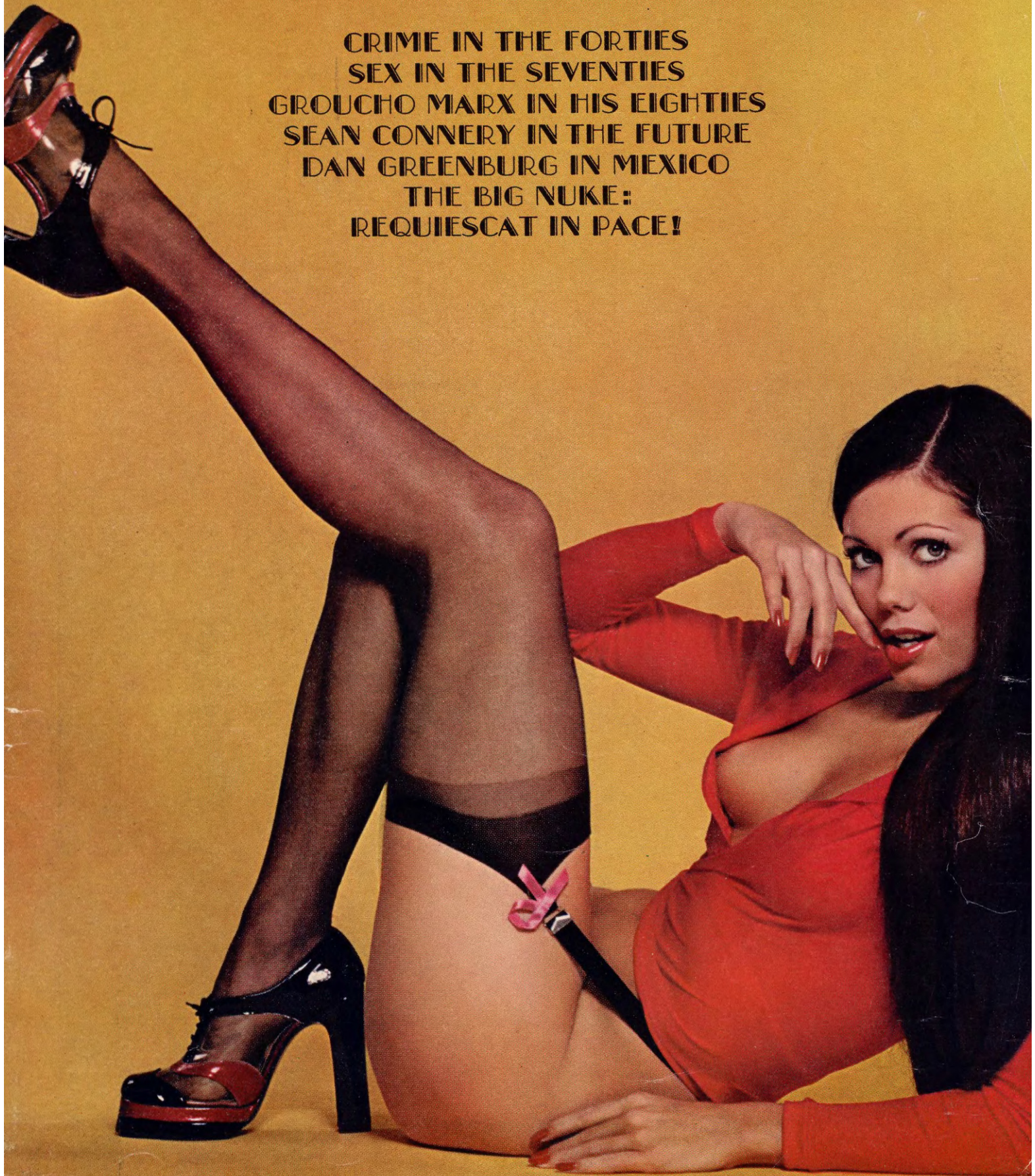


ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

MARCH 1974 • ONE DOLLAR

PLAYBOY

CRIME IN THE FORTIES
SEX IN THE SEVENTIES
GROUCHO MARX IN HIS EIGHTIES
SEAN CONNERY IN THE FUTURE
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PLAYBILL

It's not with particularly warm nostalgia that we glance back on those most paranoid of times when every bore and his brother-in-law were forever discussing The Bomb. For those of us who grew up in the atomic age, The Bomb meant crouching ostrichlike in school basements with our heads nearly up our asses awaiting either the apocalypse or the sound of a whistle. Over the years since then, we've become hardened, and what with all the other traumas of the Sixties and Seventies, there hasn't been much talk about The Bomb lately. After all, the only sensible way to deal with the unthinkable is not to think about it, right? Unfortunately, that won't make it go away; and in case anybody's wondering if there's still a Big Nuke, be informed here and now that yes, there is, and it's bigger and better, or, if you will, worse than the old one. To prove it, E. L. Doctorow, author of the widely acclaimed novel *The Book of Daniel*, toured SAC headquarters in Nebraska and a missile silo in North Dakota and the result is *The Bomb Lives!*—a tour de force in more ways than one. Accompanying the article is an illustration by artist Józef Sumichrast in which you're asked to discover the 20 hidden bombs; if you can't find them, you'd better have your eyes examined.

Back in the days when Daddy-o was downstairs stocking the family fallout shelter, some of us hepcats were upstairs digging the crazy vibes of a stud named Elvis Presley. Not too many of us, however, were digging the vibes of a stud named Carlos Toadvine, aka Enis the Penis, foremost of the Elvis imitators. And just as yesterday's fallout shelters are today's rec rooms, so Enis—dissipated, descending into middle age—is forgotten. But not by writer Ed McClanahan, whose *Little Enis Pursues His Muse* tells Carlos' sad story. "I went back to Kentucky, where I'd met him 15 years ago," McClanahan tells us, "and with the help of two friends, Guy Mendes and Bucky Young, recorded several hours of Enisisms directly from the horse's mouth. You might say I was trying to make some kind of sense of my own past as a means of discovering who it is I've become. It turned out to be a good idea, because hanging out with Enis is like hanging out with your id. And there's no way you can avoid learning something from that experience."

Charles Fox, a newcomer to our pages, reports in *The 300 Needles of Dr. Lau* that acupuncture has at last, after a rather grueling campaign, achieved a legal foothold in the weird state of Nevada. Convincing the Nevada legislature to accept acupuncture, Fox says, was a task as herculean as persuading the court of King Ferdinand that the earth is round.



FOX



SMITH



GREENBURG



DOCTOROW



SUMICHRAST



MAULDIN



HUNT



AZUMA



MORTENSEN

In addition to all this, there's enough lunacy in the issue to keep everybody happy. The program includes Charlotte Chandler's interview with the irascible Groucho Marx, whose mere countenance could keep us guffawing through open-heart surgery. Dan Greenburg takes it from there with a look at some of the things tourists often ask about Mexico in *I Am Nibbling the Lawn of the Hospital of Your Father*. You get the idea. Last and probably least in the ha-ha department is *Fifteen Awful Martini Jokes and One Great Martini*. Nobody will accuse us of misrepresentation there.

Moving right along to fiction, Gerald Green satirizes what has lately become a contradiction in terms—governmental law and order—in *The Prettyman Plan*. Green informs us that he got the idea after witnessing a purse snatching in Upper Manhattan recently and not doing anything about it. Joyce Carol Oates, with the help of artist Chris Ramberg, adds a pinch

of incest in *The Golden Madonna* and Thomas Baum raises a few intriguing questions about that fine line between illusion and reality in *Lost and Found*.

If by this time you're not jumping out of your seat over the wonder and glory of the human imagination, then stay tuned. Part VIII of *Playboy's History of Organized Crime*, by Richard Hammer, which deals with World War Two and Las Vegas in the Forties, has an illustration by the great Bill Mauldin. Homosexuality and other deviant behavior are the topics of Morton Hunt's sixth and final chapter of *Sexual Behavior in the 1970s*. Pictorially, we present PLAYBOY's sharply focused assessment of the current state of fashion accessories in *Close-ups*, laid out by Assistant Art Director Gordon Mortensen and photographed by Staff Photographer Don Azuma, who also shot our modern-living feature *Hold Everything!* Furthermore, we present *Hair-Razing Story*, a seven-page portrait of Morgan, a lovely lady who's been to the barber, and exclusive uncoverage of Italian movie star Simonetta Stefanelli, whom you'll remember as Michael Corleone's pretty Sicilian bride in *The Godfather*. If you're still in your seat, take a look at our pictorial on John (*Deliverance*) Boorman's weird new film, *Zardoz*, in which Charlotte Rampling co-stars with Sean Connery.

As a special bonus to all of you who have suffered through a fuel-scarce winter, we offer *The Loving Touch* (photographed by J. Frederick Smith), in which a heart-warming array of beautiful bodies—unaffected by lowered thermostats—dig some tactile turn-ons. We predict rising temperatures.

PLAYBOY®



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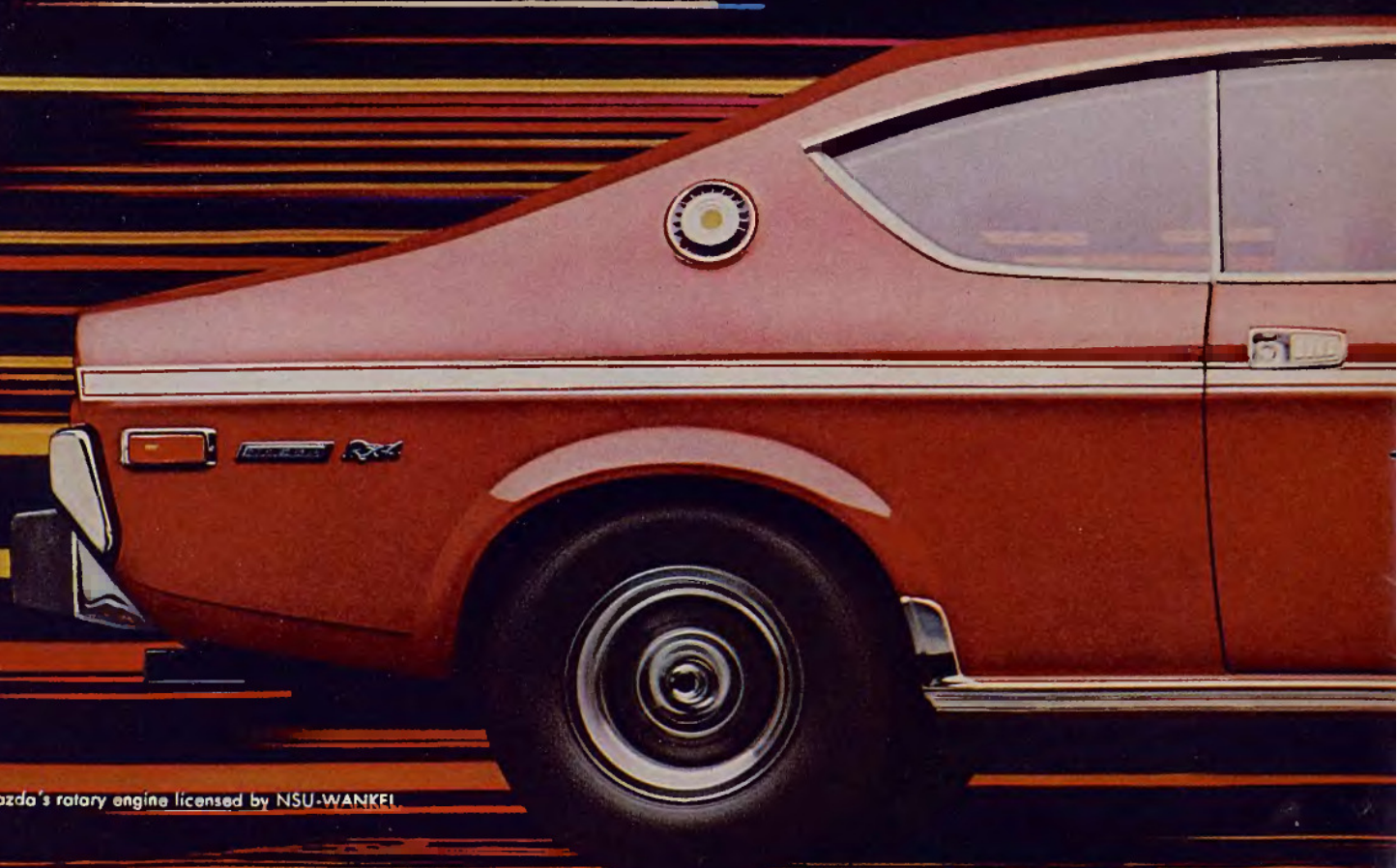
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MOUSE TRAPPED

D. Keith Mano's *A Real Mickey Mouse Operation* (PLAYBOY, December) is dense, funny, horripilating. Perhaps Disney is one subject that has been done to death; but Mano attacks it with renewed vigor. I am also grateful for being quoted correctly. I trust Mano's credentials as new journalist will not be lifted on a charge of accuracy.

Herbert Gold
San Francisco, California

Copies of Mano's article have spread throughout the employment of Disneyland like a raging forest fire. The response of most of us here at Disneyland is one of sheer delight. The general public is aware of Mickey Mouse and *The Son of Flubber*, but it never notices the real dealings of men at the top of the Disney empire. It doesn't see what happens when a male employee shows up for work with his sideburns extending one quarter inch below the bottom of his ears or when a female employee forgets to remove her eye shadow. It doesn't know of the plight of one female employee who has been fighting, unsuccessfully, for over five years to get permission to allow her hair to return to its natural color. It doesn't realize that a Disney employee can be fired for merely being rude to customers who knock him down while he's completely helpless inside his Three Little Pigs costume. It isn't aware of the fact that to retain a job, every employee must sign a release allowing the company unlimited use of his face and body for commercial exploitation without any obligation on the part of the company to compensate that employee for that usage. In essence, while on the job, Disney employees are stripped of all individuality, creativity and self-esteem. The only criticism I have of Mano's article is that he seems to lay blame on the Disney organization itself for all its excesses and faults. But Walt Disney World is a pawn to public whim—and the public is buying.

(Name and address
withheld by request)

For native Floridians, Disney is the beginning of the end. The greed that motivated the Disney organization to

come here is turning into a snowball that's rolling over the beautiful Florida interior. Soon, this land will be set upon by Sea World, Circus World and Bible World. No, Walt Disney didn't bring elves, fairy princesses, pixy dust and magic to Florida. On the contrary, he brought inflation, higher taxes, crime and congestion.

Mark W. Margas
Orlando, Florida

Mano's investigation into the fantastic situation at Walt Disney World was for the most part accurate and revealing. Nevertheless, his research was faulty in one respect. Contrary to what Mano's readers may have been led to believe, the A.C.L.U. is alive and thriving in Florida. In fact, we have received a number of complaints from W. D. W. employees—and rejected applicants—and have investigated each to its logical conclusion. A sampling of those complaints includes charges that Disney security guards beat up undesirable employee applicants and conducted their own drug raids on employees' lockers and homes. Moreover, contrary to Mano's implication, there *was* opposition to the "Disney Bills" when they were first introduced in 1967. Many of us felt, even then, that the broad powers given to the Disney organization could substantially interfere with an individual's right to exercise his civil liberties.

Lance W. Schneider
American Civil Liberties Union
of Florida
Miami, Florida

I have been employed by the Disney organization for the past year and a half. The pay is quite good, the morale is excellent and I know that if I and thousands of others were not overwhelmingly satisfied with our jobs, we wouldn't be as happy as we are to work here. I feel sorry for Mano. I hope he grows out of his immature state and joins the rest of us who look at things more objectively and optimistically. He might start by coming to Disneyland. If he shaves and cuts his hair, he might even be lucky enough to get Mickey Mouse's autograph.

Allan Klecker
San Juan Capistrano, California

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A Real Mickey Mouse Operation is little more than a one-sided tirade, liberally spiced with humorous descriptions of Disney executives and titillating bits of corporate gossip. It says more about Mano than it does about the Disney corporation.

Drew Taylor
Glendale, Arizona

Who's bullshitting whom? PLAYBOY publishes an article castigating the Walt Disney organization for being profit-oriented and unimaginative, while Playboy Enterprises is every bit as dollar-conscious as the Disney group. As for imagination, that's a matter of personal judgment. Maybe Hefner wishes that his Mansion were haunted.

Mary Ellen Juergens
Irvine, California

Boo!

Mano's article is one of the best that I've seen on the vexatious subject of the Disney organization. Unbelievable as it may seem, he has written what seems to me a completely objective, fair and unbiased account of its operations. Even though he quarreled with one or two judgments in *The Disney Version*, I was pleased to see that my book was obviously of service to him in preparing the article. What I didn't say there that I would like to say here is: If fascism ever comes to America, it will probably be wearing mouse ears.

Richard Schickel
New York, New York

Schickel is a film critic who is currently on the staff of Time and serving as writer, producer, director and host of "The Men Who Made the Movies" series for public television.

MORE THAN JUST A HOUSE

Congratulations. *Texas Time Machine*, your December *Playboy Pad*, is an important presentation of a major, serious architectural work. Because our society is so deprived of architectural education, you are doing your readers a great service in showing them this exciting and beautiful living environment.

Robert F. Shannon
The People/Space Co.
Boston, Massachusetts

READING OF WILLS

The Tyranny of Weakness (PLAYBOY, December), Garry Wills's penetrating analysis of our present President, struck home on several points. I was especially impressed by Wills's statement that "Power is never so dangerous as when it feels powerless, grasping at desperate measures, all in self-defense" and by his perceptiveness in pointing out that Nixon has less of the common touch than any President of modern times—something most writers have missed. I was also glad to read Wills's hard-hitting attack on

ex-Presidential assistant Charles Colson. He is, indeed, "Nixon's latest Chotiner."

Jerry Voorhis
Claremont, California
Voorhis' latest book is "The Strange Case of Richard Milhous Nixon."

Wills's fascinating article about Nixon reminded me of Senator McGovern's comparisons of our current President to Adolf Hitler. Wills writes of a Nixon who, like Hitler, suffered some real and many more imagined indignities in his early life. Like Hitler, Nixon has a compulsive need for revenge, prestige and power to compensate for his insecurities and inferiorities. There are other similarities: Both politicians attempted to consolidate their power by undermining the judicial and legislative branches of democratic government through intimidation and harassment. Both further attempted to impose their will through clandestine extralegal operations and by vilifying the media. The only significant difference between the two is that Hitler was more successful.

(Name withheld by request)
Sherman Oaks, California

Rather than being a "brilliant anatomy of the Watergate mentality," as your December *Playbill* has it, *The Tyranny of Weakness* is a hatchet job. I am tired of people like Wills—who possess no political credentials—passing judgment as political commentators. Wills's contempt for Nixon is obvious; what's not so obvious is his contempt for the overwhelming majority of Americans who elected him.

William Tunstall
Anaheim, California

PRICE IS RIGHT

You have scored once again! Roger Price's *The True and Believable Story of the Invention of Women* (PLAYBOY, December) is a masterpiece. Perhaps, though, the formula Adamovitch used to create the first woman was a little lacking. He apparently mislaid his "sugar and spice and everything nice."

Pfc. Frank W. Kovacs, U.S.M.C.
Millington, Tennessee

VEGAS VIEWS

I would like to thank Dan Greenburg for his December article on Las Vegas, *It's Just Like You're Two Rubber Titties. Hello!* His focus on the people behind all the bright lights and the good times is a welcome change from the get-rich-quick impression most people have of the town. Las Vegas is an unforgettable experience and a very enjoyable one that I wouldn't trade for any other. On the other hand, Vegas can be a real bummer.

Kim D. Branstetter
Tacoma, Washington

After reading your *Love & Lust in Vegas* package, which includes *It's Just Like You're Two Rubber Titties. Hello!* and John Gregory Dunne's *A Town So Tough Just Living Is a Full-Time Job*, I feel compelled to comment. My husband and I moved to Las Vegas only four months ago and we love it. Like so many others, your writers paint an ugly picture of our town. But you can go to any city and find fags, hookers, dopers, crooks and whatever else this life is about. Believe me, if I had completed the issue before my husband had a chance to read it, I would have tossed it into Lake Mead. What a bunch of crap!

(Name withheld by request)
Las Vegas, Nevada

HOPEFUL

Congratulations are due PLAYBOY and interviewer William Murray for the outstanding December interview with Bob Hope. I have never encountered a more candid Hope. If there were more people like him in the United States, we would not be in such a mess because of corrupt politicians.

Lance Young
Newberry, South Carolina

Thank you for your interview with Bob Hope. To the best of my knowledge, Bob has brought more happiness to more people than anyone else in history. He is a great American.

Senator Stuart Symington
United States Senate
Washington, D.C.

Ever since our first encounter in August 1938, when he invited me to join him on his first history-making radio show, Bob Hope has proved his selflessness to me many times over. Our friendship of many years has remained intact simply because he has always wanted it that way. In short, Bob Hope is a gentleman, a kind, gentle man.

Jerry Colonna
Sherman Oaks, California

When I glanced through your Contents Page and saw whom you had interviewed, I was quite disappointed. I had always felt that Ski-Nose was a mechanical personality who lacked sincerity. I had thought Hope's many jaunts abroad were for his own personal gain. After reading your interview, my sentiments changed. Hope's keen intellect, warm heart and entertaining personality come through undiminished in the interview. I've found out that behind his caustic theatrical exterior lives a great man and a concerned citizen.

Michael M. Menery
Lawrence, Massachusetts

Many thanks for your interview with Hope. For years I've enjoyed him on TV and in movies without realizing what an



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HONDA

ignorant, egotistical son of a bitch he is. "None of those jerks," says Hope, "walking around with those signs was ever going to end the war. I knew Nixon was the only person who could do it, and it should have been done eight years ago." If the war should have been ended years ago, how can the people who protested its continuation be called jerks? A person who makes such an asinine, contradictory statement would be a more adequate choice for the title.

Donald R. Sledge
Arlington, Virginia

It must have been just before the Vietnam war blew wide open and the peace movement began that Hope could really break me up. I thought he was the funniest stand-up comic around. But if nothing else, your interview revealed one new truth about Hope: He's no longer funny.

David C. Matteson, Sr.
Warwick, Rhode Island

When asked in your interview about his impression of the witnesses appearing before the Ervin committee, Hope said, "I thought Ehrlichman was marvelous." I instantly recalled Ehrlichman's admission to the committee that he, indeed, had said that Pat Gray should be allowed to "twist slowly, slowly in the wind." Had they been contemporaries, Hope would have been crazy about Torquemada.

Norm Pliscou
Holtville, California

I emerge from reading your interview with extremely mixed emotions. On one hand, I feel a great sadness and a deep regret at having once worshiped this man so very, very much. As an Air Corps veteran of World War Two, it most certainly goes without saying that in those ugly, desperate, lonely years, Hope was, indeed, our boy; a visit from him and his company was truly the nearest thing to being home, and I fondly remember such visits. Along about the time of Korea, however, I began to lose interest not only in the glories of war but also in the very logic of conquest motivated by greed for tin, tungsten and oil: there had been enough hurt, enough tyranny, enough murder in the world. And where was Hope, the friend of Presidents and the powerful, when we really needed him? He could have stood up to the warmakers and said, "Listen, you bastards, I've had enough! I've seen enough bloodshed! Now get your asses down behind a table and talk!" But he didn't.

Charles Hall
Medford, Oregon

MOTHER LOVE

I was delighted with Shel Silverstein's *Uncle Shelby's Mother Goose* (PLAYBOY, December). I was dismayed, however, to

find it so abbreviated and, herewith, include with my thanks an addition of my own for your perusal.

There was a crooked man who walked a crooked mile and found a crooked sixpence upon a crooked stile. He bought a crooked cat, which caught a crooked mouse, and they all lived together in a crooked little house with Pat and Tricia and Julie.

Ruth L. Edenbaum
Princeton Junction, New Jersey

THE BIBLE

Alan Watts has done humanity a great service in his fine article *The World's Most Dangerous Book* (PLAYBOY, December) in exposing the fallacies, the deceptions, the downright damaging dogmas and contradictions in the Judaeo-Christian Bible. We atheists, however, go much further than author Watts, who calls the Bible "a dangerous book, though by no means an evil one." We see nothing worth while in the book. It is the most evil, injurious, fallacious, divisive book ever written. It has caused more deaths, tortures and suffering than any other book ever written. It has been the most oft-used instrument for holding back human progress for thousands of years. It has been the cause of more wars than any other book or tyrant or human characteristic. Watts reasons that the Bible can be regarded as dangerous only when used as a book of truth. But we must never forget that the mass of humanity has been bred to accept the Bible as truth, and those who don't, who could have made the world happier, have been overwhelmed by the Bible boosters, whose every act has been to bring unhappiness to mankind.

James Hervey Johnson, President
Atheist Association
San Diego, California

I was surprised and delighted when I read *The World's Most Dangerous Book*. Very few national magazines have the nerve to publish antireligious literature. Today we have the Communists trying to save the world from capitalism, Moslems who are chopping off people's heads in the name of Allah, Christians who want to "kill a Commie for Christ"; and, in Ireland, Catholics are killing Protestant devils and vice versa. Watts has the right to be proud of himself. He did an excellent job of writing and said something that needed to be heard. I hope he reached a few fanatics.

Arthur Davis
Evansville, Indiana

I am a practicing Catholic—by choice—a firm believer in the philosophy of Jesus Christ of Nazareth and the possibility that he is a son of God. Nevertheless, I plan to use Watts's article in my

religion class to present a most provocative other side of the coin.

Janice Kane
Carthage, Illinois

The Bible is a dangerous book only to the children of the Devil. The Lord warns us of false prophecy and doctrines and of inventors of evil things. And the Bible teaches you to love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you and pray for them that despitefully use you and persecute you. Give the Lord equal time.

The Rev. Victor Privett
Lexington, Kentucky

I cannot let *The World's Most Dangerous Book* escape comment. In the article, Watts cautions us against our "passionate need for external authority and guidance." No sooner than he says this, he (an external authority) begins to argue that there is a better way: his.

Dennis Oblander
Toledo, Ohio

It may be meaningless—one letter from one unknown, lone individual without friends or influence—but my ingratitude would nick at me the rest of my life if I did not voice my personal appreciation of the late Alan Watts. Since 1937, his writings have been a stabilizing and encouraging influence in my life—something like a lodestar, distant and unknown, but nonetheless a constant and beneficent guide. I feel I have lost a great and good friend. Watts's book *The Spirit of Zen* will always be a classic in its field and his article is a fitting climax to a life of open-mindedness and insight. Thank you, PLAYBOY, for giving us this final message from a great soul.

Vernon M. Ayers
Seattle, Washington

Since *The World's Most Dangerous Book* may be Watts's last work, I think it proper that you, PLAYBOY, should be commended for publishing many of Watts's writings over the past years. It's been an indication of your taste and intelligence to have exposed to your vast readership Watts's sensible philosophy. I, for one, don't feel sorrow over his death, except for the fact that he will no longer be here to write, lecture and speak with. He has left behind a wealth of books, essays and tapes that are all quite superior, for which we can be thankful. It is, however, significant that he died in his sleep, since he often said that death was like going to sleep and never waking up. Alan Watts was a beautiful, brilliant, articulate and human man. I will miss him.

David B. Elyson
Portland, Oregon

For some PLAYBOY observations on the life and death of Alan Watts, see page 56.



Only St. Moritz is St. Moritz. Only V.O. is V.O.



There is only one St. Moritz. Only one small Swiss village that has been, for one hundred years, the premier winter playground for the regal and the rich.

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that flashes on screen

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that flash on the screen

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Kings, 15 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine;
Longs, 17 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report Sept. '73

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



San Francisco police received a call that a woman was screaming in an apartment house in the Haight-Ashbury district. After investigation, officers returned to the precinct house and entered this report in the logbook: "No merit to woman screaming for help. Parties advised to moan more quietly during sexual relations."

Robert Klein of Grand Rapids, Michigan, found his 14-foot aluminum boat missing. In his mailbox was an unsigned note of devastating simplicity: "Stole your boat. Thanks."



We salute a group of librarians in San Francisco who, in a "What would you take to read on a desert island?" contest, voted for a tattooed sailor.

The tale of the bobtailed pigs: A U. S. Department of Agriculture spokesman was asked to explain why pigs were being sold in Tennessee with their tails bobbed and, furthermore, why these pigs cost more than usual. It turns out that pigs don't like being jammed together on livestock trucks, so to while away the crowded hours, they chew on each other's tails. Apparently, there's an area of the tail in which there is no feeling, and a little friendly chewing doesn't bother a pig. But

when the chewer reaches a point beyond the numb part, a brawl breaks out on the truck. To avoid this problem, tails are bobbed and prices are increased. Which is as neat an explanation of inflation as we've ever heard.

Noted on a wardrobe locker on a Hollywood movie set: EDITH HEAD GIVES GOOD COSTUMES.

Warsaw's *Express Wieczorny* reports the case of a man dallying with someone else's wife when the husband arrived home unexpectedly with several friends. The husband and friends proceeded to escort the lover to the roof of the building, where they stuffed him headfirst into a garbage chute. Construction workers had to tear down part of the wall to get him out.

Those who still eat hot dogs even though they know what's in them, please take note: The zoology department of Cardiff University is beginning research into the feasibility of raising rats for food, to be used mainly as a sausage ingredient.

Bahamian Percy McCartney was in court some months back on a charge of indecent—and highly unusual—behavior. According to a news story in the *Nassau Guardian*, Percy and his girlfriend were taking a stroll through the grounds of Princess Margaret Hospital. They spotted an empty ambulance parked nearby, climbed in and commenced balling. A hospital attendant noticed the commotion, hailed a friend and both of them attempted to pull the couple from the ambulance. The prosecutor later told the court that McCartney "refused to discontinue his activities and, in fact, was described as becoming more vigorous." Police were finally called and, as the prosecutor put it, "McCartney had to be forcibly removed from the subject." McCartney, a maintenance man at a local church, offered a weak defense: "I couldn't wait," he said.

An alert reader reports that around Mile 310 on North Carolina's Blue Ridge

Parkway, a driver will see a sign reading: GRANDFATHER'S MOUNTAIN. A bit farther is a second sign: GRANDMOTHER'S GAP.

Do not pass Go—in fact, get into another line of business: *The Times* of London notes that thieves who broke into the offices of the British magazine *Games and Puzzles* got away with several thousand pounds—in Monopoly money.

A London detective asked to be taken off a recent pornography case, according to a U. P. I. dispatch. He complained to Scotland Yard that having to sit through 30 films confiscated in the case made him lose interest in sex with his wife.

A divorce was granted to Mrs. Solomon Fegion in Stockton, California, on the grounds of adultery. Mrs. Fegion, 100, claimed her husband was running around with other women. Her husband, 103, denied the charge. "What other women?" he complained. "A woman looks like a man to me now."

A city permit to use a loud-speaker was issued to the chairman of San Francisco's Task Force on Noise Abatement and Control. The loud-speaker was used to proclaim Quiet Week.

Let's sit this one out: The caption beneath a photograph in Emmett Dedmon's



Why is this lady, God save her, blushing? . . .

China Journal tells us that a group of schoolteachers at the May 7 farm near Peking are doing a dance called "Happy Are the East Is Red May 7 School Freedom Fighters Planting Rice."

Bianco Zamperia, a Sacramento lion tamer, had been complaining about the high price of meat. "I haven't been able to feed my lions anything but chicken," he said, "and they like beef." During a performance shortly afterward, one of the lions took a bite out of Zamperia's buttocks.

A computerized form letter sent to a friend of ours, Daniel Stone III, had this personal touch in its salutation: "Dear Mr. III. . ."

A woman in Milan was awarded \$47,700 in damages after a traffic accident, but she lost her case. She had asked for \$69,000, based on what she said was the loss of two years' normal income as a prostitute. Lawyers for the other party knocked down her claim by insisting she was merely a housewife, and the judge apparently agreed.

The stuff of great art lurks everywhere—even in *Roget's Thesaurus*. We were thumbing through it the other day, looking up synonyms for al fresco, when we came across a pointed little epic drama, in the form of several successive topic listings, that deeply touched our heart. In exact order:

- 889 Endearment
- 890 Darling, Favorite
- 891 Resentment, Anger
- 892 Irascibility
- 893 Sullenness
- 894 Marriage
- 895 Celibacy
- 896 Divorce, Widowhood

Could you ask any more from Sartre?

With the rash of UFO sightings lately, we're relieved to find that at least one police department has taken positive



... Because of the company she keeps on this Cook Islands silver dollar.

action. Detroit policemen were told that in the event a flying saucer lands, officers are to frisk all extraterrestrial aliens.

Most exciting robbery of the month, according to a report from Grottaglie,



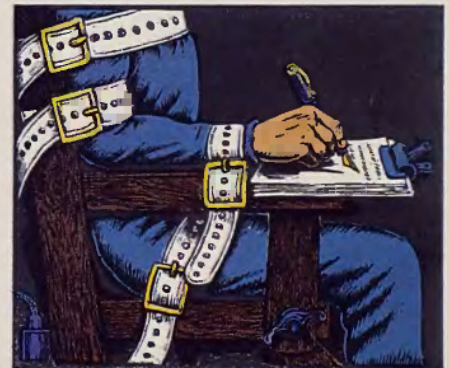
Italy: "Three bandits who burst into a bra at gunpoint Friday left empty-handed because they came too soon. . ."

BOOKS

By now you've probably heard about all those wonderfully blunt and candid things Harry S. Truman says in Merle Miller's *Plain Speaking: An Oral Biography of Harry S. Truman* (Putnam's). And, of course, it sounds pretty good when you consider what we've got today. But Miller isn't content (and, certainly, neither was Truman) to make the undeniable point that the failed haberdasher from Missouri was a man with the common touch; an honest man who never profited from what could once be called, without irony, public service; a man who could make a tough decision without delay or regret. What Miller sets out to do in this collection of interviews that he conducted with Truman in 1961 and 1962 is to make the flinty politician into a Great Man. And he spares no didacticism in the effort. Being lectured by both Truman and Miller is, to anyone who knows a little history, first painful, then infuriating. Consider the errors in this book: Truman tells a wonderfully colorful tale about his meeting with MacArthur at Wake Island. His account has both planes circling the airfield, each waiting for the other to land. Truman wins the standoff. Then MacArthur keeps Truman waiting on the ground, after which the President chews him out in no uncertain terms. It's a good story, but it just ain't so. Robert Sherrod, who was there, reports that MacArthur had, in fact, been on the ground for 12 hours when Truman's plane arrived. And that, apparently, is about as close as Truman's account ever comes to the truth. Then there is the matter of Eisenhower. Truman doesn't like him, and that's fair enough. He tells Miller that Ike wrote to General Marshall after World War Two saying he was going to resign from the Army and divorce his wife to marry a woman who had been his official driver

and secretary. Marshall read the riot act to Eisenhower and threatened to make his life pure hell if he did any such thing. Right before he left office, Truman burned this correspondence between the two generals in order to protect reputations. Well. Why, then, does he tell Miller about it? Was it off the record? Then why did Miller, with his great regard for Truman, tell all? Somewhere in this transaction, Truman's noble gesture picks up a little tarnish. There's more. But it is sufficient to say that, yes, compared with what we have now, Truman seems pretty good. But the emphasis in this long-winded, lightweight book is misplaced. Because Nixon makes Truman look good, that is not to say that Truman was great—only that Nixon is very, very bad.

Until the Supreme Court decision upsetting the death penalty, Tommy Trantino was a citizen of death row in the New Jersey institution in Trenton. He arrived in 1963, convicted of a brutal murder. Now he has published his memoir, *Lock the Lock* (Knopf), and is the second convicted New Jersey murderer to make it as an author. The first was Edgar Smith, who holds the American record for time spent on death row. Smith wrote *Brief Against Death* in 1968 and was finally granted a parole in 1971. He wrote



two more books in prison and continues to write now that he is a free man. At one point during his ordeal, he was befriended by William F. Buckley, Jr., who wrote an introduction to *Brief*. Trantino's book also has its celebrity endorsements. Joyce Carol Oates and Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., have praised the book. But if Smith and Trantino spent several years together in jail, they did not become literary soulmates. Where Smith writes in sturdy, traditional prose—almost without passion in his first book—Trantino is something of a jailhouse Joyce. As you might expect, that's neither all good nor all bad. Some of the puns work. Sometimes the lack of punctuation seems to make artistic sense. Some of *Lock* is damned funny and some of it terrifying. But it has its other moments and can read like the worst kind of drivel. Trantino's own drawings don't help much. But the book merits attention if for no reason other than that it seems the



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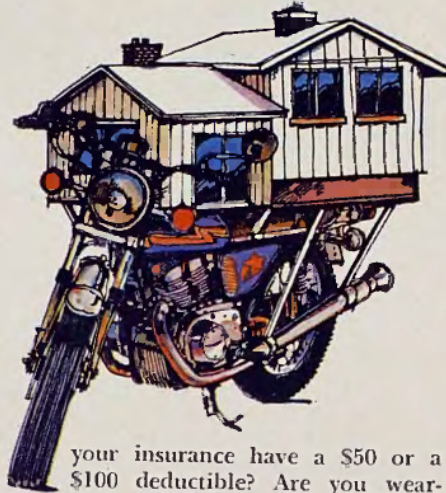
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honest effort of an American archetype, true to his own code, unrepentant, self-pitying, proud and mocking—the work of a born loser.

Falling Bodies (Doubleday), by Sue Kaufman, is the story of a family breaking down while, right in step, New York City—in fact, the whole country—is breaking down. The book begins with a woman's illness and ends with a blackout in New York and a long drunken monologue by a Colombian maid who has many things on her mind—among them, that people in the United States are spoiled, selfish, stupid and joyless. One finds little reason to argue with her. This fifth book by the author of *Diary of a Mad Housewife* begins slowly and for a while the reader may be thinking less of falling bodies than of falling eyelids, but just at the point where one suspects that this is only another tale of a woman who cannot cope, the story takes off. The husband, who looked like a dull but successful publisher, turns out to be an amazing lover and a man whose ties to sanity seem about to break. The son is not a nice little boy in a private school but a strange and somehow endearing person who has taken to collecting junk in order to build a machine that looks like a mission-control center. In the kitchen, the maid is cracking up and friends who come to a dinner party turn out to be mostly interested in setting up dreary affairs. On the streets, people are jumping from buildings and letting mad dogs run free. The book is pulled together in the blackout scenes, but what is interesting is that Miss Kaufman resists the impulse to let this kind of catastrophe end in catharsis. The promise of a new life seems unlikely. There is a fairly clear sense that it is all too late for everyone and those, like the husband, who pretend otherwise are just kidding themselves. Maybe you will say these people deserved nothing more, but however spoiled they may be, they are far from stereotypes and it is hard to wish them fresh failures. Miss Kaufman turns out to be a better and more serious writer than one might have expected. While she is not Doris Lessing, that is not to say that she doesn't have something to say.

The Harley is running well, so you lean down on your wrist and into the outside lane to pass a VW bus that seems intent on becoming a permanent fixture on the L.A. Freeway. Suddenly, one of your tires (on a motorcycle it doesn't matter which one) ceases to exist and your once-a-year San Diego-to-Vancouver run is about to be interrupted. Rude-ly. The rear end of the bike begins to trade places with the front end and a concrete bridge abutment you hadn't no-

ticed before becomes increasingly concrete. Vainly you try to remember how the stunt rider in the chase scene in *Bullitt* laid down his bike; exactly what Bronson shouted to his passenger as he hit the oil slick in the next-to-last scene of the TV pilot that prompted you to buy your beast in the first place. Does



your insurance have a \$50 or a \$100 deductible? Are you wearing clean underwear? . . . Roger Lovin's *The Complete Motorcycle Nomad* (Little, Brown) tells you how to survive such situations and enjoy the title role of your own motorcycle movie. The chapters on "Riding Sunshine," "Riding Rain" and "Trouble Shooting" are worth the price of your bike, if not your life. Lovin has logged over 250,000 miles on an ancient BMW called Ganesh, and his common-sense bible does for the biker what Colin Fletcher's *The Complete Walker* did for the backpacker. A lot of the advice seems obvious, some of it sounds like bullshit, but it's amazing how quickly the latter becomes the former when you've broken down in the middle of the desert or on the edge of the urban sprawl.

George Konrad's *The Caseworker* (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich) drifts into identification with his clients—starving, rejected, lost, suicidal embodiments of "the perennality of human failure," compressed into a Dostoevskyan hive of misery. The setting seems to be Budapest, but the details have a nerve-grinding universality. The caseworker aspires to objectivity (because "You can't make yourself responsible for everyone who needs help") but is "a burden bearer without illusions," condemned to "regulate the traffic of suffering." Assaulted by dreamlike envisionings, he sees himself as a dramatist who orchestrates his creations in a grotesque dance of death, embracing an abandoned Mongoloid child, whose keeper/brother/double he helplessly becomes. The world outside dissolves into distant cacophony while the caseworker wills himself into an obsessive enclosure that has the paradoxical power to liberate him. The novel ends in a masterly and moving peroration on the

necessary unity of all sufferers. Though a last-gasp existential defense against the confusion threatening to descend, the triumphant insistence and the vividly glowing human ashes out of which it rises are evoked with unforgettable force.

The River Gets Wider (Crowell), by R. L. Gordon, is a comfortable, pleasant, brief novel for a comfortable, pleasant—though fuelless—winter night's reading. Set in the author's native Canada, the book explores through letters, reminiscences, interviews and court testimony the rise and fall of that country's chief justice, who has been accused of his wife's murder. While many Canadians contend that their neighbors to the south know little and care less about them as a separate people, this study of the results of ambition makes it quite clear that in the political arena, the United States and Canada may, indeed, simply be two nations separated by a common border.

Toni Morrison's *Sula* (Knopf) is like an ice-pick wound: clean and deep. Few novelists can handle language with such precision and few novels grasp so profoundly the essence of a world; in this case, the black world. It is the story of two black women who grow up together, share a terrible secret, part over a grievous hurt and are reconciled by death. There are memorable portraits of people and of a community that flourishes, suffers and finally withers away. This book is as mournful as a spiritual and as angry as a clenched fist and it is written in language so pure and resonant that it makes you ache. A gem.

MOVIES

Previews: Since box-office statistics prove that carbon copies of last year's hits are no guarantee of success, film buffs may be spared an assembly line-up of more and more flicks about angry blacks, violent *mafiosi* and people obsessed with sex. The highly diversified coming attractions for spring, summer and beyond reflect either a return to traditional subject matter or maybe—even probably—a desperate quest for the magic formula that will have moviegoers queuing up in fair weather and foul during 1974. Filmed plays and literary classics appear to be running strong, led off by the American Film Theater productions of John Osborne's *Luther* starring Stacy Keach, *Butley* with Alan Bates and Chekhov's *Three Sisters* co-starring Bates, Laurence Olivier and Joan Plowright. Make way, too, for director Richard (*A Hard Day's Night*) Lester's sumptuous remake of the Dumas classic *The Three Musketeers* with Raquel Welch, Faye Dunaway, Simon Ward, Richard Chamberlain, Charlton Heston, Michael York and scads of

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celebrated underlings. For late-summer release, there'll be Jack Lemmon and Anne Bancroft in the film version of Neil Simon's *The Prisoner of Second Avenue*, and Lemmon is then slated to team with Walter Matthau in a brand-new edition of *The Front Page*, directed by Billy Wilder. Summer will also bring Cybill Shepherd as *Daisy Miller*, taking her cues from Peter Bogdanovich in the Henry James classic about a doomed American beauty at loose ends abroad. Director John (Midnight Cowboy) Schlesinger promises to brighten up the fall season with Karen Black, Geraldine Page and Donald Sutherland in *The Day of the Locust*, based on Nathanael West's celebrated novel about the lunatic fringe of Hollywood.

Though Oscar winner Jeannie (*The Heartbreak Kid*) Berlin, opening late this spring in *Sheila Levine*—by director Sidney J. Furie, from Gail Parent's best seller—isn't exactly a true-life heroine, she may set the pace for a spate of upcoming film biographies. Liv Ullmann co-stars with Peter Finch in *The Abdication*, all about Sweden's headstrong Queen Christina, whose love story gave Garbo one of her greatest screen roles; an exciting French newcomer named Brigitte Ariel is supposed to make her mark in *Piaf*, a bio of the late great Parisian *chanteuse*. Still in early stages, but likely to sharpen audience anticipation, are Dustin Hoffman in *Lenny*, director Bob (Cabaret) Fosse's interpretation of the Broadway psychodrama about Lenny Bruce, and Barbra Streisand in *Funny Lady*, a sequel (you guessed it) to her *Funny Girl* triumph as Ziegfeld star Fanny Brice.

Surprisingly few comedies are in the offing for lighthearted summer vacationers, so there could be welcome relief in *The Girl from Petrovka*—Goldie Hawn, vis-à-vis Hal Holbrook, as a Russian girl involved with an American correspondent in Moscow—and *For Pete's Sake*, with Streisand again, opposite Michael Sarrazin, as a loyal wife who gets mixed up with loan sharks and other shady characters while trying to help her husband stay solvent.

In the passing parade of potent superstars and promising titles, some demand special mention: *Vrooder's Hooch*, directed by Arthur Hiller and starring Timothy Bottoms, studies a Vietnam veteran in a contemporary story described as a cross between *The Hospital* and *M*A*S*H*. *The Great Waldo Pepper* has Robert Redford evoking nostalgia as a barnstorming Texas pilot back in the good old days, with Margot Kidder as the girl on the ground. *Bank Shot* stars George C. Scott and promising newcomer Joanna Cassidy in a caper film guided by former Broadway director-choreographer Gower Champion. *Bring Me the Head of Alfredo Garcia* is another Sam Peckinpah drama of bloody vengeance co-starring Warren Oates and Kris Kristofferson op-

posite Mexico's reigning sex symbol, Isela Vega. And let's note Alain Delon, Jeanne Moreau and Sydne Rome (Roman Polanski's glitter girl of *What?*) in a French political drama called *Creezy*.

Any moviegoer whose appetite is not yet whetted should probably confine himself to reading paperback novels. Higher brows may just fasten their seat belts and see what comes of forthcoming projects from the big three of European film making. First will be Michelangelo Antonioni's *Profession: Reporter* (formerly titled *Fatal Exit*), which stars Jack Nicholson and *Last Tango's* nymphet Maria Schneider in a drama about a TV broadcaster who meets some gun-runners in Africa. Later on, look for Federico Fellini's *Casanova* and—from Sweden—an Ingmar Bergman musical based on Franz Lehár's classic operetta *The Merry Widow*, with the omnipresent Barbra Streisand starred.

Director Nicolas Roeg's experience as an ace cinematographer showed in the visual panache of *Walkabout*, his first directorial solo, and *Performance* (which he codirected). The camera still dominates the script, actors and every other aspect of *Don't Look Now*, a handsome thriller based on a story by Daphne du Maurier and filmed in Venice in winter. Talk about mood. Talk about mist-shrouded canals and spooky byways. They're all here. So are Julie Christie and Donald Sutherland, performing very competently in roles that don't require them to be much more than perplexed and strikingly photogenic. Since a Du Maurier story is likely to be a spellbinder anyway—she wrote *Rebecca* and *The*



Birds, remember?—it's easy enough to savor *Don't Look Now* in somewhat altered form as a bewitchingly elusive blend of murder, spirit voices, sex and extrasensory perception. The protagonists are a young English couple, bereaved by their daughter's accidental

death, who go to Venice to forget while the husband oversees the restoration of a historic, crumbling church. A chance encounter with two eccentric English tourists—who turn out to be sisters, one of them blind and psychic—is followed by disturbing reports of a homicidal maniac at large in the city. What happens then would be more effective if Roeg had retained some of the original story's wry humor instead of emphasizing eeriness and atmosphere with such studied effect. He forgets the lessons taught by Hitchcock, who has so often planned scary entertainments and created art. Roeg's aim is art and he ends up with arty entertainment. Pretty hypnotic, though—and topped by a nude love scene between Christie and Sutherland that's as beautiful as it is bold, another forward step for the new eroticism in major films, moving within a hairline of the U. S. Supreme Court's last murky manifesto on sex.

As a movie, *Papillon* falls considerably short of matching the book's achievement, but more than 17,000,000 readers of Henri Charrière's international best seller should recognize it as an intelligent and reasonably faithful telescoping of the 1001 tales told by the French soldier of fortune, who died last year and was over 60 when he wrote entrancingly of his grim years as a perennial jail breaker in the notorious penal colonies of French Guiana, including Devil's Island. Filmed on location in Spain and Jamaica by director Franklin J. Schaffner (of *Patton* fame), it's a brutal story of one man's courage and passion for freedom; and neither Schaffner nor scenarists Dalton Trumbo and Lorenzo Semple, Jr., to their credit, ever exploit violence cheaply, ever sensationalize any aspect of the story. Unfortunately, the unrelenting explicitness with which this saga of suffering is told—for nearly two and a half hours—makes it an ordeal for the viewer as well as for *Papillon*. Playing Dega, the counterfeiter, a fussy fellow prisoner, Dustin Hoffman disappears behind his Coke-bottle eyeglasses and a repertoire of caricaturish mannerisms. Steve McQueen, in the title role, is more believable in his resemblance to Charrière, but he fails to portray the inner spirit of the man when age, frustration and seven years in solitary begin to take their toll—and a less opaque, more expressive actor might have projected the poetry behind the pugnacity of a daredevil imaginative enough to display a butterfly tattoo on his chest.

Echoes of *Divorce—Italian Style* sound through all the films of Italian director Pietro Germi, whose perennial concern is the madness engendered in his native land by rigid laws, ancient customs and outmoded ideas about sex and marriage. There's more of the same in *Alfredo Alfredo*, with one important difference—the

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starring role is played by Dustin Hoffman (again), speaking rather smoothly dubbed Italian. Though it's an irritating gimmick, Hoffman scores a high percentage of Germi's comic points as a bank clerk who loves and marries a sex-crazed harridan, comes to loathe her, takes a lovely mistress—and waits years for Italy's divorce laws to change so he'll be free to repeat his mistakes in a second marriage. Ignore the plot's built-in triviality, for *Alfredo* is literally an actors' holiday abroad: neatly played by Hoffman, Carla Gravina as his glamorous, domineering girlfriend and, above all, Stefania Sandrelli (*The Conformist's* bourgeois wife) as the hero's first missus—fantastically funny in her portrayal of a calculating tease who sends her intended mate on a treasure hunt for love letters when she's out of town and turns out to be a sexual hysteric whose earsplitting screams at climax frighten the dogs and servants. Making *Alfredo* move in the lively rhythm of an Italian *fiesta*, Germi may be the only director around who can wring broad but biting humor from the dilemma of a husband sued by his vindictive estranged wife—in legal language—for the "exclusive use" of his genitals.

A peace-loving sheriff, an advocate of law and order who hates to carry a gun, opts for vigilante justice when his wife and young son are taken hostage and killed by a band of cutthroats. Having thus posed some nice moral considerations to prop up a tale of bloody revenge, *The Deadly Trackers*—armed with a PG rating and deadly weapons galore—proceeds to pick off just about everyone in sight. Men, women, innocent bystanders and horses are caught in the cross fire between Richard Harris, as the troubled sheriff who detests violence, and Rod Taylor, as the vicious killer who loves telling total strangers about the time, when he was just a smart-aleck kid, that he shot his ole dad in a fit of temper. Working from a screenplay by Lukas Heller, director Barry Shear uses some pretty good actors to no good purpose in this self-righteous Western, which starts out with words of wisdom and restraint but ends up spewing the same old gore. Harris and Taylor, who come dangerously close to looking damn foolish in their overwritten roles, are survived by Al Lettieri as a Mexican lawman who keeps his gun cocked to settle what's left of the film's argument. Nobody wins, the paying customer least of all.

The chief adornment of *Some Call It Loving* is Tisa Farrow (Mia's sister, subject of a pictorial in PLAYBOY's July 1973 issue). Scenarist-producer-director James B. Harris—whose producing credits include Stanley Kubrick's *Paths of Glory* and *Lolita*—tackled the adaptation of a John Collier short story titled

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Sleeping Beauty, and much of author Collier's macabre Mod-Gothic sensibility is preserved intact. At least, Harris avoids oversimplification in spelling out the weird trips undertaken by a wealthy bisexual recluse (Carol White) in connivance with her resident paramours (Veronica Anderson and Zalman King) and a strange, somnolent girl (Lisa) who is purchased for \$20,000 from a carnival freak show. *Loving's* fable about role playing *vs.* reality is anything but standard movie fare, for it delves into lesbianism, drugs, fetishes—and flaunts episodes in which the female principals enliven evenings at an elegant country manse by performing tap dances and tangos while dressed up as nuns. Though seldom boring, the film's efforts to reach the outer limits of fantasy are a bit overdone at times and often wobble along an unsteady line between subtlety and obscurity. More than once, restraint and intelligence just save Harris from making an utter fool of himself with risky material that could easily become plain silly. There's welcome relief in the performance of Richard Pryor as a dope freak who seems to find mere existence a nightmare, thus perfectly normal.

In the light of the nation's bruised post-Watergate morality, *Serpico* may turn out to be the movie of the year. As played by Al Pacino, directed by Sidney Lumet and scripted by Waldo Salt and Norman Wexler, the film version of Peter Maas's best seller about the bitter experience of an honest New York cop who



tried to expose police corruption emerges as a smashing indictment not just of police on the take but of a whole system that tacitly endorses the rip-off as a way of life. "Don't make waves" is the message delivered to *Serpico* by his buddies in uniform, his superior officers and aides of New York City's mayor (though no one specifically mentions John V. Lindsay). In real life, as on film, Frank *Serpico* stirred up a scandal, was shot in

the face under puzzling circumstances, finally testified before the Knapp commission and went to live in Switzerland. Meanwhile, as any resident New Yorker can testify, conditions have more or less returned to what passes for normal. The movie begins with the shooting of *Serpico*—news that prompts a precinct officer on the telephone to ask, "You think a cop did it?"—and flashes back and forward from there to spill out the ugly truth in four-letter words, most of them right to the point. It also, quite incidentally, supplies an effective antidote to the image of Italian-Americans conveyed by *The Godfather*. Easily Lumet's best movie, *Serpico* brings out new dimensions of depth, humor and versatility in Pacino, who avoids the easy shtick of playing the title character simplistically as an idealistic police recruit thrust into a system that asks: "Who can trust a cop that don't take money?" Far better than that, Pacino makes *Serpico* a man with an obsession plus a tinge of egomania, a sometime prima donna who sports a beard and one gold earring, lives the hip life in Greenwich Village and is not above flaunting his knowledge of books and ballet. Small wonder he is called, among other things, an asshole and a faggot. Tony Roberts as a sympathetic colleague, Cornelia Sharpe and Barbara Eda-Young as two of the chicks who share *Serpico's* pad at various times—both find him a frenetic roommate—and Lewis J. Stadlen as one of the New York mayor's bright young men top a supporting cast that bolsters *Serpico* with credible testimony as well as hard evidence. Some outraged second cousin to one of New York's finest may argue that the movie overstates its case by suggesting that a good cop is hard to find. Maybe. But if you just want to find a wallop-good topical movie that raises hell about the way things are, this is it.

The nostalgia vogue gets a superstar hype in *The Sting*, an encore for Paul Newman and Robert Redford as a pair of knockabout con men, under the direction of George Roy Hill—in other words, the guys who gave you *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid*. Zillions of moviegoers who flipped for *Butch Cassidy* will no doubt perform handstands in response to this preposterous old-fashioned yarn, dressed up fit to kill in the costumes and decor of 1936. Playing the senior member of the team, Newman has none of the self-conscious cuteness that so often cramps his comic style—while Redford, as the junior partner, also hangs loose to burnish his image as one of the brightest comets to light up the Hollywood sky since Grant and Gable went West. David S. Ward's scenario defies the laws of credibility, though any kind of lawbreaking seems reasonable after a while in this wonder-

land of wickedness where a pair of Chicago heels, their whores and hirelings cook up and carry out a farfetched scheme



to con a tough big-city racketeer (Robert Shaw) out of half a million bucks. The fix is arranged in a bogus betting parlor, though such details of plot are of minor importance to *The Sting*. What counts are vintage editing techniques, old-time movie-title cards flashed on the screen in the style of Norman Rockwell's covers for *The Saturday Evening Post*—not to mention a delicious surprise ending right out of O. Henry. Director Hill's nose-thumbing trip down memory lane is a bit too leisurely in stretches, and insignificant *in toto*, but a royal flush of fun for poker hands or plain civilians attuned to the vicarious thrill of beating a sharper at his own game.

