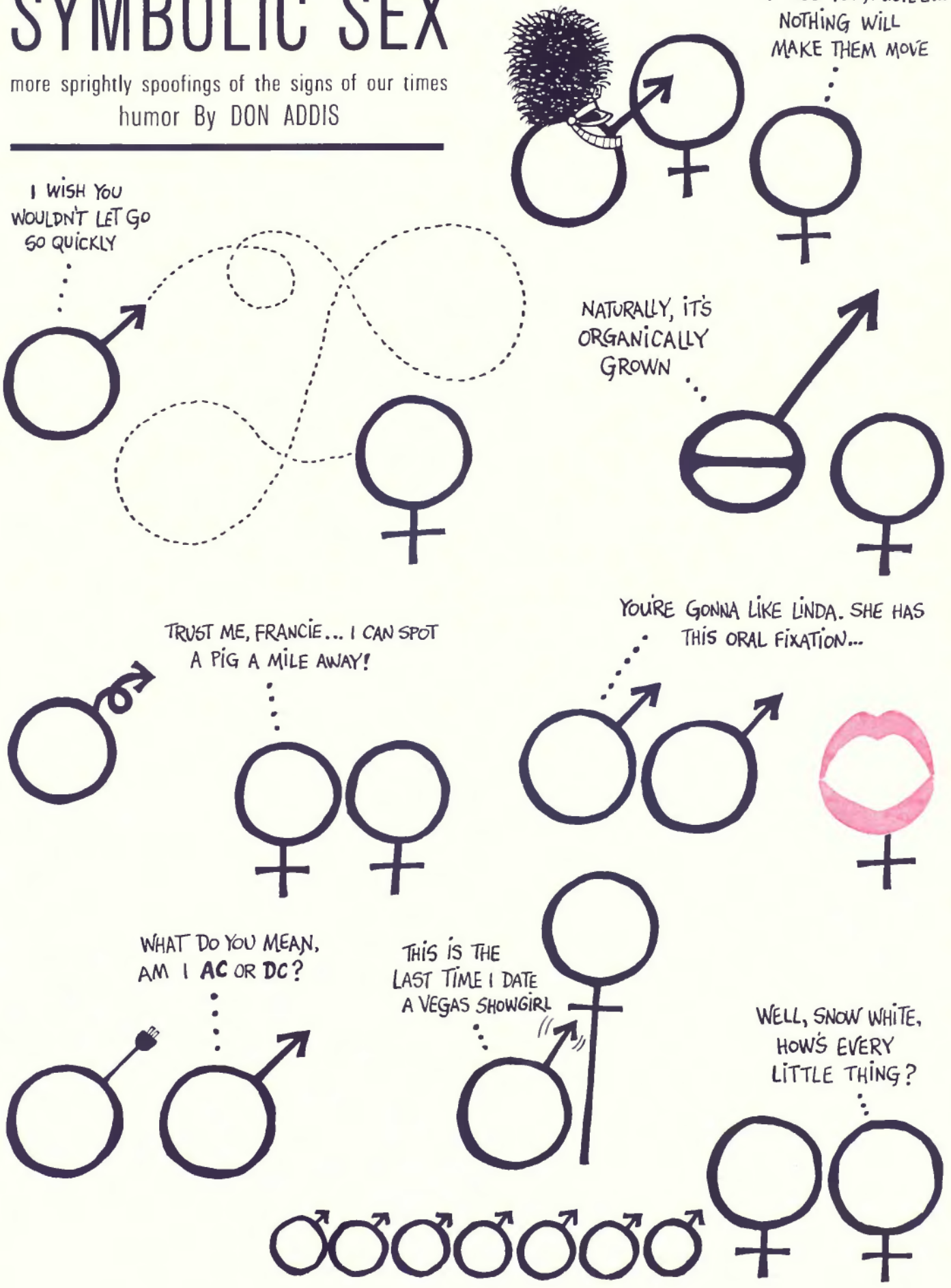
Things were sexually loosening up a bit. Dr. Kinsey had relieved certain hoary nagging fears or guilts by revealing that others knew them, too. If Hollywood remained timid in its products or if *Time* saw fit to remark on Lloyd Bridges' having said a real live curse word on live television, or if Jack Paar had to briefly abdicate in tears because he'd risked a tame "water-closet" joke—well, at least a certain bold magazine had found fame, fortune and respectability in providing airbrushed views of naked ladies who, apparently, had trouble cultivating their pubic growths; newer editions of Norman Mailer's war novel abandoned the transparent deception of "fugging." If not all young marrieds acted out their fantasies of the suburban wife swappings they now read of, almost everyone remarked it—even if masking their fearful semihopes in jests and snickers. Couples gathered over canasta games and wine, fired and freed by verbalizing sex in mixed company, might experiment with occasional bouts of strip poker, safely stopping at those fixed borders defined by sightings of bras, shorts and panties. Group sex—the merry manic orgies of a later day—we could only imagine in the deeper secret cellars of the mind. Those initial self-conscious strip-poker beginnings, however, offered new opportunities outside the home. Once one had seen a visiting wife in the semialtogether, it became somehow easier to steal quick hot kitchen kisses or attempt closet caresses. Often nothing much came of such gropings; occasionally, something did.

Those internal extracurricular affairs were, strangely, loyally monogamous ones. Should Bob begin to tap June's syrups or Jane to surreptitiously entertain Bill, then likely the affairs continued for months or even for years. When the guilty parties were absent from gatherings of other regulars, their presumed secrets might be fully—even clinically or analytically—discussed. Few, perhaps because of their own glass houses, ran to tell tales or make trouble. Indeed, not only were cuckolded husbands or betrayed wives protected from hurtful intelligence but

SYMBOLIC SEX

more sprightly spoofings of the signs of our times

humor By DON ADDIS



the conspiracy of silence protected June or Bill, should it be discovered that Bob periodically enjoyed his secretary or that Jane found occasional comfort in some third man's theme. To take a lover was almost synonymous with taking a second wife or husband.

Such second wives or husbands originally provided immense satisfactions. One might eat of the fruit without watering the tree. Yet—because no one was eager to wreck a friend's home, or his or her own—one ran small risks outside the norms of accidental discovery. One might know sexual variety, even a special tenderness, without paying in worry of due bills or mortgages; need not view one's partner flopping about in hair curlers or unshaven; might be spared echoes of gas-easing farts or careless splashy pisses from open-door-policy bathrooms. One need listen only to sweet gossip of the unsuspected sexual peccadilloes of old acquaintances or—better yet—to the heated whoopings and sensual cries of a partner who came, best foot forward, determined only to throw a loose-jointed untroubled fuck: dishes, diapers and debts be damned. There were vestiges of romance, too, in the simple fact of illicit rendezvous; one might imagine a dash of Bogart or Flynn in himself: feel leaner, meaner, briefly unconquerable. Perhaps one never is so warm as when wrapped in another man's blanket.

These couplings provided romantic illusions of near perfection, as Hollywood and the marriage manuals had encouraged—and as deposits of baby crap, tangled-haired prebreakfast burpings, mediocre home cooking, lost freedoms and other unwritten guarantees of the marriage contract sadly could not. Opium, of course. Pipe dreams. Bubbles for bursting. A second husband or wife eventually came to act like one: to criticize, nag, require, demand. Dissatisfied with earlier near perfections, one or another partner ultimately and perversely demanded impossible confessions, divorces, new beginnings. Threats followed tears: final cleavings followed in stutter step behind growing thoughts of dangerous explosions threatening public exposure, domestic chaos and career embarrassments. Pangs of new losses soon would be replaced by sighs of relief and resignation. Ah, it hurt good! And after private internal vows never again to become so vulnerable to victimization, the lovers were free to seek fresher, more exciting, more nearly perfect sins.

• • •

Wiser and more mature, we now were situated to assist our children toward botching their own sex lives. If our personal practices were more permissive than those of our parents, we remained almost as traditional (and grew more hypocritical) in our teachings. Mothers who had known the delights and dangers of multiple roots gave harmless pet names to their sons' personal tools while preaching purity to their daughters. Fathers hid their dirty books, prurient thoughts and soiled linen. Maybe we no longer claimed delivery by storks; nonetheless, we offered only vapors in failing to explain exactly how the cute little baby got into Mommy's stomach. If we did not threaten a new generation of masturbators with blindness or worse, we remained conventionally terrified at thoughts of prematurely pregnant daughters or diseased sons. The way Elvis waggled his ass and dry-humped microphone stands or the air disturbed as well as amused us once we saw our children digging and then emulating. At once star-struck fans and repeated victims of lust, we recognized its subconscious beginnings. Unfair that lust should cause us trouble in our descendants, it having so devilishly tormented our own flesh and lives.

Such selfish, protective thoughts surfaced at a time when we foolishly half-presumed ourselves finished with the ancient, instinctive seekings. That time comes, often around 35, when the game suddenly seems not worth the candle. What gain in all those tiresome deceptions, hustles, risks, disappointments? We have sampled strange nectars: However sweet they once may have registered on our tongues, what purpose remains in

courting their certain vinegars? Might abstinence make the heart grow fonder? Men in such musings take to smoking pipes; women adopt ceramics. More energies are poured into the making of money and its domestic spendings. Recreation rooms are newly furbished; station wagons replace convertibles with white sidewalls. Dogged attentions are showered on P.T.A. meetings, little-league heroics, small-fry ballet recitals. Television is more watched; books are more read; we are earlier to bed. We gain weight without seeing the ounces until they announce themselves as pounds. Our couplings—at home or away—grow more sporadic, more perfunctory, more dutiful. Rip van Winkle slept here. . . .

Ah, how false the signals of peace!

• • •

I suppose you could call us Old Boys now. We are 45 or past, veterans of many bedroom wars; we have taken our casualties in messy divorces, ditto abortions and double ditto in-house deaths. A high percentage have shed their original wives and, in some cases, lost their replacements to the grave or other attritions. We have reached that stage where, as John Prine sings, "all the news just repeats itself"; we are not easily surprised.

Our children have risen apart from us, becoming semistrangers who visit during summer vacations to puzzle with their deepening voices, rapid growths and clannish generational secrets. We know enough of them and of the world, however, to sense that they no longer sleep in innocent sexless wonder. They are children of their century and their decade, precocious random honest fornicators and straightforward smokers of dope. And though it was inevitable that their world and their times would shape their appetites, we harbor nagging guilts of habits they developed—of scary bloody abortions suffered or young lives forever limited by shotgun weddings—during our absenteeism. *Ole Elvis, goddamn, he got 'em. . . .*

Since crossing that invisible dismal border marking our 40th milestones, we have gingerly tiptoed among middle-aging booby traps unexpectedly springing themselves in the psyche. We drink more than formerly, paying more of our flesh in tardy incomplete recoveries. Some mornings we wake feeling, inexplicably, that night-roaming elves and dwarfs have beaten our bones and spirits with small sticks. Mod hair styles often fail to camouflage our upstairs losses; some gallantly fight the battle of the bulge, while others long ago met it waving white flags. In the night, we suspect malfunctioning livers, budding malignant growths, treacherous hearts plotting attack. *John Garfield's heart burst while he was humping, you know.* We have blinking self-aborting thoughts of those years, approaching at jet speeds, when the mustard becomes too old for cutting. Life's game, at best, has ticked into the early third quarter: We try not to think that we may be two touchdowns behind, facing third and long. Such musings are not improved by grandchildren or by the knowledge that—beginning with that first bleak dawn past our 40th birthdays—we have lived closer to the frosty borders of 60 than to those remembered sunny climes of 20.

Think not, however, that we zipped up or locked away our puds. No, for as in an earlier time, they again became vital to our personal affirmations. Our conduct as we passed 40 gave ex-wives the sour satisfactions of mumbling—with some accuracy—about there being no fools like old fools. Perhaps never before had we run that agonizing old race of the libido with such full-throttle furies, with such crazed and manic abandon. Fair enough, we told ourselves: Even long-distance runners go all out in the home stretch, eh, wot?

The times have been kind to our Old Boy needs and urges. Given the randier inclinations, one may bed down in groups and clusters and bunches, boys and girls—even, once in a while, black and white—mixing together in multiple tanglings. Once the new guilt flushes pass, it beats old-fashioned wife swapping all hollow, save for an occasional

Sauza Puss
(and how it's made)

If you think all tequilas are pretty much alike, just wait till you get a taste of Tequila Sauza. It's not only the best-selling tequila in the world—it's the *only* tequila you can use to make a Sauza Puss. Here's how to do it.

First, pour yourself a nice healthy shot of Tequila Sauza and cut yourself a wedge of lime. Then, while holding the lime, pour some salt on the curve of your hand—between the thumb and forefinger. Now you're ready.

While standing in front of a mirror, quickly lick the salt, bite into the lime, and drink the Sauza. Now look in the mirror.

You've just made your first Sauza Puss. Congratulations!

Tequila Sauza

Tequila 80 Proof. Sole U.S. Importer. National Distillers Products Co., N.Y.

"You lied to us about Santa Claus, marijuana and sex—how do we know you're not lying to us about granola?"

hairy butt in your face. Why, hell, you can even advertise in the classifieds for such opportunities! There are magazines devoted wholly to swingers, specifying their place or yours and what French or Greek or leather or pee-peeing specialties they enjoy. Such circuses are not confined to the wicked Sodoms and Gomorrahs of the Eastern Seaboard, now. Nosir, out there in small-town Indiana or Nebraska or down yonder in de land ob cotton—*in middle America, now!*—folks are getting kinkier than a pig's tail in a rainstorm. There are *clubs* you can belong to, with dances and trophies awarded for trick fucking and best bisexual pyramids and only Satan knows what all. Yessir, yesterday's old voyeuristic dreams come alive right before your eyes in the nation's inns and not-so-private bedrooms. Come on, now: Are such casual group minglings truly pleasing to Old Boys required to suppress all prior teachings before stripping down?

Yes.

And no.

The *idea*, maybe, is better than the real-life fleshy participation. (Ah, do we revert back to those first guilty inexpert fuzzy boyish couplings when one found great chasms between the advertised dream and the true reality? Have we come at long last, tired old punished flesh, full circle?)

Yes, there can be rising saps, thrills and fevers in plain ole nameless hot carnal thrustings; in climbing multiple mounts without worrying over whose brands they wear or, even, how many yowling spectators may watch one's frenzied buckings and snortings from the stands. When one's head is properly attuned to such sex rodeos, the life of the cowboy is a wonderful one, indeed. On the other hand, the head does not always sing in perfect pitch; no, it can yowl off key. Somebody gets excessively rough, someone else is too fat or has halitosis, a third somebody becomes tardily possessive or a fourth insists on a particular sexual game one prefers not to play. And after the initial fevers dissipate (after he's had a ride or two, so to speak), an Old Boy sitting in a corner with his wine and observing the hot buckings and pitchings of others . . . well, he sees some pretty silly, pointless and dangerous shit coming down. Maybe it's just that one whose paternal grandfather had his head blown off for being discovered in the wrong bed feels too much old blood in his veins—hears too much danger yelling warnings from his genes—to be comfortable punching other men's wives and girlfriends in front of their very eyes. Maybe, goddamn it, people simply ought to be *better* than that. Maybe, by God, some things *ought* to be sacred. Perhaps these *are* the last days. . . .

Well, invariably, group saps rise again. Still, one never participates without knowing decent postperformance regrets: small ones, often, easily brushed back into the mind and locked in; large ones, sometimes, that spill out and howl, demanding to know of one what he has become; requiring answers he cannot give.

• • •

Difficult to speak for those Old Boys who have retained their original wives, those who have given daily service to the tedious upbringing of children and to carving family turkeys on holidays. As traditional values go, such Dear Old Dads surely deserve higher marks than those of us who have feverishly rambled—whether by plan or by fate or for reasons we cannot name—in search of periodic renewals. Certainly, the stay-at-homes appear more stable; probably they are more content (even if it has meant trimming back sails, stifling urges, ignoring fevers, avoiding adventure), though one wonders how many, if any, are truly happier. Their sex lives, one suspects, are relatively uninspiring: Variety and risks are vital components in the sex game, and these the stay-at-homes have largely forfeited. One imagines for them little more than cataleptic wives; occasional uneasy flings with this or that office cutie; one-night stands while conventioneering in Des Moines. And it has been established that such good family men represent key economic factors in the commercial reckonings of whores. The few loyal family men with whom one has maintained close contact sometimes seem to envy the more foot-loose, though only perhaps when the moon reaches certain ascensions or they've imbibed past their norms. Well, peace to such fine fellows; bluebirds and blue ribbons to them, and unexpected bonuses of beautiful wanton airline hostesses or fiery Playboy Bunnies on their next outings; They deserve prime consolations.

In their private continuations, roving Old Boys conversely tend to seek out younger women—partners little or no older than their daughters—because, you see, they force the better provings. Limber, lithe and loving (not yet spent of

"This is my first fan letter ever. And it's to a car!

Before I bought it, I knew the Civic was great on gas and priced right. But what a treat it is to drive!

I could spend hours just making U-turns and parking in impossible places.

I don't know if I can put into words how fine my Civic is and how much I really love it.

But I want you to know, I sure can feel it." *Ann Fogelhut, Los Angeles, California*

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Honda Civic. More miles of smiles than anybody.

emotional coin, relatively unscarred and not yet as bloody as the world shall render them, looser than their mothers in their psyches and habits), they reassure with tales of younger bloods so impatient to achieve their own satisfactions that they ignore the sexual nuances in favor of *boom-bam, thank-you-ma'am* techniques. Such sweet songs make the Old Boys feel wise and appreciated tutors, afford rare opportunities to pity young men as well as to envy them: no small gifts to Dirty Old Men who need love, too.

Risks may attend these May-December unions. Often people mistake an Old Boy's lover for his daughter or too quickly defer him chairs at parties where all other revelers own flat bellies and seem to recall John F. Kennedy as our first President. Old Boys are likely to hear sarcasm or imagine insults in the polite "sirs" bestowed upon them; unless careful, they may brand themselves walking anachronisms through references to the Depression, 3-D movies or Dagmar, while others are preoccupied with the challenges of sophomore year, discontinuation of the military draft or whatever art it is that Mick Jagger performs. Old Boys able to hear themselves think above the roars of acid-rock bands may be led to solitary musings on the fates of bull elephants. In their cups, they may wonder at their true market value: *Goddamn it, am I just another foolish sugar daddy adored only for my money, position, connections?* (Pretty irrational: If the sexual revolution and movements "liberating" women have affected the Old Boys, it certainly is to their profit: Not much demanded to marry in these enlightened times, they now offer their young lovers the freedom of fuller risks; they are free to pick and choose and, having chosen, move on.)

Even when things go spanking well among the heats and sheets of May-December couplings (even if one has minimum difficulties making his unspoken weekly quota), one may find himself thinking, as William Faulkner said on completing his final novel, "I've been meaning to quit all this." Well, not exactly quit. Slow down, maybe. Pause to reflect upon what all those years of tanglings and mixings have meant; on what has been gained or learned—or lost or forgotten—in life's many beds.

Not that the balls whoop and clatter with any less enthusiasm when celebrating their function; no, it's just that perhaps they aren't as compulsive about calling attention to themselves as formerly. A time comes when the excesses of youth seem not merely wasteful but foolish and somehow vulgar. One is tempted to advise his juniors that Rome wasn't built in a day, that the race—not always to the swift—is too long for sprinting and must be paced. Jaded Old Boy thoughts, of course. The musings of one who, having experienced most of the gimmicks and all the known possibilities, now is free to remember all the faceless parades and mock shows and to wonder at the sum total of his fractional satisfactions.

And just as one becomes convinced he is at long last master of his libido and captain of his soul, that he has fed his crotch hungers to fill and has tight reign on earlier wilder lusts—*boom!*—the world wafts its incense, provides triggering new aphrodisiacs, shoves him toward the starting line again. . . .

It may happen as he enters some peeling old beer joint, close cousin to those of his youth, where Willie Nelson or Ray Price or Mickey Newbury sweetly wail of unrequited love while tough-faced young barmaids with firm prize asses twitch and switch them enough to make good men quit home. He senses life's tangier juices in such primitive pits; dangers and challenges; violence lurking and heaving under paper-thin skins. (Ah, yes, not to Freud your thumbs to nubs, *but*: Fucking is stabbing; the joint is a gun; the spontaneous language of carnality often employs the tongues of killers and sadists and footpads; more vengeances may have been gained on mattresses than in all of history's executions.)

Or, another day, he spies the sleek groomed perfect face of a clothes filly striding her colors proudly on the sidewalks of New York, carrying herself as if transporting precious jewels, bearing the simple wonderful gift of herself. Or on some sunny beach, original life forces seeming to creep up once again from the sea as if to settle in the groin's brain to whoop of renewing the species, he sees acres of womanly flesh—jiggling, bouncing, sprawling, strolling, running, slouching—in varied sun belts of tan bespeaking many seasons, and he may ache with the simple selfish impossibility of having it *all*. Or a lady in residence slips from the shower, at once cool and flushed, full of new mysteries hidden in lovely caves meant for exploring—and, well, over the roar of revitalized blood and the quick clamor of clapping gongs, he decides to postpone retirement at least until tomorrow.

• • •

And what of the used and discarded? Where are those luckless old partners of yesteryear's fun? What are those sad grieving women doing these days?

Making it, probably. Repeating prior cycles in teaching their own unfinished semineophyte lovers new tricks and *our* old hidden mattress frailties. Having their own spirited semifinal goes with someone else's husband or roving free-lance opportunist. Still trying to find which shell hides the pea; still fitting holes to pegs; still wondering—just as we are—at The Big Purpose. Let us hope such mixed blessings for them, anyway. The alternative is a surrender to the hounds and to dowager's humps, a quitting of the spices, preoccupations with lamentations and regrets (pointless wanderings in stark old battlefields where even dead spirits have forgotten who won or lost, or why) and mean-spirited envious gossip more sinful than honest fornications. So sic 'em, gals. Fuck 'em.

It's tougher for women, of course. Really is. The fem libs are on to something. They've caught on about women being stuck with kids they may not have originally wanted but couldn't obtain society's permission to abort or abandon. They've caught on that divorced or widowed women—often unskilled or with their skills atrophied, underpaid, presumed half-dotty or inherently inferior, born less free, considered as brooding stock or live-in maids—know excessive unfair horrors at the divisions of true spoils. All true, more or less. And, additionally, there exists one certain handicapping sexist law unchangeable even by the combined best intentions of Betty Friedan, Jill Johnston and Gloria Steinem: Women simply have less trade-in value the second or third or whatever time around. They are the sex market's used cars. Newer and more streamlined models roll off the lines each year, and how does a 1931 Model A loaded down with children and small dents (even one given careful polishings) compete with a spiffy 1950 Caddy convertible complete with power steering, automatic drive and flying fancy foxtails?

Women of a certain age—The Old Girls: our true contemporaries—were instructed from the grave to build nests and to fill them. That original male chauvinist pig, Santa Claus, brought them dolls and dollhouses; gifted them with Lilliputian stoves, ironing boards, tea sets, portable vacuum cleaners. Life told them: *Build nests; play house.* The Old Girls now surely recognize such games for their small profits. Even in their knowledge, however, they may have difficulty in shedding Pavlovian instincts outmoded by the times and the new morality. They are more likely to attempt accommodations with discredited myths; to seek, if not find, permanent arrangements. Love. Marriage. Yesterday's promises of wine and roses and vine-thatched cottages.

Pretty good fisherpersons have landed some mighty sorry catches that way, or have failed to attract good honest nibbles—and so became prey for predatory bait thieves. Pray for us all: inexpert anglers casting blindly in dark swift waters; ah, pray for all human salmon struggling upstream to mate.

Melt a man's heart with a gift of Johnnie Walker Red.

The world's favorite Scotch for the world's favorite season.

CLAUDIA OBSERVED

(continued from page 132)

wanted. I wanted to be an actress, yet I have always liked things that money can buy."

Claudia already owns most of the luxuries she considers essential to her lifestyle, and she got them while collecting a few rave notices that any starving artist might envy. When she starred in *Unholy Rollers*, a low-budget rival to Raquel Welch's *Kansas City Bomber*, Andy Warhol's *Interview* gave her all the best of it, naming *Rollers* the best trash movie of 1972. *Variety*'s reviewer also saluted her as delivering the year's hard-boiled performance. And talk about *mean*, no less a critic than John Simon—the man a hundred seriously wounded actresses refer to as Genghis John or Jack the Ripper—looked with special favor upon Claudia in a 1970 off-Broadway revival of *Dark of the Moon*. "Simon said my performance lit up the stage like no wattage could. . . ."

Moving right along through her Manhattan stopover, Claudia (reluctantly at first) holds forth on Claudia from the Plaza Hotel's Oyster Bar to the Autopub outdoor café ("My god, look, *fake grass*," she says, recoiling slightly, "and I used to love New York") to a health-food restaurant off Park Avenue. She turns out to be 100-odd pounds of dynamite on a rather short fuse, self-aware and articulate, quick to emphasize what she sees as real achievements but even quicker at airily summarizing some of the schlock movies she intends to put behind her now. Regarding her current *Truck Stop Women*, quoth Claudia, "I got so sick watching it, I had to check in at UCLA Hospital." She wraps up *Gator Bait* with, "It's a *Swiss Family Robinson* in the Texas swamps. . . . I just run around, jumping out of trees and skinning alligators." An elegantly wrinkled nose says all there is to say about *Group Marriage*, *Forty Carats* and *The Love Machine*.

Claudia whips into the Plaza wearing a T-shirt emblazoned with GISCARD, a souvenir of her trip to France, as well as a gift she recently gave herself—a delicate bracelet spelling out B-I-T-C-H in gold and diamonds. "That's what I always play in movies. Though it's the opposite of what I am really. I'm cast as a spitfire—bad-girl types—I suppose because being submissive is completely alien to me. There aren't many good female roles in films nowadays, so I figure I'll come into my own when I'm about 30. At this point, I can't play kids or hippies, and I sure as hell can't play the wronged wife . . . because you wouldn't believe a man cheats on me." And from that over-the-shoulder shot of realistic self-appraisal, Claudia *segues* into some less formal revelations, beginning with the fact that she has been out dancing till dawn. "I danced with all the chicks at Le Jardin. There *were* no straight couples there, believe me . . . only mixed-up twosomes. But I didn't want to hurt anybody's feelings."

She prefers to discuss Europe, where she relished having dinner with Bardot, meeting George Harrison, being photographed on the Riviera by David Hamilton, loafing in style between times at the Cannes Film Festival or at the fabulous Hôtel du Cap in Cap d'Antibes, better known as Eden Roc.

Her description of an impromptu skinny-dip in the blue Mediterranean is the kind of story that helps such international watering places preserve their chic: "It was an incredible day. I'd been eating magic mushrooms with some friends from the movie business, then wandered away stoned, took off my clothes and dove off Eden Roc into the sea. When I came out again, I couldn't find my way up to the same spot—but there was a waiter standing onshore, one of those older, oily types that you imagine must be balling all the rich matrons in the hotel. He led me off through the pine trees, stark-naked, and showed me something that was supposed to be the grave of Anatole France. I said look, this is very nice, Anatole France and all, but I've got to find my *clothes*, for God's sake.

"All I retrieved was the Giscard d'Estaing T-shirt I'm wearing. I guess nobody wanted it. That was election time, and everyone I knew in France was for Mitterrand. Voting for Giscard was like voting for Nixon."

Claudia's opinions of men, like her opinions on everything else, are rarely equivocal. "I've been surrounded by men, it seems, for the better part of my life—and there are only about five or six that I really know and respect. It would be hard to be male now. Being a man must be difficult. . . ."

The Jennings name has been linked by Hollywood gossips with Bernie Cornfeld, Johnny Carson and a host of other celebrities, including a few she has never met. "You name them, or ask Rona Barrett . . . she's had a few good shots at me. The truth is much duller. Physically, I have always gone for the same type—slim men, with tight little bodies."

The tight little body in Claudia's life these past five years belongs to Bobby Hart, a successful record producer and songwriter. They share an acre or so of Los Angeles, living in single blessedness with a 13-year-old son from Hart's first marriage. "It's the beautiful, traditional East Hampton type of house I like best," says Claudia.

Though Claudia insists that she and Bobby prefer a quiet family life, enjoying separate friends as well as mutual friends in movie and music circles, they are still a striking unconventional pair by middle-American standards. Not, for sure, like your average back-yard-barbecue types out in Gerald Ford country. "Once I was doing a personal appearance someplace in Ohio, and the Welcome Wagon reported that if Bobby and I were to move into their neighborhood, they would certainly *not* welcome me or want to live next door to me. . . . When I heard that one, I started to laugh. It's funny, because Bobby is a very spiritual, serious man . . . he's into Eastern religions. I'm more carefree than he is, but maybe I'm settling down. I don't go out on dates. Never."

Their fidelity pact, according to Claudia, was her own idea. "Bobby had a big

"It's an obscene phone call."

reputation as a swinger when he called my roommate once, looking for somebody nice to go out with. I was in Chicago at the time, shooting for Playmate of the Year, and as soon as he heard that, the phone never stopped ringing.

"Our first date was instantaneous impact. He came over and we sat looking at each other until he asked where I wanted to go. Then, how about over to his house for a cup of tea? *Tea?* I thought. *OK, I can handle that.* So we finally put the teakettle on, and I guess the water just boiled away all night."

The glint of humor in Claudia's green eyes looked about to ignite into an Olympic flame of liberation. "After *that*, I didn't hear from Bobby for ten days. Then he called to say he needed time to think. I told him I just don't do things that way, but I didn't want him sleeping with anyone else. He thought that was a bit much. But I moved in a little later and we've been together ever since. I hadn't ever lived with a guy before. But I tell you, when I make up my mind what's good for me, it usually *is*."

That I-know-where-I'm-going tone is pure Claudia and conveys more than a hint that anyone who doesn't like the direction she's headed can get off at the next stop. Taken *in toto*, however, she presents an alluring argument for hanging in there. Even a brief shopping expedition with Claudia can leave a guy breathless. Prior to her departure for Kennedy Airport, she pauses at Yves St. Laurent's men's boutique on Madison Avenue to buy things for Bobby—and spends just under $1000 on two velvet jackets and four silk shirts (pink, burnt orange, rust and blue) in a total elapsed time of 23 minutes. "Holly's Harp clothes are all I wear," she says, "along with jeans, T-shirts and blazers."

Claudia continues to muse while carelessly gathering up T-shirts and baubles in her suite at the Sherry-Netherland, repeating for the record that the Queen of the Bs is abdicating. "Every film I ever did has made money. I have a following, thanks partly to PLAYBOY and to the people who know me from drive-in movies. When I went to Hollywood, the day of the casting couch was over, but I had to deal with a lot of squirrely types—and I'm done with it. I like straightforward people. Of course, I have quieted down a lot, but I was born with an opinion on practically every subject, and I used to think everyone needed to *know* my opinion. I suppose that's why I have a reputation in Hollywood for being tough. . . ."

Tough? Maybe. But even while weighing the charge, she shows a child's innocent delight in demonstrating the windup bathtub toys she bought a day earlier at F. A. O. Schwarz—two red, spewing whales (one momma whale, one baby) and a blue-plastic frog with a hell of a kick. That's another Claudia. A girl who is whatever she chooses to be, as the photographs show. Just the same, there are two or three more things you ought to know about her:

• She is writing a novel, and will probably finish it. Says Claudia: "I've always been mind over matter, a bit too cerebral for my own good—though in L.A. it's difficult to be an intellectual, since there's no one to be intellectual *with*."

• She is trying to learn patience, and probably won't. "When things become boring to me, I create situations. I get the crazies sometimes. . . ."

• She exudes a kind of aristocratic self-assurance proved to be the *sine qua non* of movie stardom for every aspiring cover girl from Lauren Bacall to Raquel Welch. Claudia states her own case succinctly, looking ripe and ready: "I'm not like Cicely Tyson, who claims she's never done a thing professionally she can't be proud of. Well, *I* have. I've done everything the hard way, made a lot of money. Obviously, I'm bright. I'm also educated, I'm wealthy, I'm photogenic and a damn good actress." How's that for self-assurance?

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TOP OF THE WORLD

(continued from page 156)

Mondragon twisted his head from side to side, was experiencing difficulty in breathing. The fog was so thick. He could see it swirling past the wing braces; the propeller threw little pats of it at the windscreen, where they smashed silently. He felt slightly nauseated, dizzy, felt as though the plane were flying on its side. He wondered why the big jets never affected him this way. He could not see the ground at all. Only the murky claustrophobic gray. He was holding his shotgun so tightly that his fingers trembled.

Williams was reaching the end of the time span he had calculated would keep them in the safety of Mondragon's valley, but ahead he could detect a thinness in the fog, a bright spot, and he steered for it. The spot grew rapidly to immense proportions, filled the cockpit with an explosion of white sunlight that caused Mondragon to throw a protective arm in front of his eyes. Streamers of surgical white gauze tore past. Then they broke out on top.

"Relax," Williams shouted. "We're out of it."

The world below was almost pure white, hill country bathed in sparkling new snow, tight-packed fluff balls of finest cotton. Ahead and on either side, a few mountain peaks jabbed through like granite warts. The sky was dark and deep, ultramarine, perfect and implacable, blue as the sky in outer space must be blue, a sky whose only mundane reference was the molten orb of the sun creeping up its eastern rim. It was very cold. Williams trimmed the plane and slid his numbed stick hand into the warmth of his armpit.

Mondragon laughed with nervous relief. They might not be able to get back down, but for now he felt acute relief and slight embarrassment that he had been so unsure of the American. When it was over he would apologize, explain that, not being an aviator himself, he had naturally been worried, but he had intended no lack of confidence. He looked around, trying to identify the various peaks pushing through the fog. They marked the boundaries of his estate, but it was as if he had never seen them before, this perspective was so different. Far ahead were layer upon layer of mountains, much higher than those beneath them. That would be Real de Catorce. He pointed, turned to Williams. "There. It is those mountains there."

They crossed the mountains forming the walls of the valley and found that they contained the fog as if it were water pressing at a giant dam: A few streams of cotton feather squeezed through the spillways of the passes but did not threaten flood. The unfogged mountainsides, except where too sheer, were cultivated. There was no wind. Smoke from cook fires rose straight in lines that might have been drawn by charcoal pencil, funneling slightly and dissolving. The slanting sunlight livened the crimson of the tile roofs of the farmhouses. The stubbly row tops in the fields, some curving to follow the contours of the hillsides, were luminous gold, clearly delineated draftsman's strokes, but the furrows were filled yet with shadows of liquid ink. Far down a valley to their right was a hacienda, surrounded by green winter wheat.

They kept climbing and every 1000 feet Williams leaned forward across Mondragon's shoulder to play with the mixture control. They were already through 10,000 feet and the country ahead was higher still. He had studied the map carefully the night before and the highest peaks were listed at 12,000 plus or minus. He knew from actual observation that the maps were not very accurate. The rail lines were OK, but not much else. Which was one of the things he liked about it down here. You were really on your own. It was almost like exploring an undiscovered country, like barnstorming in the States must have been, like flying the mails in Lindbergh's day, like all flying before the FAA and sophistication and regulation.

They leveled off at 12,000. Williams was short of breath, though a sea-level pilot had no business at altitudes like this without oxygen. He took several deep breaths. He could not remember whether hyperventilation increased or decreased your altitude tolerance. The mountains ahead were cone-shaped and bare, great stone tepees. He was glad it was morning still, cool, as he imagined there were some ferocious drafts around here when things warmed up.

Mondragon picked out the pass that led to Real de Catorce, the old mining town. During the last century, it had been the richest silver lode in the world, wellspring of much of Mexico's wealth, a city of 100,000 sandwiched into a valley that was more like a crevice at 11,000 feet. His family had owned a number of the mines and, in fact, Porfirio Díaz, the old dictator, had gone up there in his special train for the wedding of his, Mondragon's, grandparents, a very considerable tribute to the family's position and prestige. The clippings from the Mexico City papers and some old photos, yellowed and brittle, were in an album that his wife showed to visitors. Walrus mustaches and bustles, stiff backs and striped pants, boiled shirts and heavy medals, pearl-studded combs in high-piled hair. His grandfather had owned, in addition to the mines, over 1,000,000 hectares. The mountain land over which they were going to hunt had been a part of it.

Of course, none of it had survived the revolution. The insurgents had torn up the rail line, heated lengths of iron and twisted them into grotesque forms and pushed the rolling stock over the precipices and dynamited the roadbed, and the mines had closed down, never to reopen. Now you needed a jeep or a burro to get to Catorce at all. About 200 people still lived there, subsisted on pick mining and dreams of rejuvenation.

Díaz had fled to France with half the country's gold reserve and they had executed his grandfather, stood him against the wall of the municipal building and shot him. Mondragon had seen the bullet pocks. In a way, that had been just. It was, after all, people like his grandfather who had created and nurtured the conditions that had made the revolution inevitable. Mondragon, ancestry to the contrary, liked to think of himself as a liberal man, had been a political-science major in college.

Williams was flying semiautomatically. He had the plane perfectly trimmed and the air was smooth. He kept his hands under his armpits, nudged the stick with his knees to make minor corrections, let his mind drift. He wondered if it would be possible to make a living flying around here. Maybe a combination agricultural and charter service. Probably not. He knew there were a lot of problems licensing planes in Mexico, getting yourself licensed. They liked Americans as tourists but not as competition. But if it went well today, he might be able to cultivate this Mondragon. He clearly had plenty of money and money was drag.

Williams had lost his license in the States, and even though the revocation was not permanent, had been for only 90 days, fewer than 60 now, it would make getting a job difficult when he got back. He had lost the license for looping a bridge near Hannibal, Missouri. Some asshole motorist had got his registration number, filed a complaint. Reckless flying, the FAA had accused him of. No person may operate an aircraft in a careless or reckless manner so as to endanger the life or property of another. FAR 91, part ten.

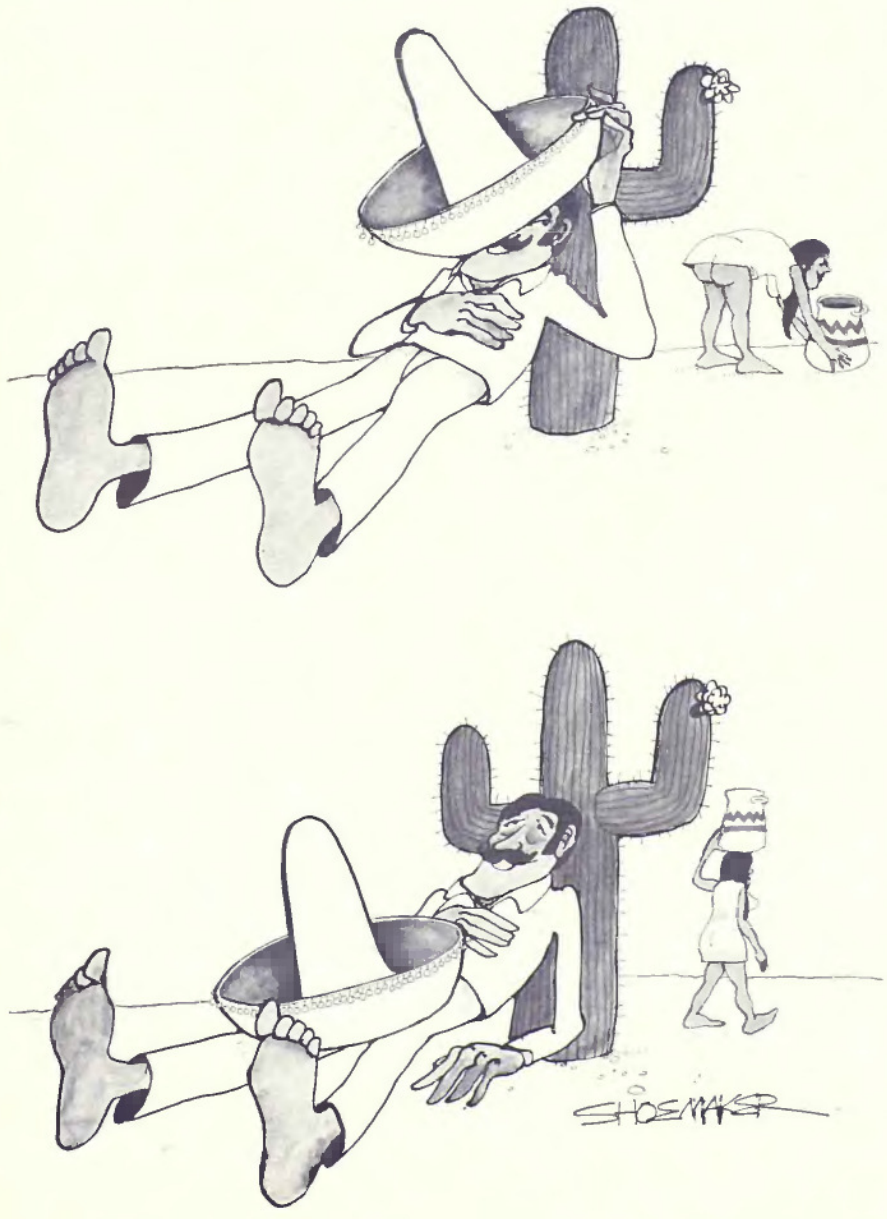
There had been a hearing, his day in court, but he had not had much to say, no defense other than a fresh haircut and shave and his best and only suit, declarations of remorse and promises of contrition. The board had been especially disturbed that a pilot of his relatively many hours, a professional, would indulge in such show-off ill conduct. Secretly, he supposed, the examiners had sympathized. They were all pilots, one of them a hoary old-timer with a wispy early-birdman mustache, and Williams thought they had imagined themselves in his place, a member of the fraternity indulging himself in a little extracurricular relaxation who got caught in a web of chance, a snare sprung by the nastiness of some alarmed and envious Oldsmobile jockey.

Which had not been the case at all:

"But, Nancy, couldn't you just leave cookies and milk for Santa, as you always did before?"

Williams' wife had just left him. Her departure had been a long time coming, had been threatened on innumerable occasions, was in no way a surprise, but nonetheless, it had been an event of some portent and he had felt the need to mark it. They had married young and the life he led, his flying, his type of flying, had worn what they had together down and finally had worn it out. He could not change. Or had not wanted to change, which amounted to the same thing, and he had seen her freshness and enthusiasm, her early pride and delight in him, sandpapered into hard resentment by Texas heat and Dakota cold, by the emery sifting of red Oklahoma dust, by twoscore moves and a succession of frame houses in neon hamburger towns that shared the traits of unreliable plumbing, total gracelessness, either an absence or an excess of ventilation.

He had forever been about to apply for an airline job, had obtained for a long time a measure of domestic tranquillity with that bribery. The airlines meant money and status and living in one place, furniture and children, order and a future, normalcy. But he had never been able to bring himself to make the move. She had said at the end, with considerable bitterness, that his reluctance was because he was afraid no line would have him, was cowardice, false pride, and she had been partly right, but the other part was that he liked what he was doing—following the crops and flying charter and the mails in Beech 18s and Lockheeds in the winter, being a round-engine man in the era of the turbine. Most of their trouble had been his fault and, to make the trouble worse, that had never bothered him enough to make him change. Yet he had loved her and had not wanted her to leave and when she did, he had gone flying, rolled a Stearman around not in joy or triumph or flirtation with self-destruction but because it seemed the proper thing to do, a sort of ceremony to note an important passage in his life.



They were in the pass to Catorce now. The spiraling road, which looked more like a goat trail, the whole valley was still in deep shadow. Williams doubted if they ever got more than a few hours' sunlight on any day. It was strange that a place so high should be so dark. The mountainsides were scarred by slag heaps. They came over the remains of the city, massive stone walls, a few roofs, cobbled streets running at impossible angles, piles of crumbling adobe, the black eyeholes of the mine entrances, the awnings of the market forming tiny improbable blots of bright color.

Mondragon picked out his grandfather's house, an enormous structure near the center of the city. Like everything else in Catorce, it had been carved from the rock mountainside. Some of the rooms were 100 feet higher than others. The doors, roofs, window frames were all missing, torn out for fuel, but the walls were perfectly intact, composed of beautifully fitted blocks of granite two meters thick. His great-grandfather had imported stonemasons from Italy. A tent was pitched in the center of the ballroom, some squatter or perhaps a hunter.

He had camped in the ruins himself many times, had come up here as a boy with his father on hunts for mountain lion. They brought hounds and he remembered curling next to them for warmth, not minding the kennel smell, after the fires had died. Wood was very scarce in Catorce and usually they packed in only what they needed for cooking.

He had loved climbing around the ruins, reconstructing the grandeur, the walls whitewashed and hung with dark portraits and rich tapestries, a castle out of one of his boys' books, imagining that he had lived there, would someday be master of it all. He had asked innumerable questions of his father—What was this room? Where was your room? What was my grandmother like? And he had explored the mine shafts, scared at first of the damp and dark, climbed into rusty gondolas, brought back hand picks and ancient lanterns, lumps of ore, once some primitive blasting caps. His father had answered the questions patiently enough, although after the blasting caps, he had forbidden him to play in the shafts anymore, but his father had been interested mainly in the lions. He had been a hard and remote man, even with his son, treated him from the time he was a little boy with adult gravity and a certain distance. They had never been friends; it was as if his father were waiting, somewhat skeptically, for him to come of age, achieve a dignity, accomplish something that would allow them to be equal.

His father had grown up during the years of upheaval, survived, even

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prospered, when most young men of his background were dead or in exile. He had run guns into Sonora, commanded a regiment for Obregón, been an ambassador for Camacho, unfailingly anticipated the delicate but lethal wind shifts of political change and military fortune, all the while accruing a fortune of his own. By the time Mondragon was born, the country had stabilized and his father, revered as one of the minor heroes of the revolution, the place of his birth and the former position of his family no longer a stigma (in fact, in certain circles, those attributes had a definite snob value), spent all of his energies, except those reserved for hunting, consolidating and increasing his own wealth.

It was on those expeditions of his boyhood that Mondragon had first seen the mountain eagles, watched them soar and glide and wheel so calmly, silently, so without effort, as he and his father and the men, the horses and hounds and pack burros, had struggled along the trails, testing each foothold, men and animals alike lung-searingly short of breath at the smallest exertion. After ten minutes' hard climbing at this altitude, your mouth tasted like copper. In the days of Mondragon's great-grandfather, he of the imported stonemasons, they had used West Indian slaves in the mines and they averaged only ten years before their lungs were clogged or burned out.

Mondragon had shot at several eagles with high-powered rifles but never hit one. They moved with deceptive speed, seemed, like an airplane, to be floating almost stationary when actually they were traveling rapidly. His father had told him the best way to kill one was with bait, a live rabbit or rat, and a blind, though the eagles had such acute vision it was difficult to build or find a blind they could not detect. Ever since boyhood he had wanted one.

Mondragon did not usually like hunting all that well. He had been brought up hunting and all the men of his station hunted—it was often an accessory to business dealings—and his father had been a great hunter, had even made a safari to Africa. Mondragon shot well enough—his father had insisted on that—but hunting had never assumed the proportions of a passion with him, was something he did in the natural course of things because it was expected of him.

Also, he mildly disapproved of the connotations. A peon shooting rabbits for meat was one thing, but he had friends in Mexico City who made a trip to Chiapas every year to kill jaguar. Such expeditions were always complete with tents and cots and ice and the actual killing was done from a safe blind by torchlight, which hypnotized the cats, and afterward the entire hunting party repaired to Acapulco to recuperate from the trials of the bush.

The only thing Mondragon could remember really wanting was an eagle, and he had not thought about that seriously for years, since before he went away to school. Had not thought about it until this American had chanced into his valley and they had sat talking over beer about the mountains and flying, though the idea to hire the American and his airplane to shoot an eagle had struck him with such force that it seemed he had been carrying it in the back of his mind for a long time, that when the opportunity presented itself, the plan was there, completely formed, as if he had been preparing it for years.

Williams turned away from the city, skimmed along the surface of a peak. The slopes were a jungle of precariously balanced boulders, stretches of sheer cliff, jagged outcroppings. They were hedgehopping, no, boulder jumping, at nearly 13,000 feet. Trust in God and Lycoming. They had no other choice. For almost the first time in all his flying, Williams could not imagine a successful forced landing. These had to be the most barren mountains in the world, almost entirely devoid of vegetation. Maybe they had once been forested, like the Colorado or Wyoming Rockies, and, over the centuries, the peons had cut the trees for wood, but he did not think so, there was too much bare rock for there ever to have been even shrubbery.