The prostitute with a heart of gold—which must be the whoriest of all clichés—is given one more chance in *Cinderella Liberty*. She very nearly makes it, too, thanks to a vibrantly sympathetic and down-to-earth performance by Marsha Mason (who played the girlfriend of *Blume in Love* and recently became Mrs. Neil Simon in private life). James Caan is equally fine and surprisingly tender as a rather dim-witted sailor on shore leave in Seattle—and inexplicably enamored of a slut whose 11-year-old bastard son, a mulatto (nicely played by Kirk Calloway), runs wild in the streets or lies on a sofa counting the sailors Momma brings home. Momma also just happens to be pregnant again by the time she meets a sailor whose intentions are honorable. Nevertheless, she marries him, has her baby, loses it, runs away—leaving man and boy to manage as best they can. They *will* manage at the fade-out, according to *Cinderella Liberty*, because the gob takes unauthorized leave from the U. S. Navy and sends a buddy who has been languishing in retirement (Eli Wallach) to board ship in his place. That their future looks no more promising than their present or past is a distinct drawback to the trio of unfortunates brought together by producer-director Mark Rydell, who found them in Darryl Ponicsan's novel and must have felt he'd struck a rich lode of heart-warming human drama. Warm it is, but not consistently believable, despite yeoman efforts by the cast—plus some splendidly

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grubby cityscapes by cinematographer Vilmos Zsigmond, once again proving himself (as in *Images* and *Deliverance*) a cameraman for all seasons.

If it had been made 20 years ago, producer Carlo Ponti's *Massacre in Rome* might have been considered an important picture. Richard Burton's thoughtful, intelligent performance as a Nazi colonel—a civilized man who carries out an order to execute 335 Italian Jews and Catholics in reprisal for the slaying of 32 German soldiers—is his finest job of film acting since *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*, while Marcello Mastroianni maintains a reasonably high standard in his co-starring role as a conscientious priest. Though the conflict imagined by writer-director George Pan Cosmatos between two strong central characters is pure melodramatic fiction, *Massacre* has a basis in fact (as outlined in Robert Katz's book *Death in Rome*) and touches upon the main points of an atrocity that occurred in March 1944, only weeks before Rome was liberated by the Allies. There is, however, a real Colonel Kappler, still serving time in an Italian prison (Burton paid him a visit before he assumed the role) for the part he took in the so-called Ardeatine Massacre—which made Rome tremble, yet drew nary a hint of protest from the prudent papal confines of the Vatican. From this powerfully charged set of circumstances, director Cosmatos squeezes a few effective scenes, though fewer than one might expect. Partly because it's all been said before, and said better. And partly because the hallmark of his style is overstatement writ large enough to trip up even such a competent actor as Leo McKern, whose German general is one of those tearfully sentimental Nazi sadists who come wheezing out of the past like old, corroded tanks.

These are bad days for cops, judging from the content of *Magnum Force*, with Clint Eastwood in a reprise of his role as *Dirty Harry*, that San Francisco detective who found the law too soft on criminals and preferred to act alone. Though a shade less odious than the original, the sequel is nasty through and through, and still expresses the notion that "There's nothing wrong with shooting—as long as the right people get shot." Actually, *Magnum Force* sets out to redeem *Dirty Harry* by proving his brand of fascism far superior to the fascism practiced by a self-appointed death squad of young motorcycle cops, who go around assassinating crooks, harlots and any other miscreants the courts have unfairly acquitted—in their opinion. They make *Harry* look swell by comparison and give director Ted Post ample opportunity to show bombs exploding in victims' faces, a mass slaughter at poolside, a black prostitute whose killer pours a can of drain

cleaner down her throat. Nice people, caught in the kind of slam-bang action drama that offers audiences a choice between bad eggs and rotten eggs.

One can sympathize with Elizabeth Taylor in *Ash Wednesday*, though the concern is apt to be more for the actress herself than for the character she plays. Larry Peerce directed her, Edith Head designed her costumes, Jean-Claude Tramont provided a script of sorts—and with friends like these, Liz at the age of 42 might well become a candidate for early retirement. Cast as an aging American matron who checks into a posh Italian clinic to have her face, bust and thighs lifted by plastic surgery, she soon emerges younger than springtime, ripe for a holiday in Cortina d'Ampezzo and ready for a fling with a boulder half her age (played by Helmut Berger, whose seduction of Liz somehow suggests that he'd really like to do something daring with her hairdo). The point of milady's stint in surgery, of course, is to win



back a straying husband (Henry Fonda). "Look at these *breasts*—aren't they *beautiful*? What more do you *need*?" she shrieks, stuck with the kind of dialog that can break up an audience even faster than a shaky marriage. Showing the process of plastic surgery in grisly detail, from the first flap of stretched flesh to the last postoperative bruise, marks director Peerce's only attempt at dramatic truth—but may persuade millions of undecided persons to stick with mud packs and royal jelly. The rest is pure hokum, an updating of the vintage stuff slathered upon Irene Dunne and her ilk back in 1938. Miss Head, a veteran whose finery still delights many Hollywood senior citizens, dresses Liz with stately chic, as if she were queen of England, and Peerce has her photographed the same way—color coordinated, as beautiful and lifeless as a display of crown jewels. As if to prove that this diamond fares better in the rough, Liz almost rises above *Ash*

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Wednesday's mediocrity during one golden moment when she contemplates a world full of goddamn men, telltale stitches, beauty parlors and diets—and defiantly sinks her pretty teeth into a cream puff. That's our girl.

The Last Detail follows two Navy shore patrolmen and their prisoner—a doltish juvenile sentenced to eight years for attempted robbery—on a train trip from Norfolk, Virginia, to the brig at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, with stopovers in Washington, Camden, New York and Boston. The two SPs are a black man and a white man who call themselves “a couple of lifers” and appear to see their own loneliness and lost youth—maybe everyman's imprisonment, one way or another—reflected in the kid they are conducting to the brig. En route, they get him drunk, chaperon him through an encounter with an Eastern consciousness cult and help him lose his virginity to a sad little prostitute (played without bathos by Carol Kane). “Welcome to the wonderful world of pussy,” says Jack Nicholson in an abrasive but beautifully controlled performance as the sailor whose anger and bursts of hell-raising recklessness make him look potentially more dangerous than the mild prisoner in his charge. Robert Towne's screenplay, adapted from a novel by Darryl Ponicsan (who wrote *Cinderella Liberty*, another sailor yarn reviewed here), never tells much about its three protagonists but reveals plenty in their stunted vocabulary and behavior. On impulse, they stop in Jersey to let the kid visit his mom, but she isn't home. “Don't know what I'd have said to her anyway,” he shrugs, staring glumly into a living room littered with dirty clothes and empty bottles. Randy Quaid as the boy and Otis Young (of TV's *The Outcasts*) as the black tar who has stayed in the Navy to support his mother are at least a match for Nicholson—which is saying a lot—in a dramatic comedy that keeps them under close scrutiny from beginning to end, with time set aside only for Miss Kane's prostitute and for Michael Moriarty, a most promising actor in a dandy bit as an officious Marine officer. Too downbeat to register as pure entertainment, *Last Detail* is a low-key movie with solid impact—perfectly acted, photographed in a grainy natural style by Michael Chapman and directed by Hal (Harold and Maude) Ashby with unpatronizing honesty as well as compassion for three losers who seem to have been swallowed whole by the system.

As co-author, director and co-star (with winsome Diane Keaton) of *Sleeper*, Woody Allen offers Woody Allen in pretty near top form as the star of a futuristic farce about a Greenwich Village health-food merchant who dies in surgery—for a peptic ulcer—is quick-fro-

zen and thawed some 200 years later, in 2173. “My doctor promised I'd be up and on my feet in five days,” pipes Woody as he sets out to sabotage a world run by Big Brothers and robots. The movie is a grab bag of sight gags, social satire and manic Allenalysis—not quite sustained but a cornucopia compared with any screen comedy in recent months.

Walter Matthau and Bruce Dern co-star in *The Laughing Policeman*, a thriller firmly set in the raunchy San Francisco underworld by producer-director Stuart Rosenberg, whose professed aim was to make an entertaining “Saturday-night movie” filled with sex and violence and colorful crooks. Matthau and Dern are colorful, too, as a couple of deglamorized detectives who snarl at junkies, pornographers, closet queens and each other while tracking a mass killer through the urban jungle. *Policeman's* plot is convoluted, so just pay close attention and never mind who's laughing. Maybe Rosenberg, secure in the knowledge of his Saturday-night mission accomplished.

RECORDINGS

To get the quibbles out of the way first: Why does every singer lately try a Randy Newman song? Linda Ronstadt does it, too, on *Don't Cry Now* (Asylum) with the classic *Sail Away*, but her voice is just too pure and straight for the intricate pathways of Newman satire. And it is hard to understand why she picked Neil Young's *I Believe in You* and gave it a too-pretty, overblown arrangement with strings. These cavils aside, the album has great music on it, owing much



to John David Souther's production and songwriting talents. Linda has one of the finest voices among today's pop singers, and this disc is a good showcase for it—from the pleasant, laid-back wistfulness of *Colorado* to the country-rock insistence of John David's *The Fast One*. The title tune features a fine backing vocal by Ronstadt and Wendy Waldman and some Buddy Emmons steel. The Eagles, Linda's

former backup band, are represented by *Desperado*, here somewhat sweeter than in the original. But we're quibbling again with a lady whose superb talents may now finally get the wider recognition they deserve.

Rubber Bullets, the big hit single in England, will remind you of Kent State and Sgt. Pepper and Attica and Jailhouse Rock all together, alternately and every once in a while. This kind of hyperthyroid pop madness is what 10 cc (UK Records) does best, though it is no slouch with Moogs, Mellotrons and sophisticated overdubbing techniques. Heavy musical irony is the new group's forte, as seen in the following sagas, all given properly nostalgic musical treatment: “To prove that he was cool,” 17-year-old Johnny steals a motorcycle, and “now Johnny's with the angels . . . in the sky”: a “nine-stone” weakling gets sand kicked in his face, gambles a stamp and gets his girl back: boy leaves mother in seamy Bronx neighborhood, musing about American anomie and hitting the road, while mother dies—all to lilting Beach Boys strains. The real irony of this record is that 10 cc makes you believe in everything it does, from the most frivolous cliché to the most serious situation. The total pop experience, as it were.

From time to time in these columns we've dropped small hints that we think Alec Wilder is a helluva composer. We've also praised the talents of pianist Marian McPartland on a fairly regular basis. So what can we say about *Marian McPartland Plays the Music of Alec Wilder* (Halcyon)? Just that it is filled with lovely melodies handled with intelligence and inventiveness by one of the great jazz pianists—regardless of gender. Side one has Miss McPartland backed by bassist Michael Moore and includes, among lesser-known delights, the magnificent *While We're Young*, a quintessential ballad. Side two has bassist Rusty Gilder and drummer Joe Corsello lending their support to the likes of *I'll Be Around*, *Trouble Is a Man* and *It's So Peaceful in the Country* (not one of our favorite Wilder songs, we must admit, but here turned into a gem). The LP is available for \$5.98 from Halcyon Records, P. O. Box 4255, Grand Central Station, New York, New York 10017.

Another one of our favorite composers is well represented this go-round. Bobby Bare sings *Lullabys, Legends and Lies* (RCA) treats listeners to 14 examples of the ubiquitous Shel Silverstein's uniquely crafted art. What with an armload of chart busters and a Grammy already in tow, Shel has established himself as a powerhouse in the music biz, but he has never catered to the mode of the moment. He's done what's pleased him, and what's pleased him has pleased the



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listening public. In this twin-LP album, Bare and a fine collection of Nashville musicians do right by Shel. The high point for us: the nutsy, nifty *Sure Hit Songwriters Pen*. Shel obviously owns one of those pens. Let us hope he never loses it.

Anthony Newman, the wizard of Bach, has produced a somewhat strange album of music by *Bach, Couperin and Bull* (Columbia). The quality of the pieces is certainly uneven, and so is Newman's playing. Well, Newman has never pretended to any kind of mechanistic perfection and, in any case, two of these works—the Bach *B Minor Partita* and John Bull's *Walsingham Variations*—are necessities for the Newman addict, or for the lover of Baroque music for that matter. In the Bach *Trio Sonata Number Six in G*, Newman plays the pedal harpsichord, and in the first movement the instrument sounds terrible: pedal-bass stomping and consequent distortion. The second movement has a marvelous walking-bass effect, though the third seems played just too fast. The *Partita* is a breath-taking series of dance-derived movements, colorful and full of variety. Bull's delightful *Variations* are true virtuoso pieces, which Newman plays with great skill. On balance, adding four short selections by François and Louis Couperin, it's an interesting program: You pay your money and take your choice.

THEATER

Previews: Broadway continues to recycle, but not for ecological reasons. Yesterday's play is tomorrow's musical, and Hollywood familiarity only whets producers' commercial appetites. The nostalgia wave will wash the two remaining Andrews sisters, Patti and Maxene, onto Broadway in March in a musical tribute to the Forties titled *Over Here*. The show deals with a stage-door-type canteen and Yanks embarking for war. Music will be provided by Richard M. and Robert B. Sherman, the duo that gave you *Mary Poppins*. Sometime later in the month, there may be a live stage version of the Civil War movie *Shenandoah*, with Jack Palance making his singing debut in the Jimmy Stewart role. In 1963, Alan Arkin became a Broadway star as an impulsive young actor in *Enter Laughing*. Eleven years later, producer Morton Gottlieb will try to discover a new young Alan Arkin for the musical adaptation of the Joseph Stein comedy, now called *The Funny Side of the Street*. Henry Fonda plans to return to Broadway as Clarence Darrow, in a one-man show drawn from Irving Stone's book *Clarence Darrow for the Defense*. And Tennessee Williams has

promised a new play, *The Red Devil Battery Sign*, which takes place in Dallas after Kennedy's assassination.

Dudley Moore and Peter Cook are deranged, and the insanity is infectious. These two mad Englishmen first divested Americans of their reason as half (the better half) of *Beyond the Fringe*. Now they're back on the great *Beyond in Good Evening*. The title is a severe understatement: This evening is hysterical. In a series of skits of their own inspiration, Moore and Cook pepper the stage with unleashed merriment. Thankfully, a few of the bits are less



funny than others; you can catch your breath and pick yourself up out of the aisle. Dudley, the shorter, has become a gifted visual clown—which he amply demonstrates as a one-legged man auditioning with stupefying self-confidence (and a great deal of hopping) for the role of Tarzan; as a pianist maniacally and endlessly playing and replaying the *Colonel Bogey March*; and, most uproariously, as a palsied old man sloshing tea over a teacart and slowly shuffling across the stage with incredible decrepitude and a smile of undying complacency. Peter, the taller, is, as ever, a fiendish fiddler with words, his forked tongue distorting pleasantries into bizarre linguistic cartoons. These two are at their most cheerfully demonic in an insane dialog about a restaurant that serves only frogs and peaches. The fare, Cook confesses blandly, may be the source of the place's dismal failure. In contrast, the show's comic menu is unlimited. At the Plymouth, 236 West 45th Street.

Together for the first time in *The Good Doctor*, Neil "Doc" Simon and Dr. Anton Chekhov (a practicing physician as well as a writer) prove to be the sunshine boys of Broadway. The cross-century collaboration expands Simon and is uncorruptive to Chekhov. Simon's "new comedy with music" is based on Chekhov's early short stories—those lighthearted sketches about petty bureaucrats, defeated dreamers and frazzled romancers. With a technique akin to Story Theater, Simon weaves nine stories into a skein of a play. A narrator,

called "The Writer" (an amalgam of both play "doctors," dashing played by Christopher Plummer), introduces the tales and then takes part as an actor (and also needles his own uncreative process). The stories run from the bittersweet "Too Late for Happiness," about an unfulfilled affair between two aged people (the only story that is sung—words by Simon, music by Peter Link), to the farcical "Surgery," about a neophyte dentist's incompetent assault on a reluctant tooth. Although occasionally Simon lapses into his own speech rhythms, generally he conceals himself behind the persona of Chekhov. The result is an evening of gentle charm and wry laughter. It is staged with atmospheric authenticity by A. J. Antoon and impeccably performed by a dexterous cast of five. At the Eugene O'Neill, 230 West 49th Street.

Gigi is haunted by the past—by Colette, Audrey Hepburn, Leslie Caron and the Alan Jay Lerner-Frederick Loewe movie musical on which it's based. In a reverse metamorphosis, the pert Parisian is now on Broadway as a musical. For the occasion, Lerner and Loewe have added a few songs (most notably, the nimble *The Contract*) to a score that already includes the memorable *Thank Heaven for Little Girls, I Remember It Well* and *I'm Glad I'm Not Young Anymore*. Though no *My Fair Lady*, *Gigi* has melodic music, intelligent lyrics and a soothing sentimentality appropriate to its Cinderella story. In a thin season for musicals,




Gigi has a certain class. But the authors haven't made the return trip absolutely necessary. In fact, this *Gigi* isn't really comfortable onstage. Director Joseph Hardy (with an uncredited assist from Lerner) stages it statically. Too many songs are sung sitting at rickety café tables while dancers swirl as background. With the definite exception of Alfred Drake (in fine voice as a debonair stand-in for Maurice Chevalier), the cast is simply not up to the standards set by Hollywood. *Gigi*, for example, is played by Karin Wolfe, an un-Gallic ingénue. In a role that calls for her to be a demi-mondaine, she is merely mundane. At the Uris, 1633 Broadway.



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My girl and I are planning to be married this spring. I've thrown away all my love letters and mementos of past girlfriends; they've ceased to have meaning for me. Ironically, I discovered that my fiancée still has and wishes to keep all her letters and pictures of old boyfriends. She says that they hold no significance for her except as souvenirs of her past. I realize that women are more sentimental than men, but why should she want to keep these things after we are married? The letters definitely gripe?—T. R., South Bend, Indiana.

No. You shouldn't feel threatened by her past correspondence; she has declared her love for you and, in a sense, that cancels those exchanges. Besides, it would be ludicrous to try to name a stack of old letters as correspondent in a future divorce case. You must realize that part of what you see and love in your fiancée is the result of previous affairs. Oscar Wilde once remarked about the personal history of a ladyfriend: "Many a woman has a past, but I am told that she has at least a dozen and that they all fit." We say that if something fits, wear it.

I do a lot of skiing and have hit most of the slopes in Europe, South America and the United States. I would like a change of scene; the crowds at Aspen and St. Moritz are a drag. Do you know of any out-of-the-way ski resorts, maybe in the Himalayas, where I could get it on in peace?—C. A., Stowe, Vermont.

The Indian government has opened a resort called Gulmarg in the Pir Panjal range of Kashmir. Gulmarg is not exactly Mount Everest and may not challenge your skill, but at least you'll have a view of the Himalayas. (We've heard the resort described as a place where instructors teach beginners how to assume the lotus position while wearing six-foot skis.) Contact your nearest Government of India Tourist Office (branches are located in New York, Chicago and San Francisco) if you're interested.

Early this year, I met a lovely divorcee. Our relationship appears to be flourishing in every way save one: She is unable to experience orgasm. This condition developed during the last years of a stormy, violent marriage. As she put it to me: "I just turned off sex." A psychiatrist told her that our relationship was too new yet to conclude that her problem was a problem. He anticipated that as we got to know each other better, she would be able to enjoy normal sex with me. I am not so sure. What is the best course

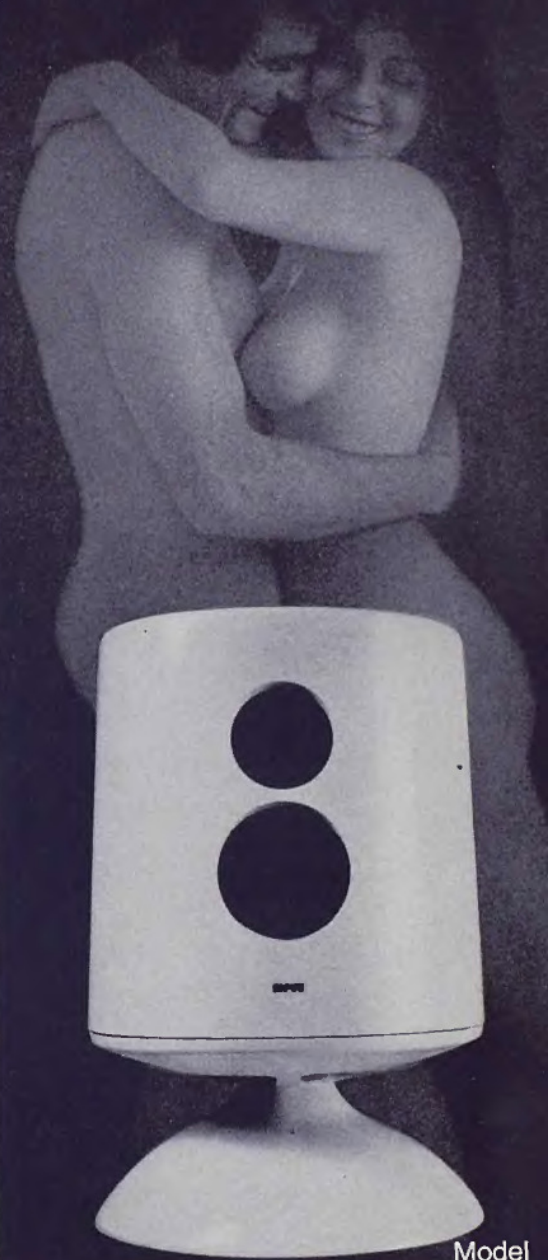
to follow for the present: often to bed, on the theory that it will ultimately break down the resistance, or deferred as much as possible because of the possible adverse psychological impact on her of each frustrating experience?—M. N., Oakland, California.

Beds that convert to couches are seldom as comfortable as regular beds; since she already has a competent psychiatrist, we'd settle for being a considerate lover. Her condition is a common response to the breakup of a bad marriage and is probably temporary. Don't make an issue out of her lack of orgasms. If you put her in a position where she feels that all her reactions are going to be carefully observed and judged, she may never be able to relax enough to fully enjoy lovemaking. And if you invest your self-image in an attempt to "cure" her, the frustration and failure might undermine your own confidence. The pressure to produce, perform and achieve is the enemy of sexual satisfaction; one way to avoid anxiety would be to engage in nonorgasm-oriented activities such as storytelling, kissing or nongenital body massage. Learn to exchange simple pleasures. Masters and Johnson pioneered the view that sexual dysfunction is never a problem of the individual; they treat the relationship between partners as the patient. Take care of your relationship and orgasms should take care of themselves.

The guys in my cycle club have decided that they would like to wear an earring in one ear. Unfortunately, we don't know which ear to pierce. Some people say that a gold ring in your left ear means you're A.C., while one in your right ear means you're D.C.; some people say it's the other way around. Could you please straighten us out?—N. K., Deerfield, Florida.

No matter which ear you pierce, we're sure that when someone sees a group of guys ride by wearing earrings, he's going to form an opinion about their sexuality; we're also sure that he'll keep that opinion to himself. Why not compromise and wear the ring in your nose? It's a pretty candy-assed biker who worries about what other people think.

A month ago, my husband contracted gonorrhea. He told me about it as soon as the diagnosis was confirmed and we both received immediate treatment. The circumstances under which he contracted it were unusual. A bachelor blast for one of his oldest friends ended at a prostitute's apartment. He said that he was too bombed to have an erection, but the prostitute did try to arouse him



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orally. My gynecologist says that it is impossible to contract gonorrhea in this manner and that my husband is putting me on. I have always trusted my husband and felt that he was honest with me. The facts are that he did get gonorrhea (regardless of how) and that he told me anyway. Could my gynecologist be wrong?—Mrs. M. E., St. Louis, Missouri.

Trust your husband in this case, not your gynecologist. Gonorrhea is usually contracted through sexual intercourse, but the Chicago Board of Health told us that it can also be spread through oral contact with the genitals. If the prostitute had contact with the other men at the party, she probably infected them as well. Your husband would be doing his hostess and friends a favor by telling them what happened and by urging them to get a V. D. test.

While attending a winetasting seminar, I overheard a local importer say that shipping by boat over a short period of time will age a wine two years. Is this true?—J. M., Houston, Texas.

Shipping a wine by boat will affect the wine, but it won't age it by two years unless the voyage takes two years. Excess handling and higher than usual temperatures do tend to accelerate the aging process in wine, but the end result is not that desirable. Madeira is the most notable exception to this rule and may be the source of the story you heard. In colonial times, madeira was placed in the holds of ships going around the Cape of Good Hope to act as ballast. The movement and exposure to high temperature were believed to mellow the wine. Today, madeira is heated in ovens before bottling.

At the beginning of our relationship, my girl would come over to my apartment and we would make love while listening to hits of the Fifties and Sixties. (We are both nostalgia freaks.) Then, for no apparent reason, her behavior changed. Now she stays partly nude from the time she arrives until she leaves; we kiss and play with each other for hours and occasionally she lets me perform cunnilingus; but when her desire reaches a certain level, she says she has to leave or make a phone call or makes some other excuse. When I visit her home (she lives with her mother), it's even worse. She wears old clothes, unbuttoned or unzipped to show off the truly exciting parts of her body. She seems to enjoy teasing me. For example, last week her mother left for the store and she called me upstairs to help her move a dresser. I found her spread-eagled and naked on the bed. Of course I joined her. I kissed her breasts and caressed her body, but before I could begin coitus, she was out of bed, claiming that her mother was about

to return. The girl is very attractive and I do like her, but this teasing game is driving me crazy. What should I do?—B. S., Battle Creek, Michigan.

There's a limit to how far one can carry the nostalgia craze. Your letter reminds us of the marathon make-out sessions we used to put up with in high school. Remember when you thought it was enough to hold onto a girl's breast for five and a half hours while watching an Annette Funicello-Frankie Avalon film festival at the drive-in? Now you know that it was never enough. You don't mention your girl's age; she sounds a little young to be into nostalgia. That could be the problem. For example: She may be unaware of contraceptive techniques. An overdue period and subsequent fear of pregnancy could explain the sudden change in her behavior. You'll never know for sure unless you ask. Teasing can be a great warm-up exercise or half-time show, but it doesn't make it as a game. Have her explain her ground rules, and then play on your home field.

During an early scene in the play *Lenry*, Bruce described his girlfriend with the remark "She even knows the knotted-handkerchief bit." The audience ranged in age from 18 to 80, but only a few persons seemed to know what he was talking about. What is the knotted-handkerchief bit?—W. J. H., La Jolla, California.

The knotted-handkerchief bit is also known as the seven knots to heaven. According to one source, a knotted string or handkerchief is inserted into the male partner's anus prior to intercourse, then removed at the moment of orgasm. The anal region is almost as sensitive as the genital region; the abrupt stimulation is supposed to increase the intensity of orgasm. (It works for both sexes.) Now you know why your mother always told you to take a handkerchief along on dates.

Quality turntables allow you to adjust the tonearm for vertical tracking (or stylus) force. I've noticed that the settings on my tonearm range from under one gram to six or more grams. What determines the optimum setting? Some of my records skip at the slightest jolt or vibration and I have considered increasing the vertical tracking force by one or two grams. Will this damage my records?—C. S., Phoenix, Arizona.

The range of settings allows you to use different cartridges on a tonearm. Manufacturers recommend a range (i.e., .75 to 1.5 grams) for each model. The lowest setting that still keeps the stylus in the groove during the loudest and most complex musical passage on a record is usually the best. Adjust to a heavier setting if the cartridge skips out of the groove or sounds chattery, but do not exceed the recommended maximum. Too heavy a

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Often feel sluggish and dull-witted after a large meal. A classmate explained that this happens because the blood being used for digestion does not reach the brain, and temporary anoxemia, or oxygen deprivation, occurs. He went on to suggest that the same thing happens when you masturbate or make love, since an erection is essentially trapped blood. What's more, he claimed that the larger and more prolonged the erection, the greater the chance of brain damage. I asked him why no one had ever noticed the phenomenon. He said that this oversight only proved his point, because it showed that no one was able to think during or immediately after intercourse. Is there any truth in my friend's theory?—A. B., San Diego, California.

Your friend's crank theory is one of the best we've heard, but there is almost no truth in it. For one thing, we can't accept the implication that superstuds suffer brain damage and geniuses are underendowed premature ejaculators. Digestion does call upon circulatory reserves, but the relaxed air of a dinner table contributes equally to post-prandial restfulness. An erection also taps the circulatory reserves, but even at maximum distention, the average penis holds no more than 100 c.c. of blood. The average adult male has a total blood volume of almost five liters (5000 c.c.); obviously, the volume of blood necessary for an erection is an insignificant fraction. If even a brief loss of the amount of blood in question caused temporary mental sluggishness, we doubt whether most people would be able or willing to donate blood. Finally, both men and women (remember that the clitoris, labia and pelvic viscera also become engorged with blood during intercourse) think and fantasize at an intense rate during sexual activity. Your friend will have to look elsewhere for the cause of his feeble-mindedness.

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



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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

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

PROPAGATION PROPAGANDA

PLAYBOY's extreme emphasis on sex as a pleasurable pastime combined with permissiveness toward homosexuality and other forms of perversion threaten the very survival of this country. To be sure, sex is pleasant and one should fully enjoy it; but its purpose is procreation to ensure the future of the race. It is a sign of insanity—individual and racial—to indulge in sex solely or even primarily for the sensation.

Your sexual philosophy is a covert attempt to undermine the basic foundation of this or any other country: the family.

Joseph Breeden
Millville, New Jersey

Considering that the human race is propagating itself toward demographic destruction, we think it's a sign of insanity to indulge in sex solely or even primarily for the sake of reproduction. A larger population we don't need, but this is no reason to deny human beings sexual expression and satisfaction. You're wrong if you think we want to destroy the family. Your own sexual philosophy, based on an obsolete and dangerous theological doctrine, would tend to make the family larger and poorer, not stronger and happier.

SEX AND FRIENDSHIP

People who say that a person should like anyone he goes to bed with are wrong. If one is sexually attracted to a total stranger, why not ball him or her? Those who insist on having a meaningful relationship with their bed partners are using sex to make friends, which is just as twisted as using sex to make money.

C. Fletcher
New York, New York

THE PROBLEM OF PROMISCUITY

I found several objectionable points in Dr. I. Emery Breitner's letter on promiscuity, in the November 1973 *Playboy Forum*. Though Breitner claims he doesn't want "to imply that promiscuity is necessarily an emotional or social problem," he ends his letter by stating that "promiscuous people lack the ability to love and to give without fear and expectation." That certainly sounds like an emotional problem to me. Also, his sample (which is so small as to be insignificant) is drawn mostly from people who put ads in swingers' magazines. If you are

going to interview people who have to advertise for sex, you are very likely to find that they have emotional problems. There must be plenty of men and women around who enjoy casual, guilt-free, promiscuous sex without hang-ups. Breitner should just look a little harder to find them.

Walter Watson
Boston, Massachusetts

GUILT-TRIPPING

In the November 1973 *Playboy Forum*, George Gentes writes, "The fact that a double standard exists should not be used to justify promiscuity for either sex." He also states, "There is no justification for assembly-line sex." Why must sexual behavior always be justified? I'm fed up with so-called liberals who concede that sex outside of marriage is OK, but insist that it's immoral unless it's part of a close relationship. This mealy-mouthed guilt-tripping annoys me no end. Sexual liberation, if it's anything but an empty cliché, means guilt-free sex. That includes the enjoyment of as many sex partners on as casual a basis as one chooses.

William Peck
Denver, Colorado

THE PHILANDERING FEMALE

I've read with interest the letters about multiple sexual relationships for women (*The Playboy Forum*, July, October and November 1973). Pepper Schwartz's original complaint was that women are inhibited from sexual experimentation because of the double standard. The letters criticizing her position prove that a prejudice against female promiscuity does exist in our culture. Well, no one is ever given freedom; freedom comes only to those who take it and is kept only by those who use it. The double standard will never disappear until women no longer allow it to stop them from doing as they please.

(Name withheld by request)
Dallas, Texas

WOMEN'S SEXUALITY

The response to my letter titled "Myth of the One-Man Woman" (*The Playboy Forum*, July 1973) was quite interesting. Reactions seemed to be characterized by misinterpretation and fear that a treasured sexual style, monogamy, might no longer be valued.

George Gentes (November 1973) and

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Mrs. W. O'Keefe (October 1973) jump to the conclusion (but attribute it to me) that multiorgasmic women need more than one sex partner. All I said was that once women learned their sexual capacities, it was possible and perhaps probable that they would be motivated to explore more sexual experiences and more sexual variety than they had heretofore demanded.

Gentes seems to think that this necessitates promiscuity. He implies that people who have numerous sexual relationships cannot be responsible and loving. There is no evidence, however, that seeking extensive sexual experience is necessarily compulsive, destructive or an acting out of irrelevant urges. Not everyone who has had wide sexual experience is scalp hunting. Immediate intimacy is not always assembly-line sex, just as marital sex is not always meaningful or loving.

Gentes states that if he were someone's 30th lover he would feel "dehumanized and estranged." Shaky ego there. Most women could accept that kind of experience in a male partner without batting an eye. In fact, contrary to Gentes' belief, because of the double standard many women would be surprised if their husbands hadn't had a good deal of sexual experience before marriage.

I don't mean to be hard on Gentes and the others who agree with him. I know these people are just reacting against impersonal sex and an image of a voracious sexual society that has no place for love or intimacy. But I think their fears are unnecessary. Certainly my letter did not imply a threat to monogamy or the endorsement of degradation ceremonies. I merely suggested that our social mores be altered so as to allow women to develop their own sexuality and that, in so doing, some of them might find monogamy inconvenient or unfulfilling. If this choice involves having a number of short encounters, I do not find that frightening. The quality of a relationship does not necessarily reside in the length of time it lasts. A number of intimate relationships need not dehumanize an individual; such experience can develop a more understanding, sensual person. In this case, the whole person is strengthened, not undermined, by the sum of her experience.

Pepper Schwartz
Assistant Professor of Sociology
University of Washington
Seattle, Washington

THE ETHICS OF ADULTERY

While G. A. Malloch may think he can determine that adultery is sinful by appealing to Jesus' words in the Bible (*The Playboy Forum*, November 1973), in reality it's not quite that simple. In the first place, it is not clear which of the statements attributed to Jesus were in fact made by him, and which ones have come down to us through second- and

FORUM NEWSFRONT

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

ESCAPEE GETS A BREAK

PHILADELPHIA—The warden of the Montgomery County Prison has decided not to press charges against an inmate who broke jail because, he said, the escapee was "tempted beyond his endurance" and later returned voluntarily; "It was just too much for him, I guess." The temptation was two young women who stood outside the jail one night and displayed their bare breasts to inmates at a second-floor window. The inmate removed an air conditioner, climbed down a rope of knotted bed sheets and then, he later insisted, only rode around in the girls' car awhile before going back to the jail.

TOUCHY SUBJECT

SAN FRANCISCO—Of 150 professors who responded to a survey by the student newspaper at San Francisco State University, 40 said they had had sexual affairs with their students and another 40 said



they might if the opportunity arose. Of the remainder, some called the survey "unwelcome interference" and "impudent vulgarity"; 450 teachers never returned the questionnaire.

POLICE BUFF

MEMPHIS—The star witness in a Memphis investigation of police misconduct is a 19-year-old prostitute who claims she's had sexual relations with local police officers hundreds of times in the past three years. When arrested and later advised that she had gonorrhea, she remarked to a vice-squad officer that a lot of Memphis policemen then must also have it. Police officials scoffed at her claim that she'd had sex with 300 to 500 officers up to the rank of captain but said they were investigating some 20 or 30 members of the force as a result of her story. Asked why she seemed to specialize in policemen, she said, "I like cops."

V. D. VACCINES

Researchers have reported major breakthroughs in efforts to develop vaccines against both gonorrhea and syphilis. A senior investigator at the U.S.

Center for Disease Control in Atlanta, Georgia, announced the discovery of a vaccine that provides some degree of immunity in animals and is expected to yield a vaccine effective for humans eventually. In experiments with mice and chimpanzees, half the animals became completely immune and the others required a 10,000-fold increase in the number of gonorrhea bacteria before they contracted the infection. In Melbourne, Florida, the Medical Research Institute, a private laboratory, reported the development of a long-sought method for growing virulent forms of the syphilis spirochete under laboratory conditions—instead of only in live animals—which should permit researchers to begin testing for specific antigens to combat the disease.

SEARCH FOR SEX STIMULANT

DALLAS—A synthetic hormone that appears to act as an aphrodisiac on rats will be tested on humans at the University of Texas Southwestern Medical School in Dallas. Researchers said the drug might not be a true aphrodisiac but if it does sexually stimulate humans it raises the possibility of developing a drug useful in the treatment of some sexual disorders. Dr. Samuel M. McCann, chairman of the school's physiology department, commented, "I hesitate even to call it an aphrodisiac for rats. We don't know what rats' feelings are, but anyhow it induces mating."

TWO PARENTS IN ONE

CARSON CITY, NEVADA—A district judge has ruled that a woman who underwent surgery to become a man is a proper parent and should retain custody of her/his children. Calling the case "most bizarre and most unusual," he said that his talks with the four girls, 11 to 17 years old, convinced him that they would be better off and happier with their natural mother, who now wears a mustache and sideburns and successfully has "assumed the father image with them."

BETTER SAFE THAN SORRY

LONDON—The Greater London Council has come up with an ingenious plan to protect citizens from unwittingly attending movies that depict bare bosoms, buttocks or violence: Synopses of the films will be shown either in the theater foyer or on posters outside. "Our primary concern is with that section of the public walking into cinemas not knowing what is showing and being possibly misled by the film's title," said the council chairman. Some of the films for which synopses are being written: "Hot Bed of

Sex," "Erotic Love Games," "Sex is Beautiful" and "Lovemaking Hot Style."

NONPROFITEERING

NEW YORK—Citizens for Decent Literature—Charles H. Keating, Jr.'s organization of professional smut fighters—has been accused of spending two thirds of its contributions on fund-raising and administrative expenses and of tying up nearly \$1,500,000 in expected future receipts in a commitment to a professional fund-raising corporation. The charges were made by New York attorney general Louis J. Lefkowitz, who is seeking to enjoin the CDL from soliciting funds in that state. According to Lefkowitz, "While the professed purpose of this organization in the elimination of pornography is commendable, the public interest demands that action be taken to protect contributors who expected that their money would be used for the purpose and not dissipated in undue fund-raising and administrative activities." CDL solicitations have been banned in at least two states and are under investigation in several others.

BARE BOTTOMS BARRED

NEW BALTIMORE, MICHIGAN—The city council of New Baltimore, population 4132, passed such a stringent anti-obscenity law that the local police chief has expressed misgivings at trying to enforce it. The law lists buttocks as offensive, which Chief Edward A. Reim said would

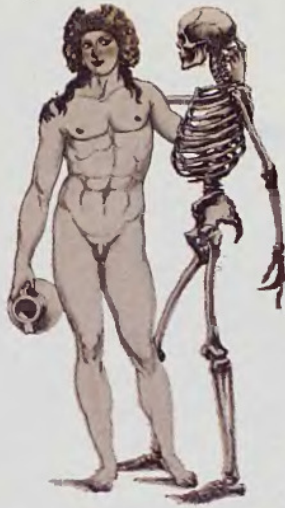


theoretically ban every magazine containing typical baby-powder ads. "That's silly," said Mayor Herman Staffhorst. "What kind of a mind would draw something dirty from a baby's bare bottom?" But the language of the law supports Reim and the mayor later conceded, "I guess if we'd taken a little more time, we might have not passed it the way it reads."

DRINKERS' DILEMMA

Drinking may cause brain damage and lead to infertility, but it may also reduce the chance of heart attacks and contribute to a mellow old age, according to four different studies. Researchers in Pittsburgh and Bethesda, Maryland,

have found evidence that alcohol adversely affects the pituitary and hypothalamus glands, which enable the testicles to manufacture sperm and the male sex hormone testosterone. Experiments at the University of Florida indicate that, in spite of vitamin-rich diets, rats with a



history of laboratory boozing lag far behind the control groups in their pain-avoidance reflexes and ability to perform certain tasks. However, some Oakland, California, researchers found that tectotals are somewhat more prone to heart attacks than people who reported moderate to heavy drinking, and a Baltimore physician cites a number of studies indicating that aged people, especially the senile and the marginally psychotic, tend to show marked behavioral improvement and to benefit generally from moderate amounts of beer or wine, especially when enjoying it in a "pub setting."

NEW DOPE ON DOPE

NEW YORK—An important new study of the effects of chronic marijuana use has found no evidence of significant physiological, psychological or neurological changes caused by the drug in men who have used it regularly for periods of seven to 37 years. The 18-month study was commissioned by the U. S. Department of Health, Education and Welfare and conducted in Jamaica by New York's Research Institute for the Study of Man in cooperation with the University of West Indies in Kingston. The investigators compared 30 chronic users with 30 nonusers and reported that their findings "clearly" indicated that long-term Cannabis use produced no demonstrable intellectual or ability deficits, schizophrenic effects nor damage to the brain or chromosomes. There was also no significant difference between the work records of smokers and nonsmokers, and case histories of the subjects supported the popular Jamaican belief that marijuana users are less frequently involved in criminal activity than nonusers.

third-hand reports interpreted by later church authorities.

Second, even if Jesus did condemn adultery, what we mean by adultery isn't necessarily what he meant. Malloch apparently missed the point of my August 1973 letter, which was that today's definition of adultery is probably quite different from the traditional one, which meant extramarital sex involving deception and possible pregnancy. Today we see couples who have agreed to allow occasional affairs. There is no significant danger of pregnancy and there is no deception; the decision is arrived at mutually, openly and with the full understanding of both partners. Is this still adultery?

The point is, situations arise today that call for open-mindedness and understanding rather than the letter-of-the-law Pharisaism that Jesus opposed.

The Rev. Kenneth Claus
United Church of Christ
Fall River, Massachusetts

SEX AFTER 60

I'm 68 years old and have been a widow for 23 years. Several years ago, a man from my home town moved into the trailer park where I live; we met, became friendly and he started coming over once in a while to see me and my son and to swap dirty jokes. We also kidded around about sex. One evening, he came to visit when my son was away. Before I knew what was happening, I had my hand on his cock and chills ran through me as I remembered what sex had been like so many years before. Soon we were in the bedroom screwing. We've been fucking about once a month since that eventful night and my life has become tremendously brighter. Once again I am experiencing orgasm.

My only regret about all this is that we didn't start our sexual relationship when he first moved in here. I think my experience proves that sex can be great even after 60. I wonder how many other women my age have had a stiff rod lately, or realize that many younger men are ready and willing to help them out. I know my lover has chances to get other, younger women, but he has chosen me over them.

(Name withheld by request)
Charleston, South Carolina

FEMININE SEXUAL DRIVE

In the November 1973 *Playboy Forum*, Samuel Newman wrote, "Most men seem to want sex most of the time. Women apparently are much more in control of their sexual desires, able to give or withhold as they see fit." This is a common misconception many men seem to hold; perhaps it enhances their image of themselves to feel that they are ever ready for sex. I and many of my women friends are married to intense, driven, hard-working graduate students, and most of us would give anything for a little more sex; our

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(Name withheld by request)
Houston, Texas

FASCISTO-FEMINISM

A group of fascisto-feminists has been raising hell at the University of Pennsylvania. PLAYBOY is one of their chief targets, since they used traditional Brownshirt tactics to disrupt a talk on the campus by representatives of PLAYBOY in the fall of 1972. At the beginning of this school year, they protested to the student newspaper, the *Daily Pennsylvanian*, for carrying a PLAYBOY subscription ad. Rose Weber, a spokesperson for this gynecological Gestapo, described the ad as "a revolting advertisement" displaying "a picture of an 'attractive' woman."

Dig that punctuation. Evidently the quotes around "attractive" mean to imply that the model is not really attractive but that men in their collective folly suffer from the delusion that she is; whereas the lack of quotes around revolting indicates that this is not somebody's opinion but honest-to-God objective fact.

Apparently Weber is at least grudgingly aware of one part of the First Amendment, because she laments that the ads can't be stopped because of "freedom of the press and all that." Meanwhile, freedom of speech is still not acceptable to Weber and her cohorts, since she threatens that if PLAYBOY's representatives return to the campus, "I have no doubt that women will once again band together and drive them from our midst."

After this, another student replied in the newspaper:

These women are hypocrites! They expound on how men and women are equal and how both are entitled to the same freedoms, and yet they seek to inhibit the freedom of those who hold contrary views by disrupting their speeches.

These women's actions are dangerous because they make it increasingly difficult to attract controversial speakers to Penn. Not only that but speakers who do come have to temper their remarks so as not to anger these women. Clearly the actions of these "liberationists" have decreased the liberty of every student at Penn.

I'm happy to say that three other letters in the same issue of the *Daily Pennsylvanian* supported the right of PLAYBOY or any other group to present its views on campus. None supported the efforts of these women's libbers to destroy academic freedom.

Anna Cohen
New York, New York

SEX SURVEYS

I read Morton Hunt's series *Sexual Behavior in the 1970s* and one thing

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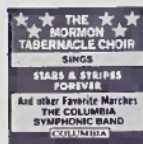
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bothered me in the first installment (PLAYBOY, October 1973). You called it "the first major national survey since the Kinsey reports" and commented that "until now, no one has attempted to measure [the sexual revolution's] effects empirically." This could mislead your readers, for there have been other empirical attempts to measure what has been going on sexually in America. For example, I published *The Social Context of Premarital Sexual Permissiveness* in 1967, based on a representative national sample of 1500 people. Kantner and Zelnik examined the sexual behavior, attitudes and contraceptive practices of over 4600 late-adolescent girls for the U. S. Commission on Population. And Albert Klassen, formerly of the University of Indiana and the Institute for Sex Research, used a national sample (like mine, drawn by the National Opinion Research Center) of over 3000 adults and checked their sexual orientations in a variety of areas including masturbation, homosexuality and premarital and extramarital sex. These are only a few of the studies, based on extensive national samples, that have been published since Kinsey.

I have a high regard for Morton Hunt, and I don't intend this letter to be critical of his series. My point is simply that, valuable as this survey may be, your readers should know that there are other studies and other sources they can examine.

Ira L. Reiss

Professor of Sociology and Director,
Family Study Center
University of Minnesota
Minneapolis, Minnesota

We agree, and certainly we had no intention of ignoring the important studies that have been conducted by sex researchers. We do feel that ours is a broadly constructed survey that covers the total range of sexual activity and attempts to measure the effect of the sexual revolution since Kinsey's work was done, while the studies you mention are more limited in their objectives.

SHOPPING AROUND FOR MORALS

To assert, as you do in the November 1973 *Playboy Forum*, that we are free to choose our own ethics is misleading, because it doesn't give enough emphasis to the fact that particular moral codes are imposed on us by parental and cultural influences and by our temperaments. While I think we have some freedom in making moral decisions and in interpreting moral principles, I certainly don't think we can go shopping around for moral codes as if we were picking out a new suit.

Even though I disagree on this particular point, I think PLAYBOY is performing a valuable service by raising questions of morality in a nonsectarian context. It's certainly true that most existing moral codes are not suited to modern people

SEXUAL BEHAVIOR IN THE 1970s PART VI: DEVIANT SEXUALITY

article By MORTON HUNT *a lot of people have come out of the closet, but not necessarily because it got too crowded*

ONE OF THE THINGS the Playboy survey sought to learn was whether or not sexual liberation has made deviant sexual behavior more widespread and more frequent than it was when Dr. Alfred Kinsey took his historic census of American sexual behavior a generation ago. Although deviant is often loosely taken to mean abnormal or perverted, its scientific meaning is merely "nonconforming or differing from the norms of the society in question." Much mildly deviant behavior, dealt with earlier in this series—e.g., masturbation, premarital coitus and oral-genital practices—is, in fact, psychologically and biologically normal.

Here, however, we are concerned with four forms of sexual behavior that are more markedly deviant, being overtly in conflict with custom, law and social institutions, and at the same time psychologically or biologically abnormal, or even manifestly pathological. One of them, homosexuality, straddles the border line: Though it always has been socially deviant, some homosexual behavior is psychologically and biologically normal, some of it is grossly pathological and some of it is in between. The three other forms that are to be considered here—sadosomochism, incest and bestiality—are all primarily pathological. Rarer forms of pathological deviance—pedophilia, urolagnia, coprophilia, exhibitionism—are beyond the scope of our inquiry.

HOMOSEXUALITY

Sexual liberation has considerably moderated public antipathy toward homosexuality. The gay world is discussed and portrayed openly—and often sympathetically—in fiction, nonfiction and drama; many gays have "come out" and today live openly and without shame as homosexuals; gay liberationists fight publicly for equal rights. In late 1973, in fact, the American Psychiatric Association voted to drop its classification of homosexuality as a "mental disorder" and to reclassify it in some cases as "a sexual orientation disturbance," and in other cases not even that. The Playboy survey found these indications of liberalism toward homosexuality:

- Nearly half of the men and women in our total sample feel that homosexuality should be legal.

- Nearly half of the sample agree with the statement "There is some homosexuality in all of us," and a quarter agree

with the statement "Being homosexual is just as natural as being heterosexual."

- Less than one tenth of the women in Kinsey's sample expressed definite tolerance of homosexuality in others; in our sample, half do. (In this and all other direct comparisons with Kinsey, whose data were based on whites only, we use data based on whites in our survey.)

In view of the above, one would expect the incidence of homosexual experience to be much greater today than it was in Kinsey's time. Astonishingly, our survey shows no increase; indeed, it seems to show a sharp decrease, at least in male homosexuality, but this is due to sampling errors in both surveys. Many experts—including several of Kinsey's own co-authors and colleagues—have criticized Kinsey's data as seriously exaggerating the picture: He had assiduously sought out and interviewed male homosexuals, instead of relying on random-sample methods, and thus overloaded his sample with them. Fortunately, he also published some key data on clubs, college classes and other groups whose entire memberships took part in the survey, which constitute more nearly random samples than his over-all sample. On the other hand, the Playboy survey measured chiefly the homosexuality in essentially straight society; it missed much of the homosexuality of the overt, committed gay community. We have used Kinsey's more representative sample as a guideline and have made allowance for shortcomings in both surveys, to arrive at these comparisons:

- A generation ago, about a quarter of all American males had at least some homosexual experience at some point in their lives after the onset of adolescence. Today, between 20 and 25 percent do so; i.e., we find no significant change.

- Today, estimating lifetime experience from our data, about one in five single women and one in ten married women sooner or later have some homosexual experience. Although Kinsey's figures were compiled on a different basis, they indicate that our findings represent essentially no change.

Relatively few of the people in either sample were involved in serious, long-term adult homosexual activities; for most, the experience was early, transient and experimental: Our best estimates



indicate that, beyond the age of 15, only one in ten of today's men ever has a significant homosexual experience. This is far lower than Kinsey's published figure, but it comes relatively close to an educated revision of his data.

- Beyond the age of 19, only about ten to 12 percent of today's single women and three percent of married women ever have homosexual experiences. Kinsey's figures, although they were compiled on a different basis, suggest that there has been no change.

There is still other evidence, in our survey, that most contemporary homosexual experience is early and transient: Three out of five men and seven out of ten women in our sample who have ever had homosexual experiences had them during two years or less of their lives, and half of all men and well over half of all women with any such experiences stopped having them by the age of 15.

Only very small minorities of men and women in our survey have any homosexual experiences in adult life in any given year. (Again, of course, we speak of homosexual activity within the ostensibly straight community.) Only one percent of our married men and six percent of our single men, and less than one percent of our married women and slightly more than three percent of our single women had any homosexual experience in the past year. Sexual liberation may well have increased the frequency of contacts and broadened the range of techniques used by gays, but in our sample half of the men who had any homosexual contact in the past year did so three or fewer times in that year; among the women, one third of those who are homosexually active had three or fewer contacts in the past year and only a third had six or more. Kinsey was surprised at the low rates in his own time; his figures were higher than ours because of the over-

weighting of his sample with committed homosexuals, but they were far lower than his coital frequencies for heterosexuals except for single females.

The adults in our sample who are now engaged in homosexual behavior do not seem to be notably free in their use of variant techniques. Among men, only two out of three who had homosexual relations in the past year experienced fellatio as inserters, and only half as insertees.

Only about half of those who had homosexual experiences engaged in anal intercourse either actively or passively, or both, which is many fewer than the literature and mythology of homosexuality would lead one to expect to find. Manual mutual masturbation remains the most common technique for men. (There are no comparable Kinsey data.)

Only about half of the women in our sample who had homosexual relations in the past year engaged in cunnilingus either as active or as passive participants. The use of dildos was rather limited (roughly one out of six in the active sample was an insertee or an inserter in the past year). Among those with relatively little experience, general body contact is the most widely used technique today, as it was in Kinsey's time.

In sum, while homosexuality has become far more visible in the past generation, its incidence in the general population and the role it plays in the lives of the vast majority of men and women appear not to have changed.

SADOMASOCHISM

STEVE 23 yr stud musclebuilder 46" chest 17" arms blond hair 5'9". Domination, water sports, S/M, some equipment.

ARRIVING SF TO FORM ELITE slave club. Europe's premiere dominatrix seeking connections, generous male submissives and aggressive gals for gainful exchange.

Ads like these in scores of underground newspapers, and sadomasochism in novels, movies, hard-core and soft-core porno and even mass-circulation magazines, give the impression that S/M has become fairly common. The Playboy survey finds a distinct increase in it since Kinsey's time, (continued on page 183)

and the modern world, and each of us needs to find his way to a new morality.

John Ordille

Atlantic City, New Jersey

In the November 1973 "Playboy Forum," H. Willman argued that community standards are the only valid basis of moral values. We replied that the community was only one of the sources from which a man might choose to derive a code of ethics. Obviously, no man is totally free to choose or to develop his own value system; to an undetermined degree, morality is programmed into a person, but also to some extent he is free. In this area of freedom, a person's morals are his own responsibility, a responsibility he can't slough off on some external authority. And we oppose any effort to use legal or social pressure to force a particular moral code on unwilling individuals.

JUSTICE DOUGLAS

Few people have been attacked so often or so viciously by right-wing cranks as U. S. Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas. Repeatedly, his critics have threatened to have him impeached on charges ranging from corruption to treason. Justice Douglas has been on the Court longer than any other man in American history. He has been proved guilty of only one of the charges for which enemies have excoriated him: having a young and pretty wife. In this day of undeclared and illegal wars, wholesale spying on the public, intimidation of the media, massive corruption, bribery, perjury, forgery and all the rest of it, Douglas is a man who doesn't preach about law and order while filling his pockets with laundered money. He simply lives law and order, according to the highest standards of Jeffersonian idealism.

Let us all hope he lasts a long time and is not replaced by one of the Nixon crowd.

Marvin Randolph
Denver, Colorado

LEGAL RIGHTS IN PAPERBACK

The American Civil Liberties Union, in response to the public's growing interest in legal rights, has begun to publish a series of books aimed at the concerns of specialized groups. Four books are now available: *The Rights of Servicemen*, *The Rights of Prisoners* and *The Rights of Teachers* at 95 cents each, and *The Rights of Mental Patients* at \$1.25. Eventually, there will be 14 titles in the series, including books on the rights of women, high school students, journalists, defendants, the very poor and other groups.

The purpose of these books is to help people exercise their rights. The books have a question-and-answer format and they attempt to explain issues in clear language, but they also include legal citations.

These A. C. L. U. handbooks are available in many bookstores across the

country, or they may be ordered from the A. C. L. U., 22 East 40th Street, New York, New York 10016. There is no charge for postage and handling, but we ask that anyone ordering by mail send payment in advance.

Incidentally, PLAYBOY readers may be interested to know that a number of the legal rights set forth in these books have been established in court cases brought by the A. C. L. U. with the generous financial support of the Playboy Foundation.