He just hoped they could find an eagle now. He knew pilots in the Big Bend in Texas who hunted eagles for bounty and remembered they had told him that you patrolled near the nesting areas and the birds came to you, were curious. They were not afraid of aircraft, were not afraid of anything, could not conceive that another creature of flight might cause them harm, and you had to watch out for collisions. They saw you long before you saw them, liked to play chicken with you.

He leaned across Mondragon's shoulder, the plane tilting, and opened the top half of the door. The rush of wind was awesome, a turbulent force that enveloped and pummeled them like heavy surf.

Mondragon was pleasantly excited. He cocked his shotgun and studied the crags and sky ahead. He was enjoying the flying, wandering at will above this impossible country of his boyhood, his heritage. Far to the north, toward Monterrey, was a giant cloud bank, but otherwise the sky was vacant, softer now that the sun was higher.

They flew for an hour, banked around peaks and made shallow darting dives into the canyons; they saw nothing but rock below and sky above. The mountains warmed in the sun, thermals began. The plane bumped like a speedboat on riffled water. The mountains seemed utterly deserted, no burros or cattle or goats nor even game, a landscape never intended to support life.

The eagle materialized at the limit of sight, a distant dot that might have been a bug speck on the windscreen. It came toward them quickly, almost before either of them realized what was happening, arced at them like a tracer round in a sort of lazy ultraquick slow motion, and rifled by high on the side away from the open door. Mondragon had no chance to shoot. The men had time to register impressions of curved beak, glint of eye, a spread of sleek wing that seemed as wide as their own arm span.

Williams bent the plane around to the right. He banked so hard the ship shuddered through the air on the edge of a stall. He twisted and craned his neck, trying to see around ahead of the turn, pick up the bird, maneuver for position. The eagle was rising away from them in a graceful *chandelle*, rising without visible movement of its wings, with no struggle. Williams had a moment to admire and appreciate the precision of its flight, wish that they could just circle around with it, play aerial promenade. In the Midwest, he had played such games with hawks, chased them and turned with them and ridden the thermals.

Almost reluctantly, he fire-walled the throttle. The only discernible response was a sluggish pitch change in the engine growl. Mondragon was leaning out into the blast, holding his glasses in place with one hand. Williams hoped he knew what he was doing, would not shoot the prop or one of the wing struts.

The eagle hung virtually motionless at the apex of its zoom, balancing with slight movements of its wings, a delicate treading of the air. It might have been a life-scale model suspended by an invisible string from the roof of heaven. Then it rolled toward them, poised for an instant on the knife edge, and dropped straight at them like a fighter-bomber beginning a run. Instinctively, Williams snapped the Cub almost vertical, pirouetted off to one side on a wing tip. He heard the shotgun slam twice and a spent shell with a cardboard case of kelly green dropped into his lap, smoke wisping from its open end. He flopped the plane level and a mountain, big as all the world, was rushing at his windscreen, and he stood the plane on its wing tip again, fear causing a throbbing of the blood in his temples.

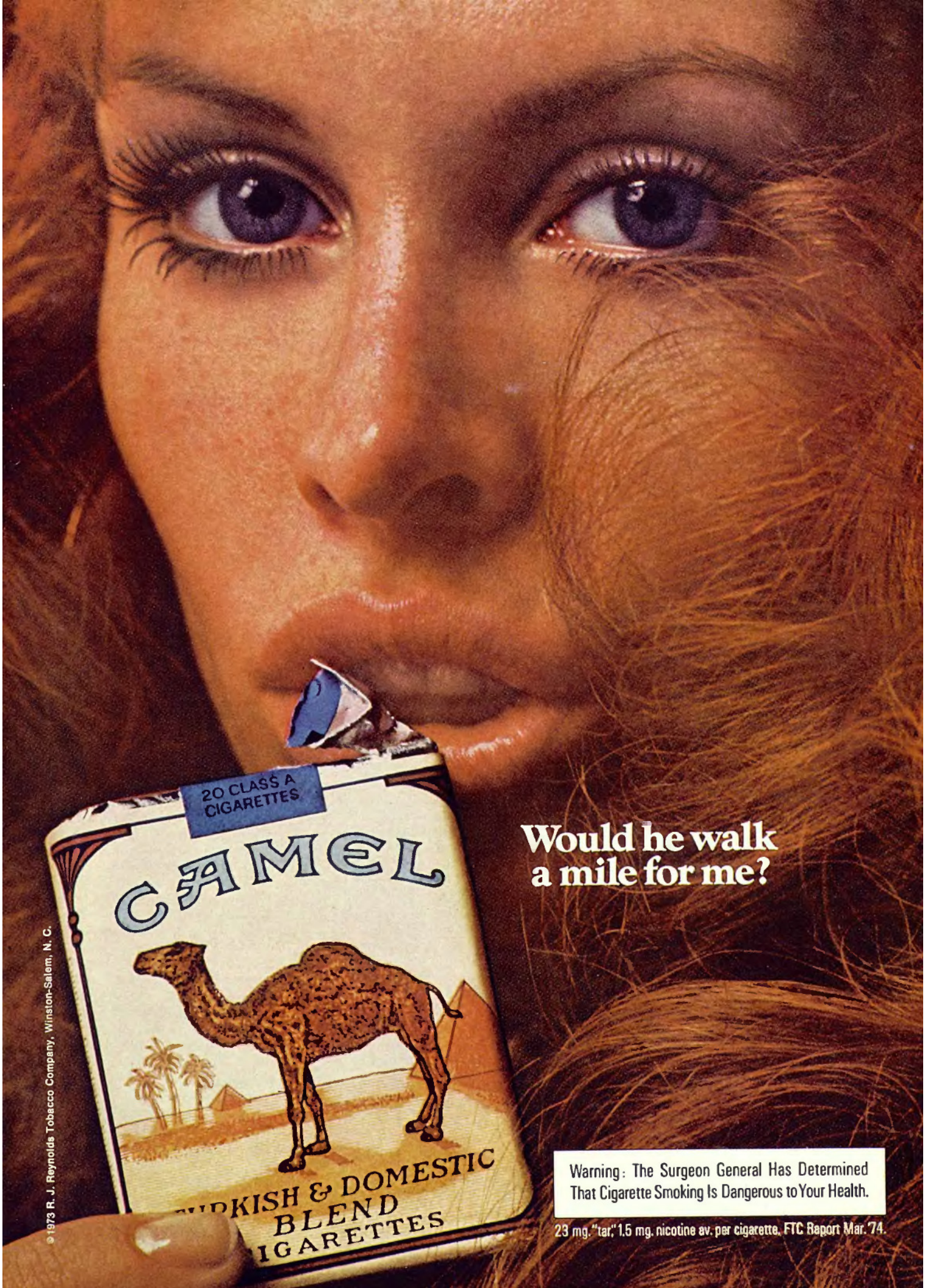
Mondragon was turned around in the seat, pointing excitedly behind them. His face was wind flushed and his hair was tousled crazily. Williams checked the wing on the open side, looking for pellet tatters, hoping the Mexican had not shot them in the gas tank. The plane seemed to be intact.

"I hit him," Mondragon yelled.

"Just so you didn't hit us."

"Turn. He is behind us. Turn that way."

They came around and Williams could not see the bird, scanned the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empty sky. He did not believe Mondragon had really hit it.

"Down there."

Mondragon was pointing at a ledge to their right. The ledge dropped away into a canyon that appeared bottomless, deep and dark and narrow as a well.

"We can't go down there," Williams said.

Then he saw the eagle perched on a gray boulder, one wing partially extended. He banked toward it, made a close pass on the side where Mondragon could not shoot. The eagle flapped its good wing awkwardly. Blood was dripping from its beak and its eye was shot out. It reminded Williams of a robin he had shot as a little boy. He had had a new pump BB gun and had been showing off for his younger brother, shot the robin out of the cherry tree in their front yard. The shot had not killed it, had broken a wing, and it stood dazed on the ground as they came up to it. He had known he had to kill it, put it out of its pain, and he had fired five or six more times with no apparent effect. The bird had tried to hop away, making piteous little chirping sounds, and finally had remained still, staring at them dumbly and hopelessly. His brother had been crying. He had smashed its head with the stock, causing the same weakness and tumbling sensation in his chest and stomach that he felt now.

They came around again, from the other direction, and Mondragon's shotgun slammed. The great bird crumpled, slipped off the boulder and over the ledge, fell into the dark like a dead weight, a stone or a lump of earth, merely an object in space. Mondragon turned around, smiling.

They flew back to the valley, passing over Catorce on their way. The ruined city was still locked in shade so dark it might have been a starless midnight. The fog had burned off Mondragon's valley and Williams remembered how the place had affected him yesterday. He had found it by accident—the map did not show a strip—seen the tattered sock. The fields of alfalfa had appeared incredibly green in contrast to the mountains. There were stone walls, deep wells pumping ditchloads of bright irrigation water, the sun on rows of aluminum siphons, even whitewashed fences near the hacienda. He had made a low pass at the hacienda and there was a fountain in the patio surrounded by potted geraniums. Behind the big house were corrals and horses and shiny black Angus and rows of neat cottages. Children had waved at him. That seemed like a very long time ago. They landed and shut down and the silence, the absence of wind and engine, was strange. They got out, stretched and Mondragon cleared his shotgun. Williams wanted to get his money and be gone.

"We must have a drink," Mondragon said. He felt tired and yet elated, wanted to tell his wife, wanted the American there to verify the story, regretted only that they had not been able to recover the bird. He would like to have had it stuffed. It would have made a magnificent trophy. He thought this was how his father must have felt about hunting. He felt closer to his father than he had in years. His father had died soon after he had finished college and Mondragon had felt relief as much as loss. Mondragon and his father had both understood that Mondragon was not like his father, was not what his father had hoped he would be, though his father had never accused nor even chided. But his father would have approved of this today, he was sure. There had been the wonderful moment when the eagle came at them, an instant that he knew would seem much longer than an instant in memory. He had had time to think how clear it all was, the sky and the mountains tilting away and the bird dropping—it was as if someone else were there inside his head, watching and recording—and then tracking with the gun and the recoil bump against his shoulder, knowing even as he shot that the pellets were striking home. It was like no shooting he had ever done before. "That was—how do you say?—marvelous."

"Thank you," Williams said. "But I don't think so. I want to get to San Luis Potosí today."

"But you must stay."

"No. I can't. I've got to get going." Williams paused, wanting to bring up money but not sure how to go about it diplomatically.

"Well," Mondragon said. "I am sorry." This gringo was truly a strange one. Mondragon could not think why he was upset. But he was a magnificent *piloto*. Mondragon thought that he would have to learn to fly. His father had suggested it to him several times while he was in the United States in school, but he had never been interested. He wished the American would not leave but sensed that he was going, no matter what entreaties were offered. "We agreed on two hundred pesos an hour, I believe."

"That's right." Williams checked his watch. "We were up about two hours and a half."

Mondragon paid him out of pocket and Williams figured it into dollars, 40. Mondragon's wife, a handsome woman with a strong nose who did not look as if she would run to fat like most of them, and several of his men came up from the hacienda. They were talking fast in Spanish, Mondragon smiling and gesturing. Some children were exploring around the plane. Mondragon, seeing that Williams was about to climb in, went over to him, clapped him on the back, squeezed his shoulder.

"I thank you again. And please return. I would perhaps like to take some lessons."

"OK," Williams said.

He fired up and took off, flew directly out of the valley without circling or dipping his wings. When he had enough altitude, he trimmed and leaned and sat back. It was getting pretty bumpy. He felt flat, washed out and he had a headache. Nevertheless, he also felt at ease. This was what he liked best, being in an airplane alone. That was what he liked about agricultural work. There was no room in an ag plane for passengers, for anyone or anything but the business of flying. He thought of the eagle, not of the crippled wounded creature perched on the boulder but of the way it had climbed away from them. It reminded him of soaring. He had a few hours in sailplanes, had worked at an airport one winter where he did some gliding instructing as part of his job. The times he had been able to go solo had been incomparable, but it cost money to tow the sailplane aloft, so usually he had flown with students. He disliked instructing, loathed the necessity of trying to articulate things that were intensely private. The trouble was that no matter what kind of flying you did, you had to come down from time to time and, unless you were immensely rich, flying inevitably involved complications of finance, people, earthly enterprise.

He passed over the mountains of Catorce and picked up the rail line into San Luis Potosí. Far below, along the tracks, was a town, a collection of squatting adobe, dust, a few trees, an aluminum water tower that reflected the sun like a ball of quicksilver. A truck of some sort was crawling in from the west, though Williams could see no road. The truck trailed a long streamer of dust.

Williams put the nose down and opened the throttle until the wind was screaming and the altimeter unwinding quickly and then he pulled back smoothly and hard, felt the gs press him down, a three-fisted giant palming his head and shoulders, and the windscreen was filled with revolving blue sky, and then the gs slackened away to nothing and the horizon slipped into view, the saw teeth of the mountains, only they were inverted. He pushed the stick forward and was thrust away from the seat against the belt. Pebbles spattered against the roof and dust stung his eyes. A scrap of paper floated past his face. The engine quit abruptly of fuel starvation. The mountains were weird seen upside down. Plumes of oil smoke streamed behind. The only sound was the hiss of air rushing past. He was sinking very fast toward the terrain; the mountains, the town, the tower, the sun-gleaming thread of the rail line were all coming at him like a zoom lens focusing in. At the last safe moment, he let the nose fall through and the motor caught and he pulled up and leveled off.

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THE ANALYST

(continued from page 218)

automobile into an oncoming milk truck. "Hello, Andrew," his wife said without enthusiasm, "I'll get him."

When he came onto the line, I told him I'd lost my job and needed at least $3000 right away.

"Where am I supposed to get three thousand dollars?" he said.

"Just to tide me over till I find another job," I said.

"I don't have three thousand dollars," he said.

"Dad," I said, "I *know* you've got three thousand dollars. I'm desperate, Dad."

"You've always been a pain in the ass," he said wearily.

"Dad, I tried to kill myself last week."

"I don't believe you."

"I had the gun in my mouth."

"You're not that stupid," he said. "You're not stupid enough to do a thing like that."

"Dad, please, can you wire me three thousand dollars? Can you send it right away?"

"When the hell are you going to grow up, Andrew?"

"Dad?"

"I can manage five hundred," he said.

"Thank you. Thank you, Dad."

"And this is the last time," he said, and he hung up.

It was four o'clock in the afternoon, one P.M. on the Coast. He had probably taken the call outside, at the swimming pool. But all he could manage was $500. The gun had been his. He had given it to me when he moved to California. "I won't be needing a pistol in Beverly Hills," he'd told me. I thought of the gun as I went through the house looking for things I could hock. It was a Smith & Wesson .32-caliber revolver. The barrel was short, but the sight had bruised the roof of my mouth that day last week when I was about to take my own life. I thought of the gun and I thought of Virgil coming through the woods and flashing the V sign at me and grinning. I mixed myself a double Scotch and soda and then went into the kitchen.

"Beth," I said, "I want to sell the station wagon."

She turned from the sink. We had fired the housekeeper a month ago, when it had begun to look as though I wouldn't find another job too easily. Beth looked tired. It was a big house and she was having difficulty running it alone.

"Why the station wagon?" she asked. "The station wagon is *my* car."

"The station wagon is paid for."

"You can still get more for the Mercedes."

"Beth," I said, "I *need* the Mercedes."

"Why?"

"If I look like I'm down and out, they'll know it."

"Who will? Your ladyfriends?"

"I don't have any ladyfriends, Beth. I'm talking about prospective employers."

"Do you take prospective employers for rides in your Mercedes?"

"Some of the places I've been going to are in industrial parks. The people I talk to can look out their windows and see what kind of car I'm driving."

"Do they also come outside and leave lipsticked cigarette butts in your ashtray?"

"Beth, I'm going to sell the station wagon, and that's that."

"Do whatever the hell you want," she said, and she went back to rinsing the salad greens.

I sold the station wagon that afternoon. I got $3300 for it. The next morning, I went to the bank and deposited the money in the checking account.

Then I tried phoning Alison.

• • •

She was just leaving the house when I got there. She was wearing dungarees and a Navy pea jacket. This was the middle of November, but she still wore sandals on her feet.

"You shouldn't have come here," she said. "I told you never to come here."

"I tried calling you. Your phone was busy."

"What do you want, Andrew?"

"I want to make love to you."

"I told you no," she said. "I told you we were finished."

"And do you know what I did that day? I tried to kill myself. I went into the woods with my father's pistol——"

"Andrew," she said, "that's a lot of crap, and you know it."

"It's true. I almost did it."

"What stopped you?" she said. "Andrew, your car's right out there in the driveway; if anybody should see it and mention to my husband——"

"The *hell* with your husband!"

"Sure, the hell with him, I agree. I'm not worrying about *him*, I'm worrying about myself. I don't want to make waves, Andrew. I've got a very nice life here. I don't want you or anybody else upsetting it."

"You told me you loved me."

"I did. I don't anymore."

"You can't just stop loving somebody."

"Can't I?"

"Alison, look, let's go get a drink

"Yes, the table is rising, but there's nothing supernatural about it."

"You may think I'm a great lover, but to tell the truth, I'm frozen stiff."

someplace, OK? I just want to talk to you, OK?"

"You can talk to me here. You've got five minutes to talk to me." She looked at her watch.

"I love you, Alison."

"You don't love anyone but yourself, Andrew. Anyway, *I* don't love *you*, so that's that."

"Is there someone else? Is that it? Have you taken up with another man?"

"That's none of your business."

"That means yes."

"It means it's none of your business."

"Alison, just come for a drink, OK?"

"I don't want to come for a drink; it's only eleven o'clock in the morning. Besides, coming for a drink means ending up in a motel. I don't want to go to bed with you, Andrew. Can you understand that? Do you think you can understand that?"

"You said it was better with me than with anyone in your life. You said that, Alison."

"It was."

"Then how can——"

"It isn't anymore." She looked at her watch again. "I've got to go," she said.

"Who are you meeting? The man who was on the phone with you?"

"Andrew," she said, "get the hell out of here before I call the police, huh?"

• • •

I looked for Virgil: I don't know why I looked for him. I drove all over the back roads of the town, looking for him. I found him at close to two o'clock. There's a place where the road becomes a wooden bridge that crosses the river. He was standing there, looking down at the water. The collar of his long brown coat was pulled up over his ears, the soiled yellow muffler wrapped tight around his throat, trailing. He was holding the paper parcel against his chest. He grinned and flashed the V sign as soon as he heard the car. I rolled down the window.

"Want a lift?" I said.

"OK," he said, and he got in. "Nice day," he said.

We drove in silence for several moments.

"How have you been?" I asked.

"Fine. You don't think it'll rain, do you?"

"No."

"You been to the city again?"

"No," I said, "not today."

And then, suddenly, I was telling him everything. I told him how I'd registered with an agency that specialized in placing high-salaried executives, but so far I'd struck out each and every time they'd arranged an interview for me. I told him I was beginning to think Ralph was badmouthing me around the field, can you imagine that son of a bitch firing me after 12 years, sitting there behind his spotless desk and passing down orders from on high, just obeying orders, chum, that's all, sorry, chum, you drink too much. I told Virgil I honestly didn't believe I drank more than most men with the kind of pressures I had to live with, told him that on the afternoon I'd taken old man McGregor to lunch, *he'd* been the one who started tossing down double martinis as if they were going out of style, *he'd* been the one who'd got *me* drunk, for Christ's sake, and then had had the gall to phone that same afternoon and tell the company he no longer wished to do business with us.

"Well, that's OK," Virgil said.

Because, what the hell, I told him, a man isn't an alcoholic just because he has a few social drinks every now and then; you'd think I was a goddamn alco*holic* the way Ralph was talking, firing me after 12 years with the company, can you imagine that, not even a gold watch, I said, and laughed, and Virgil laughed with me, how do you like that, Virgil, not even a gold watch. And my father, you know, the rotten bastard left my mother when she was 43 years old, can you imagine that, she never was a raving beauty, well, who the hell knows, I'm her son, how can a son judge his own mother? But at 43, her chances of ever finding another man were nil, though *he* didn't have any trouble finding himself a young floozy, oh, no. She used to be a dancer in a show, Virgil, he took her out to California, bought a big house for her in Beverly Hills, swimming pool, tennis courts, the works, offered to send me $500, would you believe it? Probably pays his goddamn Japanese gardener more than that in a week. Five hundred dollars: I should have told him what he could do with his measly $500.

"Well, yeah," Virgil said, still laughing about the gold watch.

And my wife, I told him, you know, Virgil, you're a wise man never to have gotten married, you're not married, are you, Virgil? I mean, what have I done for her over the years except bust my ass for her? You know how much that house cost, Virgil? A hundred and fifty thousand dollars, I *still* owe fifty to the bank, you think that doesn't bite into a man's salary each month? And sending the kids to college? Lots of men, when their kids go off to school, they tell the kids they're on their own, no more tuition, fellows, no more expenses, you're on your own. I mean, what the hell, Virgil, I paid their way through private school, both of them, but does my wife consider that when she's yelling about other women, as if I've had a lot of them? Three women, in all the years we've been married, Virgil, that's not a lot. I'm not promiscuous, Virgil, I wouldn't call myself promiscuous. I enjoy it as much as any other man, but I don't go looking around for it, if it comes my way, it comes my way, I'm not a chaser, Virgil. I met Alison at a cocktail party here in town, and if you want to know the truth, *she* was the one who made all the advances, I'm not kidding, Virgil. Started dancing close right off and, well, you know, generally getting me very excited, and practically to the point of being *forced* to ask her if she'd like to meet me for lunch one day, it was either that or get arrested, you know what I mean, Virgil?

Virgil laughed. "Oh, yeah," he said. "Yeah."

So today she tells me it's all over, second time she's told me that, as if the first time wasn't bad enough. I don't have to take that kind of crap from anybody, Virgil, especially not a woman, I just don't have to. You know what I did the first time she told me? We were in the motel, same motel we'd been going to for the past two years, yes. *Yes*, Virgil, two *years* it was going on, this wasn't a casual thing, we *loved* each other, or at least *I* loved her, who the hell knows *what* she was doing all those years, except screwing her stupid brains out. Tells me while we're in the shower together, tells me she thinks maybe it's time we stopped seeing each other, soaping my back while she tells me, says it's time we moved on, time we experienced new things. I said What the hell are you talking about? She said I'm trying to tell you we're finished, Andrew, through, over and done with, I'm trying to say goodbye, Andrew.

I went home that day, I dropped her off where her car was parked first, and then I drove home and went upstairs to the bedroom where I keep my father's pistol in the top drawer of the dresser, Beth was downstairs, my wife, Beth, she was downstairs. And I loaded the gun, I put six cartridges into the gun, though I knew I'd need only one, six cartridges, and I carried it downstairs tucked into my belt, and I had three Scotches neat before I left the house. The barrel fit easily in my mouth, I was ready to pull the trigger, I had my finger around the trigger when you came into the woods, that's what I was about to do that day, Virgil, I was about to kill myself, can you understand that, I was ready to take my own life, and then you stepped into the clearing and grinned and flashed the V sign.

"Yeah," Virgil said, and he grinned and flashed the V sign now.

Ahh, Jesus, I said, I don't know what I'm going to do next. If I don't get a job soon, I just don't know what the hell I'm going to do. You may find me out there in the woods one day, just lying dead in the leaves, I swear to God, Virgil, I just don't know what I'm going to do next. The whole damn thing has collapsed, the whole damn house of cards has fallen in on my head.

"Well, don't worry," Virgil said. "It

"I just can't go on living without him—not in this style."

don't look like rain."

I dropped him off in front of the post office. He grinned and flashed the V sign at me and then closed the door. I looked at the dashboard clock. We had been driving around for close to an hour.

Fifty minutes, to be exact.

• • •

I began looking for him regularly after that.

I didn't know his exact walking route, but I did know I could find him at the wooden bridge at about two o'clock every day, and I looked for him sometimes two, sometimes three times a week, depending on how much I felt like talking. I didn't know why I was talking to *him*, of all people. I still don't know. Maybe I just wanted somebody . . . neutral. Someone who wouldn't criticize me for drinking too much and blowing important company deals, someone who wouldn't tell me I ought to grow up, who wouldn't always accuse me of running around with other women, who wouldn't drop me for a new lover—someone who'd just listen and say, "Well, that's OK, don't worry." I talked to him a lot and he listened, or at least I thought he was listening. His responses never varied, though as the weeks wore on, he seemed to talk less and less, seemed never to laugh at the little jokes I made, just sat in silence as I drove the back roads for close to an hour each time.

I had been telling him that things were no better, I still hadn't found a job, Beth was threatening to leave me if I didn't stop fooling around with other women, which warning might have been amusing if it wasn't so goddamn serious; I hadn't been to bed with anyone else since that day at the beginning of November when Alison had soaped my back and told me we were through. Virgil listened in silence as I told him I was afraid I might try to take my own life again. I glanced at him, his face looked drawn, his mouth was tight, his shoulders were slumped, he seemed to cling more fiercely to the paper parcel tied with string. I stopped the car. I pulled up the hand brake.

"Virgil," I said, "you'd be doing me a very big favor if you took the gun and kept it for me. I've got it in the glove compartment; I'd appreciate it if you took it home with you and hid it someplace. And don't tell me where you've put it, because, Virgil, if things don't change in a little while, I'm going to be tempted to take that gun and stick it in my mouth again and blow out my brains, and I just don't want to know where it is. Will you do me that favor, Virgil?"

He began to whimper and shake his head.

"Virgil," I said, "you've been a better friend to me in these past weeks than you can possibly know. You probably won't understand this, but being able to talk to you has made me feel a lot better; it's been a tremendous relief just to get some of this burden off my shoulders. Talking to you has done that for me, Virgil. And maybe you don't consider yourself my friend, maybe you don't even know what the word friendship means, but I'd appreciate it, I'd sincerely appreciate it if you took this gun and hid it away from me, because I'll sure as hell use it on myself if you don't."

Virgil was still whimpering. I opened the glove compartment.

"Here," I said. "It's loaded, so be careful with it. Just put it someplace, bury it in the woods, for all I care, just so I won't be able to get my hands on it. OK, Virgil? Will you do that for me?"

Virgil shook his head and backed away from me. I thrust the gun into his hands.

"Take it," I said.

He took the gun. In a small frightened voice, he said, "Will it rain? Do you think it'll rain?"

• • •

It was raining the next day when they found him in the woods. A torn piece of brown wrapping paper and a broken piece of string were lying by his side. He was wearing two sweaters under the long brown overcoat. The rain fell steadily on the sodden leaves around him, washing away his blood. The pistol was still in his mouth. Nobody could figure out why he'd done it. He'd always seemed so happy-go-lucky.

I found a job the very next week. I also met a girl on the train. She is 22 years old and I see her every Friday afternoon, when we spend two or three hours together in a motel near my office. I don't drink anymore. But I don't drink any less, either. That's a joke Virgil might have appreciated, he always used to chuckle at my jokes—in the beginning, anyway. He always used to chuckle and say, "Well, that's OK, don't worry."

He was right.

There'd really been nothing to worry about all along.

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What I'm doing about smoking.

I'm smoking Vantage.

I took up smoking more than 15 years ago in the Marine Corps.

I started smoking then because I wanted to. I smoke now because I want to. And I intend to keep on smoking as long as I want to.

But that doesn't make me bury my head in the sand and ignore the stuff in the papers about smoking.

My attitude is, OK, if high 'tar' and nicotine cigarettes are a concern to me, I'd better do something about it.

So I did. I started to smoke Vantage. Vantage gives me the flavor of my old brand, and that takes some doing, because what I used to smoke was way up there in 'tar' and nicotine.

And Vantage is not one of those low 'tar' cigarettes you have to work so hard getting some taste out of, you end up not wanting to smoke it.

So what it really comes down to for me is smoking Vantage or my old cigarettes, because I enjoy smoking and don't want to give it up.

And if you feel the way I do, you'll enjoy smoking Vantage too.

James Shannon
New York, New York

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

Filter: 11 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine.
Menthol: 11 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAR. '74.

ON THE SCENE

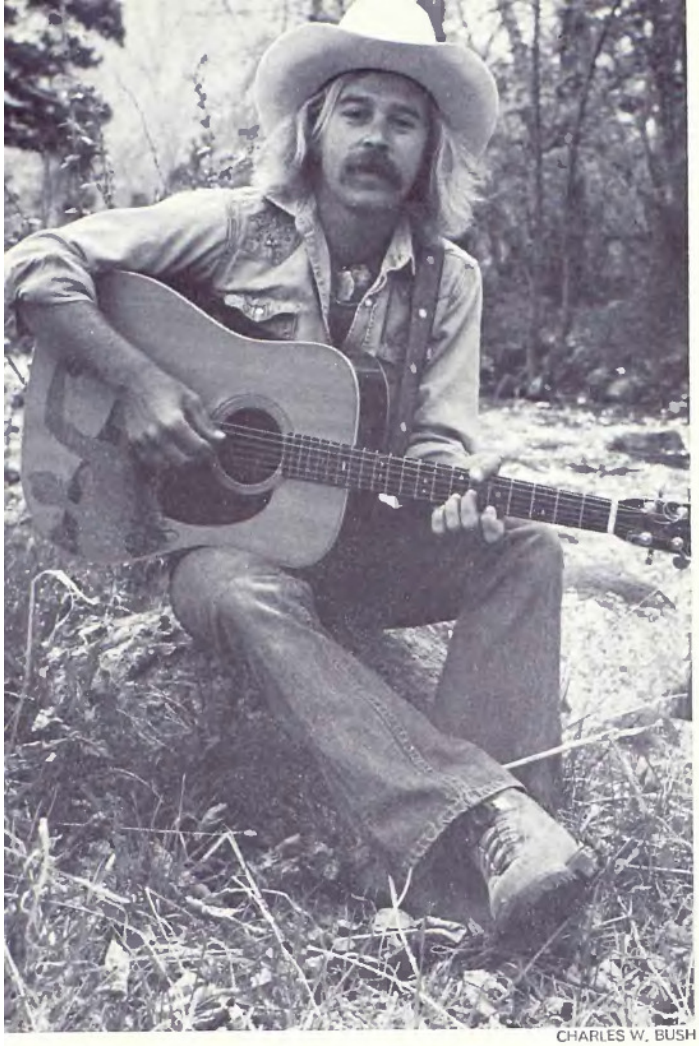
CHARLES W. BUSH

ROBERT PIRSIG *maintaining his balance*

A BEST SELLER despite its off-putting title, *Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance* is named after the twin passions of its author, but it's far from a hobby chronicle. For 46-year-old Robert Pirsig, Zen and motorcycle maintenance represent the poles of Western thinking—philosophy and science. What Pirsig wants to do is bridge that gap through the pursuit of Quality. *Zen* revolves about a 1968 motorcycle trip West taken by the St. Paul–based Pirsig and his 11-year-old son Chris and is filled with autobiographical flashbacks. After growing up under the strong academic influence of his father (dean of the University of Minnesota's law school), Pirsig accumulated degrees in chemistry, philosophy and journalism and attended the Banaras Hindu University in India. While studying and teaching both rhetoric and philosophy, he struggled to remove the educational barriers between the rational and the romantic. The struggle was traumatic—culminating in a mental breakdown and two years spent in and out of hospitals. He was "rehabilitated" by shock treatments and released, but it was costly; he had lost his memory of himself and that quest for Quality. In *Zen*, Pirsig, after uncovering fragments of that former self, attempts to get some unity into his thinking while trying to reach his son, who had shown the beginning symptoms of mental illness. "I wrote *Zen* to put the past behind me." He's now on a Guggenheim Fellowship and writing two books: a study of cultural anthropology, focusing on race relations ("The critics will destroy me, because it's dull"); and a comparison of witch burning and mental institutions, tentatively called *Heresy and Insanity*. ("It's wrong to think of the Inquisition as evil and psychiatry as good. They're of the same ilk—wanting to control you, not help you.") Pirsig spends his spare time keeping his 350-c.c. Honda in repair—an exercise with an admitted double purpose, since, as he says, "the real cycle you're working on is a cycle called yourself."

SIR MICHAEL TIPPETT *delayed reaction*

USUALLY, when a new British musical sensation is introduced to the American public, the phenom in question is either still in diapers or else burning them onstage to show Mum and Dad where it's at. Neither is the case with this year's phenom; Sir Michael Tippett—a "classical" composer, though he's modern as can be and an unashamed intellectual—is nearly as old as the century (69) and thoroughly a *mensch*. He first won international acclaim in 1941 with *A Child of Our Time*, an oratorio that decried Hitler's violence; Tippett's own nonviolence was so firm, however, that in 1943 he served a short jail term rather than take up arms himself against *der Führer*. Since *A Child of Our Time*, he has turned out much music and won various honors—he's a Commander of the Order of the British Empire and was knighted in 1966—but for years, few of his works made it across the Atlantic. Then came 1974, and hello, America: Young conductor Colin Davis, something of a Tippett protégé, introduced his stuff to audiences in Boston and New York; Phonogram began releasing it on its Philips label; and the composer himself—a "rawboned pixy," as one writer called him—made a whirlwind tour of the States, pausing long enough in Chicago to conduct his *Third Symphony* and to attend the American premiere of his opera *The Knot Garden*, a study of some very contemporary couples and their frustrations (Tippett also writes his own librettos, as he was advised to do by his friend T. S. Eliot). Both the critics and the public went gaga. He's not bitter over his decades of obscurity ("I always thought the music would someday find its own audience"); neither is he content to rest on his laurels—he's engaged, in fact, in writing his fourth opera, and as soon as he finishes that, he'll start on his fourth symphony: "I already know its size, its shape and all the important elements." He also knows something he didn't know when he wrote his other symphonies: that the world can't wait to hear it.



CHARLES W. BUSH

JIMMY BUFFETT *poetic picnic*

WE FIRST SAW Jimmy Buffett a few years ago in Key West. He had just moved there from Nashville and was playing for beers in a Duval Street bar, having a very good time of it. Green Label foam laced his walrus mustache, there was an illegal gleam in his eye and he was tenderly crooning a last-call lament—"Honey, why don't we get drunk and screw?"—which last year became the B side of his first hit single, *The Great Filling Station Holdup*, and has since been worn to raw grooves on every roadhouse jukebox between Wheeling and Bakersfield. The Hype Machine has taken to calling him "the new Jim Croce"—particularly after the success of his first two Dunhill albums, *A White Sport Coat and a Pink Crustacean* and *Living and Dying in ¾ Time*—but he's better than that. He is what you would call an original. His songs are special stories. Some are outrageous Fabulous Furry Freak Brothers romps on such themes as shoplifting (Who's gonna steal the peanut butter/I'll get a can of sardines/Runnin' up and down the aisle of the Mini Mart/Stickin' food in our jeans), but others come dangerously near being poetry. On *He Went to Paris*, he sings, with sad sunshine in his voice, "But the warm summer breezes/The French wines and cheeses/Put his ambition at bay/And summers and winters/Scattered like splinters/And four or five years slipped away." He's just finished songs for the sound track of *Rancho Deluxe*, scripted by his Key West buddy, novelist Tom McGuane, and a third album, *A1A*, is just out. He wrote the final verse of one cut, *Life Is Just a Tire Swing*, after rolling a rent-a-car onto an Illinois lawn that had a swing hanging there, and came up with another, *My Whole World Lies Waitin' Behind Door Number Three*, one Sunday afternoon when he and Steve Goodman were drinking out the cobwebs and discovered a mutual unbridled love for Monty Hall. Jimmy writes about pieces of America that most of us can see but never stop to notice—and he just keeps getting better.

BRIAN HENNESSEY

TALE OF TWO SISTERS

(continued from page 136)

"What's the difference? I went to a cheap hotel and took a room. Gradually, everything began to return to normal and I was able to function again. I somehow managed to overcome the nightmarish night and the next morning I caught a plane to London. I had an old friend there, a journalist on the local Yiddish newspaper, who had invited me to come a few times. The editorial office consisted of a single room and the whole paper went under soon afterward, but in the meantime, I got some work and lodgings. From there, I left for Buenos Aires in 1950. Here I met Lena, my present wife."

"What became of the two sisters?"

"Do *you* know? That's as much as I know."

"Didn't you ever hear from them?"

"Never."

"Did you look for them?"

"Such things you try to forget. I hypnotized myself into thinking that the whole thing had been only a dream, but it really happened. It's as real as the fact that I'm sitting here with you right now."

"How do you explain it?" I asked.

"I don't."

"Maybe they were dead when you left."

"No, they were awake and listening. You can differentiate between the living and the dead."

"Aren't you curious to know what happened to them?"

"And if I am curious, what of it? They're probably alive. The witches are somewhere—maybe they've married. I was in Paris three years ago, but the house where we lived no longer exists. They put up a garage there."

We sat there silently, then I said, "If mass consisted of emotion, every stone in the street would be a skein of misery."

"Maybe they are. Of one thing I'm sure—everything lives, everything suffers, struggles, desires. There is no such thing as death."

"If that's true, then Hitler and Stalin didn't kill anyone," I said.

"You have no right to kill an illusion, either. Drink your coffee."

For a long while neither of us spoke, then I asked, half in jest, "What can you learn from this story?"

Haim Leib smiled. "If Nietzsche's crazy theory about the exhaustion of all atomic combinations and the eternal return is true, and if there'll be another Hitler, another Stalin and another holocaust, and if in a trillion years you'll meet a female in Stettin—don't go with her to look for her sister."

"According to this theory, I will have no choice but to go and to experience everything that you did," I said.

"In that case, you'll know how I felt." —*Translated by Joseph Singer*

"It's from Oedipus. He says he's found a girl just like the girl who married dear old dad."

SEX STARS OF 1974

(continued from page 212)

Westerns. Doing her Dietrich impression and chanting a *louche* barroom ballad, *I'm Tired*, the diminutive Miss Kahn radiated a sexy humor that suggested a hybrid mating of Mae West and Judy Holliday. Trained as an opera singer (she sang the role of Musette in *La Bohème* for the Washington, D.C., Opera Society and appeared in a concert version of Leonard Bernstein's *Candide* at New York's Philharmonic Hall), she is blessed with an hourglass figure that bulges appealingly at all the right places.

Also showing up with greater frequency at the right places is Britain's Charlotte Rampling, who was introduced to PLAYBOY readers last March in a pictorial previewing her appearance opposite Sean Connery in *Zardoz*. Since then, the young Lauren Bacall–Ann Bancroft look-alike has scandalized European audiences in *The Night Porter* (see this month's *Playboy After Hours*), in which she plays a former inmate of a Nazi concentration camp who shares a sadomasochistic affair with the officer who raped her during her internment. Recently, *Newsweek* profiled the 28-year-old blonde, proclaiming her "the kinky queen of the Continent" and "the hottest actress in Europe today."

The male star at the top of the heap in 1974 is the Great Gatsby himself, Robert Redford (see this month's *Playboy Interview*). With the almost simultaneous release of *The Way We Were* and the Academy Award–winning *The Sting*, Redford promptly became the hottest property in Hollywood. No Redford appearance, though, received anything close to the ballyhoo surrounding *Gatsby*. The prerelease photos of the cool-looking superstar, slim and elegant in white or pastel Twenties costumes, inspired fashion designers to trumpet a new Gatsby look. During the shooting, publicity also played up rumors of on-set discord between him and co-star Mia Farrow. Redford denied the reports and Miss Farrow sued the London paper that reported the story, but neither she nor Redford showed for the lavish New York and London premieres of the film.

Gatsby's draw at the box office was less than great. Even so, Redford was besieged with offers. He surprised everyone by purchasing, with $450,000 of his own money, the film rights to the Carl Bernstein and Bob Woodward best seller, *All the President's Men*, in which he will play Woodward. In the interim, he completed a role as a stunt pilot in *The Great Waldo Pepper* and signed (for a reported $1,500,000) with Paramount for *The Six Days of the Condor*. There is also talk of a big Western, *Mayberly's Kill*.

Redford's closest competitor at the moment is Jack Nicholson—"the star with the killer smile," as *Time* described

him in a cover story not too long ago. Like Redford, Nicholson is a serious, committed actor, a star who has been in the ascendant for the past five or six years as first directors, then audiences began to appreciate his special gifts. (Actually, well before his present vogue, he was already idolized by the small but avid audience that ate up the Roger Corman motorcycle movies of the mid-Sixties.) A more tangible form of recognition came when Nicholson won an Oscar nomination for his supporting role as the liberal, alcoholic Southern lawyer who went along for the ride in *Easy Rider*. Leading roles in *Carnal Knowledge*, *Five Easy Pieces* and *The King of Marvin Gardens* solidified his position as one of the most capable and versatile actors around. In 1974, though, Nicholson appeared in two films in quick succession: *The Last Detail*, in which his portrayal of a feisty Navy petty officer earned him another Academy nomination, and *Chinatown*, wherein he played a seedy private detective. All of a sudden, people were going to see movies simply because Jack Nicholson was in them. The "killer smile" is only part of it. There is also a cockiness about him, a relaxed certainty that he can get any woman he pleases—and please any woman he gets.

His own private life would seem to bear that out. Early in his career, he married actress Sandra Knight. The union lasted only a few years as Nicholson found himself devoting more of his time not only to acting but to writing and producing—and to other women, Sally Kellerman among them. Now 37 and a confirmed bachelor, Nicholson presently shares his Beverly Hills pad with Anjelica Huston, the exotic daughter of director John Huston. Constancy, however, has not been Nicholson's trademark. He has been linked at various times with such lovelies as Candice Bergen, Tuesday Weld and singer Michelle Phillips—with uncounted one-night stands in between. Unquestionably, this has added an undertone of ruthless egoism to his genuine abilities as an actor and his often chilling characterizations have attracted the attention of such prestigious directors as Michelangelo Antonioni, for whom Nicholson recently completed *The Passenger*, and Mike Nichols, who cast him in a comedy titled *Fortune*. Even at an average wage of $750,000 plus a percentage, Nicholson shows all the signs of continuing his success, because he, along with a mere handful of stars—Redford, Beatty, Burt Reynolds, Clint Eastwood and Robert Mitchum—is "bankable."

A relative newcomer to this list is Charles Bronson. Long considered bankable in foreign markets, Bronson was not recognized in the U.S. as anything much more than a dependable heavy until this year. But the release of *Mr. Majestyk* and *Death Wish* firmly established the craggy-faced actor as a domestic box-office star, though neither picture can be described as anything more than the kind of action-packed programer that the studios used to turn out every week for the lower half of the double bills. *Death Wish*, in which Bronson plays a pacifistic architect who turns vigilante after some hoods kill his wife and rob his daughter of her sanity, best sums up the specific qualities that Bronson brings to the screen—a total self-sufficiency and a willingness to live at the outer fringes of society combined with a placidity that remains in check so long as no one bothers him. Of course, the point in all Bronson's pictures is that sooner or later, somebody does bother him. Then the glittery eyes grow cold and the violence brooding beneath the surface springs into action. More of the same can be expected in *The Dynamite Man* and *The Ten-Second Jailbreak*, both of which should be on view before year's end. The latter is based on a true incident, the rescue of a wealthy American from a Mexican jail chronicled in PLAYBOY's October 1972 issue as *Breakout*.

Actually, America's male stars had *all* the best of it in 1974 (as if they hadn't in the past). The *macho* presences of the likes of Bronson, Eastwood (*Magnum*

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"When I think of the hours wasted on jogging and tennis. . . ."

Force, Thunderbolt and Lightfoot), Richard Harris (*99 and 44/100% Dead*), Reynolds (*The Longest Yard, White Lightning, WW and the Dixie Dancekings*), George C. Scott (*Oklahoma Crude, The Bank Shot, The Savage Is Loose*) and even old John Wayne, false hair and all (*McQ, Brannigan*), were still highly salable. The tough-cop craze gave employment to Al Pacino in *Serpico* (before he returned to the far side of the law in *Godfather II*); to Burt Lancaster, who in *The Midnight Man* plays an ex-cop who undertakes to solve a series of campus murders; to James Caan and Alan Arkin, paired as plainclothesmen in *Freebie and the Bean*; and to Joe Don Baker, whose *Walking Tall* was one of the sleepers of the year. Also scheduled for release before the year is out is *The Trial of Billy Jack*, a three-hour sequel to the sleeper of 1972, with Tom Laughlin again in the title role.

The current cycle of spy melodramas also extended profitable employment to such well-established performers as Warren Beatty (*The Parallax View*) and Roger Moore (*The Man with the Golden Gun*), and to Michael Caine in such films as *The Black Windmill, The Wilby Conspiracy* and *Fat Chance*. Elliott Gould and Donald Sutherland, together for the first time since *M*A*S*H*, tried not too successfully to mix comedy with CIA capers in *S*P*Y*S*. And reaping the whirlwind of "disaster" movies that followed the profitable *Poseidon Adventure* were Charlton Heston (*Airport 1975, Earthquake*), Paul Newman and Steve McQueen (*The Towering Inferno*) and George C. Scott (*Hindenburg*).

The real star of *Jaws*, the movie adapted from the Peter Benchley best seller, is a killer shark that terrorizes a summer resort. But the film itself represents another major step forward in the fast-rising career of Richard Dreyfuss. First noticed as the reserved, likable high school graduate in *American Graffiti*, Dreyfuss has slimmed down and firmed up considerably since then. In *The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz*, which he made in Canada, he comes on like Albert Finney back in the days of *Tom Jones* and *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning*.

Ranking with Dreyfuss is Timothy Bottoms, who, at 23, has appeared in five major films—and has been threatening to retire. This year, he was featured in *The White Dawn* and appears opposite Barbara Seagull (nee Hershey) in Playboy Productions' *The Crazy World of Julius Vrooder*. Another young lead, Jeff Bridges, who with Bottoms first came to prominence in *The Last Picture Show*, is currently working on *Rancho Deluxe* for director Frank Perry after starring in *Thunderbolt and Lightfoot*, with Clint Eastwood, and *The Last American Hero*, with Valerie Perrine. Jeff's brother, Beau, seen earlier this year in *Your Three Minutes Are Up*, is also in demand. To these few younger stars can be added blond, handsome Jan-Michael Vincent, who startled audiences with his full frontal nudity in *Buster and Billie*, a sensitive study of adolescent puberty rites in a small Southern town of the late Forties. Still to come for Vincent this year is *Bite the Bullet*, in which he joins forces with such high-stepping companions as Gene Hackman, Candice Bergen and James Coburn. Bottoms, the Bridges brothers, Vincent and Dreyfuss may not yet be bankable, but at least they are proven talents—and available.

Equally talented and available are many of their black counterparts, but—with the notable exception of Sidney Poitier—if you're a black actor, you work in black-exploitation pictures or you don't work at all. Since the blaxplo boom is on the decline (European audiences have rejected such fare, for one thing), the future of the black actor is once again grim. As might be expected, that goes double for black actresses. Diahann Carroll, in *Claudine*, and Vonetta McGee, in *Thomasine & Bushrod*, escaped the karate-chop format that seems to be trapping the likes of Pam Grier. But it will be noted that the outstanding performance by a black woman in many a moon—Cicely Tyson's triumph in *The Autobiography of Miss Jane Pittman*—took place on the tube, not on the screen. There are, of course, some black men who still manage a fairly consistent movie output—Jim Brown, Isaac Hayes, Richard Roundtree and Fred Williamson, to name a few. The outsized Williamson, hardly the most talented of the group, nevertheless squeezed out no fewer than five films in 1974, including *The Black Rider*, for which he also received screenplay credit. But the strain is beginning to tell, not only on the actors but also on the audiences, both black and white. To paraphrase the ads for a less-than-successful venture into ghetto comedy, *Five on the Black Hand Side*, we *have* been "refried, jived, *Shaft*ed and *Superfly*-ed." Not that blaxplo makers didn't try some new variations on their universally violent themes. Strapping Isaac Hayes turned a detective into a modern-day bounty hunter in *Truck Turner*, ruthlessly tracking down fugitives from justice not for the police but as a pistol-packing minion of a bail bondsman. In *That Man Bolt*, between episodes in his *Black Caesar* spin-offs, Williamson portrayed a courier of illegal cash. In *Charley-One-Eye*, Richard Roundtree played an escaped Union soldier who killed a white officer, only to be trailed by another bounty hunter—white, this time. In *Three the Hard Way*, Brown and Williamson teamed with Jim Kelly to wipe out some fascist white supremacists bent on poisoning water supplies with a drug lethal only to blacks.

There's no doubt that we are seeing a decline in the explicitness of sexuality in our films; it may yet be too early to tell whether that means we must also see a decline in the ranks of sex stars. Certainly, in 1974, their arena for action was much more circumscribed than it was as recently as two years ago. The new hopefuls, male and female, may no longer bare all onscreen. But then, sexuality has always been more than a matter of bare skin, as the matinee idols and movie goddesses of previous, less permissive generations remind us. Like them, the actors and actresses of today who do manage to overcome the industry's evident submission to prudery must project both talent and erotic appeal strong enough to cut through all barriers and blaze forth into genuine sex stardom.

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THE WHET SET

(continued from page 140)

simple drink I like that is sometimes offered when they entertain in the summer. It is a surprisingly tasty drink.

3 ozs. Rhine wine
1 small bottle club soda

Fill a tall glass with ice; pour in wine; fill with soda and stir.

Probably the greatest destroyer of all dinner gatherings is the dry martini, said to have been invented by Jerry Thomas, who wrote the *Bon-Vivant's Companion*. He whipped it up while tending bar at San Francisco's Occidental Hotel in 1861, creating it for a man on his way to Martinez, California, and originally called it the Martinez. Needless to say, the traveler never made it to Martinez. The trouble is all that eight-to-one business. Here are a couple that will keep guests from stumbling to the table and yet can be called martinis. Again, versatile vermouth comes to the rescue.

SHY MARTINI

1½ ozs. dry sherry
1 oz. dry vermouth
Lemon peel

Simply pour over the rocks, stir vigorously, add lemon peel and serve.

REVERSE MARTINI

This is the drink many French chefs have when saving their steam for a good dinner. My friend Antoine Gilly, one of the four greatest living French chefs, taught me this one.

3 ozs. dry vermouth
1 teaspoon gin

Shake the vermouth with ice. Pour into stemmed glass over rocks. Add gin, carefully floating it on top. Add twist of lemon, if desired.

We don't lean completely upon Europe for our low-key libations. Americans have whipped up some pretty good combinations.

YACHT CLUB
(Serves four)

This used to be called the Mary Pickford, but lately, boat people have substituted frozen lemonade for the fresh pineapple juice that once was used.

6-oz. can frozen lemonade
2 light dashes grenadine
3 ozs. very light rum

Defrost lemonade and add 2 cans water, rather than the 4 that directions advise. Splash in the grenadine, add rum and shake well with cracked ice. Serve on the rocks.

TEQUILA TEASER
(Serves four)

As most of us know, tequila is a very potent clear spirit distilled from a singular maguey plant grown only in Jalisco, Mexico. The trick is to go easy on this benign-looking liquor, have it make its personality known without clouting.

Juice of 2 oranges
Juice of a large red grapefruit
Juice of 2 tangerines
1 tablespoon Cointreau
4 tablespoons tequila

Fill cocktail shaker ⅓ full of ice. Add fruit juices and Cointreau; shake well. Pour into 4 chilled glasses, ⅓ full. Add 1 tablespoon tequila to each serving; stir well.

Few drinks can match an American punch for ease in serving and elegance in offering. A punch puts the imagination to work, builds on camaraderie and cuts the work load for the host. Also, you can reduce the alcohol without sacrificing good taste. Punches are perfect for serving a big bunch and they are great levelers. Even your bourbon and Scotch men aren't going to be spoilsports when they see the others going at it with such enjoyment. Here's one I had last Christmas season, so good that I asked my host for the recipe. He called it:

THE BUNCH PUNCH
(Serves about 30)

1 fifth Southern Comfort
6 ozs. fresh lemon juice
1 6-oz. can frozen lemonade (undiluted)
1 6-oz. can frozen orange juice (undiluted)
3 quarts chilled 7-UP
6 thin slices lemon
6 thin slices orange

Place all ingredients in punch bowl; add ice; stir well.

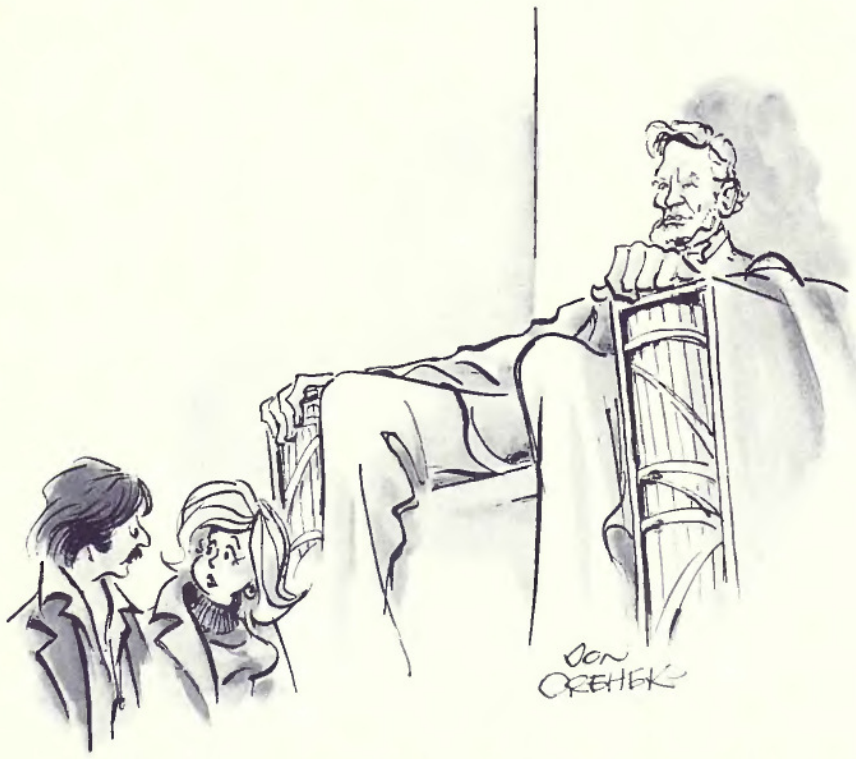
Here's one a good friend serves during the holidays. He whipped it up himself and he spends much of his party time telling people how he did it.

APPLE KNOCKER
(Serves about ten)

1 quart sweet cider
1 pint applejack
Cinnamon
½ lemon, sliced thin
Juice of other ½ lemon
½ of juice of 16-oz. jar crab apples
1 orange, sliced in 3 or 4 thick slices
Whole cloves

Blend and heat cider and applejack. Season to taste with cinnamon. Do not overdo cinnamon. Place mixture in punch bowl. Add lemon slices, lemon and crab-apple juices. Nail 4 or 5 cloves in each slice of orange, add to punch bowl; mix well.

So live it up, without lapping it up. Enjoy dinner on a plate rather than in a glass. You'll live better. And maybe longer.



"If Abe Lincoln made only four scores in seven years, he must not have been much of a ladies' man!"

Great Shark Hunt

(continued from page 200)

"Why not?" I said. "I'll be there at dawn. Have the boat ready."

"*¡Chingado!*" he screamed. He dropped his drink on the dock and began grappling with his own shoulder blades. I was taken aback at his outburst, not understanding for a moment . . . until I saw that a laughing 300-pound man wearing Levis and a red baseball hat in the cockpit of a nearby boat called Black Snapper had hooked the back of Murphy's shirt with a 30-pound marlin rod and was trying to reel him in.

Murphy staggered backward, screaming "*¡Chingado!*" once again as he fell sideways on the dock and ripped his shirt open. Well, I thought, no point trying to do business with this crowd tonight and, in fact, I never fished on that trip. But the general low tone of that party had stayed with me—a living caricature of white trash run amuck on foreign shores; an appalling kind of story, but not without a certain human-interest quotient.

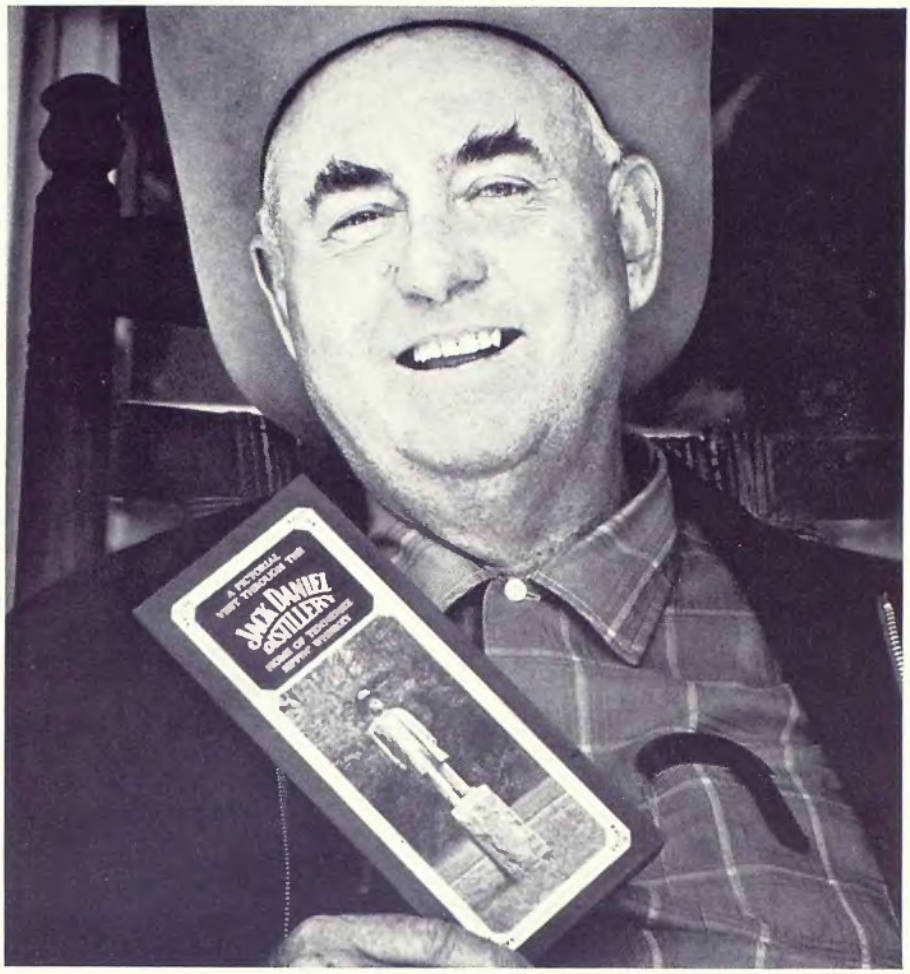
• • •

On the first day of the tournament, I spent eight hours at sea aboard the eventual winner—a 54-foot Striker called Sun Dancer, owned by a wealthy middle-aged industrialist named Frank Oliver from Palatka, Florida.

Oliver ran a fleet of barges on the Inland Waterway out of Jacksonville, he said, and Sun Dancer was the only boat in the Cozumel Harbor flying a Confederate flag. He had "about three hundred and twenty-five thousand in it"—including a network of built-in vacuum-cleaner wall plugs for the deep-pile carpets—and although he said he spent "maybe five weeks out of the year" on the boat, he was a very serious angler and he meant to win this tournament.

To this end, he had hired one of the world's top fishing captains—a speedy little cracker named Cliff North—and turned Sun Dancer over to him on a year-round basis. North is a living legend in the sport-fishing world and the idea that Oliver would hire him as his personal captain was not entirely acceptable to the other anglers. One of them explained that it was like some rich weekend duffer hiring Arnold Palmer to shoot the final round of the Greater Cleveland Elks golf tourney for him. North lives on the boat, with his wife and two young "mates," who do all the menial work, and during the ten months of the year when Oliver's not around, he charters Sun Dancer out to anybody who can pay the rate. All Cliff has to do—in return for this sinecure—is make sure Oliver wins the three or four fishing tournaments he finds time to enter each year.

Thanks to North and his expert boat handling, Frank Oliver is now listed in



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the sport-fishing record books as one of the world's top anglers. Whether or not Oliver would win any tournaments without North and Sun Dancer is a subject of widespread disagreement and occasional rude opinion among sport-fishing pros. Not even the most egotistical anglers will deny that a good boat and a hot-rod captain to handle it are crucial factors in ocean fishing—but there is a definite division of opinion between anglers (who are mainly rich amateurs) and pros (the boat captains and the crews) about the relative value of skills.

Most of the pros I talked to in Cozumel were reluctant, at first, to speak on this subject—at least for the record—but after the third or fourth drink, they would invariably come around to suggesting that anglers were more of a hazard than a help and, as a general rule of thumb, you could catch more fish by just jamming the rod into a holder on the rear end of the boat and letting the fish do the work. After two or three days on the boats, the most generous consensus I could get from the pros was that even the best angler is worth about a ten percent advantage in a tournament, and that most are seen as handicaps.

"Jesus God Almighty," said a veteran captain from Fort Lauderdale one night in a local hotel bar, "you wouldn't believe the things I've seen these fools do!" He laughed, but the sound was nervous and his body seemed to shudder as the memories came back on him. "One of the people I work for," he said, "has a wife who's just flat-out crazy." He shook his head wearily. "I don't want you to get me wrong, now—I love her dearly, as a person—but when it comes to fishing, goddamn it, I'd like to chop her up and toss her out for the sharks." He took a long hit on his rum and Coke. "Yeah, I hate to say it, but that's all she's good for—shark bait and nothin' else. Jesus, the other day she almost killed herself! We hooked a big sailfish, and when that happens, you have to move pretty fast, you know—but all of a sudden, I heard her screaming like crazy, and when I looked down from the bridge, she had her hair all tangled up in the reel!" He laughed. "Goddamn! Can you believe that? She almost got scalped! I had to *jump* down, about fifteen feet onto a wet deck in a bad sea, we were wallowing all around—and cut the whole line loose with my knife. She came within about ten seconds of having all her hair pulled out!"

• • •

Few anglers—and especially winners like Frank Oliver—agree with the pros' 90–10 split. "It's basically a *teamwork* situation," says Oliver, "like a chain with no weak links. The angler, the captain, the mates, the boat—they're all critical, they work like gears with each other."

Well . . . maybe so. Oliver won the tournament with 28 sailfish in the three days that counted. But he was fishing *alone* on Sun Dancer—a boat so lavishly outfitted it could have passed for the nautical den in Nelson Rockefeller's Fifth Avenue apartment—and with the Arnold Palmer of sport fishing up on the bridge. Most of his competition was fishing in twos and threes on charter boats they were assigned to at random, with wild-tempered, contemptuous captains they'd never even met before yesterday morning.

"Fishing against Cliff North is bad enough," said Jerry Haugen, captain of a stripped-down hulk of a boat called Lucky Striker, "but when you have to go against North and only *one* angler, with everything set up exactly the way *he* wants it, that's just about impossible."

Which is neither here nor there, in the rules of big-time sport fishing. If Bebe Rebozo decided to borrow a half-million dollars from the Pentagon at no interest and enter the Cozumel tournament with the best boat he could buy and a crew of specially trained U.S. Marines, he would compete on the same basis with *me*, if I entered the thing with a 110-year-old Colorado River J-boat and a crew of drug-crazed politicos from the Meat Possum Athletic Club. According to the rules, we'd be equal. . . . And while Bebe could fish alone on his boat, the tournament directors could assign me a nightmarish trio of anglers like Sam Brown, John Mitchell and Baby Huey.

Could we win? Never in hell. But nobody connected with that tournament would ever forget the experience . . . which is almost what happened anyway, for different reasons. By the third day of the tournament, or maybe it was the fourth, I had lost all control of my coverage. At one point, when Bloor ran amuck and disappeared for 30 hours, I was forced to jerk a dope addict out of the island's only night club and press him into service as a "special observer" for PLAYBOY. He spent the final day of the tournament aboard Sun Dancer, snorting coke in the head and jabbering wildly at North while poor Oliver struggled desperately to maintain his one-fish lead over Haugen's manic crew on Lucky Striker.

Thursday night was definitely the turning point. Whatever rapport Bloor and I had developed with the Striker people was wearing very thin after three days of increasingly strange behavior and the antisocial attitude we apparently manifested at the big Striker cocktail party at the Punta Moreña beach bar was clearly unacceptable. Almost everybody there was staggering drunk by nightfall and the ugliness threshold was low. Here were all these heavy anglers—prosperous Florida businessmen, for the most part—snarling and snapping at one another like East Harlem street fighters on the eve of a long-awaited rumble:

"You potbellied asshole! You couldn't catch a fish in a goddamn barrel!"

"Watch your stupid lip, fella: That's my *wife* you just stepped on!"

"*Whose* wife, fatface? Keep your fuckin' hands to yourself."

"Where's the goddamn waiter? Boy! *Boy!* Over here! Get me another drink, will ya?"

"Let me just put it to you this way, my friend. How 'bout a goddamn *fish-off?* Just *you* and *me*—for a thousand bucks, eh? Yeah, how 'bout it?"

People were lurching around in the sand with plates full of cold macaroni and shrimp sauce. Every now and then, somebody would jerk one of the giant turtles out of the tank on the patio and thrust it in the face of some bleary-eyed bystander, laughing wildly and struggling to hang on to the thing, big green flippers clawing frantically at the air and lashing a spray of stale turtle water on everybody within a radius of ten feet. . . . "Here: I wantcha to meet my friend! She'll do a real job on yer pecker. How horny are ya?"

. . .

It was not a good scene to confront with a head full of acid. We drank heavily, trying to act natural, but the drug set us clearly apart. Bloor became obsessed with the notion that we'd stumbled into a gathering of drunken greedheads who were planning to turn Cozumel into "a Mexican Miami Beach"—which was true, to a certain extent, but he pursued it with a zeal that churned up angry resentment in every conversation he wandered into. At one point, I found him shouting at the manager of the hotel he was staying in: "You're just a bunch of goddamn moneygrubbing creeps! All this bullshit about *tourism* and *development*—what the hell do you want here, another Aspen?"

The hotel man was baffled. "What *is* Aspen?" he asked. "What are you talking about?"

"You know goddamn well what I'm talking about, you sleazy bastard!" Bloor shouted. "These dirty concrete hotels you're building all over the beach, these dirty little hot-dog stands and——"

I hurried across the patio and grabbed him by the shoulder. "Never mind Yail," I said, trying to focus at least one of my eyes on whoever he was talking to. "He's still not adjusted to this altitude." I tried to smile at them, but I could sense it wasn't working . . . a drugged grimace, wild eyes and very jerky movements. I could hear myself talking, but the words made no sense: "These goddamned iguanas all over the road . . . we did a one-eighty back there back there at the U turn. . . . Yail grabbed the emergency brake when he saw all those lizards, jerked it right out by the root. . . . Thank Christ we had those snow tires. We live at five thousand feet, you know, damn little air pressure up there, but down here at sea level you feel it squeezing your brain like a vise. . . . No way to escape it, you can't even think straight. . . ."

Nobody smiled; I was babbling out of control and Bloor was still yelling about "land rapers." I left him and went to the bar. "We're leaving," I said, "but I want some ice for the road."

The bartender gave me a Pepsi-Cola cup full of melting shavings. "We'll need more than that," I said—so he filled up another cup. He spoke no English, but I could grasp what he was trying to tell me: There was no container available for the amount of ice I wanted and they were almost out of ice anyway.

My head was beginning to pulsate violently at this point. I could barely keep a focus on his face. Rather than argue, I went out to the parking lot and drove the Safari through a screen of small beach trees and up onto the patio, parking it right in front of the bar and indicating to the stunned bartender that I wanted the back seat filled with ice.

The Striker crowd was appalled. "You crazy son of a bitch!" someone yelled. "You mashed about fifteen trees!"

I nodded, but the words didn't register. All I could think about was ice—throwing one cupload after another into the back seat. The acid, by this time, had fucked up my vision to the point where I was seeing square out of one eye and round out of the other. It was impossible to focus on anything; I seemed to have four hands. . . .

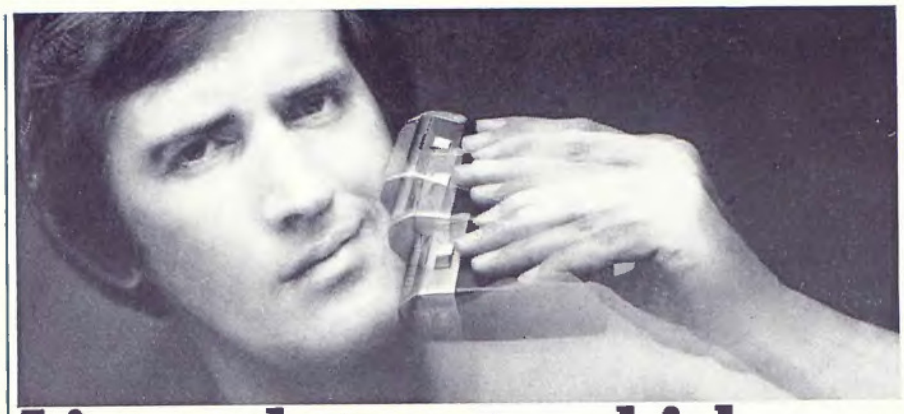
The bartender had not been lying: The Punta Moreña ice vat was virtually empty. I scraped a few more cuploads out of the bottom—hearing Bloor's angry cursing somewhere above and behind me—then I jumped over the counter and into the front seat of the jeep.

Nobody seemed to notice, so I gunned the engine violently and leaned on the horn as I crept very slowly in first gear through the mashed trees and shrubbery. Loud voices seemed to be looming down on me from the rear and suddenly Bloor was climbing over the back, yelling, "Get moving, goddamn it, get moving!" I stomped on the accelerator and we fishtailed out of the deep-sand parking lot.

Thirty minutes later, after a top-speed, bug-spattered run all the way to the other side of the island, we rolled into the parking lot of what appeared to be a night club. Bloor had calmed down a bit, but he was still in a high, wild condition as we lurched to a stop about five feet from the front door. I could hear loud music inside.

"We need a few drinks," I muttered. "My tongue feels like an iguana's been chewing on it."

Bloor stepped out. "Keep the engine



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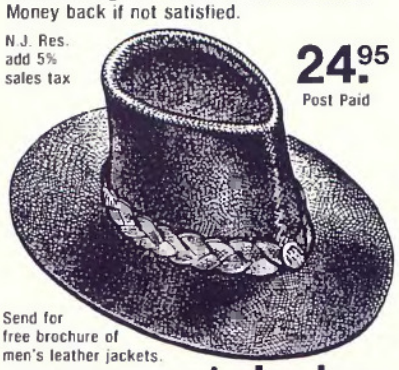
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running," he said. "I'll check the place out."

He disappeared inside and I leaned back on the seat to stare straight up at the star-crazed sky. It seemed about six feet above my eyes. Or maybe 60 feet, or 600. I couldn't be sure, and it didn't matter, anyway, because by that time I was convinced I was in the cockpit of a 727 coming into L.A. at midnight. Jesus, I thought, I am ripped right straight to the tits. Where am I? Are we going up or down? Somewhere in the back of my brain, I knew I was sitting in a jeep in the parking lot of a night club on an island off the Mexican coast—but how could I really be sure, with another part of my brain apparently convinced that I was looking down on the huge glittering bowl of Los Angeles from the cockpit of a 727? Was that the Milky Way? Or Sunset Boulevard? Orion, or the Beverly Hills Hotel?

Who gives a fuck? I thought. It's a fine thing to just lie back and stare up or down at. My eyeballs felt cool, my body felt rested. . . .

Then Bloor was yelling at me again. "Wake up, goddamn it! Park the car and let's go inside. I've met some wonderful people."

• • •

The rest of that night is very hazy in my memory. The inside of the club was loud and almost empty—except for the people Bloor had met, who turned out to be two half-mad coke runners with a big silver can full of white powder. When I sat down at the table, one of them introduced himself as Frank and said, "Here, I think you need something for your nose."

"Why not?" I said, accepting the can he tossed into my lap, "and I also need some rum." I yelled at the waiter and then opened the can, despite a rustle of protests around the table.

I looked down at my lap, ignoring Frank's nervous behavior, and thought, Zang! This is definitely *not* Los Angeles. We must be somewhere else.

I was staring down at what looked like a whole ounce of pure, glittering white cocaine. My first instinct was to jerk a 100-peso note out of my pocket and quickly roll it up for snorting purposes, but by this time Frank had his hand on my arm. "For Christ's sake," he was whispering, "don't do that shit *here*. Take it into the bathroom."

Which I did. It was a difficult trip, through all those chairs and tables, but I finally managed to lock myself in the toilet stall and start lashing the stuff up my nose with no thought at all of the ominous noise I was making. It was like kneeling down on a beach and sticking a straw into the sand; after five minutes or so, both my nostrils were locked up like epoxy and I hadn't even made a visible depression in the dune right in front of my eyes.

Good God, I thought. This can't be true. I must be hallucinating!

By the time I staggered back to the table, the others had calmed down. It was obvious that Bloor had already been into the can, so I handed it back to Frank with a twisted smile. "Be careful with this stuff," I mumbled. "It'll turn your brain to jelly."

He smiled. "What are you people doing here?"

"You'd never believe it," I replied, accepting a tall glass of rum from the waiter. The band was taking a break now and two of the musicians had wandered over to our table. Frank was saying something about a party later on. I shrugged, still fighting to clear my nasal passages with quick sniffs of rum. I sensed that this latest development might have serious consequences for the future of my story, but I was no longer especially concerned about that. . . .

• • •

From somewhere down deep in my memory, I heard a snatch of some half-remembered conversation between a construction worker and a bartender at a bar in Colorado. The construction man was explaining why he shouldn't have another drink: "You can't wallow with the pigs at night and then soar with the eagles in the morning," he said.

I thought briefly on this, then shrugged it off. My own situation was totally different, I felt. In about three hours, I was supposed to be down on the docks with my camera and tape recorder to spend another day on one of those goddamn boats.

No, I thought, that geek in Colorado had it all wrong. The real problem is how to wallow with the eagles at night and then soar with the pigs in the morning.

In any case, it made no difference. For a variety of good reasons, I missed my boat the next morning and spent the afternoon passed out in the sand on an empty beach about ten miles out of town.

• • •

By Friday night, it was clear that the story was not only a dry hole but maybe even a dry socket. Our most serious problem had to do with the rat-bastard tedium of spending eight hours a day out at sea in the boiling sun, being tossed around on the bridge of a high-powered motorboat and watching middle-aged businessmen reeling sailfish up to the side of the boat every once in a while. Both Bloor and I had spent a full day at sea—on the only boats in the tournament getting any real action, Sun Dancer and Lucky Striker—and by dusk on Friday, we had pretty well come to the conclusion that deep-sea fishing is not one of your king-hell spectator sports. I have watched a lot of bad acts in my time, from tag-team pro wrestling in Flomaton, Alabama, to the Roller Derby

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on Oakland TV and intramural softball tournaments at Scott Air Force Base in Illinois—but I'm damned if I can remember anything as insanely fucking dull as that Third Annual International Cozumel Fishing Tournament. The only thing that comes close to it, in recent memory, is an afternoon I spent last March in a traffic jam on the San Diego freeway . . . but even *that* had a certain adrenaline factor; by the end of the second hour, I was so crazy with rage that I cracked the top half of the steering wheel off my rented Mustang, then exploded the water pump by racing the engine at top speed and finally abandoned the mess altogether in the outside lane about two miles north of the Newport Beach exit.

• • •

It was Saturday afternoon, I think, when the brain fog had cleared enough for a long, clean focus on our situation—which had been drastically altered, at that point, by three nights of no sleep and a handful of spastic confrontations with the Striker crowd. I had been thrown out of one hotel and moved to another and Bloor had been threatened with jail or deportation by the manager of his hotel on the midtown square.

I had managed another zombielike day at sea, with massive aid from Frank's can, but our relationship with the Striker people was apparently beyond redemption. Nobody connected with the tournament would have anything to do with us. We were treated like lepers. The only people we felt easy with, at that point, were a motley collection of local freaks, boozers, hustlers and black-coral divers who seemed to collect each afternoon on the porch of the Bal-Hai, the town's main bar.

They quickly befriended us—a sudden shift in old relationships with the island that caused me to begin signing all the tabs, splitting them about half and half between Striker and PLAYBOY. Nobody seemed to care, especially the ever-growing crowd of new friends who came to drink with us. These people understood and were vaguely amused at the idea that we'd fallen into serious disfavor with the Strikers and the local power structure. For the past three sleepless days, we'd been gathering at the Bal-Hai to brood publicly on the likelihood of massive retaliation by local *jefes*, incensed by our rotten behavior.

"Outa sight!! And where did you get those tiny ornaments?"

It was sometime around dusk on Saturday, hunkered down at a big round table on the Bal-Hai porch, that I noticed the pea-green Mustang making its second pass in less than ten minutes. There is only one pea-green Mustang on the island, and one of the divers had told me it belonged to the "mayor"—a heavy-set young pol and an appointed, not elected, official who looked like a beer-bellied lifeguard on some beach at Acapulco. We had seen him often in the past few days, usually in the late afternoon and always cruising up and down the seaside *frontera*.

"That son of a bitch is beginning to make me nervous," Bloor muttered.

"Don't worry," I said. "They won't shoot—not as long as we're here in a crowd."

"What?" A gray-haired woman from Miami sitting next to us had caught the word shoot.

"It's the Striker crowd," I explained. "We hear they've decided to get heavy with us."

"Jesus Christ!" said a retired airline pilot who'd been living off his boat and the Bal-Hai porch for the past few months. "You don't think they'll start *shooting*, do you? Not on a peaceful island like this!"

I shrugged. "Not here. They wouldn't shoot into a crowd. But we can't let them catch us alone."

The woman from Miami started to say something, but Bloor cut her off with an outburst that spun heads the length of the porch:

"They're in for the shock of their goddamn lives, tomorrow," he snarled. "Wait till they see what gets off that goddamn ferry from Playa del Carmen in the morning."

"What the hell are you talking about?" the ex-pilot asked.

Bloor said nothing, staring blankly out to sea. I hesitated a moment, then instinctively picked up the thread: "Heavies," I said. "We made some calls last night. Tomorrow morning they'll come off that boat like a pack of goddamn wolverines."

Our friends at the table were glancing nervously at one another. Violent crime is almost unheard of on Cozumel; the native oligarchy is into far more subtle varieties . . . and the idea that the Bal-Hai might be the scene of a Chicago-style shoot-out was a hard thing to grasp, even for me.

Bloor cut in again, still staring off toward the mainland. "You can hire just about anything you want in Mérida," he said. "We got these thugs for ten bucks a head, plus expenses. They'll crack every skull on the island if they have to—then burn every one of those goddamn redneck boats right down to the waterline."

Nobody spoke for a moment, then the woman from Miami and the retired airline pilot got up to leave. "See you later," the man said stiffly. "We have to get

back to the boat and check things out."

Moments later, the two divers who'd been sitting with us also left, saying they'd probably see us tomorrow at the Striker party.

"Don't count on it," Bloor muttered. They grinned nervously and sped off down the *frontera* on their tiny Hondas. We were left alone at the big round table, sipping margaritas and staring out at the sunset over the Yucatán Peninsula, 12 miles across the channel. After a few long moments of silence, Bloor reached into his pocket and came up with a hollowed-out glass eye he had bought from one of the street peddlers. There was a silver cap on the back and he flipped it up, then jammed the straw from his margarita into the hole and snorted heavily before handing it over to me. "Here," he said. "Try some of Frank's best."

The waiter was hovering over us, but I ignored him—until I realized I was having problems, then I looked up from the eyeball in my hand and asked for two more drinks and a dry straw. "*¿Como no?*" he hissed, moving quickly away from the table.

"This thing's all jammed up from the moisture," I said to Bloor, showing him the powder-packed straw. "We'll have to slice it open."

"Never mind," he said. "There's plenty more where that came from."

I nodded, accepting a fresh drink and about six dry straws from the waiter. "You notice how fast our friends left," I said, bearing down on the eyeball again. "I suspect they believed all that gibberish."

He sipped his own new drink and stared at the glass eye in my hand. "Why shouldn't they?" he mumbled. "I'm beginning to believe it myself."

I felt a great numbness in the back of my mouth and my throat as I snapped the cap shut and handed the eyeball back to him. "Don't worry," I said. "We're professionals—keep that in mind."

"I am," he said. "But I'm afraid they might figure that out."

• • •

It was late Saturday night, as I recall, when we learned that Frank Oliver had officially won the tournament—by one fish, ahead of the balls-out poor-boy crew on Lucky Striker. I wrote this down in my notebook as we roamed round the dock where the boats were tied up. Nobody urged us to come aboard for "a friendly drink"—as I heard some of the anglers put it to others on the dock—and, in fact, there were only a few people who spoke to us at all. Frank and his friend were sipping beers at the open-air bar nearby, but his kind of hospitality was not in tune with this scene. Jack Daniel's and heavy petting on the foredeck is about as heavy as the Striker crowd gets . . . and after a week of mounting isolation from this scene I was supposed to be "covering," I was hung on

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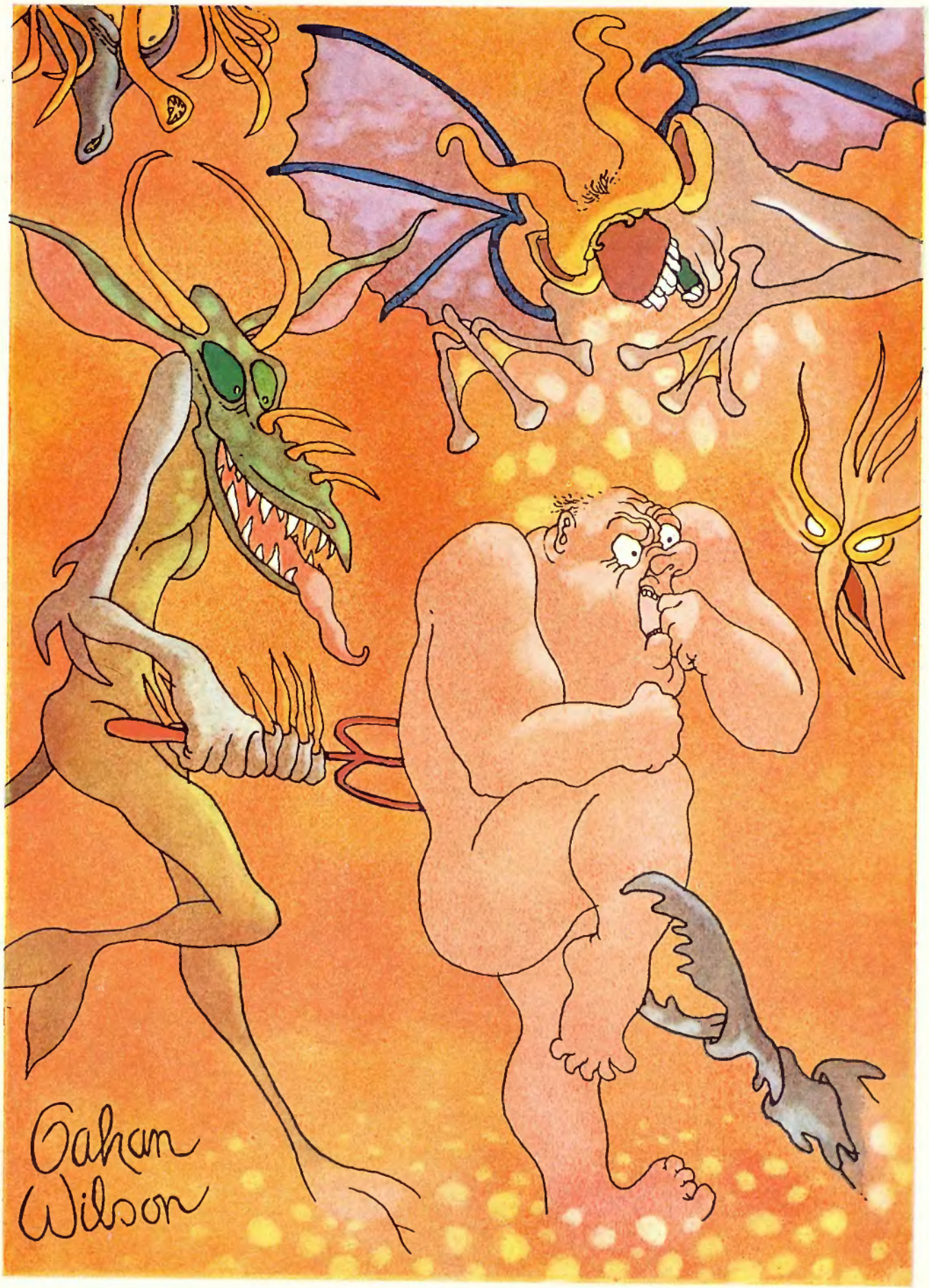


"Why didn't my lawyer tell me about this?"

the dark and ugly truth that "my story" was fucked. Not only did the boat people view me with gross disapproval but most of them no longer even believed I was working for PLAYBOY. All they knew, for sure, was that there was something very strange and off-center, to say the least, about me and all my "assistants."

Which was true, in a sense, and this feeling of alienation on both sides was compounded, on ours, by a galloping drug-induced paranoia that honed each small incident, with every passing day, to a grim and fearful edge. The paranoid sense of isolation was bad enough—along with trying to live in two entirely different worlds at the same time—but the worst problem of all was the fact that I'd spent a week on this goddamn wretched story and I still didn't have the flimsiest notion of what deep-sea fishing *felt like*. I had no idea what it was like to actually catch a big fish. All I'd seen was a gang of frantic red-neck businessmen occasionally hauling dark shadows up to the side of various boats, just close enough to where some dollar-an-hour mate could cut the leader and score a point for "the angler." During the whole week, I'd never seen a fish out of the water—except on the rare occasions when a hooked sailfish had jumped for an instant, 100 or so yards from the boat, before going under again for the long reeling-in trip that usually took ten or fifteen minutes of silent struggle and always ended with the fish either slipping the hook or being dragged close enough to the boat to be "tagged" and then cut loose.

The anglers assured me it was all a great thrill, but on the evidence, I couldn't believe it. The whole idea of fishing, it seemed to me, was to hook a thrashing sea monster of some kind and actually *boat* the bastard. And then eat it.

All the rest seemed like dilettante bullshit—like hunting wild boar with a can of spray paint, from the safety of a pickup truck . . . and it was this half-crazed sense of frustration that led me finally to start wandering around the docks and trying to hire somebody to take me and Bloor out at night to fish for man-eating sharks. It seemed like the only way to get a real feel for this sport—to fish (or hunt) for something genuinely dangerous, a beast that would tear your leg off in an instant if you made the slightest mistake.

This concept was not widely understood on the dock in Cozumel. The businessmen-anglers saw no point in getting the cockpits of their expensive tubs messed up with real blood, and especially not theirs . . . but I finally found two takers: Jerry Haugen on Lucky Striker and a local Mayan captain who worked for Fernando Murphy.

Both of these efforts ended in disaster—for entirely different reasons and also at different times; but for the record, I feel a powerful obligation to record at least a brief observation about our shark-hunting expeditions off the coast of Cozumel: The first is that I saw more sharks by accident while scuba-diving during the daylight hours than I did during either of our elaborate, big-money nighttime "hunts" off the fishing boats; and the second is that anybody who buys anything more complex or expensive than a bottle of beer on the waterfront of Cozumel is opting for serious trouble.

Cerveza Superior, at 75 cents a bottle on the porch of the Bal-Hai, is a genuine bargain—if only because you know what you're getting—compared with the insanely and even fatally inept "deep-sea-fishing and scuba-diving tours" offered at dockside shacks like El Timon or Fernando Murphy's. These people rent boats to dumb gringos for $140 a day (or night) and then take you out to sea and dump you over the side with faulty diving gear in shark-filled waters during the day, or run you around in circles during the night—a Fernando Murphy specialty—while allegedly trolling for sharks about 500 yards offshore. There are plenty of bologna sandwiches while you wait for a strike, unable to communicate verbally with the guilt-stricken Mayan mate or the Mayan captain up top, who both understand what kind of a shuck they are running but who are only following Fernando Murphy's orders. Meanwhile Murphy is back in town playing maitre de at his Tijuana-style night club, La Piñata.

We found Murphy at his night club after spending six useless hours "at sea" on one of his boats, and came close to getting beaten and jailed when we noisily ruined the atmosphere of the place by accusing him of "outright thievery" on the grounds of what his hired fisherman had already admitted he'd done to us—and the only thing that kept us from getting stomped by Murphy's heavies was the timely popping-off of flashbulbs by an American photographer. There is nothing quite like the sudden white flash of a professional gringo camera to paralyze the brain of a Mexican punk long enough for the potential victims to make a quick, nonviolent exit.

We were counting on this, and it worked: a sorry end to the only attempt we ever made to hire *local* fishermen for a shark hunt. Murphy had his $140 cash in advance, we had our harsh object lesson in commercial dealings on the Cozumel dock—and with the photos in the can, we understood the wisdom of leaving the island at once.

• • •

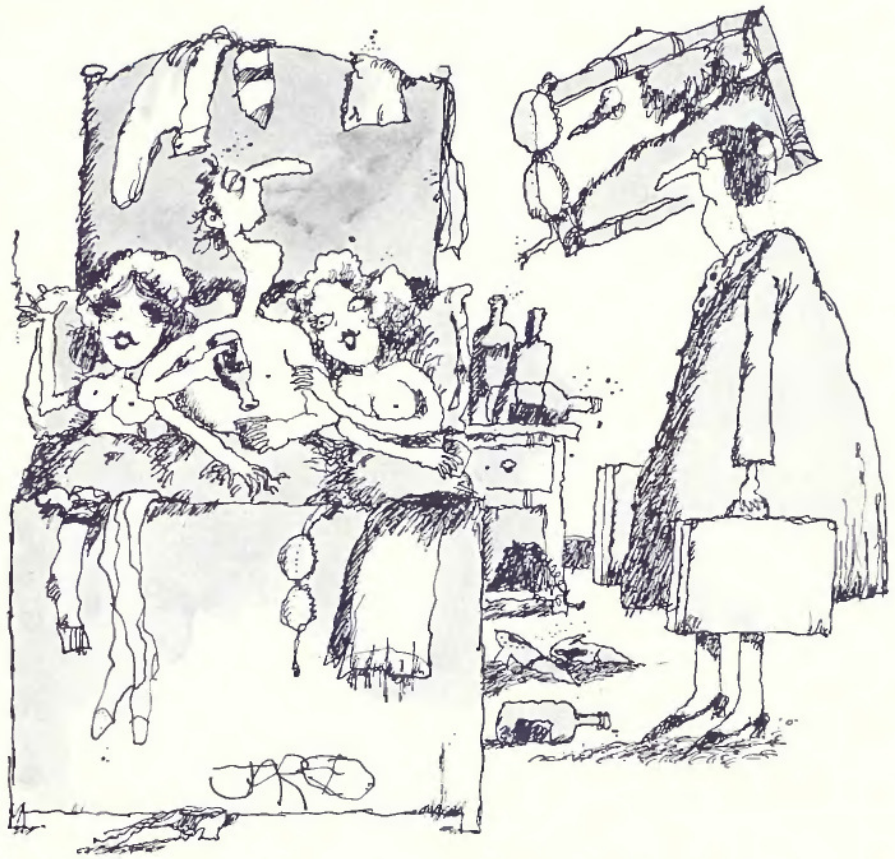
Our other nighttime shark hunt—with Jerry Haugen on Lucky Striker—was a totally different kind of experience. It was at least an honest value. Haugen and his two-man crew were the "hippies" of the Striker fleet, and they took me and Bloor out one night for a *serious* shark hunt—a strange adventure that nearly sunk their boat when they hooked a reef in pitch-darkness about a mile out at sea and which ended with all of us up on the bridge while a four-foot nurse shark flopped crazily around in the cockpit, even after Haugen had shot it four times in the head with a .45 automatic.

Looking back on all that, my only feeling for deep-sea fishing is one of absolute and visceral aversion. Hemingway had the right idea when he decided that a .45-caliber submachine gun was the proper tool for shark fishing, but he was wrong about his targets. Why shoot innocent fish, when the guilty walk free along the docks, renting boats for $140 a day to drunken dupes who call themselves "sport fishermen"?

Our departure from the island was not placid. The rough skeleton of the plan—as I conceived it with a head full of MDA on the night before—was to wait until about an hour before the first early-morning flight to Mérida on Aeromexico, then jump both our hotel bills by checking out in a raving frenzy at dawn, at the end of the night clerk's shift—and signing "PLAYBOY/Striker Aluminum Yachts" on both bills. I felt this bogus dual imprimatur would be heavy enough to confuse both desk clerks long enough for us to reach the airport and make the escape.

Our only other problem—except for connecting with the black-coral wizard who was expecting at least $300 *cash* for the work we'd assigned him—was dumping the Avis rental jeep at the airport no more than three minutes before boarding time. I knew that the local Avis people would have me under observation by the same shadowy observer who'd nailed me on the broken-windshield charge, but I also knew he'd been watching us long enough to know we were both late risers. He would set his psychic work clock, I felt, to coincide with our traditional noon-to-dawn working hours. I also knew that the hours he'd been keeping for the past week were so far off his normal wake-sleep schedule that by now he was probably a nervous, jabbering mess from trying to keep up with a gang of wild gringos fueled from an apparently bottomless satchel full of speed, acid, MDA and cocaine.

It boiled down to a question of armaments—or lack of them—and their long-term effects in the crunch. Looking back on my experience over the years, I was confident of being able to function at peak-performance level, at least briefly, after 80 or 90 hours without sleep. There were negative factors, of course: 80 or 90 hours of continuous boozing, along with sporadic energy/adrenaline sappers like frantic, rock-dodging swims in the high surf at night and sudden, potentially disastrous confrontations with hotel managers—but on balance, I felt, the drug factor gave us a clear-cut advantage. In



"How was your trip, dear? . . . Boy, the place just hasn't been the same without you!"

any 24-hour period, a determined private eye can muster the energy to keep pace with veteran drug users . . . but after 48 straight hours, and especially after 72, fatigue symptoms begin manifesting drastically—hallucinations, hysteria, massive nerve failure. After 72 hours, both the body and the brain are so badly depleted that only sleep will make the nut . . . while your habitual drug user, long accustomed to this weird and frenzied pace, is still hoarding at least three hours of high-speed reserve.

There was no question in my mind—once the plane was finally airborne out of Cozumel—about what to do with the drugs. I had eaten three of the remaining five caps of MDA during the night and Bloor had given our hash and all but six of his purple pills to the black-coral wizard as a bonus for his all-night efforts. As we zoomed over the Yucatán Channel at 8000 feet, we took stock of what we had left:

Two hits of MDA, six tabs of acid, about a gram and a half of raw cocaine, four reds and a random handful of speed. That—plus $44 and a desperate hope that Sandy had made and paid for our reservations beyond Monterrey, Mexico—was all we had between Cozumel and our refuge/destination at Sam Brown's house in Denver. We were airborne out of Cozumel at 8:13 A.M., Mountain Daylight Time—and if everything went right, we would arrive at Denver's Stapleton International Airport before seven.

We'd been airborne for about eight minutes when I looked over at Bloor and told him what I'd been thinking: "We don't have enough drugs here to risk carrying them through Customs," I said.

He nodded thoughtfully: "Well . . . we're pretty well fixed, for poor boys."

"Yeah," I replied. "But I have my professional reputation to uphold. And there's only two things I've never done with drugs: sell them or take them through Customs—especially when we can replace everything we're holding for about ninety-nine dollars just as soon as we get off the plane."

He hunkered down in his seat, saying nothing. Then he stared across at me. "What are you saying? That we should just throw all this shit away?"

I thought for a moment. "No. I think we should eat it."

"What?"

"Yeah, why not? They can't bust you for what's already dissolved in your belly—no matter *how* weird you're acting."

"Jesus Christ!" he muttered. "We'll go stark raving nuts if we eat all this shit!"

I shrugged. "Keep in mind where we'll be when we hit Customs," I said. "San Antonio, *Texas*. Are you ready to get busted in Texas?"

He stared down at his fingernails.

"Remember Tim Leary?" I said. "Ten years for three ounces of grass in his daughter's panties. . . ."

He nodded. "Jesus . . . Texas! I'd forgotten about that."

"Not me," I said. "When Sandy went through Customs in San Antonio about three weeks ago, they tore everything she was carrying apart. It took her two hours to put it back together."

I could see him thinking. "Well . . ." he said finally, "what if we eat this stuff and go crazy—and they nail us?"