Aryeh Neier
Executive Director
American Civil Liberties Union
New York, New York

WOWSER OF THE YEAR

Why doesn't *The Playboy Forum* start a Wowser of the Year contest for the person who, in dedication to minding everyone else's business, commits the greatest number of offenses against common sense, privacy, the U. S. Constitution, ordinary courtesy, tolerance and grammar? The December 1973 *Playboy Forum* already has some good candidates in Father Francis Xavier Lawlor, Curtis Harris and Ed Kirby, but I nominate a lively lady who can beat them all: Mrs. Billie Lasker, who is waging a one-woman war against sexual candor in Missouri's St. Louis County, trying to mobilize public opinion to have local bookstores and theaters closed down. Here are some quotes from the embattled Mrs. Lasker, as reported in the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*:

I remember going to the movies when I was young and, oh, things were so lovely. . . . But now, you have to be almost insane to go see some of these movies. And if you aren't insane before you go in, you will be when you come out. . . .

I believe in biology classes, the kind we used to have. But I don't believe in this sex-education business. It's too much like pornography. . . .

I watch a lot of TV, and more and more distasteful things are showing up. Like on *All in the Family*. That's a cute show, but they talk about menstruation, which I regard as a very personal thing. And they're always going upstairs and flushing the toilet. Now that's not in good taste. . . .

I don't do any reading at all—my eyes get tired. . . .

I'm not telling anyone what to read. I want the judges and juries to tell people what to read. . . .

There were a lot of things in [*Ulysses*, by James Joyce] that were unnecessary. I didn't understand it. If it's a classic, I don't know. . . .

When people develop an appetite for filth, they rarely lose it. They want more and more. . . .

These guys that run around raping

women, they look at PLAYBOY, and off they go. . . .

I have no other concerns [except fighting obscenity]. I will never give up. . . .

Isn't it terrible that I have to wallow in this filth?

According to the *Post-Dispatch* report, Mrs. Lasker's house is well stocked with sexy books, "marked to indicate the bolder, seamier sections."

Can anybody offer a better candidate for Wowser of the Year?

E. Griffin
Newark, New Jersey

IMPRISONED WRITERS

In my name, and in the name of our board and membership, this is to thank the Playboy Foundation for its grant to support the work of the Writers in Prison Committee of P. E. N.

Jerzy Kosinski, President
P. E. N. American Center
New York, New York

P. E. N. is a world-wide association of writers. Its Writers in Prison Committee goes into action whenever it learns of someone being imprisoned anywhere in the world solely on the basis of what he has written. The committee protests to the writer's government in the hope of obtaining his release and frequently sends financial help to the families of imprisoned authors. Such protests have recently been sent to Greece, the U. S. S. R., Brazil, Taiwan, Czechoslovakia

and South Korea. Jerzy Kosinski is the author of four widely acclaimed novels, "The Painted Bird," "Steps," "Being There" and "The Devil Tree."

THE BRIDGE

Last fall, voters in San Francisco defeated a proposition that would have placed a 12-foot suicide-prevention rail on the Golden Gate Bridge. Media coverage of the 500th jump suggested that the seven-to-one vote against the rail was an expression of San Franciscans' belief in a right to commit suicide. I feel that if there is such a right, the operation of the bridge should be an exception, just as falsely shouting fire in a crowded theater is said to be an exception to the right of free speech.

The Golden Gate Bridge has become a landmark for the depressed and desperate; in a sense, the bridge invites suicide. Five years ago, my brother leaped to his death from the Golden Gate Bridge. And he had to drive across the Bay Bridge from Oakland to get there. Apparently, half the people who jump off the Golden Gate Bridge make the same journey; to my knowledge no one has ever jumped off the Bay Bridge. Prior to his suicide, my brother used to remark, "Well, if things ever get too bad, there's always the Bridge." The refrain was sometimes reverent, sometimes casual, but my brother never referred to any means of suicide other than "the Bridge."

A psychiatrist told me that this
(concluded on page 206)

ALAN WATTS

"When survival becomes a compulsion, it becomes a drag," Alan Watts observed in a letter to PLAYBOY's editors. "Paradoxically, lack of this compulsion gives a great zest to life." Last November Alan died in his sleep of a heart ailment. He was 58. He had published 24 books and innumerable articles, including six pieces for PLAYBOY (his *Wealth Versus Money* won our 1968 Best Nonfiction award). Better than any other author of our time, he was able to make Eastern ways of thought, particularly Zen, comprehensible to Western minds.

Although he had a great influence on the Beat Generation and the cultural revolution of the Sixties, he discouraged would-be disciples, saying, "When one has received the message, one hangs up the phone." Alan led a life of guilt-free epicureanism, scandalizing those who would have preferred him to be an ascetic: "Many of my friends, especially the younger ones, who share my cultural and political interests and who even have liberal ideas about sex, are difficult to get along with because they abhor tobacco and turn up their noses at

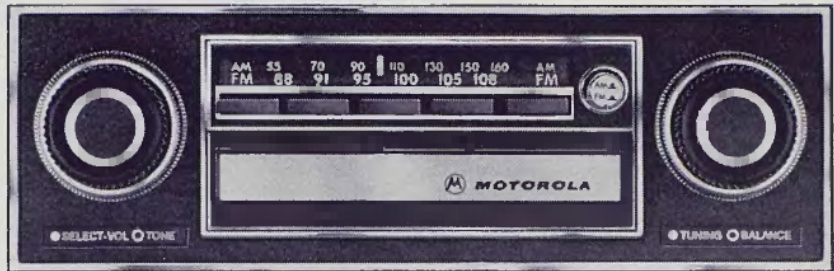
my preferences for good European cooking and fine wine. They have rabid and inconsistent opinions about what is good for me, and I wish they would mind their own business."

The role of boon companion suited him better than that of guru. He was a memorable figure at our 1971 International Writers' Convocation, enlivening a panel discussion on sexual behavior with his antic perspectives. At the Playboy Mansion party that climaxed the convocation, he refreshed himself by standing waist-deep in the swimming pool, embracing a blue beach ball and chanting sonorously in Sanskrit. He loved women, wine, food, cigars, bawdy drinking songs and talk. On his last visit to Chicago, while devouring a large Maine lobster at one of his favorite restaurants, Alan inveighed against sumptuary laws, puritanism and, prophetically, the compulsion to cling to survival: "Life is insubstantial. When we are born, we are kicked off a precipice. Death means going to sleep and never waking up, as if we had never been born."

Motorola has 3 great ideas for today's smaller cars

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A compact push button entertainment center just 7.4" wide, 3.1" high, 6.8" deep



Model TF864AX. AM-FM stereo radio with push button tuning and 2 channel, 8-track car stereo in one compact package. In the dash. Solid state chassis.

IDEA #2

The smallest Motorola Car Radio 6.3" wide, 2" high, 3.3" deep



Model TM 573 A. AM radio, solid state chassis. Push button tuning. Engineered for in-dash installation in tight spaces.

IDEA #3

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Measure them for fit with a tape measure.
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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: GROUCHO MARX

a candid conversation with minna marx's third—and funniest—son

The hottest attraction to play New York's Carnegie Hall during 1972 was a frail 82-year-old man who used to be master of ceremonies on a television quiz show, and who before that was a movie star, and before that a vaudeville comedian and before that a baby. Although his Carnegie Hall concert consisted merely of reminiscences, a few songs and an occasional film clip, the capacity audience—the majority of them teenagers, many wearing painted mustaches and eyebrows, false noses and wire-rimmed glasses—was ecstatic. Three thousand people (among them his brother Zeppo) were turned away from this one-night stand by Julius Henry Marx. Subsequent sales of the recorded version of the concert, "An Evening with Groucho," only confirm that the veteran comedian is one of America's most durable attractions.

Julius and his brothers Leonard, Arthur, Milton and Herbert—later to become famous as Chico, Harpo, Gummo and Zeppo—were sons of an Alsatian tailor who prided himself on his ability to size up a customer without a tape measure. According to Groucho, these appraisals were "about as accurate as Chamberlain's predictions about Hitler." Fortunately for his sons, Sam Marx was better at choosing a wife than at choosing a profession. A strong, astute woman, Minna Schoenberg Marx was the

archetypal stage mother, and her untiring efforts launched her sons on what turned out to be legendary careers.

Showbiz ran in Minna's family. Her parents, who shared the small Marx flat in New York's German Yorkville district, had been professional entertainers in Germany before immigrating to the United States. Minna's father was a magician-ventriloquist; her mother yodeled and accompanied the act on a harp. (It was this very harp that was found in a closet years later by Harpo, who took from it a name and a way of life.) The best-known member of the family, though, was Groucho's uncle Al Shean—of Gallagher and Shean—who was the idol of the young Marx Brothers.

As children, Groucho and his brothers were far from rich, but they didn't know it. Heroic quantities of beans, potatoes and chowder were cooked in a huge pot that was also used for washing clothes (the food and their shirts were heavy on the starch), and Sam could convert leftovers into what Groucho remembers as "something fit for the gods, assuming there are any left." Good thing, too, since Minna hated cooking and preferred making the rounds of theatrical agents, hunting jobs for her sons. A booking often was clinched by an invitation to the Marx home for one of Sam's concoctions.

Groucho actually began his career as a

female impersonator (the mustache obviously came later), playing a singer in a smalltime vaudeville troupe. With the onset of puberty and the subsequent change in his voice, he was left stranded by the troupe in Cripple Creek, Colorado, and you can't get more stranded than that. Though he'd never seen a horse, he wangled a job as a wagon driver until Minna could send him his train fare home. His next fling in show business ended just as abruptly in Waco, Texas, when the Englishwoman who had hired him to sing with her ran off with the married lion tamer who shared the bill. At 15, Groucho was already a stage veteran "between engagements." He found a job—cleaning actors' wigs, which he describes as a "hair-raising experience."

Undaunted, Minna organized an act called *The Three Nightingales*, featuring Groucho and Harpo (who couldn't sing at all) and a girl who couldn't sing on key but who did fit the bargain costume Minna had bought. The act became *The Four Nightingales* when Chico (pronounced Chick-o), who had been working as a lifeguard, had to be saved from drowning by another lifeguard. Finally—after the family moved to Chicago, when Groucho was in his late teens—Gummo was enlisted in the act, the girl was dropped and they became the *Four Marx Brothers*, adopting the stage names by



"I don't like dirty pictures. I'm glad nobody took their clothes off in our movies. Can you imagine how ridiculous I'd have looked walking around naked with a cigar in my mouth?"



"I don't miss sex. I know I can't do it properly anymore. When you can't get it up anymore, you should quit. When a guy is 80 years old or thereabouts, he should read a book."



CHARLES W. BUSH

"I remember once when I visited the offices of *The New York Times*, they showed me my obituary. It wasn't very good. I offered to punch it up for them, but they turned me down."

which they have since been known, even to one another. They became one of the leading comedy teams in vaudeville, touring on the prestigious Orpheum Circuit until World War One intervened. Harpo and Gummo joined the Army, while Groucho and Chico made the rounds of military camps as entertainers. After the war, Gummo decided he'd had enough of show business and Zeppo, the youngest Marx, replaced him in the act. The Four Marx Brothers knocked around vaudeville for several more years until they were offered parts in an ailing musical comedy, "The Thrill Girl." Rejuvenated as "I'll Say She Is," it was so successful on tour that in 1924 it landed on Broadway. While being fitted for her opening-night dress, the indefatigable Minna broke her leg in a fall from a chair; characteristically, that didn't stop her. She was borne down the aisle to her front-row seat in triumph, on a stretcher. Her boys had arrived.

Though Groucho now describes "I'll Say She Is" as "a real stinker," it played on Broadway two years. Even bigger successes were "The Cocoanuts" and "Animal Crackers," written by George S. Kaufman and Morris Ryskind. Paramount picked up the film rights to both and in 1929 signed the quartet to a five-picture contract. So the Marx Brothers went to Hollywood, where they made the films that have become classics all over the world. In 1933, Zeppo left the group and the three remaining brothers moved to MGM, which never recovered. Eight more zany Marx Brothers comedies were made over the next 14 years—during which Groucho twice announced his retirement from films. He came back, of course, but after 1949, all his roles were solo ones—minus the other Marxes.

From 1934 on, Groucho had been on radio, making guest appearances and doing his own programs. One of these was "Flywheel, Shyster and Flywheel," in which he and Chico played comic lawyers. Then, in 1947, Groucho originated the legendary "You Bet Your Life" on radio; later he moved the quiz show to television, where it became one of the most successful series of all time. Groucho loved "You Bet Your Life," which won several Emmy awards during its 14 years on the air; he still thinks it contains some of his best work. When the show finally went off in 1960, Groucho sensibly decided to retire; he could afford to and, after all, he was a ripe 69. But after several years of relative idleness, he got restless and—with a Marx Brothers revival burgeoning across the land—began to make the public appearances (mostly on TV talk shows) that led to his triumphant 1972 Carnegie Hall concert. Since then, he's suffered several strokes, at least one diagnosed heart attack and a bout with pneumonia. Somehow, he's always bounced back—most recently to do bat-

tle with publishers who have printed what Groucho says are fabrications purporting to be interviews. Lawsuits now pending ask for damages well into the millions of dollars.

To get a genuine interview with the indefatigable man behind the mustache, PLAYBOY sent writer Charlotte Chandler to interview him. She reports:

"Groucho is still readily recognizable as his alter ego, Dr. Hugo Z. Hackenbush of 'A Day at the Races' infamy. His distinctive voice is little changed; his serious expression is punctuated occasionally by dramatic movements of the famous eyebrows. Still verbally nimble, always on the attack against pretentiousness or pretensions, never at a loss for a word—or several—he remains the maestro of the illogical, of the deflated platitude and of *reductio ad absurdum*.

"Groucho is a gentleman, and a gentle man, yet he is the undisputed king of the sarcastic insult. He is a man of another time, but a man whose audience is now larger, younger and more enthusiastic than ever. The reputed chaser, always on the prowl for the not-so-elusive female, is in reality a staunch believer in the sanctity of marriage. Groucho has been married a total of 47 years—albeit to three women; he was divorced from all three.

"The interview took place over many weeks in varied locations, most often in Groucho's comfortable contemporary home in Beverly Hills—the house he built for his third wife, Eden. There he's surrounded by treasured possessions, including a 1915 playbill from the Orpheum Theater in Oakland; two framed Time covers, one featuring the Marx Brothers and the other Groucho alone; a collage depicting Groucho as the 'Blue Boy,' 'Whistler's Mother' and others; an ancient hatrack festooned with berets, bowlers, straws and caps; the lectern he used in 'You Bet Your Life'; the guitar that he still plays; and pictures of his parents, himself and his brothers as children.

"Some evenings we'd dine at Groucho's; the fare might be an elaborate roast or an indoor picnic from Nate and Al's Delicatessen. Other times we'd move on to Chasen's or the Beverly Hills Hotel, where in Groucho's honor the management for the first time in its history served clam chowder on a Saturday. Our meetings continued in New York, where Zabbar's provided the herring in sour cream, smoked salmon, cream cheese, celery tonic and pumpernickel. So important is pumpernickel to Groucho that he measures the financial state of the nation by its current price. We talked over soufflé of fruits de mer and côte de boeuf at Lutèce. While watching the telecast of his taped appearance on the Bill Cosby show, Groucho fortified himself with chocolate cake from Le Côte Basque. On occasion, we were joined by Erin Fleming, Groucho's attractive per-

sonal manager, who is also an actress specializing in Shakespeare and Shaw, but who could easily have played the Thelma Todd roles in the early Marx Brothers pictures. In real life, she plays Margaret Dumont to Groucho's Groucho. We also got together with Groucho's friend and intellectual ideal, CBS Vice-President Goddard Lieberson, and with Marx Brothers superfan and Groucho's superfriend, Woody Allen.

"For formal occasions, Groucho always wore a blue blazer over a turtleneck sweater in red, blue or white—and underneath that, a gray TELL 'EM GROUCHO SENT YOU T-shirt. In his lapel buttonhole was the Commander of Arts and Letters medal recently bestowed upon him by the French government at the Cannes Film Festival. Ever-present were the long cigars that have become his trademark; these he lit with one of his most prized souvenirs, a lighter engraved SRO to commemorate that sold-out concert at Carnegie Hall.

"Talking to Groucho was a delight, even though from the beginning he persisted in taking over the interview—as you will see."

GROUCHO: I don't know what kind of an interview you're looking for. You want a silly interview? I don't know any jokes.

PLAYBOY: We could start by asking what question most interviewers ask you.

GROUCHO: "Could Harpo talk?"

PLAYBOY: Maybe we'll ask that later. Why don't we begin instead by asking you the very first thing you remember?

GROUCHO: You're asking me to remember almost a hundred years ago.

PLAYBOY: Well, then, what are your earliest childhood memories?

GROUCHO: I remember riding on the back of a moving van. Gummo and I were back there; we must have been pretty young, because we didn't have our piano yet. And I remember playing stickball, which was a great challenge, because we played without a ball. We couldn't afford one. Anyway, we were surrounded by three breweries where we lived in New York City—Ruppert's, Ringer's and another one; when I went to school as a kid, I could always smell the malt. We used to go over to Park Avenue, where old man Ruppert lived in a big house with a fruit orchard, and we'd steal his apples and pears. There was a spiked fence about eight feet high, and dogs. We might have been dog meat, but we were very young, and we sure liked those apples and pears. I also remember the iceman delivering ice; you'd holler out the window to tell him how much you wanted. We had no icebox; we were very poor. While the iceman was delivering the ice, we'd get in his wagon and break off some ice. Ever since then, I've been great at breaking the ice.

PLAYBOY: How poor were you?

GROUCHO: So poor that when somebody knocked on the door, we all hid. We

How they make a drink called tequila from a natural, living cactus plant.

First it takes about 10 years to grow this cactus called the agave tequilana or blue mescal. Then they steam it to bring out the juice, then press it in giant rollers and squeeze the juice out which tastes kind of like a sweet potato with a funny smell. Then it's distilled and aged. Jose Cuervo first made it in 1795. And it's really the best there is.

Patti Patterson

This is the part they make it from. Even the extra fancy, aged, Gold Cuervo Especial.



were paying \$27 a month rent and there were ten of us. The five brothers, my father and mother, my grandmother and grandfather and an adopted sister. There were ten of us and one toilet.

PLAYBOY: Did you want to be an actor when you were a kid?

GROUCHO: No, I wanted to be a writer. But I became an actor because we were very poor and there were four brothers, so—

PLAYBOY: You said there were five of you.

GROUCHO: That's true, but what's the difference? Anyway, I decided to be in show business.

PLAYBOY: Why?

GROUCHO: Because I had an uncle in show business who was making \$200 a week, and I wasn't making anything.

PLAYBOY: Did you want to be rich?

GROUCHO: I always wanted to be rich. I still want to be rich. Why, years ago, I came to Los Angeles without a nickel in my pocket. Now I *have* a nickel in my pocket. Unfortunately, the nickel today isn't worth what it used to be. Do you know what this country needs? A seven-cent nickel. We've been using the five-cent nickel since 1492. So why not give the seven-cent nickel a chance? If that works out, next year we could have an eight-cent nickel. And so on.

PLAYBOY: You should have been an economist.

GROUCHO: Then I wouldn't have been rich.

PLAYBOY: When you were still poor, what did you think being rich meant?

GROUCHO: I used to think being rich meant having a lot of money. Now I think it means having a *lot* of money.

PLAYBOY: Do you have a lot or a *lot*?

GROUCHO: Somewhere in between.

PLAYBOY: Does your money come just from income or have you also made some good investments?

GROUCHO: I've always watched the stock market. Especially when it's going up. Do you know property values have increased 1929 since 1000 percent?

PLAYBOY: No, we didn't. Were you hurt by the crash?

GROUCHO: Yeah, I was wiped out. I had \$200,000, which I'd saved over a period of many years playing smalltime vaudeville, and I lost it in two days when the market crashed. My old friend Max Gordon phoned me at my home in Great Neck. His real name is Saltpeter, but he calls himself Max Gordon. And he called me up one morning and he said, "Marx, the jig is up." And hung up. I don't take his calls anymore.

PLAYBOY: You mentioned an uncle in show business.

GROUCHO: Al Shean. He was an actor in vaudeville. He had originally been a pants presser on the East Side. I don't think he was a very good pants presser, because as soon as he got his job as a presser, he formed a singing quartet and the fellow who ran the factory threw all

four of 'em out. He was always forming quartets and getting fired.

PLAYBOY: Tell us about your parents.

GROUCHO: Well, my mother came from Germany, my father came from France. When he met my mother, neither one could understand a word the other was saying, so they got married. They spoke German, because my mother was the stronger of the two. My father wasn't very well educated. Neither was my mother, but she was brighter. She lived long enough to see us successful on Broadway.

PLAYBOY: Was your mother as important as we've heard in influencing you to go on the stage?

GROUCHO: Of course. And as soon as she could, she got the others to go along. That's how we became the Marx Brothers. She used to book us herself. She thought she ought to look young, so she wore a corset and a blonde wig when she went to see agents. She was probably around 50 then, and everybody knew it was a wig. When she was at somebody's house playing cards, she'd get tired of wearing the corset, take it off and wrap it up in a newspaper with the strings hanging out.

PLAYBOY: She was from a theatrical family, wasn't she?

GROUCHO: My grandmother played the harp and yodeled. My grandfather was a ventriloquist and a magician.

PLAYBOY: How about your father?

GROUCHO: He was a tailor from Strasbourg, the worst ever. All his customers were easily recognized: One trouser leg was shorter than the other.

PLAYBOY: Did your father ever fool around on your mother?

GROUCHO: He must have. There were five boys.

PLAYBOY: We mean with other women.

GROUCHO: Not until my mother died. Then he got himself another girl.

PLAYBOY: Right away?

GROUCHO: Well, not at the funeral.

PLAYBOY: Who were your idols when you were young?

GROUCHO: I used to have a girl in Montreal.

PLAYBOY: Was she an idol?

GROUCHO: She was idle a good deal, but she made a pretty good living, anyway. Does that answer your question?

PLAYBOY: No, so let's put it another way: Who did you like when you went to the theater?

GROUCHO: President Roosevelt.

PLAYBOY: He wasn't on the stage.

GROUCHO: Who said anything about the stage?

PLAYBOY: Did you have any girlfriends while you were growing up in New York?

GROUCHO: Not until later, when we started traveling in smalltime vaudeville. And even then, we really weren't in towns long enough to meet anybody.

PLAYBOY: So how did you meet girls?

GROUCHO: We'd go to hook shops. We were a big hit in the hook shops.

PLAYBOY: How so?

GROUCHO: We were entertainment!

PLAYBOY: You mean you'd go to a whorehouse and perform?

GROUCHO: You can say that again. We also did our act. Harpo and Chico played the piano and I sang. The girls used to come to watch us at the theater—the madam and the girls—and if they liked us, they'd send a note backstage: "If you're not doing anything tonight after the show, why don't you come over and see us?" Sometimes we stayed all night. We were always after girls. We'd get into a town, and there was a hotel, and they had a piano on the mezzanine floor. Chico would start playing and there would be 20 dames there. Chico would pick out girls for us, too.

PLAYBOY: Did you meet any "nice" girls that way?

GROUCHO: Gummo did once, in New Orleans; her father came up to him after the show and said, "You took my daughter out tonight. If you take her out again, you'll go back to New York in a box." Actors weren't very popular in those days. Except in hook shops.

PLAYBOY: What was your first physical relationship with a woman?

GROUCHO: Going to bed.

PLAYBOY: We're going to have to be more careful how we phrase things: How did you lose your virginity?

GROUCHO: In a hook shop in Montreal. I was 16 years old and I didn't know anything about girls. Before I left town, I had gonorrhea.

PLAYBOY: How did Chico lose *his* virginity?

GROUCHO: To the first girl he met.

PLAYBOY: And Harpo?

GROUCHO: Oh, Harpo didn't fool around much. He had a few dames. But Harpo only had three girls in his life that he was really stuck on, and they were all named Fleming.

PLAYBOY: You're now dating a girl named Fleming. How do you explain this coincidence?

GROUCHO: It's no coincidence.

PLAYBOY: What kind of man was Harpo?

GROUCHO: He was a short man. Even shorter when he was sitting down, which he always was, playing the goddamn harp. I hated the harp. But he was very serious about it. He was also serious about playing cards. And also that other game that's popular now. . . .

PLAYBOY: Backgammon?

GROUCHO: Yes. He was very good at those games, although he wasn't educated. He used to make a lot of money. You know, he'd play with guys like George Kaufman and Alexander Woollcott and Herbert Swope, who ran the *New York World*, and people like that, and he usually won. He was a very smart card-player and good at all kinds of games.

PLAYBOY: He was also a great practical joker, wasn't he?

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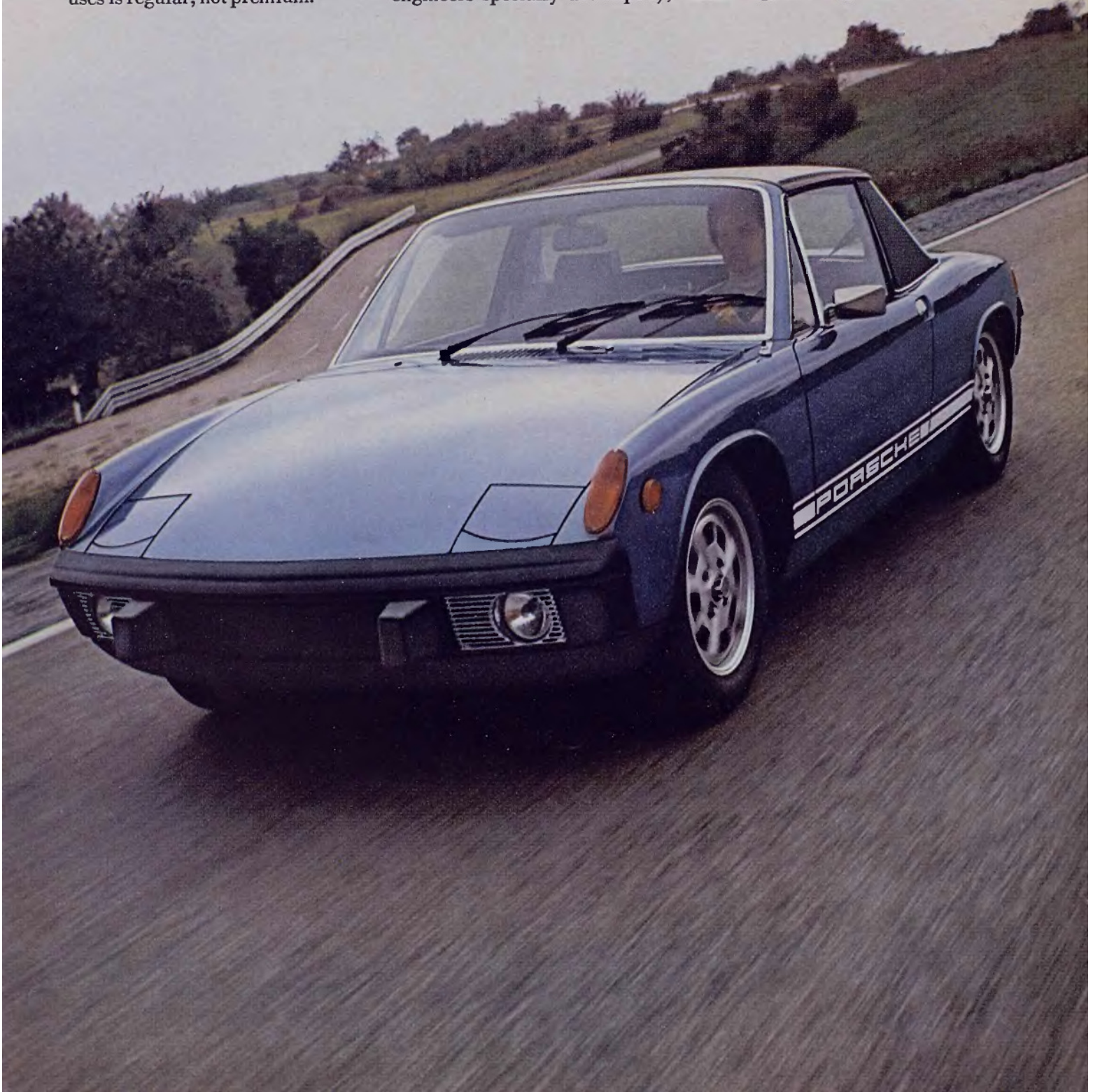
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GROUCHO: I don't know whether he was great. But I remember a good one he pulled in front of Tiffany's in New York. He went to Woolworth's and bought five or six dollars' worth of fake jewelry, then walked over to Tiffany's. He said he'd like to look at the jewelry, and he took it out into the street to look at it in the sunlight, and he did a phony stumble, and all the fake jewelry from his pocket flew all over the sidewalk. The cops came running.

PLAYBOY: Didn't you get involved with the law yourself when you "held up" the Morgan Guarantee Trust Company?

GROUCHO: Oh, yeah. I was wearing a cap and I walked up to the . . . what do you call her?

PLAYBOY: Teller?

GROUCHO: No, I didn't. She was with her husband. Anyhow, I said to the broad, "This is a stick-up!" A lot of bells started ringing and inside of three minutes there were 20 uniformed policemen surrounding me. I pulled my cap off and said, "I'm Groucho Marx. Don't you know me?" Luckily, they did. Otherwise, I would've got shot.

PLAYBOY: There's a rumor that you and Harpo once went to a party naked.

GROUCHO: It was when we were playing in *I'll Say She Is* and we were invited to a bachelor party for a friend of ours who was getting married. So Harpo and I got into the elevator and took off all our clothes and put them in suitcases. We were stark-naked. But we got off at the wrong floor, where the bride was having a party for *her* friends. So we ran around naked until a waiter finally came with a couple of dish towels—or, in my case, a bath towel.

PLAYBOY: Was Harpo a practical joker in Hollywood, too?

GROUCHO: Yeah. He used to call up people and tell them the water tank was on the bum and they were gonna cut off all the water. He did it to me once.

PLAYBOY: Didn't you recognize his voice?

GROUCHO: No. I filled all the buckets and pans with water. Then I filled all the bathtubs. He told me to leave everything filled, because it was going to be two or three days before the repairs would be made.

PLAYBOY: How could he fool you, his own brother?

GROUCHO: I didn't usually recognize his voice, unless he asked me for money.

PLAYBOY: It used to be said that no girl was safe alone with your alter egos—Captain Jeffrey T. Spaulding, Rufus T. Firefly, Otis B. Driftwood or Hugo Z. Hackenbush. Is that still true?

GROUCHO: You're too good for that crummy crowd, baby. If I were 15 years younger, no good-looking dame would get out of here alive.

PLAYBOY: Would a girl be in any danger today?

GROUCHO: When a guy is 83, he should forget the whole thing. I know if I do it,

it's going to be lousy, so why cheapen myself?

PLAYBOY: Doesn't this depress you?

GROUCHO: No, it doesn't depress me. I don't miss sex. I know I can't do it properly anymore; if I could, I'd still be doing it. I've talked to a lot of guys who are 78, 79, and they *all* say it's hopeless. When you can't get it up anymore, you should quit. When a guy is 80 years old or thereabouts, he should read a book.

PLAYBOY: How do you account for your reputation as a lecher back when you were in your prime—at 65 or 70?

GROUCHO: I was seething with charm. When my brothers and I were young, we were all looking for dames we could go to bed with. Nothing wrong with that. That's what they're for.

PLAYBOY: Don't you think they're good for anything else?

GROUCHO: Yes. A lot of them can cook and a lot of them can take care of a house.

PLAYBOY: You don't seem to be a devout believer in women's liberation.

GROUCHO: Well, I feel this way about it: I think if there's a war and a husband is enlisted, his wife should take a Service job, too, not necessarily in the front lines shooting at the enemy, but there are so many things that a woman can do in an army. Since the man is risking his life, why shouldn't the woman be doing something? But I think they should have the same salary advantages as men.

PLAYBOY: Have you met any liberated women lately?

GROUCHO: Erin Fleming. Erin is my idol. I told her if she ever quit me, I'd quit show business.

PLAYBOY: In what way is she liberated?

GROUCHO: She does as she pleases. I don't follow her around. I wouldn't give a damn if she met a guy and wanted to go to bed with him. I'd say, "Go."

PLAYBOY: Would you want her to tell you about it?

GROUCHO: In my particular case, I wouldn't care if she did. Because, like I say, I'm not interested in sex anymore.

PLAYBOY: When you still were, did you consider yourself a user of women?

GROUCHO: God, no. I think a woman can be a wonderful companion. I *like* women! After all, my mother was one. I didn't find that out until a couple years ago.

PLAYBOY: You said your father was faithful to your mother. Do you believe in monogamy yourself?

GROUCHO: I don't think man is basically a monogamous creature. It's natural for a married man to be interested in other women.

PLAYBOY: Isn't it just as natural for a married woman to be interested in other men?

GROUCHO: Having affairs? It's not gonna be much of a marriage.

PLAYBOY: But it's all right for a man?

GROUCHO: The man is the chaser of the

two. The woman is subconsciously a chaser, but the man is—a man is a man. And if there's an attractive girl, he'll make a play for her. I think that's wonderful.

PLAYBOY: But not for a married woman?

GROUCHO: I don't think it comes out even that way. I think the average woman, if she's married to a man she likes, won't necessarily cheat.

PLAYBOY: But if she did?

GROUCHO: She should get a divorce and pay alimony.

PLAYBOY: Why couldn't they both keep the relationship going and have extra-marital affairs as well?

GROUCHO: Well, then they shouldn't get married.

PLAYBOY: Why not, if they love each other?

GROUCHO: How can he love her if they're both after other people? It would be better for two people like that to live together and not get married.

PLAYBOY: Feeling as you do, why did you get married?

GROUCHO: With one of my wives, I asked myself that question for 16 years. But you know something? I didn't cheat on her once.

PLAYBOY: Why not?

GROUCHO: I couldn't stop with just one.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever date rich women?

GROUCHO: I could've married one and owned the biggest department store in Portland.

PLAYBOY: Why didn't you?

GROUCHO: I didn't like her behavior in bed.

PLAYBOY: Was she too cold? Or inhibited?

GROUCHO: On the contrary. She always wanted to go to bed. I think she was a nymph.

PLAYBOY: You're complaining?

GROUCHO: I don't want a woman who knows more tricks than I do.

PLAYBOY: According to friends, you've never been romantically involved with a Jewish girl. Are you anti-Semitic?

GROUCHO: No, it just always seemed to me that making love to a Jewish girl would be like making love to your sister.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever been a *victim* of anti-Semitism?

GROUCHO: Oh, sure. Years ago, I decided to join a beach club on Long Island and we drove out to a place called the Sands Point Bath and Sun Club. I filled out the application and the head cheese of the place came over and told me we couldn't join because I was Jewish. So I said, "My son's only *half* Jewish. Would it be all right if he went in the water up to his knees?"

PLAYBOY: Getting back to women—

GROUCHO: I've been trying to for years.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever had an interracial affair?

GROUCHO: The whole first part of my life was spent sleeping with colored girls. They were chambermaids in the hotels we used to stay in. In those days,



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all hotels had black chambermaids. You'd give her a couple of bucks and take her in your room and lay her. That was very common.

PLAYBOY: How were they?

GROUCHO: No different than a white girl. No, that's not true; some of 'em were even better. We couldn't get a white girl when we were in smalltime vaudeville. They were afraid of actors. A lot of girls had been raped by actors. So we took what we could get, which was black chambermaids. But I remember doing a big act once with W. C. Fields and we had 20 girls in the show. They were all white and they were all friendly. I knew them by number rather than by name.

PLAYBOY: Who wrote your material when you started out?

GROUCHO: I did. Except for Harpo, who didn't say anything.

PLAYBOY: Did you write for Zeppo, too?

GROUCHO: I didn't have to. He was the funniest one of us. But he wasn't in the act that much. He was in more than Gummo, though, who went in the Army during the First World War.

PLAYBOY: Why didn't he rejoin the act after the war?

GROUCHO: He didn't want to be an actor. He went into the garment industry. I remember Gummo had a son named Bobby, and Bobby came home from school one day and his father said to him, "How was it in school today?" And Bobby said, "Well, the teacher asked all of us who our fathers were, and I told her, 'Groucho Marx.'" And Gummo said, "Why did you say that?" And Bobby said, "Who knows you?"

PLAYBOY: You said you didn't have to write lines for Harpo, since he didn't say anything. Did Harpo ever talk in a Marx Brothers act?

GROUCHO: He talked a lot in a school act we used to do in vaudeville; he played a boy called Patsy Brannigan. In those days, if you did a school act, you usually had a Patsy Brannigan in the act. Patsy Brannigan was a kid with red hair and a funny nose. That's where Harpo got the idea for his wig. A fella had taught him a speech with a lot of big words in it and sometimes Harpo would dumfound the audience by making this speech with all those big words. He didn't understand most of them, but he loved the speech.

PLAYBOY: What did Chico do in that act?

GROUCHO: He helped Harpo. Harpo used to wear a funny hat. And I would say to Harpo, "Take dat ding off." I was a German comedian. Harpo would take the "ding" off and give it to Chico, and Chico would pass it to a guy who played a fag. Well, you asked; it was a pretty lousy act.

PLAYBOY: Did you get any laughs in those days?

GROUCHO: Now and then. Especially when Zeppo came on stage and said, "Dad, the garbage man is here," and I

said, "Tell him we don't want any." Another time Chico shook hands with me and said, "I would like to say good-bye to your wife," and I said, "Who wouldn't?"

PLAYBOY: How did you create the Groucho character?

GROUCHO: When we were playing small-time vaudeville, I would try a line and if it got a laugh, I'd leave it in. If it didn't get a laugh, I'd take it out and write another line. Pretty soon I had a character.

PLAYBOY: How did the mustache originate?

GROUCHO: The mustache came about while we were doing a show called *Home Again* at Keith's Flushing. My wife was having a baby at the time and I used to spend a lot of time in the hospital with her. One night I stayed too long and by the time I got to the theater, it was too late to paste on my mustache, so I just smeared on some grease paint. The audience didn't seem to mind, so I stuck with it. Or got stuck with it. Or got sticky with it.

PLAYBOY: How did you develop the Groucho walk?

GROUCHO: I was just kidding around one day and I started to walk funny. The audience liked it, so I kept it in.

PLAYBOY: Did you always feel you were going to make the big time?

GROUCHO: No. Chico did, and he did the least work in the act. He said, "We won't always be playing these dumps." And Chico got a guy who owned a coal mine and a pretzel factory to put up the money for us to become big time. Chico was a smooth character. He would be talking long distance on the phone to one dame and having his hat blown by another at the same time.

PLAYBOY: What was your first big success?

GROUCHO: A play called *I'll Say She Is*. The money for it was put up by the pretzel-factory owner, who later got stuck on one of the girls in the chorus. It so happened that Harpo was laying this same girl at the time, but fortunately, he didn't find out. Anyway, the play was a smash in Philadelphia. It was a real stinker, but when we took it to New York, Alexander Woollcott gave it a good review.

PLAYBOY: What did your childhood friends think of your success on Broadway?

GROUCHO: I had a friend in New York who lived on 93rd Street, where we lived. We always figured he was gonna be a Supreme Court Justice or something. Well, he became a lawyer, and he came to see *Animal Crackers* one day. He came to my dressing room afterward and he didn't mention anything about the show. So I said, "How'd you like it?" He said, "Don't you think you're kinda old to be jumping over furniture and making a fool of yourself in front of an audience?"

PLAYBOY: What was your reply?

GROUCHO: I pointed out that I was making \$1000 a week to make a fool of myself and that he was doing it for \$150, and I asked him to empty the garbage on his way out.

PLAYBOY: You were soon making a lot more than \$1000 a week in Hollywood. Did all that money—and your new-found fame in movies—attract a lot of women?

GROUCHO: Well, it helped my brother Chico—who didn't need any help along those lines. But if I wanted to go to bed with a girl, I had to marry her.

PLAYBOY: Which stars would you have liked to make it with but didn't?

GROUCHO: I'd have liked to have gone to bed with Jean Harlow. She was a beautiful broad. The fellow who married her was impotent and he killed himself. I would have done the same thing.

PLAYBOY: How about Carole Lombard?

GROUCHO: She was a great dame. I loved Lombard. She was married to Gable at one time, you know. I met her on the street one day—I did a whole series of shows with her—and I said, "How are you and Gable getting along?" and she said, "He's the lousiest lay I ever had." That's the way she talked—the way a lot of men do. Very sexy dame. She was also a hell of an actress. She did a picture with Jack Benny, which Lubitsch directed. Benny was wonderful in it. It was called *To Be or Not to Be*. Lubitsch was the best director, I guess, in this country. There was nobody to equal him. He wanted to do a movie with us.

PLAYBOY: Why didn't you do it?

GROUCHO: Well, we were tied up with Paramount making those five turkeys. I remember Lubitsch had an opening line that he tried out on me one day. It went like this: "You haf a girl in your bedroom and she iss married. And her husband come home unexpectedly, just as a streetcar iss going through the bedroom." And I said, "What's the joke?" My next line, he said, was, "Believe it or not, I was waiting for a streetcar." And then I was supposed to step out of the closet and onto the streetcar. He was a genius.

PLAYBOY: Speaking of geniuses, aren't you a friend of Orson Welles's?

GROUCHO: Well, I've done a lot of shows with him. Comedy shows. He's a great straight man. He's also a great round man.

PLAYBOY: Weren't you also a friend of Humphrey Bogart's?

GROUCHO: I was at his house all the time. He was a wonderful host. He'd have two or three shots of booze and get on his yacht to get away from Lauren Bacall. Not that he didn't like her. He just wanted to be around men. When I was around, could you blame him?

PLAYBOY: The Marx Brothers have also had a number of literary friends. Didn't

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you correspond with T. S. Eliot?

GROUCHO: He wrote to me first. He said he was an admirer of mine and he would like a picture of me. So I sent him a picture. And he sent it back. He said, "I want a picture of you smoking a cigar." So I sent him one. Later he told me there were only three people he cared about: William Butler Yeats, Paul Valéry and Groucho Marx. He had those three pictures in his private office. When I went to visit him, I thought he wanted to talk about all those fancy books he had written, like *Murder in the Cathedral*. But he wanted to talk about the Marx Brothers. So naturally we became close friends and had a lot of correspondence. I spoke at his funeral.

PLAYBOY: What other writers have you known?

GROUCHO: Ring Lardner used to come to my house in Great Neck and get drunk. If I had been him, I would have gotten drunk, too. He had four boys at home and couldn't get any writing done, so he used to go to the Pennsylvania Hotel in New York and take a room and pull the shades down, because there might have been somebody in another room across the alley from where his room was—and that's the only way he could write. He would stay there for a week or two and then he'd go back to Great Neck, where his four sons were.

PLAYBOY: How about F. Scott Fitzgerald?

GROUCHO: He wasn't one of Lardner's sons.

PLAYBOY: Thanks for the information. We were wondering how well you knew him.

GROUCHO: I knew him very well, because he was stuck on a dame named Sheila Graham, who used to play a little tennis at my house.

PLAYBOY: You're not going to make any jokes about playing a love game with her, are you?

GROUCHO: No, her serve was too big for me.

PLAYBOY: Who was the wittiest man you ever knew?

GROUCHO: George S. Kaufman. I remember once he went to Philadelphia to see the tryout of a play one of the Bloomingdales was backing. They were the department-store people. After he saw the play, he said, "Close the play and keep the store open nights."

PLAYBOY: Why are theater and movies more serious today—or at least less funny—than they used to be?

GROUCHO: There are no comedians left. Chaplin doesn't work anymore—he's too old and can't. Mae West isn't too old, but won't. Buster Keaton is dead. W. C. Fields is dead. Laurel and Hardy are dead. And Jerry Lewis hasn't made me laugh since he left Dean Martin. One of the reasons there are no comedians is that there's no more vaudeville. There is no place to train a comedian today. There's no place to be funny anymore. You've got just a few TV shows and

night clubs. There's no place for a comic to polish his act. That's what vaudeville provided.

PLAYBOY: You and Chaplin got together while he was over here for the 1972 Academy Awards. What did you talk about?

GROUCHO: He just kept saying, "Keep warm. Keep warm." I think he's one year older than I am. He was worried that I wasn't keeping warm enough. I was saying, "Hi ya, Charlie, how are ya?" And all he said was, "Keep warm."

PLAYBOY: How did you and Chaplin first meet?

GROUCHO: Well, my brothers and I were playing in Canada, and so was Chaplin. He was doing an act called *A Night at the Club*. It was a very funny act. I remember he had a big dowager in the act who used to sing, and while she was singing, Chaplin was chewing on an apple and spitting the seeds in her face. This is the kind of comedy they had 60 years ago. Anyway, when we were in Winnipeg one day, my brothers went off in search of a poolroom to kill three hours before leaving for the Coast. Since I didn't play pool, and I don't play cards, and I don't gamble, and I only smoke occasionally—just enough to cough—I took a walk and I passed this dump theater, the Sullivan-Considine. I heard the most tremendous roar of laughter, and I paid my ten cents and went in and there was a little guy on the stage, and he was walking around kinda funny. It was Chaplin. It was the greatest act I'd ever seen. All pantomime. He had a shirt that he wore for the whole six weeks, 'cause he was only getting \$25 a week and he didn't want to spend any money getting a clean shirt.

I went back to the hotel and told my brothers what a real comedian was, and I walked around funny like Chaplin, you know. Then the following week, I went backstage to visit him and tell him how wonderful he was, and that's how we got acquainted. Each week we would be in the same towns in Canada; I can't remember all the towns; this was a hell of a long time ago. We used to go to the whorehouses together, because there was no place for an actor to go in those towns, except if you were lucky, maybe you'd pick up a girl, but as a rule, you'd have to go to a hook shop. And then Chaplin and I got very well acquainted. Not together! I mean, I wasn't with him! I was with him, but not with a girl. I mean—

PLAYBOY: We understand. Had he made a movie yet?

GROUCHO: No. He hadn't made anything. He was just doing this act.

PLAYBOY: Did he ever mention wanting to make movies?

GROUCHO: No. It never occurred to him. He was a big hit in his act. Then, when we got to Seattle, there was Mack Sennett, who saw Chaplin in *A Night at the Club* and offered to sign him up. I

talked to Chaplin afterward and I said, "I understand you were offered a job with Sennett and he offered you \$200 a week." And he says, "I turned it down." I says, "You must be crazy! You turned down \$200 a week for this lousy vaudeville act you're doing?" He says, "Nobody could be that good, so I turned him down." Chaplin went back to England after that. He was afraid.

PLAYBOY: Would you have accepted an offer from Sennett?

GROUCHO: No. I was working with my brothers and they were busy shooting pool.

PLAYBOY: Seriously, do you think you would have been funny in silent films?

GROUCHO: No. In the first place, Harpo didn't talk at all in the act. And Chico didn't talk if he could find a dame. So the only one that really talked was me. Anyway, I really wanted to be on Broadway at that time. Broadway was bigger than pictures in those days. Audiences paid ten dollars a ticket for *Cocoanuts* and *Animal Crackers* for the entire run. Anyway, getting back to Chaplin, six years passed, and we were now playing the Orpheum Circuit, and we got an invitation from Chaplin. He had bought the Mary Pickford home, he was so rich by this time from making pictures. So he invited us over for dinner. There was a butler in back of each chair, and there were solid-gold plates, and we had the most magnificent meal. He was a bigger star than we were. Hell, he was the greatest thing in pictures.

PLAYBOY: How did you meet W. C. Fields?

GROUCHO: We were on the bill together in Toledo. He was a tough guy. He was doing his juggling act, and there was a pool table on the stage, because he used to do funny stuff with a pool table, and Ed Wynn was also on the show. So Wynn used to get under the pool table, and while Fields was doing his stuff, Wynn would stick his head out and make funny faces. One day Fields caught him doing this and when Wynn stuck his head out from under the table, Fields was standing there with a pool cue and he hit Wynn on the head and knocked him unconscious. He was a funny guy, but he didn't want anybody to interfere with his act. Or to upstage him.

When we were playing together in Toledo, he walked off our show. He told the manager of the theater that he had "humpers on the carumpers." They were just words he was making up, but that's the way he was: He didn't want to follow us on the show. We did a big act with 30 people, and he was standing there alone on the stage with a cigar box, singing "Yankee-Doodle went to town," and the audience was walking out of the theater. So Fields quit the show and took the next train for New York. I knew him years later, when he worked in Hollywood. He used to hide



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in the bushes in front of his house and shoot at tourists with his BB gun.

PLAYBOY: Tell us about some of the other great comics you knew. How about Buster Keaton?

GROUCHO: He used to put in gags for Harpo when we were at MGM.

PLAYBOY: In which films?

GROUCHO: *A Night at the Opera*, *A Day at the Races*, *Go West*. He was washed up by then, but he was good for Harpo. Harpo was always looking for a good piece of business. He didn't talk, he didn't need lines, but he did need good business, and Keaton was a hell of a comic in silent films.

PLAYBOY: What kind of man was Keaton?

GROUCHO: He was kind of eccentric. Near the end of his life, he bought a trailer and he would drive around Beverly Hills, stop the trailer, turn off the engine, take out a bridge table and have dinner in front of somebody's house. I guess everybody recognized it was Keaton, because nobody minded his eating his dinner in front of their house. It was a beautiful trailer.

PLAYBOY: It's common knowledge that you never got along well with Louis B. Mayer of MGM. Why?

GROUCHO: Mayer took things too seriously. Nobody else took us seriously in Hollywood—just Mayer. One day he was having a conference with the censor about Lana Turner showing too much cleavage in her last film and Mayer was trying to convince the censor that MGM was a highly moral studio. So Harpo hired a stripper for the afternoon and chased her around the room while Mayer was talking to the censor. Another time we were sitting in Mayer's waiting room and after hours of waiting, we started a bonfire in his outer office. We'd done that to Thalberg years before. But Mayer didn't think it was funny.

PLAYBOY: We can't imagine why. Was he vindictive about it?

GROUCHO: I think he wanted us to bomb. He didn't want us to take road tours and he refused to hire the best directors and writers; he gave us a lot of *schleppers* to work with, like the two German immigrants who wrote the ending to *A Day at the Races*. Mayer was cutting off his nose to spite his face. Now that I think about his nose, his face would have been better without it.

PLAYBOY: Do you have a favorite Marx Brothers film among those you did at MGM?

GROUCHO: I liked *Duck Soup* and *Horse Feathers* and I liked parts of *Animal Crackers*. But I guess my favorite is *A Night at the Opera*.

PLAYBOY: Why?

GROUCHO: It just has great scenes in it—great funny scenes. Like the scene in the stateroom where I'm meeting this lady, Mrs. Claypool, played by Margaret Dumont; I'm having a rendezvous with her. And when she arrives at my room, 14

people come out. I enjoyed *all* my romantic scenes with Margaret Dumont. She was a wonderful woman. She was the same off the stage as she was on it—always the stuffy, dignified matron. And the funny thing about her was she never understood the jokes. Seriously, she never knew what was going on. At the end of *Duck Soup*, we're alone in a small cottage and there's a war going on outside and Margaret says to me, "What are you doing, Rufus?" And I say, "I'm fighting for your honor, which is more than you ever did." Later she asked me what I meant by that.

PLAYBOY: After *A Night in Casablanca*, you made three pictures in a row without your brothers. They're not considered your best efforts, are they?

GROUCHO: No, and neither are the pictures. After *Casablanca*, I made *Copacabana*, *A Girl in Every Port* and then *Double Dynamite*. That one was such a bomb it almost ruined the studio.

PLAYBOY: Which studio was it?

GROUCHO: RKO. A fellow named Howard Hughes was running it then, and he's the one who came up with the title *Double Dynamite*. That was supposed to be a clever description of Jane Russell's breasts. With thinking like that, it's no wonder Hughes is a billionaire. He'd *have* to be a billionaire; otherwise, how could he make a living?

PLAYBOY: The last Marx Brothers film, *Love Happy*, was made in 1950, and that same year you began a whole new career with the television quiz show *You Bet Your Life*. Did you like doing that series?

GROUCHO: You bet your life I did. It was some of the best stuff I ever did. I really had to think. I never worked so hard.

PLAYBOY: What was the meaning of the duck on your TV show and in your films?

GROUCHO: Well, it's easier to crack a joke about a duck than an elephant.

PLAYBOY: Didn't you once appear in a television production of *The Mikado*?

GROUCHO: Yes. I played Coco in *The Mikado* for NBC. That's how I got rid of my first wife.

PLAYBOY: By playing in *The Mikado*?

GROUCHO: Yeah. Well, it's Gilbert and Sullivan, you know, and I love Gilbert and Sullivan, so I kept playing it at home, and she didn't quite understand it. She wasn't educated. Until I married her, I don't think she'd ever heard of Gilbert and Sullivan.

PLAYBOY: Where did you first hear of them?

GROUCHO: When I was doing *Cocoanuts*, we had a fellow in the act who was what you'd call a straight man. His name was Basil Ruysdael. He had been in Gilbert and Sullivan operettas himself, and whenever we were backstage getting ready for a scene or something, he would start singing, "My object all sublime, I shall not . . . uh . . . to let the punishment fit the crime, the punishment fit the crime.

And let each prisoner repent and willingly represent, a song of innocent merriment, of innocent merriment." I asked him, "What's that you're singing all the time?" "That's Gilbert and Sullivan," he told me. And I said, "Who the hell are they? A vaudeville team?" He said, "They were the greatest writers in England." That's how I got interested in them, and that's why I accepted that part in *The Mikado* when NBC offered it to me.

PLAYBOY: Are you sorry television has taken over so much of the movie industry?

GROUCHO: No, because most of the movies today are lousy. I saw Barbra Streisand in *Up the Sandbox* recently. I thought it was terrible. They tell me there was some kind of symbolism, fantasy, in it, but by that time, I was in the toilet smoking a cigar. As people get older, they don't want to get in their car and go to a theater and stand in line to see it—even if it's a good picture. The average person hasn't got that much taste, either, so most people just turn on the television. It's much easier to just put on your bathrobe and look at a couple of lousy TV shows.

PLAYBOY: What was Hollywood like when you came out here?

GROUCHO: Well, I was much younger.

PLAYBOY: We assumed that. When did you move out here?

GROUCHO: We arrived here in 1930 from New York and immediately signed up with Paramount and did 12 pictures here.

PLAYBOY: Did you have wild times?

GROUCHO: Not that I can remember, unfortunately.

PLAYBOY: From the newspapers of that time, it looks like the Marx Brothers tore the town apart.

GROUCHO: We had fun. We were young. But I don't think the town has changed too much, except that there are fewer studios, because of television.

PLAYBOY: Would you be interested in playing in any more movies?

GROUCHO: No. Not unless it was a great part and the hours were short and they held up cards so I wouldn't have to memorize everything.

PLAYBOY: John Cassavetes has said that you are the greatest actor who ever lived.

GROUCHO: He was drunk.

PLAYBOY: Well, a lot of young, established actors admire the way you're able to play yourself on the screen.