"Nothing," I said. "We'll drink heavily. If we're seized, the stewardesses will testify we were drunk."

He thought for a moment, then laughed. "Yeah . . . just a couple of good ole boys O.D.'d on booze. Nasty drunks, staggering back into the country after a shameful vacation in Mexico—totally fucked up."

"Right," I said. "They can strip us down to the skin. It's no crime to enter the country helplessly drunk."

He laughed. "You're right. What do we start with? We shouldn't eat it all at once—that's too heavy."

I nodded, reaching into my pocket for the MDA and offering him one as I tossed the other into my mouth. "Let's eat some of the acid now, too," I said. "That way, we'll be adjusted to it by the time we have to eat the rest—and we can save the coke for emergencies."

"Along with the speed," he said. "How much do you have left?"

"Ten hits," I said. "Pure-white amphetamine powder. It'll straighten us right out, if things get tense."

"You should save that for the end," he said. "We can use this coke if we start getting messy."

I swallowed the purple pill, ignoring the Mexican stewardess with her tray of *sangria*.

"I'll have two," said Bloor, reaching across me.

"Same here," I said, lifting two more off the tray.

Bloor grinned at her. "Pay no attention. We're just tourists—down here making fools of ourselves."

Moments later we hit down on the runway at Mérida. But it was a quick and painless stop. By nine A.M., we were cruising over central Mexico at 20,000 feet, headed for Monterrey. The plane was half empty and we could have moved around if we'd wanted to—but I glanced across at Bloor, trying to use him as a mirror for my own condition, and decided that wandering around in the aisles would not be wise. Making yourself noticeable is one thing—but causing innocent passengers to shrink off with

feelings of shock and repugnance is a different game entirely. One of the few things that can't be controlled about acid is the glitter it puts in the eyes. No amount of booze will cause the same kind of laughing, that fine predatory glow that comes with the first rush of acid up the spine.

But Bloor felt like moving. "Where's the goddamn head?" he muttered.

"Never mind," I said. "We're almost to Monterrey. Don't attract attention. We have to check through Immigration there."

He straightened up in his seat. "Immigration?"

"Nothing serious," I said. "Just turn in our tourist cards and see about the tickets to Denver. . . . But we'll have to act straight. . . ."

"Why?" he asked.

I gave it some thought. Why, indeed? We were clean. Or *almost* clean, anyway. About an hour out of Mérida we'd eaten another round of acid—which left us with two more of those, plus four reds and the coke and the speed. The luck of the split had left me with the speed and the acid; Bloor had the coke and the reds . . . and by the time the ABROCHE SU CINTURON (FASTEN SEAT BELTS) sign flashed on above Monterrey, we'd agreed, more or less, that anything we hadn't eaten by the time we got to Texas would have to be flushed down the stainless-steel john in the plane's lavatory.

It had taken about 45 tortured minutes to reach this agreement, because by that time, neither one of us could speak clearly. I tried to whisper, through gritted teeth, but each time I succeeded in uttering a coherent sentence my voice seemed to echo around the cabin like I was mumbling into a bullhorn. At one point, I leaned over as close as possible to Bloor's ear and hissed: "Reds . . . how many?" But the sound of my own voice was such a shock that I recoiled in horror and tried to pretend I'd said nothing.

Was the stewardess staring? I couldn't be sure. Bloor had seemed not to notice—but suddenly he was thrashing around in his seat and clawing frantically underneath himself with both hands. "What the fuck?" he was screaming.

"Quiet!" I snapped. "What's *wrong* with you?"

He was jerking at his seat belt, still shouting. The stewardess ran down the aisle and unbuckled it for him. There was fear in her face as she backed off and watched him spring out of his seat. "Goddamn you clumsy bastard!" he yelled.

I stared straight ahead. Jesus, I thought, he's blowing it, he can't handle the acid, I should have abandoned this crazy bastard in Cozumel. I felt my teeth grinding as I tried to ignore his noise . . . then I glanced across and saw him groping between the seats and coming up with a smoldering cigarette butt. "Look at this!" he shouted at me. He was holding the butt in one hand and fondling the back of his thigh with the other. . . .

"Burned a big hole in my pants," he was saying. "He just spit this dirty thing right down in my seat!"

"What?" I said, feeling in front of my mouth for the cigarette in my filter . . . but the filter was empty, and I suddenly understood. The fog in my brain suddenly cleared and I heard myself

"But demographic projections indicate that within twenty years, this town will be big enough for both of us."

laughing. "I warned you about these goddamn Bonanzas!" I said. "They'll never stick in the filter!"

The stewardess was pushing him back down into his seat. "Fasten belts," she kept saying, "fasten belts."

I grabbed his arm and jerked downward, pulling him off balance and causing him to fall heavily onto the back of the seat. It gave way and collapsed on the legs of whoever was sitting behind us. The stewardess jerked it quickly back to the upright position, then reached down to fasten Bloor's seat belt. I saw his left arm snake out and settle affectionately around her shoulders.

Good God! I thought. This is it. I could see the headlines in tomorrow's *News*: "DRUG FRACAS ON AIRLINER NEAR MONTERREY: GRINGOS JAILED ON ARSON, ASSAULT CHARGES."

But the stewardess only smiled and backed off a few steps, dismissing Bloor's crude advance with a slap at his arm and an icy professional smile. I tried to return it, but my face was not working properly. Her eyes narrowed. She was clearly more insulted by the demented grin I was trying not to fix on her than she was by Bloor's attempt to push her head down into his lap.

He smiled happily as she stalked away. "That'll teach you," he said. "You're a goddamn nightmare to travel with."

The acid was leveling out now. I could tell by the tone of his voice that he was into the manic stage. No more of that jerky, paranoid whispering. He was feeling confident now; his face had settled into that glaze of brittle serenity you invariably see on the face of a veteran acid eater who knows that the first rush is past and now he can settle down for about six hours of real fun.

I was not quite there myself, but I knew it was coming—and we still had about seven more hours and two plane changes between now and Denver. I knew the Immigration scene at Monterrey was only a formality—just stand in line for a while with all the other gringos and not get hysterical when the cop at the gate asks for your tourist card.

We could ease through that one, I felt—on the strength of long experience. Anybody who's still on the street after seven or eight years of public acid eating has learned to trust his adrenaline gland for getting through routine confrontations with officialdom—traffic citations, bridge tolls, airline ticket counters. . . .

And we had one of these coming up: getting our baggage off this plane and not losing it in the airport until we found out which flight would take us to San Antonio and Denver. Bloor was traveling light, with only two bags. But I had my normal heavy load: two huge leather suitcases, a canvas seabag and tape recorder with two portable speakers. If we were going to lose anything, I wanted to lose it *north* of the border.

• • •

The Monterrey airport is a cool, bright little building, so immaculately clean and efficient that we were almost immediately lulled into a condition of grinning euphoria. Everything seemed to be working perfectly. No lost baggage, no sudden outbursts of wild jabbering at the Immigration desk, no cause for panic or fits of despair at the ticket counter. . . . Our first-class reservations had already been made and confirmed all the way to Denver. Bloor had been reluctant to blow 32 extra dollars "just to sit up front with the businessmen," but I felt it was necessary. "There's a lot more latitude for weird behavior in first class," I told him. "The stewardesses back in the tourist section don't have as much experience, so they're more likely to freak out if they think they have a dangerous nut on their hands."

He glared at me. "Do I look like a dangerous nut?"

I shrugged. It was hard to focus on his face. We were standing in a corridor outside the souvenir shop. "You look like a serious dope addict," I said, finally. "Your hair's all wild, your eyes are glittering, your nose is all red and——" I suddenly noticed white powder on the top edge of his mustache. "You swine! You've been into the coke!"

He grinned blankly. "Why not? Just a little pick-me-up."

I nodded. "Yeah. Just wait till you start explaining yourself to the Customs agent in San Antonio with white powder drooling out of your nose," I laughed. "Have you ever seen those big bullet-nosed flashlights they use for rectal searches?"

He was rubbing his nostrils vigorously. "Where's the drugstore? I'll get some of that Dristan nasal spray." He reached into his back pocket and I saw his face turn gray. "Jesus," he hissed. "I've lost my wallet!" He kept fumbling in his pockets but no wallet turned up. "Good God!" he moaned. "It's still on the plane!" His eyes flashed wildly around the airport. "Where's the gate?" he snapped. "The wallet must be under the seat."

I shook my head. "No, it's too late."

"What?"

"The plane. I saw it take off while you were in the rest room, snorting up the coke."

He thought for a moment, then uttered a loud, wavering howl. "My

"You're my wife? You mean this woman is an impostor?"

passport! All my money! I have *nothing*! They'll never let me back into the country, with no I.D."

I smiled. "Ridiculous. I'll vouch for you."

"Shit!" he said. "You're crazy! You *look* crazy!"

"Let's go find the bar," I said. "We have forty-five minutes."

"*What?*"

"The drunker you get, the less it'll bother you," I said. "The best thing, right now, is for you to get weeping, falling-down drunk. I'll swear you staggered in front of a moving plane on the runway in Mérida and a jet engine sucked the coat right off your back and into its turbine." The whole thing seemed absurd. "Your wallet was in the coat, right? I was a witness. It was all I could do to keep your *whole body* from being sucked into the turbine."

I was laughing wildly now; the scene was very vivid. I could almost *feel* the terrible drag of the suction as we struggled to dig our heels into the hot asphalt runway. Somewhere in the distance, I could hear the wail of a mariachi band above the roar of the engines, sucking us ever closer to the whirling blades. I could hear the wild screech of a stewardess as she watched helplessly. A Mexican soldier with a machine gun was trying to help us, but suddenly he was sucked away like a leaf in the wind . . . wild screams all around us, then a sickening *thump* as he disappeared feetfirst into the black maw of the turbine. . . . The engine seemed to stall momentarily, then spit a nasty shower of hamburger and bone splinters all over the runway . . . more screaming from behind us as Bloor's coat ripped away; I was holding him by one arm when another soldier with a machine gun began firing at the plane, first at the cockpit and then at the murderous engine . . . which suddenly exploded, like a bomb going off right in front of us: the blast hurled us 200 feet across the tarmac and through a wire-mesh fence. . . .

Jesus! What a scene! A fantastic tale to lay on the Customs agent in San Antonio: "And then, officer, while we were lying there on the grass, too stunned to move, *another* engine exploded! And then another! Huge balls of fire! It was a miracle that we escaped with our lives. . . . Yes, so you'll have to make some allowance for Mr. Bloor's unsteady condition right now. He was badly shaken, half-hysterical most of the afternoon. . . . I want to get him back to Denver and put him under sedation. . . ."

I was so caught up in this terrible vision that I'd failed to notice Bloor down on his knees until I heard him shout. He'd spread the contents of his kit bag all over the floor of the corridor rummaging through the mess, and now he was smiling happily at the wallet in his hand.

"You found it," I said.

He nodded—clutching it with both hands, as if it might leap out of his grip with the strength of a half-captured lizard and disappear across the crowded lobby. I looked around and saw that people were stopping to watch us. My mind was still whirling from the fiery hallucination that had seized me, but I was able to kneel down and help Bloor stuff his belongings back into the kit bag. "We're attracting a crowd," I muttered. "Let's get to the bar, where it's safe."

• • •

Moments later we were sitting at a table overlooking the runway, sipping margaritas and watching the ground crew load the 727 that would take us to San Antonio. My plan was to stay hunkered down in the bar until the last moment, then dash for the plane. Our luck had been excellent, so far, but that scene in the lobby had triggered a wave of paranoia in my head. I felt very conspicuous. Bloor's mannerisms were becoming more and more psychotic. He took one sip of his drink, then whacked it down onto the table and stared at me. "What *is* this?" he snarled.

"A double margarita," I said, glancing over at the waitress to see if she had her eye on us.

She did, and Bloor waved at her.

"What do you want?" I whispered.

(continued on page 275)

PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement

TABLE HOPS

Bourbon drinkers have their sterling julep cups; winophiles flaunt crystal glasses and decanters; but what has the lowly beer guzzler got to one-up his toper buddies? Would you believe a $1000 glass-topped coffee table measuring 48″ x 30″ x 15″ and made from 194 beer cans of your choice—98 of which house a random-blinking bulb and a colored lens? Then, at the snap of your fingers, the whole shebang turns on or off. Order from Steve Olesky, 138 Stornoway Drive, E. Columbus, Ohio, and watch your friends' eyes light up with envy. No, Dumbrowski, you can't drink the table.

HAIL TO THE EMPEROR

Quite frankly, the Emperor Hotel in Tokyo is for those who want to enjoy sex. French perfume scents the elevators. Beds revolve, vibrate, undulate and do the boogaloo. Closed-circuit TVs feature porno films. One room has a 50-foot waterfall. (Who knows what evil lurks . . . ?) And sliding panels on ceilings reveal mirrors for those who like to reflect on the art of love. Rates start at $14 and go skyward to $90. One room, for example, sports U. S. Revolutionary War flintlocks; another has tiger and polar-bear skins. No mention of cherry blossoms, however.

VIVE LA BRIEFCASE

Remember that French course you always used to sleep through in high school? Well, guess what? Your boss wants you to negotiate a high-level Paris merger and all you can remember is how to ask for the menu, *s'il vous plaît*. Not to worry, *mon ami*. Simply check with the Language House (430 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago) and get yourself a briefcase in which you will find a four-track recorder, earphones, mike, study guide and 74 prerecorded lessons (plus personalized telephone tutoring)—all for just $700 to $1200. Not only will you learn how to speak French (or 22 other languages), you'll be able to tell that miserable concierge where to get off.

ROXIE MUSIC

Back in the good old days, you'd read the book first, then see the play and eventually go to the movie. But in this crazy, wonderful, mixed-up world of ours, things don't happen that way. You may have seen the movie *Roxie Hart*, starring Ginger Rogers. And now you'll be able to see the Broadway musical starring Gwen Verdon, Chita Rivera and Jerry Orbach. It's scheduled to open in New York at the 46th Street Theater January seventh, is being directed by Oscar, Emmy, Tony winner Bob (*Cabaret, Pippin*) Fosse and will be called *Chicago*. The story's about a doxy who shoots a guy and becomes a courtroom superstar. Stay tuned for the book.

EVERY NIGHT AT THE MOVIES

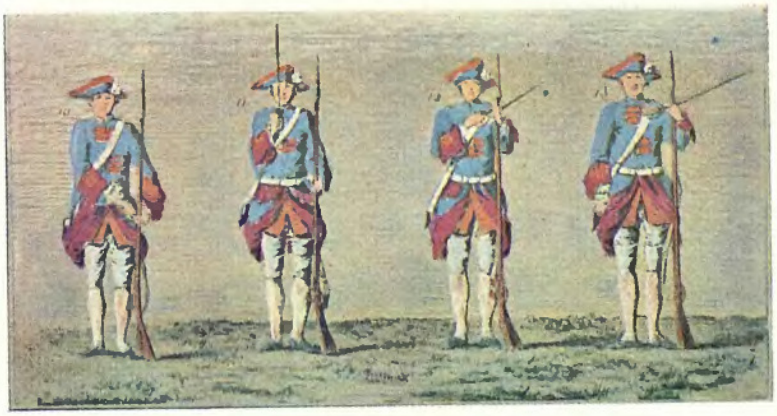
Flick fans! Are you among the hapless who always lose film-trivia games? Are you consistently bested by that guy who always seems to know things like the exact date Gina Lollobrigida won her lawsuit against those journalists who compared her bosom to a cow's udder? Is that what's making you feel like an outtake on the cutting-room floor? Well, Drake Publishers, at 381 Park Avenue South in Manhattan, have come to the rescue with their Film Buff's Calendar—1975. For $3.95, cinema history is all yours. Roll 'em.

ROAD TALK

If you're a motorcycle nut, you'll be glad to hear that speech has come to your long-silent world. Helmet Audio Link, or HAL, a voice-activated two-way radio with a 500-to-700-foot radius that fits most bubble-shield helmets, is available for $50 from Audio Link, 5241 Wilson Mills Road, Cleveland, Ohio. Now you can tell your fellow travelers about the turnoff they just missed or the blonde you just spotted.

FIRE DOWN BELOW

Hey, *amigo*, you say you want really hot jalapeño peppers, the kind Pancho Villa used to give to gringos to make them talk? Then have we got a Mexican connection for you. It's Chili World, P. O. Box 197, El Paso, Texas 79942. Drop them a line and you'll get back a list of pickled peppers and other hot stuff that'll knock your socks off. Or you can take potluck and order the variety pack at $10 that comes stuffed with such fire breathers as red chili sauce, hot jalapeño peppers, dried hot red chili pods, chopped green chilies and pickled hot mountain peppers. Oh, Cisco! Oh, Pancho! Ohhhhhoooooo!



THE ATTACK OF THE LITTLE PEOPLE

If your Napoleonic complex has been getting out of hand lately, then Miniature Figurines Ltd. (Box P, Pine Plains, New York) has just the cure: thousands of miniature soldiers to manipulate, plus such additional goodies as chariots, catapults and horses. Most periods and types of militia are available, from ancient Egypt through British colonial, plus science-fiction and *Lord of the Rings* characters. All are featured in an illustrated catalog that goes for a mere $1.50. When your regiments arrive, you add the finishing touches with a paintbrush and start the war. They await your orders, *mon capitaine*.

PRIMITIVE EMOTIONS

So you've got the Matisse in your living room, the Miró in your den and a reproduction of *The Thinker* in your bathroom. You need something with a little sexual pizzazz in your bedroom, but you don't want people to think you're a pervert, right? The Laurus Company (P. O. Box 11397, Chicago 60611) has just the thing: one-of-a-kind Indonesian erotic sculptures featuring males with giant-sized genitals involved in group scenes, animal acts—you name it. Each wood carving comes with a Lucite base; they're available in sizes from 6″ at $75 to 14″ for $125. And, after all, *what's* perverted?

Canada at its best.

Try the light, smooth whisky that's becoming America's favorite Canadian.
Imported Canadian Mist®

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Great Shark Hunt (continued from page 271)

"Glaucoma," he said.

The waitress was on us before I could argue. Glaucoma is an extremely complicated mix of about nine unlikely ingredients that Bloor had learned from some randy old woman he met on the porch of the Bal-Hai. She'd taught the bartender there how to make it: very precise measurements of gin, tequila, Kahlúa, crushed ice, fruit juices, lime rinds, spices—all mixed to perfection in a tall frosted glass.

It is not the kind of drink you want to order in an airport bar with a head full of acid and a noticeable speech impediment; especially when you can't speak the local language and you just spilled the first drink you ordered all over the table.

But Bloor persisted. When the waitress abandoned all hope, he walked over to speak with the bartender. I slumped in my chair, keeping an eye on the plane and hoping it was almost ready to go. But they hadn't even loaded the baggage yet: departure time was still 20 minutes away—plenty of time for some minor incident to mushroom into serious trouble. I watched Bloor talking to the bartender, pointing to various bottles behind the bar and occasionally using his fingers to indicate measurements. The bartender was nodding his head patiently.

Finally, Bloor came back to the table. "He's making it," he said. "I'll be back in a minute. I have business."

I ignored him. My mind was drifting again. Two days and nights without sleep plus a steady diet of mind-altering drugs and double margaritas were beginning to affect my alertness. I ordered another drink and stared out at the hot brown hills beyond the runway. The bar was comfortably air conditioned, but I could feel the warm sun through the window.

Why worry? I thought. We've survived the worst. All we have to do now is not miss that plane out there. Once we're across the border, the worst that can happen is a nightmarish fuck-around at Customs in San Antonio. Maybe even a night in jail, but what the hell? A few misdemeanor charges—public drunkenness, disturbing the peace, resisting arrest—but nothing serious, no felony. All the evidence for *that* would be eaten by the time we landed in Texas.

My only real worry was the chance that there might already be grand-larceny charges filed against us in Cozumel. We had, after all, jumped two hotel bills totaling about 15,000 pesos, in addition to leaving that half-destroyed Avis jeep in the airport parking lot—another 15,000 pesos—and we had spent the past four or five days in the constant company of a flagrant, big-volume drug runner whose every movement and contact, for all we knew, might have been watched or even photographed by Interpol agents.

Where was Frank now? Safe at home in California? Or jailed in Mexico City, swearing desperate ignorance about how all those cans of white powder got into his luggage? I could almost hear it: "You've *got* to believe me, Captain! I went down to Cozumel to check on a land investment. I was sitting in a bar one night, minding my own business, when all of a sudden these two drunken acid freaks sat down next to me and said they worked for PLAYBOY. One of them had a handful of purple pills and I was stupid enough to eat one. The next thing I knew, they were using my hotel room as their headquarters. They never slept. I tried to keep an eye on them, but there were plenty of times while I was sleeping when they could have put almost anything in my luggage. . . . What? Where are they now? Well . . . I can't say for sure, but I can give you the names of the hotels they were using."

Jesus! These terrible hallucinations! I tried to put them out of my mind as I finished my drink and called for another. A paranoid shudder jerked me out of my slump in the chair. I sat up and looked around. Where was that bastard Bloor? How long had he been gone? I glanced out at the plane and saw the fuel truck still parked under the wing. But they were loading the baggage now. Ten more minutes.

• • •

I relaxed again, shoving a handful of pesos at the waitress to pay for our drinks, trying to smile at her . . . when suddenly the whole airport seemed to echo with the sound of my name being shouted over a thousand loud-speakers . . . then I heard Bloor's name . . . a harsh, heavily accented voice, bellowing along the corridors like the scream of a banshee . . . "PASSENGERS HUNTER THOMPSON AND YAIL BLOOR. REPORT IMMEDIATELY TO THE IMMIGRATION DESK. . . ."

I was too stunned to move. "Mother of twelve bastards!" I whispered. "Did I actually *hear* that?" I gripped both arms of my chair and tried to concentrate. Was I hallucinating again? There was no way to be sure. . . .

Then I heard the voice again,

"I'm sorry, sir, but I'm cutting you off."

booming all over the airport: "WILL PASSENGERS HUNTER THOMPSON AND YAIL BLOOR REPORT IMMEDIATELY TO THE IMMIGRATION DESK. . . ."

No! I thought. This is impossible! It had to be paranoid dementia. My fear of being nailed at the last moment had become so intense that I was hearing voices! The sun through the window had caused the acid to boil in my brain; a huge bubble of drugs had burst a weak vein in my frontal lobes.

Then I saw Bloor rushing into the bar. His eyes were wild, his hands were flapping crazily. "Did you hear *that?*" he shouted.

I stared at him. Well . . . I thought, we're fucked. He heard it, too . . . or even if he hadn't, even if we're *both* hallucinating, it means we've O.D.'d . . . totally out of control for the next six hours, crazed with fear and confusion, feeling our bodies disappear and our heads swell up like balloons, unable to even recognize each other. . . .

"Wake up! Goddamn it!" he yelled. "We have to make a run for the plane!"

I shrugged. "It's no use. They'll grab us at the gate."

He was frantically trying to zip up his kit bag. "Are you sure those were *our* names they called? Are you *positive?*"

I nodded, still not moving. Somewhere in the middle of my half-numb brain, the truth was beginning to stir. I was *not* hallucinating; the nightmare was real . . . and I suddenly remembered the Striker PR man's talk about that all-powerful *jefe* in Cozumel who had the fuel license.

Of course. A man with that kind of leverage would have connections all over Mexico: police, airlines, Immigration. It was madness to think we could cross him and get away with it. No doubt he controlled the Avis franchise, too . . . and he'd gone into action the minute his henchmen found that crippled jeep in the airport parking lot, with its windshield shattered and an 11-day bill unpaid. The phone lines had been humming 20,000 feet beneath us all the way to Monterrey. And now, with less than ten minutes to spare, they had ambushed us.

I stood up and slung the seabag over my shoulder just as the waitress brought Bloor's glaucoma. He looked at her, then lifted it off the tray and drank the whole thing in one gulp. "*Gracias, gracias,*" he mumbled, handing her a 50-peso note. She started to make change, but he shook his head. "*Nada, nada,* keep the goddamn change." Then he pointed toward the kitchen. "Back door?" he said eagerly. "*¿Exito?*" He nodded at the plane about 50 feet below us on the runway. I could see a few passengers beginning to board. "Big hurry!" Bloor told her. "*¡Importante!*"

She looked puzzled, then pointed to the main entrance to the bar.

He stuttered helplessly for a moment, then began shouting: "Where's the goddamn *back door* to this place? We have to catch that plane *now*!"

A long-delayed rush of adrenaline was beginning to clear my head. I grabbed his arm and lurched toward the main door. "Let's go," I said. "We'll run right past the bastards." My brain was still foggy, but the adrenaline had triggered a basic survival instinct. Our only hope was to run like doomed rats for the only available opening and hope for a miracle.

As we hurried down the corridor, I jerked one of the PRESS tags off my seabag and gave it to Bloor. "Start waving this at them when we hit the gate," I said, leaping sideways to avoid a covey of nuns in our way. "*Pardonnez!*" I shouted. "*¡Prensa! ¡Prensa! ¡Mucho importante!*"

Bloor picked up the cry as we approached the gate, running at full speed and shouting incoherently in garbled Spanish. The Immigration booth was just beyond the glass doors leading out to the runway. The stairway up to the plane was still full of passengers, but the clock above the gate said exactly 11:20—departure time. Our only hope was to burst past the cops at the desk and dash aboard the plane just as the stewardess pulled the big silver door closed. . . .

We had to slow down as we approached

the glass doors, waving our tickets at the cops and yelling "*¡Prensa! ¡Prensa!*" at everybody in front of us. I was pouring sweat by this time and we were both gasping for breath.

A small, muscular-looking cop in a white shirt and dark glasses moved out to head us off as we stumbled through the doors. "*Señor* Bloor? *Señor* Thompson?" he asked sharply.

The voice of doom.

I staggered to a halt and sagged against the desk, but Bloor's leather-soled Mod boots wouldn't hold on the marble floor and he skidded past me at full speed and crashed into a ten-foot potted palm, dropping his kit bag and mangling several branches that he grabbed to keep from falling.

"*Señor* Thompson? *Señor* Bloor?" Our accuser had a one-track mind. One of his assistants had run over to help Bloor keep his feet. Another cop picked his kit bag off the floor and handed it to him.

I was too exhausted to do anything but nod my head meekly. The cop who'd called our names took the ticket out of my hand and glanced at it—then quickly handed it back to me. "Ah-ha!" he said with a grin. "*Señor* Thompson!" Then he looked at Bloor: "You are *Señor* Bloor?"

"You're goddamn right I am!" Bloor snapped. "What the hell's going on here? This is a goddamn outrage—all this wax on these floors! I almost got killed!"

The little cop grinned again. Was there something sadistic in his smile? I couldn't be sure. But it didn't matter now. They had us on the gaff. I flashed on all the people I knew who'd been busted in Mexico: dopers who'd pushed their luck too far, gotten careless. No doubt we would find friends in prison: I could almost hear them hooting their cheerful greetings as we were led into the yard and turned loose.

This scene passed through my head in milliseconds. Bloor's wild yells were still floating in the air as the cop began pushing me out the door toward the plane. "Hurry! Hurry!" he was saying . . . and behind me I heard his assistant prodding Bloor. "We were afraid you would miss the plane," he was saying. "We called on the P.A. system." He was grinning broadly now. "You almost missed the plane."

• • •

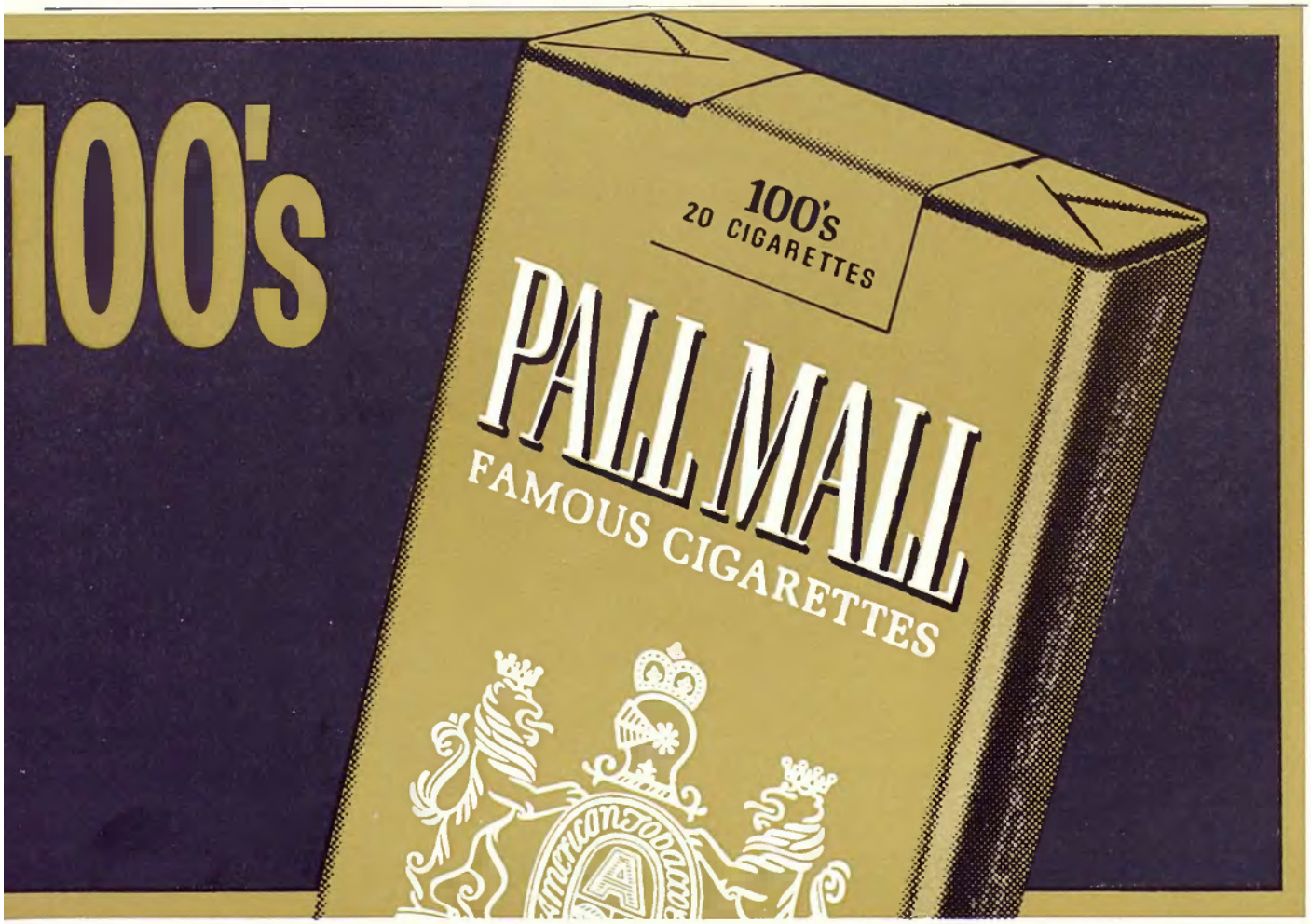
We were almost to San Antonio before I got a grip on myself. The adrenaline was still pumping violently through my head: the acid and booze and fatigue had been totally neutralized by that scene at the gate. My nerves were so jangled as the plane took off that I had to beg the stewardess for two Scotch and waters, which I used to down two of our four reds.

Bloor ate the other two, with the help of two bloody marys. His hands were trembling badly, his eyes were filled with blood . . . but as he came back to life, he began cursing "those dirty bastards on the P.A. system" who had caused him to panic and get rid of all the coke.

"Jesus!" he said quietly, "you can't imagine what a horror that was! I was standing there at the urinal, with my joint in one hand and a coke spoon in the other—jamming the stuff up my nose and trying to piss at the same time—when all of a fucking sudden it just exploded all around me! They have a speaker up there in the corner of that bathroom, and the whole place is *tile*!" He took a long hit on the drink. "Shit, I almost went crazy! It was like somebody had snuck up behind me and dropped a cherry bomb down the back of my shirt. All I could think of was getting rid of the coke. I threw it into one of the urinals and ran like a bastard for the bar." He laughed nervously. "Hell, I didn't even zip up my pants: I was running down the hall with my joint hanging out."

I smiled, remembering the sense of almost apocalyptic despair that seized me when I heard the first announcement. "That's odd," I said. "It never even occurred to me to get rid of the drugs. I was thinking about all those hotel bills and that goddamn jeep. If they'd nailed us for that stuff, a few pills wouldn't make much difference."

He seemed to brood for a while . . . then he spoke, staring fixedly at the seat



in front of him. "Well . . . I don't know about you . . . but I don't think I could *stand* another shock like that one. I had about 90 seconds of pure terror. I felt like my whole life had ended. Jesus! Standing at that urinal with a coke spoon up my nose and suddenly hearing my name on the speaker. . . ." He moaned softly. "Now I know how Liddy must have felt when he saw those cops running into the Watergate . . . seeing his whole life fall apart, from a hot rod in the White House to a twenty-year jailbird in sixty seconds."

"Fuck Liddy," I said. "It couldn't have happened to a nicer guy." I laughed out loud. "Liddy was the bastard who ran Operation Intercept—remember that?"

Bloor nodded.

"What do you think would have happened if Gordon Liddy had been standing at the gate when we came crashing through?"

He smiled, sipping his drink.

"We'd be sitting in a Mexican jail right now," I said. "Just *one* of these pills"—I held up a purple acid tab—"would have been enough to drive Liddy into a hate frenzy. He'd have had us locked up on suspicion of everything from hijacking to dope smuggling."

He looked at the pill I was holding, then reached for it. "Let's finish these off," he said. "I can't stand this nervousness."

"You're right," I said, reaching into my pocket for the other one. "We're almost to San Antonio." I tossed the pill down my throat and called the stewardess for another drink.

"Is that it?" he asked. "Are we clean?"

I nodded. "Except for the speed."

"Get rid of it," he said. "We're almost there."

"Don't worry," I replied. "This acid will take hold just about the time we land. We should order more drinks." I unbuckled my seat belt and walked up the aisle to the lavatory, fully intending to flush the speed down the toilet . . . but when I got inside, with the door locked behind me, I stared down at the little buggers resting so peacefully there in my palm . . . ten caps of pure-white amphetamine powder . . . and I thought: No, we might *need* these, in case of another emergency. I remembered the dangerous lethargy that had gripped me in Monterey. . . . Then I looked down at my white-canvas basketball shoes and noticed how snugly the tongues fit under the laces . . . plenty of pressure down there, I thought, and plenty of room for ten pills . . . so I put all the speed in my shoes and went back to the seat. No point mentioning it to Bloor, I thought. *He's* clean, and therefore totally innocent. It would only inhibit his capacity for righteous anger, I felt, if I told him about the speed I was still carrying . . . until we were safely through Customs and reeling blindly around the San Antonio airport; then he would thank me for it.

• • •

San Antonio was a cakewalk; no trouble at all—despite the fact that we virtually fell off the plane, badly twisted again, and by the time we got our bags onto the conveyor belt leading up to the tall black Customs agent, we were both laughing like fools at the trail of orange amphetamine pills strung out behind us on the floor of the tin-roofed Customs shed. I was arguing with the agent about how much import tax I would have to pay on the two bottles of *prima* tequila I was carrying when I noticed Bloor was almost doubled over with laughter right beside me. He had just paid a tax of $5.88 on his own tequila, and now he was cracking up while the agent fussed over *my* tax.

"What the hell's wrong with you?" I snapped, glancing back at him. . . . Then I noticed he was looking down at my feet, fighting so hard to control his laughter that he was having trouble keeping his balance.

I looked down . . . and there, about six inches from my right shoe, was a bright-orange Spansule. Another one was sitting on the black-rubber floor mat about two feet behind me . . . and two feet farther back I saw another one. They looked as big as footballs.

Insane, I thought. I've left a trail of speed all the way from the plane to this beetle-browed Customs agent—who was now handing me the official receipt for my liquor tax. I accepted it with a smile that was already disintegrating into hysteria as I took it out of his hand. He was staring grimly at Bloor, who was out of control now, still laughing at the floor. The Customs man couldn't see what Yail was laughing at because of the conveyor belt between us . . . but *I* could: It was another one of those goddamn orange balls, resting on the white-canvas toe of my shoe. I reached down as casually as I could and put the thing in my pocket. The Customs man watched us with a look of total disgust on his face and we hauled our bags through the swinging wooden doors and into the lobby of the San Antonio airport.

"Can you believe that?" Bloor said. "He never even looked inside these damn things! For all he knows, we just came across the border with two hundred pounds of pure scag!"

I stopped laughing. It was true. My big suitcase—the elephantskin Abercrombie & Fitch job with brass corners—was still securely locked. Not one of our bags had been opened for even the laziest inspection. We had listed the five quarts of tequila on our declaration forms—and that was all that seemed to interest him.

"Jesus Christ!" Bloor was saying. "If we'd only *known*."

I smiled, but I was still feeling nervous about it. There was something almost eerie about two laughing, staggering dopers checking through one of the heaviest drug check points on the Customs map without even opening their bags. It was almost insulting. The more I thought about it, the angrier I felt . . . because that cold-eyed nigger had been absolutely *right*. He had sized us up perfectly with one glance. I could almost hear him thinking: "God*damn*! Look at these two slobbering honkies. Anybody *this* fucked up can't be serious."

Which was true. The only thing we slipped past him was a single cap of speed, and even that was an accident. So, in truth, he had saved himself a lot of unnecessary work by ignoring our baggage. I would have preferred not to understand this embarrassment so keenly, because it plunged me into a fit of depression—despite the acid, or maybe because of it.

The rest of that trip was a nightmare of paranoid blunders and the kind of small humiliations that haunt you for many weeks afterward. About halfway between San Antonio and Denver, Bloor reached out into the aisle and grabbed a stewardess by the leg, causing her to drop a tray of 24 wineglasses, which crashed in a heap at her feet and ignited rumblings of bad discontent from the other first-class passengers who had ordered wine with their lunch.

"You stinking, dope-addict bastard!" I muttered, trying to ignore him in the burst of ugliness that surrounded us.

He grinned stupidly, ignoring the howls of the stewardess and fixing me with a dazed, uncomprehending stare that confirmed, forever, my convictions that nobody with even latent inclinations to *use* drugs should ever try to smuggle them. We were virtually shoveled off the plane in Denver, laughing and staggering in such a rotten condition that we were barely able to claim our luggage.

Months later, I received a letter from a friend in Cozumel, asking if I were still interested in buying an interest in some beach acres on the Caribbean shores. It arrived just as I was preparing to leave for Washington to cover "The Impeachment of Richard Nixon," the final act in a drama that began, for me, almost exactly a year earlier when I had bought a *News* from a newsboy hustling the porch of the Bal-Hai in Cozumel and read John Dean's original outcry about refusing to be the "scapegoat."

Well . . . a lot of madness has flowed under our various bridges since then, and we have all presumably learned a lot of things. John Dean is in prison, Richard Nixon has quit and been pardoned by his hand-picked successor, and my feeling for national politics is about the same as my feeling for deep-sea fishing, buying land in Cozumel or anything else where the losers end up thrashing around in the water on a barbed hook.

"Sorry, kid. I think I'm for your father."

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kissinger

(continued from page 124)

German border in a jeep, participated with distinction in the Battle of the Bulge, restored Krefeld, a town of 180,000, to order in a matter of weeks (February 1945), was promoted to sergeant and then ruled Bergstrasse out of his villa from June of 1945 to April of 1946. His favored early anecdotes begin there, along with his achievements.

The experience had to mark him deeply. There are many signs of it. Those who knew Kissinger only in his rather gray and dumpy years of preparation at Harvard were surprised, when he tasted power in Washington, to find him squiring the nation's most beautiful women to very public places. But the power he first knew had come with these accouterments. Many military rulers had their choice of women after the war—but they were not, like Kissinger, back in a country where he had not dared to be seen in public with a non-Jewish girl during his teens. The mistress who moved into the villa with him was the blonde widow of a *Wehrmacht* officer. In 1946, many an American officer could, like Henry, be chauffeured in a white Mercedes-Benz limousine—but not, like him, returning in glory to soccer matches watched obscurely as a boy. Others restored order, but without the special feeling Kissinger had in abolishing the ghetto.

It was a stage of triumph but also of risk—he slept with his gun beside him on the table. He was resented as well as admired. And the greatest risk was from himself. It was hard to be fair where there was so much to embitter. Kissinger had slipped back into his home town, looking for survivors—there were only a handful remaining from the Jewish community of 3000 in which he grew up. George Orwell, writing from Germany in 1945, described an American officer in his early 20s, a German-speaking Jewish refugee, who was in charge of de-Nazification in one area. It might have been Kissinger himself but for the locale (south Germany) and the ferocity of the young avenger, which shocked Orwell. He watched the man kick a fallen Nazi as he lay helpless on the floor of a military hangar. The shock is understandable—but so is the behavior.

No such tales are told of Kissinger, who imposed strict impersonal justice on all the inhabitants suddenly put at his mercy. Of course, to yield to emotion would be to re-enter the first world he had escaped. He went back as an American, even disguising his religion under a pseudonym, "Mr. Henry." He was given large drafts of power, yet he kept his head, uninebriated. Though he clearly fell in love with power then, he did not misuse it. He knew it was granted for a purpose and that it would not last for long. He also knew that if he was ever to experience it again, he would need a longer apprenticeship. He must surrender power to reacquire it on a lasting basis.

He went about it the right way, with help from the man who had made him an Army interpreter and then a military governor, Fritz Kraemer. Kraemer was a flamboyant German aristocrat, the holder of two doctorates, who left Germany in protest at the upstart Hitler's vulgarian regime. He began at the bottom of the American Army as an indoctrinator, where he met young Kissinger, "my little Jew." As he rose in the Army, he drew Kissinger up behind him—the Krefeld post was meant for Kraemer, who turned it over to Kissinger so he could be in at the kill of the fleeing Nazi army ("I am a soldier! I only fight!"). Their relationship resembled that of Curt Jurgens and Danny Kaye in the movie *Me and the Colonel*—"More and more I like this Jacobowsky!"

When Henry left his Bergstrasse post, it was to rejoin Kraemer at Oberammergau. Kraemer, now a lieutenant, was teaching at the European Command Intelligence School, and he had persuaded the faculty there to make his protégé, the young sergeant, a lecturer on Nazism. Kissinger did not know much about the subject, but Kraemer told him what to read, and he became a respected teacher—so much so that he left the Army to get higher pay as a civilian instructor abroad. Once again he held a position of authority far beyond his years or desert—the salary was a kingly 10,000 American dollars in postwar Germany. But after a year of this, he surrendered the post of easy eminence to prepare for more solid achievemem. He had to get a college education—not, Kraemer haughtily advised him, at CCNY, where he had begun before the war. Kraemer insisted he must attend a school for "gentlemen." His Army experience qualified him for admission, and even for a scholarship, at Harvard, a place where power comes slowly but tends to last. It would be his base for the next two decades.

During roughly the first half of this period, Kissinger was obscure, underrated or resented; yet a friend from Harvard days, Stephen Graubard, says he obviously had a sense of his own destiny from the outset. No one can pretend to know all the sources of that intuition; but they achieved their obvious symbol in Henry's time of power over Bergstrasse. Before that time, his ambitions were moderate, as befit an immigrant. He aimed no higher than his father's line of work as an accountant and focused his night school courses at CCNY on the skills for that job. His father had been a respected schoolmaster in Fürth who could not teach in America—he had to learn that numbers on a page have no accent. Yet by the time of Henry's return

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from Germany, everything had changed. He had not only higher goals now but a deep confidence that he could reach them.

He had been on the top and was confident enough of his return that he came back down voluntarily. Henceforth, there is a fascination with power in everything that Henry does, and at Harvard this takes the form of repeated meditation on his own experience in Germany. What would have been a temptation for an unethical man, an opportunity to be exploited, might also have damaged a good but mediocre man—as something to be held onto, savored ever after, the college football game some star players never outgrow. But Kissinger did not flaunt his actual power before others; rather, he dwelt on its lessons for himself. His brief, giddy moment became a parable he had to understand; reflection would become a lengthy justification of his instincts, which had been superb. And the heart of the lesson was always that the wise man steps back from his own power, the better to master it—before it masters him. Power was for him, like heaven for Browning, something that must exceed one's grasp—something to be held off at arm's length, toyed with, teased at, put in its place. It tests man's will power—not the brute will to grab but the will to control that impulse.

His reflections on power all came to a head in his doctoral dissertation on the Congress of Vienna, *A World Restored*. Metternich, the hero of that work, is praised throughout for his willingness to accept *limit*, to defer, be deferential, even be reviled—all to make power deflate itself within the boundaries of the real. "Metternich, the most Austrian statesman," Henry wrote, "did not see Austria until his 13th year and did not live there until his 17th." Metternich was an outsider, above the violent tide, not (like Talleyrand) swimming in it. Kissinger had not seen America until his 15th year, had not really settled there with confident permanence until his 23rd; and he, too, meant to stand apart from his adopted land, the better to serve it.

Metternich, aloof when not servile, learned to calibrate his proximity to anyone—he would feign an illness to let the situation ripen, or dally with women to prove he was composed. But behind this façade, he was modest in his demands and hope. He watched Napoleon as one would a puffed-up child: "A man who has been used to command finds it almost impossible to learn to negotiate, because negotiation is an admission of finite power." Metternich could play the lackey to Napoleon because he knew he would end up his master—not that Metternich himself defeated the emperor. Bonaparte's own power could be counted on to do that. Power serves only those who treat it as an enemy. "A ruler legitimized by charisma or by force cannot easily accept the fact that henceforth he must seek his safety in self-limitation, that events are no longer subject to his will, that peace depends not on his strength but on his recognition of the power of others."

Flora Lewis has called Kissinger's doctoral dissertation his most self-revealing book; indeed, it is unsatisfactory on almost every other count. The heavy moral insistence on the curbing of one's appetite for power, the better to achieve a stable influence at last, is extraordinary in a man so young—and, it seems to me, inexplicable unless we remember what experience he had of power when he was even younger. He *lived* his parable before he spelled out its meaning—just as he *was* the lone cowboy in town before he found his Hoot Gibson symbol.

Kissinger, the dim unnoticed grind in Widener Library late in the Forties, was a monk of moral doctrine, the student of a gospel that few men understood at the time. He believed that power must be renounced—by those who would inherit the earth. He could be astoundingly obsequious to the tutor who became his patron (William Y. Elliott), running his errands, correcting his class papers, looking up references for him. This paid off in practical terms—Elliott kept Henry at Harvard several times when he was being pressured to leave. Yet the servility that brought such rewards was not, in Henry's eyes, a demeaning attitude (however shrewd). He actually thought it noble. Napoleon could not stoop, because he was not large enough in spirit. Metternich, by contrast, kowtowed first to Napoleon and then to Czar Alexander, and never let pride stand in his way. Again, Kissinger's approval is a moral one, not merely an admiration for Metternich's cleverness: "This is not necessarily a heroic policy, although in certain circumstances it may be the most heroic of all. To cooperate without losing one's soul, to assist without sacrificing one's identity, to work for deliverance in the guise of bondage and under enforced silence, what harder test of moral toughness exists?" Two decades after he wrote this, men would wonder at Kissinger's ability to serve Richard Nixon, to put up with the insults of the Nixon palace guard, to remain deferential toward men so clearly his inferiors. The man who played Danny Kaye to Kraemer's Curt Jurgens, an apple polisher to "Wild Bill" Elliott and briefcase carrier to Nelson Rockefeller must have smiled privately at their bewilderment. He always knew one does not swagger one's way to real power. One creeps.

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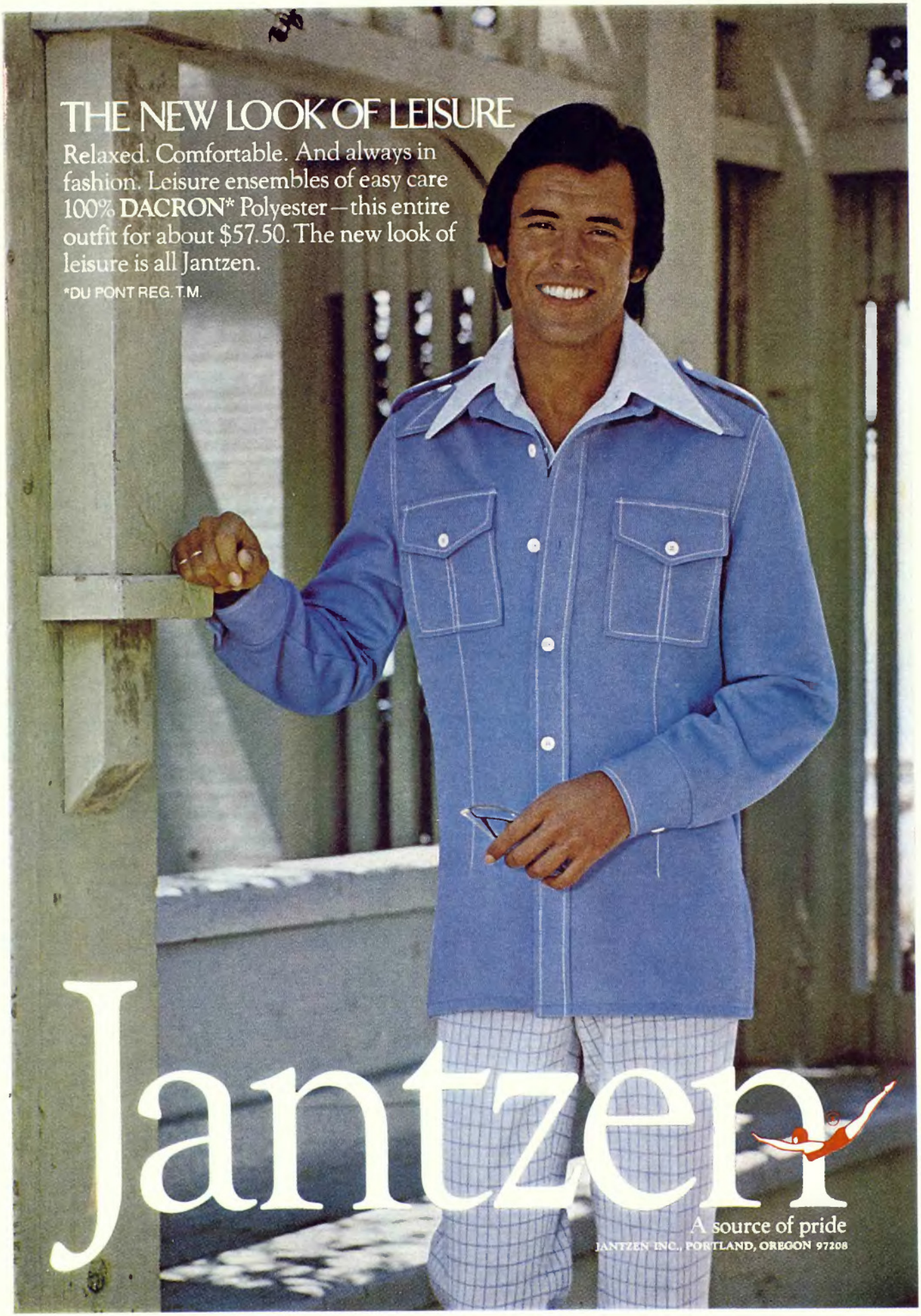
period is that, even this early, Kissinger was framing the claims of a higher pride for those who take the lower seat. His disdain for Napoleon—and even for Talleyrand's boasted miracles at Vienna—is moral as well as tactical. Better Metternich, who played servant to all masters. Or the gauche Castlereagh, who tried to save Europe while it laughed at him.

Some have found in Kissinger's willingness to serve, and even to dissemble, a touch of Machiavelli's zest for scheming. Didn't he write that Metternich's policy depended on a willed obtuseness to all questions of "sincerity"? Oriana Fallaci tried to draw him out on the subject of Machiavelli, but Kissinger said he was not interested in him—and that is patently true. The moral attitude of Kissinger is totally at odds with the doctrine of *The Prince*. Machiavelli, like Kissinger, was given considerable power in his youth—made chancellor to the ruler of Florence at the age of 29. In the first years of the 16th Century, he ran his own kind of "shuttle diplomacy" back and forth between Rome, Paris, Zurich and Vienna, trying to pit the enemies of his Republic against one another. When the Medici returned to power, he was exiled to his estate, where, at the age of 44, he wrote *The Prince* to get back into the favor of a new Lorenzo by praising the first one. This was an act of deference, surely—but his vision of the ruler's will was exactly what Kissinger, in his own "retirement" after power, would attack. Machiavelli's hero (Cesare Borgia) is Kissinger's villain (Napoleon). For the former, prowess (virtue) is the supreme value—which, under the name of conquest or charisma, is always a delusion in Henry's work. The virtue Kissinger praises is self-restraint—the very thing Machiavelli disdains as pusillanimity (*ignavia*). Both these men have been called immoralists, masters of the devious, of compromise carried to the point of betrayal. Actually, they were both moralists—it is just that their moralities are at loggerheads.

Machiavelli did not discover political treachery, or single it out for praise. He had lived in coil on coil of that since he was born. No one had to give the Borgias or the Medici a primer on lying. Machiavelli had fought, killed, been "framed," tortured. What he saw in Cesare's efficient piling up of lopped heads toward power was a certain classic scale and grandeur that redeemed the blood and lies common to all Italy's petty rulers—a chance to unite Italy, free her, restore her to the ancient glory (that glory was achieved, Machiavelli reminds us, by the political economy of Romulus in lopping off the city's superfluous head, that of his own brother).

It may seem absurd to compare a doctoral dissertation by a young American to the classic Renaissance handbook for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princes. But, despite its different aim, Kissinger's book is only superficially a study of the Congress of Vienna. It, too, is a moral guidebook—but for *servants* to the prince, who must try to save all would-be Caesars from themselves. And Kissinger's plan has one merit that Machiavelli could never claim nor denigrate—success. Poor Niccolò aspired to be Lorenzo's preceptor in order to restore the Republic—a would-be chief philosopher to Al Capone. And even in that small world of warring city-states, he did not succeed. His partial success with the Republic undid him with the Medici, and vice versa. Kissinger, however, with his morality of renunciation and "mediocrity," of distrust for power and delaying of success, became the trusted advisor to two Emperors of the West.

Emperors *of the West*. For Henry, to this day, does not consider himself merely a spokesman for America. After representing this country to his ex-countrymen, he returned in 1947 to an America fallen madly in love with itself. There was never a jollier war than was World War Two for Americans. Not, necessarily, for relatives of the dead—though we lost fewer men, proportionately, than any other country with a major engagement in the war. And ours were the noblest dead. We had smashed absolute evil absolutely, by means of total surrender, saturation bombing and Hiroshima. Our shores were untouched, cities unbombed, industries at a peak never reached before. Our war had solved the effects of depression and led to a burst of inventiveness, reorganization and involvement. Women went to work in offices and factories, blacks went North to new jobs; and both kept their places, for the most part, as GIs flooded back onto the campuses for the great boom in education, our national religion. Both Harvard and Yale admitted classes nearly twice the size of prewar ones. The ex-GIs became boys again with a vengeance. The class of 1950 (Henry's class) was called by the Yale *Daily News* "the heelingest, joiningest class" in Ivy League history. Men who had fought for Mom's apple pie now jostled for Porcellian and Bones. This was the American way of life they had defended. The idea was to be "shoe"—one of the white-bucks set, with red-rubber soles. It almost seemed that anyone could belong—as they had in war movies, where a black, a red-neck and a Pole regularly shared the same foxhole. Yale had its token first black football player, *Gentleman's Agreement* was on the best-seller list and Bill Buckley, a young Catholic veteran at Yale, would soon be running the newspaper as if he owned the school.

Still, they were all Jews in Henry's Harvard foxhole, Room 39 of Claverly Hall—he and Arthur Gillman and Edward Hendel, three men put together for mutual comfort by thoughtful authorities who realized they would none of them be shoe. And the authorities, as it turned out, were just encouraging "natural selection"—when Henry went on to Adams House, he and Arthur Gillman chose to room together. Kissinger, super-American abroad, was still marginal at home, and he knew it. And he used it. Beginning with the accent. It is customary to ask why Henry, who came to America when he was 15, could not lose his accent as his brother did, along with scores of young people brought over at the same time. It cannot be a hearing or language block, or lack of adaptability—Henry is a skilled mimic when he tries to be. Why did the chameleon never change this particular color?

Again we must start not at the age of 15 in America but when Henry was ruling Bergstrasse at 21. His German was his source of power then; he spoke it in the moment of his glory. Even when he lived with other GIs at Oberammergau, teaching them in English, they had to depend on him to translate around the German natives. It was his "foreignness," making him *different* in the American Army, that made it possible for him to be especially American among Germans. Back at Harvard, he would look foreign in any event. Best be foreign to advantage. German, after all, is not Yiddish. It was the language of the great philosophers such as Immanuel Kant, the subject of Henry's first and last undergraduate papers. In the long conversations with Fritz Kraemer that were the real beginning of Kissinger's education, Kraemer insisted that he speak German and be proud of his German heritage. Henry arrived at Harvard with thick files of German history (used in his Oberammergau course), and a classmate told the energetic team of *New York Post* interviewers: "He was already playing the part of the German scholar."

One would suppose that Henry, after his wartime absorption into the American Army, would concentrate his studies on the homeland that was still, after all, very strange to him—especially since his interest was in diplomacy. The American academy was drastically reassessing America's foreign-policy designs just after the war—the repudiated legacy of "isolationism," the role of a strong executive in international designs, the urge toward treaty changes or altered concepts of sovereignty necessitated by the U.N. None of this distracted Henry from German philosophy and Austrian history. When Ms. Fallaci tried to get him to admit the influence of Machiavelli on his thinking, he responded that the greatest influences on his thinking were Spinoza and Kant. He could not equal American scholars in knowledge of their country; he would supply what they lacked. Play to his strength, not his weakness. His senior paper—a huge 377-page work typed by his loyal wife but not read by all its

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judges—was on Kant, Spengler and Toynbee, two German systematizers and the British scholar who briefly made system building "relevant" again in the Forties. Then, though he was already deeply involved, as a graduate student, in the International Seminars he ran for his dissertation director, Henry denied himself the easy advantage to be gained from contact with protagonists in "relevant" foreign-policy struggles and went back almost a century and a half to write his Ph.D. dissertation on Metternich. This was a typical renunciation of power too easily offered—what other graduate student was corresponding with André Malraux and Enoch Powell? Besides, his big step back was really a way of leapfrogging ahead of current experience. While his colleagues dealt with the UN or the League, with the lessons of Weimar or of Munich, he deliberately chose a peace settlement that made both 1919 and 1945 look like aberrations.

In Kissinger's view, the UN was an example of diplomats' waging a peace in terms of their last campaign. The conventional analysis of America's failure in 1919 was that our crusading impulse under Wilson had flickered out, at the moment of victory, and returned us to a selfish isolationism. We did not press on to the goal. The real Holy Land was the League, and we settled for an armistice instead of a peace, like crusaders turning back with their spoils from Venice. Other authors (Guglielmo Ferrero, Harold Nicolson, Crane Brinton) had used the Congress of Vienna as an analog to the failure at Versailles, but they made the rather simple point that more generous treatment of the vanquished might have improved postwar relations. Henry meant to use the Congress of Vienna in a far more radical way to criticize recent history and present circumstance. What was needed by Americans was not mere generosity to the vanquished, or crusading thoroughness, but a whole new attitude toward power—a nonmoralistic and limited vision of the possible.

That was the lesson that America was least equipped to learn in its moment of postwar self-infatuation. Might and right had never seemed more perfectly fused than in the country that owned the secret of the atom and had set up the United Nations organization on its own soil. We could aim at "liberating" all nations on earth, or—if that failed—at containment of communism so the "free world" would be untainted by it. The liberal reaction to any pessimism in these years is exemplified by Henry Steele Commager's review of Herbert Agar's 1957 book *The Price of Power*. Writing in Max Ascoli's anticommunist *Reporter*, Commager testily said that *our* power came without a compromising price tag: "We have in fact had our cake and eaten it too. . . . Will not the historian, perhaps a century hence, who looks at the record of the past 15 years, conclude that the United States has so far, through rare good fortune and good conduct, escaped paying the customary price of power?" Commager rejoiced that America, in assuming global leadership, had overcome her fear of "mystical" bugaboo—terms such as "imperialism, colonialism and power politics." The only danger was discouragement, or loss of nerve—so far, America had reversed all the mistakes of her withdrawal from world responsibility in 1920: "The record is perhaps unique in the history of power: The organization of the United Nations, the Truman Doctrine, the Marshall Plan, the Berlin airlift, the organization of NATO, the defense of Korea, the development of atomic power for peaceful purposes, Point Four—these prodigious gestures are so wise and so enlightened that they point the way to a new concept of the use of power." We could simply *hug* ourselves over it all.

Power was not temptation for the postwar liberals. The only temptation was a refusal to step up and seize our destined power. Roosevelt was idolized for his naked love of command—and Ike came to be considered a failure by that test. Academic justifications for Roosevelt's extraconstitutional acts were being composed with the fervor of a Machiavelli after his attendance at Cesare's exemplary slaughter.

Kissinger was of necessity out of step in this academic march toward utopia. No wonder he veiled his dissent under an account of distant things. But the applicability of his strictures was obvious to anyone who read them: "A power which has never suffered disaster finds it difficult to comprehend a policy conducted with a premonition of catastrophe." He is talking of Wellington's England, victorious over Bonaparte—but Dr. Graubard, who assisted Kissinger in work on the dissertation, tells us England is a surrogate for America throughout the work. For Henry, America's temptation was not toward rest, toward relaxation after the crusade. The crusade was itself the nation's fatal tropism. By a weird reversal, all those liberals calling for more world leadership and involvement in the Forties and Fifties would later attack Henry for his connection with an "imperial" Presidency and a "colonial" war and an addiction to "power politics" (those "mystical terms" Commager ridiculed in 1957). They were at least sounding the themes that Henry raised as a graduate student and elaborated over the years. (How he came to be on the receiving end of his own sermon is a lesson in historical irony he would be the first to appreciate.)

In an America playing Octavius to the world with the youthful zest of an Antony, Henry became a young brooder on the death of old-world orders—bing, bing, bing, down go all 21 of Toynbee's specimens to Spengler's civilizational sunsets, like so many candles going out. In *A World Restored*, Metternich is presented as a leader of men who became wise through disillusionment: "The Allies had lost their illusions, the most painful crisis in the life of men as well as of nations, and survived. In the tougher awareness of their new-found *maturity*, they could now confront the remaining problem" (italics added). Henry knew the world is never more than half-free and had better settle for that—though even keeping that much is a difficult task.

This was, obviously, the application on a national scale of the moral lesson he had learned as an individual—that power, to last, must be limited. Otherwise, it spreads itself, thinning as it goes, and becomes a widespread vulnerability. Power *of itself* is weakness: That is the central paradox in a whole series of ironies that run through the book, giving it its aphoristic flavor: "The logic of war is power, and power has no inherent limit. The logic of peace is proportion, and proportion implies limitations." Already Henry was using his favorite maxim, often repeated in all his work, that the gods destroy man by letting him succeed. The successful America of 1945 needed to learn that lesson, but Henry could not be too blatant in teaching it. He came to criticize, not insult; to lead his adopted homeland, not engage it in unequal combat. His manner would be almost servile, while his message was nearly contemptuous. He was already a connoisseur of disjunctions and "ambiguity" in Metternich—and his own twofold approach, at the modest level he had attained, was working just as well.

Even Kissinger's friend and partial collaborator, Graubard, misses some of the deliberately "ambiguous" teaching of *A World Restored*. The heart of that book's argument was a contrast between legitimacy and revolution. Legitimate orders conduct business as usual, without questioning established diplomatic procedures. Revolutionary powers throw everything open to question, asking only, "What is right?" The first order breeds statesmen; the second, prophets. The difficulty of legitimate powers is that they have no answer for prophets. The problem with revolutionary powers is that they have no way of adjudicating the prophets' disputes but by doomsday measures—crusades, perfect triumph or total defeat. Graubard assures us of the obvious—that Henry was talking of Stalinist Russia when he described a revolutionary power like Napoleon's. But there is a subtler point—that America, too, was revolutionary in terms of Henry's scheme, since we hoped for perfect UN-patrolled justice in an ever-expanding free world. Graubard thinks America is always and only the reluctant island power of Kissinger's work: England. But

"Never mind who the lucky man is. Just go ahead and gift-wrap it."

"It's a good act, yes, but with a Saint Bernard it could be a great act!"

our country has another, even less flattering role, in the book. Once Napoleon's secular ideology was defeated, Czar Alexander's Christian crusade for the "Holy Alliance" had to be contained—and Metternich, who arranged a dynastic marriage for Napoleon when that seemed to be the means for containing one revolution, became a doubting-Thomas disciple to Alexander's icon-Christ as a way of containing *him*. Who was the czar in terms of the post-1945 situation? Not Stalin—he was clearly Bonaparte. No, the moralistic crusade in need of checks and restraints was, for Henry, entirely American. And his position made very good sense—too good for most people, even in retrospect, to understand just what he was up to. A few of Kissinger's shallower critics have called him foreign or un-American in ways variously silly or vicious. But there is a deeper sense in which Henry has been, constructively, anti-American, bringing to our native impulses their necessary correctives. In this way, too, he stands *aside* from a situation to have power over it.

• • •

Kissinger, a man almost doggedly consistent in his thinking, has given an appearance of sharp fluctuations in his manner. It is a useful talent for a diplomat, and not so difficult for a man who did not quite *fit* anywhere at the outset of his intellectual development. He changes less than his surroundings, but he acquires a vividness by contrast with them. He was grim and scholarly in the bubbly world of Kennedy's Presidency and gently flippant in the dour Nixon regime. A few gestures carry him a long way. Old acquaintances from Harvard were more surprised when Henry seemed to become a wit in Washington than when an attendant starlet or two gave him the reputation of a Don Juan. But no wit ever made his reputation on so few or so unmemorable witticisms. His mockery is patterned and almost automatic. The staples in his joking have long been self-deprecatory comments on his own ambition or his "swinging" reputation. Joseph Kraft has noticed how this kind of humor feels out Henry's audience: It assumes a certain hostility toward him and explores that feeling by exploiting it for laughter. And even in this narrow and overworked area of humor, his taste is not secure; sometimes it not only discovers a pre-existing hostility but creates a new one. When, for instance, the Catholic left was accused of plotting to kidnap him as a peace hostage, he said the "sex-starved nuns" were after his body. Or when bumper stickers were saying MAKE LOVE, NOT WAR, he said, "Tell the New Left I can make both love *and* war." The remarks betray his own hostility while scouting for that quality in others.

But there is a different kind of wit in Henry, which gives him credit at times for a sense of humor where no joking is actually at issue—this is an 18th Century poise and quickness of mind, giving statements their maximum point. He has labored to perfect this style. It shows in the polished antitheses of his more sententious writing. *A World Restored* is full of elaborately balanced sentences, which sometimes reach the tick-tock repetitiveness of a swinging pendulum:

> For the spirit of policy and that of bureaucracy are diametrically opposed. The essence of policy is its contingency; its success depends on the correctness of an estimate which is in part conjectural. The essence of bureaucracy is its quest for safety; its success is calculability. Profound policy thrives on perpetual creation, on a constant redefinition of goals. Good administration thrives on routine, the definition of relationships which can survive mediocrity. Policy involves an adjustment of risks; administration an avoidance of deviation. Policy justifies itself by the relationship of its measures and its sense of proportion; administration by the rationality of each action in terms of a given goal. The attempt to conduct policy bureaucratically leads to a quest for calculability, which tends to become a prisoner of events. The effort to administer politically leads to total irresponsibility, because bureaucracies are designed to execute, not to conceive.

One of the things that make *A World Restored* so hard to read (and it was turned down by a whole series of publishers) is that such labored maxims stand out like separate essays from the comparatively perfunctory recounting of historical sequences. The prose brightens to such static and generalized parts and then dims as the story is picked up again. The historical situation is too obviously a mere excuse for describing a psychology of power. There is little argument of a strictly historical sort. Henry came to impose a pattern previously arrived at. The best example is his denigration of Talleyrand's role at the Congress. He does not reach this heterodox conclusion by finding any new evidence in the sources, or even by referring to them. Rather, he argues a priori from the pattern of forces that Austria, as the intermediary, had to play the most significant role. Yet men are not that submissive to the logic of situation, as the first hostility to Talleyrand and the later thawing demonstrate. The Allies *should* have accepted France back into the concert of power without a struggle; but they did not. And it took all of Talleyrand's skill to make them see where their own best interests lay.

Metternich emerges as the book's hero because Kissinger's schemata demand it, not because the historical evidence is unambiguous. Henry often deals in Hegelian triads, and they run all through *A World Restored*, like a musical principle. The "legitimate" orders could not cope with Napoleon because they did not see that all rules are abrogated by a revolutionary power. Napoleon could not deal with the legitimate powers because he thought he had to obey the rules only when he did not care to use his power. Metternich is the Synthesis of the

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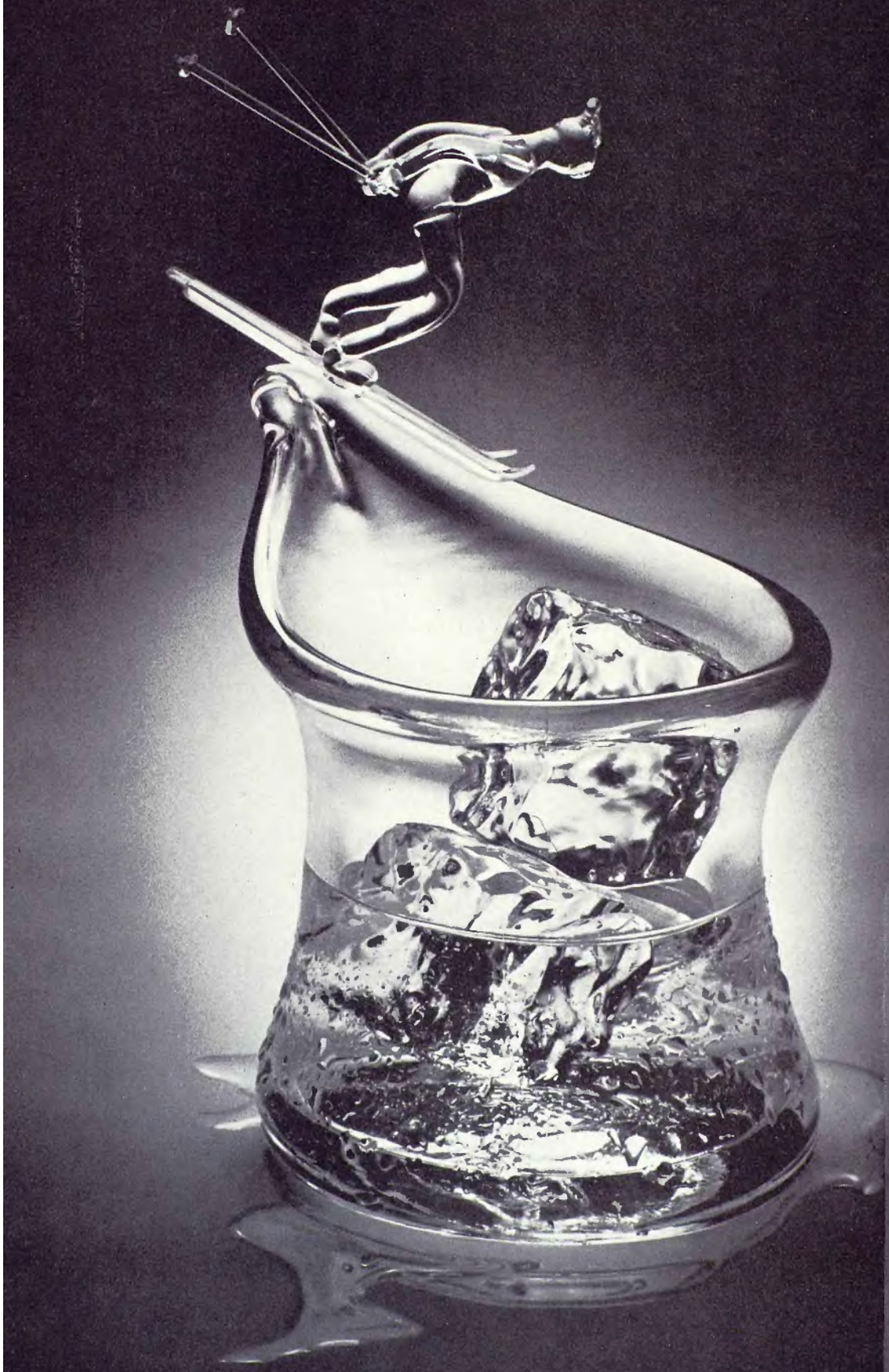

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legitimate Thesis and the revolutionary Antithesis—he uses both with an understanding of them, but he is not contained by either. He drew the legitimate powers into a deeper kind of war than they were prepared for and he made Napoleon (through the dynastic marriage) reveal the revolutionary nature of his power within the framework of apparent legitimacy. Castlereagh is also praised in the book, but mainly because he consented to Metternich's view of things, despite his country's noninvolvement with the Continental order of peace. We get a secondary triad, in which the engagement of a Continental power and the isolation of an island power are merged in Castlereagh, adopting in his own synthesis of these two principles Metternich's prior synthesis of legitimacy and revolution.

Unless one grasps the thoroughgoing nature of Henry's dialectic approach, his paradoxes begin to look perverse. He argues constantly that power is weakness, that perfect security becomes perfect insecurity, that fulfillment of wishes leads to their own bafflement, that conscious conservatism is revolutionary, that peace leads to war, that total exposure leads to isolation, that a demand for total responsibility is irresponsible, that inactivity becomes total commitment, and so on. These are not idle or irresponsible paradoxes because they express a philosophical belief that any single principle needs complication to prevent it from overreaching (and therefore reversing) itself. The thesis, unchecked, is doomed; it can be saved only by being transcended, in the synthesis—as power, Henry first realized, had to be denied to be possessed.

Henry pretends to this day that he was not really fascinated by Metternich and the psychology of power; he was just writing the first volume of a trilogy on 19th Century diplomacy. That is obviously false. Even before he reached the end of this book, he said everything he had to say on the subject, and said it nine times or more. He would apply his system to other areas in later books, but the system remains the same, and he can barely keep up his interest in the more exciting parts of his historical period.

It has been argued that Metternich offers Kissinger no useful model, since Austria was a divided and vulnerable empire caught between the superpowers of its day (France, England, Russia), while Henry speaks for the greatest power on earth. This misses the kind of analysis Kissinger has applied to Metternich. He did not see Metternich as identified with Austria but as an outsider even to his own emperor and that emperor's subjects. Henry has always treated domestic politics and a country's own public opinion as something to be opposed, even tricked or deceived, so that a diplomat can keep a free hand for dealing with all other nations. The great

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diplomat is not fully identified with anything, even his own country. Henry has hidden his diplomatic moves from his own countrymen—not from a Machiavellian cunning but from a Metternichian one. He understands America's faults and he opposes them. On the other hand, despite his "hard" Cold War attitudes, he has no trouble entering into foreign situations, speaking with a Brezhnev or a Chou En-lai. He is a consistent chameleon, predictably eccentric to most power centers, even the one he is supposed to occupy. His aim has been the classical diplomat's aristocratic one, to be at ease everywhere because at home is nowhere. He is constructively anti-American in the dialectic sense, complicating this country's moralism to save it from itself. As Metternich stood between the revolutionary Napoleon and the moralistic czar, using both, so Kissinger has used a Brezhnev or a Chou, a Nixon or a Ford. To join entirely any one element in the equation is to lose that perpetual slight displacement essential to Henry's view of himself and the world. He is a permanently—and professionally—displaced person.

• • •

Power at Harvard is not easily come by, and Henry almost missed it entirely. Graubard, who joined him there in graduate school, said Henry acquired no friends as an undergraduate. He was such a recluse, buried in his work, that he barely knew Harvard—and as, over the years, he came to know it, he did not like what he saw. But by then, of course, he had suffered a series of rebuffs from the place. His first wife, too, never became part of the academic community. She was the prettiest of the refugees Henry grew up with, but not the brightest—she had flunked out of Hunter College. Still, according to the pattern of graduate-student life in the Fifties, she typed Henry's long papers and worked in a furniture store to help him finish his studies. She wanted children, but they could not afford to have her quit her job until several years after he had his degree. He led a singularly compartmentalized life through the early Fifties, at one time working on three books simultaneously. He had little time for family life, and no time for social life. Harvard was a place from which to go to meetings, symposia, seminars, conferences—and for a long time, he was not quite sure he would get back in when he returned from such gatherings. For a while, he lingered on the edge of the campus in a vague limbo between graduate student and faculty member.

He had been a teaching fellow even as an undergraduate, and he hoped for a job in the political science department while he was a graduate student, but no position was offered to him—the first rebuff. His director, Dr. Elliott, tried to get him a place at MIT but failed; so Elliott paid him out of the funds allotted him for the director of summer programs. Henry earned the money that first year of graduate school (1951–1952) by helping prepare the first International Seminar. This became the young graduate student's special province, and he held the seminars every summer for the next 17 years, even at times when he had no other formal connection with Harvard.

Elliott, the maverick Southerner at Harvard, was one of those academicians who tasted real power in Washington during the war and never got over it. He commuted between Cambridge and the District of Columbia in the postwar years, one of the academy's most pugnacious Cold Warriors, with a network of right-wing friends in Government. He could get CIA money for any anticommunist operation he cared to sponsor—and that is how the International Seminars came about. In an era when youth festivals were considered the Russians' great propaganda weapon, Elliott invited 40 or so prominent young Europeans to live in an attractive campus setting and hear outstanding guest lecturers defend the American way of life. Henry managed the program and, in the process, formed a dense network of associates all around the world. Valery Giscard d'Estaing attended the 1954 seminar and Yigal Allon was at the 1957 session.

In keeping with his pattern, Henry, so German with his fellow students at Harvard, was ostentatiously American with the visiting young men of the summer program. Despite his giveaway accent, he rarely spoke German with those for whom it was a native tongue. While Henry was meeting these contemporaries and counterparts of his, who would someday be influential, he was also dealing with the lecturers invited to address them; and these were men already prominent. To publish the better papers delivered at the seminars, Elliott got funds from the Rockefeller Brothers Fund and founded *Confluence*, with Henry as editor. The journal reflected the CIA tone of the summer proceedings, with papers of James Burnham, Russell Kirk, Erik Ritter von Kuehnelt-Leddihn. Loyalty oaths were defended and the "end-of-ideology" ideology was preached. In the 1952 issue, Peter Viereck praised Arthur Schlesinger for changing publishers as a protest at Little, Brown's willingness to print the works of Communists such as Howard Fast. By 1968, people would be wondering how Henry Kissinger, an intellectual from the "liberal" world of Harvard, could join Nixon's Government. They forgot that Henry's first set of political contacts was provided him by Elliott, and it was heavily anticommunist when not openly Republican. The earlier and more interesting question was whether Harvard would accept this willing Cold War pupil of Elliott's into its world on a permanent basis—and the answer was at first no. Though he had become an instructor in his later years as a graduate student, the department refused to encourage him to stay when he got his degree in 1954—the second rebuff. Then, in 1955, it refused him tenure—the third and worst rebuff. One year out of graduate school, editor of a scholarly journal, director of a prestigious seminar, he was, for the first time, on the academic job market. He toyed with an offer from the University of Chicago—a heavily right-wing department molded by Leo Strauss. That was the kind of offer Henry's colleagues expected him to take at the time; it would put him in an atmosphere more congenial than Harvard's could provide for a Cold Warrior with a growing circle of Republican Party contacts. But this is just the categorization Henry did not want to succumb to. And Chicago, with its natural-law approach to politics, did not have an activist department with important ties to Washington. Nora Beloff claims that Henry promised the Chicago people he would join them after he finished work on a special project for the Council on Foreign Relations; but he was still eying Harvard and hoping he would be taken back. No other commitment could be allowed to stand in the way of that. Meanwhile, he continued to run the summer seminars and, while getting his dissertation ready for publication, agreed to write up his report on limited war for a panel of the prestigious Council. This was a modest enough assignment and came to him as a kind of consolation prize. He had gone to the Council in 1955 with hopes of becoming Hamilton Fish Armstrong's managing editor at *Foreign Affairs*, but Armstrong did not hire him. His temporary assignment was to sit in on meetings of the war panel and write his own report at the end of their sessions. He took this job in the spring of 1955 and moved with his wife to New York. That summer he commuted to Harvard for the seminar. The real opportunity he saw in this move was not, at first, the report he would be writing but the chance to meet members of the foreign-policy establishment in the Council—Paul Nitze, General James Gavin, David Rockefeller and others. This was a world above and slightly to the left of the one Elliott had made available to him in his own seminars. It was also one more acceptable to Harvard's government department. Service here might provide him with an ideological coloration less vivid than his patron's and allow him to blend back into the Harvard scene.

It is ironic that this leftward move by Kissinger led to the one act the establishment left would hold against him in later years—his fatal pages of positive enthusiasm for nuclear weaponry. Though Henry was not the model for Dr. Strangelove, parts of the report he wrote could have come from that fictional character's

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mouth: "The best strategy for exploiting the rigidity of the Soviet command structure is that of limited nuclear war. . . . Nor should we be defeatist about the possibility of limiting nuclear war or about the casualties it might involve. It is far from certain that a conventional war involving fixed positions would produce less devastation than a nuclear war, and in certain circumstances it may produce more. Among combat units the absolute number of casualties in nuclear war will almost certainly be smaller than those of conventional war, although they may be higher in proportion to the number of troops involved" (*Nuclear Weapons and Foreign Policy*).

It is important to remember the context of these proposals. By the mid-Fifties, America's postwar confidence had been shaken. The country that could do anything after V-J Day found it could not win a war in Korea. The hero of the Pacific was sacked and the hero of Europe quietly closed out the Korean conflict without the clear-cut victory, the unconditional surrender Americans had come to expect as their right. Eisenhower decided that America was not capable of fighting limited wars and should settle for the deterrent value of massive retaliation if a major war threatened. This looked like a backsliding toward noninterventionism and isolationism to many liberals. They wanted an activist foreign policy with options for response short of all-out nuclear war. Advocates of this position, such as General Gavin, were on the panel Henry was serving as a kind of glorified secretary, and the whole establishment left was moving to the position that Kennedy later adopted, of counter-insurgency, mobile response and guerrilla warfare against native Communists in free-world countries.

When Henry came to write the report, he echoed this growing consensus on the left but added original touches of his own; and they were all unfortunate. At first, it seems odd that Kissinger, the champion of legitimacy as the accepted way of doing things among nations, should advocate anything so revolutionary as the use of nuclear weapons. A taboo against them would be more like the rules of war he admired in Metternich's era of cabinet diplomacy. But it was the Metternich parallel that got him into trouble. Metternich's idea of war was the use of mercenaries engaged on the periphery of national concern, to score diplomatic points. Armies were pawns used, and used up, in the game of statecraft, affecting the relative strength of contending states but not threatening their very existence. Napoleon had changed this elaborate game of limited wars by mobilizing an entire nation for entire conquest of other states. Metternich "restored a world" by making war once more a gentleman's exercise, and Henry hoped to do the same thing for the 20th Century, after the Napoleonic excesses of our two world wars. He saw nuclear weapons as just part of a new arsenal of supergadgets. Again, the bad influence of men like Gavin is evident—the vision of a few Green Berets with a range of James Bond devices, fighting one another in small raids and counterthrusts. Henry waxes lyrical over flying platforms for the individual soldiers and vertical take-offs for airplanes, making roads and runways unnecessary for war. These gadgets would make the massing of troops anachronistic. And the destructiveness of even "clean" bombs would lead to maximum dispersal of light, mobile, self-supporting raiding parties, which could pick at each other with precise "tactical" nukes. It would be a war of maneuver, not of vast destruction, with great cities given sanctuary. Metternich could be brought back with an assist from Buck Rogers. Wars would be quick and partial, scoring points. Our team may get yours this time. Yours may get ours next time. Like playing football but for keeps. Yet this is a game that cannot be allowed to end. No total victories, no total surrender and no total peace. Henry's logic of paradox and reversal means that total peace invites total war, so the best way to have peace is to have a little bit of war going on all the time—like an inoculation. And the best way to avoid all-out nuclear war is to develop "safe" ways of having "little" nuclear wars. It was all a game in Henry's head, and the dream state of our political thinking in the Fifties is reflected in the fact that his book caught on. It became a best seller and heavily influenced strategic thinking. It laid his reputation as a defense scholar and Government consultant. But it also gave him an unearned reputation as a Strangelove. Men would not perceive until years later the real fault of his book—not hard-nosed acceptance of nuclear weapons as conventional but the romantic vision of a world returned to Metternich's "civilized" ways of killing and getting killed. When Henry at last arrived at national power, he could be

"Please, Geraldine, go with the gentleman. Take my word for it, he does love you!"

trusted near our nuclear arsenal. The thing we had to watch out for was his dandyism in the conduct of personal diplomacy as an endless game played with a rather abstract love of paradoxes. The way to control nuclear war, Kissinger thought, was to stylize it. Metternich conducted diplomacy as an elaborate set of symbols "stylized as a Japanese [no] play," where "blows had to be struck with high decorum." Henry yearned for the rebirth of such gentlemanly warfare—and actually thought he was helping it along by the time his B-52s carpet-bombed Hanoi.

The best description of his own time in power came relatively early in his dissertation:

> The kind of game Metternich decided to play was, moreover, not one of the bold maneuver, which risked everything on a quick checkmate. Rather it was deliberate and cunning, a game where the advantage lay in a gradual transformation of the position, in which the opponent's moves were utilized first to paralyze and then to destroy him, while the player marshaled his resources. It was a game whose daring resided in the loneliness in which it had to be played, in the face of noncomprehension and abuse by both friend and foe; whose courage lay in its imperturbability when one wrong move might mean disaster and loss of confidence might spell isolation; whose greatness derived from the skill of its moves and not from the inspiration of its conception.

The truly dangerous phrase in that lovingly shaped passage deals with the gentlemanly player's loneliness "in the face of noncomprehension." Throughout his service as first minister for foreign affairs, Kissinger dismissed all criticism as a simple failure to understand the complexities of his formulas, the interconnection among all his moves anywhere on the board, not only those he had already made but those he meant to make in the future. If all this were understood, there would be no need to justify his acts; thus, short of such total understanding, justification must wait on events. His was the loneliness of a man who is right in ways that cannot, at any one time, be simply demonstrated. When the Russians were angered at America's long delay of the SALT talks, Henry explained this by saying his critics could not see all that he meant by linkage (the tying of each negotiable point to all other understanding points of disagreement). As the Kalb brothers put it, acting as the Secretary of State's chosen spokesmen: "Kissinger, in those early months of the Administration, tried to tutor the Soviet diplomat Dobrynin in the advantages of linkage."

When William Rogers, while nominal Secretary of State, wanted to respond to the Russians' pacific overtures, it was because, according to the Kalbs, he could not master Henry's grand strategy in all its ramifications: "This was a totally new approach, and Rogers just did not understand it." When Kissinger's Vietnam negotiations collapsed, it was because the other side could not master the doctrine of "two-track" negotiating: "Henry Cabot Lodge found it difficult to get some of Kissinger's ideas across to the North Vietnamese." When three of Kissinger's best aides resigned over the invasion of Cambodia, Kissinger treated their protest as an intellectual failure: As one of them, Anthony Lake, put it, "Henry acted as if I had flunked the seminar." Predictably, when he offered further gifts to Le Duc Tho and they were refused, Kissinger felt his adversary just did not *understand* how good a deal he had fashioned for him. And the same judgment was passed on Thieu when he refused the package. It was frustrating to deal everywhere with dolts.

Since Kissinger saw himself as the guardian of mysteries inscrutable to other people, personal diplomacy was never just a temporary expedient with him, or mere preference, but an absolute necessity—one that also fit into Nixon's secretive and distrustful way of doing things. Kissinger alone carried in his head the complex code to crack each situation. He alone saw how each factor depended on all others, SALT on Vietnam, and Vietnam on the Middle East, and the Middle East on Russia, and Russia on China. No one else could be presumed to know all the connections that Henry understood. That is why, though he talked constantly of linkage as seen from his high synoptic point of vision, he expected others to see things in isolation. In order to withdraw American troops in Vietnam, he set up the secret bombing of Cambodia (and then the open incursion), the secret war in Laos, the open mining of Haiphong. All the while, he scrupulously kept to the troop-withdrawal schedule, since that was the basis of the negotiations as he had framed them. Hanoi was not supposed to advert to or invoke all the covert or unmentioned acts of war, only the signals that were advanced.

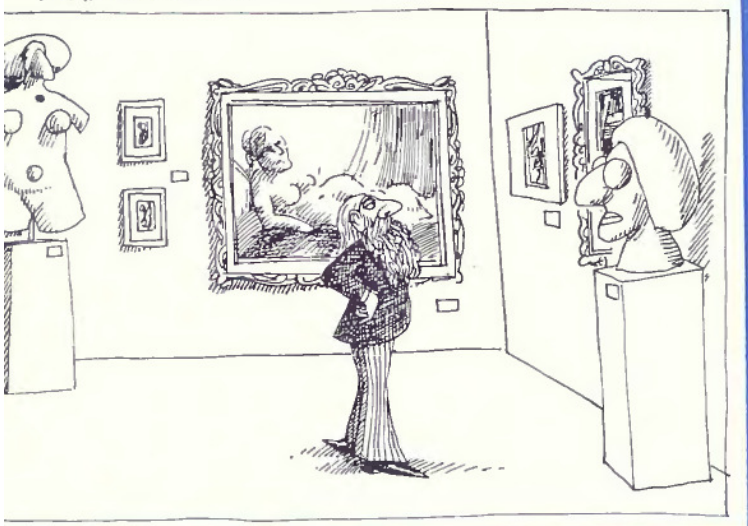
Kissinger's was all a world of signals—but what good are the signals if they are so often misunderstood? If a Dobrynin on one side or a Rogers on the other frustrates Kissinger by not grasping the point of his tactics, then what good are the tactics? Kissinger, of course, believed linkage did work in Vietnam—in the sense that the major breakthrough seemed to be accomplished in signals passed back and forth by way of Moscow during April and May of 1972. But he had worked (and warred) for four years to achieve as his objective what he originally took to be a mere shortcut to the goal. Russia did not so much help end the Vietnam war (the original premise of linkage); the war, rather, gave Henry an occasion for intimate dealings with the Russians. But the SALT talks and the China initiative would have given him that in any case. For four years, Henry delayed concessions in Vietnam because his formulas called for concessions to be made only when Russia was willing to be a conduit for them. Even if we take his view of the outcome, "*détente*" with Russia cost not only our wheat or the plight of Jewish emigrants but four more years of war in four different countries of Southeast Asia, with all the loss of men and money on all sides. A high price tag, even if *détente* was as solid a purchase as Kissinger liked to think. But what if the same thing could have been accomplished anyway? It is hard, outside the complex paradoxes of Henry's mind, to see how we ingratiated ourselves with Russia by a persistency in carnage. Russian interests secured the period of *détente*; and those interests were neither greatly served nor greatly hindered by America's mismanagement of Vietnam.

The suspicion deepens that Henry was ultimately a master of the supererogatory maneuver, of the paradoxical act as lovingly shaped as the quaint antitheses of his prose—that he traveled around the world to arrive next door, thus making the obvious look like a miracle, threading with admitted dexterity labyrinths of his own making. The story of the Vietnam negotiations is a tale of endless signaling that distracted from the real concessions that had to be made and finally were.

Of course, part of his signaling act was always intended to distract: The American people had to be fooled, even more than the Vietnamese. Kissinger always presented his war as this country's great defense against this country's own crazies. If it looked like America was conceding, or losing, or admitting loss, there would be a reaction, Henry claimed, to dwarf McCarthyism and rival Hitlerism. As war protesters filled the streets, he could almost take satisfaction in their anger. He had maneuvered them into thinking he was a war criminal, thus calming the right and preventing the real threat—that those mobs would be out in the streets. In the worst moments of Vietnam, Henry presented the rain of bombs abroad as a pre-emptive countercoup at home, heading off a hypothetical right-wing take-over. Just as his inoculation theory made a little bit of war keep war away, so he presented Nixonian repression as a ward against worse repression. But what if the feared coup was, all along, chimerical? Then, in another supererogatory maneuver, Henry had killed real human beings en masse to stave off a shadow. One advantage of his approach was that it always succeeded

(concluded on page 300)

NOAH AND THE ART



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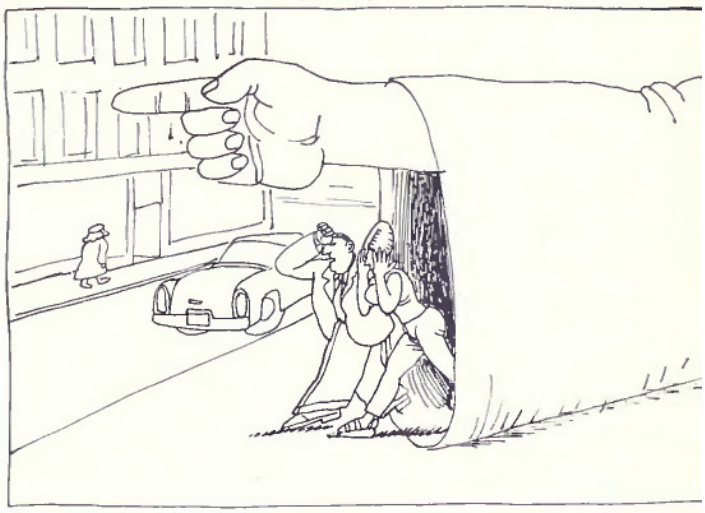

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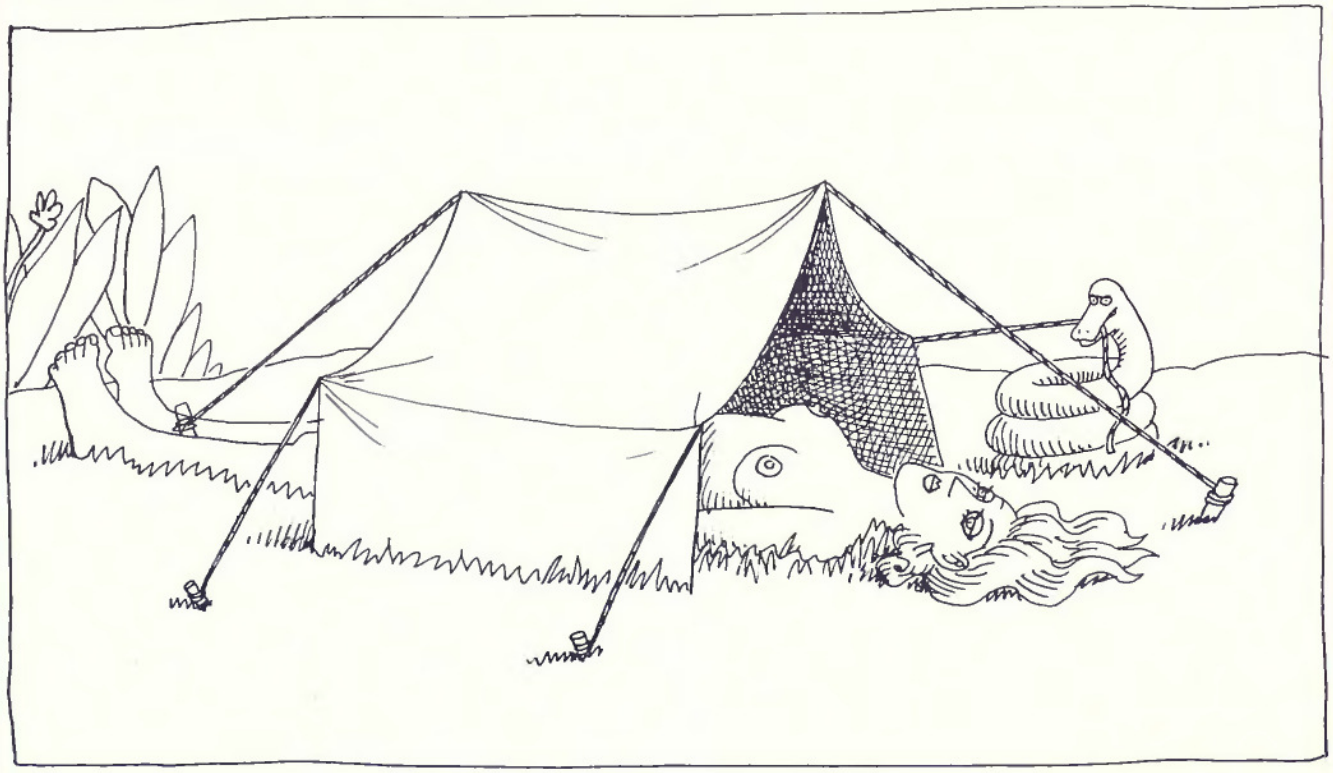
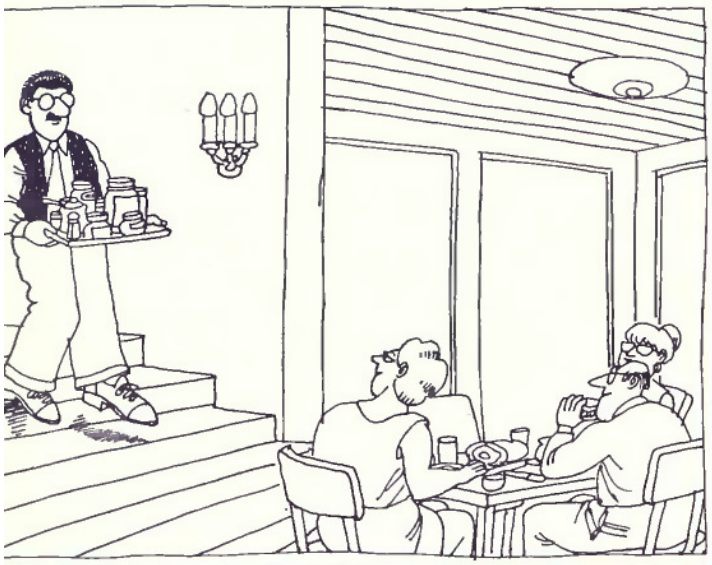
By B. KLIBAN

EVE IS TENTED BY THE SERPENT



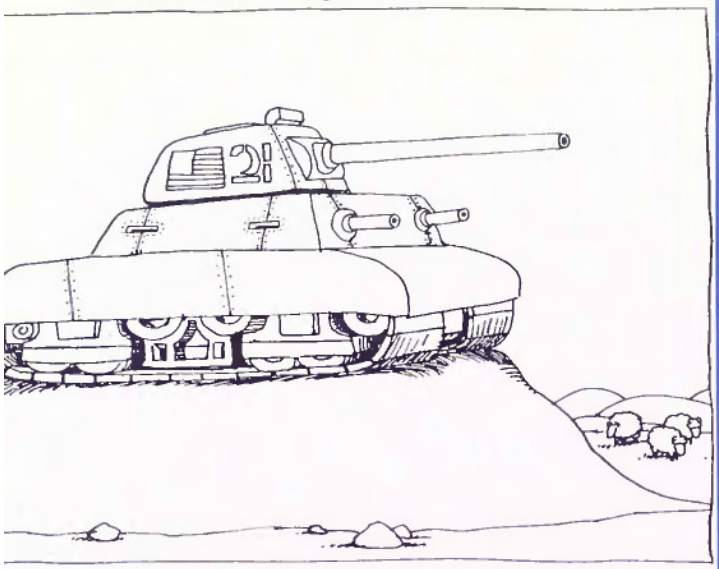
MOSES BRINGS DOWN THE TEN CONDIMENTS.