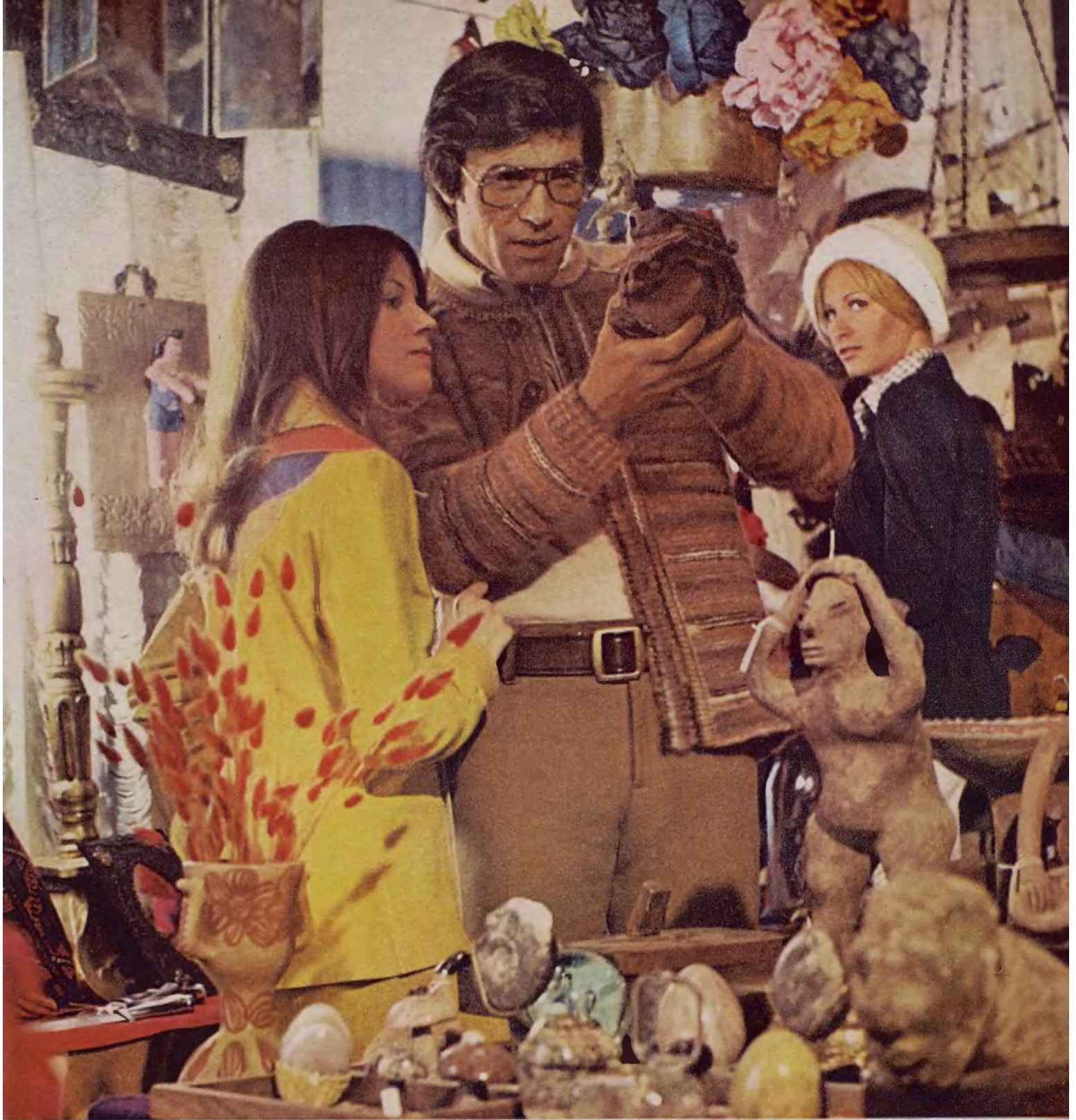
GROUCHO: I play *with* myself, too, but mostly off screen.

PLAYBOY: What would you do if you retired completely?

GROUCHO: I'd get a massage occasionally and shave and take a walk. But I'm not gonna retire. I'd like to die right on stage. But I don't plan on dying at all.

PLAYBOY: Do you turn down many jobs?

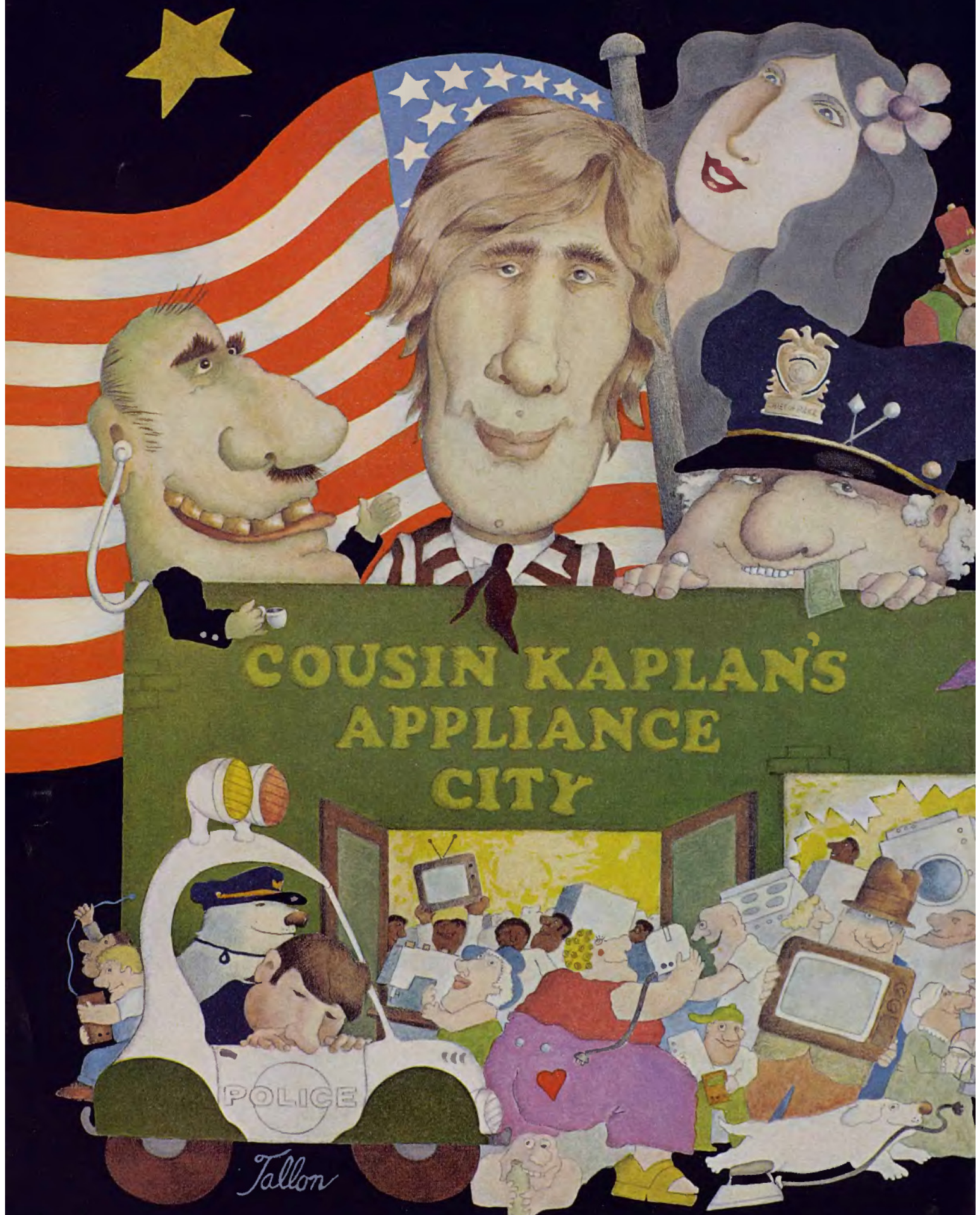
GROUCHO: Depends on the money. If a
(continued on page 185)



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COUSIN KAPLAN'S
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THE PRETTYMAN PLAN

his scheme was perfect: crime without violence and, better yet, without penalty

fiction **By GERALD GREEN**

DON VITO PIAZZAGRANDE was holding a transistor radio in his hand and he had the ear-plug extension fixed in his ear, where it nested like a white bug in a cabbage leaf. He was laughing soundlessly at something he alone could hear and the gold crowns on his large, ugly teeth winked in the morning Caribbean sun.

Across the white tablecloth Don Vito's breakfast partner, the former director of the FBI, showed his annoyance and dug fiercely into his grapefruit with a spoon. There were standing orders that no one was to bring a newspaper or a radio into the director's vicinity unless requested to. But, for the year that they had been in exile here on Bat Key, Don Vito had always made it plain that he considered himself a coruler at least.

At last the joke got too rich and ripe to keep secret. "Dey nominated him, Chief," Don Vito gargled.

"Who nominated him?" the former director asked.

"I make you guess," the *capo* said.

If Don Vito's smile was loathsome, the director reflected, his grin suggested that some near relative—probably his mother—had been a crocodile. It was still difficult for a man who had been a Harvard graduate, holder of a law degree from Columbia and for many years one of the highest of Federal officials to live in this mixed small world of ex-criminals and ex-officers of the law, sharing authority with this *ex-capo di capi* of the Mafia. Even the luxurious quarters, the warm beaches, glittering azure waters and serene life of Bat Key didn't quite balance it off. The only thing they had in common was that the great Prettyman disaster—as the director thought of it—had undone them all.

"I hope the eggs is done right, Mr. Director," the waiter said. He was a pantherish black man who had been, before the exile, a leading supplier of cocaine to the Middle Atlantic States.

"They look splendid, Weston."

"Got us a new cook yesterday on the plane from Leavenworth. Was a mean shake-down man, they say, but he's a heavy chef."

"Give him my compliments." Although Don Vito shared top authority with him, the former chief of the FBI had been forced to take over direction of the staff. Morale, housekeeping, tables of organization—it had shocked him to see how inefficient the *mafiosi* were in running all these things. He had been tempted to ask Don Vito how



he'd been able to stay in business with such inept *caporegimi* as he had. They couldn't even establish a viable duty roster for the kitchen.

Taking a spoonful of the eggs—which were superbly basted, gentled in white butter—the director began to feel a little more tolerant. The former police chiefs, sheriffs and district attorneys in the colony hated Oran Prettyman, but they understood the logic of his strategy. For the criminals, he was something like an intelligence from outer space, alien and unfathomable, and their morale had been shattered.

Don Vito's predatory teeth nibbled at an anise-flavored *biscotto*. He inhaled the fumes from his cup of espresso. The radio whispered into his ear. "Yah don' wanna guess, Chief?"

The director hesitated again. Prettyman for President? Of course it would be the party that had been out of power for eight years. Irresponsible, opportunistic, willing to ride any wave of popularity—no matter how demeaning—back into control of the country. "Naturally, it was the Democrats."

Don Vito's laugh was like a clearing of phlegm in his throat. "Wrong, Chief. It's the Republicans."

For a moment, the director was astonished. Then his quick law-enforcement reflexes came to the rescue. Of course: the party that was better organized, more alert to the opinion polls, able to recognize the wave of the future. The issues they had for so long been delighted to denounce, the old horror stories that had served them well in so many elections past—crime, busing, welfare, excessive Government spending—all of those issues were vanishing. The director bowed his head to the will of his beloved Republican Party. But the eggs had turned bitter on his tongue: Prettyman for President, indeed!

Don Vito was taking a sly delight in his discomfort and he removed the ear-plug and turned up the transistor. A faraway crowd was in tumult and brass bands were playing. "Hear it, Chief. Dat's the tape from last night when dey nominated him. And he don't even show up at the convention to make a speech."

"Turn that thing off," the director snapped. He got up from the table and shuffled over to the balustrade. On the terrace below him, in the shade of palm and sea grape, the ex-chief of police from Atlanta and the ex-D.A. from Sacramento were playing the morning pinochle game with the Pietrasanta brothers. In the good old days, the bad old days, the Pietrasantas had owned New Jersey.

"Keep your eye on the beauty parlor," Prettyman said.

Mrs. Casey squinted through the steamy air of a Brooklyn slum on an August morning. "Where it says Ashanti Hair Styles?"

Prettyman nodded. Their old and dirt-covered Ford was double-parked on Hamilton Avenue, the main shopping street in the Seaside Acres slum. (According to the Health, Education and Welfare computers that Mrs. Casey manned in Washington, Seaside Acres was an Inner City Developmental Model Area. This meant it had the highest crime rate in Brooklyn, higher than comparable neighborhoods in Cleveland, Washington and Chicago.)

"The fat lady," Prettyman said.

"In the yellow dress?" Mrs. Casey was hot and vaguely frightened. She was a remarkably beautiful widow in her 40s with lavish gray hair, an artfully corseted figure and a Neiman-Marcus suit fashioned of gray silk. Oil and Oklahoma Republicanism had elevated her to her job: inner-city coordinator for HEW, reporting directly to the Undersecretary.

"Now look at the boy coming out of the alley," Prettyman mumbled.

"The skinny one? In the long shirt?"

"They call it a *dashiki*."

Mrs. Casey crossed her legs. Silk rustled. A whiff of L'Heure Bleue pierced the street stench. "Why is the fat lady wearing a red tag on her bodice?"

"You'll learn in a minute. Be quiet and watch."

His rudeness irritated her. Undersecretary Emil Foss had heard about Prettyman's demonstration program in Brooklyn. A friend at the Wettlaufer Foundation in Sandusky, Ohio, the organization that provided Prettyman's seed money, had phoned Foss. Mrs. Casey was assigned to report on his work.

So she had come from Washington, an important personage from HEW, and this skinny, disheveled, laconic man in his dreadful seersucker suit and white Space shoes acted as if he were doing her a favor! She had a few surprises for him. The report would dismiss him as a crank and a crackpot, risking his life in a slum, wasting money. . . .

"Sheeeet! Sheeeet! Murder! Mother-fucker!"

Laura Casey nailed her fists to her ears. Her ivory jaw pulled tight. She locked her eyes. "Good God. Do I have to listen to this?"

"Open your eyes. And look carefully."

The tan youth, lithe as an ocelot, had yanked a green purse from the woman's hands. She fought a few minutes, screaming curses that Laura Casey had never heard in Sapulpa, Oklahoma, then leaned sobbing against a lamppost. A dozen pedestrians walked by.

"He gone," a man said.

"They never catch Ole Roosevelt. He move too fast."

Prettyman gunned the motor of the Ford.

"And this is how you stop crime?" Mrs. Casey asked. "By watching purse snatchings and doing nothing about them?"

"Be patient, Mrs. Casey."

Police sirens razored the air. A green-and-white prowler pulled to the curb. A policeman ran into the alley into which the young mugger had vanished. Another officer helped the woman into the car.

"What has any of this to do with *stop-ping* crime?" Mrs. Casey asked. Prettyman was speeding down Hamilton Avenue, ignoring red lights, rolling past stop signs, crossing double lines.

"No crime has been committed. At least not in the textbook sense."

He slammed the car into a space marked POLICE CARS ONLY and sprinted up the stairs of the 184th Precinct. Police buffs and hangers-on admired Mrs. Casey's legs as she raced after him.

Prettyman guided her through a low swinging door, past policewomen at typewriters and into the main room. A young sergeant presided behind the tribunal. His red hair was long and lush and he stroked a red mustache. A sign read SGT. BLUMBERG.

"Honeycutt?" he asked. "Who is Roosevelt Honeycutt?" A policeman ushered the purse snatcher toward the desk.

"Mrs. Stakes? Amanda Stakes?" Another officer brought the fat woman forward. "I.D. cards?" Sergeant Blumberg asked.

The sergeant inspected two plastic-encased light-blue cards. "OK, you are both registered under the Prettyman Plan." He winked at the professor. "I see Professor Prettyman is with us today. He'll be glad to see how efficient we are."

"Sheeeet," Mrs. Stakes observed. "Gimme my bread."

"Me, too, man," Roosevelt Honeycutt said. "Ah got me another hit comin'."

"Not under the plan you haven't. One hit every three days is your limit, Roosevelt. Read your rulebook. You people have to understand this is a two-way street. You've got to know the rules. The better you know them, the more you'll benefit."

"He grab mah purse. Ah wan' hit back."

"Back with interest, Mrs. Stakes," Sergeant Blumberg said. He turned to a Puerto Rican policewoman who stood at a bank of computers. "Patro'person Diaz, run through two AD-23-Cs and two GT-74-Is at standard daylight rate."

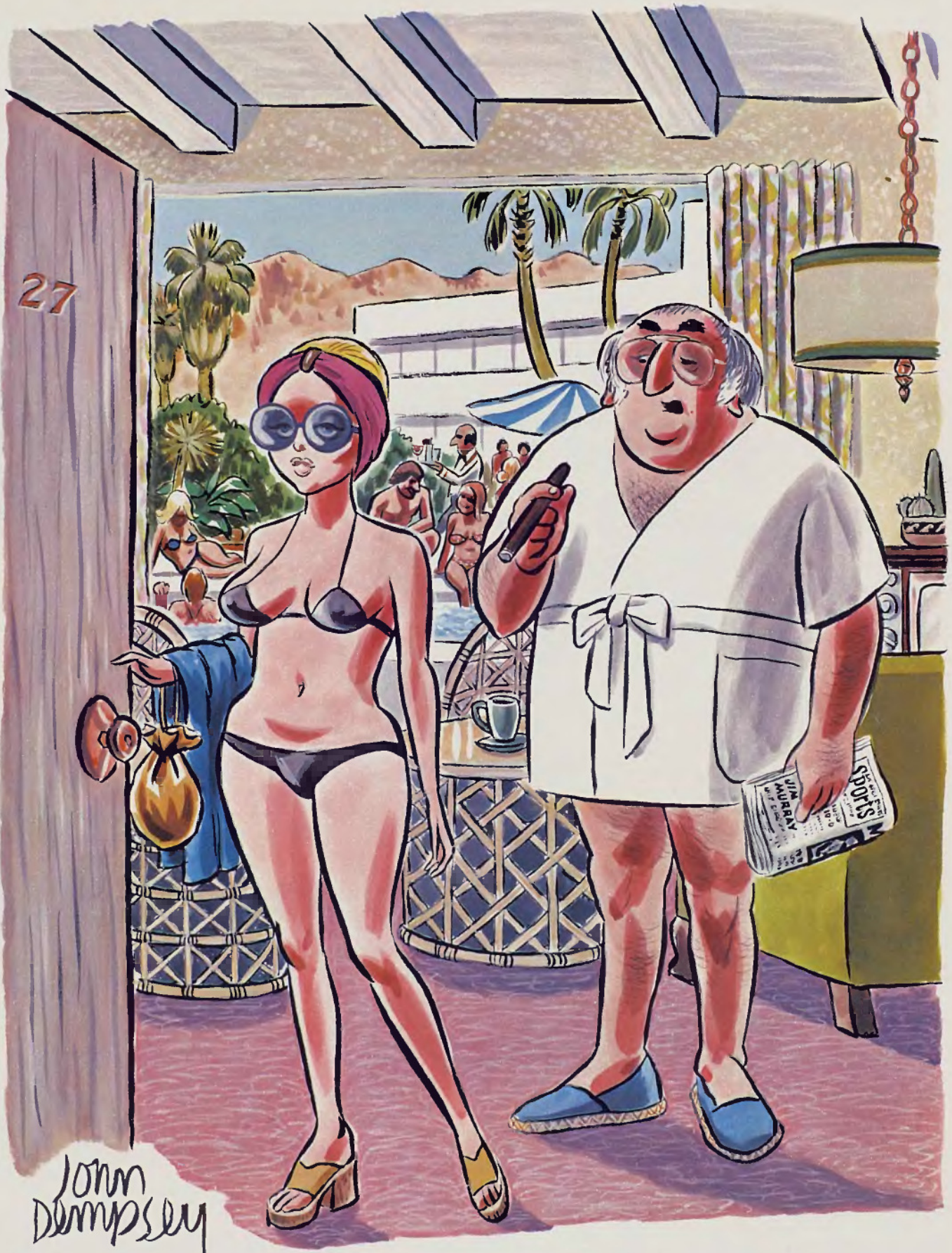
The girl punched a set of buttons. Lights flashed. Rotors whirred. From a slot four oblong slips of green paper emerged.

"Those look like checks," Laura Casey said.

"Of course they're checks," Prettyman said. "You don't think these people go around committing crimes for nothing, do you?"

"Honeycutt," Sergeant Blumberg said, "twenty dollars for a daylight hit. Mrs. Stakes, twenty dollars as a registered victim. Patrolmen Federico and Booth,

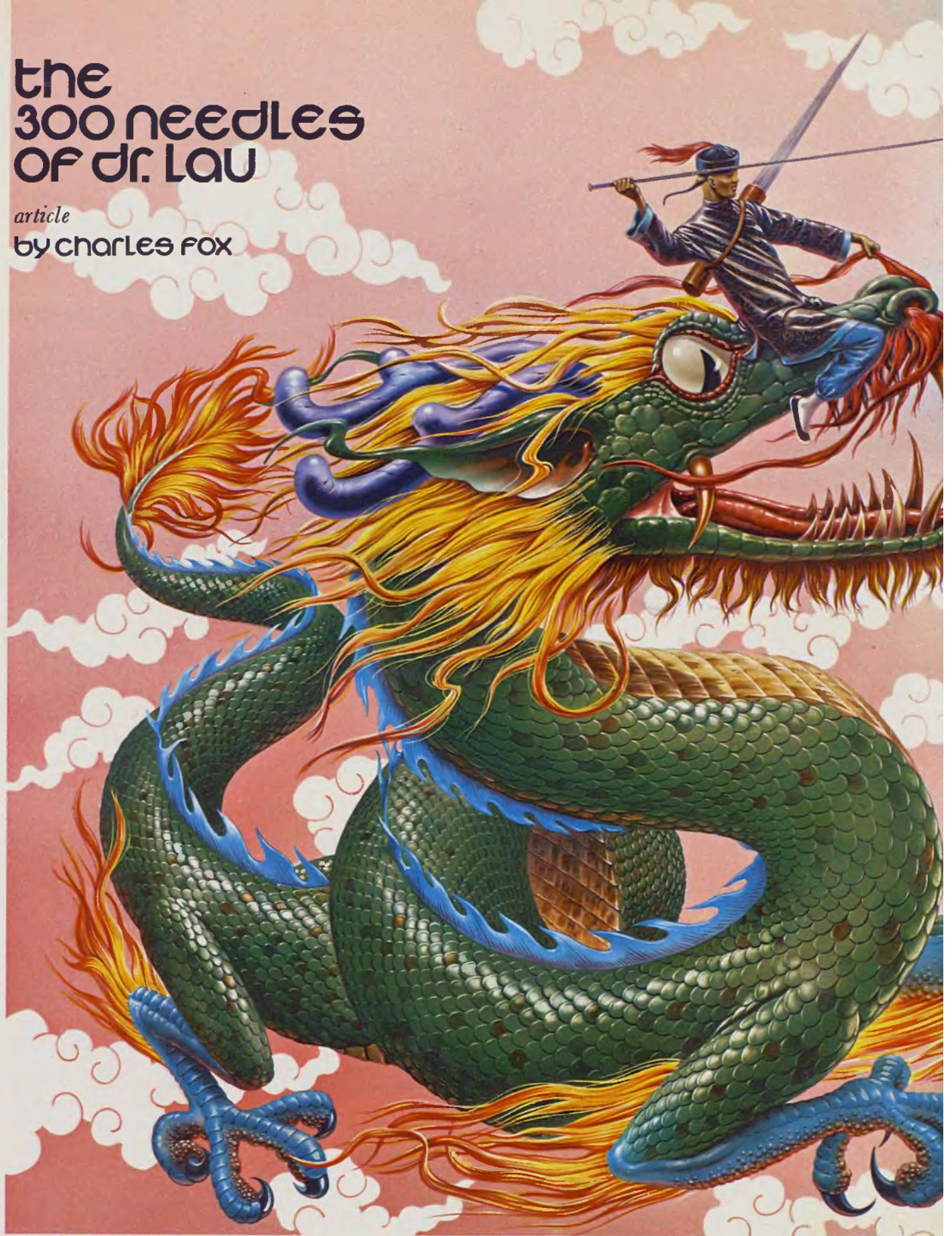
(continued on page 100)



*"Couldn't you find a more modern swimsuit?
Only half of the crack of your ass is showing."*

the 300 needles OF Dr. LAU

article
by CHARLES FOX



*how a hopelessly outnumbered
acupuncture force waged a
desert battle against a medical
army—and won*

"HELLO. This Dr. Louis Lau speaking. You the Mr. Fox talk about acupuncture on radio? Tell all people want acupuncture come see me at Harkness Hospital?"

"Yes, Dr. Lau. I—"

"Please, terrible thing happen. Hospital administration no like 5000 many people call up and ask for me to give them acupuncture treatment. They tell me I have to leave. Cannot finish studies here. I have to leave town. Maybe I even



have to leave state to find another hospital. I dunno yet."

"I'm shocked to hear this. . . ."

"Yes. Very bad thing. Very bad. Please, if more people ask you where to get some acupuncture treatments, no more send

them to Harkness Hospital. Send them to my home, OK? I give you my address."

Dr. Lau is a short, vaguely plump man. He has a ready smile, and although his years among Westerners have robbed him of some of his natural inscrutability, he is

generally still difficult to read. He lives in Berkeley in an old frame house with a steep flight of stone steps leading to the front door above the garage. The house is on a quiet side street in that faintly seedy residential area south of University

Avenue below the campus. When I visited him, Dr. Lau had turned the whole ground floor and garage into an acupuncture clinic. It had to be the biggest in the country. There were 11 beds packed like mosaic into two treatment rooms (a men's and a women's) and half-a-dozen chairs scattered about for patients who need needling in the hands or face only. The entrance to the waiting room was at the back through the yard. On a pillar beside the door as you walked in was a hand-lettered sign: PLEASE TAKE A NUMBER. TREATMENTS: MON., WED., FRI. 7-9 P.M. CASH ONLY.

Dr. Lau has been acupuncture fellow Chinese-Americans, as a favor, since he went to California as an intellectual refugee from Hong Kong 14 years ago. It wasn't until President Nixon went to China and James Reston had his famous Peking appendectomy that a trickle of occidentals began to seek him out. The trickle soon became a torrent. Any doctor who looked remotely Oriental and had the faintest idea of what it was all about could hawk acupuncture seminars to fellow M.D.s for a fistful of dollars any time they had a free weekend. For the general public, do-it-yourself mail-order acupuncture kits appeared along with acupuncture correspondence courses—prompting the FDA to slow down interstate shipment of acupuncture needles with red-tape requirements.

Dr. Lau was not left behind. He was on TV and radio in the San Francisco Bay area, gave free lectures to doctors, organized seminars, ran the Berkeley clinic five nights a week and tried to keep up with his pathology studies. His pace certainly lends some credibility to the protests of his tutor at Harkness, Dr. Alfred Scotolini, head of the pathology department, who said that Dr. Lau was let go simply because "his performance as a pathologist had become marginal. It was a case of too much acupuncture and too little pathology." As an afterthought, he added: "Acupuncture seems to be almost a religion for him and I'm afraid he may be exploited."

For the moment, at least, Dr. Scotolini's fears seem singularly unfounded. In a vain attempt to save his job, Dr. Lau cut the Berkeley clinic back to three nights a week. Sitting in his *petit bourgeois* living room, shod in flip-flops and sipping green tea, he explained that he would still like to qualify as a pathologist and that he is not interested in making money from his acupuncture practice. He acupunctures 35 to 40 patients a night. He charges them ten dollars each for a 25-minute treatment: "Or whatever they want. If they want to pay twenty dollars, fifteen dollars, that's OK. If they don't have any money, they just pay nothing. I don't care. I have plenty money. All I need."

He's equally candid about his training as an acupuncturist. "I not the greatest,"

he says. "I dunno *all* about acupuncture. I learn in Canton when I study Western medicine there at Kwang Wah Medical School from, ah, 1949 to, ah, 1954. They don't teach me acupuncture at the school, but everywhere in Canton I see people do it, so I watch them. I learn from them."

The standard textbook on the art, *The Yellow Emperor's Classic of Internal Medicine*, was written just before the birth of Christ, but acupuncture has been practiced for between four and five millennia. It is one of the two principal weapons in Chinese medicine's arsenal against organic disease. The other is herbs. The Chinese didn't develop surgery, because they held the body sacred. Their medicine is based on Taoist philosophy, which holds that harmony is the basis of order, both in the universe and in man—man being a microcosm of the living universe. A man's life energy force is composed of the two fundamental elements: yang the positive and yin the negative. When there is an excess or deficiency of yin or yang—whether from psychological stress or from excessive exposure to any one of the six external elements (heat, cold, wind, fire, humidity or dryness)—organic disease will follow unless the balance of energy is restored. This energy (the Chinese call it *chi*) flows along 12 meridians, or channels. Each meridian originates at a major internal organ and then surfaces to run along the body just below the skin. The balance of energy is determined by examining the patient and taking the pulse at the left and right wrists over the radial artery. Master acupuncturists are able to make extraordinarily accurate diagnoses using no other means. They then needle the body at precise points along the meridians, either quieting or stimulating the energy flow to redress the imbalance and allow the body to put its house in order and restore health.

Westerners have numerous theories about how acupuncture works. The most widely held is that it's a form of hypnosis. However, this doesn't explain the success the Chinese have had in using it on animals. There is also the "pain-gate theory," which, simply put, suggests that acupuncture needling somehow short-circuits the autonomic nervous system and prevents pain signals from reaching the brain. But this doesn't explain acupuncture's ability not merely to stop pain but actually to cure disease in certain instances.

The popular assumption is that acupuncture somehow works through, or on, the body's autonomic nervous system. But no one truly understands the system, and the meridians, although traceable with electronic measuring devices (at least on the skin), are invisible even under a microscope and don't follow the known nerve channels exactly. Not surprisingly, then, researchers in the West,

East and the Soviet Union have so far been unable to explain acupuncture in Western terms.

What is known is that acupuncture doesn't work where organic damage is too far advanced, nor does it work where there has been excessive damage to the meridians—surgery will often curtail its effectiveness. Otherwise, it has proved a most effective system of internal medicine.

By his own admission, Dr. Lau is a needle doctor, not a master acupuncturist. That's to say he doesn't use the pulse but goes by symptoms. By traditional definition, the master acupuncturist is one who prevents illness by reading the pulse and correcting any imbalance *before* it produces any symptoms. But needle doctors get results, too.

Last December, Dr. Lau was invited to Miami Beach with his family for an all-expense-paid week of demonstrations and discussion at St. Francis and St. Joseph hospitals. "While I am there," he said, "I treat *maany* doctors and also their wives. Also, I treat Mr. Jack Dreyfus, *veeery* rich man, and his friend Mr. Jack Cooper. All the time they play tennis and I treat them for tennis elbow. They get well quick and Mr. Dreyfus is *sooo* happy he offers me money for clinic. I thank him. I find *maany* people want to give me money to build clinic."

At this point, Dr. Lau really began hitting his stride. Excitedly, he told me that he has devised a streamlined teaching system he calls "the new acupuncture." Using it, he claims he can teach M.D.s the basics of the art in ten minutes. He is anxious to teach as many doctors as possible, but preferably *outside* his area. For the price of an air ticket, he will travel any reasonable distance to conduct a seminar free of charge. All he asks is that a one- or two-day supply of patients be brought to the seminar for him to treat. He accepts donations but not fees.

A month after returning from Miami, Dr. Lau got his biggest break yet. Bob Balmer, the pit boss on the day shift at the Carson City Nugget casino, went down to Berkeley with an old back pain. Balmer, a large, placid, middle-aged man, started in the gambling business in Idaho in 1937. He went to Nevada when Idaho cleaned up its act in 1952. He had a 40 percent disability pension from the Army and was having trouble staying on his feet eight hours a day. Dr. Lau relieved the problem in a couple of treatments. Balmer exultantly wheeled back to Carson City to tell his friend Bob Norton. Norton had fallen off a mountain while demonstrating rock-climbing to a Y.M.C.A. group and was still in pain seven years later. The two men invited Dr. Lau to Carson City for a weekend of fun.

Carson City is a town of 26,000 that sits under the lee of the Sierra Nevada beside the Carson River on the brink of the

(continued on page 164)



the asylums, he realized, were filled with people who had misplaced their lives

fiction By THOMAS BAUM

ON A RECENT EVENING in February, *If Winter Comes*, the Pulitzer Prize drama by Sidney Wise, was revived at the Morosco Theater, New York. That morning the playwright rose early, as always, and took his wife, Marcia, her breakfast in bed. While he was taking his shower, his son Howard arrived with a batch of congratulatory telegrams sent over by Nate Folger, Sidney Wise's producer, and (continued on page 90)

LOST AND FOUND

CONSTRUCTION BY KINUKO CRAFT

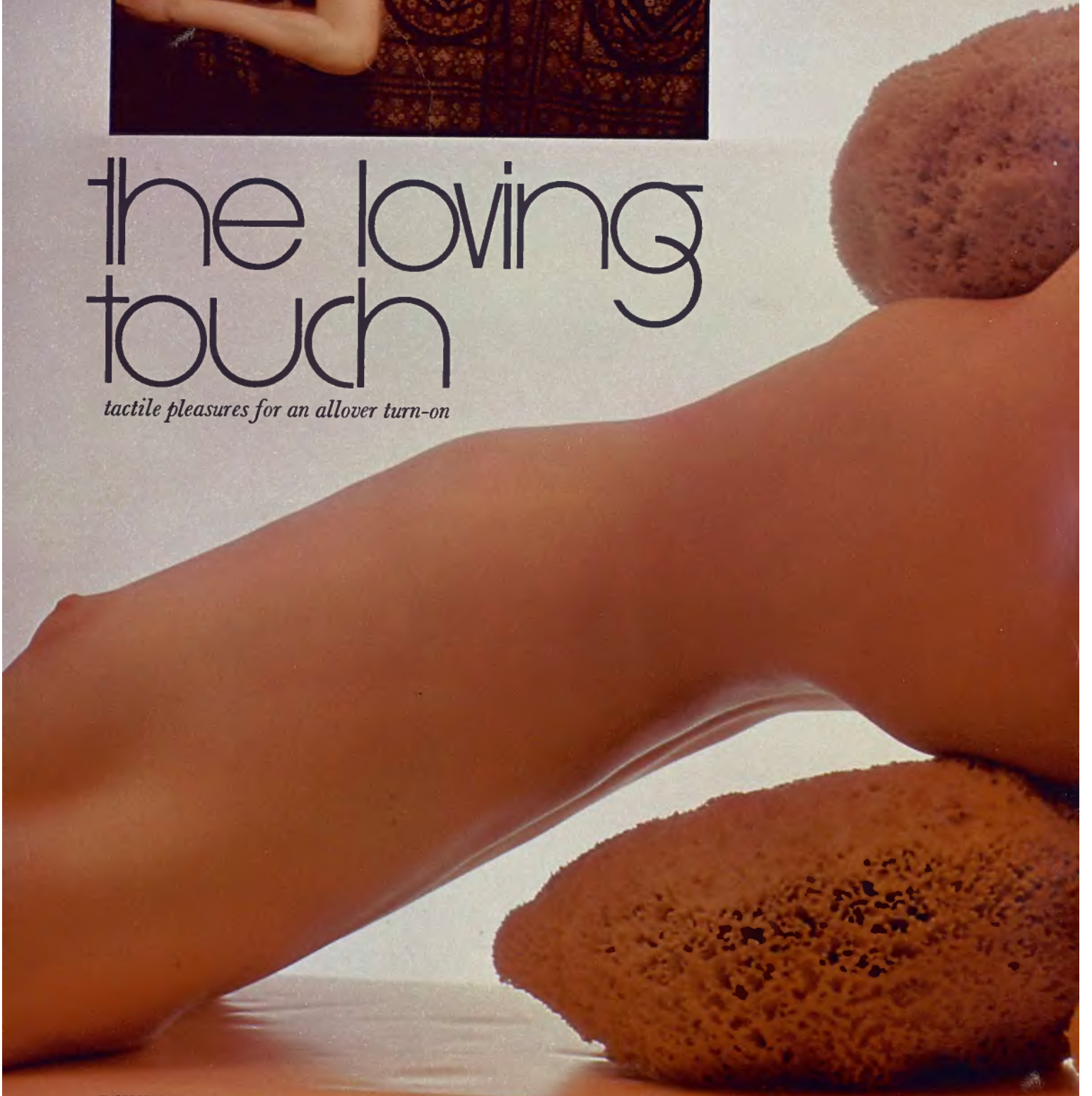


Left: When it's time to lay these down to sleep, the second most sensuous delight you could sack out with would be Valentino-designed pure-silk crepe sheets and pillowcases, \$110 for a single to \$245 for a king-size (pillowcases are \$45).

Below: Even the sea offers its share of soft things to touch—such as these bath sponges imported from the Mediterranean by Chicago Sponge, \$7.50 to \$15, depending on size.


the loving touch

tactile pleasures for an all-over turn-on







A photograph of a woman from the chest up, wearing a wide-brimmed straw hat and dark sunglasses. She is looking down and to the left. Her face is partially obscured by the hat and shadows. She is being touched by several hands from different people, which are visible around her chest and abdomen. A string of small, round, silver worry beads is draped around her chest, with a tassel hanging down. The lighting is warm and dramatic, creating strong highlights and deep shadows. The background is dark and indistinct.

What weighs 16 ounces, measures 7¼"x5½"x4½" and spews heated cream at your touch? It's the hot-shaving-lather dispenser at left, which utilizes any standard six- or 11-ounce can of aerosol shaving cream, by General Electric, \$16.98. If that fails to tickle a lady's fancy, you might try fondling her kombologia—that's the Greek word for worry beads, such as the sterling-silver string shown below, from Greek Island, \$50.



Above left: Lights are to see by, right? Well, here's one you might like to cuddle—an inflatable lamp made of parachute fiber (the base is polished chrome). A three-position switch activates the blower and turns on the light, by Marc Lepage for Knoll International, \$125. Or, for an after-shower extra-nubby rub-down, try a colorful pure-cotton bath sheet (above right) that's made in El Salvador for Bloomingdale's, \$13.75. At left is the HV-300 electric massager, a two-speed floor-model vibrator that does the nicest things to almost any part of your bod, from Hitachi, \$29.95. The all-wool hand-woven cushion at right should stimulate some delightful pillow talk, by Raymond Senior for Karl Mann, \$270.



LOST AND FOUND (continued from page 83)

when Sidney Wise came in from the bathroom, his wife was reading them aloud, in a pinched, postnasal voice, to the ceiling.

"AGE CANNOT WITHER YOUR INFINITE VARIETY. IF WINTER COMES STILL MY FAVORITE. GEORGE." George who?" demanded Marcia Wise, reaching for a tissue.

"George Hartshorne," said Sidney Wise, with his customary patience. "He does interviews for the *Times*. I'm having lunch with him today."

"I see. So that's why you're rushing off when I need you—to be interviewed." She blew her nose violently. "'CROW KEEPS WELL IN THE FREEZER. I PLAN TO EAT SOME TONIGHT. STANLEY DULLES.'"

"He panned *If Winter Comes* in 1948," Sidney Wise explained. "We became friends later."

"How would I know?" said Marcia Wise. "Since I don't know any of your friends. 'IF WINTER COMES, CAN SPRING BE FAR BEHIND?'"

"Depends which way you're facing," said the playwright.

"'SPRING WESTERMAN,'" read Marcia Wise. "Isn't that that awful actress, from *Five'll Get You Ten*, who's always trying to get you to write her another play? The one they all said you were sleeping with?"

"And you believed it," said Sidney Wise, parting a few uncombed locks of gray from his wife's forehead. The morning sun fell across her pale, handsome features, deepening the fine wrinkles, lighting the dry pools of fatigue beneath her eyes. "Did you take your temperature?" he said.

"No. And don't tell me I shouldn't go to Washington." She looked him briefly up and down. "Is that what you're wearing tonight? Your green blazer? I thought it was red you wore to the"—her lip curled fastidiously—"to the tragedies."

"No." The phone by the bed gave half a ring; he heard his son Howard answer in the study. "I guess you've forgotten. I wore this the night *If Winter Comes* first opened. Then to *Let's Talk About the Money* I wore a blue suit. Then *Border Disputes* opened and by chance I wore green again, and Leonard Lyons started saying I wore green to my serious plays and blue to my comedies, so when *Come Up for Air* opened—"

"You wore blue. So people would know to laugh. Spare me, Sidney, the biannual recitation of your *oeuvre*. I take it, then, you plan to go directly to the theater? I can't count on you to drive us to the airport?"

"I wish you'd reconsider this trip," said Sidney Wise. "Washington seems somehow like such a long way to go."

"Precisely," said Marcia Wise. "While your face is all over the New York

papers, we'll be seeing the sights. Surely I don't have to remind you, Sidney, how hard these openings are on Howard."

"I think you exaggerate that."

"Exaggerate? God, when I think what a relief, all those people *not* coming up to us backstage asking if we're related to the playwright—did I ever tell you, Sidney," she said cheerfully, "that at the last opening someone wanted to know how it felt to be your mother?"

"You didn't go to the last opening," said Sidney Wise, transferring his wallet from the pocket of his corduroy jacket. He buttoned his ceremonial green blazer, bending to kiss his wife, who interposed a wad of tissue. Turning sadly, the playwright went out of the bedroom and down the hall to his study, where his son Howard was just hanging up the phone. At Howard's feet sat an airline bag, a rolled playscript projecting from one end.

"That was Nate Folger," said Howard Wise. "He'll meet you and George Hartshorne at Frankie & Johnnie's in half an hour. Turns out the *Times* is giving you a whole page Sunday. Save me that section, will you, Dad, since I'll be in Washington? Hey, that jacket still fits."

"Do you want to come to lunch, Howard?"

"With you? And the *Times*? You must be joking." Howard Wise rolled his eyes at his father's manuscript shelf, the *Playbills* framed on the study wall. "I'd feel like an idiot. Besides, I've got plane tickets to pick up. I'll ride as far as Fiftieth, though, and you can tell me what's wrong with *Reflected Glory*." He held up the airline bag, with the playscript, following his father into the vestibule. Outside the brownstone, a cab was waiting.

"Morosco Theater," said Sidney Wise to the driver, moving over to make room for Howard.

"You didn't have to tell me," said the driver. "*If Winter Comes*. It's a privilege, Mr. Wise."

"You're very kind," said the playwright. The cab swung down Fifth Avenue.

"My wife sees all your plays," the driver said. "I can tell you this, too, yours are the only plays she ever sees. These other plays today, she says, are too damned confusing, and if she wants to be confused, my wife says, she can always talk to me."

Howard Wise leaned forward. "That, my good man, is why Sidney Wise is the only playwright in America whose name still sells tickets."

"I can believe it," said the driver.

"Drama you can sink your teeth into," said Howard Wise. "Comedy that makes you laugh, not scratch your head. The

theater's greatest two-way threat since 1616."

"Are you his press agent?" asked the driver. "Not that my wife wouldn't agree."

"I'm his son." Howard leaned back, beaming at his father. "Son Howard. L'il Howie. The One Who Walks in Shadow. So what did you think, Dad?"

"Of that eulogy?"

"Of *Reflected Glory*." He jerked the playscript out of the airline bag. "Wait. Don't say it. It happened again. Six P. O. W.'s come back from Vietnam. Timely? Sure-fire? Believe me, Dad. I don't set out to rip you off. This time I got halfway through before it hit me, before I remembered those six GIs returning from Japan. OK. Say what you always say. I should have taken a different tack. All right, but I was so goddamn depressed. Who, I said to myself, is really going to remember *If Winter Comes*? So the day I finish the longhand draft, Nate Folger announces the revival. I almost killed myself."

"Bad poets imitate," Sidney Wise said helpfully, "good poets steal."

"*Reflected Glory*, I'm afraid, isn't what T. S. Eliot had in mind." Howard Wise leafed through the script. "The lieutenant's speech in act one? The comic relief? I don't have to tell you: practically word for word from *Come Up for Air*. Even when I think I'm inventing stuff, it turns out I'm copying you."

"You can rewrite," Sidney Wise suggested. "It's still a valid subject, it's only a first draft—"

"No! Thanks, Dad, but no. Don't you get it? It's always been this way, and it's getting worse. Can't you grasp what I'm up against? How you should never expect anything from me, because I'll never be any good on my own? How I'm doomed to be the poor man's Sidney Wise? On my deathbed I'll probably recite your deathbed words! Let me off here," said Howard to the driver, "and then drive extra carefully. This is precious cargo you're carrying: Broadway's pride, every playwright's yardstick, the man who's said it all, who makes you laugh one night and cry the next, a great man and a really conscientious father and the greatest model any son could want!"

The cab door slammed. Sliding over, Sidney Wise watched his son sprint tearfully across the avenue, against the light: The playwright held his breath as for a moment Howard was lost to view, then blinked as he saw him again, safe on the sidewalk in front of the airline office, blowing his nose. I should do endorsements, thought Sidney Wise, I should pick up a bundle from Kleenex, give up writing plays and make everybody

(continued on page 176)

PLAYBOY'S HISTORY OF ORGANIZED CRIME

PART VIII

article By RICHARD HAMMER

For U. S. Armed Forces

TWO LIRE

A FOREBODING spread across the United States in the early months of 1942. Since the cataclysm at Pearl Harbor, the news had been all bad and was getting worse: The Japanese, so long underrated as a military power, had smashed through the Philippines, the islands of the western Pacific and were bringing much of Asia under the umbrella of their Greater East Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere. Europe and much of North Africa were captives of Hitler's new order.

Luciano Sent Back To Italy



Lucky Luciano gets his freedom and a one-way ticket back home.

and although the blitzkrieg had been stopped at the gates of Moscow by winter snows, few considered this more than a temporary halt to the Nazi advances. In the United States, President Roosevelt might talk confidently of ultimate

V For Victory, Vice And Vegas

wartime black marketeers kept the home fires burning, then the mob discovered gold in the Nevada desert

victory and the people might believe, but so far there was only disaster. And the enemy was coming closer. German U-boats prowled the Atlantic Coast and that winter the beaches were stained with oil and other flotsam, testimony to the loss of ships, lives and vital cargo. A band of German agents was landed one night by U-boat on the eastern tip of Long Island and, though quickly captured, the audacity of the landing did nothing to calm the national nerves.

The worse the reports, the greater the fear of fifth

columnists and saboteurs. That fear sent Government forces swooping down on all Japanese on the West Coast, herding them into isolated internment camps. In the East, although few overt actions were taken against Germans and Italians, their loyalty also was suspect, especially by many in the military who viewed any foreigner as a potential enemy agent and

who waited with dread for an expected outbreak of sabotage.

Some of those fears had already seemed realized. On February 11, 1942, the night sky over blacked-out Manhattan burst into flame. Berthed at a Hudson River pier, the French luxury liner S. S. Normandie, interned at the fall of France and then requisitioned by the United States, was being converted into an Allied troopship capable of transporting an entire division. Now she was in flames; she burned for days, then rolled over and died. Despite a series

Gangsters Move In On Black Market



Stolen ration stamps peddled by the Mob.

UP FRONT

By Bill Mauldin



"Vito says he's running a special next week on jeeps."



Virginia Hill, mistress to mobsters, was also a money courier.

of investigations, the cause was never satisfactorily fixed, though there were many theories: sparks from a welding torch in the hands of a careless ship fitter; flammable

Bugsy Siegel dreamed of turning Las Vegas from a desert truck stop into a gambling oasis. His dream came true, posthumously.

ILLUSTRATION BY BILL UTTERBACK AFTER PETER BLUME CIRCA 1946

debris littering the vessel igniting spontaneously; a saboteur's match.

If no one was able to explain the cause, the spark that gutted the Normandie did have an immediate consequence, and one that could not have delighted the American underworld more. To Navy officials in Washington and at the headquarters of the Third Naval District in Lower Manhattan, the destruction of the Normandie rekindled long-held suspicions about the lack of security along the New York waterfront. Many of the longshoremen and others in the fishing and shipping industries that ringed the harbor were Italians—immigrants or the sons of immigrants. If these men felt greater loyalty to Italy than to the United States, then the waterfront was swarming with potential saboteurs, agents who could foment strikes and other troubles to tie up the port at a crucial phase of the war, who

could commit acts of destruction, who might feed information to the Germans lying offshore, who might even use their fishing boats to supply those submarines. How could there be any security along the waterfront, especially when the docks were the bastion of the underworld and men such as Albert Anastasia, the lord high executioner of Murder, Inc., and his brother, Anthony "Tough Tony" Anastasio, one of the most powerful leaders of the International Longshoremen's Association?

Such fears inspired one of the most bizarre episodes of World War Two. It was called Operation: Underworld, and the nation's leaders of organized crime—Meyer Lansky, Frank Costello and, above all, Charles "Lucky" Luciano—saw in it the keys that would unlock the gates of Dannemora prison, where Luciano had already spent more than five years of a 30-to-50-year sentence as the boss of organized prostitution. From them,



through their legitimate contacts, the Navy received a subtle message that Italian racketeers not only were loyal Americans but were in a unique position to offer the country much help against its foreign enemies.

The idea was as farfetched as it was offensive, but the Navy was desperate and a young reserve officer in Naval Intelligence, Lieutenant Commander Charles H. Haffenden,





Benjamin "Bugsy" Siegel had vision but poor judgment. After persuading the Mob to gamble millions on his Flamingo Hotel in Las Vegas, he began swindling investors, who repaid his treachery with bullets through a window of his Beverly Hills mansion.



was assigned to investigate the feasibility of enlisting the underworld and its leaders in the war effort. Haffenden was a strange choice, for he knew little about the New York waterfront and even less about the underworld. Having no idea where to start, in April 1942 he turned for help to the office of Manhattan district attorney Thomas E. Dewey. The racket buster him-

self was too busy to deal with Haffenden directly—his political activities occupied almost all his time; he had already lost the 1938 New York gubernatorial race to Herbert Lehman, had made a serious but unsuccessful bid for the 1940 Republican Presidential nomination, and now, with his eyes still on the White House, was again engaged in an all-out effort to capture the governor's mansion in Albany. So Dewey turned Haffenden over to two key assistants, Frank S. Hogan (already anointed to succeed Dewey as Manhattan district attorney, an office in which he would reign until 1974) and Murray Gurfein (a Dewey aide during the Luciano trial in 1936 and later to become a U.S. District Court judge).

Hogan and Gurfein had just the man for Haffenden to see—Joseph "Socks" Lanza, the semiliterate but all-powerful ruler of the Fulton Fish Market. "Joe Zox," as his



friends called him, was so absolute a dictator that no fish went into or out of the city-owned market without payment of tribute to him—ten dollars from every boat arriving and \$50 from every truck departing—and no stall operated without his paid-for approval. No one challenged Lanza, for he had met challenges in the past with sudden violence and had managed to beat both murder and gun indictments. During the mid-Thirties, he had even been able to maintain his control while serving a Federal sentence in Flint, Michigan, for conspiracy to monopolize the fresh-water-fish industry in New York. Furthermore, his influence reached into both the world of politics and the world of organized crime, in which he was a leading figure. His brother-in-law, Prospero Vincent Viggiano, was a powerful Tammany district leader; one of his closest friends was Albert C. Marinelli, long one of the absolute monarchs of Tammany Hall; he had been partners in a number of operations with Joe Adonis, Luciano and Costello, who had been best man at his wedding in 1941.

But as the war began, Lanza was in trouble. The American Federation of Labor, finally fed up with his extortion and strong-arm activities, had thrown his United Sea Food Workers Union out of the house of organized labor. And Dewey's office had him indicted for shaking down a Teamster local. Even these troubles, though, had not yet shaken his control over the fish market and the fishing fleets that daily sailed from New York out to the open sea. He was, then, the ideal man for Haffenden to contact.

Lanza responded quickly. In fact, underworld sources maintain, he had been told to expect the call and had rehearsed his responses. He agreed to meet with Haffenden, but not in public; if they were seen together, he said, it might be taken the wrong way by his friends, what with the rash of informers like Abe Reles and Allie Tannenbaum. He would meet Haffenden at midnight on a park bench near Grant's Tomb.

The meeting went as scheduled and Lanza could not have been more helpful, perhaps hoping that his cooperation would lead Dewey to deal more kindly with him when his case came to trial (it didn't: He eventually pleaded guilty and was sentenced to seven and a half to 15 years in prison). He agreed to do everything in his power to combat sabotage and fifth columnists, authorizing Haffenden to put intelligence agents and communications devices on fishing vessels and trucks and throughout the fish market.

But at a second meeting soon after, as Haffenden asked for further cooperation, Lanza declared that his own powers were strictly limited. He had no control, he said, over the longshoremen nor over a hundred other areas where the Government might want help. There was only

one man who could weld the entire American underworld, and the entire Italian- and Sicilian-American community, into a patriotic force devoted to the Allied cause: Charlie Lucky.

Back went Haffenden to Gurfein for advice and assistance. Gurfein called Luciano's attorney, Moses Polakoff. Polakoff hedged, suggested that instead of sounding out Luciano immediately, it might be wise for Gurfein to explore the matter with one or two of Luciano's closest friends. Gurfein agreed. A breakfast meeting was arranged at a hotel overlooking Central Park and Polakoff arrived with Lansky.

Nearly two decades later, while seeking haven in Israel from a variety of American indictments, Lansky gave his version of that breakfast. Gurfein, he said, "explained the situation to me. I went immediately to see Frank Costello, telling him the story and asking what does he feel about it. Frank was patriotic and felt that help should be given. So we made up a white lie and we decided that we will tell Charlie Lucky that if he will be helpful in this case, it might help him to get out of prison."

Though nothing had been done without his knowledge and approval from the very inception of Operation: Underworld, Luciano was not about to appear overeager. When the call came asking him to meet with Gurfein and Navy officials, he initially refused. He would talk with nobody, he said, as long as he was in Dannemora; he wanted a more congenial environment. So he was moved, first temporarily to Sing Sing for the initial conferences, and then more permanently to Great Meadow Prison, north of Albany, the country club of New York State penitentiaries.

In this more relaxed atmosphere, Luciano agreed to do all he could to help the United States win the war. But, he informed Gurfein and the Navy, in order to do his best, he would need easy access to his friends in the underworld to get his orders out and around the country. At Great Meadow, Luciano was given a private office for use during his secret meetings and permission was granted throughout the war years for a steady procession of mobsters to visit him for private discussions. Among those who arrived regularly were Lansky, Costello, Adonis, Willie Moretti, Tommy Luchese, Mike Miranda and Lanza, until he, himself, went to prison.

If they talked about national defense, they also talked about a lot more, for they were concerned primarily with the Syndicate in its wartime search for wealth. They may all have been self-professed patriots, but there was nothing in their definition of patriotism that said they couldn't make a buck out of the war (and in this they differed little from many legitimate businessmen). And there

were plenty of ways to do it, especially since many Americans wanted to continue enjoying the amenities of life despite shortages, rationing and the laws. As it had during Prohibition, the Mob was both willing and determined to supply the demand. People wanted ration stamps so they could buy meat, other foods, gasoline, tires and other rationed goods; the underworld provided millions of stamps to those who would pay for them—stamps pilfered in raids on Federal depots, purchased from dishonest Government officials, counterfeited.

Not only did the racketeers supply the stamps, they soon supplied the rationed commodities themselves and thus made further inroads into legitimate business in the course of building a black market. Led by Luchese and Anastasia, they used wartime shortages to tighten their grip on the garment industry. Because of the scarcity of beef, the meat industry became the target of a power drive by Carlo Gambino, until then only another ambitious and rising hoodlum in the family run by the Mangano brothers and Anastasia. Assisted by such tough and violent lieutenants as Paul Castellano (who would later emerge as partner of Gambino's brother Paul in the huge Pride Wholesale Meat Company) and Sonny Franzese, Gambino organized the meat purveyors in Brooklyn, then spread his influence across New York. Under his rule, the industry was tightly controlled and paid off handsomely. The butchers knew that the dollars going into Gambino's pockets not only ensured an end to any trouble but also guaranteed a steady supply of choice cuts of meat (since Gambino and his friends had moved into wholesale meat packing, as well) and all the ration stamps they needed. For the customers, it meant that at Mob-controlled markets they could buy all the meat they wanted, with or without ration stamps—at prices well above the legal ceiling.

Meanwhile, Lansky, Costello and others had found another enterprise equally suited to their talents. As a kind of patriotic gesture to show that they, too, would make sacrifices to the war effort, they had shuttered their gambling casinos in Havana and other places difficult to reach because of travel restrictions and even closed some of their fancier operations in the United States—but in reality to concentrate their efforts on black-marketing. Gasoline and tires were even harder to get than meat or clothes—unless you knew somebody. So the Syndicate moved in, buying through fronts hundreds of gas stations that never ran dry, and made no great fuss about ration stamps. And the same stations always seemed to have plenty of recapped tires for sale at a price. There were millions to be made by profiteering in shortages during the war,

(continued on page 96)

how to keep occupied while you're waiting for the piano player to do "melancholy baby"

FIFTEEN AWFUL MARTINI JOKES

WHILE SITTING at his favorite bar one afternoon, the gentleman was particularly struck by the odd behavior of a man three stools down. As fast as the bartender could serve him, he was tossing down martinis in one gulp. Shocked at such ill treatment of a fine drink, the gentleman moved over to him and asked, "Is that any way to drink good martinis?"

"It's the only way I've been able to drink them since my accident," the man answered, draining two more in fast order.