JOSHUA BITES THE BOTTLE OF GERITOL

SALMON AND DELILAH

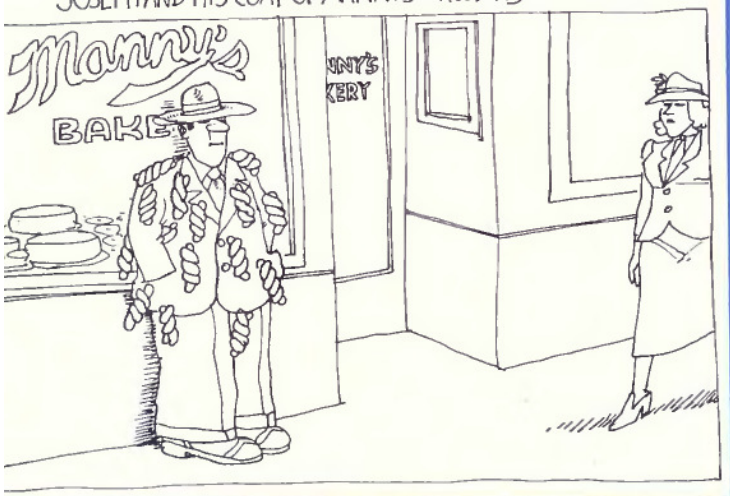
THE SHERMAN ON THE MOUND



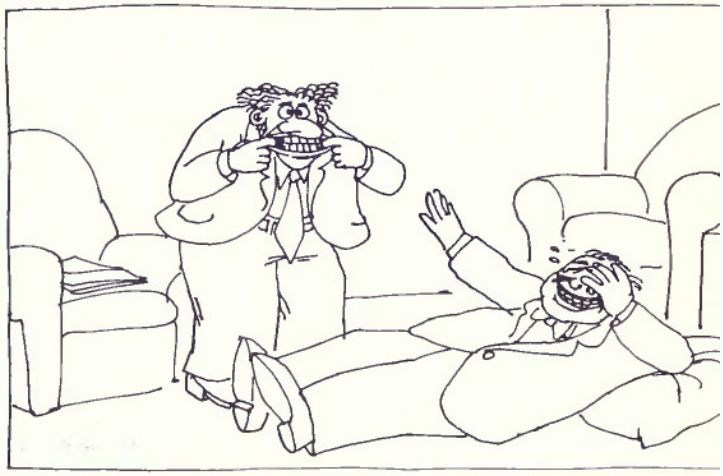
THE ISRAELITES GET TAKEN AT FARO

LOT'S WIFE IS CONVERTED TO RUBLES.

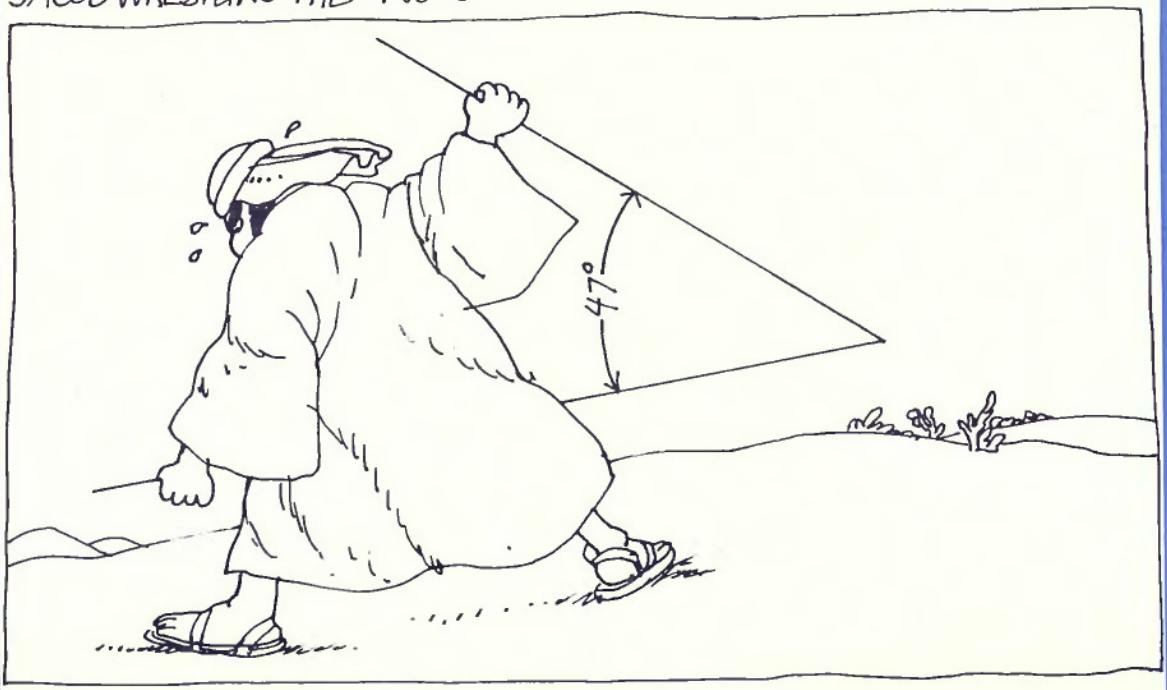
JOSEPH AND HIS COAT OF MANNY'S CRULLERS



CAIN SLAYS ABEL



JACOB WRESTLING THE ANGLE



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kissinger

(continued from page 296)

because it always vanquished hypothetical enemies. Henry had only to imagine some disaster that did not, in fact, come about—and then claim credit for preventing the catastrophe he had been the first to imagine.

Since he liked to link all factors and play things off against one another in complex and shifting ways, he wanted a reserve of elements to fiddle with in each equation. Even though a "thin" ABM system made no sense in itself, it was another thing to be used by way of threat or concession; so Henry justified the program as a "bargaining chip," something to be acquired only to be given away. The more arms we have, the better we can play the game of arms control. If war is the only way to have peace, then arms proliferation is the only path to arms limitation. In the same way, the more countries we have to pit against one another, the more virtuosity we can show in our relations with any one of them. Kissinger wrote that Castlereagh's death, by effectively removing England from the game board of Europe, curtailed Metternich's options and led to the relatively cramped style of his play even after that event. So China had to be included in America's foreign policy, to be played off against Russia; just as *détente* with Russia was necessary, to have something to play off against China. Both countries were, accordingly, dealt in. Admittedly, China made the first overture, and Nixon was, if anything, ahead of Henry on these particular moves. But the subsequent fine tuning of alternate flattery and bluff was just what appealed to Kissinger—the replacing of crusade or mission with technique.

Henry invariably stressed a concept—linkage, or two tracks, or relative limitation, or paradox, or whatever—whose difficulties were always and only intellectual. When old friends from the academy raised moral objections to the Cambodian invasion, or Haiphong mining, or Christmas bombing, he accused them of pretentiousness, of claiming "a monopoly of anguish." One would think, on the face of it, that no man has to earn a right to feel pity. It is a measure of Kissinger's manipulative skills that he put people in the position of trying to defend such a nonexistent "right." He could even make the moral argument sound like the one immoral position and induce guilt in those who advanced it. The situation was ludicrous. Imagine that you have stumbled over a slaughtered child in the woods and you blurt out, "This is terrible!" Henry, in effect, sidles up to recite his careful, glib and lulling catechism: "You do not feel more deeply than I do just because you shout louder. I have as much right to say it is terrible; but I am too busy piecing together those parts of the crime that are not present here for such instant and shallow response." The terribleness of events is no longer at issue but the stylization of one's lamenting mode, and the complexity of one's understanding of the chain of cause and result. Thus could Henry preclude all the simpler moral impulses, accusing his foes of becoming "technicians of morality" because he had limited all debate to questions of technique. With the wit of a satirist, he reduced his adversaries in size by stylizing the situation to suit his abstract purposes. The way to solve a problem, for the technician, is to put it in soluble terms, not to understand reality but to control it. Henry's was the kind of "wit" that could make 50,000 American corpses dance insubstantially on the head of that nonexistent pin, the "right" to be moral. And, amazingly, he still looked plausible during the exercise.

The last mystery is not his performance but its plausibility, while it lasted. Not that he hawked on a war of supererogation for more than four years, and then did not really end it but that he was idolized and laureated for not ending it, as if he had ended it. Not that he managed *détente* but that he managed it by giving senseless concessions (wheat) and senseless affronts (Haiphong), and yet went off with credit for the other side's forbearance. Not that he expressed, in his own operation, the Nixon style of paranoid secrecy, defiance of Congress and one-on-one bluff but that he sanitized these things in the process, so that Nixon's Haldeman in foreign policy appeared an anti-Haldeman rather than a shadow-Haldeman.

How did he pull it off for so long so convincingly? The sources of his strength were the original ones—a grasp of the need for limits, for manipulation rather than crusade, for skill instead of sermons. The amoralist has a mile or two head start in handling America's foreign policy, which has been so insufferably moralizing in the past. But Henry carried the love of technique to an opposite extreme, encouraging complexity for its own sake. In the process, he bemused himself with his own feats of prestidigitation. He of all people should know that the "solution" of a thesis is not its antithesis but a synthesis. Yet his amoral technique became as much a symptom of America's prior failures in international policy as it was their correction. Justly distrustful of past categories, Henry mastered his own world by first creating it—a world of wheels and gadgets and machinery, not of men. Henry Kissinger was rightly, in his prime, admired as a magician. For magic deals in appearance, feints, ambiguities, distractions and illusions. He made himself the world's best juggler of nations since Metternich—and that, for a while, seemed to be what we needed. But only for a while.

STUCK IN THE MIDDLE

(continued from page 159)

Ah, but that was the traditional structure. You've changed and people around you have changed. It's no longer a question of eternal triangles, what with free spirits abounding and variety as today's essential spice. But there's another, more contemporary triangle that presents its own set of problems: getting it on with two ladies at once, in the same place. It *should* be smooth going. After all, possessiveness and knee-jerk jealousy just aren't smiled upon anymore, not by the ladies you've been seeing, not these days. As one writer suggested, if you ain't gettin' it in multiples, you ain't gettin' it.

So just one question: How come you ain't gettin' it? If everybody else is, why hasn't the modern triangle happened to you? Maybe it's a matter of style. You know you'd like to, you've even got a couple of women in mind, but how do these things *work*? How do you get past those first awkward moments? How do you avoid hurt feelings, clumsy behavior, bitter goodbyes? Or, put another way, it's hard enough handling your sex life with one other person—so who needs complications?

Oh, you already have complications. You're seeing Ellen and she knows you occasionally see another woman. And Gail, of course, knew you were seeing someone else the first time you asked her out. You've never discussed one woman with the other, but they know, and there's this discomfort in the air, this subtle pressure. You're beginning to worry that, as usual, you're going to have to fish or cut bait. You're going to have to choose and things are going to go sour and someone is going to be hurt—probably all three of you.

Here's where you might try something new. First, screw up your courage and ask them both to meet you for a drink after work. Introductions, friendly small talk. A drink, and the talk turns a little sexy. The girls aren't dumb, there's *some* reason you asked them both there—if you were going to choose between them, it would happen one on one. So, if neither Gail nor Ellen has made "Hey, what the hell *is* this?" noises, you may be on your way.

Try bringing up the subject hypothetically. There's been a second drink, the women seem to like each other and you slide into the conversation something about how you've occasionally fantasized making love to both of them at the same time. If you get a couple of smiles, maybe a pair of lowered eyes, you're more than on your way. Of course, if you notice that two rum and Cokes have been splattered in your face, perhaps this wasn't the right moment.

In any case, let's say the moment *was* right. As you wait for the check, everyone is likely to be feeling a bit self-conscious. So feel free about not talking on the way to your apartment. Let the sexual tension build. And when you get inside, amid familiar surroundings, you'll want to stoke the fires again. Get the conversation going, get back to the topic again. And not just to sex but to three-way sex. You can get your partners to start thinking about threesomes in a variety of ways: Give them each a triple martini, for example, and do so ostentatiously. When you select a record album, think "three"—Beethoven's *Third*, The Kingston Trio, that sort of thing—to show them you're hip yet touchingly funny. Make pointed jokes: "There were these three fellows, see, an Irishman, a Jew and a. . . ." And keep pouring the drinks. Of course, you may want to practice a certain amount of moderation yourself regarding the booze. It may loosen inhibitions, but it is also well known that a gentleman puking into a wastebasket soon loses his sexual allure.

Then the time arrives. Don't worry, you'll know. It may be subtle, consisting of a lull in the conversation, a pause during which Gail and Ellen look at each other and at you and smile and say nothing. Or it may be less subtle, consisting of both girls' taking hold of your pants legs and tugging for all they're worth as they sing *I Am Woman* in harmony. (After all, these *are* modern ladies you go out with, right?) Whatever form the signal takes, the three of you realize the moment has come and you pad your way into the bedroom.

Now. A couple of rules of acknowledgment. Nice as it is to think that the hard work's been done, that you can now dive in with arms and legs and so forth flailing, it may be useful to remember that there's hardly ever anything like unlimited freedom. There's usually something you can't do or don't want done *to* you. So make sure everyone has the same idea of what's going on, what the general relationships are. If Gail should somehow get the impression that Ellen is your long-lost maternal grandmother, and that you're headed for the bedroom for a family reunion, this could cause problems later on. Seriously, guys, remember to stay consistent. You obviously aren't going to want to cop out at the last minute, but most importantly, don't suddenly switch roles in midevening.

The first several potentially awkward moments come at the undressing stage. If that's the case, figure out which lady needs more reassurance and make her

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your priority at this and other stages as well. If, in the interests of equal time, you want to go at it simultaneously, forget it. Only Rudolf Nureyev is graceful enough to undress two women at the same time, and he's probably not interested. If your women are inspired enough to be getting into your bed, they'll be inspired enough to get out of their clothes.

The three of you should soon be naked, or close enough. This is where your behavior becomes critical. You've been intimate with both of these women, and they know it. It's up to you to take as much of the awkwardness out of this as possible. Laughter will help, and you can go back to making "three" jokes or even re-creating a Three Stooges routine: You might, for instance, poke your fingers into Ellen's eyes, bonk Gail over the head and slap your own face, making loud sound-effect noises all the while. Don't be ashamed to have anything along that's ever made you comfortable in bed: candles, music, wine, your Teddy bear. Once you relax, lust will prevail. (An aside: You can start out with a much less tense situation by taking two women who are already friendly to bed. Work on two girls in your office whom you know to be confidantes and sidekicks. Or perhaps a pair of sexy Danish sister stewardesses. Of course, if you're that much in touch with turning your fantasies into reality, and that smart, you probably don't need to be reading any of this.)

Since you're the guy, you should be in the middle. And not just for reasons of symmetry, important as they may be. Fact is, yours is the depletable resource, damn it, and the best way to conserve that resource is to do as Exxon does: Don't use it up immediately, and keep your mind on tax benefits.

Don't focus on genital sex right away—in other words, stifle that natural male impulse to dramatically prove that you're in control even when you're not quite. Enjoy some foreplay. Look around. Get used to the strange sensation of having more than two people in the bed. This is a time for sensual immersion: Use your eyes, nose, mouth, toes, get it all. You've got a ten-course feast here, not steak and potatoes twice.

Above all, be patient. Don't let your lovemaking look like a human pretzel formed by gymnasts. If it works with everybody doing something to everybody else, fine. If it's clumsy, let go for a second. Take a look at what's happening. It isn't very often that one gets to see other live folk making love. And, by the way, be prepared to be ignored at some point while the women discover each other. It's not a rejection of you; it's just that women find it relatively easy to cross that barrier—don't forget, they were the ones who danced together in high school.

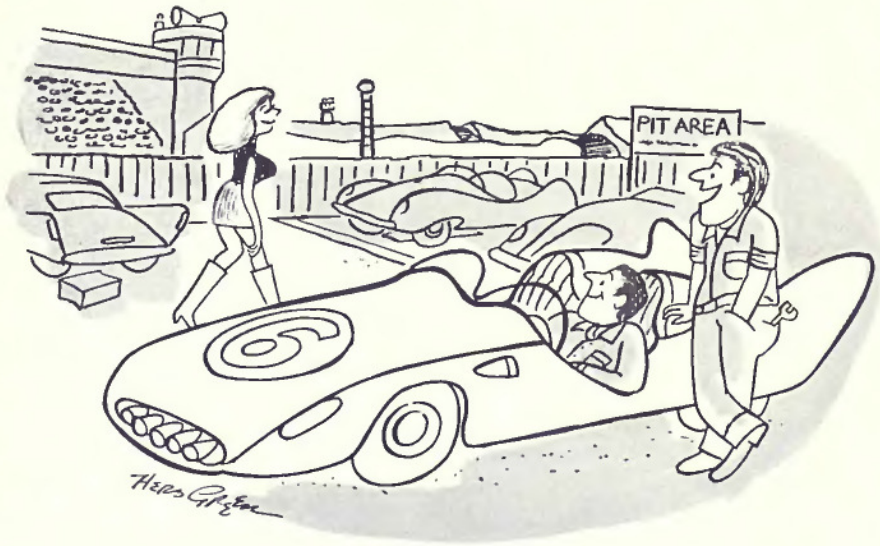
The time will soon arrive for hanky-panky the way you've always thought it should be. With a little help from a friend. You ought to keep in mind an earlier notion: Concentrate on the lady who appears less secure. She may be the one you have the more serious relationship with, but maybe not. As for your worry that you may not be able to perform twice during the evening, don't sweat it. Women know about these things and will be trying to put you at your ease. They will also be sexy as hell. Also, ladies, bless their funny little bodies, can be satisfied in lots of ways—orally, manually, and so on.

Still, if you don't perform up to your own expectations, it's probably a bigger deal to you than it is to the women. Don't apologize and swear that "it never happened before." These two ladies are supposed to know and like you. The thrill in this sort of thing is supposed to come mainly from skin contact, the caressing, the sharing of one another. If you can't get it up more than once, you can console yourself with the fact that, in relationships with women, this sort of thing happens constantly to 75-year-old men. And to faggots.

While we're on the subject, what about the other kind of *ménage à trois*, the one with two men and one woman? Remember you're supposed to be liberated, bub. And the truth is, this kind of situation is far more threatening for most people than the other kind of triangle. But, hey, it *can* work.

Suppose it's you and Ellen and a mutual friend, Robert. You're listening to music together, getting high, talking about how much you all like one another. At some point, your womanfriend lets on as to how incredible she thinks it would be if the three of you went to bed together. Robert thinks about it for a couple of moments and lets on that he wouldn't mind a bit. As for you, well, you haven't been to bed with a guy since the pipes froze at boy-scout camp. But, admit it, the prospect is turning you on. OK. First thing is, figure out what's exciting you—the idea of you and Robert making love to Ellen? Or the idea of running your hands over Robert's bod? Get it straight in your head early on, or the confusion could cause a real misunderstanding. The woman's in the middle this time, naturally, and with a little teamwork, even at the foreplay stage, you can both bring her a lot of pleasure. And don't push things with your friend. He may casually touch you or you may brush him, and you'll both be looking to see how your advances are received. The moment you notice *any* signs of rejection or fear in either of you, stop. Of course, if you notice that your friend has just kicked Ellen out of bed with both his feet and is going to work on you like crazy, you may want to rethink things.

Both kinds of triangular sex may give you a chance to satisfy some pretty common fantasies and, while you're at it, change a few relationships that weren't perfect to start with. Having a few guidelines, however lighthearted, shouldn't take the spontaneity out of your encounters. And, hell, once you've conquered the complexities of the triangle, there isn't much you shouldn't be able to handle. Next time around, you'll be ready to take on the pentagon.



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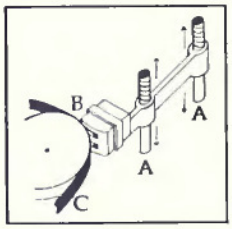

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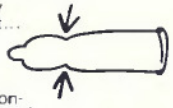

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BRENNBAR'S RANT

(continued from page 137)

we still have to face today."

"Yes," I said quickly, turning on the man. "For example, you're bullying me right now."

"Look, there's no persecution like religious persecution," the man said, yanking the waiter's arm for accent.

"You might ask a black," I said.

"Or any woman," said the woman next to Brennbar. "You talk as if you had a monopoly on discrimination."

"You're all full of shit," said Brennbar, slowly uncoiling his lounging tongue. The others stopped talking and looked at my husband as if he were a burn hole developing in a costly rug.

"Darling," I said, "we're talking about minority groups."

"As if that counts me out?" Brennbar asked. He made me disappear in a roil of cigar smoke. But the woman next to him seemed to feel provoked by this; she responded recklessly.

"I don't see that you're black," she said, "or a woman or a Jew. You're not even Irish or Italian or something like that, are you? I mean—*Brennbar*—what's that? German?"

"*Oui*," said the waiter. "That's German, I know it."

And the man whose pleasure had been to abuse me said, "Oh, that's a fine minority group." The others—but not I—laughed. I was familiar with my husband's signals for the control he gradually lost on polite conversation; blowing cigar smoke in my face was a fairly advanced phase.

"My husband is from the Midwest," I said cautiously.

"Oh, you poor man," said the woman next to Brennbar. Her hand lay with facetious sympathy on Brennbar's shoulder.

"How appalling: the Midwest," someone far down the table muttered.

And the man who held the waiter's sleeve with the importance he might lavish on a mine detector said, "Now, there's a minority group!" Laughter embraced the table while I observed my husband's journey through one more lost control he held on polite conversation: the stiff smile accompanied by the studied tossing off of his third cognac and the oversteady pouring of his fourth.

I was so full I felt I'd temporarily lost my cleavage, but I said, "I'd like dessert. Would anyone else have anything else?" I asked, watching the studied tossing off of my husband's fourth cognac and the fantastically deliberate pouring of his fifth.

The waiter remembered his job; he fled to fetch the menu. And the man who had sought in the waiter an ethnic kinship boldly faced Brennbar and said with unctuous condescension, "I was merely trying to establish that religious discrimination—at least historically—is of a more subtle and pervasive kind than those forms of discrimination we have all jumped on the band wagon about lately, with our cries of racist, sexist——"

Brennbar belched: a sharp shot like a brass bedpost ball flung at random into the kitchenware. I was familiar with this phase, too; I knew now that the dessert would come too late and that my husband scarcely needed to pause before he would launch forth.

Brennbar began: "The first form of discrimination I encountered while growing up is so subtle and pervasive that even to this day no group has been able to organize to protest it, no politician has dared mention it, no civil-liberty case has been taken to the courts. In no major, nor in any minor, city is there even a suitable ghetto where these sufferers can support one another. Discrimination against them is so total that they even discriminate against one another; they are ashamed to be what they are, they are ashamed of it when they're alone—and all the more ashamed to be seen together."

"Listen," said the woman next to Brennbar, "if you're talking about homosexuality, what you're saying is no longer the case——"

"I'm talking about pimples," Brennbar said. "Acne," he added, with a meaningful and hurting glance about the table. "Zits," Brennbar said. The others, those who dared, stared into my husband's deeply cratered face as if they were peeking into a disaster ward in a foreign hospital. Alongside that terrible evidence, the fact that we were ordering dessert *after* brandy and cigars was of little consequence. "You all knew people with pimples," Brennbar accused them. "And pimples disgusted you, didn't they?" The diners all looked away from him, but their memory of his pockmarks must have been severe. Those indentations, those pits, appeared to have been made by stones. My God, he was lovely.

Nearby, but coming no nearer, the waiter hovered and held back the dessert menus from this queer party as if he feared the menus could be consumed by our silence.

"Do you think it was easy to go into a drugstore?" Brennbar asked. "A whole cosmetic counter devoted to reminding you, the saleslady grinning at your zits and saying loudly, 'What can I do for you?' As if she didn't know. Even your own parents were ashamed of you! Subtle indications that your pillowcase was not washed with the rest of the laundry, and at breakfast your mother would say to you, 'Dear, you know, don't you, that the *blue* washcloth is yours?' Then watch your sister's face pale; she excuses herself from the table and rushes to rewash. Talk about myths involved with discrimination! God, you'd think pimples were more communicative than

clap! Some kid after gym class asks if someone has a comb; you offer him yours, you see his mind melt—praying for an alternative, imagining his precious scalp alive with your zits. It was a common fable: If you saw a pimple, you assumed dirt. People who produce pus never wash.

"I swear on my sister's sweet ass," Brennbar said (he has no sister), "I washed my entire body three times a day. One day I washed my face eleven times. Every morning I went to the mirror to read the news. Like a body count in a war. Maybe the acne plaster killed two overnight, but four more have arrived. You learn to expect the greatest humiliation at the worst time: The morning of the night you achieved that blind date, there's a new one pulling your lip askew. Then one day, out of misguided pity or a vast and unfathomable cruelty, those few people who pass for your friends secure you a date with *another* pimple freak! Mortified, you both wait for it to end. Did they expect we would exchange remedies or count our permanent scars?

"Zitism!" Brennbar yelled. "That's what it is, zitism! And you're *zitists*, all of you, I'm sure of it," he muttered. "You couldn't begin to understand how awful. . . ." His cigar was out; apparently shaken, he fumbled to relight it.

"No," said the man next to me. "I mean, yes . . . I can understand how terrible that must have been for you, really."

"It's nothing like your problem," Brennbar said morosely.

"No, well, yes—I mean, really, it *is* sort of what I mean," the man groped. "I can truly imagine how awful——"

"*Imagine?*" I said, my face alert, my mouth turning toward my best smile. "But what about what you said to me? You can't possibly *feel* it like he did. He had to *live* with it every day." I smiled at my husband. "Those were real pimples," I told my former attacker. "They're not to be imagined." Then I leaned across the table and touched Brennbar's hand affectionately. "Nice work, darling," I said. "You got him."

"Thanks," said Brennbar, totally relaxed. His cigar was relit; he passed the rim of his brandy snifter under his nose like a flower.

The woman next to Brennbar was unsure. She touched him gently, but urgently, and said to him, "Oh, I see, you were kidding—sort of. Weren't you?" Brennbar consumed her in cigar smoke before she could read his eyes; I can always read his eyes.

"Well, not kidding, exactly—were you, darling?" I said. "I think it was a metaphor," I told the others, and they looked at Brennbar with all the more suspicion. "It was a metaphor for growing up with intelligence in a stupid world. It meant that intelligence is so peculiar—so rare—that those of us with any real brains are constantly being discriminated against by the masses of stupidity around us." The entire table looked more pleased. Brennbar smoked; he could be an infuriating man.

"Of course," I went on, "people with intelligence really constitute one of the smallest minority groups. They have to endure the wallowing sheep-mindedness and flagrant idiocy of what's forever being *popular*. Popularity is probably the greatest insult to an intelligent person. Hence," I said, with a gesture to Brennbar, who was resembling a still life, "acne is a perfect metaphor for the feeling of being unpopular, which every intelligent person must suffer. Intelligence is unpopular, of course. Nobody likes an intelligent person. Intelligent people are not to be trusted. We suspect that their intelligence hides a kind of perversity. It's a little like thinking that people with pimples are unclean."

"Well," began the man next to me—he was warming up to the conversation, which he must have felt was returning to more comfortable ground. "Of course, the notion of the intellectual constituting a kind of ethnic group—this is hardly new. America is predominantly anti-intellectual. Look at television. Professor types are all batty eccentrics with

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the sort of temperaments of grandmothers. All idealists are fanatics or saints, young Hitlers or young Christs. Children who read books wear glasses and secretly wish they could play baseball as well as the other kids. We prefer an armpit evaluation of a man. And we like his mind to be possessed by the kind of stubborn loyalty we admire in dogs. But I must say, Brennbar, to suggest that pimples are analogous to intellect——"

"Not intellect," I said. "Intelligence. There are as many stupid intellectuals as there are stupid baseball players. Intelligence simply means the perception of what is going on." But Brennbar was cloaked in an enigma of cigar smoke and even the woman next to him could not see through to his point of view.

The man who had momentarily experienced the illusion of returning to more comfortable ground said, "I would dispute with you, Mrs. Brennbar, that there are as many stupid intellectuals as there are stupid baseball players."

Brennbar released a warning belch: a long, tunneling and muffled signal like a trash can thrown down an elevator shaft while you were far away, in a shower on the 31st floor ("Who's there?" you'd call out to your empty apartment).

"Dessert?" said the waiter, distributing menus. He must have thought Brennbar had asked for one.

"I'll have the *pommes Normande en belle vue*," said the faraway man who had found the Midwest appalling. His wife wanted the *pouding alsacien*, a cold dessert.

"I'd like the *charlotte Malakoff aux fraises*," said the woman next to Brennbar.

I said I'd have the *mousseline au chocolat*.

"*Shit*," said Brennbar. Whatever he'd meant as a metaphor, his ravaged face was no invention; we could all see that.

"I was just trying to help you, darling," I said, in a shocking new tone.

"Smart bitch," Brennbar said.

The man for whom comfortable ground was now a hazardous free fall away sat in this uneasy atmosphere of warring minority feelings and wished for more intelligence than he had. "I'll have the *clafouti aux pruneaux*," he said sheepishly.

"You would," said Brennbar. "That's just what I figured you for."

"I got him right, too, darling," I said.

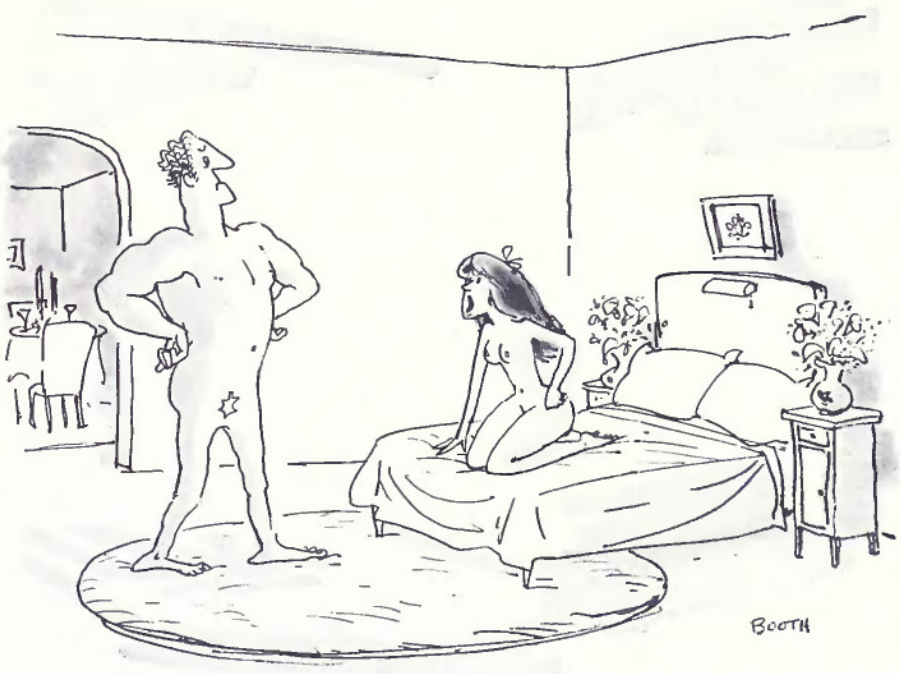
"Did you guess *her*?" Brennbar asked me, indicating the woman next to him.

"Oh, she was easy," I said. "I got everyone."

"I was wrong on yours," Brennbar told me. He seemed troubled. "I was sure you'd try to split the savarin with someone."

"Brennbar doesn't eat dessert," I explained to the others. "It's bad for his complexion."

Brennbar sat more or less still, like a contained lava flow. I knew that in a very short time we would go home. I wanted, terribly, to be alone with him.



"That's all there is? . . . A leaf? . . . What are we going to do with a leaf?"

Remembering the Chelsea

(continued from page 201)

sure of good Scotch, a good steak.

I turned toward the building in front of me. The Hotel Chelsea. I had lived here in the Fifties. It looked pretty much the same. I read a plaque beside the entrance.

LANDMARKS OF NEW YORK
CHELSEA HOTEL
DESIGNED BY HUBERT & PIRSSON, THE CHELSEA WAS OPENED IN 1884 AS ONE OF THE CITY'S EARLIEST COOPERATIVE APARTMENT HOUSES. IT BECAME A HOTEL AROUND 1905. THE FLORID CAST-IRON BALCONIES WERE MADE BY THE FIRM OF J. B. & J. M. CORNELL. ARTISTS AND WRITERS WHO HAVE LIVED HERE INCLUDE ARTHUR B. DAVIES, JAMES T. FARRELL, ROBERT FLAHERTY, O. HENRY, JOHN SLOAN, DYLAN THOMAS AND THOMAS WOLFE.

"Hey, mister, I'm blocking traffic."

I had forgotten the cabdriver. Mumbling my apologies, I paid him, reached in to get my suitcase and then closed the door. I was going back, moving back into the Chelsea, this time for a week or so—so that I could write about it. A then-and-now article, I thought. The plaque was now, commemorating then. I remembered that Sunday morning, back in the early Sixties. I had received a telephone call from an old friend of mine, Jake Baker, who lived at the Chelsea. The plaque had just gone up.

Jake Baker was born in the Far West. He had been a mining engineer; this was the first of his many professions and avocations. He was also a philosophical anarchist. And he had been a member of the Industrial Workers of the World—a wobbly.

When I first met Jake, he was a man in radical literary circles. He was the founder of Vanguard Press—the house that later published my trilogy *Studs Lonigan* and 27 other books of mine.

The money to establish Vanguard came from the Garland Fund. Young Garland was heir to $1,000,000. Instead of following the prescribed behavioral patterns of most scions of the time, Garland established a fund through which he gave away most of his fortune for the betterment of mankind by aiding radical, revolutionary and libertarian causes. The magazine *New Masses* was founded with Garland Fund money. In the Twenties, *New Masses* had been a spectacular gravy train for the radical intelligentsia and literati. When all the gravy had been sopped, *New Masses* was taken over by the Communists and remained for years the unacknowledged Communist Party organ.

When Vanguard Press was young, it published an inexpensive series of radical classics—by the historian John William Draper, works based on the Darwin

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theory of evolution, the great book of the anarchist leader and philosopher Pëtr Kropotkin, Jack London's writings on socialism, Leo Tolstoy's work on pacifism, Upton Sinclair's *The Jungle*, Thorstein Veblen's classical social study *The Theory of the Leisure Class* and *The Letters of Sacco and Vanzetti*. Jake Baker did something unique in publishing. He published books that did not show a profit but did provide young people the opportunity to read great and profoundly stimulating books. In the late Twenties (1928 or 1929), Vanguard Press was sold to James Henle, a former *New York World* reporter. It was Jim Henle who published my early works.

Jake Baker lived at the Chelsea. Jake was an intelligent man. And a witty man. It was easy to spot him walking along 23rd Street. He stood tall and straight, carrying a cane. Among his friends were Albert Jay Nock, a fine writer and an editor of the liberal weekly *Freeman*; Henry Hazlitt, editor of *The Nation*; Howard Scott, in the limelight for a time as the chief proponent of the short-lived movement known as technocracy; V. F. Calverton, editor of the *Modern Quarterly*; Benjamin Stolberg, the labor journalist who also lived at the Hotel Chelsea; a social worker named Harry Hopkins; Carlo Tresca, the famous and lovable Italian anarchist, who was murdered in 1943 on the corner of 15th Street and Fifth Avenue; Isaac Don Levine; Suzanne LaFollette, another resident of the Hotel Chelsea; Floyd Dell; and a long list of others who belong to a now vanished but once vigorously alive cultural and political American environment. It was the environment from which many of us breathed knowledge and inspiration, ideals and purpose.

On the Sunday morning he telephoned me, Jake told me that my name was on the plaque with those of six dead men. We agreed that the implication was amusing—downright hilarious. Jake speculated on whether or not I had died from natural causes or had committed suicide by jumping out a window. I told Jake that I would send him a poem I had written—*My Obituary*. Here's how it goes:

One James (T. for Thomas) Farrell
Who might have been this,
And who might have been that,
But who might have been
Neither this nor that,
And who wrote too much,
And who fought too much,
And who kissed too much
For all of his friends
(He needed no enemies)
That man, J. T. F.,
Died last night
Of a deprivation of time.
He willed his dust
To the public domain.

I sent this poem to Jake, using a cabdriver as a messenger. About a half hour later, Jake telephoned me again.

"You are dead, Jim. Not only have I seen your name on a plaque but I have also read your obituary."

"Be sure to tell my friends, Jake."

Jake did tell some people. I received a call from a friend from whom I had not heard for quite some time. He told me that he was checking out the rumor that I had killed myself by jumping from a window. I cited Nietzsche's remark on the subject: The man who commits suicide is an optimist: he wants to better his condition.

I was one of the friends Jake invited down to the Chelsea to help him celebrate his 71st birthday. He seemed fine at first, but as the evening went on, I noticed changes in him. He became querulous about small details that the Jake Baker of old would not have noticed. After cocktails in his rooms, he and his wife took their guests to Cavanagh's for dinner. He argued about the position of the table. The steaks had been broiled too long. The drinks had not been mixed properly.

Jake had told me earlier that he had had to retire because of arteriosclerosis. This, plus the fact that he had had many drinks, certainly had something to do with his being cranky. I do not say this critically. I no longer drink, but during our 40 years of friendship, Jake Baker and I had met many, many times and had many, many drinks together. I had never seen Jake drunk—certainly not as drunk as he had seen me. I had seen him high a few times but always in an amusing and civilized way. But on his birthday night, Jake drank more than he usually did. It made me sad to watch him. Jake Baker was a proud man. Behind the querulous old man whose body was betraying him had been a proud young man who had taken sure and purposeful strides in front of the pack. Jake Baker was facing a personal crisis—the crisis of growing old. This can be grim—even insulting—for an intelligent man to contemplate.

"Gerald, you know that from the beginning of our marriage I've understood, but you must be practical. We simply can't afford your being a transvestite from that particular historical era."

What has all this to do with the Hotel Chelsea? Jake Baker could have lived at any hotel. He lived in the Chelsea. He liked it: in fact, he loved the Chelsea. He used to sit in the lobby and watch people coming in and going out. He talked about the changes, the new types, the different kinds of people. His wife, Mildred, continues to live there.

Marcel Proust devotes a long section of his great work to "Place Names: The Place." Proust discusses place names in France. In America there is less richness of place names and the places of place names. The Hotel Chelsea, as a landmark, qualifies as a place name—thereby, a place. And for me personally, the Hotel Chelsea is a private place name in my memory.

• • •

"Oh, Mr. Farrell, it's you. Let me send for Mr. Bard. His office is right over there, right off the lobby. He asked me to

let him know when you arrived. Usually he plays tennis on Saturdays, but he didn't today, he wanted to be here when you arrived."

He was a nice-looking young man with a pleasant English accent. I smiled at him, said that of course I'd wait for Mr. Bard, did he mind if I took a look around the lobby to see the paintings? Why, no, of course not, he said. He turned to dispatch someone for Stanley Bard and I turned and walked over to one of the pieces of sculpture nearby. Not bad, I thought, but what might be worse than bad, mediocre. I heard a noise near the door. I looked up. A man was coming in with big amplifiers and what seemed to be electronic equipment. He was dressed in black from head to toe. A young couple sitting on a couch nearby whispered to each other. I thought I overheard the word *Hair*. The door opened again. A short, pleasant-looking man with gray hair, wearing a well-cut raincoat, walked in. There was something familiar about him. Suddenly, I recognized him.

"Virgil. Virgil Thomson."

He looked at me, questioningly. We had not seen each other in several years.

"It's me, Jim Farrell."

"Why, hello, Jim. Are you moving back? I'm not surprised, you know. Nobody ever leaves the Chelsea. In fact, I understand that that is why you're listed on the plaque with dead men. You had lived here once; you lived here no longer; ergo, you must have died."

We both laughed; I told him why I was back at the Chelsea. He invited me to a small gathering in his suite the next night. He walked to the desk to check on his mail. I watched him. Virgil Thomson is in his middle 70s, but he looks like a man 10 to 15 years younger. Standing beside the other "musician" at the desk, Virgil looked like a respectable businessman. I thought of some of the incisive reviews that he had written as the music critic for the *New York Herald Tribune*. His compositions, such as *Four Saints in Three Acts* and *Lord Byron*, have had a great impact on American music. And the man standing beside him? If he did compose the music for *Hair*, and if this music does help preserve the memory of mankind and record a perspective of our times, then his is a contribution, too.

"Well, well, well, Mr. Farrell. It's good to see you again. I was looking at some of your books. My father always showed them to people. No matter how many writers he met, he always told them that he and James T. Farrell were friends. I'm glad to have you back in the Chelsea."

• • •

I do not know who on the mayor's committee picked the names of the men to go on the plaque. It's just as well that the committee goes unnamed. The fact that I was presumed to be dead is amusing. But there is another error, a serious one. They omitted the name of a great American writer, the author of one work, at least, that deserves a place not only in American but also in world literature. I refer to Edgar Lee Masters and to his book of free-verse poems, *Spoon River Anthology*.

Masters left Chicago after the First World War and came to New York. For almost 20 years he occupied a suite at the Chelsea. H. L. Mencken used to visit him there. Mencken admired Masters and the two men had rapport about the Puritans, Prohibitionists, Baptists and the Bible Belt. Both admired Theodore Dreiser and had many a long conversation about his work. Edgar Lee Masters once wrote to Dreiser, expressing his high regard for Dreiser's work. In *Spoon River Anthology*, there is a poem, *Theodore the Poet*, that is a moving eulogy of Dreiser: "your vision watched for men and women/Hiding in burrows of fate amid great cities,/Looking for the souls of them to come out." One day a letter arrived from Dreiser expressing his admiration for Masters' work. Masters was overjoyed and their friendship was sealed.

I recall visiting him one morning. Masters had a sitting room and a bedroom. I was waiting in the sitting room while he talked on the phone in his bedroom. Masters had left the door between the rooms open. I was not eavesdropping; there was no way not to hear him. Masters was agitated. There was pain—and some bewilderment—in his voice. It became evident to me that Masters was talking to his agent. He was being told that there had been a poor response to an offer of Masters' poetry readings and/or lectures and that those few people who had expressed interest would not meet his usual fees. Masters was being told that he would have to accept lower prices. In a hurt voice, he protested. He tried to explain that this couldn't be; this couldn't happen to him. But Masters was being told that he was not wanted any longer. For purely business reasons, the poet Edgar Lee Masters, who had already written *Spoon River Anthology*, was being told by inferiors that they no longer wanted him, that the name Masters was no longer a drawing card for people interested in letters. Because of the shallow changes of mode, Edgar Lee Masters was being told that he had (in so many words) had it. It was not just pain that I felt sitting there; it was resentment.

One day, I believe it was early in 1945, I read that Masters had been found near starvation. I later learned that the story was exaggerated. But he was poor and he did suffer from nutritional deficiencies. He was hospitalized. His wife, from whom he had been separated, came and took him away. Reportedly, she took care of him until he died.

Edgar Lee Masters was a bitter man, but he had earned his bitterness. He was neglected not only in life but also in death. The mayor's committee did not elect to honor him on the plaque.

"Well, no, Mr. Farrell, to be honest, I didn't know until after I got here and read the plaque out front that the Hotel Chelsea was a watering hole for writers. I do want to be a writer. But I'm here because I saw Andy Warhol's 'Chelsea Girls.' And that freaky Loud boy—you know the one I mean—he left that California swimming pool and came East to live with a drag queen. I thought that the Chelsea might be the place for me. Not that I plan to freak out like that, but I wanted those options. Well, cheap this place isn't. In a few weeks, I had to go job hunting. My first day was hell. Working in an office by day; living in the bowels of the Chelsea by night. It's self-induced schizophrenia. I've got a friend who insists that people like us constantly require a change of scene. Did someone say your name was on the plaque out front? Forty-six books! You've got to be kidding."

He paused to light a cigarette. I watched how his hand shook as he held the match. Earlier, a young fellow in the lobby had frankly told me that "hard stuff" was easily available if I were interested. I wondered about the young man in front of me. He was no more than a boy—a nice boy. I was tempted to lecture him about the dangers, etc., but I thought of some of the names appearing on the plaque out front. Dylan Thomas. Thomas Wolfe. I thought of other Hotel Chelsea residents—Hart Crane, Eugene O'Neill. With so many writers, the bottle had spelled bad health. Even death. Could it be that each generation picks its own poison?

"Hello? Miss Viva? My name is James Farrell. I'm a writer and I used to live here in the Hotel Chelsea. I'm working on an article about it and would like to talk to you if I may. I'll be staying here in the hotel for a week or so. Would you be able to see me?"

"I might be able to work something out. How much do you pay for an interview?"

"Pay? Well, I hadn't thought in terms of——"

"Sorry; I don't give free interviews."

And with that, Miss Viva hung up. I smiled to myself. If only artists could be as protective of their time as superstars. I thought of the writers, painters and musicians I had known. I thought of the interviews—hundreds and hundreds of interviews requested by students writing theses on you or on people you've known, on movements in which you've been involved—the time that these strangers feel they've a right to. In the preceding week, I had spent three hours with a young man from Massachusetts who was writing on Irish writers, two

hours with a young woman from the University of South Carolina writing about artists in the Thirties and five hours with some young Trotskyites who want to do a documentary film on Leon Trotsky and had been told that I had known him. Time taken away from my own work. There is something to be said for Miss Viva's policy, I thought.