"I'm sorry to hear that," said the gentleman. "What sort of accident was it?"

"It was a terrible thing," replied the man. "I knocked one over with my elbow."

One day a llama walked into a fancy bar in midtown Manhattan and ordered a dry martini, straight up. The bartender had never seen a llama outside of a zoo before, but he served it anyway, without saying a word.

The llama leaned against the bar, sipping quietly at his drink, and then, after a few minutes, ordered another. When the bartender brought the refill, the llama asked, "How much?"

"That'll be five dollars," he answered.

As the llama downed his second drink, the bartender remarked, "I don't think I've ever seen a llama in here before."

"No," said the llama, "and at these prices, you probably never will again."

The young man was desperate to prove his affections to his girl that night. He drew



AND ONE GREAT MARTINI

Six Parts Good Gin

One Part Dry Vermouth

The martini pitcher should first be one-quarter filled with cracked, not crushed, ice. Pour the gin—which may be chilled beforehand—over the ice. Add the vermouth. Stir with controlled vigor until the pitcher is quite cold to the touch. Strain the martinis immediately into frosted three-ounce cocktail glasses. Purists prefer them this way, sans fruit or vegetables. The semiorthodox add a twist of lemon, while the legions of hopelessly fallen swear by an olive or two. For the Perfect Dry Martini on the rocks, serve in an old fashioned glass filled with ice cubes. Deluxe option: Add two drops of Scotch to each drink.

her close and whispered, "I've loved you more than you'll ever know."

"So I was right!" she exploded, slapping him across the face. "You *did* take advantage of me Saturday night after I had those five martinis!"

"I've just invented a cotton gin," Eli Whitney announced proudly as he came out of his workshop.

"So what?" grumbled his wife. "Who needs a fluffy martini?"

A couple of pals were sitting in their usual cocktail lounge, happily on the road to oblivion. "I think I'll have a bite to eat," observed the first, philosophically. With great care, he plucked the olive from his martini and ate it.

"Ah," beamed his sozzled buddy, "that calls for an after-dinner drink!"

A stunning girl in skintight Levis was walking down the street when a curious young-executive type approached her and said, "Excuse me, but I can't help asking—how in the world does anyone get into those pants?"

"Well," she answered, looking him over, "you can start by buying me a martini."

For hours, the man had kept ordering martini after martini at the bar. As each arrived, he took out the olive and put it in a small jar before starting in on the drink.

"The guy's crazy," said another customer to the bartender. "Really weird."

(concluded on page 167)

Victory, Vice And Vegas (continued from page 94)

and the Mob and its friends made them.

It was such operations and how to continue them in peacetime that mostly concerned Luciano and his visitors during those years at Great Meadow, in sanctuary provided by the state of New York at the request of the United States Navy. But Luciano did give at least some thought to his Government assignment. He ordered dock workers and the underworld to cooperate with the military and, in fact, there were very few acts of sabotage along the American waterfront or in any other area under Mob control during the war years. But were such dictates from Luciano really needed? It seems most unlikely that longshoremen or the leaders and rank and file of American organized crime might have aided national enemies whose victory would have meant their own undoing. Indeed, through the years, few have more stridently proclaimed their devotion to the United States—or reaped more from the American system—than the gangsters.

It was also claimed that Luciano dispatched orders to the Sicilian-American community to give the military any photographs and postcards of the Sicilian landscape to aid in topographic studies of the island; and that Luciano persuaded the powerful leaders of the island's Mafia to assist the Allied landings in 1943. But Luciano had not been in Sicily since 1906, when, as a child of nine, his family emigrated to the United States. Though he had risen to become perhaps the most powerful ruler of American organized crime, the ties between the American underworld and the Sicilian Mafia were, at best, remote, and if Sicilian criminals helped, it was because they decided it was in their own interest. For years they had been under attack, threatened with extermination by Mussolini; it only made good sense to aid those who would topple the Fascist dictator and restore the old system.

Some years later, the Navy's coordinator of Operation: Underworld, Commander Haffenden, would dismiss the racketeer's contribution. "Luciano was like all other informers we used in our intelligence work," he said. "He did no more than any good American citizen would have done. I can't set him up on a pedestal as having done anything great, because he rendered only normal cooperation." But at the time, Haffenden had lauded Luciano for making a "great" contribution to victory. And Gurfein had declared, "There is no doubt that Luciano did wield a tremendous and peculiar influence in the underworld and, from what I understand, he did do some good in creating this underworld counterespionage system." No one, however, would discuss the details of Luciano's work.

Such secrecy was useful. It permitted Luciano's parole, without much explana-

tion, by Dewey, who had sent him to prison in the first place.

In the possession of Luciano's lawyers were sworn affidavits from the major witnesses at his 1936 trial stating that they had lied under oath and that their lies had been concocted in Dewey's office under threat of prosecution on other charges. An appeals court had rejected similar affidavits in 1938, but then Luciano was a recently convicted felon, the heralded boss of the American underworld and a name with which to frighten children. By 1942, he had been in prison long enough for his notoriety to subside, while Dewey himself had become highly vulnerable. He was a national figure, a candidate for high state office and a potential President. Charges that he had suborned perjury, even if untrue, would certainly not have helped his image as the white knight in shining armor shattering the rackets and bringing to the state and the nation honesty and good government.

According to underworld stories, a deal was struck. The affidavits would be filed away to gather dust and Luciano would not appeal for a new trial. A large bank roll—some have put it at \$250,000 or more, with Luciano subscribing a major part—would be secretly put at the disposal of Dewey's campaign organization. And the muscle of the Mob would cut down the normally overwhelming Democratic majorities in New York City to help ensure Dewey's victory. In exchange, Luciano would later receive his freedom.

In November 1942, Dewey was elected governor, then reneged on a promise he had made not to seek the Republican Presidential nomination in 1944. To Luciano's relief, he lost heavily to Roosevelt and returned to Albany.

On May 7, 1945, the very day the war in Europe ended, Luciano's petition for executive clemency was dispatched to the governor. Dewey turned it over to his state parole board, its members all his appointees. At the hearings, there were general statements to the effect that Luciano had performed noble and, because of security, necessarily secret labors for the Allied cause. The board unanimously recommended parole.

On January 3, 1946, Dewey announced his agreement with the board's recommendation. The gangster would go free, but he would not be permitted to remain in the United States. "Luciano," Dewey said, "is deportable to Italy. . . . Upon the entry of the United States into the war, Luciano's aid was sought by the Armed Services in inducing others to provide information concerning possible enemy attack. It appears that he cooperated in such efforts, though the actual value of the information provided is not

clear. His record in prison is reported as wholly satisfactory."

Some years later, Dewey amplified that statement in an interview with an editor of the *New York Post*. He said, "An exhaustive investigation . . . established that Luciano's aid to the Navy in the war was extensive and valuable. Ten years is probably as long as anybody ever served for compulsory prostitution. And these factors led the parole board to recommend the commutation, combined with the fact that Luciano would be exiled for life under law."

On February 9, 1946, Luciano had his final look at the city where he had grown up and whose underworld he ruled. He was hustled aboard a converted Liberty ship, the S. S. Laura Keene, and sent to Italy. In the hours before the scheduled noon sailing, all his old underworld friends and a score or more of politicians went to the ship for a farewell party. Also on hand was a small army of reporters hoping for a final word at a shipboard press conference promised by the United States Immigration and Naturalization Service. But when they arrived, they could only stand in the bitter cold 100 yards distant, watch the curtained limousines arrive and depart and try to guess what was going on. In their way stood a gang of longshoremen, armed with sharpened baling hooks; they had been massed by Anastasia and Anastasio to protect Luciano and his well-wishers from prying eyes. When the newspapermen turned to members of District Attorney Frank Hogan's staff for intervention in their behalf, they received no help. The authorities were not anxious to participate in a clash between reporters and dock workers.

As the Laura Keene cast off, several of the dock workers yelled, "So long, Charlie . . . you'll be back." That was exactly Luciano's intention. He had left all his holdings in the hands of Lansky, Costello and Adonis, but he did not intend that this gift should be permanent. He had already set in motion plans for his return, if not directly into the United States, then at least close enough to American shores to resume control of the American underworld and fend off any rivals.

Perhaps the most ambitious of these rivals was his old lieutenant, Vito Genovese. As Luciano was leaving, Genovese was about to re-emerge after an absence of nearly a decade and make his play for the throne. In 1937, with New York authorities closing on him for racketeering and murder, Genovese had put more than \$1,000,000 into a satchel and fled to Italy. On his honeymoon trip there a few years earlier, he had become acquainted with a number of officials in Mussolini's government; now he sought them out again and carried their favor to guarantee himself a certain degree of comfort during his visit to his native

(continued on page 157)

BOTTICELLI, were he alive today, would have immortalized Simonetta Stefanelli on canvas, as he did with Venus on the half shell. A sweet, innocent pout, a wisp of hair blowing in the breeze, a thigh thrust slightly forward, perhaps a hand over a breast. And this is pretty much how director Francis Ford Coppola portrayed her as Appolonia, the lovely Sicilian bride of Michael Corleone in *The Godfather*, the young, innocent farm girl who is destined to be blown to smithereens in a car full of explosives. The contrast is perfect—defenseless innocence falling victim of the Mob. But in real life, Simonetta does not see herself that way. "I do not picture myself as a victim at all, nor as a fragile woman," she says. "Rather, I go through life with a certain sureness and, as far as films are concerned, I think I possess a flair for the dramatic." Simonetta, who has been in movies for a number of years, has developed a respect for her craft. "Acting is very hard work," says Signorina Stefanelli. "But if a scene turns out well, I'm euphoric."

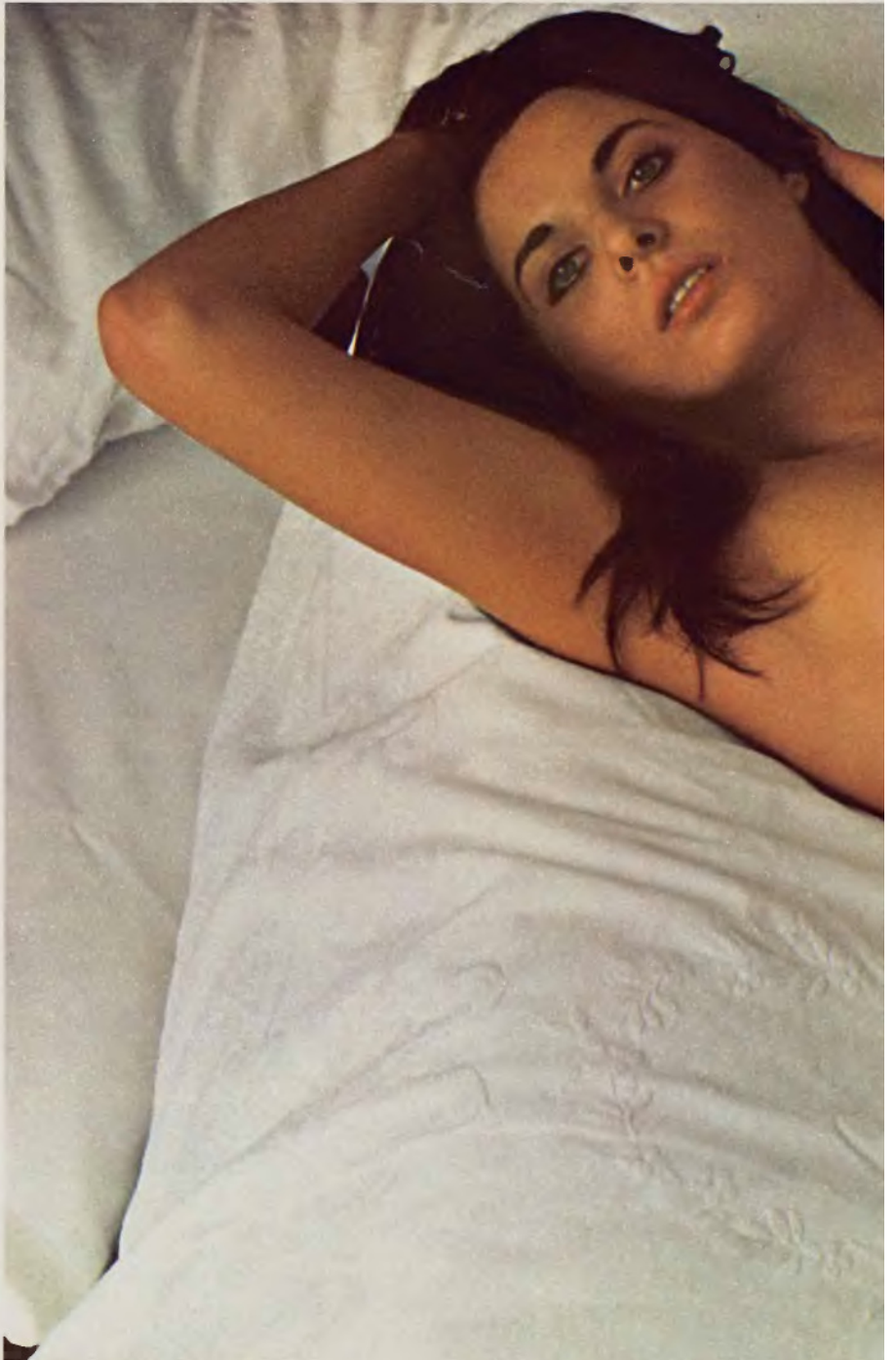
THE DON'S DAUGHTER- IN-LAW

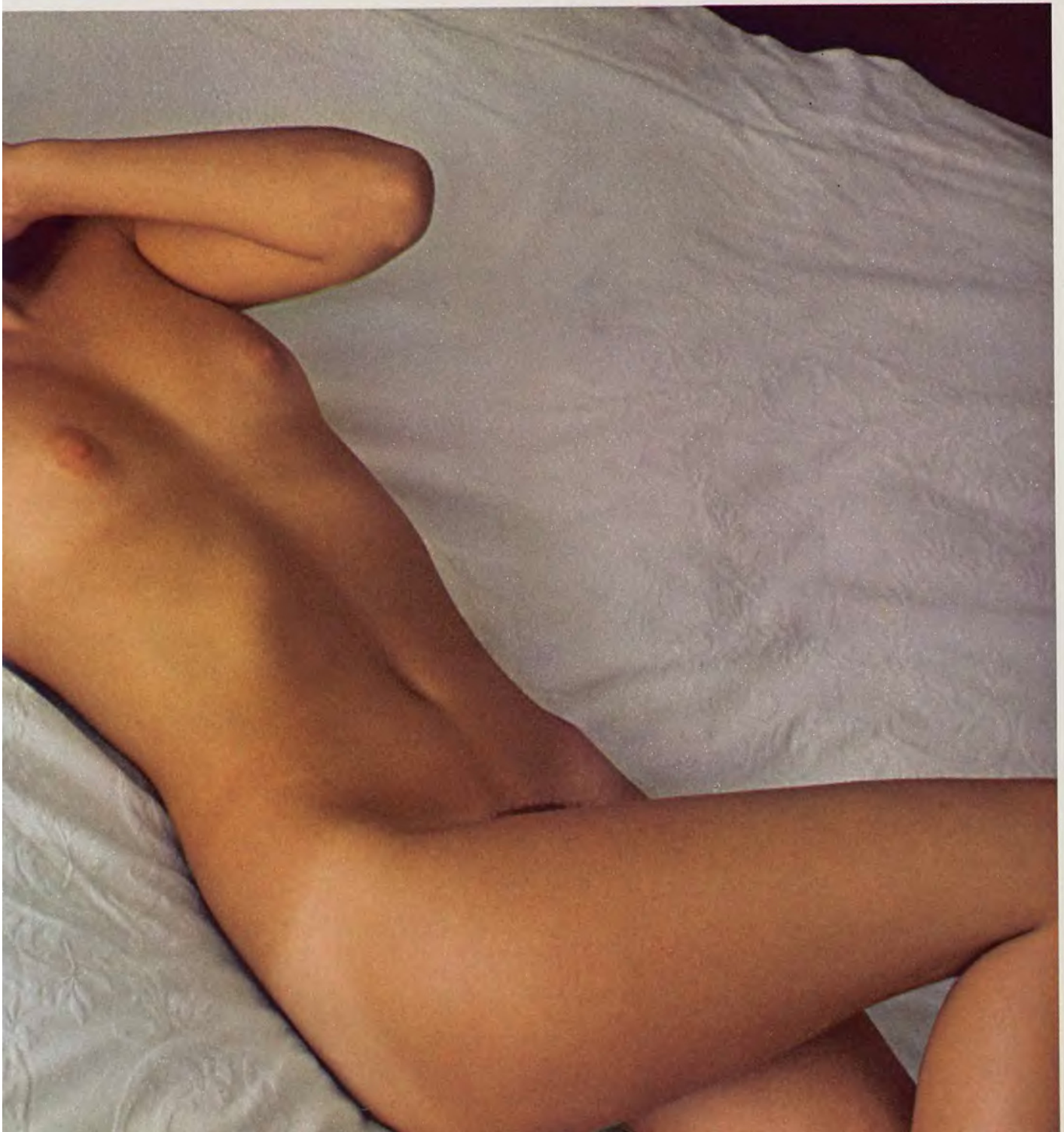
*blown to bits in "the godfather,"
simonetta stefanelli
still has it all very much together*



Born and bred in Rome, where she now lives with her parents, three sisters and two brothers, 19-year-old Simonetta began her career in movies at the ripe old age of 13. Starting with minor roles in several Italian films, she is now co-starring with Burt Lancaster in an Italian television adaptation of the story of Moses. Simonetta spends many of her offcamera hours at schools—one for languages and another for dramatic art. The rest of her leisure time, she claims, is taken up by modern poetry, a little chess and a very special man.

In a memorable scene from *The Godfather* (right), Simonetta shyly offers herself to her new husband, Michael Corleone, played by Al Pacino, on their wedding night. Soys she, "The cinema amuses me."





fifteen dollars each. Mrs. Stakes gets back her purse. Dismissed."

"Wait a damn minute," Mrs. Stakes protested. "I wearin' my red tag. You genocidin' me? Red tag mean forty bucks. Hit pay double."

The sergeant stroked his mustache. "I'm sorry, Mrs. Stakes. Only on a red-tag day. Please study your Prettyman Plan booklet."

"Sheeet." Honeycutt whined. "Tha's why I hit her. I seen the red tag."

Blumberg leveled a finger at them. "You are both at fault. Red tags pay double on red-tag days only. Green tags pay triple. But it must be a green-tag day. You can't expect to improve yourself unless you study. I'll arrange for you to attend the courses on Wednesday nights at Lumumba Educational Society, if you wish. Purely voluntary. A few hours of schoolwork and you'll be able to increase your earning power. Education means money, remember that."

"Dumb kid," Mrs. Stakes sneered. "Now we can't make a hit fo' three days."

"Sheeet. Ah git you when you wear yo' red paper."

"You git sheeet."

• • •

Prettyman worked out of a storefront office on a side street off Hamilton Avenue where garbage spilled from overloaded cans, winos and prostitutes lounged in doorways. The professor waved to a fearsome giant wobbling toward them. Mrs. Casey recoiled.

"Harmless," Prettyman said, opening the door for her. "He's enrolled." The office smelled of fresh paint. Two youths, one white, one Puerto Rican, manned a mimeograph machine. A stern black woman sat at a reception desk.

"Six more today, professor," the woman said. "Two junkies, a second-story man and three car thieves."

"Excellent," Prettyman said. He rushed past her. Mrs. Casey followed.

"Why are you enrolling them?" she cried. "To commit crimes and get paid for it?"

"Of course."

"But . . . but . . . that sergeant? And the policemen? Are they New York City officers?"

"Commissioner Bakaka lent them to me. They are on detached service. If the plan succeeds—I have no doubt that it will—he'll give me the entire borough of Brooklyn."

Prettyman held open a door to an inner office. It was clean but impoverished. Inside were a desk, a folding chair, a filing cabinet, a cot. An air conditioner hummed.

"But you're encouraging people to commit crimes," Mrs. Casey protested.

"No. Rewarding them for not using violence. The twenty dollars Roosevelt

Honeycutt got was much more than his average hit, indeed, as much as he usually gets in a forty-eight-hour period. Mrs. Stakes had four dollars and twenty-two cents in her purse. He didn't hurt her. She kept her money and got an additional twenty. The officers' fifteen-dollar reward was five dollars more than they get for shaking down a candy-store owner on Saturday night."

"But who supplies the money?"

The professor locked the door and pulled Laura Casey toward the cot. "Thus far, the foundation. But you're next, Mrs. Casey, you're next."

She could not resist him. Limber, lean, offhand, he had the power to command. He made love to her vigorously, but in a detached manner, as if reviewing a feasibility study. They wore their clothing. He talked about his plans to eliminate crime from every street in New York, to obliterate violence, to make crime bearable by recognizing it and *making it pay*.

"Vending machines for heroin, cocaine and morphine," he was saying, as she smoothed her skirt.

There was a knock at the door. The receptionist's Ivy League tones filtered through. "The women's permissible-rape committee is here, professor," she said.

"Be right out. Give them the forms, Cothal. Explain that this is all voluntary."

"Rape?" Mrs. Casey asked.

"Some women need it. Nothing personal."

"May I use the phone? I've got to call my boss. He'll never believe this."

• • •

Emil Foss, Undersecretary for HEW, was eager to hear Mrs. Casey's report. He was under fire from the director of the FBI. No matter how much the FBI jiggled the monthly figures, crimes increased.

"It's you and your damned permissiveness," the FBI director had raged at him that morning. "Welfare. Busing. Medicaid. You are creating a criminal class. Goddamn it, the President wants those Uniform Crime Reports *down!* He promised it, and he'll get it—"

Coldly, Undersecretary Foss had reminded the director that the FBI produced the figures, not he. Let *him* doctor them, let *him* fudge them. Every Government office did that.

A bad business, Foss thought. And who could blame the director or any Government official? Crime had become the norm, not the exception. Hundreds of thousands of angry Vietnam veterans, many of them blacks, *chicanos*, Indians. They roamed the streets, armed, reckless. Cities had become like the dacoit communities of India—societies founded on robbery and murder and pillage.

"Laura, darling?" Foss murmured into his telephone. "Are you back?"

"I'm still in Brooklyn," Mrs. Casey said. "I *think* I've seen the future, and I *think* it works." She was phoning while sitting on Prettyman's lap.

"What does this fellow *do*?" the Undersecretary asked. "Has he statistics? Is the crime rate really lower? Does he do it with extra police patrols? Sodium lights? Neighborhood auxiliaries? Shotguns?"

"He does it with money," Mrs. Casey said.

"Money? Welfare chiseling?"

"No, Emil. You'll have to come to Brooklyn and observe it."

Foss hated field work. But now he began to imagine a pleasant few days in New York with Laura. "Are you all right, Laura? You sound out of breath. Is it hot up there?"

"Oh, I'm fine, fine," she said dreamily.

Outside the locked door she heard the mimeographs spinning. Prettyman had picked up another phone. "I want the president of Hertz. The fellow who complained to the newspapers about car thefts. Tell him Professor Oran Prettyman can solve his problem."

• • •

On the flight to New York, Foss read a Xeroxed biography of Oran Prettyman from *Who's Who in American Universities*. It filled him with misgivings. The man seemed to be an academic ne'er-do-well. Gazing out at the endless rows of two-family homes in Queens (these peaceful neighborhoods were now as infested with burglars and muggers as Harlem and Brownsville), he studied the man's checkered past.

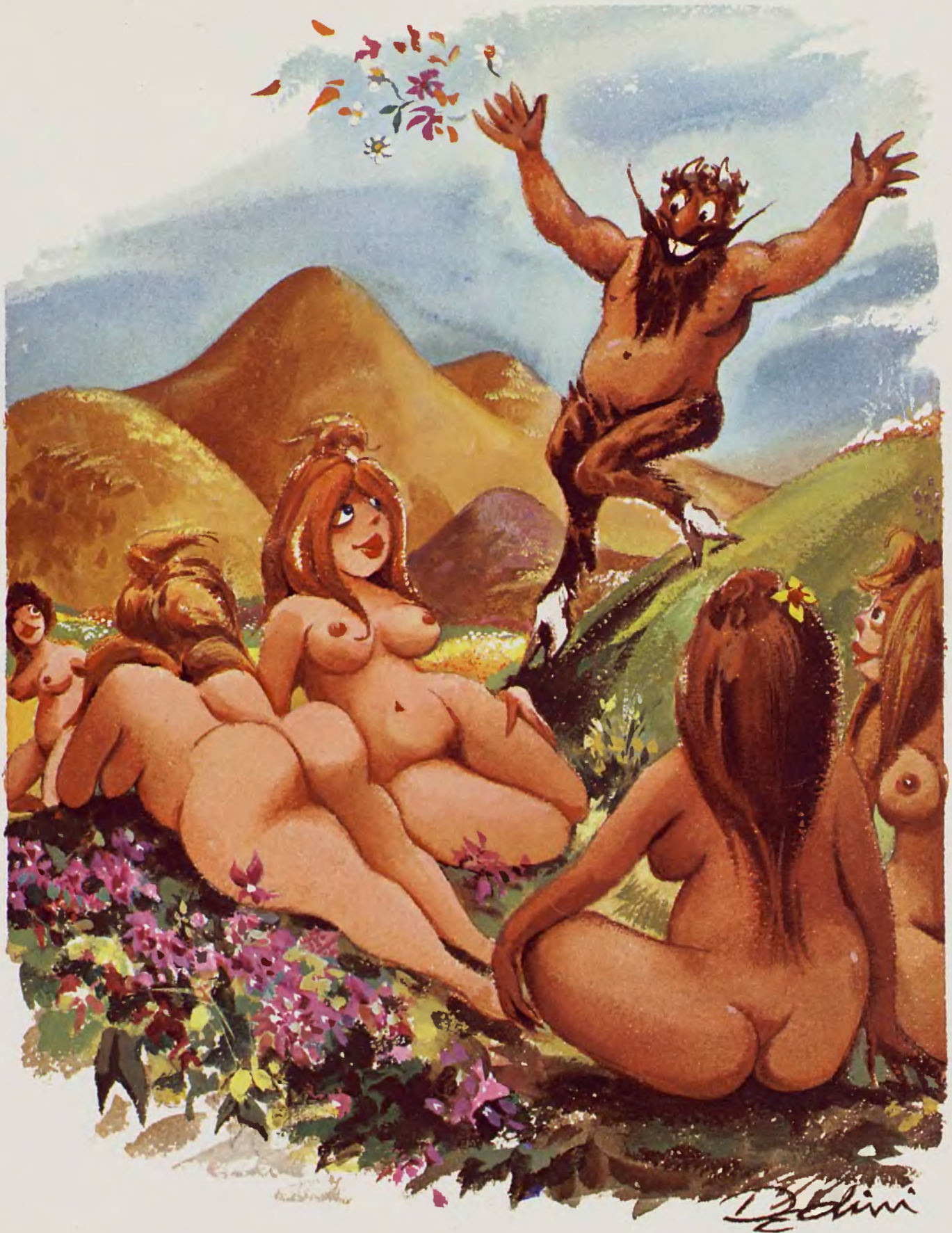
PRETTYMAN, Oran, social engineer; b. Circleville, O., July 8, 1932; s. Matthew and Hannah (Underdahl) P.; B.A., Indian Mound College, Indian Mound, O., 1953; M.A., Ohio State, 1955. . . .

Never held a job very long, Foss thought. Prettyman had spent a year teaching sociology at Ohio Wesleyan, a year at Defiance College, Ohio, some years knocking around in obscure foundations. And what in God's name was Eldridge Cleaver College in the Bronx, where he had taught "criminal dynamics" for a semester? Social engineer in residence at the Walopus School for Delinquent Boys in Mineville, New York? His published works were even less assuring: *Sexual Themes in Violent Crime*; *Patterns of Crime Among the Affluent*; *Reinforcing Adults and the Criminal Response*; *Who Are the Deviates?* A typical academic loser. A crank who had euhred some foundation into a grant and was playing dangerous games in a slum. He was annoyed with Laura Casey's phone call and her breathless excitement.

• • •

"I have to call Washington," Emil Foss said nervously as he, Mrs. Casey and

(continued on page 148)



"Rites of spring, anyone?"



STAR!

some people think miss march ought to be in pictures; she thinks so, too, and with all those producers throwing scripts her way, who needs acting lessons?



THEY CALL ME 'STAR,' says Pamela Zinszer. "Why?" we ask her. "Have you ever starred in anything?" "Oh, I acted a lot in high school." "In what roles?" "Mostly in trying to stay out of trouble." We try another tack. "Where would you *like* to act?" "In movies. I already know quite a few people in the industry." "Have you had any offers?" "All the time." "We mean for movies." "Well, whenever I walk down Beverly Drive in L. A., where I work—I got out of high school this past June and got a job at this boutique." "Is that on Beverly Drive?" "No." Pause. "It was really a weird place." "Where you worked?" "Yeah. The guy who owned it came into a lot of money, see, but he didn't know the first thing about opening a business. When I started, everybody called the place Body and Soul. But



the owner didn't like that. So he changed the name to Thee Boutique. I mean, how can anybody remember you if you keep on changing your name? People have a hard time remembering *me* just because of the clothes I wear." "Why?" "Because every day I look different. I can get up one morning and say, 'Today I'll be a vamp,' and I'll put on platform shoes, a long glittery dress and a pink boa. Then I can wake up the next day and all I'll want to wear are jeans and a T-shirt." "Weren't we talking about movie offers?" "Oh, yeah. Well, anyway, like I was saying, this guy, my boss, couldn't cope with running his shop, and business got so dead that he'd walk in every morning and start telling me stories about his friend the ghost. Finally Thee Boutique shut down and I was hired to work as a



"Even though I never lived through it," says our Playmate, "I'm nostalgic for the golden age of Hollywood. I practically idolize Marilyn Monroe and like to dress and wear my hair like she did. I know she led a tragic life, but I'm fascinated by it anyway." Right: Shopping near her Topanga home, Pamela questions a clerk about a gift.



Above: Pamela tries on a dress at an L. A. shop specializing in Forties wear. Below: Before making her pick, Pamela checks the view from the rear.



receptionist at an art gallery. That's on Beverly Drive." "Oh. And you've met film producers there?" "No, I do nothing there but drink champagne all day. Besides, my boss is madly in love with me, so I can go out for a walk any time." "And *that's* where you meet them?" "Right. Usually guys come up to me and say, 'Hi, I'm a movie producer. Howdja like to be in my movie? Here's a script. Catch.' But they don't understand." "Don't understand what?" "That I could never get into a picture like that. You can see why." We're not at all sure we can, but we can sure as hell see why they'd ask.



Later, Pamela gets in some high-steppin' at Roland Dupree's dance studio (right) and thereafter, a rack or two (below) with look-alike sisters Debbie (left) and Cindy (center).



MISS MARCH

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH





PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

It was two hours after quitting time when the telephone rang in the executive's office and his nude secretary got up from the couch to answer it. She listened for a moment, then glanced at her employer, who was also in the buff on the couch, panting heavily. Then the girl turned back to the phone.

"Yes, Mrs. Travis," she purred into the instrument, "I'd say your husband was through for the day."



We've begun seeing a new ecology bumper sticker: EAT A BEAVER—SAVE A TREE.

The mother of a teenage boy was summoned urgently to his high school principal's office. "It's quite a serious matter," explained the principal. "Today your son came to school wearing a frilly dress and panty hose."

"Don't blame it on me!" snapped the boy's mother. "I've told him a thousand times not to wear his father's clothes."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *establishment Indian* as an Uncle Tom-Tom.

"I believe in love at first sight," confided the girl to her roommate. "The first time I saw one, I just knew I'd love it!"

A black couple entered a Southern night club that continued to practice as much racial discrimination as it could get away with. "What do I do, boss?" the maitre d'hôtel asked the manager.

"Give them a check with every round of drinks," he snarled, "and keep doubling the price—two bucks, four, eight, and so on. That ought to drive them out before too long."

But some time later, the black couple was still there and the maitre de again went to the manager. "Those blacks are up to sixty-four dollars a round!" he said. "What do I do now?"

"What do you think, stupid?" shouted the manager. "Get rid of the white trash!"

"Will you, for God's sake, stop poking that thing into me!" hissed the girl to the man behind her in the rush-hour subway train.

"But it's only my pay envelope," countered the fellow.

"You must have some job, then. That was your third raise since we left Times Square!"

While the Mormons were trekking West, an advance-party scout came back to report to Brigham Young on the area now known as Utah. "The weather is wonderful and the soil is so rich that if we irrigate it, crops will grow untended," cried the scout enthusiastically, "and there's a big lake just teeming with fish! It's the Promised Land, all right, and if we settle there, we'll have nothing to do most of the time but fish and make love!"

From a large nearby tent came the happy voices and laughter of the Mormon leader's 27 wives. "Salt the lake," said Brigham Young.

*This feat from old Corinth's historic:
A stud there, in moments euphoric,
Could build for inspection
A hometown erection,
Then switch from Ionic to Doric.*

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *shoe fetishist* as a fellow who glances downward in response to "Hey, look at that pair!"

The attractive but obviously small-town girl laboriously filled out a deposit slip in the big-city bank and then, with some effort, dropped a jingling canvas sack in front of a middle-aged teller.

After he had opened the bag, the teller smilingly asked, "Young lady, how long have you been hoarding these quarters?"

"Right about since I was sixteen," replied the girl, "but my sister's whored half of 'em."



A woman complained to the builder of her new house that the whole place shook when trains went by a block away. "Why, the vibration practically shakes me out of my bed!" she claimed. "Don't take my word for it—lie down there yourself." With a resigned shrug, the man complied and settled onto the bed.

It was then that the woman's husband suddenly appeared in the bedroom doorway. "What the hell do you think you're doing?" he roared at the visitor.

Said the builder, "Would you believe waiting for a train?"

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.



*"So you thought we were coming up here to
drink some spirits, eh, MacGruter?!"*

HEY, KIDS!
How many big nukes
can you spot
in this picture?





ILLUSTRATION BY JOZEF SUMICHRAST

we really don't think about the holocaust anymore, but the guys in our b-52s and missile silos do—a lot

THE BOMB LIVES!

article **By E. L. DOCTOROW**

ONE DAY in the summer of 1961, we all turned on television to watch our new President, John F. Kennedy. When his face came onto the screen, we saw from the way he had wet his hair and combed it back that he could not be more serious. He had had some meetings in Vienna with the Russian premier, Khrushchev. He told us the Soviets were threatening to make a separate peace with East Germany, the purpose of which was to dislodge us from Berlin. He told us the United States would never abandon the people of West Berlin. He told us he was increasing the draft and calling up reservists. He told each of us to start thinking how best to protect our family in the event of a nuclear attack. It was a chilling speech and its consequences were widespread. All over the back yards of America, Cold War entrepreneurs, like the soldiers of Cadmus, popped up as if the ground had been sown with serpents' teeth. They were offering to build atom-bomb shelters. There were stories in the papers about highly paid executives quitting their jobs and moving with their families to New Zealand, where the global wind patterns were least likely to bestow fallout. A churchman declared that it was ethical to keep the neighbors out of your bomb shelter, even if you had to use a gun. This was the era of the Berlin Wall—the last period of acute bomb consciousness in America.

It is difficult now to define the quality of that consciousness. I can think of it only as a kind of imprisonment. For 15 years the bomb had been the governing issue of our lives. After World War Two, against the advice of our best scientists, we expected to have a long-term bomb monopoly. When this proved not to be the case, we found numbers of Communist spies and sent them to jail. Atom spies, we called them. Two of the atom spies, a man and wife, we put to death in the electric chair. We argued about our bomb-development policy and those who came out on the wrong side of the argument, such as J. Robert Oppenheimer, were disgraced. We purged ourselves of eggheads and fellow travelers and dupes. We lived in a state of armed terror. We computed megadeaths. One Congress after another invested in bombs, and the bombs got bigger and bigger. We were assured that the quaint devices that had scorched the populations of Hiroshima and Nagasaki were obsolete. The more bombs we built,

the more terrified we became. In the corridors of our schools, children were drilled in the postures of suppliant defense. We discovered that by arming our nation and testing our arms, we were poisoning our children's milk. The philosopher Bertrand Russell marched to ban the bomb. Committees arose for a sane nuclear policy.

And then something truly mysterious happened. We passed from the rapids to the still water. The bomb ceased to be an issue. No one believed any longer that a nuclear war could occur. "When exactly this astonishing change occurred, or why it should have occurred at all, would be very hard to say," wrote Norman Podhoretz in *Commentary*. It didn't seem to match the objective situation. In 1962 there was another Kennedy-Khrushchev confrontation—over Cuba. And, say what you would about a thaw, until the SALT agreements of 1972, there would be no international checks of any kind on the production of bombs. Indeed, all through the Sixties, our nuclear capability increased. We installed our ICBMs. The Russians installed their ICBMs. The Chinese picked up the art. And the French. Nevertheless, in America the bomb no longer locked us in contemplation of itself. The nature of our apprehension had been somehow transformed. The most crucial questions of disarmament were a bore and thinking about them became a rather esoteric discipline. In the Sixties, black people arose in great numbers and began to create for themselves a political identity as the adversaries of whites. A student class came into being, something the United States had never had before, and it flourished for five years before it disappeared in 1969 as if it had never existed. But in the meantime, it characterized political life for all of us. As an arbiter of style it was merciless and everything that had marked our appearance in the Fifties was reviled and buried. Music changed, clothing and hair changed, speech changed. There was a mass defection from schools and jobs. A small war in Asia organized our outrage and turned us into political enemies of one another. And by the end of the decade, it was not nuclear pollution we shouted about but the pollution of our normal industrial landscape. On the heights of public passion of this past dozen years or so, the bomb seemed to have been obscured in such a thick atmosphere of problems as to appear illusory by comparison.

Yet the bomb is still with us. Last autumn, at a hot moment in the eternal Mideast crisis, President Nixon put our Armed Forces on alert. Pointedly included in the alert was the Strategic Air Command—the men who fly the nuclear bombers and launch the nuclear missiles. A friend of mine was not impressed.

"Poor Nixon," he said. "Still running plays from Jack Kennedy's playbook."

. . .

I visited the Strategic Air Command last summer, spending two days with them at their headquarters in Nebraska, and then at a bomber-and-missile base in North Dakota. SAC is geared for visitors and it has a cadre of amiable and articulate information officers to act as guides. They provided me with briefings, press kits and a seemingly endless parade of commanding officers, pilots and technicians, all of whom were happily prepared to talk about their specialties. I was shown through a B-52 and descended to the dungeon of a missile-control station. I wasn't told how many nuclear bombs a B-52 carries, nor what the pay load is on a Minuteman missile, but the atmosphere was so friendly and unsecretive as to suggest a guided tour of Disneyland. When I was shown the famous SAC Underground Command Post, with its blue-phone and gold-phone hotlines, with its red phone to the President and its giant black screens flashing with computerized color graphs and print-outs, I met a vacationing gray-haired couple from Orlando, Florida. Cozily the three of us listened to a colonel describe just how a nuclear war would be administered.

So it is true that even here, on the technological edge of our nuclear consciousness, we are no longer in the drawn-faced days of the Fifties. We no longer question one another's loyalty nor send some of our number to prison for contempt of Congressional committees. Not undue secretiveness but public relations is the keynote of our nuclear establishment. Yet if a war of superpowers were to break out tomorrow, our Government would dispatch its nuclear weapons by a trinity of delivery systems—manned bombers, intercontinental Minuteman and Titan missiles now buried in silos, and short-range Polaris and Poseidon missiles launched from nuclear submarines under the sea—the combined might of which is enough to make our planet flash like the sun.

This trinity, or triad, as it is called, is acclaimed for its flexibility. Each means of distribution is seen to have advantages that the others do not. The land-based Minuteman, for instance, can reach its target in a matter of minutes. But it cannot be rerouted nor called back, unlike the slower but more manageable manned bomber. The advantage of our nuclear submarines is in not providing a stationary target for enemy missiles. Behind each of these component systems is a military bureaucracy that maintains it and jealously guards its claims in the yearly budget wars in Washington. And behind these bureaucracies are the enormous contracting and subcontracting manufactories with the brand names—such as Rockwell International and General Electric and Boeing—that consume yearly a large

share of the billions of dollars Washington allots for our defense.

Our nuclear industry is not restricted to these weapons: It also produces tactical nuclear bombs for the Army and various nuclear ABMs designed to bring down enemy bombers and enemy missiles. In short, the bomb today is an ongoing industrial establishment that provides jobs for hundreds of thousands of people, military and civilian, and suggests by its very prosperity that it has become essential for the proper functioning of American life.

At the base of this entire structure is a Government agency known as the Atomic Energy Commission. It is the AEC that is responsible for the manufacture of the bomb itself. Some years ago, an enterprising reporter, Stuart Loory, decided to find out how many nuclear weapons the AEC had caused to be made and stockpiled. The AEC felt it was privileged to keep this information secret, but by one means or another, Loory came up with an educated estimate of some 40,000 bombs ready to go, not counting the bombs at our bases overseas. As well as he could determine, we were secretly making and storing nuclear weapons in 100 different locations in the continental United States. This was in 1969. It is unlikely that the numbers of our bombs or bomb-storage depots have since decreased.

. . .

Aside from the mushroom cloud, our most hoary nuclear symbol is the B-52. It is a huge plane weighing nearly a half million pounds at take-off. It holds the fuel of two and a half railroad tank cars. On the ground, it sits on eight wheels the height of a man's shoulders. Its wings attach to the top of the fuselage and when they are loaded with fuel, they dip toward the ground in their sweep-back geometry like the wings of a bird. In fact, at Minot Air Force Base in North Dakota, where a covey of nuclear-armed B-52s is kept on continuous alert, the flight crews commonly refer to *the bird*. Another name they use is *the beast*, perhaps because of the creature it suggests in profile—a flying reptile, with an elongated body and the curved throat of a lizard.

A B-52 is entered through a hatch in its belly just forward of its four front wheels. It carries a six-man crew and, surprisingly for a craft so large, it leaves them very little room. They cannot stand upright. The racks of dials and instrument faces crowd the pilots' chairs. Behind the pilots, facing aft, sit the gunner and the electronic-warfare officer. The gunner has no window but manages his defensive armament by means of a radar screen on the panel in front of him. He programs his guns and they fire themselves. The electronic-warfare officer also faces a radar screen. His job is to detect tracking enemy missile radar and confuse

(continued on page 208)

personality

Little Enis Pursues His Muse

descending, protesting, into mortality with the world's greatest left-handed upside-down guitar player



By Ed McClanahan

LAWYER: Yer Honor, my client Joe Hogbristle wants to change his name.

JUDGE: Well, I can certainly understand that! What does he want to change it to?

LAWYER: He wants to change it to Fred Hogbristle. Says he's tired of people saying, "Hello, Joe, whaddya know?"

—1001 Jokes for All Occasions

THE MAIN PROBLEM I expect to encounter in describing the adventures of me and ole Carlos Toadvine, aka Little Enis (here, incidentally, is how that happened, straight from the source's mouth: "Well, it was a Eye-italian name, to start with. Todayvinney, they called it, and they used to speak that Spanish all the time. But I got the name of Little Enis at the Zebra Bar, back in '55. Because the name of Carlos Toadvine was too big, and too long of a name to put on the marquee. And I was imitatin' Elvis Presley quite a bit in those times, I was younger, and thinner, and so I just said, Well, he is quite famous, I'll just foller along and do like he does, just like ever other musician in the country, I sang his songs, y' know. So they was this joke goin' around, I expect you all've heard it, about Elvis the Pelvis? And his little brother Enis? The Penis? So they just looked at me—I was short, and all—and they said, 'Enis . . .'", the main problem is that the saga has about 17 beginnings, scarcely any proper middle to speak of and no denouement anywhere in sight. Not exactly a yarn, you see, so much as it's (continued on page 126)

PHOTOGRAPH BY GUY MENDES ALTERED BY JDHN VAN HAMERSVELD



he

led him into a room with a high, paneled ceiling, talking all the while, questioning him closely.

How long would he be in London? Why was he alone, hadn't he mentioned he would bring a friend? Alexander tried to answer her questions politely but heard his voice go vague and flat. He resented being here, with his aunt. He was 45 minutes late because the streets in this part of the city were so strangely marked, changing names every block; the humiliation

the golden madonna

fiction

by joyce carol oates

*she looked much younger than her years—girlish, unlined, shapely, seductive—
but she was his aunt*

PAINTING BY CHRISTINA RAMBERG



of being lost several times was still with him. "Weren't you going to bring a friend with you . . . ?" Eunice asked.

"She decided not to come."

"I'm sorry. . . ."

Though she looked at him as if hoping for an explanation, he said nothing. He was still nervous and irritable from being lost half a dozen times. And he resented being here, visiting his aunt Eunice, whom he didn't know at all and had not even seen for six or seven years. Frankly, he hardly recognized her. While she chattered and fussed over him he recalled, painfully, his girl back at the hotel, Marian, saying *She's your aunt, I don't want to meet her after all, go alone, leave me alone . . .* lying across the bed with her long slender legs pressed together. He told his aunt about Marian's not feeling well enough at the last minute—they had had lunch in an Indian restaurant on Wardour Street, and Marian's stomach was delicate—and he himself didn't feel well when he traveled—

She interrupted him. "Oh, but you look so healthy, you look so handsome, Alexander! You're thin, but you've always been thin . . . and boys your age are all so terribly thin now. . . ." She squeezed his hands; she leaned close to him as if she were nearsighted. Her perfume was flowery. He wanted to step back, in irritated embarrassment. Except for her eyes, which were dark and slightly protruding, heavily lashed, like his father's eyes but more attractive, he might not have even recognized her.

"How long did you say you were going to be in London?" she asked.

"Only a few more days," Alexander said quickly. In fact, he and Marian had no plans to leave. They would do what they wanted to do. "We're going to rent a car and drive up into the Highlands," he said. "We like . . . we like to be on our own. . . ."

"I'm sorry I won't get to meet her," Eunice said.

He sat somewhere, still a little confused. Though he had left his hotel near Russell Square nearly an hour earlier, he had gone past his station; he found himself rushing through the underground on his long anxious legs, bumping into people, apologizing, then resigning himself to being late as he rose on escalators behind tightly jammed double lines of tourists. Like himself, they looked around with alert but glazed eyes. Eunice asked him about whether he'd had any trouble finding her flat, and he said no, then he realized how late he was and how out of breath and wild-haired, so he made a joke out of it and described the uniformed man with a broom in the South Kensington station who had given him directions, and though Alexander hadn't been able to understand every word, he kept nodding, nodding . . . experiencing from time to time that sensation of rising, incomprehensible panic that he had felt

several times since leaving New York. "Then I kept seeing myself in the same advertisement, on the wall," he said, "a kind of curved, concave metallic advertisement for cigarettes . . . once at the St. James stop, once at South Kensington, and finally back here at Sloane Square. . . ." His aunt smiled at this anecdote, as if willing to laugh but not able to see why it was funny. She might have thought that his long, frizzy brown hair and the denim jeans and tight-fitting denim jacket he wore were not funny, any more than his parents did. He remembered her from years ago, staring at him and assessing him, strangely, and he fell silent. His face hardened with resentment.

This woman, his father's sister, was 48 or 49 years old. He knew that: His father was 51. But she looked much younger. She wore her frosted-blond hair in a stiff, complex style, which seemed to spring weightlessly from her forehead, falling nearly to her shoulders; the ends were turned up, bouncing and fluttering as she spoke. She was girlish, animated. Her face was smooth and unlined and her mouth was too perfect, outlined in red, a blatant impossible red. It was difficult for Alexander to take such a face seriously, after the faces of the girls he knew—pale, fierce, naked faces, absolutely honest. He was calculating rapidly how soon he could leave, maybe pleading the excuse of not feeling well—he had already mentioned the Indian restaurant, deliberately, cleverly—and of worrying about Marian back at the hotel.

A porcelain-smooth face, a smiling, charming, too-red mouth and earrings that swung free of her hair occasionally and gleamed in the light, his aunt Eunice Loeper, Eunice Resnick, at one time Eunice Fromm of White Plains . . . he forced himself to agree with her, to smile and nod agreeably, but he did resent being here and it was a mystery to him why he had bothered to come over at all. Just to please his mother, whom he didn't usually bother pleasing, and now he had to puzzle through a complicated question-and-answer period with a woman he hardly knew. Eunice had not been back to the United States for a half-dozen years, and before that she'd visited them only a few times; no one had ever met her husbands. Alexander had learned, over the years, without having much interest in the information, that her first husband had been a minor diplomat and her second husband, Loeper, was a novelist; she must have been divorced from him, or separated, because she made no mention of him and Alexander did not ask.

He found himself sitting on a low, awkwardly low sofa, so close to the floor that his knees rose almost to the height of his face. He finally turned his legs sideways, in exasperation. "Aren't you comfortable? You aren't comfortable," Eunice

said. He assured her he was fine. She got to her feet, though, and hovered over him, adjusting pillows, murmuring something about how she hoped he wasn't disappointed in the weather, it had been dark and raining for the past week, day after day, and perhaps he had read in the paper of icebergs drifting down from the North Pole and of how June 21 was colder this year than December 21 had been. . . . "But I don't want to complain," she said. "I like living here very much."

She poured him sherry, which he didn't much want; but he accepted it. There was a bowl of cashews squarely before him, obviously meant for him, and Eunice went to get a small basket of fruit from somewhere—absent-mindedly setting it before him, as if he might want to eat a pear or a greenish-yellow apple or some large purple grapes. She returned to her seat across from him, leaning forward, as if addressing herself to someone else, someone not Alexander at all. He was not accustomed to being treated so well by people his aunt's age. "You don't look comfortable," she said again. "You don't look happy. . . . Are you worried about the girl?"

"No, no," Alexander said quickly. He blushed. "No. I'm very happy to be here."

"Tell me about your father. Is he hard-working as ever? How is he?"

"The same," Alexander said flatly.

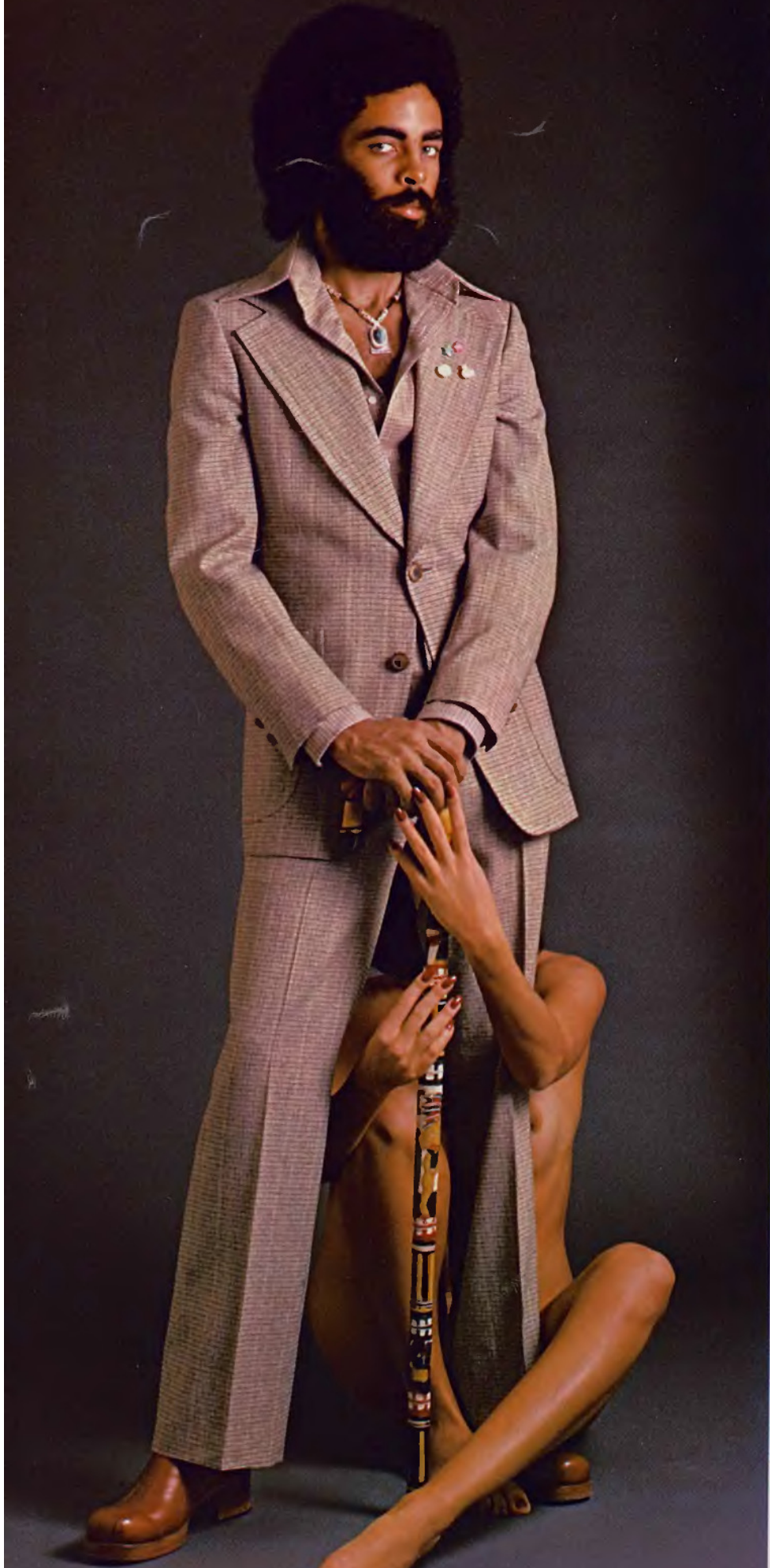
His aunt smiled. He saw there, in that smile, a subtle ironic look. She clasped her ringed fingers together, around her knees, nodding slowly to encourage him. He went on, "Exactly the same. I haven't been out to the house for a while, because he and I don't get along—he thinks I'm hopeless, a failure—and I can't be bothered to defend myself to *him*. When I quit medical school, he wouldn't speak to me for a month. So. So, he's the same, as far as I know or care."

Eunice watched him, smiling gravely, thoughtfully. He half expected her to say *Go on, tell me more*. There was something tense between them, she was keyed up, as if the dwarfish furniture they sat on and the bowl of fruit and the warm, sluggish light cast over the room from a single lamp with a carved pedestal were props for a stage, things to be used, touched, to establish some basis of reality they might both believe in. Her dress was long, falling to her ankles; it was made of a coarse, costly looking material, gold and silver and golden-green threads, and Alexander could see small raised figures on it that might have been dragons. . . . He felt a little sorry, now, that he had deliberately worn this denim outfit; he did have something better back at the hotel. He shifted his legs, embarrassed, and began to tell his aunt about his father's latest hobby: karate. The old man was

(continued on page 168)



"Take me to Havana!"



JOSE
ROSE

want to make certain you're not a fashion facsimile? get down to details

attire **By ROBERT L. GREEN**

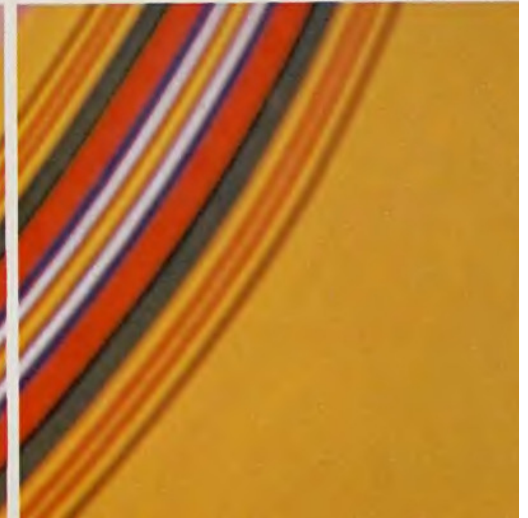
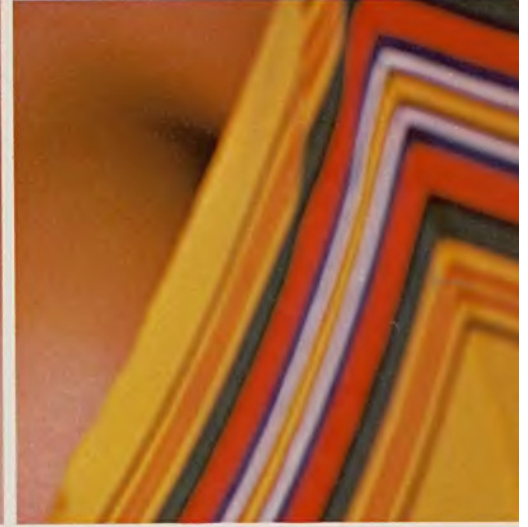
IT'S FINALLY SAFE to say it: The freaky school of fashion is out. No more wretched excess in the name of liberation. And if you bought a gray-flannel suit this year—leaving the funny numbers on the rack—you're not alone. But we're not going back to the Stone Age, either. With the right accessories, you can add some flash to that grayness—understatement is best, of course, but it's OK to take a few chances and make your outfit express your psyche, too.



The lady at left seems bent on raising a lot of cane—and we can't blame her a bit, because this guy has found just the right accessory: a carved walking stick from Mexico, painted in Aztec hues, by Chinoiserie, \$5. Above: Multicolored patterns are also good to have around your ankles—far example, in the form of these cotton/Lurex Argyle hose, by Hot Sax, \$3.50. An item of apparel can be thought of as a canvas on which you create a work of art; kids have long used paints, beads or whatever to decorate their jeans. And then there's Linda Sampson, whose appliqué work (above right, shown on denim) casts \$50 to \$125 a jacket.

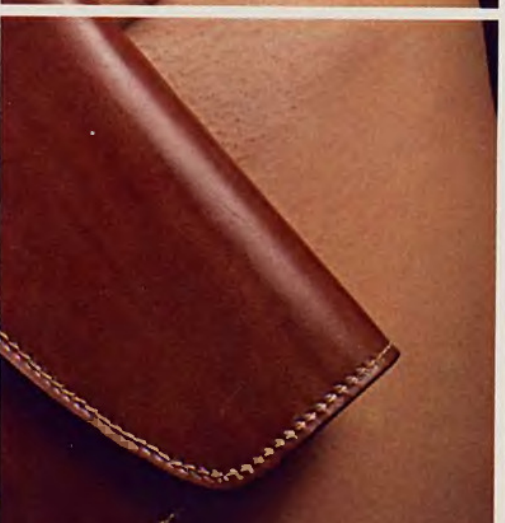
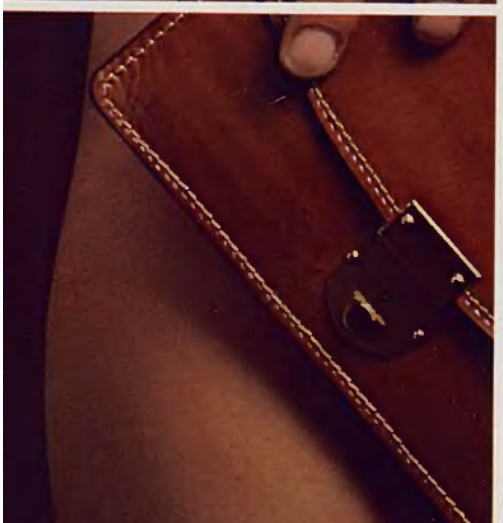
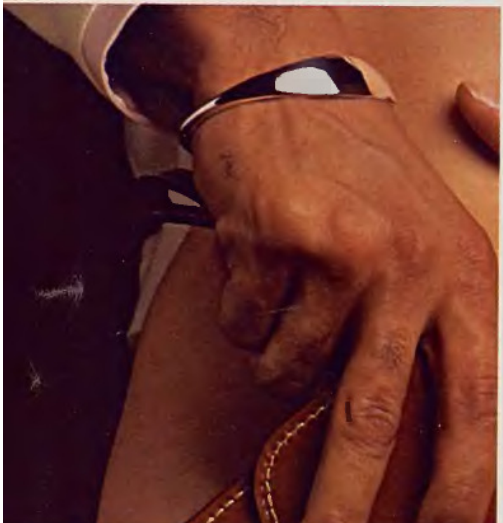


There are times when a flash of jewelry is all you need. A bracelet, perhaps, such as the one at left of silver and gold with onyx inlay, by M. and J. Savitt, \$110. Or an ivory-and-silver pendant (below) with a turquoise head, by Joby Baker for Chequer West, \$300. When it's time to get under an umbrella, you might try this all-cotton one (bottom), by Mespo, \$15; the detail at bottom left shows the pattern of another umbrella, this one of multi-colored tie-printed silk blend, by Swank, \$16.





Left: To transform gray flannel, try a tritoned striped cotton seersucker shirt with a medium-spread collar, \$30, a silk tie with a geometric-patterned print, \$15, and—the crowning touch, totally unexpected but right in place—a black silk pocket square, \$5, all by Roland Meledandri. Below: Here, among various items of interest, is another bracelet (who said bracelets were far women?). This handsome one's of nickel silver, by Off the Cuff, \$15.



The guys have taken over from the girls not only insofar as wearing jewelry is concerned—they're also carrying handbags. (Men's lib aside, it beats having your cigarettes, keys, pens and lighter all jammed into your pockets.) The one at left is of aniline leather—in its natural color—with retractable handle and flap closure, by Peter Barton's Closet, \$35. Above: If you're an optimist, you might want a wishbone neckpiece of sterling silver, by Off the Cuff, \$10; leg men may fancy a gam-shaped pin, also sterling, by M. and J. Savitt, \$80. And you can attract all kinds of honeybees with a rose-shaped lapel pin (right) of recycled denim, by Laura Paprika, \$4.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DON AZUMA

There's no badder beast than the cobra, the baddest of which is the king cobra. So if the gent at left is receiving some attention fit for a king, the reason has got to be his belt of white cabraskin with a silver buckle, by Waisted, \$20. It's even harder for milady to resist when it's worn in tandem with a one-of-a-kind key-chain fob of etched ivory, framed in silver, by Joby Baker for Chequer West, \$225.

It's the combinations that separate the punchers from the punchees—and at right is a comba that warks. It consists of a cashmere sleeveless pullover with sequined appliqué, \$70, worn over a striped cotton shirt, \$22.50, and set off by a plaid bow tie of wool challis, \$10, all by Bery Schwartz for Eric Ross. A trio of pins, also from the same source, adorns the sweater and includes the bird-style, \$60, and the face and crown pins, \$25 each.



Little Enis Pursues His Muse (continued from page 117)

a kind of snarl or tangle of loose ends. But then what isn't?

In a way, I suppose, it all began that night in the fall of 1956 in Lexington, Kentucky, when I walked into the Zebra Bar—a musty, gritty coalhole of a place across Short Street from the Drake Hotel (IF YOU DUCK THE DRAKE YOUR A GOOSE! read the peeling roadside billboard out on the edge of town)—walked in under a marquee that did, indeed, declare the presence within of one “Little Enis,” and came upon this amazing little stud stomping around atop the bar flailing away at one of those enormous old electric guitars that looked like an Oldsmobile in drag—*left-handed! He's playing it left-handed! And upside down besides!*—this pugnacious-looking little banty rooster of a guy with a skintight gold-sateen cowboy shirt and an underslung lower jaw and a great sleek black patent-leather Elvis Presley pompadour and long Elvis Presley sideburns and a genuine Elvis Presley duck's ass (“*You know, people sometimes asks me what I think of these people like you, that have got the long hair and all. And I just say, Well, they've got their thing to do. Because actually, see, I've had long hair my ownself since I was fifteen years old. I mean I was the first one that created long sideburns in Lexington! I had 'em down to here!*”), this 5' 4" watch-fob knickknack of an Elvis up there just aflailin' and astompin', laying down a rendition of *Blue Suede Shoes* that would have done the master proud; in fact, he was even (oh blasphemy!) *better* than Elvis, his guitar playing distinctly saltier, his inflections (“*You c'n do ennythang that y' wanna do, but onh-onh honey, lay offa my shoes!*”) just a shade flatter, twangier, down-homier, his bump 'n' grind at least as lewd and spirited as anything the Big E himself had thrown at us on *Ed Sullivan* a few Sundays back. We all flashed to him instantly, and we hastened to settle our sodden selves into a booth so that my roommate, Willie Gordon Ryan, the evening's patron live one, could spring us to the first round.

We. That included, let's see, Ryan, who was in college at last after a four-year hitch in the Air Force (as a matter of fact, that's what we were celebrating that night; it was what Ryan called *The Day the Eagle Shits*, the day his monthly GI Bill check came in), and several booze buddies of ours, Tommy Cook and I. J. Wagner and Bill Whealdon and Buster Kline and . . .

And me, which is the beginning to a whole nother loose end, the loosest end of all, some might say. Because although it's true I was then a grad student in what I regarded, at the time, as the premium lunch-meat state university in all

of academe, I had also just spent a year damn near flunking out of grad school at Stanford University, I'd read Henry Miller and smoked a genuine reefer and been to see the beatniks in North Beach even before *Life* magazine got there, friends, and I intended to show these rustics what it was all *about*, by God!

Which perhaps explains why, barely a year after I'd gone off to California as the blandest perambulatory tapioca pudding ever poured into a pair of cordovan shoes and a charcoal-gray single-breasted suit and a pink oxford-cloth button-down, I was now *schlepping* around Lexington in cycle boots and Levis and a Levi jacket and 24-hour-a-day shades and a cowboy belt with a picture of Evelyn West and Her \$50,000 Treasure Chest on the buckle and an armpit of a goatee and a haircut that would have made the scroungiest *pachuco* in L.A. look like Cary Grant, not so much a duck's ass as it was, say, a sort of cocker spaniel's ass. I mean I wasn't just fiddlefucking around, folks, I was out to turn some *heads!* And it was working, too: Already, after only a few months, I ranked right up there with Adolph Rupp's new basketball coliseum and the Agricultural Experiment Station among the sights one mustn't miss on the UK campus; on football weekends, whole carloads of old grads had been seen to screech to a halt in heavy traffic to stare and point, fraternity men's upper lips automatically curled into sneers the instant I came into view, sorority housemothers hastened to gather their maidenly charges behind their skirts at the very mention of my name.

But now about this Toadvine: Well, in some remarkable, not altogether describable sense, he saved my graduate career, such as it was. Because up until the moment I walked into the Zebra Bar that night, I'd been persuaded that there was no way in the world I could survive Lexington long enough to get my M.A. and, as the saying went, make like a sewer and get the shit out of there. But suddenly there he was, Little Enis, all the evidence I could ask for that even out here in the darkest heart of the provinces, careful inspection was liable to turn up some cultural phenomenon worthy of an enlightened man's condescension.

And condescend I did, to my heart's content. For Enis, it soon developed, took to flattery like a duck to water, poor innocent; so all I had to do was buy him a 75-cent Zebra Zombie at his first drink break between sets and advise him that, as a noted folklorist from the university (where, in fact, I was currently pulling a low C in the one-and-only folklore course I ever enrolled in), I was satisfied that he and his understudy Elvis constituted the single most cosmic event in the history of American ethnosecular music (a

genre which, incidentally, I invented on the spot), and that was it, I had him, my very own flesh-and-blood Artifact to patronize!

Yea, verily, and patronize I did, too: For the next two or three weeks, I patronized the Zebra as often as I could get together enough of my father's money to finance a field trip down to Short Street (it generally required only a couple of bucks, because it turned out there was a Zebra regular of questionable motives—actually, he was a short, slight florist with a beret and a black pencil-line mustache, but who's ever going to believe *that?*—who seemed to have a certain affection for my rough exterior and kept me well supplied with beer whenever I came in); and when Enis left the Zebra and moved to a terrifyingly low-rent country-and-western tavern called Martin's, over on the north side of town, I patronized *that* (at peril to my life, I might add; the clientele at Martin's didn't really take to me at *all*, for some reason); and when he moved on to The Palms, a plywood-and-glass-brick *moderne* cocktail lounge between a drive-in theater and a pigburger stand out on the Northern Beltline, I patronized that, too.

Now, The Palms had lately fallen into the hands of one Linville Puckett, who until that very autumn had been a hot-shot guard on the UK basketball team, but who had come to a parting of the ways with Baron Rupp (some small dispute over training rules, as I recall) and had hung up his jock forever to move around to the business side of the bar and become a night-life impresario. So he took over this sleazy roadhouse, complete with the pair of dusty plastic potted palm trees that flanked the ladies' room door, and immediately renamed it Linville Puckett's Palms and installed the slickest dance floor in town and the liveliest jukebox in town and the hottest attraction in town, which is to say Little Enis and his new combo, the Fabulous Tabletoppers. (“*Yeah, they was quite a few stars out there at that time. I was about the biggest thing in Lexington, so they would all say I was a big star, and Linville, he was a basketball star. So that was quite a good drawin' card, Linville Puckett the all-America basketball player, and Little Enis the all-America left-handed upside-down guitar player.*”) Within a week The Palms was jumping every night, Puckett's most avid admirers showing up right after work when he was usually tending bar, early enough to drink their suppers, blue-collar sports fans and UK fratties drunkenly maneuvering for choice bar stools all through vespers, in hopes they could overhear the fallen hero tell how he'd told ole Rupp to go piss up a rope or some such, and by around eight o'clock Enis would generally have joined them at the bar, knocking back a few whiskey and Cokes or a couple

(continued on page 142)



*"Of course I'm all alone, dear. That's the man
on the television who sneezed."*

I AM NIBBLING THE LAWN OF THE HOSPITAL OF YOUR FATHER

humor
By **DAN GREENBURG**

fourteen answers to questions tourists often ask about Mexico, plus a handy, easy-to-read—and impossible to use—phrasebook

Why was this guide to Mexico written when there are already so many guides to Mexico around and about?

Most guides to Mexico contain a lot of things like where to stay and where to eat. This type of information is useless for two reasons: First, such recommendations are so highly subjective that they are not really helpful to anyone but the writer of the guidebook himself. Second, a hotel or restaurant can change so drastically almost overnight that it may be totally unrecognizable (it may, for example, install grease racks and begin lubricating Toyotas).

Generally speaking, then, all hotels and restaurants in Mexico are about the same, varying only in price and quality.

This guide to Mexico has dispensed with recommendations on sight-seeing, since individual taste in matters of this nature is such that what may well bring tourist A to paroxysms of ecstasy might cause tourist B to fall sound asleep by merely reading the chapter

ILLUSTRATION BY MACDUFF EVERTON





heading. *Chacun*, as the French say, *à son goût* (or, literally: "Let each man suffer gout in the manner he deems most appropriate").

Why, then, you may ask, has this guide been written at all? This is not a bad little question, by any means, and if space permitted, it might very well have been answered here.

And now, on to the 14 questions tourists often ask about Mexico, and a number of surprising replies.

1. *What can I eat in Mexico without getting sick?*

Hygienic conditions in most parts of Mexico have improved immensely within the past few years. Still, American tourists are advised to avoid eating such things as the raw leaves of the guava plant, the cooked roots of the saguaro cactus, any unpeelable fruits and vegetables, most *peelable* fruits and vegetables and all milk, fish and meat products. Water is safe to drink when cut with a 50 percent solution of hydrogen peroxide, and most chewing gums are safe if purchased in the wrapper.

2. *What is Montezuma's revenge?*

Visitors to Mexico often disobey the above warnings and fall prey to a mild intestinal malady known as Montezuma's revenge. This malady is characterized by upset stomach, nausea, slight dizziness, shortness of breath and, usually, death. Effective remedies are: Kaopectate, paregoric and not having visited Mexico to begin with.

Local folk remedies are sometimes effective. These include a visit by the local medicine man, or *shammas*, who will drone the ancient Aztec incantations over the patient, do a spirited, three-minute dance not dissimilar in appearance to the Monkey and invoke the blessings of Baño, the Aztec god of sewage. Such folk remedies have often been surprisingly successful, especially when combined with Kaopectate, paregoric, etc.

3. *What is the native drink in Mexico?*

The native drink in Mexico is a brownish, effervescent, sickly sweet liquid known as kowka-kowla. If folk legends are to be believed, and they're not, Hernando Cortez discovered upon his arrival in Mexico a 30-foot-tall monument in the shape of a soft-drink bottle and was amazed to find the words KOWKA and KOWLA inscribed across its face. Since neither iron nor steel tools were known in Nueva España at the time, Cortez hypothesized that the 30-foot monument with the strange inscription had been fashioned over the course of two centuries by peasants standing on each other's shoulders, using rudimentary hammers and chisels made from petrified enchiladas. Cortez decreed that the national beverage be called by the words inscribed on the huge bottle-shaped monument and ordered that a giant bull ring be built

around the monument. To this day, in the center of every bull ring in Mexico, there stands a replica of the original bottle of kowka-kowla.

4. *Why do Mexicans have bullfights and are they humane?*

Before answering this complex question, we must first break it down into its component parts. First of all, not all bullfights are *bullfights*. That is to say, if two bulls have an altercation that leads to physical violence, this is not what is properly known as a "bullfight" but merely a "fight between bulls."

Your true "bullfight" is a fight between a bull (or *toro*) and a man (or *hombre*). The *hombre* wears the distinctive suit of lights (so called in honor of Juan Diego "Pepe" Merengué, an early *hombre* who got carried away with the commercial aspects of bullfighting and had his suit wired with neon signs that flashed the names of seven brands of nationally advertised products; local officials soon put a stop to this practice). The *toro* wears the traditional brown-fur jump suit and horns.

If the *hombre* displays unusual valor against the *toro*, he may be awarded one or two of its ears, sometimes the tail and, in extreme cases of heroism, both kidneys and a flank steak. If the *toro* displays unusual valor against the *hombre*, it may be awarded the *hombre's* ears, fingers, toes and, in at least one known case in a bull ring near Oaxaca, the *hombre's* Oldsmobile convertible.

The person who judges what part of which contestant shall be awarded to whom is called the "judge." He signifies, by draping either one or two or more white handkerchiefs over the railing of his box seat, either the degree of valor displayed by the contestants or the severity of his sinus condition.

Is the Mexican bullfight humane or inhumane? Well, as in all disputes, that question will be answered, and answered quite differently, by the winner and the loser of each fight, respectively.

5. *Who invented the wheel in Mexico—the Mayas, the Aztecs, the Mixtecs or the Toltecs?*

There is much dispute over which race actually invented the wheel in this part of the world. Some archaeologists claim it was the Toltecs, but even these admit the Toltecs thought the wheel was fire and spent fruitless centuries trying to cook over it.

Some say the wheel was a product of Mixtec culture; however, the only true culture produced by the Mixtecs was that grown on slices of whole-wheat bread and Velveeta cheese.

Dr. Arroz Con Pollo of the University of Tijuana maintains that the invention of the wheel in Mexico was predated by the invention of the ball-peen hammer,

which was in turn predated by the Mayan invention of the hardware store.

Probably none of these theories is accurate, nor is the one that follows: Dr. Augustin "Augie" Tostada, noted anthropologist and semipro flutist, tells us that in the era of the Mixtecs, the making of wheels was a form of art rather than of transportation, and that ancient wheelwrights were not unlike playwrights of today. Accordingly, whenever a wheelwright felt he had come up with a workable wheel, he took it out of town for five or six weeks of tryouts (usually to Chichicasteango in nearby Guatemala, where the peasants were noted for putting up with practically anything), then brought it into town, where it was reviewed by the wheel critics of the seven major news media. The seven major news-media critics of that time happened to be stonemasons who carved their reviews in hieroglyphics into the pyramids that were then under construction at Mitla and Monte Albán, so bad reviews tended to dog the hapless wheelwright for several centuries or more. This eventually led to the death of wheelwrighting as an art form.

6. *Who was Quetzalcoatl and why did Montezuma have the hots for him?*

Quetzalcoatl was the mysterious white-bearded light-skinned stranger of legend who was supposed to have wandered around Mexico for several centuries. Montezuma, an Aztec leader never accused of excessive intelligence, knew the stranger as Quetzalcoatl (or "man with coat of pussycat") and figured he was a god. When Quetzalcoatl subsequently departed, vowing to return, Montezuma was beside himself, both of him waving hankies at the sailing ship disappearing over the horizon.

When Cortez landed in Mexico, Montezuma, whose vision was no keener than his intelligence, mistook Cortez for his old buddy Quetzalcoatl the god. It wasn't until Cortez had killed several million of Montezuma's people and totally snarled up cross-town traffic that Montezuma finally realized his error. However, by then it was too late for him to do much but slap his forehead.

Many archaeologists and anthropologists today are in disagreement over the true identity of the mysterious Quetzalcoatl. He has been variously explained as a viking explorer, a nobleman from Egypt, an Irish saint, and so on. The most recent theory is that he was an orthodontist from Ozone Park named Morris Katz, and the reason he left Mexico was due to the terms of his 21-day excursion ticket.

Whether viking, nobleman, saint or orthodontist, Quetzalcoatl is, if not the greatest name in Mexican history, certainly one of the hardest to pronounce.

(concluded on page 138)

HAIR RAZING STORY



ONCE THERE WAS A GIRL
NAMED MORGAN WHOSE
LONG HAIR WAS THE
GREATEST HANGDOWN
SINCE RAPUNZEL BUT
ONE DAY SHE CRIED "AHA!"
AND RAN TO A MAN
WHO OFFERED HER A SHORT
CUT TO HAPPINESS





Her locks having been left on the cutting-room floor, so to speak, Morgan faces the world lightheaded and free-spirited. It should be obvious to all that though Morgan's lost her tresses, she will never be mistaken for a boy.





Clever lady! Morgan knew all along that it's not how much you have but what you do with it. And a close-cropped Morgan finds she has more time to indulge in life's simpler pleasures—Popsicles, clothes and jewelry.





Our little tale has a happy ending. Morgan, free of encumbrances, discovers that men are seeing her in a whole new light. Besides, who wants to be like Rapunzel? Having gentlemen callers climbing all over your hair can be a drag.





I AM NIBBLING THE LAWN

(continued from page 130)

7. How was the site for Mexico City chosen?

The selection of the site for the capital of Mexico was a source of hot debate for more than 30 decades. Then, one Tuesday shortly before noon, a poor Mexican peasant by the name of Juan Diego Sanchez knelt down next to a saguaro cactus to adjust the strap of his sandal. When Juan Diego Sanchez straightened up, the saguaro cactus had somehow been magically transformed into a shimmering 30-story luxury hotel with Olympic-sized swimming pool.

Juan Diego Sanchez ran nearly 14 miles to the home of Padre Luis Mendosa Ortega and told him of the miracle. The padre summoned several parishioners and they journeyed to the site of the miracle. Unfortunately, by the time they got there, the shimmering 30-story luxury hotel had vanished and in its place stood only the forlorn saguaro cactus and, curiously, an Olympic-sized swimming pool. The padre and his parishioners, furious at having missed the hotel, beat Juan Diego Sanchez within an inch of his life and left him for dead at the end of the Olympic-sized diving board.

As luck would have it, word of this event reached the ears of Conrad Hilton, who was so moved by the ordeal of the simple peasant that he ordered a Mexico City Hilton to be erected on the site of the poor man's hallucination. Shortly thereafter, it was decided to move the rest of Mexico City, which had begun heavy construction on the outskirts of Yuma, Arizona, to the new and more logical present site.

8. Who were Pancho Villa, Zapata and the Cisco Kid?

The Cisco Kid was O. Henry's famous Robin Hood of the Old West. His sidekick's name was Pancho. The Cisco Kid was actually O. Henry himself—an American free-lance writer who, but for sporadic success with a confection of chocolate-covered nougats and creamy caramel, was virtually penniless until he turned to the more lucrative pursuit of free-lance banditry. So destitute was O. Henry in the early part of his career, in fact, that for many years he was able to afford only one shoe, which he called Zapata (the Mexican word for high-heeled shoes) and for which, say the natives, he harbored more than Platonic affection. The Mexican natives sympathized with this disgusting aberration, shouting "Viva Zapata!" whenever they saw the one-shoed writer-cum-bandido.

When the Cisco Kid retired from banditry a wealthy man, he built an ornate hacienda and dubbed it Pancho Villa in honor of his sidekick, who had by that time wearied of banditry and gone into tennis.

9. What is the structure of the Mexican government?

The Mexican government is a republic similar to our own. The Mexican president (or *presidente*) is elected for a term of six years and may not by law succeed himself. This fact has tended to make most *presidentes* morose, cranky and sloppy about time. You may have an appointment with the *presidente* at nine A.M. on Tuesday and he may not show up till the second Saturday in January. Many *presidentes* have been able, by means of such ruses, to extend their terms of office to seven, eight or even nine years, until the invention of the calendar watch made this gambit obsolete.

10. Is there much governmental censorship in Mexico?

The answer to this question depends to a great extent on what you consider much. True, the government does censor newspapers, radio, TV, plays, movies and the like to protect the public from subjects not deemed interesting. But there are so many things in Mexico that aren't censored at all: menus, traffic signs, weather reports, informal conversations at the laundromat, listings in the Yellow Pages, dreams, diaries, public announcements of time and temperature, most cloud formations and virtually all forms of seismic activity. One man's censorship may be another man's anarchy!

11. Do all Mexicans expect you to bargain?

Some do, some don't. The ones who don't will indicate their preference by walking away from you or by jabbing you in the eye with a sharp stick. In general, don't try to bargain for cab rides to or from the airport, for meals in first-class restaurants or for prescription drugs. Do bargain for livestock, for long-distance phone calls when not dialed directly and for certain types of psychotherapy.

12. Whom do I tip in Mexico and how much?

Americans in Mexico who are unnecessarily anxious about tipping customs south of the border would do well to remember this general rule: *Tip everyone you see, as much and as often as possible.* Some members of the Mexican aristocracy claim that the peasants are quite proud and would be offended by the proffering of a gratuity. This is utter nonsense! As a matter of fact, members of the Mexican aristocracy themselves become pettish when not tipped.

A simple guide to tipping in Mexico follows: *News dealers* should be tipped five percent of the cost of the periodical, except when the headline features news of a disagreeable nature, in which case five percent may be deducted from the purchase price. *Stewardesses* on flights

within the country should be tipped 12 percent of the actual dollar value of the meals they serve you. *Surgeons* should be tipped 17-20 percent of the cost of each operation they perform, exclusive of the semiprivate-room rate, *but only if the operation has been successful.* Do not let an overzealous surgeon bamboozle you into tipping either him or his anesthetist for inept and/or fatal O.R. goof-ups!

13. Why are there so many murals in Mexico City and who did them?

Murals are Mexican graffiti. They are found on the walls of hotels, theaters, schools, subways, factories, rest rooms and, in general, all places that graffiti are traditionally found. The Mexican police tried with little success to stop the three major perpetrators of murals—Rivera, Orozco and Siqueiros—and finally adopted a policy of *laissez faire*, believing it was chiefly the taboo quality of mural painting that gave it its appeal. Unfortunately, the Mexican officials were naïve in this belief, and today murals, frescoes and even mosaics shamefully deface every surface in Mexico City larger than three square feet.

14. Can I get along in Mexico with no knowledge of Spanish?

Absolutely! *All Mexicans, whether young or old, speak perfect English.* (They have to.)

However, if you should for any reason wish to know the meanings of any of the Spanish words and phrases you are likely to encounter, here is a sampling of the most common ones:

1. *¡Buenos días!*—What a lovely podium!

2. *¿Qué hora es?*—Is that a Hebrew dance?

3. *¡Salud!*—Salad!

4. *No fumar.*—Don't be angry/upset.

5. *Abroche su cinturón.*—Support your local police.

6. *Chaleco salvavidas bajo su asiento.*—Spitting into stringed instruments without permission is forbidden.

7. *Un café con leche.*—A restaurant in the red-light district.

8. *Carne asada, por favor.*—Sex outside only, please.

9. *Soy americano.*—Chop suey.

10. *Es todo.*—May I present the small dog featured in *The Wizard of Oz*?

11. *Lavabos.*—Snakes found chiefly in volcanic regions.

12. *Frutas y nueces.*—The homosexuals are something of a nuisance.

13. *Pan y mantequilla.*—Reviews of the lace-shawl opening have not been good.

14. *Siento haberle molestado.*—The seated haberdasher will surely be molested. (Proverb)

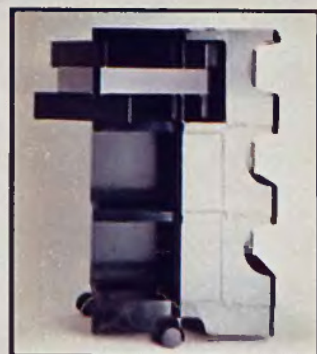
15. *Muchas gracias por su hospitalidad.*—I am / we are nibbling the lawn of the hospital of your father.



modern living

holdeverything!

nEXT TO SEX, the one thing that the urban male never seems to have enough of is storage space. Which is why we're focusing on the Bobby, the cartlike gizmo shown here. Available from Inter/Graph Ltd. in Manhattan, this plastic catchall, designed by the late Joe Colombo, comes in two- and three-tiered models (\$148 and \$175) and features a seemingly endless maze of nooks, crannies and even swing-out trays, plus optional accessories that allow the owner to virtually custom-build the unit of his choice. With all this going for it, the Bobby just might be the greatest invention since woman.



THE VARGAS GIRL



"As long as you're up . . . it's a pity to waste it."

AS A JEW AMONG MOSLEMS, he maintained his faith; as an upright tradesman among thieves, he stuck to his honesty; but as a man in the midst of a great Oriental city of the flesh, he was much tempted. Pitch Osman, in the year 1523, was a young spice merchant in the great bazaar of Stamboul.

His wife, who had come to him through an arranged marriage, seemed somewhat plain, somewhat too Jewish and a bit common when compared with the voluptuous beauties he saw daily in the bazaar. And so it came about that she tossed and worried in her lonely bed during the long nights while Pitch Osman was prowling God knows where.

One day, a prodigious thing happened. Pitch looked up from his wares to see the most delectable *hanum* he could ever imagine come into his shop. In a voice of pure music, she asked for various spices while he stood astounded, his arms hanging at his sides. There was a hint of strange beauty beneath her veil and a promise of intriguing curves beneath her robe. In a daze, Pitch gave her the spices she required and, when she had gone, discovered that she had left something on his counter: a tiny black bag containing 12 grains of wheat.

When Pitch returned home that evening, he appeared so thoughtful and withdrawn that his wife finally mustered enough courage to ask what the trouble might be. At first, he only shook his head, but at last he came out with a story. He explained that a mysterious man—evidently a wealthy trader—had given him the black bag with the wheat grains, had made some mention of a reward if Pitch could solve its puzzle and had disappeared as suddenly as he had come.

"But that is as simple as aleph, beth, gimel!" exclaimed his wife. "The man lives in Wheat Market, at house number twelve—the one with a black door."

The next morning, Pitch went to Wheat Market to test this theory and discovered that the 12th house, indeed, had a black door. He knocked. The door opened and the beautiful *hanum* stood there. In her hands she had a basin of water and, without a word, she emptied the water into the street and closed the door.

That night, Pitch was more baffled and silent than ever, but his wife finally prevailed upon him to describe what had happened—although, in the telling, he again substituted the imaginary merchant for the lady.

"But that charade is disappointingly easy!" said his wife. "The poured water points to a running stream. The closed door means 'not here.' In the merchant's garden, you will undoubtedly find a brook—and that's where your mystery will be solved."

Pitch went at once to the Wheat Market house and climbed a high stone wall that surrounded the garden. He heard the murmur of a little stream and made his way cautiously to it. Then he picked up a single pebble and threw it at a window that looked down from the second story of the house.

In a few moments, a light appeared—and then, revealed by the light, the beautiful figure of the *hanum*, entirely naked. Slowly, she raised a mirror to her ripe breasts. Then she smiled. The moonlight reflected on the face of the mirror. Next, she reversed the mirror and showed its wooden back. Suddenly, the light was extinguished.

"Your merchant is either mute or mad," said Pitch's wife when he gave her a version of the scene. "But his message is clear enough—you were too early. You must return when the moon is reversed, about midnight."

"Aha!" said Pitch exultantly, and he hurried off again, a little before the hour. Just after he had left, his wife went to pay a visit to an official of the police.

A half hour later, vigorously solving his mystery, firmly entwined in the naked knot of love with the *hanum* in the soft darkness beside the stream, Pitch was aroused by the lanterns and the cries of the police as they broke into the garden. With many loud jokes in deplorable taste, the police dragged the lovers off to separate cells in the prison.

Now, there was a tradition in Stamboul that any citizen might distribute cakes to prisoners as a kind of offering in memory of someone who had died. Thus it was that Pitch Osman's wife baked a quantity of sweet cakes and went through the prison distributing them. When she came to the *hanum*'s cell, the guard waited outside, and the wife quickly whispered some instructions. The women exchanged clothes in a moment and then the *hanum* departed with the basket and the wife remained.

It was not long before the adulterers were brought before the kazi. Pitch was astonished to see his wife in the role of fellow prisoner, and he was silent while she made her plea to the judge.

"It may appear," she said, "that we chose an unusual place for lovemaking, but two facts are evident: The place was private and our action gave no affront to public morality; we are a lawfully married couple, as a number of witnesses in this courtroom are prepared to testify. I respectfully request that the kazi hear them and then dismiss the case."

The kazi was convinced by this just plea and he freed the prisoners quickly. On the way home, Pitch remarked, "Wife, you are a woman of many depths. It seems that I have never really appreciated you."



Sometime later, when Pitch was tending his shop, the *hanum* paid a visit to Pitch's wife. She bowed deeply and flatteringly expressed her shame and thanks. She begged forgiveness.

The wife granted it readily and told her to trouble over the matter no longer. "It is a golden tale that brings everyone the fulfillment of his wish," she said.

"As for you, you have had your little adventure and you can go on to others with a bit more prudence.

"As for me, I have saved my husband from public shame and I hold a secret he cannot forget.

"As for Pitch, one might say that he has feasted on pork and now he can return, with contrition, to the laws of our people."

—Retold by John G. Dickson

Little Enis Pursues His Muse (continued from page 126)

of cool ones to clear his head before the first set. ("When I was drinkin', I'd live each day from day to day, that's how I lived during my drinkin' years. And when I'd go to sleep I wouldn't even think about gettin' up. And then the next day I'd get up and party again. I even went out here to Eastern State Hospital to get me some he'p. That shrinker said to me, 'Are you a alcoholic?' And I said, 'Well, if you call drinkin' a quart of whiskey before you can read the Sunday paper a alcoholic, then I reckon I must be one.'") Along about 8:30 the guys with dates would be falling by, here a Deke out aslumping with his Tri Delt, there a TV repairman hustling the wife of a client who worked the night shift at the Dixie Cup factory, and by a little after nine maybe a few unattached girls would have turned up, telephone operators and typists from the IBM typing pool and students from the Fugazzi Business College and the Vine Street Academy of Beauty, gathering themselves in jittery little coveys here and there at the tables closest to the dance floor, where the light was better, and they'd sit there glaring at those oblivious jerks crowded around the bar until finally one of the girls, say an aspiring beautician working on her Ph.D. in beehives at the Academy, would get so p.o.'d she'd pick up her tom collins and sashay over to the jukebox and plug it with her own quarter, punching out maybe *Fever* and part one of *Raunchy* and *Paralyze*, Elvis' latest, and when Little Willie John suddenly whumped out those first few heavy bass notes and growled "Never know how mu-uch I need you" the guys at the bar would look up, startled, to discover that they weren't alone after all, and almost instantly begin to undergo the metamorphosis from sports fans to just plain sports, their eyeballs ticking off their calculations like the UK coliseum's flashy electronic scoreboards as they checked out the action in the other room—"the hides," they call them in Lexington, "multihides" when they come in bunches. By the time *Raunchy* was half over there'd be four or five newly acquainted couples on the dance floor, raunching away, doing a sort of postjitterbug, pretwist bop, just standing there at arm's length, grimacing and hunching their pelvises at each other in a kind of dirty-boogie face-off ("I jus' cain't stand that awful ole niggery dancin' they do out there!" a UK sorority girl once wailed to I. J. Wagner), and while Elvis was groaning his way through *Paralyze*, Enis and his boys would mount the little bandstand beside the jukebox and start tuning up (I seem to recall a bass and drums and an electric organ in the group, and a guy who doubled on sax and trumpet). As Elvis wrapped it up and

Enis, cradling his guitar in that weird way of his and grinning an utterly wicked, lickish little grin, obviously just spoiling for the chance to render Elvis' own songs back to back with their creator, stepped forward into The Palms' feeble greenish-yellow spotlight, his pompadour glinting like obsidian, his tidy little torso all ashimmer in that same gold-sateen cowboy shirt, his small white hands poised like a striking sparrow's talons above the first fleet notes of *All Shook Up* ("Well, my daddy was a farmer in Hogue Holler, over here by Danville, and I swear he couldn't play the ready-o without gettin' static. But my mother, she sung in church, and I'd of walked a country mile to hear her sing a song, she had the most beautiful voice you ever heard. And her people, they was entertainers, years ago they was with Red Foley at Rensro Valley. My uncle, he was state fiddlin' champion on the old breakdown fiddle at the state fair. So they would all get together of a Sunday afternoon, and everbody'd bring their music instruments, and I was just a little thing, you know, but I'd santer around th'oo that crowd and directly I'd pick up somebody's guitar, and the first thing you know I'd be abangin' on it."), stepped forward into The Palms' glare and reek, and with the spotlight glaring in his eyes, the only thing he could make out would be. . . .

Me again. The old loose end again, the noted folklorist again, drunk again. Sitting there right under Enis' nose at the table nearest the bandstand, wearing those ridiculous shades and that ridiculous Levi suit and that ridiculous haircut, drunk as a lord since three o'clock in the afternoon, when I had inconspicuously departed from my romantic-poetry seminar at the tea-and-cookies break, and had fled to the wretched pigsty of an apartment I shared with Willie Gordon Ryan upstairs over the Southern Girl Beauty Salon, and had found Ryan there busily cutting freshman English (which he was flunking anyhow), and had straightway sallied forth with Ryan at my side, as faithful a Sancho Panza as ere a Quixote could've asked for (it being the day my check came in, bearing my father's customary reluctant-looking signature), to an establishment called the Paddock Club, where we drank Oertels '92 beer straight through till 7:30 (not counting one time out for a fried-baloney sandwich), and where I once again made a jackass of myself by informing some indignant coed that the doodles in the back of her family-and-marriage notebook demonstrated "a distinctly Freudian penis-envy character." And also where I. J. Wagner and Tommy Cook, on their way home to study for a dairy-and-animal-husbandry exam after a two-hour supper

of beer and pickled eggs and pinball at the Scott Hotel Bar, dropped by for a spot of Oertels '92, just to clear their palates, and from which the three of us (Sancho Ryan having already committed his iron to other fires that night) repaired forthwith to The Palms, I. J. and Cookie to juice some more and dance them niggery dances and hustle the ladies a bit, I to do my noted folklorist act for the third time that week. And to juice some more.

Thus had I arrived at my present sorry state, drumming my thumbs against the tabletop with drunken, arhythmic abandon while on the bandstand just above me Little Enis, his feet planted wide in that classic Presley straddle, his groin thrusting like the machine-tooled private parts of the Great Fucking Wheel, his left leg jiggling spasmodically inside his pants as if he really was a-cetchin' lak a bug on a fuzzy tree, tore like a man possessed into Elvis' repertoire, *se-gueing* out of *All Shook Up* straight into *Hound Dog*, then laying back ever so slightly with *Teddy Bear* (the somewhat shopworn ladies of The Palms squealed like bobby-soxers over that one—because, as I overheard one of them sigh when Enis purred "Run yo' fangers th'oo mah hair an' cuddle up real tight" and hove a lusty dry hump in her direction, "I could cuddle that sweet thing to death!"), then revving it up again with *Blue Suede Shoes* and (for variety) Little Richard's *Long Tall Sally* and Fats Domino's *Kansas City*, then tying off the set with a *That's When Your Heartaches Begin* so mellow and lachrymose that Colonel Parker himself would have shed a tear in his Hadacol if he'd heard it.

And through it all there sat The Palms' own noted folklorist and resident greaser, thumping away at my tabletop like a tone-deaf Sal Mineo auditioning for *The Gene Krupa Story*, applauding furiously for every number, calling out requests at the top of my voice between songs ("Hey, Enis, do *Rip It Up!* Do *Jailhouse Rock!* Do *Hound Dog* again!"), generally pulling out all the stops in my effort to demonstrate that I was, indeed, a true *aficionado*, so that he would come and sit at my table during the breaks, and let me buy him an Oertels '92 and patronize him some.

Which, often as not, he'd do. Oh, there were plenty of times when a tableful of admiring hides would snag him first ("That little son of a buck will get laid where most men couldn't get a drink of water," a Palms bartender confided to me one night. "I heard a couple of these old girls say he's awful heavy hung. They was talking about somebody named Old Blue, and it turned out they was referring to Enis' pecker!"), but for all their charms, they were wanting in that sophisticated appreciation of his art that he could always depend on finding at my

(continued on page 187)

ZARDOZ

eroticism and mysticism meld in a scari-fying vision of the world three hundred years hence



Sean Connery is Zed, Priest of Death in the year 2293, specially bred and trained to hunt, rape and kill in the service of his god, Zardoz.

AFTER THE BIG-CITY VIOLENCE of *Point Blank* and the backwoods animal viciousness of *Deliverance*, director John Boorman is taking a new look at man's aggressive instincts. In his sixth film, *Zardoz*, a futuristic fantasy starring Sean Connery and shot in Ireland, he sets the primitive against the hypercivilized and watches the result.

"I have always been conscious of the conflict between our explosive natures and our civilization, but to recognize that this clash exists often gets you accused of fascism. But people are beginning to realize that life can't be lived purely rationally—even the prissiest critics are beginning to accept this—and that lets a lot of air in.

"We are quite unsuited to lead civilized lives, yet we persist in refusing to recognize all sorts of natural uncivilized drives in ourselves. We accept that people can be transformed by sex,

for example, but we don't face the need for the expression of anger, the need for release of violence. I'm not advocating the release of our violent feelings without control, but we have to recognize that they exist and learn to deal with them."

Set 300 years in the future, *Zardoz* pictures a society of intellectual elitists shut off and protected from a polluted, desolate world. The members of the commune are immortal and perpetually young, but the men have become effete, bored and sexually disinterested. The women have turned to lesbianism, but that, too, has lost its savor and all forms of sexual activity die out. "Sex is closely tied to survival and survival to violence," says Boorman. Where survival is guaranteed and violence unknown, sexuality wanes.

But outside the commune, survival is a matter of brute force. Order is kept by a specially bred brand of Exterminators, priests of Zardoz, the god of death. (text concluded on page 168)





Above: A captive of the Immortals, Zed takes out his frustration on Consuella (Charlotte Rampling). Below: Surrounded by suspended bodies that are in the process of restoration, Consuella and her ex-lover, May (Sara Kestelman), discuss the best way to deal with the intruder in their commune.

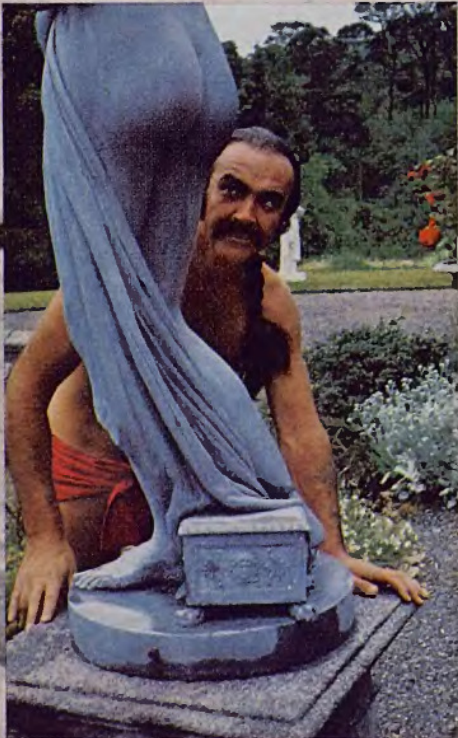
"Charlotte has balls," says director Boorman of his female star. "I play a warrior woman charging round on horseback," says Miss Rampling, who enjoyed the exercise but not the film's prophecies. "I hope they don't come true. I don't want all men impotent."







The "immortals" of the statue-strewn land Con-
nery invodes (below) spend most of their time
meditoting. His arrival so disturbs them that
after three centuries of sexual abstinence, they
give way (above) to long-forgotten impulses.



PRETTYMAN PLAN (continued from page 100)

Prettyman were walking through the Eastern Air Lines shuttle terminal at La Guardia Airport. The Undersecretary, aroused by the inner-city coordinator's firm rump and elegant legs—was there a more erotic gray-haired woman in the world?—decided he would need two, perhaps three days in New York.

Prettyman pointed to a row of new phone booths. "Try this one," he said to Foss.

"It's occupied."

"It won't be long."

The three stopped in front of a booth. Inside, a pimple-spotted blond teenager in a denim suit was jimmying open the coin box. He saw Prettyman's long face and withdrew his screwdriver. "I lost my dime, mister. Honest."

"It's all right, son," Prettyman said. "Jab it a few more times."

"You fuzz?"

"Quite the opposite. Go on."

"This is lunacy," Foss said. "He's encouraging crime. Just as I expected."

The teenager jammed the screwdriver into the slot. A warm voice emerged from the telephone. "Hello, there," it said. "This is the board chairman of your friendly phone company—"

"What the Devil?" Foss exclaimed.

The youth drew away. He looked at the door of the booth, as if eager to bolt. Prettyman was blocking his way. His arms and legs formed a restraining X.

"Why destroy our property?" the voice went on. "Why not play the phone-booth game with us? You may be arrested. It might blight your career. All you have to do is dial nine and get your redeemable coupon, which you can cash at any Prettyman Plan precinct. Ready? Dial nine!"

"What the fuck is this?" the boy whimpered.

"Do as the chairman said," Prettyman ordered.

The youth complied. There was a humming noise. From the return slot a green ticket issued forth. "Shit, he wasn't kiddin'," the boy said. He looked at the chit. "Five bucks. This for real, mister?"

"Redemption centers are listed on the reverse side. When you go to collect, you'll have to register under the plan. You'll get a rulebook and a list of registered phones. You can put that screwdriver away forever."

• • •

After dinner at a soul-food restaurant at which Prettyman distributed leaflets inviting patrons to enroll in the plan (the "introductory special" allowed one armed robbery with rewards up to \$40, depending on the victim's category), the three of them drove to Prettyman's office.

"I understand this *too* well," Foss said. "You're paying people to commit crime."

"Crime without violence," Prettyman said.

"It doesn't stand a chance," Foss said.

"Oran, explain it to Emil the way you did to me yesterday," Laura Casey said. "That is," she corrected, "you don't have to go into all the details." Her face glowed. Prettyman had explained it to her as they lay locked in passion in a private room in Kings County Hospital, where he had gone to lecture the doctors on his Heroin Saturation program and to supervise a demonstration of the Vendoskag machine. Foss caught the expression on her face. He suspected the worst.

"It's simple reinforcing," Prettyman said irritably. "They have their fun, they get paid, no one gets hurt."

Roosevelt Honeycutt walked into the office cradling a batch of green folders in his arms and Prettyman introduced him, explaining that Roosevelt was a field demonstrator who doubled as office manager here. "Twenny-fi' mo' registrants today," he said, showing the files to Prettyman.

"Hmm," said the professor, "not so good. Roosevelt, I think it's time we called a meeting of the Socialistic Gents, the Black Death Nation and the Hispanic Killers tomorrow and made the pitch for a mass conversion. I could give the speech, if necessary."

"Naw, man, I handle it. They come around."

Foss was shaking his head thoughtfully. "I think I can see your general strategy, Prettyman, but I think you're heading for a grand flop. First, there's money—your funds will run out before you touch even a tiny percentage of crime. Second, criminals have an emotional *need* for action quite apart from the rewards."

Prettyman smiled with his fearsome, maddening confidence. "The money will come. Don't you see, Foss, cities are the most expensive things we own—they're multibillion-dollar investments. Right now, they're dying of a disease called crime; but I can save them. Look—say you're an ordinary citizen. You expect to pay a yearly tribute in the form of the five-dollar bills you carry to pay out when you get mugged. You count on having your apartment ripped off at least once a year. Isn't it cheaper to have the Government insure you against this?"

"Say you're a criminal," he went on. "It's exciting, but cop brutality, time in jail and other drawbacks aren't much to look forward to. Under my plan, you'd get all your kicks and thrills with a strictly limited risk. By accepting a few game rules, you get to be a winner instead of a loser most of the time. But, enough of theory. I want to show you a demonstration on our closed-circuit monitor."

The lights went off and a TV screen glowed with a bluish light. "This the Flatbush apartment house we sign up, all

forty-two tenants," announced Roosevelt. The scene came into focus as a shadowy bedroom with two figures asleep in a double bed.

Suddenly, a woman's voice was heard. "Sid! Sid! I hear a noise. Somebody's in the apartment! Get up and go see."

"Shaddup, for Chris' sake," came the male voice. "Can't you never remember we're signed up in the plan? The burglar always comes on Tuesday."

"Sid, this is Monday! It's one of them unregistered free-lances an' he'll kill us."

As Sid lumbered out of bed, an automatic switcher brought in the picture from the dining room. Sid, with a baseball bat in his hand, was just looming over a scrawny man who was taking silver dishes from the sideboard and putting them in a satchel. The burglar looked up and froze in fright.

"Hold it, hold it!" he said. "I'm Charley Wozniak, your burglar. Remember me?"

"You dumb schmuck. It's Monday."

"Ain't this 11-D? Ain't you Goldman?" A slow zoom revealed his ratty face.

"Sure it's 11-D. And I'm Goldman. But the instruction sheet we got says you come on Tuesday. You're a day early. You pull crap like this on me once more and I'll report you to the professor."

"Sorry, pal. Don't get sore." He replaced the silver.

"Beat it," Sid said. "You come tomorrow, when ya supposeta."

The monitor went black. Prettyman leaned back in his chair. "That was a deliberate mistake. Merely to show you how cooperative our members are. Wozniak will make his haul tomorrow and redeem the silver for cash. The Goldmans will also be paid."

Foss got up. "I've heard enough. This is worse than the pauperizing of the nation under the New Deal. It's the ultimate corruption of everything we value in America."

"Now, Emil, we really should give Oran a chance. . . ."

Prettyman ignored them. On the monitor, a new scene appeared. Honeycutt applauded. "Man, this one a gas. Hertz people sign up."

The television showed the interior of a Hertz Rent A Car office. A girl with the golden look of a *Seventeen* model was behind the counter. A young man in a white turtleneck sweater and a black suit approached her.

"This dude a new one," Honeycutt said. "Pantarelli. He a smalltime Mafia."

"Good evening, sir," the girl said. "Rent or steal?"

"Steal."

"May I see your Prettyman Plan card? Also your driver's license and one more identity card. American Express will do."

The customer shuffled cards and spread



"How come you never get turned on except when you're appealing to someone's prurient interest?"

them on the counter. "Got a Continental?" he asked.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Pantarelli, but we're out. Anyway, under the rules, you have to steal up to a big car. You're allowed a Continental or a Cadillac only after three successful P. P. thefts of compacts and intermediates. I can begin you with a Torino. Where would you like to steal it?"

"West Eighty-four' Street corner Riverside Drive in New York."

"I see. An out-of-area theft. That's permissible as long as you abandon it in Brooklyn."

"I can't ditch it in, in the Bronx?"

"Rules were made to be obeyed, Mr. Pantarelli."

"Jeez. They make it tough for a guy."

"It's easier than getting into trouble, isn't it?" The girl had a nasal cheeriness about her. Prettyman made a note to congratulate Hertz. "Keys in or out? Doors locked?"

"No keys. Door unlocked. I'll start it myself. I got a master key."

"You understand that the car isn't to be damaged?"

"Sure, sure."

"We'll redeem your gas receipts. Sign these forms, please. Full insurance?"

"Yeah, yeah."

"Oh, dear, you want a three-day theft. Let me consult the book. Yes, that's OK. But if you intend to use it for another crime, like robbery or hijacking, I'm afraid you'll have to let us know in advance and check the head office. There's someone on duty twenty-four hours."

"I just wanna take my broad for a ride inna country."

"Good. If you get another member of the plan to report the theft, you both get the good-criminal bonus—ten dollars each."

Prettyman turned the set off. "Convinced?" he asked Foss.

"I am," Mrs. Casey said. "It's the future."

Foss got up. He was white. "It will wreck the fabric of society. It will drive the entire nation into criminal pursuits. Why work when you are rewarded for stealing cars and snatching purses?"

Prettyman shook his head. "The rewards are not that great. There will always be incentive to rise higher into more lucrative activities—stock manipulation, insurance, art dealing, oil speculation, literary criticism. Any shoplifter can still become a banker."

"Yeah," Roosevelt said. "Professor git-in' me a scholarship to study price fixin' at NYU."

"Laura?" Foss asked. "Shall we return to Washington? We can still make the last shuttle."

"I . . . ah . . . Oran thought I should stay another day. He's dedicating the Vendo-Skag machines tomorrow."

"Vendo-Skag?"

"Heroin for a dime," Prettyman said. "It comes out packaged and pure. No addict need ever commit a crime for the rest of his life."

. . .

Shortly after Foss got to his Washington office the next morning, his phone rang. It was Mrs. Casey, telling him she was resigning her job as inner-city coordinator to work with Prettyman.

"I take it, Laura, that your fascination with his scheme to reward criminals is not *all* that has induced you to throw your life away in a slum?"

Her voice was offhand, mirroring Prettyman's own impatience with trivia. "Oh, to heck with that. He's attractive, but that isn't important. Oran says he can end store robberies in Washington in three days."

"Does he?" Foss wondered. There was no more pressing matter in the nation's capital. The President's Committee on the Poor had withdrawn Head Start funds, closed playgrounds, abolished narcotics clinics, terminated adult-training centers and reinforced union rules barring anyone with membership in the NAACP from apprentice training, and this had hardly improved matters. There were vast areas in Washington where not a store remained open. Services had ended. Food, drugs and household needs were distributed from armored cars provided by the National Guard.

"He wants to come to Washington and give a demonstration."

"Tell him not to waste his time. I intend to file a report on your professor with the FBI, with copies to the New York City police commissioner and the Urban Coalition. The man is a menace to civilization."

. . .

A week later, with 543 people in Seaside Acres enrolled in the plan and the crime rate down 57 percent, Prettyman and Mrs. Casey were invited to Washington.

A nervous Emil Foss had changed his mind about cooperation—somewhat influenced by a front-page *Washington Post* story revealing a dramatic lessening of crime in the New York metropolitan area in contrast to a rise in the District. He promised Prettyman all facilities for a complete demonstration.

The stake-out they agreed upon was in the storage room of Jack Dugan's Liquor City on Wisconsin Avenue. It was a huge discount store that sold everything from vintage Mouton-Rothschild at \$85 a bottle to California Red Dreams at 99 cents a gallon. It was on the verge of closing its doors. Dugan, a sad, florid man in his 60s, was ready to surrender. One clerk had been shot dead in the past year. Another had been crippled for life. A third had been winged in the left arm as he opened the cash register.

Behind a one-way mirror, Prettyman, Emil Foss, Laura Casey and four armed police officers waited. It was 11:30 at night, a half hour before closing time. The policemen wore bulletproof vests. Each carried a shotgun and a .30-caliber automatic rifle.

"I don't like this," Foss whispered. "If it hadn't been for Laura's talking me into it—"

"It's perfectly safe," Mrs. Casey said. She patted Foss's knee. "Oran's done this before."

"No, he hasn't. He's plunging us into an unstructured situation. Nobody in Washington knows about the Prettyman Plan. None of those hoodlums is enrolled. Mr. Dugan has no idea what he's letting himself in for. . . ."

"It will all be clear in a minute," Prettyman said. He addressed a policeman. "Shoot only to disable, and not at all if possible. We'll close the automatic lock on the outside door. Mr. Dugan will hide beneath the counter and the clerks can fall to the floor."

"You are a cold-blooded monster," Foss said. "I have the feeling you don't care whom you kill or maim."

"Quite the contrary, Foss. Sssh. Visitors."

Two seedy-looking white men, hillbillies with burnsides, rodeo shirts and flared denims, entered and began waving guns. Dugan's twin Doberman pinschers set up a resonant barking. The clerk at the cash register threw a shower of bank notes at the holdup men.