• • •

"Hello, Jim. You received a note in the mail this morning from Andy Warhol's office. They got the letter about your doing an article on the Hotel Chelsea and explaining your problem with your eyes. They'll be happy to make arrangements for you to have a private screening of the Warhol film 'Chelsea Girls.' We're to call them when you want to see it."

"I'll wait until I'm home."

Home for me is on 79th Street and Second Avenue. By the time I moved back into my own apartment—the end of the week—I was more impressed with the generosity of Andy Warhol's note. My week at the Chelsea made it clear that Mr. Warhol has followers who are really almost cultists. There were many very bright, very young men I met during the week who cited Warhol repeatedly as The Voice. As bright and as articulate as some of these young men were, I cannot write of them, because I cannot understand them. I believe that it is a matter of values. They were nice to me, downright kind. There is no restaurant connected to the Chelsea—except for one that specializes in Spanish food. Occasionally, when one of the fellows was going out to a nearby delicatessen, he'd call to see if he could bring me something. And they would check to see if I had had dinner. They would telephone to ask if they could bring in a friend to meet me. During the week, I met some bizarre young men, dressed and made up in bizarre fashion, who asked the same questions about the Thirties and Forties, talked about the same great French writers and Russian writers, as their less bizarre contemporaries.

• • •

John Sloan lived at the Hotel Chelsea. I liked Sloan personally and I admire his work. His so-called garbage-can-school paintings, his New York street scenes, seem to be crystallized moments of the city. Sloan took a familiar world and so arranged it, so painted it, that he created a new world, still familiar. He did much of his work at the Chelsea. He had a large studio on the top floor with a big skylight. I have read since John's death that another painter had actually asked to be considered on the "waiting list" for John's studio while he still lived.

I was sitting in the lobby one night. A young man approached me. He's from Pennsylvania; he wants to be a writer. We talked of James Joyce for a while. He was finding it difficult to earn a living in New York and write. I told him that this was a problem all writers faced. Some—Theodore Dreiser, Wallace Stevens and others—had been able to hold down jobs and write. For me, it had been impossible. After attempts at selling space for classified directories and working behind a cigarette counter, I had decided to risk it all—I made an "all or nothing" decision. I explained that "fame" didn't pay the rent. That when I was notified that Adlai Stevenson had nominated me for the Nobel Prize, I was fighting an eviction for nonpayment of rent. That when President Kennedy invited me to the White House for dinner, I had to borrow money for the fare. When I came back to New York, there was a check for $1100 from an Italian publisher. And then I did something I rarely do. I gave the young man advice as a writer. I told him that I felt that each writer had to find out things for himself—everything, in fact. But that I felt a writer should write. But if there's a block, fatigue or anything that makes it impossible for him to go on with his work, he should at least write in

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

his journal, that a journal could be a working tool for a writer.

"I do, I do!" he exclaimed. "I'll bring it by for you to see."

Two days later, he dropped it by my room. I glanced at it.

Monday

Reading Gide's "Journal" and then looking at my inane ramblings. Depressing juxtaposition. Although nothing would please me more than to see something like Defoe's "Journal of the Plague Year" turned into a Marvel Comics Classic. Come to think of it, "The Alice B. Toklas Cook Book" says more for Alice than "The Autobiography" ever did. Saw "Flaming Creatures," starring Maria Montez, transvestite without words. She doesn't need to say anything. Overwhelming presence as she sashays in and out of such dark fantasies. P's comment later: "Flame on."

Thursday

This room is rather ridiculous—an economy model—trashy. But it grows on you. My bed on wheels, flip-top desk, junkie lamp. When L was here, she said it was perfect for hitting up under. And the bathroom down the hall used by me and a changing cast of characters. This week it's a crone on crutches. Found a Jehovah's Witnesses magazine by the bowl.

Tuesday

Some dark imagery collected today. Saw a guy in the elevator, apparently spaced out, carrying a whip, blackjack, God knows, mumbling, "Gotta get me a piece of ass."

Found a black-leather jacket in the bathroom.

Reading a book about Artaud. Found out he died painfully—rectal cancer. Puts things in a new perspective.

Someone told me today that Burroughs wrote "Naked Lunch" here at the Chelsea.

• • •

I moved into the Hotel Chelsea in June of 1951. I did not move into the Chelsea because of its atmosphere or cultural environment. I moved in because it was the first hotel I noticed when I went for a walk one day to find another place to live.

After my family had split up, I had—in order to save money—moved into a basement apartment near Eighth Avenue and 19th Street. I hadn't been there very long when I realized that I would need other accommodations. I did not want to get involved with the details of homemaking—towels and sheets and defrosting refrigerators. There should be a moderately priced hotel around—one where I could work. I was walking one day, just after I had arrived at this decision—and passed the Chelsea.

I stepped inside and asked about a room. I was shown a two-room studio with a kitchen setup. I signed a one-year lease. The rent was around $200 a month. I moved in immediately. Then I brought in my files—letters and manuscripts—and my library, which was considerable. There was not enough bookshelf space, so most of the books were stored in the cellar.

My first few months at the Chelsea had been lonely ones for me but productive. I spent much time by myself. I had no secretary at the time and handled my own correspondence. Jake Baker and Suzanne LaFollette had apartments in the hotel, but I did not telephone them to let them know that I was staying there. I was doing a lot of traveling and spending time in Washington and Cambridge and Detroit and Chicago. When I was back in my own rooms at the Chelsea, I tried to concentrate on my work. The Chelsea was for me, in those days, simply a hotel where I had a two-room studio at a rent I could afford.

The hotel did have, at that time, some kind of deal going, a contractual arrangement whereby the hotel provided rooms for refugees, boatloads of them at a time. The refugees would land in New York and be carted to the Chelsea. They never stayed long; I presume that arrangements had been made for them to settle in different areas of the country. As I remember, most of them were Hungarians. They would crowd into the lobby, some of them dressed in the dark heavy clothes of peasants.

One night, I spotted a man who looked confused, so much so that he looked as if he were bordering on panic. He had registered and been assigned to a room, but he wanted to give his passport to the night clerk, who kept shaking his head and returning it. The man tried to shove it back. Finally, a fellow immigrant walked up to the desk and volunteered to translate. The man said that he was submitting his passport to the desk clerk so that the hotel could take it to the police station to have it checked. Through the translator, the clerk told him that there were no laws that required a foreigner registering at an American hotel to turn in his passport. The Hungarian still had doubts. He could not understand any system other than the one he had known; but finally he walked away.

Later, I learned that he had wandered out onto West 23rd Street and had

"We can't go on meeting like this. . . . Some night my husband is going to spring from his bed, tear open the shutters and throw up the sash!"

"If you want to give a flying fish some competition ...try Hydrofoil Skiing in Corfu."

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"Carol, who'd been looking like an airborne water nymph, lost her balance first. I took the plunge shortly after. But we both agreed that, with practice, no hydrofoil could foil us.

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walked until he found a police station. There, he tried to hand his passport to the desk sergeant. There was a lot of confusion, but the police finally got him to leave, still carrying his passport.

• • •

I used to eat by myself a lot. I would go down the street to the Oasis. Sometimes I would take a book along. At other times, I would sit and try to catch some of the conversations in the booths near me. One evening, while I was having dinner, I heard a loud, energetic voice. A man was saying:

"I've been a red-hot bachelor for sixty years."

He was with three others.

"But now I'm getting married."

There were congratulations at the booth. The red-hot bachelor went on to tell them that he was marrying a widow.

"She owns a fine home, a big one."

As I recall, he knew how many bedrooms, how many bathrooms, the heating system and several other romantic facts about his betrothed. She also had a big car. The red-hot bachelor listed some other assets of his intended. I wished I had taken a book.

The man who owned the Oasis, Willie Garfinkle, had been a seaman. He managed to get his restaurant through the Roosevelt New Deal. Then he became a Republican. I went over for breakfast and for lunch fairly often. So did some of the other Hotel Chelsea guests. Once in a while, someone from the hotel would smile a "Good morning" as he walked on to his own booth. There was something civilized and private about the people living there: they would not intrude. However, while sitting in the lobby, watching people walk in and out, there would be friendly conversations between residents who did not know each other. The three owners of the Chelsea were generally referred to as the three pirates.

At the time, and I'm still talking of the early Fifties, the hotel was on its way down. Or so it seemed to us who lived there.

Strangely enough, many of the people to whom I talked when I was there for the week in 1973 expressed the same concern about the hotel—it was on its way down, too many drug-happy kids around: the Chelsea was changing, it couldn't survive, etc. It well may be that part of the Chelsea aura is the feeling that it can't last.

Some people point to the neighborhood. They say that it has deteriorated. It does not seem so to me. Neighborhoods do not decay or disintegrate in an even and regular pattern. There seems to be no rhythm to the way an area goes down. To me, the Chelsea area seems much the same. The Hotel Chelsea has survived.

• • •

"But, James, look at some of the characters who live here. I swear they're certifiable."

My secretary had come down to the hotel to deliver some important mail to me. We had gone out to dinner and then returned to the hotel, where we sat in the lobby, watching people come in and go out. I looked at the people around me. No question about it. Some of them looked odd. Suddenly I remembered—I'll call him Lawrence.

Lawrence was almost middle-aged. He had lived in the Chelsea for a long time. He was always in a state of turmoil. One reason for this was that he had money problems. Another reason was his temperament. Lawrence was a cultivated man and one who had sensibility in literary matters. The little writing he was able to do revealed some style and showed taste. But writing was an agony for him. He talked well and wittily. Sometimes when I'd hear him speak, I'd think that he would make an excellent critic. If he had been able to put down on paper what he said, he would have.

One night, without any prelude, he told me that he would never again try suicide. The last time he had been taken to Bellevue and put into the psychiatric clinic had been too hideous. He couldn't survive another stay there. He described the experience—the brutal treatment and gross neglect. As he talked about it, he became more indignant. He concluded by saying that under the circumstances, he had no choice but to give up suicide attempts. He could not risk another Bellevue visit.

Lawrence had been drafted during World War Two. After going through a physical examination, he had been interviewed by an Army psychiatrist. In the course of the interview, Lawrence told the medic that some of his friends said that he was crazy.

The psychiatrist nodded and wrote on the form before him: "Says his friends think he's crazy."

Lawrence was enraged. He told the psychiatrist that he had been misquoted. He had not said that his friends think he's crazy; he had said that *some* of his friends think he's crazy. Then he went on to declare that should the record stand as it was written, 100 years hence, should someone read it, he would think that all of Lawrence's friends had thought that he was crazy and that he might be crazy, which was an untruth. He repeated that there was a difference between the statement that the doctor had written and the statement that he had made. He was classified 4-F and returned to his home in the Hotel Chelsea.

Lawrence was always in danger of eviction; he regularly fell behind in the payment of his rent. But somehow or other, he always managed to raise the money at the last moment. He borrowed it or took translation jobs or literary assignments. To finish these assignments meant agony for him. Finally, he would start telephoning his friends and telling them how miserable he was because he could not write. He would carry on for an hour or more about how he had to write in order to save himself from being put out onto the street.

I might add that in addition to his rent, Lawrence's telephone bill was another major problem for him. He would talk for hours. It was impossible to have a telephone conversation with him; he never gave anyone else a chance to talk. He would go on about how he was misunderstood, his financial circumstances—always about himself.

From time to time, Lawrence was beaten up. He never went into details about these assaults. He would appear with bruises and black eyes and say that he had been beaten severely.

I remember lending him my copy of *Le Sabbat*, by Maurice Sachs. I had known Sachs and he had some of the same tastes and proclivities as Lawrence. But Sachs did not have any writing blocks and was able to leave behind him, to be published posthumously, an extraordinary account of his life. While Lawrence was reading *Le Sabbat*, he was badly beaten at the subway station at 23rd Street and Seventh Avenue. He told me that my copy of *Le Sabbat* was a casualty of that experience, that the book was in such poor condition after his beating that he had not bothered to retrieve it.

I managed to replace the book. Lawrence borrowed my second copy to see how it ended. I don't remember what happened to that copy.

Then Lawrence disappeared. He left the Chelsea with no forwarding address. For years I did not know what had become of him. It was during my week at the Chelsea in 1973 that I learned that he had been in touch with people in the hotel after a silence of years, that he was living in the Southeast. I talked to several people in the hotel about him. Lawrence is remembered, and remembered somewhat pleasantly by them. Yet, when I lived there, he was considered the most bizarre resident. It could be that Lawrence was born too soon.

"It was a pleasure having you with us again. You belong in the Chelsea. Don't forget, if you change your mind and decide to move back, we could work out some arrangement. Think about it, Mr. Farrell."

I was glad to be leaving the Hotel Chelsea. I walked out front to get a cab. I turned to take one more look. On the outside, the hotel had not changed very much. Inside? Who can tell. I looked at the plaque. My eyes read the list—AND THOMAS WOLFE.

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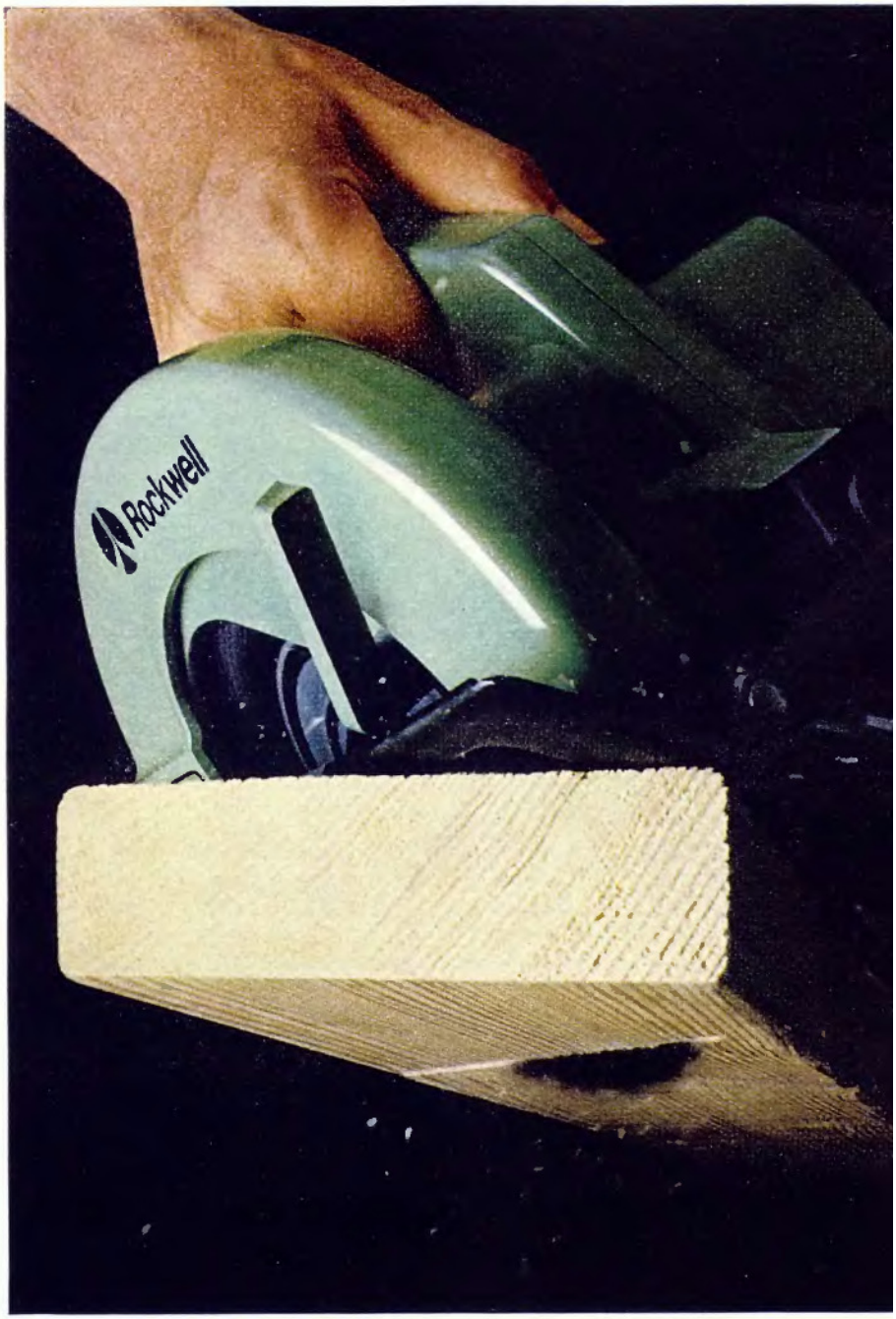

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Young Frankenstein

(continued from page 151)

WOMAN'S VOICE: Oooh!

FREDDY: What was that?

IGOR: That must be Inga. They thought you might need a laboratory assistant temporarily.

FREDDY *peers into the cart and sees* INGA, *a large-breasted laboratory assistant, lying in the hay.*

INGA: Would you like to have a roll in the hay?

FREDDY: I'm not sure I . . . get your drift.

INGA: You should try it—it's fun!

She begins to roll over and over in the hay.

INGA (*singing*): Roll, roll . . . roll in the hay; roll, roll . . . roll in the hay. . . .

IGOR *cracks a whip. The horses start off as* FREDDY *scurries into the cart. . . .*

DISSOLVE TO *the castle—night. On a distant rainy hill, the old Frankenstein Castle, as we knew and loved it. As they approach the gigantic front door—illuminated by a torch in an iron sconce on each side—*IGOR *steps down from the cart and walks up to the door. He grasps ahold of two enormous wrought-iron knockers and raps them against the door. The sound can be heard echoing through the castle.*

FREDDY (*watching the door in amazement as he helps* INGA *down from the cart*): What knockers!

INGA (*shyly*): Thank you, doctor.

IGOR *goes back to the cart, takes down* FREDDY'S *briefcase and begins to unhitch the horses. The massive door slowly creaks open and a* WOMAN *appears.*

WOMAN: I am *Frau* Blücher.

Lightning. At the sound of her name, the horses rear.

IGOR (*thinking it was the lightning*): Steady! Steady.

FREDDY *sets his and* INGA'S *suitcases onto the ground and approaches* FRAU BLUCHER.

FREDDY: How do you do? I am Dr. Fronkonsteen. This is my assistant. Inga, may I present *Frau* Blücher.

At the sound of her name, the horses rear.

IGOR: Easy. Easy! Steady, now.

FREDDY: I wonder what's got into them.

FRAU BLUCHER: Your rooms are ready, *Herr Doktor*. If you will follow me, please.

FREDDY: Ayegor! Bring the bags as soon as you're done.

IGOR: Yes, sir.

FREDDY: After you, *Frau* Blücher.

As the horses rear, FRAU BLUCHER, INGA *and* FREDDY *disappear into the castle. . . .*

DISSOLVE TO VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN'S *library. Having stumbled upon his grandfather's secret library,* FREDDY *looks at a large book lying on the table. A crack of lightning as we see: "How I Did It," by* VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN.

FREDDY: It is! This was my grandfather's private library. Look at this!

IGOR (*reading the cover*): *"How I Did It."* Good title! Always sells.

FREDDY: Funny it should just be lying out here on the table. I wonder what kind of alchemistic drivel this is.

A low rumble of thunder.

FREDDY (*opens to the first page; reading aloud*): "Whence, I often asked myself, did the principles of life proceed? To examine the causes of life . . . we must first have recourse to death." *God*, what a madman!

Another low rumble of thunder. FREDDY'S *candle almost blows out from a draft.*

INGA: Oh, doctor!

FREDDY: Perhaps we'd better leave.

IGOR: Taking the book along?

FREDDY: Yes, I think we could all use a good laugh.

DISSOLVE TO *lab.* FREDDY *is convulsed with laughter.*

FREDDY: The man was a raisin cake!

INGA *and* IGOR *stare passively. The three of them are drinking tea. More water is boiling in a glass beaker.*

FREDDY (*realizing*): "And as soon as the dazzling light vanished, the oak tree had disappeared. I knew then that electricity and galvanism had changed my life." TOOT-Y-FRUTTI!

FREDDY'S VOICE: "When I look back now, it seems to me as if this almost miraculous event obliterated any last effort to avert the storm that was even then hanging in the stars."

More thunder.

FREDDY'S VOICE: He kills me! *This guy kills me!*

Giant crackle of lightning—as if in reply to his mocking.

FREDDY (*reading*): "Change the poles from plus to minus and from minus to plus!" (*Howls insanely*) "I alone succeeded in discovering the cause of generation of life." (*Doubles over in laughter*) "Nay, even more—I, myself, became capable of bestowing animation upon lifeless matter." (*He laughs, he laughs, he laughs . . . then smashes his teacup against a wall*)

[FREDDY *nevertheless decides to follow in his grandfather's footsteps. He and* IGOR *determine to snatch a body from a graveyard and to find a very special brain for it.*]

A gray night. Rain is falling. PULL BACK *to reveal prison gibbet. A freshly executed* BODY *is swinging back and forth on the gibbet. A black hood covers its head. Two* GRAVEDIGGERS *and a* GUARD *stand looking up at the* BODY.

FIRST GRAVEDIGGER: Look at him swinging.

SECOND GRAVEDIGGER: He's swing-ing in the rain. . . .

The GUARD *cuffs the* SECOND GRAVEDIGGER.

QUICK DISSOLVE TO FREDDY *and* IGOR *knee-deep in the grave, shoveling the dirt out.*

FREDDY: What a filthy job!

IGOR: Could be worse.

FREDDY: How?

IGOR: Could start raining again.

A crack of thunder. It pours. FREDDY *stares at* IGOR.

QUICK DISSOLVE TO *laboratory—night.* FREDDY *and* IGOR *are just finishing putting a sheet over the* BODY, *which rests on an operating table.*

FREDDY: Magnificent! Oh, what an awesome sight! With such a specimen for a body—all we need now is an equally magnificent brain. (*Preparing a hypodermic*) You know what to do?

IGOR (*grinning wickedly*): I have a pretty good idea.

FREDDY: You have the name I wrote down?

IGOR (*looking at the name inked on the palm of his hand*): Dr. H. Delbruck.

FREDDY: I *want* that brain!

IGOR: Was he any good?

FREDDY: Was he any good??? He was the finest natural philosopher, internal diagnostician and chemical therapist of this century.

IGOR: How did he die?

FREDDY (*lowering his head*): V. D.

IGOR: Bad break.

FREDDY: But I'm sure his brain is still capable of functioning.

IGOR: But are you sure it's still in the depository?

FREDDY: He died only two weeks ago—I'm positive they'll have it preserved. I'll prepare the body.

DISSOLVE TO *angle on a hospital door. The upper half of the door is made of glass. On the glass is printed:*

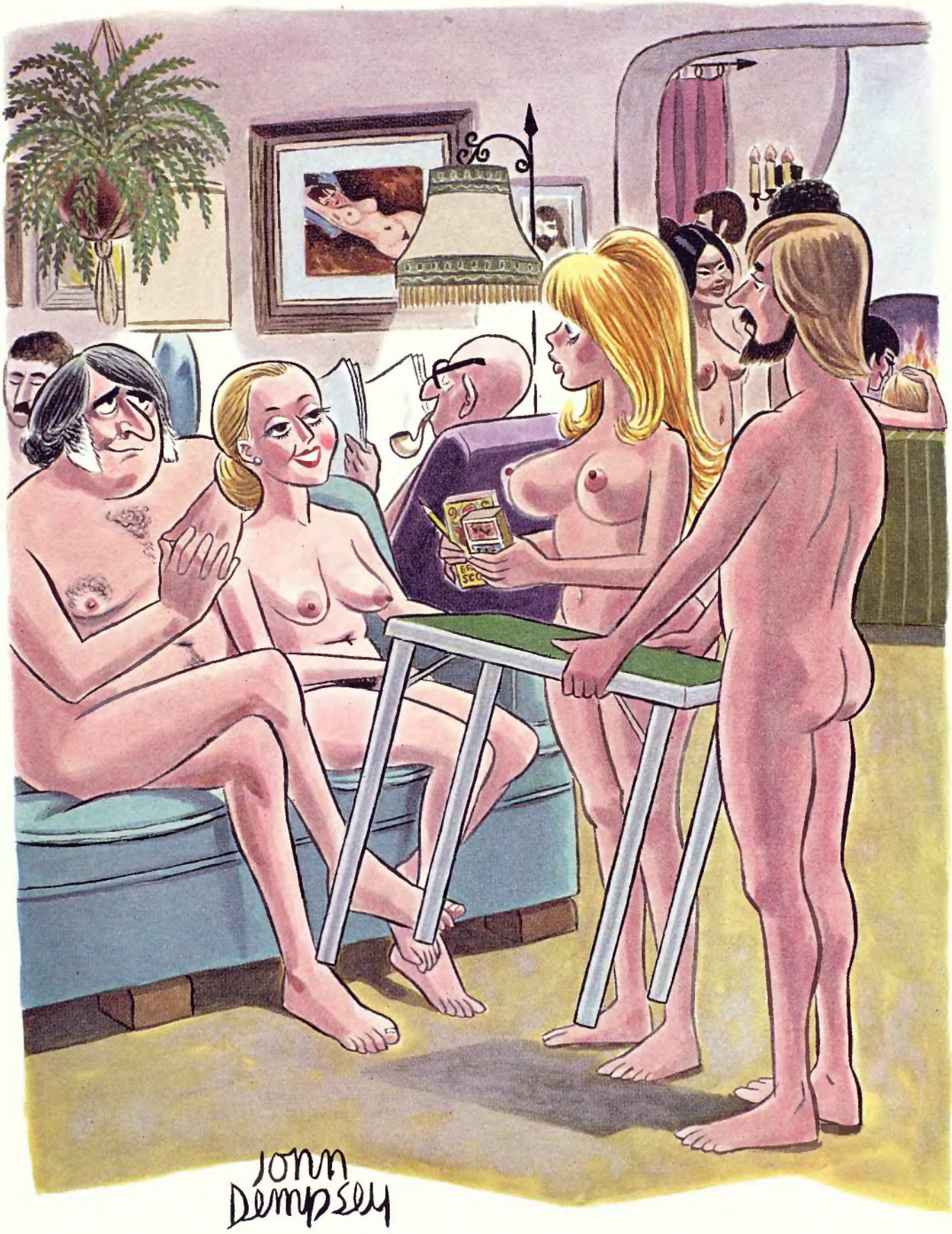
BRAIN DEPOSITORY
AFTER FIVE P.M. SLIP BRAINS
THROUGH SLOT IN DOOR

The shadow of a MAN, *holding a lantern, can be seen silhouetted from inside the depository. The* MAN *has a large hump on his back.*

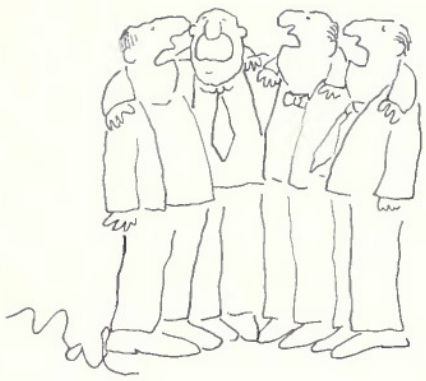
CUT TO *depository—night. Low thunder. A row of brains in jars, under domes, rests on a long, narrow table.* IGOR *tiptoes slowly, examining the labels on each glass dome. "*ALBERTUS MAGNUS (PHYSICIST)," "CORNELIUS AGRIPPA (NATURAL PHILOSOPHER)," "LAWRENCE TALBOT (HEMATOLOGIST)." *Then he comes to:* "HANS DELBRUCK (SCIENTIST AND SAINT)." IGOR *approaches the glass dome, lifts it off and takes the jar containing the brain of Hans Delbruck. As he turns to go, he sees himself in a full-length mirror. He drops the jar in fright. He looks down and sees the gooky mess of brain and glass. He looks at the* MOVIE AUDIENCE.

IGOR (*with a shrug*): I tried!

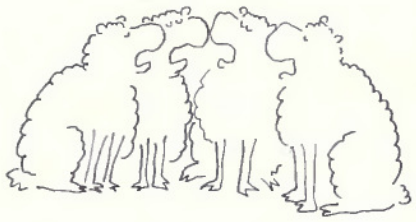
He looks quickly at the "brain table,"



"Darlings, when we suggested mixed doubles tonight, we didn't mean bridge."



"'We are poor little lambs who have gone astray. . . .'"



"'Baa . . . baa . . . baa. . . .'"

grabs a jar from under the glass dome nearest him and leaves. On the glass dome—whose contents IGOR *has just taken—is printed:* "DO NOT USE THIS BRAIN! ABNORMAL."

CUT TO *the sky. An electrical storm is building in the distance.*

POINTED TOWARD *the sky, the* CAMERA *now* TRAVELS DOWN *through a small opening at the top of the laboratory's ceiling. As it* CONTINUES DOWN, *we hear: electricity sparking, centrifuges whirring, wheels buzzing, chemicals in beakers bubbling. Now the* CAMERA DRIFTS PAST *archaic scientific equipment and* COMES TO REST *on a giant pair of shoes with iron soles. We* MOVE SLOWLY *up two enormous legs—held down by leather straps to the operating table. The giant torso is similarly strapped. At last we see—for the first time: the* CREATURE*'s face. There are stitches across his neck and stitches circling the crown of his skull where a new brain has been inserted.*

INGA'S VOICE: He's hideous.

FREDDY'S VOICE: He's beautiful.

CAMERA PULLS BACK *to reveal* FREDDY *and* INGA *standing over the* CREATURE. FREDDY *is wearing a long white surgeon's gown and surgeon's mask.*

FREDDY: And he is mine! (*Looks up and shouts*) READY?? (*A little confused*) Did you tie off the kites?

IGOR: Of course.

FREDDY: All right, good! Check the generator.

IGOR *walks over to the generator.* FREDDY *checks the dials of a "battery indicator," which is connected to the* CREATURE*'s head.*

FREDDY: Can you imagine *that* brain in *this* body?

INGA: Oh, Frederick . . . you're not only a great doctor, you're a great . . . you're almost a. . . .

FREDDY: A GOD?

INGA: Yes!

FREDDY: I know.

A crack of thunder.

FREDDY: This is the moment!

[*The laboratory becomes an electrical circus, as* IGOR *throws the first switch, the second switch and, finally, a switch marked* THE WORKS. *As the lights return to normal a few moments later, black wisps of smoke rise from the* CREATURE*'s body.*]

FREDDY, *soaked to the skin, places a stethoscope on the* CREATURE*'s heart and listens.*

FREDDY: Nothing!

INGA: Oh, doctor.

FREDDY (*crushed*): No, no. Be of good cheer! If science teaches us anything, it teaches us to accept our failures as well as our successes, with quiet dignity and grace. (*He looks once more, sadly, at the lifeless body, then grabs it by the throat and begins shaking it*) SON OF A BITCH BASTARD—WHAT DID YOU DO TO ME!?

INGA: Doctor! Doctor! Stop! You'll kill him.

INGA *and* IGOR *drag* FREDDY *off.*

[*Later that night,* FREDDY, IGOR *and* INGA *are in the dining room when they hear a strange moaning sound coming from the laboratory.*]

INTERIOR OF *laboratory. They burst into the room. What we may at last call the* MONSTER *is straining, tentatively, against the straps. His head is raised.*

MONSTER: MMMMMMMMMMmmmmmmmmmmMMMMMM!?!

FREDDY: He's alive!

INGA: Oh, doctor!

IGOR: I think you've done it, master.

FREDDY: Alive—look at him! The eyes, the fingers, the limbs—*I have defeated death!*

IGOR: Better not get too close, master. This guy could kill you.

FREDDY: I suppose you're right. Inga! Prepare a sedative . . . just in case.

INGA *goes to a medicine case and prepares a hypodermic, pulling back the plunger as far as it will go. The* MONSTER *raises his head and makes little circles with his hands, asking to be "free."*

FREDDY: It wants to talk. It wants us to take off the straps. It wants to be free.

IGOR: It wants! It wants! It's always "It wants." What about "We wants"?

FREDDY: But don't you see? . . . The brain of Hans Delbruck is inside that body—pleading with us. I've got to release that brain.

IGOR: OK, release it! Just keep the body tied down.

FREDDY: Stand back!

FREDDY *carefully walks up to the* MONSTER *and stands over him. The* MONSTER *is silent, feeling his way.*

FREDDY: Hello, there.

MONSTER: MMMMmmmmmmmmm.

FREDDY: How's everything?

MONSTER (*just a suggestion of "Not so good"*): MMmmmmmmm.

FREDDY: I'm going to untie you—can you understand that?

MONSTER (*a soft, "crying" sound*): MMMmmm! MMMmmm!

FREDDY: Yes, I'm going to set you free. (*To* INGA) Is the sedative ready?

INGA: Yes, doctor.

FREDDY *takes the strap across the* MONSTER*'s thighs and unties it. Then he unties the strap across his chest . . . and steps back. All eyes are on the* MONSTER. *Tingly music. The* MONSTER *looks at them all for a moment while he is still lying down. A slightly sly grin comes to his mouth. He rises . . . slowly, carefully, to a sitting position.*

MONSTER (*a low, suspicious groan*): MMMMMMMMmmmmmmmm.

FREDDY (*holding out his hands*): Give—me—your—hands!

The MONSTER *slowly extends both arms toward* FREDDY *. . . whether to comply or to strangle him, we are not sure.* FREDDY *takes the* MONSTER*'s hands and leads him in his first, stiff steps.*

INGA (*whispering, as she backs away*): Oh, doctor . . . I'm frightened.

IGOR *nervously takes out a cigarette from his pocket. He strikes a match, and:*

MONSTER (*terrified by the flame*): MMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM!

FREDDY (*to the* MONSTER): What is it? What's the matter??

The MONSTER *grabs* FREDDY*'s throat.*

FREDDY: Quick, give him the——

The MONSTER *squeezes.* FREDDY *can't make a sound. The* MONSTER *relaxes his hands for a split second.*

FREDDY: Quick, give him the——

The MONSTER *tightens his hands;* FREDDY *can't make a sound.*

IGOR: What? Give him the what??

FREDDY *points desperately to the* MONSTER*'s arm.*

IGOR: Arm! Give him the arm!

FREDDY *shakes his head no. He pushes his thumb against his two forefingers—miming the giving of an injection.*

IGOR: Give him a cigarette?

FREDDY *shakes his head no and holds up three fingers. Suddenly it's charades,*

but FREDDY *is playing under a 300-pound handicap.*

IGOR: Three syllables!

FREDDY *nods yes. He holds up one finger.*

IGOR: First syllable.

FREDDY *cups his hand to his ear.*

IGOR: Sounds like. . . .

FREDDY *points to his head.*

INGA: Head!

FREDDY *nods yes.*

INGA: Sounds like head. Said??

FREDDY *nods yes, jubilantly.*

INGA and IGOR: Said!

FREDDY *holds up two fingers.*

INGA: Second syllable!

FREDDY *mimes "tiny" with his fingers.*

INGA: Little word!

FREDDY *nods yes.*

INGA: The?

FREDDY *shakes his head no.*

IGOR: A?

FREDDY *touches his nose.*

IGOR: "On the nose." Said—a. . . .

INGA: Said—a. . . .

IGOR: DIRTY WORD! He said a dirty word!?

FREDDY *shakes his head no and cups his hand to his ear.*

INGA and IGOR: Sounds like. . . .

FREDDY *mimes "give."*

INGA: GIVE?

FREDDY *nods yes furiously.*

IGOR: SAID—A—GIVE!?? Give him a said-a-give!

FREDDY *shakes his head no.*

INGA: TIVE! SEDATIVE!

FREDDY, *who by now is practically dead, weakly points to his nose.*

IGOR: On the nosey.

INGA *runs to the table and gets the hypodermic, then runs back and jams it into the* MONSTER'S *tush. The* MONSTER'S *eyes freeze. Then he looks at each of them . . . his hands still clutching* FREDDY'S *neck. Then he collapses like a giant tree.*

INGA (*rushing to the half-conscious* FREDDY): Frederick . . . are you all right??

FREDDY (*turning sweetly to* IGOR): May I speak to you for a moment?

IGOR: Of course.

FREDDY: Now, I promise you I won't be angry. All I ask for . . . is the truth. Is that fair?

IGOR: Why, certainly.

FREDDY: That brain that you gave me . . . was it Hans Delbruck's?

IGOR: Not exactly.

FREDDY (*holding back his rage*): Could you be more specific?

IGOR: Well, if push came to shove . . . I would have to say . . . no!

FREDDY: Ah! Would you mind telling me . . . whose brain I *did* put in?

IGOR: And you won't be angry?

FREDDY: I won't be angry.

IGOR: Abbey someone.

FREDDY: Abbey?? Abbey who?

IGOR: Abbey Normal.

FREDDY: ABBEY NORMAL???

IGOR: I'm almost sure that was the name.

FREDDY (*grabbing* IGOR'S *throat*): I put—an abnormal brain—into a seven-and-a-half-foot-long, 40-inch-wide GORILLA???

IGOR: Quick, give him the——

FREDDY'S *hands tighten around* IGOR'S *neck. There is a: Knock! Knock! Knock!*

FREDDY (*releasing* IGOR): Who could that be at this hour?

IGOR: I'm glad he didn't get angry. *Knock! Knock! Knock!*

FREDDY: Inga! Quick! See who that is.

INGA *starts for the stairs.*

FREDDY (*to* IGOR): Put this "thing" back on the table. And strap him down—tightly!

FREDDY *starts off.*

IGOR: Where are you going?

FREDDY: To wash up! I've got to look normal. We've all of us . . . got to behave normally.

At this moment, FREDDY'S *clip-on bow tie unhinges from his collar and goes flying across the room.*

• • •

And, to all those who go to see the film, a personal request from Mel Brooks:

"Please don't give away the middle."

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The Gabriliad

(continued from page 116)

While Earth resounded with their fearsome stamping.

Like me, my friends, you must recall the place
Where, in the springtime, finished with reciting,
We schoolboys used to square off, face to face,
And cultivate the noble art of fighting.
Just so, too winded now for angry speech,
These spirits floundered in each other's vises.
The Prince of Hell, with giant brawn and reach,
Foiled by the supple Angel's shrewd devices,
Resolved to bring the battle to a crisis.
He plucked the plume-topped helmet from his foe
And sent it tumbling with a mighty throw.
He took a grip on silken lock and ringlet,
Bent Gabriel backward in his beefy arms,
So that young Mary, underneath the singlet,
Sees an assortment of angelic charms—
And mutely prays for their deliverance.
But Gabriel has seized the moment's chance
And swiftly, breaking free, reversed the issue
By clamping teeth upon that tender tissue
(That man should guard in any vicious fight),
The cocky member, cause of all this trouble.
The Fiend gave up—the pain had bent him double—
And back to Hell he streaked in stumbling flight.

This frightful clash, this fulminating duel—
The maid had watched it all with trembling heart.
But, radiant once more, no longer cruel,
The Angel turned to speak his bidden part
(Using the formal style and intonation
Reserved for an Almighty proclamation),
"Rejoice, rejoice, elect of maidens, Mary!
Blest among women, grace is poured on thee,
And blest tenfold the first-fruit of thy womb:
He shall redeem the world, spell Satan's doom."
The Envoy, though, while decorously kneeling,
Squeezed the Lord's vessel's hand with generous zest;
She trembled, dropped her eyes and sighed with feeling.
Felt lips on hers, commanding and appealing.
She blushed, grew faint, with all her limbs aquiver.
The Emissary gently stroked her breast;
The maid was heard to whisper, "Don't!" Her shiver
And soft remonstrance quickly were subdued
By Angel ministrations that ensued.

• • •

Triumphant Gabriel, on wings unsteady,
Is sailing Heavenward with tidings heady.
And, smiling keenly (as a bridegroom should),
God greets His Envoy, looking fit and ready:
"Well? Did you do it?" "I did all I could;
I interrogered—er, what I mean, rather,
Revealed the thing. . . ." "And was she willing?" "Quite!"
Without another word, the Heavenly Father
Steps from His throne, His awesome eyes alight,
And vanishes into the silent night.

• • •

By lively recollections still uplifted,
Our beauty in her bedroom's snug retreat,
'Twixt afterglow and fresh desire now drifted,
Lying at ease beneath the rumpled sheet,
In fancy, saw again her Angel lover,
And, presently, with languid foot she shifted
The sheet aside the better to uncover,
Admire, adore, let hand and eye caress
The dazzling form of her own nakedness.

Then, swiftly through the window of our love
Flits—snow-plumed, downy-ruffed—a handsome dove,
Flies overhead in whirring circles, making
Sweet melodies. Descending by degrees,
He glides at last between her outspread knees,
Dives on the cherry blossom. Fully waking,
She feels the plunging power, the spirit shaking.
Who? He, for sure! Now Mary understood
Whom she was hosting in His pigeonhood.
Now softly yielding, striving to obey.
She scarcely breathed, she wept, began to pray.

• • •

Soon He had flown. Then, marveling, she reasons:
"Blest if I'm not the lady for all seasons!
All in a single day, I've had aboard
The Devil, an Archangel and the Lord!"

• • •

Jehovah later, quite without persuasion,
Proclaimed as His the Hebrew maiden's son.
Still, Gabriel, perhaps the favorite one,
Communed with her on many a safe occasion.
Cornuted Joseph, not at all forlorn,
Continued stainless vis-à-vis his wife,
But treated Jesus as his natural-born—
So gathered blessings all throughout his life.

—Based on a translation by Walter Arndt

"Quoitus interruptus, darlings!"

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LOVED YOU MADLY *(continued from page 177)*

Theater. He passed the time of day with Pigmeat Markham. ("Has you been to Bummingham?" Pigmeat Markham asked. "Ah, yes," Ellington answered. "We've been to all the provinces. Birmingham, Sheffield, Liverpool. . . .") He introduced a balloon dancer as though she were Margot Fonteyn. Nothing was beneath as nothing was beyond him. It is, after all, a most excellent exercise for a drummer to anticipate the next thing a balloon dancer will do, especially if she is not sure herself.

Between chores, an old friend and I visited Ellington in his dressing room. Its appointments were of that order that would be offered as explanation for the riots in the streets around them ten years afterward. My friend waved over the furniture, her hand a judgment on the ingratitude of everyone on earth except ourselves.

"Eddie," she said, "you are the greatest musician of the Twentieth Century. And here you are, working the morning show at the Apollo."

His smile had a politeness that embraced Igor Stravinsky as much as his visitors.

"Maely," he said, "that is a complaint that I decided long ago had no future."

For he would do anything to keep that band in being except coarsen it; he would take them to places where they were pretty much the only honest piece of goods in the room if that would pay their way and hold them together.

He could not write unless he could hear what he was writing. I suppose that for me, *Concerto for Cootie* will always be his greatest piece of sacred music. And yet, is it Ellington's or Cootie Williams'? Of course, it belongs to both of them. What would it be like, do you suppose, to have found the one perfect theme for the trumpet, and then look up with delighted surprise at the things your trumpet player was doing with it? It would, for one thing, be to understand that no complaint could have a future again. When Cootie Williams left the band, it did not occur to Ellington to keep the concerto in his book and have Ray Nance copy it note for note. Cootie Williams was Cootie Williams and Ray Nance was Ray Nance. The theme, divested of the more superb of its ornaments, with lyrics, became *Do Nothin' Till You Hear from Me*.

• • •

Childhood taught him very little that was formal except the manners of the black Washington that is to the social graces what black Oakland is to the physical ones. There seems no way to know when he learned to write music down, but it must have been well after *Black and Tan Fantasy* and *The Mooche*. That scarcely mattered; he was always changing the music anyway. When his son Mercer set about composing, Ellington told him that he had to have a theme but that it made no sense to write the notes on paper until you heard what the band had played. What was it someone said—that nature has no grammar?

So many pages of the book indeed have no writing at all in them that Mercer Ellington spends some of his days listening to the older records and trying to score them on paper.

"The complicated stuff is quite easy," he was saying. "It's the simple thing that hangs you up. Other guys come down to help me. Yesterday we were hung up for two hours on just two notes. Billy Taylor had his head down right in the box, and at last he looked up and said, 'I got it. He put that triad in the bass. Who would ever think of putting that triad in the bass?' "

• • •

So many of them are dead—Johnny Hodges, Ben Webster, Paul Gonsalves, Wellman Braud. Still, Cootie Williams and Harry Carney are back in the company where they began to be together more than 45 years ago, and the band will go on; and it will be not a museum for him but his tree, dropping old branches and putting on new ones. Ellington was not just himself but a family, the only intact family in jazz, almost the only intact family in all our arts.

I saw him last in the summer of 1973 at the Rainbow Grill, the only elegance left in New York in August. His players were as depleted as ordinary persons were that summer; they made do with the standards, but, at the end, they played *Mercurio*—dedicated to Haile Selassie, the Lion of Judah—which Ellington had lately written to thank the Ethiopians for giving him the highest decoration at their disposal. He left the piano to stand up and conduct the piece; and near its end, he was listening to the reeds, and the room darkened until nothing was left that was bright except the head and the suddenly ancient glittering eyes and the sudden fierceness of the lion waiting for them to come and get him. He was telling us, I see now, in that infinitely delicate way of his, that we would not be seeing him again next August. The complicated is pretty easy; it *is* the simple that hangs you up.

"I'll be damned!"

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4-19

HOW TO CAST A PORNO FILM

(continued from page 190)

We interviewed them on video tape at three different stations. First was with their clothes on, a straight interview. We asked them how they got into porno films, what was the strangest thing that ever happened to them, and so on.

"The next phase of our interviews was that we asked them to take off their clothes in a very seductive manner. There was cock measuring for the men and for the ladies there was knee-spread measuring. A lot of it was to see how ridiculous you could make it and still have them go along with it. They were very suspicious of us, because this didn't seem like any porno film they had ever been involved with. But we had *told* them that we were video-taping the whole thing and the video-tape cameras were very visible—there wasn't any hidden-camera business and everybody knew what was going on.

"The third phase was in a large room. We had them do a number of exercises. For instance, a girl would be blindfolded and asked to feel a dozen cocks and try to identify the cock with the person."

"What did you tell them that exercise was for?" I say.

"Oh, tactile perception, I don't know. Then we asked some guys to tell us everything they knew about Watergate while they were being fondled or blown by three girls, and——"

"By, uh, three girls at a *time*?" I say.

"Right. And we asked them to try to keep their minds on Watergate and not get aroused."

"And were they able to do that?" I say.

"Some were. Then halfway through, I'd say, 'Now I *want* you to get aroused, but keep talking about Watergate.' That proved difficult. Then we did the same with a number of girls. This one girl, Tanya, who is a bald-headed lady, quite unusual, was being eaten by another girl, because she leaned more in that direction. Anyway, Tanya gave up rather quickly trying to keep her mind on Watergate. She got very distracted.

"Then we did a thing with one fellow who calls himself the top cock in the business. I asked him how long it would take him to have an orgasm. He said he didn't know. I said if the conditions were right, could he have one in two minutes? He thought he probably could. So I bet him 50 bucks that he couldn't. And I also bet the girl who was blowing him. We started and as they went to work, I did a sort of Howard Cosell on them. You know—'Are there any signs of life there now?' and 'How many seconds remain on the scoreboard clock?' and stuff like that. I was deliberately trying to distract him and it, uh, worked. At the end of the two minutes, the girl kept right on going, though, and I suggested to her that she was on her own time.

"Another thing we did was we played Nixon's April 1973 Watergate address on video tape, on a little monitor that was right between the legs of this fellow who was screwing this girl. We started the camera very tight on Nixon's head as he was telling us about his vacation in Florida, and as we pulled back, we saw where his head was, and it was sort of a bizarre juxtaposition of symbols.

"Anyway, from that particular day's activities, we got five or six people whom I want to use in this next thing on Wednesday."

What Avildsen wants to do on Wednesday is take a video-tape camera crew to the theater where *The Devil in Miss Jones* is playing and have one of the actresses from the film accost patrons as they come out of the theater. She will ask them if they'd like to direct her in a porno film of their own devising and either take part in it or not, as they like. She will tell them that we've set up a video-tape studio in an apartment on the West Side with a technical crew and half a dozen professional porno-film actors standing by. To show that we are serious, she will give each of them who accepts a $50 bill. Avildsen intends to shoot as many short porno films as he can Wednesday night and he has, he says, a particular role in mind for me.

"What's that?" I ask warily.

"Well," he says, "we won't tell the porno-film actors who you are and we'll plant you inside the theater and have you get taken back to the apartment where we're making the video tapes. You go into the bedroom with one of the porno-film actresses, supposedly to make your film, and in the middle of screwing her, you stop, gaze warmly at her and say, 'Look, this is crazy, I suppose, but I think I could really care for you—how would you like to come back to Kansas City with me, where I've made a fortune in the wholesale meat business?' At which point, to show her you're on the level, you produce this $1000 bill and rip it in half and give her one of the halves, saying she'll get the other one when she shows up in Kansas City. What do you say—will you do it?"

I tell Avildsen that, first of all, I'm not sure I'm all that ready to make love to anybody oncamera and, second, I'm afraid the girl might take me seriously and accept, which would be kind of cruel. I say I'm going to have to beg off, but thanks for thinking of me. He says OK and come Wednesday and watch the festivities anyhow. I say you couldn't keep me away with attack dogs.

It's strange. Here I am, casting naked ladies in my living room and thinking I'm having a hot and naughty time. Meanwhile, Avildsen is doing stuff for the same production that makes me feel that all I've been doing is playing doctor.

• • •

Late Wednesday afternoon, Avildsen takes his camera crew and his porno-film actress down to the theater where *The Devil in Miss Jones* is playing, and of the 20 people they stop coming out of the theater, five of them agree to go back to the apartment—four men and a woman. Of the four guys, one is a graphics designer, one a producer of plays in Washington, D.C., one a salesman for a typography house and one a computer programmer. Nobody finds out what the woman does. All five of the new directors (as Avildsen insists on calling them) are taken by limousine to the apartment, where lights, cameras, microphones and TV monitors are already set up and where the rest of the porno-film stars (as Carl insists on calling them) are waiting.

The porno-film stars are young and, for the most part, fairly attractive. One of the men is tattooed all over his body with a series of very intricate, oddly beautiful designs. On his back is a huge, striking portrait of Jesus. One porno-film star confides to me, as we're waiting to begin, that on his nights off, he often goes to orgies. "But," he says, "if I'm working the next day, I don't come."

Avildsen seats the new directors and the porno-film stars around a low coffee table in the living room and encourages the directors to discuss their most private sex fantasies. When Avildsen hears a fantasy he thinks will make a scene, he asks the fantasizer to cast the scene from among the actors present. Then the director, the chosen actors, Avildsen and the camera crew go into one of the two bedrooms.

One bedroom is equipped with contemporary decor and a water bed. The other is done in a sort of neoharem motif, with a canopied bed decorated in striped silk. First Avildsen gets the director to brief the actors on their lines and blocking, then he gets him to give the crew instructions on lighting, miking and camera deployment. Avildsen out-Funts *Candid Camera* host Alan Funt in mock seriousness.

When all is in readiness, the new director calls "Action," the crew begins to shoot and the porno-film stars begin to act and to have sex. When the action of the first scene has been going on for a while, Avildsen, who has been chattily advising the director throughout, says, "We only have a couple minutes of tape left on this load; is there anything you want to tell the actors?"

The director, without a moment's hesitation, says to the actors in this very matter-of-fact voice, "OK, come."

It is a very surrealistic picture—the actors on the bed humping away, surrounded by cameramen, crew, production

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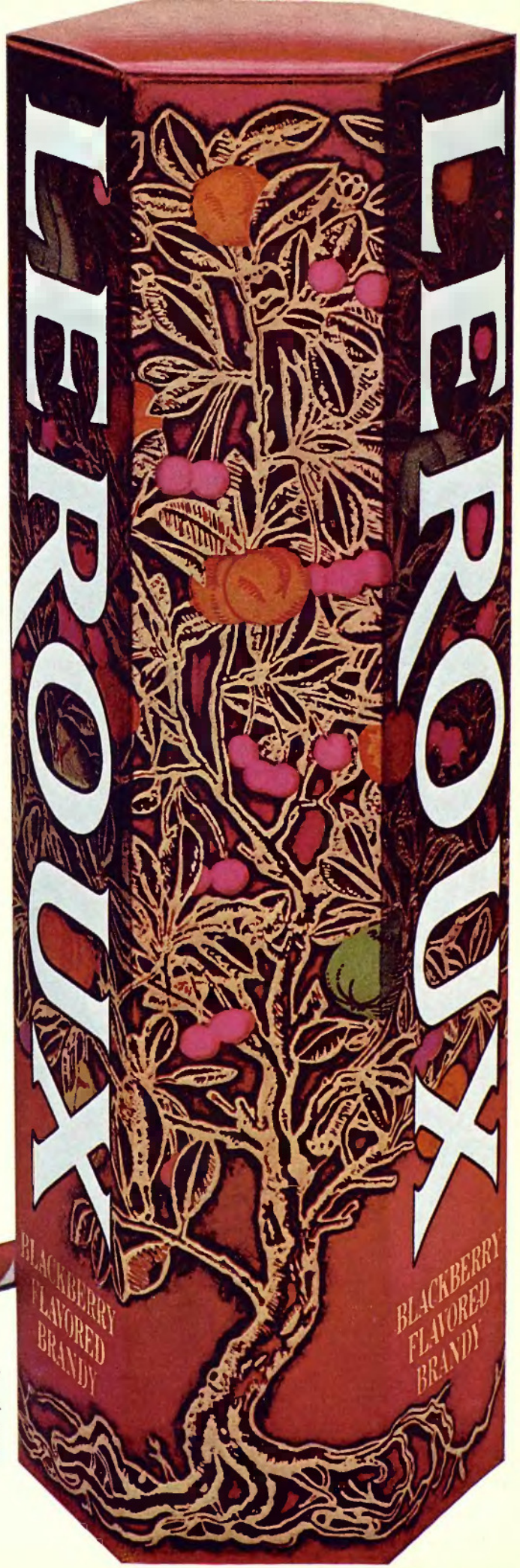
9. Peppermint Schnapps
10. Sloe Gin



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staff and as many onlookers as can fit into the room. Those who can't fit spill out into the hallway over the tangle of heavy-duty electrical cables and other equipment. One room down the hall has been converted into a control room. An engineer sits scanning several TV monitors from the various cameras and it is almost more interesting to watch the action from here, in long shot, medium shot and close-up, simultaneously. In the living room are several members of the crew and off-duty porno-film stars who've already grown bored with the festivities and who are sitting on the couch and chatting away as if this were just any mildly interesting cocktail party. A few feet away stands a large TV console, converted for the evening into a monitor. On its screen, a new group of porno-film stars is having sex and going largely unnoticed by the gang in the living room. An unreal scene, to say the least.

As the evening progresses, word of what we are doing here spreads throughout the city and soon the apartment is glutted with horny curiosity seekers, some of whom, after watching the sex for half an hour or so, join the bored group in the living room.

I try to stay with the action as much as possible. Every so often, Avildsen hunkers down next to where I am squatting and asks me in a whisper if I have any suggestions for him to give the new directors. I have a few. One is to have the new directors tell the actors in the style of what great European film director to play the scene. Another is, after the scene, for the director to give the actors a critique of their performances.

Of the four or five fantasies filmed, only one new director elects to get into the scene as an actor as well as a director. This is a guy named Fred, who is not to be confused with my next-door neighbor of the same name.

Director Fred describes a very poignant scene for the actors to enact for him: He comes to visit his girlfriend and finds her in bed with another guy. She sees Fred but figures he is such a loser he won't raise a fuss, which, in fact, he doesn't. He just stands and watches them till they finish, whereupon they get up and go out for pizza, leaving Fred alone. The girlfriend's girlfriend, who has observed all of the foregoing, takes pity on Fred, tries to comfort him and ends up seducing him.

Fred reveals so much of himself in his fantasy it is uncomfortable to watch. Pornographic psychodrama on video tape. I wonder if it is exploitive to have Fred do all this oncamera. I wonder if it's cruel. But perhaps I'm overreacting. After all, nobody is holding a gun to Fred's head. He knows he's being filmed. Plus which, he is actually being paid $50 to hump a highly attractive actress oncamera. Probably Fred is not to be pitied after all. Probably he is having the best night of his entire life.

"When the actress began to realize that she was actually going to have to screw this fellow Fred," says Avildsen, "she suggested she wasn't really a big fan of that idea, because she didn't know how she felt about screwing people who weren't in the field. At which point, Fred said, '*What* field?' But it turned out she was mostly concerned about disease, and when I suggested that Fred wear a condom, that seemed to solve the problem.

"I asked Fred what style he wanted the scene acted in, as you suggested, and he said Bergman. At a certain point in the scene, Fred started screwing the actress, who was just fantastic, encouraging him and putting him at ease. Everybody in the room was very respectful of what was going on, which was a pretty bizarre thing. When Fred reached orgasm, the room was very still, and once he recovered his composure, he lifted up his head and said, 'Cut!' Which suggests that he had a lot more presence of mind than the top cock the previous Monday. Fred was concentrating not only on screwing the girl but also on his job as director of the film he was in."

I have since rerun the video tape of that moment, because it *was* so striking, and noted the exact dialog. Avildsen has just finished asking Fred another of his interminable questions, and Fred, who is on the brink of orgasm, replies, "I'm caught up in. . . . I don't think I should be talking now. I think I feel myself, in some ways . . . coming." Fred comes, and then recovers enough composure to deliver his last line of dialog to the actress he has just made love to: "Do me a favor," he says, poignantly in character. "If tonight was just the same as all the other times, would you please not tell me?" Then, without so much as a beat, Fred turns to the camera crew and says, "OK, cut!"

When Fred gets up and leaves the bed, people cluster around him, congratulating him on his performance as if he'd just come offstage after doing *Hamlet*. By the radiance in his face and the brightness in his eyes, I can see that Fred has gained more than we could possibly have taken from him. I have to smile when I contemplate the reactions of disbelief he'll get when he attempts to tell his buddies at work about this tomorrow morning.

Later in the evening, the producer from Washington gets a chance to direct a fantasy of his, but he seems rather reticent about giving either crew or cast much direction.

"I suggested he take this one handheld camera," says Avildsen, "and shoot exactly what he wanted himself. He did. When the actors started screwing, he took his camera and went right in on the insertion and stayed pretty well riveted on that."

"How far from their crotches was he with his camera?" I ask.

"I would guess maybe a foot," says Avildsen. "He kept a very tight close-up all the time. It was suggested to him that he might tell the male actor to let him know when he was about to come, in case he wanted a come shot—there's some kind of term in the business that I can't recall for external come shots."

Evidently, no actor in a porno film ever comes anywhere *except* externally, where you can see it. Carl reportedly said at one point, "And now let's have a first in porno films—come inside of her." The actress, I am told, was shocked, since she was using neither pills nor a diaphragm. I ask Avildsen if this is what happened.

"That was in *another* scene," says Avildsen, "the one directed by the fellow with the foreign accent. Apparently, the actress playing the teenaged girl in that scene lost her concentration and left the room, leaving the girl playing her sister and the fellow from the Linda Lovelace movie in bed, screwing without either me or the director of that scene in attendance. They were forced to sort of reassess their relationship, because now it was just for themselves and they weren't acting. Carl at that point said, 'You can go ahead and go for an inside come.' They were surprised and pleased and, I understand, took it to conclusion."

Carl himself was fascinated by the evening, although he claimed not to have found it particularly erotic. In fact, quite the reverse.

"There was something so asexual about it," Carl told me later, "that I thought I never wanted to fuck again." But he was quite impressed with the professionalism of the porno-film stars. "Porno-film stars are very clubby, very affectionate," said Carl. "They find a sense of dignity in their exclusivity, in their not wanting to fuck people who aren't in the field, for instance. There was just one nonprofessional who was fucking there that night—besides Fred, I mean—a student. The porno-film stars could sense that he was nervous and they were really very sweet to him, very protective. They really took care of him."

"Everybody in general seemed to have a nice time," said Avildsen. "The new directors want to do it some more, and the actors are all anxious to do it again, too, so now all we need is the money to finance the rest of it."

I have heard that Fred was so inspired by the evening he has gone on to pursue a serious career in acting.

"I think he had once done some amateur acting or community theater or something," said Avildsen, "and maybe this awakened a new urge."

• • •

It is like going from college to kindergarten to return to the shooting of

"A new wardrobe, a Maserati and a shot of penicillin."

Norman and the Polish Doll.

A problem has arisen that will affect not only our film but the entire film industry and all of the entertainment and communications media as well—the Supreme Court has decided that any community can decide for itself what is obscene and what to prosecute.

Most of our investors have panicked and pulled out. Carl tells us there is still enough money for us to begin shooting *Norman and the Polish Doll*, but he asks that we cover ourselves by shooting alternative footage for any scenes that contain either serious nudity or profoundly smutty talk. We say OK.

We have converted somebody's lavish Park Avenue apartment into a set and Pat Paulsen has flown in from somewhere for a week or so of shooting.

This film is not the craziest thing that Paulsen has done, not by a long shot. He has in the past gained notoriety from such ventures as waging a semiserious campaign for the Presidency and for promoting something that he calls "cranial painting," which he accomplishes by hanging upside down over several buckets of paint and dipping his head into them and onto a canvas. Paulsen is nonetheless nervous about the nudity and the randy talk in the script. When we've assured him that he won't have to appear in anything briefer than his boxer shorts, he relaxes somewhat and finally he is able to deliver even his randiest lines without wincing.

One of the randier of these occurs in a scene in which he has just staggered out of the bathtub, carrying the nude and dripping doll. Norman's mother, who believes the doll to be a real person, bursts in and exclaims: "Norman, what in God's name are you doing to that poor child?"

Paulsen as Norman replies: "She is not a poor child, she is a mechanical doll from Poland. And what I was doing with her was trying to throw her a fuck."

The sheer physical effort of carrying around an actress who is bigger than he is begins taking its toll on Paulsen on the overheated summer set. Playing the role of the doll is Deborah Loomis, an astonishingly gifted actress who had earlier confided to me her terror at the prospect of appearing naked in front of an entire cast and crew. I spent a goodly amount of time reassuring her and calming her down, and you can well imagine how dumb I felt upon learning afterward that the lady was not such a stranger to nude performing as she was letting on.

Between takes on the set, Paulsen is not too exhausted to do an almost nonstop shtick. He does exquisitely accurate impersonations of Jack Benny, John Wayne, Richard Nixon and Mortimer Snerd. He improvises a bit around Nixon making an obscene phone call. Then he tires of simple impersonations and tries Nixon doing Mortimer Snerd, John Wayne doing Jack Benny and Mortimer Snerd doing John Wayne doing Nixon.

For an exterior scene in which Paulsen attempts to get the doll into a taxicab, we have moved to the corner of 84th Street and Second Avenue. People in New York are used to seeing films being shot on the street, but still we draw a crowd. Bystanders recognize Paulsen and ask him a variety of inane questions that he responds to just as inanely, with a perfectly straight face.

"Whatever happened to the Smothers Brothers?" one woman asks.

"They're in jail for sodomy and bestiality," says Paulsen. It fazes the lady not at all.

Exercising one of the prerogatives of a writer on a low-budget film, I have written a part for myself into this scene. As Paulsen struggles to stuff the doll into the cab, I am to accost him and reminisce about a prior meeting years ago at Esalen: "I was the guy who was hung up on his cats—you were the guy with the masculinity problem, right?"

As I wait at the fringe of the crowd on the sidewalk for the signal from McCarty to make my entrance, it is hard not to listen to what the people behind me are saying. Three little boys, aged about four, are hollering "Action!" and "Take two!"—which I consider to be a disquieting degree of sophistication for preschool pups to have about showbiz. To my right, a man patiently explains to his wife, "No, Pat Paulsen doesn't pay *them* for this—they have to pay *him*." It's a safe bet that lady is the only cinema naïf in the crowd, and I find myself longing for a more innocent age.

In less than two weeks, we have wrapped shooting on *Norman* and most members of the production team have swung into our second segment, the Bruce Jay Friedman–Jack Richardson thing entitled *Vortex*. They land talented Broadway actor Jerry Orbach for the lead. Amy moves to the *Vortex* set to cast the girlfriends whom Orbach's character never quite scored with in the Fifties and whom he is given a magical second shot at by a fat Italian genie. Amy finds the atmosphere at *Vortex* auditions somewhat different from that at *Norman*'s.

"These poor straight actresses would come in to read for us" says Amy, "and Bruce Malmuth [the director] would have them lie down on the floor. Then his friend Tony Cannon would lie down on top of them and fondle their breasts and the actresses would have to read their lines while he was molesting them."

"What were their reactions?" I say, beginning to feel fairly asinine about how delicately Bob and I had treated the ladies who'd read for *Norman*.

"Some of the girls were very turned off and angry," says Amy. "But some of them got very turned on and wanted to fuck Tony. The minute the girls would come in to read, Malmuth would jump up and lock the door. He was very paranoid. During the middle of a reading, he'd whisper to me, 'Are you sure the door is locked?' I didn't feel like the gynecologist's nurse the way I did with you and Bob. I just felt embarrassed."

Richardson's script called for actresses of rather curious aptitudes, and Malmuth was apparently a stickler for perfection.

"At one point, I was on the phone for five days," says Amy, "calling up agents and saying, 'Do you have any 40-year-old gymnasts who are good actresses and who'll perform nude on the rings?' Bruce refused to compromise. He wouldn't, for example, audition a 25-year-old gymnast who was a good actress and who'd perform nude on the rings. We finally ended up with Louisa Moritz, who went to a gym class for a week and that was it."

Before *Vortex* was finished shooting, many members of the production team were already working on the Avildsen segment, *Inaugural Ball*. Its plot line was classic in its simplicity:

"I had always wondered," says Avildsen, "what would happen if the daughter of the President of the United States were kidnaped and the ransom was that he and the First Lady had to fuck on TV in prime time to get her back. I asked the *Fourplay* people if they liked the idea and they did. So I got David Odel, who wrote *Cry Uncle* for me, to write the script."

It was becoming clear to me and McCarty that we were not so smart to have shot our segment first. We had dutifully skimped on production values and come in on budget. The budget for *Vortex* was at least 50 percent higher than ours at the outset and that of *Inaugural Ball* 100 percent higher, and both were climbing steadily.

You will perhaps begin to see why *Inaugural Ball* was becoming so expensive when I tell you that among the props in its script were a helicopter and a platoon of soldiers. Benni Korzen had sent written requests for the loan of copter and troops to a number of organizations, including the National Guard, the Coast Guard and the Pentagon.

One day Benni gets a phone call. The caller says he's calling on behalf of the Pentagon. Benni thinks it's a gag. It's not a gag, it's the Pentagon. The guy from the Pentagon says the copter is out, but the platoon of soldiers will be OK. Benni is ecstatic. He is soon to be less than ecstatic.

It seems that, along with each written request for whirlybird and troops, Benni had also sent a script. Since sending the actual script of *Inaugural Ball*

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would never have elicited so much as an expended cartridge case from the military, Benni had rounded up a number of inoffensive scripts by various authors, substituted the title page of *Inaugural Ball* for the existing ones and sent them out. What Benni never figured on was that every military organization that got a letter and a script would forward them to the Pentagon for approval.

Inevitably, the man from the Pentagon called Benni back. He had read all the scripts and he was so furious he could scarcely speak. He said that he was taking back his soldiers. He said that he was going to see to it that our production company was investigated by the FBI. Eventually, Avildsen did get his platoon, however. It was recruited from an American Legion post on Long Island that hadn't a clue what the picture was about and that hadn't thought to ask for a script.

To borrow a lot of furniture for the Presidential set, Benni contacted a man from the staid firm of W. & J. Sloane. The man from W. & J. Sloane asked to see a script and Benni, weary of all the *tsimmes* with scripts, deliberately sent him the real one, just to get the fellow's reaction.

"The guy was obviously shocked," says Benni bemusedly, "but much too uptight to admit it. He found some innocuous official reason for declining to lend us the furniture, but it was the type of conversation you might have if you walked into a room and there was this big turd lying in the middle of the floor that you couldn't mention."

The first big casting coup on *Inaugural Ball* was getting Barbara Harris to agree to play the First Lady. Then there was a clash between Harris and Avildsen and Harris walked off the set. I ask Avildsen about the incident. He says there was a disagreement about whether or not Harris would be permitted to wear make-up in a particular scene. Since she was supposed to have just come out of the shower at the beginning of the scene, says Avildsen, he told her she couldn't wear any make-up. Harris said she wouldn't work without make-up and, when neither of them would give in, Harris, as *Variety* might put it, ankled the pic.

"I hear that Barbara Harris called you a fascist pig," I say to Avildsen.

"I believe she suggested that I had a Hitler complex," he replies mildly.

Estelle Parsons was persuaded to take the role that Harris didn't. She had some reservations about the sex but agreed to join the cast when she was told that the connective thread in all four segments was political.

One of the actors who was first considered for the role of President was comedian Rodney Dangerfield. Eventually, he turned it down. I ask Carl why.

"Rodney felt that everybody liked him now," says Carl, "and so he didn't want to jeopardize that by playing the President of the United States in a film."

"You mean the nudity and the sex didn't bother him?" I say.

"Well," says Carl, "we told him that there would be inserts in close-up of someone else's cock and he thought that would be OK, just as long as it wasn't his."

Eventually, the role went to Zero Mostel, who is an excellent actor but who is known for rather eccentric personal behavior. I have met Mostel only once, but it was enough to form an impression. We were at the wedding reception of a mutual friend and Mostel went around the room kissing everybody, man and woman, sticking his tongue in everybody's mouth. At least I *think* he stuck his tongue in everybody's mouth. I'd hate to think I was the only one thus honored.

I ask Avildsen if Mostel behaved himself on the set.

"He did have a proclivity to grab all the women who came within a ten-yard radius of him," says Avildsen, "but I think that's about the extent of it. Most of the women seemed to tolerate it as something that went along with the territory. But that's his nature. He's a very funny man and he likes to cause reactions in people. At the end of takes, before I called 'Cut,' he generally tried some outrageousness or other and it was usually very funny."

"Like what?" I say.

"Like putting ketchup in his Yoo Hoo and drinking it," says Avildsen.

I ask Amy what Mostel was like on the set.

"Mostel kept grabbing the breasts and asses of all the girls on the set, of course," says Amy. "He also had to have Sea Breeze poured over him by the makeup girl after every take. The minute a

"Blitzen is Jewish!"

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It might at least allow a girl
To keep her last bikini.

APRIL 1975

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take was over, he'd scream, 'Where's the Sea Breeze?' "

"What's Sea Breeze?" I ask.

"It's an after-shave astringent or something. His production assistant carried a silver ice bucket filled with ice cubes and a bottle of Sea Breeze. Mostel used up two whole cases of Sea Breeze in the eight days he was shooting."

Throughout the production, one had been hearing constant rumors of how Terry Southern was having trouble completing his script, of how he was actually working on not one script but two, of how he was running up all kinds of expenses for Carl at the Drake Hotel, of how neither of his scripts was usable and, finally, of how he and Carl had had a falling out and Southern was no longer part of the production. I ask Amy, who had been involved in the whole thing from the start, what happened.

"Terry wrote two scripts," says Amy, "*Slippery When Wet* and *Twice on Top*. *Slippery When Wet* was a half-hour script about a lot of people fucking in a house on Long Island and making a film within a film about it. *Twice on Top* was a six-minute script about a girl who fucks a general and gets convicted by a judge for coming twice while she was on top. Then she gets killed. It's a lot better than it sounds.

"When they asked Terry to make the six-minute thing longer, he merely put in the fantasy inserts from the 30-minute piece that Carl and Benni had rejected, just to rip them off. I thought it was kind of a funny thing to do.

"Actually, Carl ripped Terry off as much as Terry ripped Carl off. Like, Carl continued using Terry's name to raise money a month and a half after Terry's piece wasn't going to be used. I think Terry's a nice guy. Once I left him in my apartment writing, and when I came back, he had watered and pruned all my plants and changed the Kitty Litter.

"Ultimately, you have to lock Terry in a room for five days with a typewriter to make him work, but you don't lock him in the Drake Hotel like Carl did, especially when Ringo Starr is there. Terry and Ringo are friends and they played together a lot during that five-day period when he was supposed to be writing the script.

"Rip Torn was supposed to star in *Twice on Top*. He was going to play the general, the judge and the executioner. He was very broke at the time, so he signed a contract with Carl that was in direct conflict with the Joey Gallo movie he was doing. When Carl found out, Rip refused to give back the $1000 that Carl had given him."

"Why did Carl give Rip Torn so much money in advance?" I ask.

"Carl thought that the way to keep everybody happy and working and interested was to keep giving them hundred-dollar bills," says Amy. " 'Cash-cash,' he kept saying, 'cash-cash.' "

Throughout the entire production, I have never discussed any of these matters with Carl. In fact, I have scarcely seen Carl at all and have spoken to him only briefly by phone. Perhaps this is why I have missed out on my share of $100 bills and cash-cash. I decide it is high time I see Carl and get his side of the Southern story, and while I'm at it, I can check if there is any loose cash-cash still lying around.

I call Carl and arrange to see him late on a Saturday afternoon. On my way over to his apartment, it strikes me that the only other time I've been there was for the orgy he threw for me and I wonder idly if anything on that order might await me now.

Carl, when he opens the door, is stark-naked. Since he chooses not to comment on this fact, I don't, either. He leads the way into the living room, where I perceive that an attractive clothed lady is seated on the couch. Carl introduces me to the clothed lady and sits down next to her on the couch, still making no reference to his nakedness. I take out a pencil and a pad of paper and prepare to begin the interview.

Before I have a chance to ask the first question, Carl says to me, as if he were offering me a tray of pistachio nuts, "You want a fuck before we start?"

"Oh, not right now, thanks," I say in the same spirit. "Maybe afterward."

I have assumed Carl was kidding, but at my words, he turns to the clothed lady and says, "OK, you can go."

The lady says goodbye and goes. I turn to Carl in disbelief.

"You mean you were serious?" I say.

"Of course," he says. "We just got through balling. I knew you were coming over in a few minutes, so I said to her, 'You want to fuck a stranger?' "

"And what did *she* say?" I say.

"She said it was OK with her," says Carl.

"I see," I say, and the more I think about it, the hornier I get. "I tell you what. You think maybe you could run to the elevator and see if she's still there?"

"No," says Carl, "the moment is past."

We start the interview, with me initially somewhat distracted. Once I am able to concentrate on the task at hand, it becomes apparent to me for the first time that while we are talking, I am competing for Carl's attention with both a radio and a large color-TV set. Carl is talking to me, but he is also watching the New York Mets.

"Fuck," he says disgustedly a few minutes into the interview. "The Mets lost."

I ask naked Carl how he likes being a big-time movie producer.

"The closest thing I've ever done to producing," says Carl, watching Detroit play the White Sox, "was when I was a football coach. I'm not that brilliant. I'm a somewhat above-average intellect and the only way I can get it together as a producer is to work very hard. I don't want quiet competence from the people I work with. I want total dedication—a note of hysteria and a dedication equal to mine. Somebody has to be taking my trip if he wants to work with me, and my trip is total combat. I do very chancy things.

"For instance, I am personally the largest investor now in our film. The first investors were straight businessmen. I wasn't too involved in that at first. Then the Supreme Court decisions on obscenity came down, our investors panicked and split. It was too late to alter our production and shooting schedules, so we were really up against it. We pretty much had to start all over again from scratch. I sold my insurance business and put the money into the film."

I ask Carl for his side of the feud with Southern. At first he is reticent to say anything against Southern. He observes that Southern is very self-destructive and adds, "How can you fight a guy whose prime interest is in beating himself up?" He decides to merely outline the history of his involvement with Southern in a wholly dispassionate way.

"The way it all began," says Carl, "Terry was one of the judges of the New York Erotic Film Festival. Terry is sort of dean of the dirty. He told me he couldn't believe the amount of bad fucking and sucking he had to look at on the screen. I knew what he meant. I mean, when is the last time you got a hard-on in a movie theater, huh?"

I say I don't recall.

"Terry said we ought to make a horny film that would also be funny. I didn't know if laughter and sex were compatible. It's probably one of my personal charms that I can laugh a lot during sex, but I don't know about others. Anyway, I told Terry that if he wrote a funny horny movie, I'd produce it. In the beginning, our budget was between $6000 and $8000. Then it went to $15,000. Before I knew it, we were up to $150,000. Right now, by the way, we're somewhere around $700,000.

"Terry gave me a script he'd done called *Twice on Top*. It wasn't usable. I asked him to rewrite it. Terry was in Connecticut at the time and he finally agreed to rewrite it if I would bring him and the guy he wanted to direct it, Silver Screen Productions' Bill Claxton, to New York and put them both up in a hotel so they could work together day and night. Terry is strictly 'Additional dialog by'—that is, he needs other people's ideas,

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other people to collaborate with him in order to function.

"Anyway, I put him and Claxton into the Drake Hotel and they ran up a bill of about $2000 in five days, most of it in room service. At the end of the five days, Terry gave me the script. It was the same script that I had rejected before he went in, except he had retyped it. That bastard—maybe it's good I'm getting this out, huh?—*that bastard had the balls to give me the same script I sent him in with!*

"What we're talking about here," says Carl, warming to his subject, "is a literary hustle. Terry Southern is the Bobby Riggs of the literary world. Do you know he once took a party of eight into Elaine's and tried to sign my name to the bill? That guy. He hustled me into producing this movie for him in the first place, he cost me over $10,000—which is twice what the other writers got paid—and then he couldn't even deliver a shootable script."

Carl shakes his head, then adds thoughtfully: "I must admit, though, that because of Terry Southern, I've got a new career."

Yes, Carl Gurevich has a new career. And in his first movie of that career, whether or not he's got himself another *Gone With the Wind*, he did get talented big-name people oncamera, and if they're not actually fucking, it's certainly not *Carl's* fault. But *Fourplay* is still unfinished, because Carl has temporarily run out of money. *Norman and the Polish Doll* is finished, as are *Vortex* and *Inaugural Ball*, but without Southern's segment, it is still not quite a complete package—*Threeplay*, if you will.

Some additional footage is needed to complete the film, some unifying element, perhaps, like the video-tape footage. The video-tape footage is a fascinating little thing in and of itself, but it doesn't quite go along with the three other segments we have shot on film. I've suggested some scenes that we could shoot to solve the problem, but right at this moment there isn't the money to do it.

"That video-tape thing we did," says Carl wistfully. "It should have worked. Did you see the footage from that first day, at the auditions of the porno-film stars?"

I say I did.

"We had one shot from behind of the little bald-headed girl giving head to somebody. All you could see were these three bald spheres. It's got to be one of the great shots on film of our time!"

• • •

Several months have passed since I wrote all of the above, and a few things have happened that I think you should know about.

Carl found a guy to put up completion money for the film, then went and had some new footage shot and incorporated into the movie. A screening of the assembled film was arranged for interested members of the production staff. Just before Bob McCarty and I left for the screening room to see it, we heard that Carl had recut *Norman and the Polish Doll*, despite the fact that Bob and I had finished a version that we thought everybody liked and despite the fact that both Bob and I have contracts that state that we have creative control over our segment of the film.

The screening is held in a small auditorium in the Times Square area. Present are Carl, Bob, Benni, cameraman Jeff Weinstock, coproducer David Witter and me. The film begins and it is quickly apparent to me and to Bob that it is a disaster. The new footage is of Professor Irwin Corey rambling on extraneously about pornography. It is neither very amusing nor very tasteful nor very pertinent stuff. Worst of all, *Norman and the Polish Doll* has been recut with all the sensitivity of a rhinoceros doing microsurgery and the Corey footage has been spliced into it with no apparent purpose except to further destroy the story line.

The screening is over. Bob and I stand up and tell Carl that he is, of course, free to do whatever he likes with the *rest* of his film, but he must restore *Norman and the Polish Doll* to the version that Bob and I had done and the Corey footage must be removed from our segment.

A phenomenal transformation takes place in Carl. He starts breathing hard, sweating profusely and shouting obscene things, first at Bob and then at me. I point out to Carl, as coolly as possible, that Bob and I have creative control over our segment and he has to abide by our decision.

It seems as good a time as any to leave, which Bob and I decide to do, whereupon Carl yells, "Nobody leaves this room," locks the door behind him and hurls his short pudgy body at me with all his might. It is true that Carl is short, but it is also true that he is a former football player and, for all his fatness, is fairly strong. His push has sent me painfully into a row of auditorium seats. I can't believe what has just happened. Neither can anybody else.

"I have four witnesses who just saw you attack me," I say. "I'd like to point out to all present that I am not descending to your level and attacking you back. You will certainly be hearing from my attorneys."

It is a ludicrous scene. I have never heard anybody in real life say either "Nobody leaves this room" or "You will certainly be hearing from my attorneys." I try once more to leave and Carl, breathing harder and sweating more than ever, shoves me into the row of seats again.

I am beginning to lose my patience. I have always passed off my colleagues' complaints about Carl's vulgarity with mild remonstrations that he was basically a good guy underneath it all and that little things like greeting people at the door naked (which turns out to be more the rule than the exception) are merely part of his earthy charm. At this particular moment, Carl's earthy charm has worn so thin as to be wholly invisible.

I tell Carl that he is in serious trouble with his shoving and that he is going to pay for this beguiling behavior. No glint of understanding penetrates his beady little eyes, and so, to spell it out for him, I reach for yet another bit of dialog I have never heard in anything but B movies. "Carl," I say, "you will never work in the film business again. You are a dead man."

It is as bad a couple of sentences as I have ever heard anybody say. Perhaps Louis B. Mayer once said such things to people and produced respectful trembling. That it is not Mayer at MGM but Greenburg in a schlocky screening room in Times Square who is now saying them should produce snorts of laughter.

Carl does not respond with snorts of laughter. Carl responds by smashing me in the eye, which almost succeeds in driving my glasses into my eye socket.

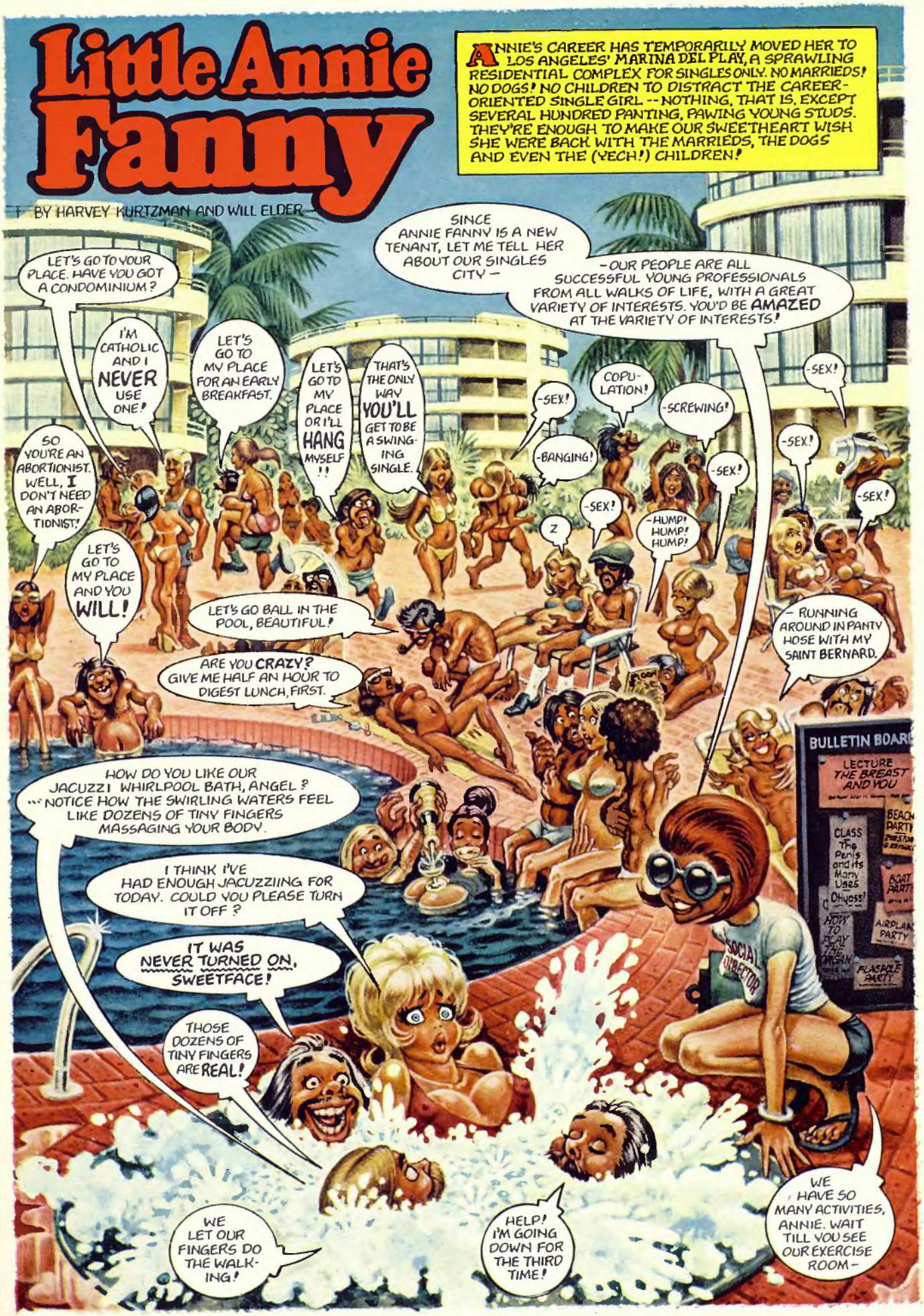
What happened after that I can't be certain. Bob and Benni tell me I punched Carl spiritedly in the face a couple of times before they separated us. All I know is that at some point I picked my badly mangled glasses off the floor, muttered some more phenomenal B-movie lines about hearing from my attorneys, about assault-and-battery charges, about Carl's not working in *any* area of showbiz anymore, and then I left.

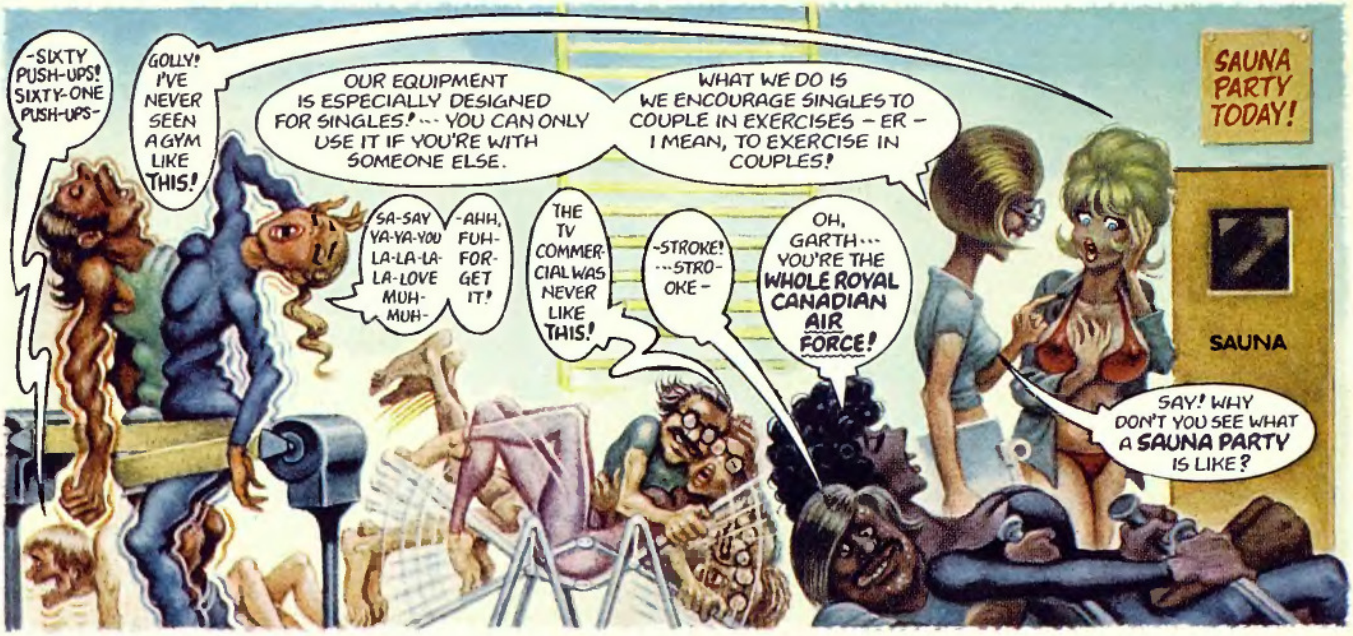
I had a black eye for a week or so. I heard that Carl did, too, which pleased me immensely.

I have not been able, at this writing, to get *Norman and the Polish Doll* restored to any version that I could live with, nor have I been able to get Professor Corey's inanities out of my segment. It turns out that telling a writer and a director that they have creative control over their work generally means "unless nobody we meet has any ideas we like better."

What *will* people be seeing if they go to see *Fourplay*? Well, they won't be seeing talented big-name people fucking oncamera. For *sure*, they won't be seeing *Gone With the Wind*.

What will ultimately happen to *Fourplay*? Frankly, my dear, I don't give a damn.


Little Annie Fanny
BY HARVEY KURTZMAN AND WILL ELDER
ANNIE'S CAREER HAS TEMPORARILY MOVED HER TO LOS ANGELES' MARINA DEL PLAY, A SPRAWLING RESIDENTIAL COMPLEX FOR SINGLES ONLY. NO MARRIEDS! NO DOGS! NO CHILDREN TO DISTRACT THE CAREER-ORIENTED SINGLE GIRL -- NOTHING, THAT IS, EXCEPT SEVERAL HUNDRED PANTING, PAWING YOUNG STUDS. THEY'RE ENOUGH TO MAKE OUR SWEETHEART WISH SHE WERE BACK WITH THE MARRIEDS, THE DOGS AND EVEN THE (YECH!) CHILDREN!
SINCE ANNIE FANNY IS A NEW TENANT, LET ME TELL HER ABOUT OUR SINGLES CITY —
— OUR PEOPLE ARE ALL SUCCESSFUL YOUNG PROFESSIONALS FROM ALL WALKS OF LIFE, WITH A GREAT VARIETY OF INTERESTS. YOU'D BE AMAZED AT THE VARIETY OF INTERESTS!
LET'S GO TO YOUR PLACE. HAVE YOU GOT A CONDOMINIUM?
I'M CATHOLIC AND I NEVER USE ONE!
LET'S GO TO MY PLACE FOR AN EARLY BREAKFAST.
LET'S GO TO MY PLACE OR I'LL HANG MYSELF!!
THAT'S THE ONLY WAY YOU'LL GET TO BE A SWINGING SINGLE.
SO YOU'RE AN ABORTIONIST. WELL, I DON'T NEED AN ABORTIONIST!
LET'S GO TO MY PLACE AND YOU WILL!
-SEX!
COPULATION!
-SCREWING!
-SEX!
-BANGING!
-SEX!
Z
-HUMP! HUMP! HUMP!
-SEX!
-SEX!
-SEX!
LET'S GO BALL IN THE POOL, BEAUTIFUL!
ARE YOU CRAZY? GIVE ME HALF AN HOUR TO DIGEST LUNCH, FIRST.
— RUNNING AROUND IN PANTY HOSE WITH MY SAINT BERNARD.
BULLETIN BOARD
LECTURE THE BREAST AND YOU
CLASS The Penis and its Many Uses
BEACH PARTY
BOAT PARTY
AIRPLANE PARTY
FLAGPOLE PARTY
SOCIAL DIRECTOR
HOW DO YOU LIKE OUR JACUZZI WHIRLPOOL BATH, ANGEL? NOTICE HOW THE SWIRLING WATERS FEEL LIKE DOZENS OF TINY FINGERS MASSAGING YOUR BODY.
I THINK I'VE HAD ENOUGH JACUZZIING FOR TODAY. COULD YOU PLEASE TURN IT OFF?
IT WAS NEVER TURNED ON, SWEETFACE!
THOSE DOZENS OF TINY FINGERS ARE REAL!
WE LET OUR FINGERS DO THE WALKING!
HELP! I'M GOING DOWN FOR THE THIRD TIME!
WE HAVE SO MANY ACTIVITIES, ANNIE. WAIT TILL YOU SEE OUR EXERCISE ROOM —


-SIXTY PUSH-UPS! SIXTY-ONE PUSH-UPS-
GOLLY! I'VE NEVER SEEN A GYM LIKE THIS!
OUR EQUIPMENT IS ESPECIALLY DESIGNED FOR SINGLES! -- YOU CAN ONLY USE IT IF YOU'RE WITH SOMEONE ELSE.
WHAT WE DO IS WE ENCOURAGE SINGLES TO COUPLE IN EXERCISES - ER - I MEAN, TO EXERCISE IN COUPLES!
SA-SAY YA-YA-YOU LA-LA-LA-LA-LOVE MUH-MUH-
-AHH, FUH-FOR-GET IT!
THE TV COMMER-CIAL WAS NEVER LIKE THIS!
-STROKE! ...STRO-OKE-
OH, GARTH... YOU'RE THE WHOLE ROYAL CANADIAN AIR FORCE!
SAUNA PARTY TODAY!
SAUNA
SAY! WHY DON'T YOU SEE WHAT A SAUNA PARTY IS LIKE?

THIS SAUNA IS MUCH TOO COOL! ARE YOU SURE THE HEATING SYSTEM IS WORKING?
HEATING SYSTEM? WHO NEEDS A HEATING SYSTEM?

WHEN THE PARTY SWINGS INTO HIGH GEAR, IT GETS PLENTY HOT!
HI! I'M SAUNA DRACULA!
I JUST REMEMBERED! I HAVE TO TAKE OUT MY GARBAGE!

WELCOME TO OUR GARBAGE ROOM PARTY, BLONDIE!
YOU'RE JUST IN TIME TO PLAY SPIN THE GARBAGE!
HI, THERE! I REALLY DIG YOUR GLAD BAGS!
EXCUSE ME, BUT I THINK I'LL DO MY LAUNDRY!

LAUNDRY ROOM
COME ON IN!
WE'RE HAVING OUR DAILY LAUNDRY-ROOM GET-ACQUAINTED SESSION!
THE MACHINES ARE RUNNING OVER! YOUR LAUNDRY WILL BE RUINED!
YEAH! WE'LL BE LEFT WITHOUT CLOTHES!
AWWW!

COME ON IN, BLUE EYES! WE'RE JUST SITTING AROUND, LAUNDERING MONEY AND THINGS.
WE'RE USING TIDE LACED WITH AN APHRODISIAC!
OH, WOW! TIDE'S IN!
SQUT!

ARE YOU HEADED FOR THE PARTY ON THE THIRD FLOOR?
WE WERE HEADED FOR A PARTY ON THE SECOND FLOOR, BUT WHAT THE HECK--- YOUR PARTY IS CLOSER!
IF I COULD JUST SLIP DOWN TO THE MAIL ROOM AND THEN GET BACK TO MY APARTMENT WITHOUT RUNNING INTO ANY MORE PARTIES-
COME AS YOU ARE PARTY

GLORYOSKY. A LETTER FROM RUTHIE -
MAIL-ROOM PARTY TIME! TAG! YOU'RE "IT" FOR POST OFFICE!
THE WAY WE PLAY IT IS, RAIN OR SLEET, THE MALE GETS THROUGH!
-how is California? I'm in Florida myself and I miss my old roomie. Listen! Whenever you return to New York, day or night -- just let yourself into the apartment (you have the key). Your bed will be waiting. Love, Ruthie

NEW YORK
THAT MAIL-ROOM PARTY WAS THE LAST STRAW!
WHAT A RELIEF TO BE BACK AT THE OLD APARTMENT! NO MORE NEVER-ENDING SINGLES ACTIVITIES! -JUST THE LITTLE EVERYDAY PROBLEMS LIKE RAPE AND PILLAGE.
--FIRST THING I'M GOING TO DO IS GET OUT OF THESE CLOTHES AND INTO A HOT TUB.

IT'LL BE SO NICE TO BE ALL ALONE FOR A CHANGE --- FAR AWAY FROM THE THUNDERING HERD OF PANTING, PAWING YOUNG STUDS!
CLIK!
I WONDER IF I MENTIONED TO ANNIE THAT MY COUSIN, THE COXSWAIN, WAS COMING DOWN WITH HIS CREW TO USE THE APARTMENT THIS WEEKEND!
STROKE STROKE STROKE STROKE STROKE STROKE STROKE STROKE
END

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