"We want it all, nigger," one of them said. "Y'all give us what's underneath, too."

"Clean out yo' pockets and throw us the wallets," the other cried. "An' keep them dogs leashed, elsen they gon' be dead dogs."

"Should I blast 'em?" the police sergeant asked Prettyman.

"No. This can be handled without a shot being fired."

"He's mad," Foss said, shivering. "If the Secretary finds out—"

One of Dugan's clerks, trying to play the hero in spite of Prettyman's warnings at the dress rehearsal, threw a gallon of Old Rabbinal at the robbers. Guns exploded. From beneath the counter, Dugan threw switches. A siren wailed. Lights were extinguished. A dozen shots bounced around the room, smashing bottles. An aroma of bourbon filled the air. Wafts of gin and Scotch drifted into the back room, where the police obediently held fire.

Prettyman addressed an officer: "I want you to cover me. They can't get out. No one's been hurt. Laura, pull the circuit breaker and flood the store with light."

Mrs. Casey did as ordered. The instant the store was illuminated, Prettyman,

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armed only with a clipboard, walked out of the back room.

"Fuzz," one of the hillbillies said.

"Shoot the fucker. Whut in hail he think he doin'?"

The professor raised a hand. "I am not an officer. I have come to show you the way. Put down your guns."

"Cow's ass," the other hillbilly said. "Open them doors and let us out. Shoot him onct in the head, Waldo."

"Cain't," Waldo said. "He got the evil eye on me."

"Then Ah will." He leveled his gun. A blast from the hidden policeman struck his right arm. The officers emerged.

"Ah tole you he was a cop," Waldo wailed. He tossed his Saturday-night special to the floor. Dugan scanned the wreckage. An entire shelf of name brands was reduced to jagged hunks of glass. A lake of lost booze formed on the floor. Twice refused insurance, he was now ruined.

"My name is Prettyman and I am going to enroll you in my plan. You will be guaranteed a monthly payoff if you

avoid violence. You may commit two crimes a month, attacking only registered storekeepers. No one will be arrested. No one will get hurt. Mr. Dugan will be reimbursed for losses. Incurred medical expenses, like your arm, will be paid. If you take advantage of a red-tag store on a bonus day, you are allowed to double your score. I'm going to pass out booklets and you can spend fifteen minutes studying them—"

"Ah cain't read," Waldo said.

"Me neither," his friend said.

"Mrs. Casey will sit down with you and explain it in the back room."

"Y'all mean we ain't busted?" Waldo asked.

"Not unless you break the rules. Play it our way, gentlemen, and you can continue your life of crime, harm no one and make a decent living wage."

Sergeant Farrell of the Washington police sidled up to Prettyman. He was carrying his shotgun at port arms, watching the backs of the men as they retired to the rear.

"Now, now, Sergeant," Prettyman

warned. "No fair shooting ducks in a barrel. They are disarmed. In more ways than one."

"Huh? What about us? Me and the boys volunteered our time for this screwball thing. Coddling criminals, that's all."

"Coddling *everyone*, Sergeant, including policemen." Prettyman turned to Dugan. "A case of Scotch for each officer, Mr. Dugan. It's part of our incentive plan. And you will be paid in full for broken bottles, cleanup and security needs. Incidentally, what does security cost you?"

Dugan wiped his seamed face. "Oh, ten, eleven thousand a year."

Prettyman made a note. "You won't need it any longer."

"He's insane," Foss whispered to Mrs. Casey. She was sitting on a case of Michelob, filling out I.D. cards for the robbers.

"Maybe that's what's needed," she said. She had dismissed the four servants from her mansion in Cleveland Park. Oran would be all hers. Alone. Oran with his terrifying indifference, his insatiable lust.

Undersecretary Foss dragged his feet on proposing the Prettyman Plan to his superiors, because he still had great doubts about the weedy man in the seersucker suit. Undeterred, Prettyman accumulated data on the Brooklyn experiment.

"An expectable success," he told Laura. "My computations were off by less than one quarter of one percent."

They were in her bedroom. He left unpacked the red-velvet dressing gown she had bought for him in Garfinckel's. In droopy green shorts and a T-shirt laced with holes, he paced the ocher-and-chocolate room, reading from computer printouts sent to him by Roosevelt Honeycutt.

"New York has accepted us," he said. "Mayor Del Vecchio and Police Commissioner Bakaka have agreed to establish fifteen demonstration areas for implementation of the Prettyman Plan. Ten are high-crime—South Jamaica, Brownsville, Hunt's Point—and five are middle-class control groups. If we can get a fifty percent enrollment of criminals, and a comparable registration of victims and police, the spread effect sets in."

"You are a genius, Oran." She shifted her seamless body. Recently, she had read that women were capable of interminable orgasm. They never bottomed out. But it had never been proved to her satisfaction until she met the social engineer.

"It's manifesting itself already," Prettyman said, turning in front of the Chipendale dresser and crossing to the Florentine vanity. "Bedford-Stuyvesant has reduced police patrols by forty percent."

"You mean the police are out of work?"



"Well, Morrison, I think we understand each other now. Or at least you understand me, and that's the main thing."

"Of course not. They stay in the station house and play cards or go out to moonlight. They simply aren't needed. Eventually, some are licensed as narcotics dealers or as servicemen for the vending machines."

"Fantastic."

"Insurance rates have been reduced in Brooklyn. Hospital costs have been cut a third. Sales of firearms are down forty-three percent. Expenditures for sodium streetlights have been canceled. Retail stores are among our best customers—profits are up, losses from theft and robbery down. The rest of the country will follow New York's lead."

"Come to me, darling."

"Not until I finish reading these. Hah! The director of the FBI refuses to accept our statistics. He says we're faking them."

Laura, nude and rosy, got up from the bed. "He will when he sees our statistics for Washington. I still have contacts. Oran, I stole contingency funds. We can set up a Prettyman Plan office in the Southwest Quadrant."

Prettyman nodded. "Good, good. But this expansion will require a great expenditure of funds. I'm ready to take over organized crime. Once the street criminal is on the public payroll, the big operations will have to be absorbed. I should be getting a phone call about that any time now." While he waited, he passed the time by making love to Laura and, over her white shoulder, rereading the print-outs on Brooklyn.

It was just about one hour later when the bedside phone rang. When Prettyman lifted the receiver, a harsh New York voice began without introduction. "We got your niggers. I t'ink we blow dere heads off. Puttin' in vendin' machines which pay out a baggie of horse for a dime. What kinna shit is dat? You be here. 346 Park Avenue, tomorrow ten A.M. That's orders."

"Sì, sì, bene. D'accordo," said Prettyman, hanging up. And to Laura, as he gently unhooked himself from her arms and legs, he said, "Lovely! The Mafia is about to join up."

On the plane, Prettyman had a chance to read the *Times's* front-page report of a press conference with Mayor Del Vecchio, who had, the professor reflected, swept into office on the toughest law-and-order platform since the late Colonel Charles Lynch's. "We are," announced the mayor, "putting every crook, mugger, pusher, con man and rapist on the city payroll. I am happy to announce. . . . And thus, without any courts, drug clinics, jails or reformatories, the city looks like it will have a surplus for the first time since La Guardia."

Oran Prettyman walked through the door labeled COALITION OF CONCERNED CITIZENS and was ushered into the board



"Yes, Buryl is different . . . most people feed the birds."

room. Sitting around the conference table was a group of beautifully tailored, carefully barbered old men with faces out of Dante's *Inferno*. They were completely silent. They glared at Prettyman and waited.

"Gentlemen," said the professor in his cheerful voice, "you are doomed. But I have come to save you with an offer you—that is to say, a proposal you cannot decline. I offer you all the rackets and the narcotics trade complete—under the control of the Prettyman Plan and with all violence ruled out." He went on to explain in detail.

When he had finished, there was another silence and some shaking of the sinister old heads. Finally, the ponderous *capo* at the head of the table spoke with the voice of a rusty saw. "We hear what Don Vito say. Kill this *faccanaso*? Or give us the *fermata*? Bring in Lewisburg."

The television screen on the wall turned brilliant. Don Vito Piazzagrande's wormwood face appeared behind a pattern of cell bars. He began to speak. "I been gettin' the news. Bad news. Everybody's joining up wit' dis *professore*. Soon we are alone and the police can spend all the time they want on us. Some of you who remember the good days of old times will say, 'No more fun wit' choppers or meathooks or squashin' guys wit' cars?' But I say that our sons, even now, have no guts for it. We must bring in a *siciliano* to do a good hit in the old style. I say we make a truce wit' il *professore* and try the plan for a month."

Prettyman noticed a certain look in the old, dishonest eyes and he made a mental note to see what he could do about getting Don Vito put in the deepest, tight-

est solitary confinement—without television—before the month was up.

Mrs. Casey, stark-naked on the pool table in her basement playroom, had just recovered from her sixth transcendental climax—which was her way of welcoming Prettyman home. They sat up on the edge of the table and she began to tell him the troublesome developments.

"The Congress has cracked down on Emil and HEW—no more funds."

"What!" exclaimed Prettyman. "Don't they realize that you can walk anywhere in Washington without getting mugged or murdered? Free-lance crime has almost disappeared."

"But Emil says that the great issue has left a terrible vacuum behind it. Most Congressmen hardly know what kind of a campaign speech to give anymore. How much fire can you get into a plea for the free-school-lunch program?"

"I'll fix that," said Prettyman. "Senator Claymore McGoggin is chairman of the Senate Crime Committee. I want you to check on what route his limousine takes coming into the city every morning."

Senator McGoggin, rapidly turning purple, was sitting in his stalled Chrysler Imperial at eight o'clock the next morning as a mob of screaming black teenagers surged back and forth across the street in front of him. He had just reached bursting point when a helmeted policeman appeared and tapped on the car window. The Senator rolled it down. "Get me out of here!" he roared. "Then you rally yoah boys an' start bustin' somma them kinky heads, heah? I mean right quick!"

"Sorry, sir," said the cop, "it's free-play

time now. Window breaking and looting begin in two minutes. I have to move off now to see that none of these citizens gets cut by accident."

Across the street there was a shuddering crash as a brick went through the show window of Cousin Kaplan's Appliance City. There was a shout and people—some white and some black—began leaping through the gap. The Senator gasped. Then he noticed that a fat man in a checked vest was standing by the door, shouting, "Watch your step. Color televisions on aisle two. Tape recorders at the rear; radios on the mezzanine. All name brands with a year's service guarantee. Home appliances on the second floor. Step along and get yours!"

The Senator was so infuriated that he climbed from his car and strode over to the fat man.

"I'm Cousin Kaplan, sir," the man said. "Interested in a motorized barbecue grill?"

"Are you out of yoah head?" the Senator shouted. "These criminals are looting you!" A 300-pound woman wearing lavender slacks, gold wedgies and a mass of curlers lurched out of the store. In her arms were a toaster, a blender, an iron, an electric carving knife and an LP album of *Das Rheingold*.

"Not at all, sir, not at all," said Cousin Kaplan. "I'm fully registered under the

Prettyman Plan. I get list price and replacement for all damage. And I do a terrific day's business—sorta like a riot sale, you might say."

Bug-eyed and mumbling, the Senator was led back to the car by his chauffeur. And it was thus that Prettyman, just as he had foreseen, was called upon to testify before the Senate Crime Committee.

• • •

"It could probably be shown by facts and figures that there is no distinctly native American criminal class except Congress," Prettyman stated to the committee. With frowns and tightened lips, the members leaned forward to stare at him severely.

"The witness will refrain from slanderous remarks of that sort or he may find himself in contempt," Chairman McGoggin declared.

"Just a quotation from a good old country writer, sir—Mark Twain said it."

The counsel began the interrogation. Was it true, he asked, that Prettyman, as reported, had been paying people to commit crimes? Bribing policemen? Rewarding muggers and rapists? Saturating the cities with narcotics?

"I have done all that and more," said the professor calmly. "And now I propose to move my plan to the national level." He went on to give a brief but exact outline of his operations while the astounded Congressmen listened. "And finally,"

he said, "I propose that all members of the Congress, all Justices of the Federal judiciary and all members of the President's staff be enrolled in the Prettyman Plan."

"The witness will explain that tendentious and derogatory statement!" broke in one of the committee.

"Of course," said Prettyman, producing a manila folder. "Senator Mudge, I have here documentary evidence showing that you have on thirty-three occasions used campaign funds for personal expenses. I have a fairly complete account of your activities from January sixth to twelfth of this year, when you entertained Miss Mindi Boyce in your suite at the Peruviana Hotel in Miami Beach and paid with campaign funds." Senator Mudge seemed to be choking.

"And Senator Erst, to you I would mention the matter of nine hundred acres in Clabber County that you do not own and do not farm but for which you draw annual farm subsidies of nearly three hundred thousand dollars. As for Senator O'Mara, my documents show that your law firm has as clients two ball-bearing companies, a tool-and-die plant and a foundry—all involved in questionable financial dealings. I also have records of your secret intervention with various Governmental agencies, including the Department of Justice, to get prosecution dropped. As for Senator Bayberry. . ."

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can shove it again—closer.

But the committee had frozen into silence and Prettyman decided to be merciful. He launched persuasively into his argument. "It is now within our power to make perfectly legal and respectable every kind of double-dealing, payoff, bribe, secret fund, favored treatment, and so on. You will no longer have to live in trepidation, gentlemen."

"What about Jack Anderson?" Senator Mudge asked.

"Jack Anderson?" said Prettyman emphatically. "We'll put him out of business!"

Two weeks later, the McGoggin-Higgs Bill, adopting the Prettyman Plan, passed both houses of Congress. Carefully leaked stories from the White House suggested that the President would veto it in the face of popular opinion.

"Mr. President," Prettyman was saying, and his voice sounded sharp in the hushed air of the Oval Office, "you have had to take an enormous onslaught of accusation from your enemies. None of this, I submit, would have been at all necessary if you had not been forced to countenance lying, stealing, break-ins, cover-ups and other deceptions. But under my game plan, sir, none of that would have been necessary. Under this plan, any crimes committed by the White House could be carried out openly and be fully subsidized."

At this explanation, the President's eyes lit up and he began nodding happily as Prettyman continued explaining the details of his program.

Laura prevailed upon Prettyman to put aside his dingy seersucker and to buy a new black suit for the ceremony of his swearing-in as Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare. As the President made his speech afterward, she dreamed about their new life together in the mansion in Cleveland Park. She would make a new man of Oran. She noticed only casually that there was a twinkle in the President's eyes and a happy smile that hadn't been seen for months on his face. He was saying something about making the Defense Department, Justice, the CIA, in fact, practically everything in the Executive branch subordinate to HEW. Because she was in such a pleasant daze, Laura nearly missed one of the great turning points in American history.

Weeks passed on Bat Key and the sun-kissed mornings, torpid afternoons and perfumed nights followed their regular turns. The director, who still abhorred news in any medium, knew it must be Wednesday, because today he would be drinking rum slings. Tom-collins day was tomorrow and Piña Colodas day the next. Don Vito approached, shuffling through

the door onto their private patio. The ear-plug from the transistor radio was, as usual, stuck in his gnarled ear. The director turned and gazed out to sea. This morning he had been musing about an appeal to Prettyman—in the event that he won the election—for Executive clemency. He thought of the several arguments he could use in a memorandum: Exile was unfair. He had been a nonpolitical head of the FBI. It was not his fault there was no more crime in America. Perhaps a new job . . . ? A university appointment? He wondered how long he could tolerate Don Vito's garglings.

"Good morning, Director," Don Vito rasped. "The Democrats. Last night, Dey nominated——"

"I don't care."

"Him."

"Him?"

"The *professore*. First time in Namerican history, you hear? Both parties."

The director, to his surprise, felt a smile curl his mouth. How stupid they all had been! He found himself eating his eggs with gusto, calling for a second cup of tea. Prettyman would understand him. Prettyman would let him return. Had the professor not said to him, on the day the FBI building was turned into a national shrine, that he bore him no personal rancor?



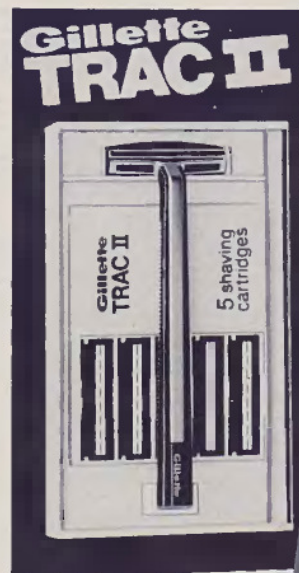
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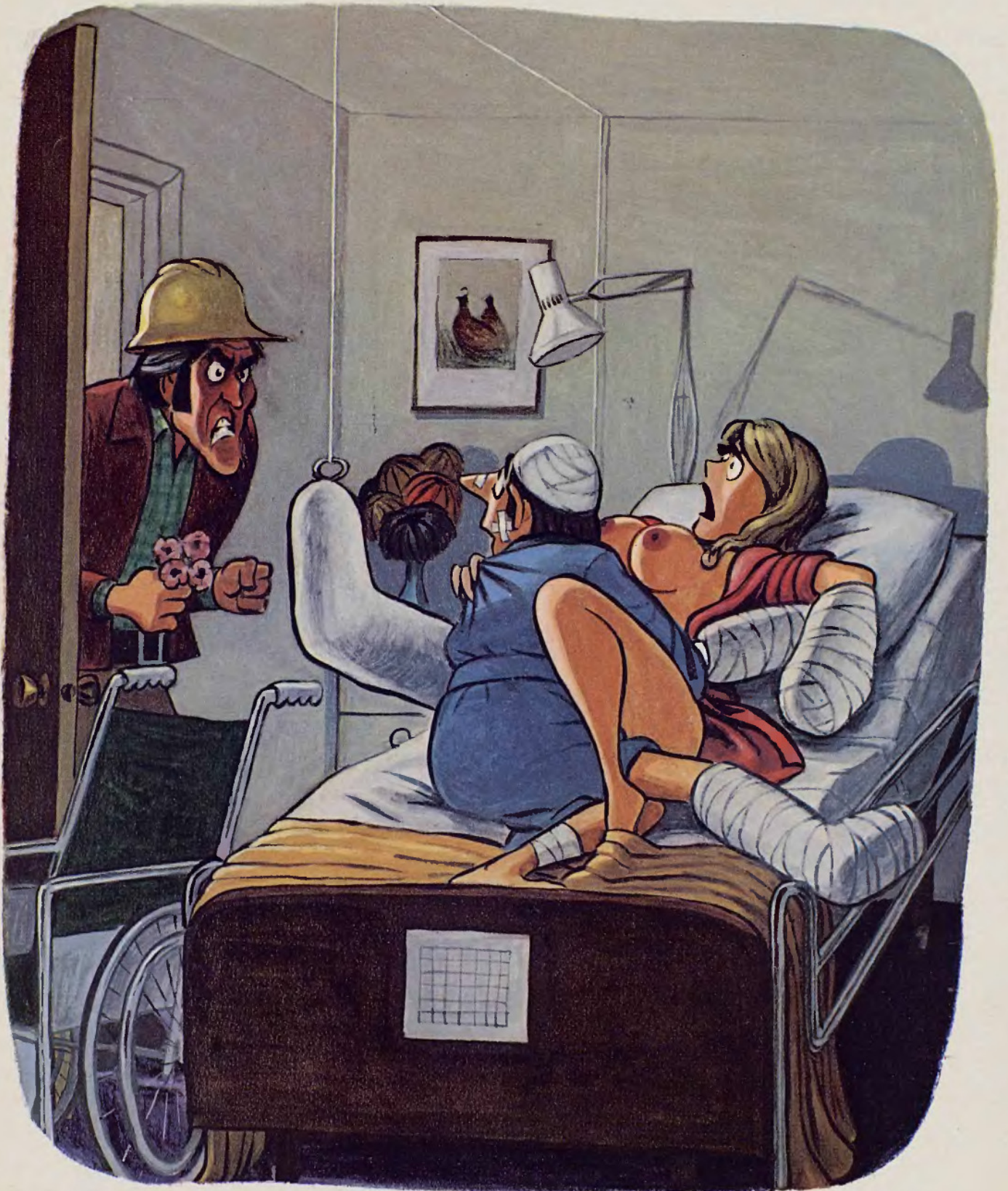
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"Oh, God, it's my husband—again!!"

Victory, Vice And Vegas (continued from page 96)

land—a visit, he soon realized, that was going to be prolonged by a world war.

His personal safety and comfort, Genovese decided, lay in a public espousal of the Fascist cause, and with a flourish he handed over \$250,000 to build a Fascist Party headquarters. Later, when war broke out, he further demonstrated his loyalty to Mussolini by financing and supervising construction of a munitions factory. For all his public efforts, Mussolini personally awarded Genovese the title of *commendatore*.

But Genovese feathered his Italian nest with more than money and patriotic gestures. He made friends in high places and did favors for the right people, including *Il Duce* himself. In 1943, the Italian dictator was particularly incensed at the anti-Fascist writings of a political *émigré* named Carlo Tresca in his New York Italian-language weekly, *Il Martello*. Genovese promised to deal with this problem to Mussolini's complete satisfaction. Though the war was on, Genovese managed to get a contract back to New York, and one day in 1943, Tresca was shot to death on Lower Fifth Avenue.

Perhaps Genovese's closest friend in the government was Mussolini's son-in-law, the Italian foreign minister, Count Galeazzo Ciano. Imagining himself the ultimate sophisticate, Ciano constantly searched for new pleasures as old ones paled, and he eventually discovered cocaine. Genovese became his personal supplier. He asked little money and used his influence with Ciano to make contacts not just in the Italian narcotics racket but directly at the source, in the poppy fields of the Middle East. With Ciano's protection, he became one of Italy's biggest and richest narcotics dealers.

By 1944, however, the fortunes of Fascism had collapsed. Italy surrendered and Mussolini was in flight (he was caught in the north and executed by partisans early in 1945). The prisons were filling up with those who had been high in the regime or who had cooperated with it, and those not yet captured were the object of massive hunts as war criminals. But not Genovese. Almost as soon as Americans occupied the country, he turned up at the headquarters of the Allied military governor, Colonel Charles Poletti, a former lieutenant governor of New York and onetime acting governor. The bilingual Genovese was promptly hired as an official interpreter on Poletti's staff, working out of the huge supply base at Nola.

That job, however, was merely a cover for his real activities. He became the biggest black-market operator in occupied Italy, with the overt and covert cooperation of a number of high Army officials. He dealt in medicines, cigarettes, liquor, wheat, food of all kinds,

clothing, anything stocked at Army supply depots to which he had ready access. His position in the inner circles of the military government gave him freedom of movement, freedom from immediate suspicion and an open door to the supplies pouring into Nola and the other bases.

And in his pockets, Genovese carried testimonials to his great loyalty and dedicated service to the United States. From Captain Charles L. Dunn, Nola's provisional officer; from Major E. N. Holmgren, the civil-affairs officer; from Major Stephen Young, there were warm references to Genovese's "invaluable" contributions as an interpreter and advisor, to the fact that he was "honest . . . trustworthy, loyal and dependable . . . worked day and night . . . exposed several cases of bribery and black-market operations among so-called civilian personnel . . . is devoted to his adopted home, the U. S. A. . . served without any compensation whatever."

But there was at least one man who was not quite so ingenuous. Sergeant Orange C. Dickey of the Army's Criminal Investigation Division was assigned to investigate the disappearance of large quantities of vital supplies from Nola, Foggia and other military depots. Almost immediately, he began to come across the name Genovese on papers diverting shipments, assigning trucks, allocating supplies. Dickey looked further, found two Canadian soldiers involved in black-marketeering; they told him that whenever they delivered truckloads of supplies to Italian civilian middlemen, the password was, "Genovese sent us." Dickey dug deeper and came up with the most disturbing information of all. The interpreter working deep within the American military government, with access to military secrets and with the confidence of high officials, was suspected by Counterintelligence of being a German spy, a suspicion based on his long history of close ties with Italian Fascists.

Dickey reported his findings to Captain Dunn and others in the summer of 1944. He was ordered to drop the investigation. He went to Rome to see Colonel Poletti and Brigadier General William O'Dwyer, the Brooklyn district attorney on leave for military service, who would later run for New York City mayor. They told him Genovese was of "no concern" to them. But Dickey persisted. In August 1944, on his own hook, he walked into headquarters at Nola and arrested Genovese as a black-market operator and suspected enemy agent. Still, the American military in Italy refused to press the case. And from his cell, Genovese continued to run his black-market operation and to receive a steady parade of visitors, his old Army friends and supporters.

In frustration, Dickey wired the FBI in Washington, informing them of Genovese's arrest and asking if he was wanted in the United States.

The past that Genovese had fled returned. Ernest "The Hawk" Rupolo, one of the killers Genovese had hired to murder a man named Boccia, had long been fretting in prison, serving a sentence for another murder Genovese had hired him to commit, one that had misfired. Rupolo had decided to talk about the Boccia murder and gave Brooklyn authorities not just the facts but a corroborating witness, a cigar-store salesman and sometime underworld hanger-on named Peter LaTempa, who had been around when the details of the killing were discussed. A murder indictment naming Genovese had been secured and when Dickey's message arrived, Brooklyn authorities advised the FBI that someone did, indeed, want Genovese.

The Army could have tried Genovese on the charges filed against him by Dickey. Instead, it dropped them and ordered Dickey to take Genovese back to New York to face capital charges. Genovese, of course, was not anxious to make the voyage. "At various times," Dickey later said, "I was offered many things. At one point, I was offered a quarter of a million dollars to let this fellow out of jail." When Dickey refused the money offers, Genovese tried other enticements: gifts, jobs, anything else he desired. Still Dickey refused. Genovese then threatened him and his family. Dickey still would not be deterred. He took Genovese back to New York and turned him over to the police.

Genovese was jailed in Brooklyn while the district attorney's office prepared its case. On January 15, 1945, however, that case collapsed. At his own request, LaTempa was being held in protective custody in Brooklyn. He was not a well man. That evening, he was stricken by a severe attack of gallstones. Several pills dissolved in a glass of water were taken to him for his pain. Within minutes, there was no corroborating witness against Genovese. According to a toxicologist who performed the autopsy, LaTempa had been given enough poison "to kill eight horses." (Soon thereafter, Rupolo, the other witness, was freed; he lived for some years awaiting gangland retribution and in August 1964, he vanished. A few weeks later, his body surfaced in Jamaica Bay, weighted with concrete, mutilated by an ice pick and bullets that had blown off the back of his head.)

Brooklyn authorities continued to hold Genovese for more than a year, hoping to secure new evidence that would permit bringing him to trial. When at last, in June 1946, they were forced to turn him loose, an angry judge said to him, "Genovese, by devious means, among which

were terrorizing of witnesses, kidnaping them—yes, even murdering those who could have given evidence against you—you have thwarted justice time and again."

Genovese was welcomed back into the high councils of the Syndicate at a series of parties thrown by his old friends and he moved rapidly to take control, in Luciano's name, he asserted, of the exiled leader's organization. He also began a series of encroachments into the Brooklyn domain of Philip and Vincent Mangano and their feared underboss Anastasia, and into the territory of Joe Bonanno. Moreover, he argued for rapid expansion of narcotics operations as a sure way to make everyone rich and provide plenty of work for the ordinary soldiers.

But Genovese's intended victims prepared to resist his take-over, even if it meant an underworld war such as had not been waged since the Castellammarese struggle. And other leaders prepared to fight his increasing emphasis on narcotics, convinced that the profits were not worth the trouble junk would cause. The Organization, they said, had evolved into an orderly business, supplying the illicit needs and desires of society. It provided services and products that hurt nobody and, consequently, many politicians and police were willing to look the other way, provided they received their share.

But narcotics were universally disapproved, would guarantee new crack-downs and new heat on the underworld. So they wanted no part of heroin or other drugs.

Genovese's ambitions split the old Luciano family. During his decade in Italy and Luciano's in prison, its regent had been Costello. He was a benevolent, tolerant and generous ruler who did not impose his views on others and did not foment trouble with his peers. He had worked quietly and assiduously, cultivating friends, contacts and allies in every stratum of society, had become such a political power that he could name judges, city councilmen and other officeholders, and the word around Tammany Hall on any new appointment or important decision was, "Clear it with Frank." As a result, Costello had won great respect and power throughout the underworld and, with Lansky, was considered the wisest, most intelligent and judicious leader. It would be no easy thing for Genovese to topple him should Costello decide to resist.

Perhaps there was only one man who could heal the splits before they tore the Syndicate apart. That was Luciano himself, and late in November 1946, he was on hand, ready to do some knitting and to reassert his own authority. With a legal Italian passport and visas for half the countries in Latin America, Luciano turned up one afternoon at the Hotel Nacional in Havana, registering under

PULL IT AGAIN, SAM

during the golden age of slot machines, a nickel was a small price to pay for a chance at the jackpot—and the nickels added up

Except in Nevada, they've almost vanished; but for more than half a century, the "one-armed-bandit" slot machine was one of the country's most popular amusement fixtures: It pitted man against machine, offering the alluring (if remote) possibility of beating Lady Luck, and even a loser had the satisfaction of getting by with something illegal.

Slots date back to the 1880s, when a number of coin-operated devices paid off in money or in tokens good for drinks or merchandise, and these evolved into the classic, three-reel bandits around the turn of the century. Then, as now, gambling was associated with sloth, vice, drinking, immorality, crime and pleasure, which made it illegal in most places and popular everywhere. So from the start, gambling machines adopted patriotic or other wholesome motifs and sought to evade the law by vending gum or candy. These practices gave slots the nickname "bells"

machines paid out at rates as low as 60 percent, keeping 40 percent for the house, which bred the so-called "rhythm" players who with enough handle-pulling practice on some machines could "hold" one or even two reels on winning symbols and greatly improve their odds. Eventually, manufacturers devised "variators" to combat rhythm playing, but they also raised the pay-out rates to around 80 percent on the theory that a consistent winner is a good loser. The theory proved correct; today a machine that settles for about 20 percent profit can clear \$300 a month from steady play, or much more in a busy Nevada casino.

These gambling profits were not limited to slot distributors and the small businessmen who provided counter space. Social clubs, lodges, veterans' and service organizations—from the American Legion to volunteer fire departments—traditionally used booze and gambling to finance civic or charitable projects. But meanwhile, thanks to Prohibition, slots also were attracting organized criminals. When gangsters took over the supplying of beer and liquor to speak-easies, they also moved in on the slots and other amusement machines commonly found in such places and turned nickel-and-dime gambling from a harmless private vice into a source of political corruption. Profits from slots, as from bootlegging, first bought exemption from the law, then protection from competition and finally the political influence that helped the mobs virtually take over local government in many cities and resort areas.

The most sensational disclosures of Mob involvement in gambling and amusement operations occurred during the U.S. Senate's Kefauver investigation, and reform groups immediately demanded new state and Federal laws to solve the problem. The proposals ranged from the licensing of gamblers and equipment manufacturers to total prohibition.

Already judged guilty by association, the Chicago-based coin-machine industry saw no possibility of licking the reformers and so joined them. Several major manufacturers of amusement equipment had little or no stake in slots; slots, in fact, were only competition for piaballs, jukes and arcade machines, and they were helping give the industry



(from the original "Liberty Bell" machines) and established the traditional bell, fruit and gum symbols.

Slots soared in popularity with the invention of the jackpot in the middle Twenties. By that time, the manufacture of gambling and other coin-operated machines was a thriving industry centered in Chicago, which had the facilities to build and distribute nationwide. Soon slots clattered and jingled throughout the country, in taverns, restaurants, drugstores, even in small-town filling stations—anywhere people congregated to pass the time and rid themselves of pocket money. The early

a bad name. These giants, therefore, chose to disown the manufacturers of gambling devices and support legislation that would virtually kill slot machines but spare their amusement devices.

The Johnson Act of 1951 mortally wounded the slot-machine industry by prohibiting the interstate shipment of gambling equipment to states where gambling is illegal—which left only Nevada. The death blow was delivered ten years later by the Illinois legislature, which prohibited the out-of-state sale of

1932 Mills
"Super Bell"



all gambling equipment manufactured in Illinois. Caught in this double bind, the Chicago companies that depended on slots moved, sold out, went broke or switched to other fields.

One of the few survivors of the Fifties reform era is Auto-Bell Manufacturing, housed in a scruffy one-story building on Chicago's Northwest Side. The company is owned by Zeke Wolf, a portly, mustached gentleman of 61 who looks like an old-time German burgo-master. Over a beer at his favorite neighborhood bar, he enjoys reminiscing about Chicago in the old days, when he went to Big Jim Colosimo's place and knew his way around the city's speak-easies. He got into slots in the early Thirties and ended up working for one of the big manufacturers, designing and building; after World War Two, he opened Auto-Bell, which made a variety of coin-operated amusement machines and, for a time, was one of the country's biggest rebuilders of slots. He has no good words to say about the myopic, dogooder reformist legislators in Washington, D.C., and Springfield, Illinois, who wrecked a respectable industry on the excuse of a gangster cleanup. He notes that slots are gone, but gangsters are still around.

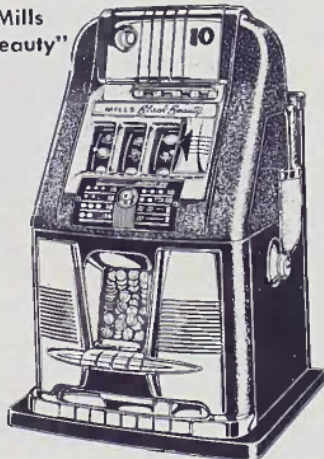
"There was about 30 years or so when Chicago was the hub of the industry. I mean the world hub. I guess there must have been 20,000 people employed—cabinetmakers, glass cutters, engravers,

foundrymen, everybody. At one time I had 27 employees working full time. We shipped all over. Why, I took care of bells all over downstate Illinois, for the Legion, the V. F. W., everybody. Sure they were illegal most places, but in those days nobody cared. They didn't do any harm. They did a lot of good. A lot of that money got used for civic projects, especially in the small towns. And in the stores and taverns and places like that, they were damned good for business, and people enjoyed them. They were something to do with a spare nickel, and you might get something back."

In 1963, Illinois amended its gambling laws to again permit the out-of-state sale of slot machines, and Bally, the corporation, for one, went back into the business, selling to Nevada and foreign countries. Zeke Wolf never quite made it back into slots, but neither has he ever quite given up the idea that he might.

Auto-Bell owns the original dies for making old-style cast-aluminum cabinets for slots, and these have been used in the building of novelty table lamps and machines that look like the classic bandit, complete with arm, but dispense only souvenir tokens. On these items and a few others, Zeke gets by, but he hopes that an easing of the gambling laws and the trend toward state lotteries as revenue-raising measures may someday rejuvenate the slot-machine industry. "As I see it, lottery's a possible stepping-stone. There's all kinds of possibilities. Not just slots but other good games that people want to play for a nickel or a dime or a quarter and see what they get. If we could get back into business like it used to be, legalize these games, why,

1940 Mills
"Black Beauty"



you wouldn't have to raise the taxes. Before everything closed down, I used to know just about everybody in the business here. I don't know what became of most of them. I'm hoping some of them will call me up one of these days. I've got a bunch of good ideas, and maybe we could get some things going again."

—WILLIAM J. HELMER

his own legal name, Salvatore Lucania, in a suite reserved for him by Lansky. And within a few days, he had settled down as though he never intended to leave, in a villa in the exclusive Miramar suburb. He was even able to demonstrate a legitimate reason for his presence in Cuba: Soon after his arrival, he purchased a small percentage of the casino at the Hotel Nacional from its owners—Lansky and his good friend Fulgencio Batista, the onetime Cuban strong man who, living in Miami and preparing for a comeback, was a major power behind the regime of President Ramon Grau San Martin.

Luciano summoned all the major chieftains of the American underworld to Havana for the first full-scale convention of the Syndicate since the early Thirties. Just before Christmas, mixing with the other holiday fun-and-sun seekers, they began to arrive, by plane and boat, singly and in pairs. From New York, there were Costello, Adonis, Genovese, Anastasia, Bonanno, Lucchese, Moretti, Miranda, Augie Pisano, Joe Profaci and his brother-in-law and anointed heir, Joseph "The Fat Man" Magliocco; from Chicago came Tony Accardo, the reigning ganglord, and the Fischetti brothers, Charlie and Rocco, cousins of Al Capone, who by then was out of prison and dying of advanced paresis only 90 miles away at his Palm Island mansion off Miami Beach; Carlo Marcello and the Syndicate's New Orleans gambling czar, "Dandy Phil" Kastel, came from Louisiana; Santo Trafficante arrived from Florida; there were several from other cities and, of course, Lansky, who had made all the arrangements at Luciano's request.

Had anyone noticed or commented upon the arrival of such a galaxy of racketeers, there was an ostensibly legitimate reason for the assemblage: a party at Christmas to honor an Italian boy from New Jersey who had become the idol of the nation's bobby-soxers and yet had never forgotten his old friends. His name was Frank Sinatra and he flew to Havana with two old friends, the Fischetti brothers. While the gang leaders came bearing cash-stuffed envelopes for the returning boss—estimates of the total money run from \$200,000 all the way up to several million—Sinatra had a few tokens of his own to dispense. Some years later, a gold cigarette case would turn up in Luciano's possession engraved: TO MY DEAR PAL CHARLIE, FROM HIS FRIEND, FRANK SINATRA.

For more than a week, from Christmas through New Year's, the visiting mobsters partied long and worked hard. They gave their allegiance to Luciano as the chairman of the board of organized crime, the man to whom they would turn for advice, counsel and major policy decisions. They agreed to cooperate, to end feuds and growing rivalries, to respect one another's jurisdictions and to keep

the peace. They discussed narcotics, but in an atmosphere charged with recrimination, tension and bitterness. Luciano always maintained that in the councils his was the strongest voice in opposition to narcotics; he had learned, he said, by bitter experience, with his prison term in 1916 and his arrest in 1923, that narcotics was a racket that didn't pay off because of the peril involved. And his views were shared by Lansky, Costello, Luchese, Stefano Magaddino—the Syndicate's Buffalo boss—and a few others. So divided was the discussion that eventually the subject was tabled, with no decision on an Organization policy; each ruler would follow his own dictates.

And then there was the distressing affair of the Organization's West Coast vice-roy, Benjamin "Bugsy" Siegel. During the war years, Siegel had begun to have visions of a new empire, one that would mine gold out of the desert. Gambling was legal in Nevada, but the attraction then was Reno. Las Vegas was only a sleazy oasis, offering a couple of greasy spoons, a few slot machines and some gas stations catering to tourists on their way to Los Angeles. Siegel dreamed of Las Vegas as a great metropolis, a gambling paradise unmatched anywhere in the world. He began to lay plans for a luxury hotel and casino that would open up the town. His enthusiasm was infectious and he persuaded his underworld partners to back him. When Lansky, the Mob's treasurer and financial genius, announced his support, the money flowed in.

Siegel named his dream hotel the Flamingo and, to decorate it in the most lavish manner, he gave a free hand and an unlimited bank roll to his mistress, Virginia Hill, who at one time or another had shared beds with almost the entire underworld hierarchy, including Adonis, Costello, the Fischettis, Accardo and Frank Nitti. But Siegel knew he would need more than a hotel, however spectacular, and desert gambling to woo the customers from Reno. His lure, in addition to the tables, would be the best food, the best accommodations and the greatest entertainers, all at such low prices that no high roller could afford to stay away.

With an initial building budget of \$1,500,000, Siegel handed the construction contract to the Del E. Webb Construction Company of Phoenix (Del Webb would later become part owner of the New York Yankees). Though both labor and materials were still scarce, Siegel's Flamingo had little trouble getting all it needed; it required only a little Mob muscle in the right places. Ground for the Flamingo was broken in December 1945, and it did not take Siegel long to discover that his insistence on quality—concrete walls, imported woods and marble, special sewer lines for every bathroom—was wrecking his original budget. Time and again, he went back to Lansky and his other underworld partners for

more money, and time and again, though not without some grumbling, they gave him what he needed. When he needed still more, he began to hit up his friends and acquaintances in Beverly Hills and throughout the motion-picture colony, holding out the promise of enormous profits when the Flamingo finally opened. But with the constant delays and mounting expenses—the Flamingo would eventually cost more than \$6,000,000—the Organization began to fret. Promises were not enough.

The Flamingo's financial backers were angry at Siegel, and he had also incurred the wrath of Accardo, the Fischettis, Murray "The Camel" Humphreys and others in the Chicago underworld. One of Siegel's major assignments on the West Coast had been to handle the Mob's betting operations, in partnership with Jack Dragna, the leader in Southern California until Siegel turned up. For the bookies to operate, they needed a racing wire to give them instantaneous track results. The dominant wire in the country then was Continental Press Service, based in Chicago and owned by James M. Ragen, who had succeeded Moses Annenberg as the country's racing czar when Annenberg went to prison. Ragen's independence was not something the Mob could tolerate, so it decided to go into competition, setting up the Trans-American Publishing and News Service. Siegel was given the responsibility for ensuring its success in the West. With muscle, threats and a little violence, Siegel did exactly that. Soon he had a lock on nearly all the bookies in his area and was charging them up to \$100 a day for his service, which they could not do without.

But, with Ragen still around, the Chicago Mob was not yet satisfied. It offered to buy Ragen out; he figured that even if he sold, his former competitors would not let him live long enough to enjoy the profits. He refused the offers. So, in June 1946, Ragen was gunned down as he walked along a Chicago street. Though hit by several bullets, the marksmanship had been poor and he ended up in a hospital under round-the-clock police guard. In September, Ragen suddenly died; an autopsy revealed that he had been poisoned by mercury.

With Ragen gone, the Chicago Syndicate took over Continental and told its West Coast partner, Siegel, to close up Trans-American. He refused, then demanded \$2,000,000. Harsh words flew back and forth, and the men in Chicago decided to play for time.

Thus, in Havana during Christmas 1946, there were men very unhappy with Siegel—his partners in the Flamingo and his partners in Trans-American. Siegel was not invited to the meeting, was not even told about it, but he was well aware of his unpopularity and felt the need to improve his underworld relations.

Though the Flamingo was still unfinished, he decided to demonstrate how right his predictions had been and announced that it would officially open on December 26. George Jessel would be master of ceremonies, with entertainment provided by Xavier Cugat's orchestra, Jimmy Durante and an army of beautiful girls. Siegel's close friend George Raft would be on hand to greet the customers. Unfortunately, as things turned out, there were few customers for Raft to greet. The night was cold and rainy, grounding the planes that Siegel had chartered to bring in gamblers and Hollywood celebrities. Few tried to find alternative means of travel.

The debacle of the Flamingo's opening night did not endear Siegel to his old friends, and then came disturbing news from his oldest and closest friend, Lansky. Siegel was not only a flop as an impresario but, Lansky said, he was a thief as well. Lansky had learned that Miss Hill was making frequent trips to Europe, depositing several hundred thousand dollars in cash in a numbered account in Switzerland; the cash had come from the Flamingo's building fund.

Nobody, not even an old and trusted comrade like Siegel, steals from his underworld friends and gets away with it. Siegel's execution was ordered, but first he would be given time to try to prove that his Nevada dream might actually come true.

In mid-January, the Flamingo closed while finishing touches were added. The corporation was reorganized and Siegel found himself reduced from majority ownership to no more than a ten-percent partner. But he worked hard to get the Flamingo ready for a new opening, perhaps unaware of the Havana decision on his future or perhaps aware of it and hoping to produce a success that would cancel the contract. In March, his labors were complete and the Flamingo reopened, but with no better fortune than the first time. It seemed as though every gambler who showed up at the tables had an incredible run of luck. The losses piled up. Checks made out by Siegel to Webb and others in payment for work on the hotel-casino bounced and Siegel grew increasingly edgy. One night, Webb arrived at the hotel to pick up a payment. Siegel, he said, "was a remarkable character. Tough, cold and terrifying when he wanted to be—but at other times a very easy fellow to be around. He told me one night when I was waiting for my money that he had personally killed twelve men. But then he must have noted my face or something, because he laughed and said I had nothing to worry about. 'There's no chance that you'll get killed,' he said. 'We only kill each other.'"

In May, Siegel seemed to relax. There had been no overt moves against him and the casino finally was turning around; that month it cleared \$300,000. But it

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was too late. Word had reached Lansky and others in the Syndicate that not only had Siegel accelerated his work on the hotel but he had also accelerated his skimming, had now siphoned off at least \$500,000, had dispatched Virginia on another European trip, and there were rumors that he was preparing to follow her there.

Early in the morning of June 20, 1947, Siegel returned to Los Angeles from Las Vegas. He visited his favorite barbershop and seemed in a relaxed and cheerful mood as he talked about the glowing prospects of the Flamingo and the imminent arrival from the East of his two daughters. From the barbershop, he went to see his lawyer. In the evening, he had dinner at Jack's Café on the beach with a friend, Allen Smiley, and Virginia's brother, Charles "Chick" Hill, and his girlfriend, Jerri Mason. Just before ten in the evening, they returned to the Beverly Hills mansion at 810 North Linden Drive that Siegel had rented in Virginia's name.

At 10:45 P.M., Siegel and Smiley were relaxing in the living room, talking and reading the newspapers. Suddenly, a fusillade from a .30-caliber carbine, fired by an assassin standing in the bushes outside the living-room window, blasted through the room. One bullet tore through Siegel's head, ripping out his eye and tossing it across the room. Four more slugs struck his body, cracking his ribs and piercing his lungs. Three more missed, shattering small objects around the room and burying themselves in the wall. At the first shot, Smiley dove to the floor and escaped injury.

Almost the minute Siegel collapsed dead on a sofa, three men walked into the Flamingo in Las Vegas and announced that they were taking over. They were all longtime workers in Lansky's fields: Morris Rosen, Gus Greenbaum and Morris Sidwitz, better known as Moe Sedway. And in Los Angeles, Jack Dragna promptly assumed command of the Syndicate operations on the West Coast.

The murder of Siegel, never solved, prevented him from seeing his Las Vegas dream come true. In the decade that followed, the city flourished: Hotel-casinos, whose garish architecture and lavish decor were matched only by places in Miami Beach, rose one after another along the Strip pioneered by Siegel, each trying to exceed the others in entertainment, food, accommodations and gambling facilities. Behind almost every one was underworld money and control, with the mobsters both competing and cooperating with one another. The biggest guessing game in Las Vegas was who really owned what, though it was assumed that Lansky had a piece of everything.

Within a year of Siegel's murder, Lansky's money financed the Thunderbird. When the Desert Inn opened two years

later, it was widely heralded as the culmination of the dream of a longtime "clean" gambler, a man named Wilbur Clark, who reputedly was free of Mob connections. As it turned out, the Desert Inn was actually financed and 74 percent owned by Moe Dalitz, then the Syndicate's Cleveland overlord, and his friends and associates from Prohibition days, Morris Kleinman, Sam Tucker, Lou Rothkopf, Thomas Jefferson McGinty, and others. When the Sands opened its doors in 1952, the money and control belonged to men whose names rarely appeared on the record: Lansky, Adonis Costello, New Jersey mobster Joseph "Doc" Stacher, Florida and Kentucky bookie Eddie Levinson, Minneapolis crime leader Isadore Blumenfeld, better known as Kid Cann—and nine percent belonged to Frank Sinatra. The Sands's official greeter was a man named Jack Entratter, who had been a bouncer at the Stork Club and the Copacabana in New York and for a time had been the front man for the real owners of the Copa—Costello and Adonis.

The Sahara opened the same year as the Sands, and on the record it belonged to three smalltime Oregon gamblers. But they got their stake from the Chicago-New York-Cleveland Syndicate money men. It was the Chicago Mob—Accardo, the Fischettis and Sam "Mooney" Giancana—that ended up owning the Riviera casino and then hired Greenbaum, one of the Lansky trio who had taken over the Flamingo at Siegel's death, to run it. (In 1958, Greenbaum earned his employers' displeasure, for reasons never fully explained. So he was fired in the usual way: He and his wife had their throats cut one night at their home in Phoenix.)

The Dunes brought riches to Raymond Patriarca, the Syndicate's Rhode Island boss; the Stardust was another annuity for Dalitz; and the Tropicana kept Costello and his partner Kastel from want. And, of course, there was Caesars Palace, whose architecture and decor were supposed to evoke images of ancient Rome but inspired comedian Alan King to remark, "I wouldn't say it was exactly Roman—more kind of early Sicilian." Financially ensconced in the Palace were Patriarca, Accardo and Giancana; Jerry Catena, one of Genovese's chief lieutenants; and Vincent "Jimmy Blue Eyes" Alo, a Lansky associate. But perhaps the biggest stake in the hotel-casino was held by James R. Hoffa and the Teamsters Union's pension fund, and that was only one of the union's holdings in the gambling capital. Before Hoffa was through investing Teamster pension funds in Las Vegas, he had seeded more than \$50,000,000 into the city, mostly in the form of permanent loans. Caesars Palace itself received more than \$10,000,000 in Teamster money and the rest went into several hotels and casinos (including the Landmark, the Fremont

and the Dunes); Dalitz' favorite charity, the Sunrise Hospital; two golf courses and a miscellanea of downtown business properties.

As the years went on, other unlikely people began to work the Las Vegas money mines. In the mid-Fifties, the Parvin-Dohrman Company (headed by Albert B. Parvin, a onetime interior decorator who had laid the carpets for many of the big hotels) bought the Flamingo. In the Sixties, it bought the Fremont and then sold the Flamingo to an investment syndicate headed by Miami Beach hotel man Morris Landsburgh (the Eden Roc), who, as it happened, was an old friend of Lansky's. Parvin then paid Lansky a \$200,000 finder's fee for having turned up Landsburgh and used remaining Flamingo assets to set up the Albert Parvin Foundation to provide fellowships for students from underdeveloped countries. (On the foundation's board sat Robert F. Goheen, president of Princeton University, Robert Maynard Hutchins, head of the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions, and U. S. Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas.) Landsburgh and his friends soon tired of the Flamingo, about the time the Government began its investigations of his New York-London charter gambling flights and of his part in Las Vegas skimming operations, for which he, Lansky and some others were later indicted. So the Flamingo was sold again, this time to Kirk Kerkorian, a former nonscheduled-airline operator who now heads Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

But the most unlikely figure of all to hit Las Vegas was billionaire recluse Howard Hughes. In an effort, perhaps, to own a state of his own, or maybe just to get back into an old-time love, show business, or maybe just because he thought there was money to be made, Hughes started buying up Las Vegas in the mid-Sixties, taking over a number of the Mob-owned hotels and other properties. In rapid succession he bought the Desert Inn, the Sands, the Castaways, the Frontier, the Landmark, the Silver Slipper, Alamo Airways, North Las Vegas air terminal, the Krupp Ranch and television station KLAS-TV. Before Hughes finally fled the spotlight turned on by the Clifford Irving hoax and the lawsuits of his former chief of staff, Robert Maheu, he had served at least one beneficial purpose. Though the Organization never completely abandoned the Las Vegas gold fields, its influence and control began to wane with the increasing dominance of Hughes. Before, there had been a widespread feeling that only the mobsters could run casinos profitably; the Hughes operations proved that this was only a Mob-perpetuated myth. And the arrival of Hughes also pushed some Nevada officials out of their easy chairs to take a closer look at the casinos

that they had long claimed could not be controlled.

Finally, the Las Vegas transition gave the lie to the old idea that, given the opportunity, the wise men of organized crime can and will run a business honestly. Gambling in Nevada is both legal and, even after the heavy taxes that nearly support the state, enormously profitable. By most estimates, tourists spend around five billion dollars in Las Vegas every year and casino profits average about 20 percent of that. But an honest count has never satisfied the Syndicate. Almost from the start, a percentage of the casino take—perhaps as much as 20 or 25 percent—has been skimmed off the top, carried away in satchels by Mob couriers to Lansky and other underworld financiers. That skim has formed the basis for one of the Mob's most successful ploys, the "laundry" business. Much of the money was deposited in numbered Swiss accounts, where it disappeared and was "laundered," returning to the United States in the form of loans to other Mob enterprises (which, of course, claimed the interest as tax deductions) or for investment in, hence further control of, legitimate businesses.

Just how much has been skimmed off the top in Las Vegas through the years few are even willing to guess. But in 1969, Lansky, Landsburgh and several others were indicted, charged with skimming \$36,000,000 from the Flamingo alone between 1960 and 1967.

Siegel could never have imagined the riches that would pour into the Mob treasury when he first broke ground in the Nevada desert. Neither could those who handed down his death sentence at Christmas 1946. The place envisioned as the future gambling capital of the Western Hemisphere was Havana, where the Mob's money was moving in a flood, right along with the American tourists suddenly freed from the wartime travel restrictions and seeking pleasure in the Caribbean sun.

Cuba, at that moment, seemed the ideal spot from which Luciano, with the help of his old friend Lansky, could resume his direct rule of the American underworld while waiting, hopefully, for the day he could return to New York. With a legal passport, visas and residency permit, and with a legitimate stake in the casino at the Hotel Nacional, Luciano had every reason to feel secure.

He reckoned without Harry Anslinger, director of the U. S. Treasury Department's Bureau of Narcotics. Anslinger was convinced that Luciano, despite his protestations to the contrary, was the brains behind the burgeoning international drug traffic, was the man responsible for the sharp increase in the flow of narcotics into the United States. When word reached Anslinger that Luciano was luxuriating in Havana, he blew. He



"If I weren't a vegetarian, young lady, I'd say you looked good enough to eat!"

sent a formal demand to Cuban president Grau San Martin that Luciano be thrown out, stating that he had no business in the Americas and was a positive danger to the security of the United States as long as he remained.

At first, the Cubans did no more than politely acknowledge the demand. Benito Herrera, chief of the Cuban Secret Police, shrugged that Luciano "has maintained contact with certain interests in the United States and he has been receiving money from business interests, which allows him to live lavishly. But so far as we have ascertained, there is no evidence that he is mixed up in any illicit business in Cuba." And the Cuban minister of the interior, Alfredo Pequeno, noted that while Luciano "is a dangerous character and a perjurer . . . his papers are in perfect order." Luciano had spread his money around Havana to good purpose.

But Anslinger would not relent. He went to President Truman, argued his case so forcefully that the President gave him the power to take whatever steps he thought necessary. Anslinger promptly announced that until Luciano was shipped back to Italy, the United States would send no more medical drugs or supplies to the island. With no facilities to manufacture their own, the Cubans capitulated. Late in February 1947, Luciano was arrested and thrown into the Tiscornia Immigration Camp in the steaming swamps across the bay from Havana. Then his friends in the Cuban government tried to strike a deal. They would expel Luciano, to be sure, but to

Venezuela, which had offered to grant him residency. Anslinger would not hear of it. If Cuba wanted drugs and medicine, then Luciano had to go back to Italy and nowhere else.

At last, Luciano himself gave in. Early in March, he boarded a Turkish freighter, the S. S. Bakir, for the long, slow voyage back across the Atlantic. He would never again come so close to American shores. But until his death in Italy in 1962 from a heart attack, he would continue to play a dominant and often decisive role in the workings of the U. S. criminal Organization he had done so much to create.

And now that the Organization had completed its transition to peacetime operations, Luciano, through couriers, was ready to settle back and reap the rewards of Las Vegas, Havana and the other gambling centers, to exploit the boundless opportunities opening up in the postwar world. The violence and notoriety of the Thirties, the sensational Murder, Inc., trials of the early Forties belonged to an era that most people wanted to relegate to history, and now that the Syndicate had learned how to operate stealthily in the shadows of legitimate business, mobsters envisioned a future of harmony, prosperity and invisibility. That vision soon was shattered by a very junior Senator from Tennessee named Estes Kefauver, who would shed new light on the American underworld.

This is the eighth in a series of articles on organized crime in the United States.



needles of Dr. Lau

(continued from page 82)

desert, a few miles south of Reno. Norton and Balmer told just six friends that Dr. Lau was coming, but 37 people showed up at Norton's home on Saturday asking for treatment. Norton's pain had nearly vanished after the first session. The following weekend, 102 people were waiting and the weekend after that, Norton had a turnaway crowd and a complaint lodged against him by a neighborwoman (prompted, Dr. Lau maintains, by a local M.D.) for operating a business without a license.

Norton was approached by the district attorney. To escape the heat, he and Balmer suggested to Dr. Lau that they open a clinic in Tahoe Paradise, just over the state line in California, where Dr. Lau could practice as a licensed physician. The Tahoe clinic was open only on weekends until Dr. Lau pressed his brother Ek-Meng into service. Ek-Meng had been a dentist in Burma for years. Dr. Lau says his brother learned some acupuncture when he arrived in Berkeley. Ek-Meng became the resident acupuncturist at the 17-bed Tahoe Paradise clinic. He kept the clinic open six days a week and treated between 80 and 100 patients a day at 15 dollars each before opening another clinic in Truckee, California. Handling the administration is Norton and Balmer's newly formed company: Marlita Treatment Centers, Inc.

As the corporate name implies, Norton and Balmer, along with Dr. Lau and his growing family of acupuncturists (he says he has taught his wife, is teaching his sister and recruiting other acupuncturists from San Francisco's Chinatown), are planning to expand—especially since their forced retreat from Nevada now seems to have been only a temporary setback.

Although Dr. Lau didn't realize it at the time, when he first appeared on the scene in Carson City, he found himself at the epicenter of perhaps the most significant and certainly the mostly oddball lopsided power struggle in American medical history. At issue was the legalization of the practice of Chinese medicine in Nevada as a separate branch of the healing arts; after all, acupuncture was uncontrolled, unlicensed and unsupervised by establishment medicine—to wit, the Nevada State Medical Association and its big brother, the A.M.A.

The point was raised by a semiretired 65-year-old New York attorney named Arthur Steinberg, a bushy-eyebrowed patriarch with an unwavering gaze and a fine aquiline nose. For over 30 years, Steinberg sat at the bargaining table for the Shoe Retailers' League in New York; he made his fortune in real estate, through a company he ran with his brother. Real-estate litigation first took him to Las Vegas 20 years ago. He kept going back. He bought the land The Mint

stands on, the biggest casino on the downtown strip. Eight years ago, he brought his family out from New York and stayed. Steinberg's wife, Bia, is Mandarin, an elegant woman with exquisite classical features. For years she suffered from migraine headaches. The best doctors could tell her only that she was too tense. So a couple of years ago, Steinberg took her on a lengthy trip through the Orient. In Hong Kong they went to a master acupuncturist they'd heard of, Professor Lok Yee Kung. He treated Bia and she apparently got much better. "I saw a lot of miracles which Professor Lok regarded as commonplace," Steinberg later said, "and I decided acupuncture, handled correctly, would be a good thing to have in America." So he had a 150-minute documentary film shot and went back to Nevada at the end of August 1972, to show everyone what he'd seen.

"My wife warned me not to trust them, but I felt that logically our own doctors were the first people to turn to." Steinberg was rapidly disillusioned. It seemed that the more prominent the doctor he invited to see the film, the less likely he was to show up. Finally, one at least had the grace to tell Steinberg he was wasting his time. "I was disappointed," Steinberg said thoughtfully, "but I wasn't worried. I learned years ago that the power of the people is greater than any other; it's only a question of organizing them.

"I felt Nevada was a good place to start, because there aren't many people there. Fewer than half a million. You can reach them easily and they have a close relationship with their legislators."

But on the face of it, Steinberg had a very tough fight ahead of him. With the first flurry of public interest in acupuncture a couple of years ago, the A.M.A. moved to pin the fledgling therapy. By the time Steinberg discovered it, acupuncture was virtually outlawed in Kansas. New York State had moved to close up a booming Manhattan acupuncture clinic, despite desperate pleas from hundreds of patients that it was helping them where nothing else had. New York's State Board for Medicine, guided by the state medical association, ruled: "At this time, acupuncture is not sufficiently understood to be accepted for use" and that only licensed physicians associated with a recognized research facility could wield a needle. State boards in Connecticut and New Jersey agreed with New York, while legislators in California passed a law to that effect. Minnesota, Michigan, Florida, Texas and Indiana simply decreed that only licensed physicians could practice acupuncture. It seemed the A.M.A. had a firm grip on the situation. Certainly, it had no reason to suspect that Nevada would kick up.

It may be true that Nevadans have

long made a good living by giving other Americans what they can't legally get elsewhere in the country; but as Bryn Armstrong, dean of Nevada's legislative reporters and executive editor of the *Las Vegas Sun*, points out, "Since it legalized gambling and six-week divorce and did away with inheritance tax in 1925, the Nevada legislature has grown increasingly conservative. It's very unusual to see Nevada pioneer anything anymore.

"This is a strong law-and-order state, very antiwelfare. Chiropractors had a hell of a tough time getting recognition here and osteopaths are still second-class citizens, medically speaking. On the other hand, politics here is still very personal. Personality overrides party in this state. There are no party machines and organized labor plays a small role. The trend is conservative, but the legislature has a very independent attitude; it believes strongly in states' rights."

Steinberg had to move quickly. The Nevada legislature meets every other year and only four months were left to him before it convened in Carson City on January 15, 1973. First he retained May Advertising in Las Vegas, an agency that harbors the best political lobbyists in the state. To soften the ground, May Advertising cut Steinberg's film to 30 minutes and began running it on TV in Vegas and Reno. Steinberg tapped into the media and spoke at Rotary luncheons and receptions at Las Vegas country clubs and at the Las Vegas Public Library.

As late as mid-November, Steinberg was still not convinced that the bill should be presented without the cooperation of Nevada's medical establishment. By this time, Professor Lok agreed to stage a closed demonstration for Nevada's medical fraternity and Steinberg had Bob Brown, then president of May Advertising, apply to the State Board of Medical Examiners for a special license to put on the demonstration. The board voted unanimously against the request and the board's attorney finally told Brown, "We are not going to license your Chinaman."

It was this insult that decided the Steinberg camp. They would pass a bill legalizing Chinese medicine and keep it totally out of the hands of the medical establishment. Steinberg appeared on TV, told of the rebuff and called for public support for the bill. He got it. By the time the legislature convened, an army of volunteers had collected 17,000 pro-acupuncture signatures and legislators from Governor Mike O'Callaghan on down were being bombarded by mail and phone. Brown had put James Joyce, his leading lobbyist, on the case. "I went up to the legislature in January feeling like a fool," Joyce remembers. "When I told them I had a bill to legalize Chinese medicine and started talking about acupuncture, herb medicine and energy flows, they roared with laughter and I went home very depressed. Then I

realized the only way to do it was to put up or shut up. If acupuncture was as great as I'd been telling these guys, why not show them? Put on a demonstration for the legislators in Carson City."

With the help of a private demonstration by Professor Lok, Joyce persuaded an old friend, Lee Walker, Democratic senator from North Las Vegas and chairman of the senate's Health, Welfare and State Institutions Committee, to sponsor a bill that Steinberg himself drafted. With Walker's help, emergency legislation was pushed through, overriding the State Board of Medical Examiners and granting Professor Lok a license to stage a two-week demonstration. The legislators and the press were invited.

At this point, the doctors began to panic. Dr. Robert Broadbent, Republican assemblyman from Reno and the only physician in the legislature, suddenly proposed a bill to legalize acupuncture on a research basis under the supervision of state-licensed doctors. It was clearly a concession to the strength of the opposition, since Dr. Broadbent's personal opinion of acupuncture was, "It's a lot of phonus bolonus. It's the same as wart healing, foot rubbing and hypnosis."

Dr. Broadbent's bill never got out of committee and on March fifth, Professor Lok began the demonstration. Although Joyce felt far more confident of success at this point, he was also distressed. "What

we did in Carson City," he said, "was the equivalent of sending our best surgeon to Hong Kong and giving him two weeks to prove himself and Western medicine by performing 25 heart transplants in a motel room."

The motel room in this instance was actually a conference room in the Ormsby House, a new hotel/casino—"the largest *anything* in Carson City"—across the street from the Legislative Building. Over 1000 people volunteered themselves as patients. About 70 were chosen, but a lot more came uninvited and Professor Lok ended up treating people from eight in the morning until midnight, six days a week.

The opposition immediately charged that the patients chosen had been hired to fake cures. Certainly the results were spectacular. As 30 legislators, TV crews, radio reporters and newspapermen watched, a 61-year-old Las Vegas woman, who'd had two operations for a broken hip, had been told she needed a third and had been unable to walk for seven months, took one treatment and walked about unaided until she was restrained. A Chicago man flew in uninvited. He had uncontrollable spastic head movement. He said that treatments over ten years had cost him \$23,000 in medical bills. "This," he said, "is absolutely my last hope." The spasms were relieved a few minutes after Professor Lok in-

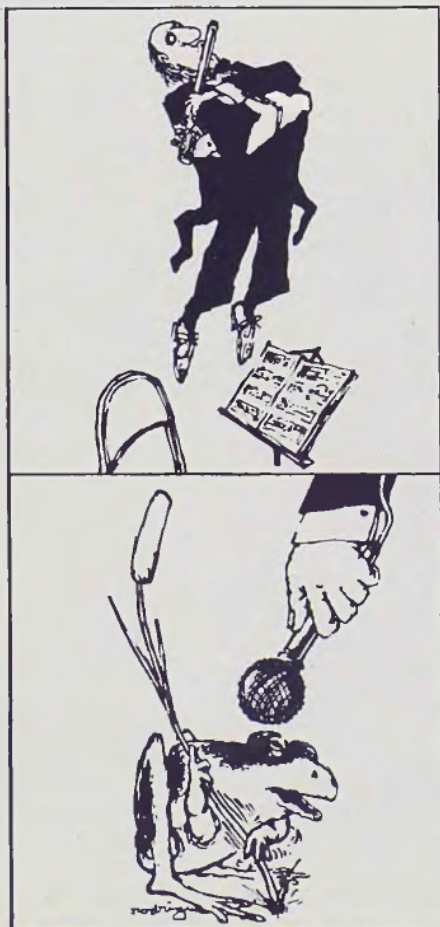
serted his needles. It went on and on.

Meanwhile, across the street, the legislators were busy bringing back the death penalty, keeping out liberalized abortion (regardless of the U. S. Supreme Court) and introducing 100 or so law-and-order bills.

For Joyce, the big break came the following night. Senator Stanley Drakulich, a Democrat from Washoe County, abruptly asked if Professor Lok could treat him. "I haven't been able to lift my arm better than my shoulder for years," he said.

"The next thing," said Joyce, "there was a state senator lying on the couch with needles in him and the following day he's walking about the legislature showing everyone how much better his arm is." Drakulich went back for four more treatments. The dam was broken. Newsman Armstrong was treated for Ménière's disease, which he'd had since 1956. The results produced front-page stories supporting the bill. According to Armstrong, his brother-in-law, Edgar Hollingsworth, had had his hearing damaged in a mine explosion years before. After 12 treatments, he threw away his hearing aid. Before the demonstration was over, about 20 legislators were treated for everything from back pain to ulcers.

"I suddenly found the roles reversed," said Joyce. "The legislators were coming to me and asking if I could do them a favor and get Professor Lok to treat their wives or



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mothers-in-law or some old lady who'd been generous at election time. I tell you, I went to Carson City as a lobbyist for this bill and ended up a missionary."

Doctors testifying against the bill met with a very chilly reception. "When I went before the senate subcommittee, I could feel the hostility," said Dr. John Sande, who was then president of the Nevada State Medical Association. "After I argued that not enough was known about acupuncture, that it was unproven and should be studied, I was told by one senator, 'You doctors have been dragging your feet. We legislators are going to show you how this is done.'" Dr. Sande got another blast when he appeared before the assembly subcommittee. "Before I stood up to speak, the chairman said to me, 'You've got thirty minutes. Get up and blow to the wind.'"

The description was apt. While "the miracle across the street"—as Professor Lok's demonstration became known—was still going on, the state senate passed the bill to applause from a packed gallery, 20 to zilch.

It was introduced in the assembly by the chairman of the Health and Welfare Committee, the Reverend Marion Bennett, a black Democrat from Las Vegas. Reverend Bennett, who had been treated himself, stood up and said, "Mr. Speaker, the bill we are about to debate is unique. The very people who will testify in its favor are living examples of what it can do: This is the sick man's hope, the poor man's dream. I urge that it be passed."

While the bill awaited the governor's signature, the A.M.A. declared that the Nevada legislators "have absolutely ignored all reason." When Dr. Sande appealed to the governor to veto the bill, he was told, "You've come to me with too little, too late."

The doctors' journal, *Medical World News*, attacked it from another angle:

Relieve your aching joints in fabulous Las Vegas! Don't gamble with pain when you can find relief. For just one low price you get: four days and three nights in a glamorous hotel, two casino shows, free blackjack lessons, plus daily acupuncture treatments by our world-famous specialist.

No, it hasn't happened yet, but a packaged acupuncture tour is bound to turn up as soon as Nevada becomes the first state to permit the practice of Chinese medicine—primarily acupuncture—by medically unsupervised nonphysicians.

Governor O'Callaghan shrugged off the suggestion that Nevada was springing another tourist trap. "We have enough tourists here, enough shows. We drew 29,000,000 visitors here last year. The city of Las Vegas alone drew more than Hawaii or Florida. We don't need more visitors. This bill was passed to help people. To relieve pain. People who call Nevada a gimmick state either are jealous or simply don't understand."

Ironically, it was a lack of understand-

ing that allowed Chinese medicine, complete and unabridged, into Nevada. In retrospect it seems that, had any of the opposing doctors bothered to investigate what they were so vigorously opposing, they would likely have been more receptive to Steinberg's initial overtures, and so ended up in control. Since they didn't, acupuncture will soon be widely available in Nevada, supervised by a board that will set the standards high.

Dr. Broadbent was right when he said that the passage of the Nevada bill was a vote of no confidence in our own doctors; that overreliance on technology, overspecialization and profiteering have created feelings of neglect and mistrust among the public for the medical profession; that to heal this rift doctors would have to "get back to the people" through increased general practice. And yet he and the majority of his colleagues exhibited a curious lack of sensitivity, curiosity and flexibility over acupuncture, further widening the credibility gap.

As the graffiti in the subway walls in Manhattan have it, ACUPUNCTURE LIVES AND ACUPUNCTURE WORKS. There is ample evidence that the Chinese understood the power of the mind over the body millennia before psychosomatic medicine was discovered in the West. Yet for all their talk of the need for "personalizing" medicine, our doctors tend to dismiss with ridicule the humanistic philosophy from which Chinese medicine evolved. And the A.M.A.'s holy crusade to "protect" the public from this "unknown, unproven" therapy must seem faintly absurd in light of the fact that so many elements of approved Western medicine are not understood. There is a strong taint of parochialism in all this. There is much we could learn from the Chinese, but, unfortunately, many occidentals still regard them as "little yellow men." There is also a strong trace of arrogance. Americans in particular tend to feel that they "own" all the sciences—there's no doubt it came as a rude shock when the Russians were the first to reach outer space.

The Chinese, on the other hand, have learned much from the Americans: When Dr. Lau learned that Governor O'Callaghan had signed the bill into law, he was overjoyed. He and his colleagues, Norton and Balmer, immediately advanced plans to open clinics all over Nevada. And Dr. Lau, leaning forward in his seat intently, eyes glazed and voice rising a note or two, speaks of "a clinic in every big city in this country." There's no doubt that he looks forward to becoming the Colonel Sanders of the new American acupuncture.

Such ambitions, such ideas, he didn't pick up in Canton.

AWFUL MARTINI JOKES (continued from page 95)

"I don't know about that," replied the bartender. "His wife sent him out for a jar of olives."

The connoisseur sat down at the bar and ordered a martini. "Very dry," he insisted. "Twenty parts gin and one part vermouth."

"All right, sir," said the bartender. "Shall I twist a bit of lemon peel over it?"

"My good man, when I want lemonade, I'll ask for it."

The middle-aged couple had treated themselves to a rare third martini before dinner at home. The woman snuggled up affectionately to her husband. "Do you remember what we did on our honeymoon?" she asked coyly.

"Sure," answered the man.

"Let's do it again, dear—right now!"

"What—drive to Topeka?"

Two martini-oriented strangers struck up a friendly conversation in a bar and the subject got around to sex. "Say," said the first, smirking, "have you ever gotten so drunk on martinis that you kissed a woman on the navel?"

"Drunker," replied the second.

A Northerner stopped at a roadside restaurant in the Deep South and ordered a predinner martini. "You want the regular or the deluxe?" asked the waitress.

"What's the difference?" asked the Yankee.

"With the deluxe, instead of the olive, you get grits."

"How many martinis does it take to make you dizzy?" he asked.

"Three, as a rule," she answered, "and don't call me Dizzy!"

On his way into a cocktail lounge, the man couldn't help noticing a nun peering in the window. Being a compassionate liberal Catholic, he asked her if she'd like him to show her what it was like inside. At first she protested that she couldn't, but at his urging, she finally agreed.

When they were seated, a waitress handed the nun a drink list and asked, "Can I bring you something, Sister?"

"I think I'll have—let's see—I guess a mar-tiny," she answered.

The waitress smiled, took the man's order and went over to the bar. "One Scotch and water and one 'mar-tiny.'"

"A mar-tiny?!" exclaimed the bartender. "Is that nun back in here again?"

There's a popular new bar in New York that serves such dry martinis that

its men's room is equipped with dustbins instead of urinals.

One morning when her husband was at the office, a suburban housewife was sitting at home doing her yoga exercises and watching *Let's Make a Deal* when she happened to look out a window—and saw a gorilla climbing a tree in the back yard.

Not knowing what else to do, she got out the Yellow Pages and looked under "Gorilla Removal." Only one was listed, an Albert McDermott. She called and McDermott told her he was a bit busy at the moment but that he'd try to get out there later that afternoon.

Finally, he arrived in a pickup truck with the tools of his trade: a ladder, handcuffs, a shotgun and a ferocious trained dog. "Here's what we do," he told the housewife. "I climb the ladder

into the tree and shake it. When the gorilla falls to the ground, the dog rushes up to him and grabs him by the—you'll excuse the expression—balls. That will immobilize him, and that's when you put the cuffs on. The dog is highly trained, and the instant the gorilla falls out of the tree—zap!"

So McDermott started to climb the ladder and was just about to shake the branch when the housewife shouted: "What about the shotgun? What's that for?"

"I almost forgot about that," said McDermott. "It sometimes happens that when I shake the branch the gorilla shakes back—and I fall to the ground. If that happens, take the shotgun and shoot the fucking dog!"

"That's wonderful," said the housewife. "Afterward, we can have a martini."



"You don't suppose they meant burned at the stake?"

"ZARDOZ"*(continued from page 143)*

and they and their god are manipulated by the Immortals in the commune. "The gun is good, the penis evil," declaims the image of Zardoz in a sermon that sounds oddly like the ranting of a freaked-out member of the National Rifle Association. "The penis shoots seed, the gun shoots destruction."

When one of the priests, Zed (Sean Connery), finds his way into the commune, he is met by a mixture of scientific curiosity and hostility. Geneticist May (Sara Kestelman, who won acclaim as Titania in the Royal Shakespeare Company's controversial and internationally praised production of *Midsummer Night's Dream*, here making her film debut) wants to examine the make-up of this virile and aggressive figure, but her colleague and ex-lover, Consuella (Charlotte Rampling, who first drew world attention as Lynn Redgrave's bitchy roommate in *Georgy Girl* and won high-brow favor in Visconti's study of depraved Nazi Germany, *The Damned*), hates Zed and feels threatened by him. Sent into upheaval by his arrival, by his primitive violence and by his sexual appetite, the commune wakes from its placidity and begins to self-destruct.

Women play unusually prominent parts in Boorman's new movie. His pre-

vious films have been heavily masculine, so much so that he himself has been accused of *machismo*. "I'd never heard that word until I read the reviews of *Deliverance*," he confesses wryly. "I think it's a pity that Americans use a Spanish word for something that has so much to do with America. But I think I discredited the myth of that sort of virility in *Deliverance*. It's infantile, adolescent. It's what is wrong with many American men—the cowboy complex. They want to play the tough silent gun fighter. They have to find some way of developing their 'femininity.' That's what is so marvelous about Sean—he has all the hairy-chested sexuality, but he has an interesting soft streak alongside the dour, rough Scottish grittiness."

Researching for the film, Boorman visited many communes throughout the U. S. A. "I was shocked," he admits now, "in the way you are shocked by something you thought you knew and find you didn't. I was shocked because women were living in the commune in real equality with the men and I realized I hadn't seen that before. I had thought that I believed in women's equality, but I discovered that really I didn't. I can't accept that they're the equals of men. Guilty about it? Yes, but I can't add any more to my burden of guilt. Once you get to 40, you really can't take on any more."

**golden madonna***(continued from page 120)*

taking karate lessons. "There's a shopping mall behind our house—do you remember the woods we used to have? All razed, for a damn shopping mall—and there's a karate training center there," he said, smiling sardonically, "for men like my father. Hard-working, fifty pounds overweight, troubled and confused and instructed by their doctors to take up hobbies, stop smoking, discover their bodies. . . . He used to come home from his karate lessons looking pretty humiliated. I suppose it was good for him—the humiliation."

His aunt laughed. Alexander, warmed by the sherry, was beginning to speak in his usual manner: dry, witty, ironic, fluent. He went on to tell Eunice an anecdote about the morning his father had discovered—right there on the train, headed into the city—the article in *The Wall Street Journal* that announced that one of his 20-year accounts, with some computer corporation out in Minneapolis, had switched to another law firm. "The reason they gave was that my father's generation was *out of phase*," Alexander laughed.

Eunice shook her head at this, as if pretending to disapprove of him.

"Your father must have been very upset by that," she said. "Especially reading it that way. . . ."

Alexander shrugged.

"Your father does have some feelings," Eunice said slowly. She spoke dubiously, deliberately, staring at Alexander with mock-sympathetic eyes. He noticed that her body was plump, shapely, her bust rounded and almost too large for that sheathlike dress; she wore shoes with thin old-fashioned heels. There was something dramatic, musical, about her and about this setting. It did not seem quite real.

For some time, his aunt kept questioning him about home, about his mother, especially. But he began to feel relaxed; he didn't mind, really. Then the telephone rang. She answered it, in another room, and he was left alone for quite a while. . . . He was irritated, a little hurt. When she came back, she apologized breathlessly but did not explain. Then she sat back down again, without mentioning dinner.

After a while he glanced at his wrist watch: He saw in amazement that it was already after ten o'clock.

But she was eager to hear about what Alexander referred to as his "trouble with the police," so he launched into an anecdote about that, about a police raid on a house in Cambridge he had lived in. She kept pouring them both sherry; he knew he was getting drunk. *Go on, tell me more*, she seemed always to be saying, urging. She was a very attractive woman, with her intense, sympathetic stare, her



"I'm helping him conquer his morbid fear of water."

habit of nodding and smiling at him. She even leaned forward, clasping her hands around her knees. "You've certainly had adventures, for someone your age," she said, amazed. "Things are so different today. . . . I hate to show my age, Alex, but I had the vague idea you were still in school. *High school*. Isn't that awful? But even with that mustache, you look so young. . . ."

Alexander laughed, embarrassed. He finished his glass of sherry.

Then the telephone rang again. Eunice made a movement as if to stand—*no, don't answer it*—and then sank back, catching his eye. She smiled. Again, she did not explain and only shook her head as if to assure him, no, she was not going to answer it this time. Alexander waited, tensely. The phone rang for some time, then stopped.

They were silent for a while. He wondered what time it was but didn't want to look at his watch. Then it occurred to him, suddenly, that he would ask her a few questions. But it was difficult for him to begin, to find the right words. He cleared his throat. "I noticed that your husband, I mean Mr. Loeper, had another novel published last year. . . ."

Eunice laughed. "That pathetic bastard," she said.

"I didn't read it, myself," Alexander said. He spoke quickly, not wanting to let her sudden reckless, defiant mood pass, going on to tell her that his mother had bought the book, as far as he knew his mother had bought all of Loeper's books—

"But you haven't read them, yourself?" she asked.

"No. I never got around to it."

"That's just as well," Eunice said. Her face twisted into a look Alexander could not quite interpret—amusement, disgust, mockery. She was really a very pretty woman, in spite of her exaggerated make-up. "His books are all autobiographical and he hasn't exactly been merciful to anyone, including himself. But I don't intend to talk about him. . . . I don't even know where he is. . . . Your mother, of course, would be interested in his books."

"Why?"

Eunice lifted the bottle of sherry and poured them each another drink, though Alexander indicated he didn't want any more. He felt lightheaded and sickish in a strange, impersonal, superficial way, as if it didn't matter. He heard himself asking again, "Why?" and his voice rose shrilly.

Eunice frowned. "This girl of yours—the one you're traveling with—I suppose she's very independent? I mean, very liberated?"

"I suppose so," Alexander said defensively.

Liberated!

"Things change so rapidly, these days," Eunice said slowly. She sat back and crossed her legs; the stiff material of



"Just frisk 'em!"

the dress rustled. Alexander could see that her shoe dangled from one foot, dangling there, swaying. . . . He blinked and concentrated his attention upon his aunt's face. She looked dreamy and yet formal, not quite meeting his gaze, as if she were saying words she had prepared ahead of time and didn't want him to get ahead of her. "Your mother and I. . . our generation. . . life was different then, it seemed to move very slowly. For long periods of time it would move slowly, like a glacier, then something would erupt, years would jump by, and then it would return to normal again. Slow. Very slow. Over there, back home, it always seemed to me very slow. Of course, things are different now."

"I suppose so," Alexander said.

They sat for a while, silent. Alexander tried to think of Marian, whom he had known now for nearly six months. When they argued, she would not look at him, would stand turned from him, maddening him, her thin covert little face turned away. . . . Her short-cropped dark hair looked militant at times, like a cap. But his thoughts touched her and dissolved, fizzed away. He found himself smiling. Eunice asked him why he was smiling and he shook his head, he didn't know. She laughed. "Yes, life is very different now," she said. "What your mother and I had to discover, so painfully. . . well. . . . It's commonplace now. I suppose."

Alexander finished his glass of sherry. He felt suddenly hungry, shaky. He ate a few cashews and picked a grape out, fingering the overlarge grape nervously before he ate it; he had the strange idea it wasn't real, it must have been flown in from some tropical place, bulbous, exaggerated, swollen, a deep gleaming purple. . . . His aunt sighed and said something about getting dinner for them, she'd better, hadn't she? Or did he still feel the effects of his Soho lunch? At that Greek restaurant?

"Indian restaurant," Alexander said.

"You told me Greek!" she laughed.

"No, Indian. Indian. I told you Indian," Alexander said excitedly.

Then they fell silent again. Alexander didn't know why he had spoken like that; he felt his mouth twisted into a foolish smile, a grin. It was the truth, he hadn't lied. He and the girl had eaten at a cubbyhole of a restaurant, at a small table jammed in a corner; the entire lunch had cost only a pound and 20 pence. . . . and afterward, when they'd walked away, he had felt his mouth and throat burn angrily from the curry.

"Well, I'd better feed you. It's very late. Come out to the kitchen with me and let's see. . . . Help me up, will you?" Eunice laughed. Alexander managed to push himself up from the squat sofa, swaying slightly. He pulled his aunt to her feet. Her hand was plump but rather cool, damp. He noticed that one of her rings was a carved figure, made out of what appeared to be ivory; it looked like a sphinx. "The refrigerator is crammed, I went on a shopping spree just for you," Eunice was saying cheerfully. "I hope you don't mind cold food. . . ? I went over to Harrods this afternoon, to the food hall, where they have such nice things. I buy most of my food there, actually. I just get in a cab and go there, then get in another cab and come back. It's expensive, but I can't help that. . . . You don't mind a cold dinner, do you?"

"No, not at all, no, no, I like cold food," Alexander said.

"But your mother—your mother is such a good cook! I should be ashamed of myself, offering a boy your age cold things—"

He tried to assure her it was fine, he wasn't even that hungry anymore, but she kept apologizing. She led him down a corridor and into a kitchen with high, ugly cabinets and a single window overlooking some pavement; out there it was

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damp and dripping. The kitchen was so cold that Alexander shivered convulsively. It was like a cave in there. Eunice peered into the refrigerator, mumbling to herself: *Now, let's see, let's see.* . . . Alexander shivered again. The other room had been so warm. His face was quite warm. There was a cold, damp flow of air coming into the kitchen, the window didn't fit its frame properly. . . . Eunice was reading off the names of cheeses in a singsong, girlish voice: *Cheddar, camembert, port du salut, stilton, brie*—

"All of them. Fine. Any of them," Alexander interrupted.

"Some of them are hard as rocks," Eunice said. "Oh, Christ. This brie is withered, it's like a fossil. So expensive, now the damn stuff is withered like a fossil."

"I can eat it," Alexander said. "I can eat anything."

She laughed as if he had said something very clever. "All right, dear, we'll see. Can you reach that cheese board up there? Up on the shelf? It's too high for me to reach." Alexander got it: a heavy, oblong cheese board, which felt weighted, it was so heavy, made of dark ebony wood. It was not very clean; tiny bits of cheese clung to it. Alexander blew them off.

Eunice loaded things onto the cheese board, quite gay now. "I feel so guilty about not preparing you a proper dinner!" she said. "And you'll be comparing me with your mother, you'll go home and tell her what a bad housekeeper I am—"

"I won't tell anyone anything," Alexander said.

"Oh, but you will. You might."

"I don't communicate very freely with them. Either of them."

"Either of them?"

"Either of them."

Alexander carried the board aloft, like a waiter: in the other room, his aunt dragged two chairs over to a drop-leaf table by the window. "Now we're all set. Now. Isn't this delightful? It's like a picnic. I hope you don't mind."

"Is this where you usually eat?"

"Sometimes. When I eat here, at home. But sometimes I eat in the kitchen, and sometimes in the bedroom. . . . This flat is so awkwardly set up, the bedroom is as big as this room, but the bathroom is just a closet. . . . I suppose the place you're staying in, the room you're in, is all right for you?"

"It's all right," Alexander said, shrugging his shoulders. "It's cheap."

"Does your girl like it?"

"Watch out," Alexander said. A jar of something nearly fell off the table—he caught it: it was a small jar of Russian caviar. His aunt took it from him. Alexander looked at her, knowing she had asked him a question; but he could not remember it. He said, softly, "Aunt Eunice, you were telling me something

about my mother. . . . About my mother. You were telling me something about her, weren't you?"

"You must be starved!" Eunice exclaimed. "Why, so much time has gone by . . . I lost track of time. . . . You're so tall, you're so thin, you must be starving. . . . It was the surprise of my life, to see you tonight, the size you are, when I remember you so differently . . . just a boy. . . . What was I saying? About your mother? . . . I thought we'd just have a drink or two, but so much time went by. I get a little lightheaded from sherry."

Alexander shook his head, trying to make sense of this. "What about my mother?"

"You probably wish you'd stayed with your little girl and had dinner with her tonight!"

"She isn't little," Alexander said.

"Is she large? Heavy?"

"No."

"Is she as tall as you are?"

"I don't know, no, Christ, no, she's just a short girl, she's shorter than you are," Alexander said. He had lost track of the conversation and was staring now at the food: a half loaf of Vienna bread, jars of olives and pickles and pimientos, a tall jar of cocktail shrimps, cheeses in different shapes, a heavy slab of what appeared to be turkey white meat, some processed ham, a long, dark coil of salami. . . . He smiled at the food. His aunt was trying to slice off pieces of bread, but the loaf wobbled, so he steadied it for her. The bread was rather stale; crumbs flaked off, flew off, tiny bits of crust flew up into Alexander's face and made him laugh. "Did you buy all this today? You didn't buy all this today," he said.

Eunice put the bread knife down. "I knew I was forgetting something," she said. She went to a liquor cabinet nearby. When she bent over, Alexander stared at her—the material of her dress very tight at her hips, straining against her—and he held onto the loaf of bread, still, while she chattered about how disappointing the weather must seem to tourists and how hard it was to get a cab out here, since everyone got cabs when they went by Sloane Square, and she knew he didn't really want to be here, she'd heard the dismay in his voice over the telephone—

"Hey, that isn't true," Alexander said.

But did he want a martini? Or just some Scotch?

"I don't know. I don't drink, usually," Alexander said. "Anything is all right."

"Anything?"

"You want me to help you get that open?"

"No, it's open. It's already open."

She came back to the table. She poured them each a drink. She said, "Well, the strange thing is, I was always closer to your mother than I was to your father. . . . I mean, after I met your mother . . . though I'm your father's sister, as you

know, and should have been absolutely loyal to him. But your mother and I, we became quite fond of each other. In fact, you owe your existence to me. You really do. You owe your very existence to me."

Alexander laughed. "How is that?"

"Well, she didn't want to marry him; she knew it would be disastrous. She wanted an abortion. But I talked her out of it . . . because I knew she would never survive, she'd never, never survive . . . she was far too gentle, she wasn't independent like me, she was terrified of life . . . and an abortion would have—"

Alexander set down his glass. "A what? What? . . . What?"

"She confided in me," Eunice said. She looked over the things on the table, squinting. With one long, painted fingernail she poked at the gelatin that edged the ham. "I suppose I betrayed her . . . because perhaps I gave her the wrong advice. . . . I said, Oh, he'll make a good husband, I'm sure he will, why don't you just grit your teeth and go through with it? . . . Because, because, things were quite different in those days. We were different."

"Who was different?" Alexander asked, confused.

"It always seemed strange to outsiders, that I was closer to your mother than to your father, though I'm related to him," she said. "Is that *pâté*? I like *pâté* very much, but I don't remember buying that. Do you want some? It's liver—I think it's liver—let me spread some on a piece of bread for you, dear. You must be famished."

"My mother wanted an abortion? When was this?"

Eunice sighed. "That's it: It was so long ago. Everyone is so much older now."

"My mother never wanted an abortion," Alexander said evenly.

Eunice did not reply. She spread something on a piece of bread for him, carefully. He took it from her but didn't eat it. He held it for a while, then found a place to set it down, on the window sill, out of the way. He stared at her. "What kind of a dress is that? Is that a Chinese or a Japanese dress? I see lizards or dragons in it."

Eunice laughed. She dropped the cover of the pickle jar and it rolled across the table and onto the floor. "Oh, this bracelet! These things are so heavy, they just get in the way," she murmured. He noticed a large, ornate bracelet, made of gold, hanging from her wrist; it had slid down her forearm and hung heavily against her wrist. He wondered if he should help her with the clasp, it worked hard, but she didn't ask him. She managed to get it off herself. Alexander, watching her, felt that he was close to shouting or laughing. She continued her light, girlish chatter: "Well, no one would know it from the external evidence, she's a sweet, mousy-looking

woman, like most of them. . . . But she's very deep. Very. And tragic."

"Tragic? My mother?"

"Like most of them."

Alexander laughed coarsely. No, this was too much. He knew now that his aunt was lying, she was lying, and wouldn't even look at him now that he had challenged her. . . . "What do you mean?" he asked.

Eunice was licking *pâté* off her short, plump fingers. "She was a beautiful girl for a while. You wouldn't know this, of course. My brother wouldn't know it, either. I was very, very close to her and when he showed up, and threatened to have her committed. . . . I nearly went mad, it was so horrible. You don't know what your father is like."

"My father? What? When did this happen?"

"When she moved out."

Alexander shook his head. For a while, he sat quietly, not eating, watching his aunt as she pretended not to notice him, pretended not to feel the agitation of the heartbeat in his body. Behind her the unfamiliar room seemed to waver. He had a confused impression of something mirrored—the ceiling reflected in the mirror above the mantel—and his aunt's head bobbing snakelike in his vision, the heavy, stiff wings of hair, the part drawn carefully through the middle of her hair, her flushed, luminous, dramatic face, her exaggerated self. He knew she was lying. "She never—!" he shouted.

Eunice looked calmly at him. Calmly, fastidiously, she wiped her mouth with her finger tips; she had forgotten to give them napkins. On that hand she wore two rings. She smiled, in a pretense of sympathy. "The Polish lover in that novel, *A Trois*, Loeper's second-to-last novel—he's still in London, would you like to meet him? He lives in a pathetic little room in Chelsea, down at the far end near—"

"Who? What? I don't know what you're talking about," Alexander said. "Novel—! I didn't read any novel, I didn't read any of them—"

"Then you could write a postcard to your mother and say you'd gone to visit P—that your aunt Eunice had accompanied you—"

"I'm not going to visit anyone, I'm not going to write anyone," he said. "I can't even remember her. . . . No, I can't remember her. I saw her a week ago, but now, now I can't remember her, her face is mixed up with . . . with someone else's face. . . . I don't know if I had a mother," he laughed. He felt his face, like Eunice's, glow dramatically. He wondered if his skin looked like hers, throbbing, shining with perspiration, the warm red-veined flesh beneath the skin swelling outward, pushing outward, so that the surface of his skin was flushed, ripe, golden.

Eunice poured an inch or two of liquor into his glass. He was holding onto

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that glass. He had been holding onto it, his forearm lying heavily on the edge of the cheese board. He watched her covertly, seeing how she frowned, pouring the Scotch, pretending to frown, seeming to frown, while all along she was lying . . . she paused, like an actress, not yet meeting his gaze. Then she met it. Sly, teasing. "You must know that your mother tried to escape? That she came here one winter, oh, maybe ten years ago—she came *here*—she came to me here, when I lived up in Hampstead, with a friend of mine—and with Loeper, too, of course, at that time—a dear friend of mine, Nicole Bergé: do you know who she is? Was? You must know these things."

Alexander could not speak.

"How old are you now? Twenty?"

"Twenty-four."

"Twenty-four!" Eunice laughed. She reached out to touch him, as if to apologize—as if spontaneously—and he drew his arm away, fearing her, but still she smiled, pretending not to notice this, saying, "But you look so much younger, like a boy! But you must have been fourteen then. About that age. You must remember, you weren't a child. You must remember when she left you, you and him both, and came *here*. You do remember that."

"I don't remember. I don't remember anything," Alexander said. He wondered why he had jerked his arm away so quickly. He had almost upset something on the table. "I don't want to remember."

"Yes, well. Yes. Of course. You're like my brother, you're like him in many ways. I understand. And it certainly wasn't my intention . . . wasn't my intention," she said, with drunken caution, "to upset you."

He was poking with his thumbnail at a piece of cheese: Hard as a rock it was, discolored in places, stale and cracked. After a while, he said softly, "If she wanted an abortion, back then, it wasn't because of me . . . she didn't want to kill me. She didn't want . . . to do that to me."

"Of course not," Eunice said quickly. "Of course not."

"It wasn't me."

"That's true, very true. That's very true," Eunice said.

Alexander noticed bits of cheese under his fingernails. Suddenly, the pressure of the crumbs disgusted him; he seized a fork and tried to pick them out. His aunt was speaking in a rapid, soothing, unconvincing voice, speaking of a Polish dancer with a troupe here in London, and an ex-ballerina named Nicole, and a big partly restored 18th Century mansion at the edge of Hampstead Heath—and somehow a woman found lying on the kitchen floor, on a rug she'd dragged in, lying there with the gas oven on, the oven door open, *too terrified of freedom because of the past*. . . . Alexander paid

no attention. He ran the fork prongs beneath his nails, one by one. After a long, embarrassed pause, Eunice began speaking again: this time in a furry drunken murmur, as she patted his arm, petted it, as if to restore him. "But you don't have to believe all this, or even listen to it. It might never have happened, really," she whispered.

Alexander cleared his throat. He let the fork fall onto the table. "He says—he says you're the way you are, you live like this, like this—because you're sterile. You're sterile."

Eunice laughed delightedly. "The way I am—! But does he know how I am?"

"Unhappy—a failure. Because of the marriages," Alexander said. "Once in a while, he gets onto the subject of you. He says you've always been like this—I've heard him talk about you lots of times, to my mother."

"I'm very happy," Eunice said belligerently. "I'm happy, very happy. But it is for the reason he gave—because I'm sterile. He's right about that, but he's got me wrong in every other way. . . . Because he has no imagination. Like most men. . . . Most of them are just animals, you know, they have no imagination, they're barely human. Without imagination you sink back into your physical body, you become bestial, stupid, fixed on one idea, like *him*. You degenerate. You really do, you sink back. You regress. The season for mating takes no imagination, it's all direct, physical, it's impersonal, but after that, life is all imagination, and your father doesn't have that capacity. Most men don't. That's why they are impotent—most men."

Alexander looked up. His arm was oddly heavy. He saw that her hand lay on it, absent-mindedly, a plump beringed hand, his arm, abstractions like the glimmer of the room behind her and around her, all light, gradations of dim, dusky, tawdry-golden light, without strong outlines or divisions between things. "Are they? Most men?" he asked in a whisper.

"Yes. Of course. Didn't you know that?"

"I don't know," he said. "I don't know if I knew it. . . ."

"But you're so young yourself, you can't know much; you probably don't know anything. Why do you think your father wanted to marry that girl, what was her name?, that girl who modeled at Saks—you must remember her, she's about your age—I even met her the last time I visited White Plains, out at your house at a big cocktail party—your mother didn't know yet about her, oh, her name was Stella, I think—and once in the city, in a midtown restaurant with your father. Why do you think he went crazy over her? He was forty-five years old then and—"

"What? Stella? *Stella?*"

"Yes, that thin girl, she was very pretty and very intelligent, and tried to back out of it gracefully, after she got enough

out of him and saw how—well, how close to a nervous breakdown he was—it was her idea the three of us meet for lunch, almost at the first instant our eyes met I knew—I knew what the situation was, how desperately she needed help—evidently you didn't know about this, Alexander? You didn't know the girl?"

"None of this is true," Alexander said.

"I don't know how we got onto the subject . . . it wasn't my intention. . . . Oh, yes. Yes. I simply wanted you to consider why you thought your father was so devastated, why he was so sick during that period, sick with love for a girl twenty-five years younger than he was, a lovely girl, if you like girls so vacuous and so skeletal, and he confessed to me himself he didn't even know her—but, well," she said, swerving back into her bright, cheerful manner, "why do you think, Alexander? *Why?*"

"It isn't true. It really isn't," he said, smiling. The corners of his mouth lifted by themselves.

"Because he was impotent everywhere in the universe except with her, and she looked at me with her stricken eyes, just desperate to get out, to get out of that noisy, expensive, fake-French restaurant, just to get out and be free of him. I knew exactly what the situation was. The two of them didn't even talk to each other, he just stared at her, and she talked to me, chattering away about college, she'd dropped out of college, about girlfriends of hers at Bennington, and it was all to make him know how old he was, how free she wanted to be . . . she drank too much, she even squeezed my hand too often, her eyes were just terrified. . . ."

"That was in the summer, all that," Alexander said suddenly. "I knew her. Stella. I knew her. Yes," he said, smiling, grinning, thinking of the dark-eyed soiled Stella, whom he had found kissing someone in a cloakroom at the country club once, Alexander a high school boy then, blundering into a strange couple's embrace and gaping in surprise, and for years afterward—yes, now he remembered her—he had run and rerun that vision in his head, trying it on with other girls, feeling it float up, helplessly, into his brain. And his father also—! His father—!

"He lost so much weight. I felt sorry for him . . . in spite of everything, in spite of the past," Eunice said.

"Yes, he lost weight. I remember. . . . But I don't really believe any of this," Alexander laughed.

"You can believe it or not believe it," Eunice said happily.

"I know that. I know that."

"But they are all impotent, in their imaginations," Eunice said. "That's why women like your mother and myself and . . . well, other dear friends of mine, whom she came to know . . . before she got frightened by life and let him take her back to White Plains . . . that's why



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we laugh at them so much and never take them seriously. Yes," she said, still with that bright, happy voice, "they really are tragic, but they can't be taken seriously. If I took such things seriously, I wouldn't be as happy as I am."

Alexander was thinking of Stella, Stella Reiner. His head was heavy and vaporous, with a perfumelike vapor; perhaps his aunt's perfume. Then he stopped thinking about Stella. His aunt squeezed his arm, sighing, "Yes, you're all tragic people," and it went through him like electricity, a pang of sexual desire. He felt faint.

"Tragic? Tragic?" he stammered.

He thought of his mother, but her face, too, eluded him: plain, was she, or beautiful? He had never looked. He stared at his aunt's face. "Yes, tragic . . . tragic," she whispered. They looked at each other, Alexander breathing hoarsely through his mouth, faces rising and falling in his mind, a girl's face, Stella's or someone else's, a girl, a girl's face and body, no, his mother's face, his mother standing there in her expensive beige coat with the mink collar, hurt, trying to have a conversation with him and Marian while they waited for the plane to load, subtly snubbed by Marian, *who was Marian?*—and now their faces all blurred and glowed and his aunt was staring at him, smiling gently at him, that gentle throbbing smile.

"Why don't you finish your drink?" she said softly.

Alexander was breathing noisily. He could not believe this, but it was true: She was closing his fingers now, firmly, around his glass. She urged him to raise it to his lips. She helped him. She rose to her feet, she swayed over him. Radiant, damp, warm, very warm. . . . He wondered at her beauty, he wondered how he had got here to see it. She drew her hand

up along his arm, up to his shoulder, to his neck. Every hair on his body stiffened. She said, smiling, "Are you tragic—or? Maybe not, maybe you're different? Are you different? You, are you different? You, Alexander, are you different?"

He got to his feet. He felt the stammer rise in his throat, from his chest. *I think—I think*—She was so short! He glanced down and saw that she had slipped her shoes off, he could see that she was barefoot, he did not mean to take a step toward her, but he swayed in that direction, helplessly. She was saying something out of a mouth that was curiously red, reddened; though the lipstick was smeared a little, she was saying, "Yes, I think you are different . . . yes, I think so. . . ."

No, Alexander thought. *Yes.*

"Come back here, back along here," she whispered. She led him out of the room; he followed, dazed, very tall; his shoulder brushed against the dangling leaves of a plant hung somewhere, shadowy spidery tendrillike leaves, and she was speaking rapidly, urgently, while he felt his body yearn to crouch over, the throbbing in him was so violent, so helpless. She hurried into a room and he came after her, his hands grasping each other, he was wringing his hands in that strange, drafty, cavelike room—her bedroom? But it was so jumbled, so crowded with furniture, it smelled sour, it smelled of earth, somehow. He saw on the window sill another of those plants, the cheap clay pot overturned and a small halo of dirt spilled out around it. His aunt turned away from him. Two big, ceiling-high windows seemed to move in upon him, out there *a street . . . a street upon which traffic moved. . . .* No, it was too confusing. He watched her, terrified. He wanted to stop her before it was too late.

"Aunt Eunice? Aunt Eunice?" he whispered.

He stepped toward her, he bumped into something—one of the bedposts—she exclaimed as if she, and not he, had been hurt, but he interrupted her, saying, sobbing, "No, no, no, I don't want to. . . . No, don't make me, don't make me do it. . . ."

He backed away. He ran out.

"Alexander!"

He looked wildly around. She was behind him, standing there, calling his name—"Alexander, don't be afraid, don't be afraid like everyone else, Alexander—"

"No," he cried, "no," and ran out the door and down the steps to the foyer and out to the sidewalk, out into the fresh surprising air, panting *No no no no no*, and behind him she was still calling his name. He glanced over his shoulder in real terror and saw her, there, right in the doorway where anyone on the street might see her, calling out to him in that high musical shrill voice, "Alexander! Alexander!" She had snatched off the hairpiece, she was shaking it at him, he heard a catch in her voice, a choked-off laugh—with her close-cropped gun-metal-gray hair she looked robust, delighted, crying out, "Oh, Alexander, you, too—"

He ran away, down the street, and halfway down the long windy street he had to catch hold of something, an iron railing, to support himself. . . . His breath was tearing him in two. Out here it was raining, out here cars and strange double-decked buses were passing, in the rain. He stared, amazed. He was somewhere he didn't recognize. It was strange to him, new to him; evidently he was in a foreign city.

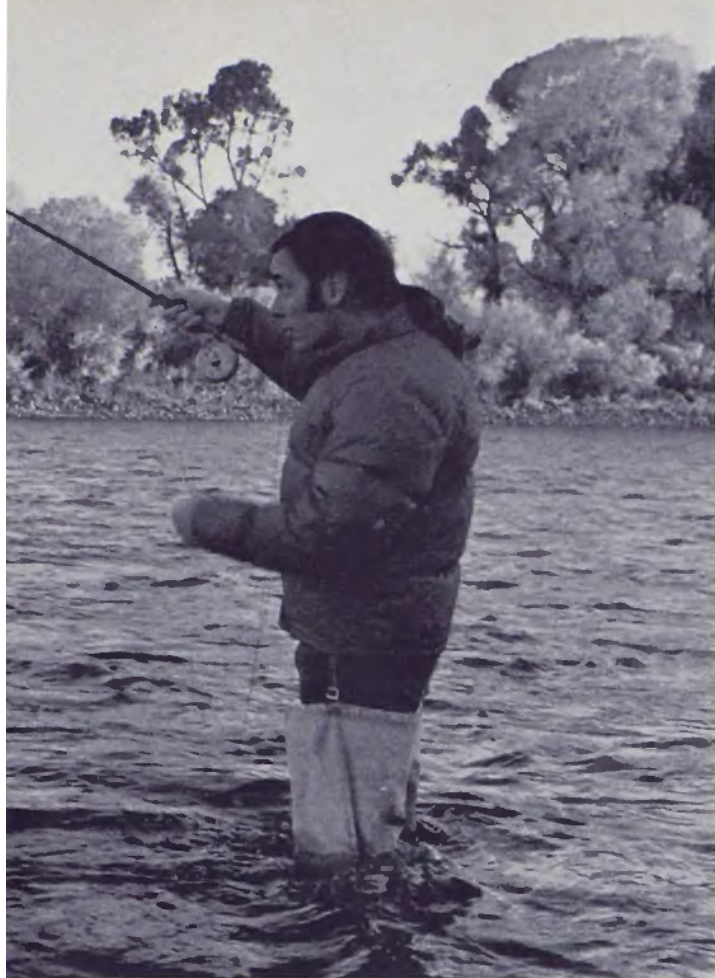


ON THE SCENE



CHARLES GRODIN *post-kid stuff*

EVERYWHERE HE GOES these days, people recognize him as the Heartbreak Kid, that dangerously fickle newlywed with the ingenuous smile. And while it's true that audiences roared as he left his sun-fried bride with pecan pie on her face and drove north to Cybill Shepherd, they also thought he was an asshole for doing it. Consequently, Charles Grodin has had some trouble when meeting strangers. "After seeing the movie, a lot of people would approach me with the idea of punching me in the mouth," he says. Although Grodin, 34, became an instant star as a result of his role, his success was hardly effortless. Born and raised in Pittsburgh, he moved to New York in the early Sixties after spending time in the Naval Reserve, studied with Lee Strasberg, then waited six years for a Broadway audition while bouncing from bit part to bit part in local TV dramas. For the past four or five years, however, he's been working at the top—behind the scenes—doing almost everything except acting. Such as writing and directing that controversial 1969 Simon and Garfunkel TV show—the first entertainment special to have stars speaking against the war; directing *Lovers and Other Strangers* for the stage; writing and directing the Emmy-winning Marlo Thomas special. Etc. He's just finished *11 Harrowhouse* ("It's a credible Cary Grant-Audrey Hepburn-type caper movie"), with Candice Bergen, James Mason, John Gielgud and Trevor Howard; and next fall his own play, *One of the All Time Greats*, will open on Broadway. All of which seems sensational, and Grodin admits he's had moments when he wondered how long it could last. "When I was doing *Kid*, we were four weeks into the shooting and suddenly one day Dustin Hoffman showed up on the set. As it turned out, he was just in Miami and wanted to watch the shooting, but when I saw him, I thought to myself, 'What the hell is he doing here?'" After receiving more than 100 script offers following the film's success, Grodin undoubtedly feels a little more secure about his future these days.



GUY DE LA VALDENE

THOMAS MCGUANE *angling man*

A PRETTY FAIR NUMBER of American men would just as soon go fishing as save the world for democracy or read Proust. It may be just as well, since no one has ever burgled a safe or overthrown the Government while trying to seduce a brown trout with a number-14 black gnat. But fishermen are notorious liars, sometimes eclipsing even politicians, and that's probably why a number of them have turned out to be good writers. Thomas McGuane's skills as a liar are not a matter of public record, but it's known that he is not only a first-rate fisherman but also one of the most promising young novelists around. His first novel, *The Sporting Club*, was published in 1968 when he was only 28 years old: he had been writing for ten years—and getting rejected. At the end of a one-year writers' program at Stanford, he had a wife, a small child, no money, some debts—and his manuscript. He sent it to his friend Jim Harrison, a poet and McGuane's entry into publishing. "Then I just went down to Mexico and told my wife where she could cable me. One day I showed up at the cable office and the guy gave me a big grin and said, 'Congratulations, señor. Your book has been accepted.'" Critics raved and a small cult developed. He was compared to everyone from Thomas Pynchon to Evelyn Waugh, which probably means that he's an original. Since then, he has written two more books, *The Bushwhacked Piano* and *Ninety-Two in the Shade*, both of which enhanced his reputation—and contributed articles to *Sports Illustrated*. Fishermen around the country said solemn and respectful things about his *S.I.* story on permit fishing. "That was fun to do. But I think of myself as a fictioner—not a journalist or whatever," says McGuane, who is very serious about his craft. He's now working on the screenplay for *Ninety-Two*. No doubt he'll be technical advisor for the film and will be called on when the script requires a medium-sized bonefish taken on a streamer fly. "That," he says, "isn't bad work. If you can get it."

NOLAN BUSHNELL *king pong*

YOU'RE IN A BAR getting quietly twisted when you notice a weird TV in a corner. And all it gets is this dot bouncing around, going "Pok, Pok, Pok." Well, that thing is going to make inventor Nolan Bushnell, 30, \$1,000,000 this year. It's Pong, front runner of the fastest growing market in Saturday-night bar entertainment: computer/video games. Starting out as a poor Western boy with nothing but a sawed-off slide rule, Bushnell turned hard science into clean fun and made a bundle in the bargain. While he was getting his engineering degree from the University of Utah, working in an amusement park started him thinking about just how old and dull your basic three-throws-for-a-quarter game really is. He began puttering around in his garage and came up with the first video-tech game, Computer Space. But when it was marketed, his share of the profits wasn't exactly what he considered his due (as will happen when you pit honest pioneers against tooth-and-nail businessmen). He headed for the frontier (Los Gatos, California) and, only slightly daunted, created Pong. On the solid foundation of dollars this produced, Bushnell built himself a company, Atari—but not just an ordinary mill, he admits with a touch of pride. "A closely knit group," he says, "interested in higher technology for games rather than bombs." He's got 320 hands now, most of them freaks around 23 years old. Some of his technicians couldn't operate a Coke machine when they started; now he's got them doing sophisticated trouble shooting and repairs. As in any factory, there are assembly lines, but Atari has no time clocks, and the boys've cultivated a little organic spread out back. Now Atari's geared up to produce a whole mess of video-tech games for saloons, and home versions are being developed. Doubles Pong, Space Race and something wild called Gotcha are some of the newest brain storms. Bushnell, somewhat wiser, is guarding the secrets with his life until they're patented. Does he ever plan to ride off into the sunset? Yes—all the way to Japan with a few computer parts.

JEFF COHEN



LOST AND FOUND (continued from page 90)

happy. He saw himself in his study, addressing the cameras. *You think I make audiences cry? Look what I do to my loved ones.* He passed a hand across his eyes. With each opening, things got a little worse. And was it his fault? It was not. Could a man be blamed if his success hurt others? It did not hurt others. Others hurt others. That was the truth. When had he ever believed it? I should have taken her temperature, he thought, drumming his fist suddenly on his knee. Flying off to Washington: Even hysterical snuffles could lead to the flu.

"Family first," said the driver.

"Pardon me?" Sidney Wise glanced up; they were in the theater district.

"My wife says she can tell you're devoted to your family, and not just because she read it in some magazine. She says it shows in your plays."

"It's true," said the playwright, with sudden vehemence.

"She could tell it was."

"Nothing," insisted Sidney Wise, reaching for his wallet as the cab slowed, "not even a man's work, is worth the sacrifice of his family."

"I couldn't agree more. Is it true, Mr. Wise, that you've made more people laugh than any person in history?"

"What? No. You're thinking of Lucille Ball," said Sidney Wise. Where was his wallet? He slapped his pockets.

"Lucille Ball! Hey, that's terrific. My wife'll crack up when she hears that."

"Listen, I'm awfully sorry. I seem to have come away without my wallet. Although I distinctly remember transferring it from my corduroy jacket. If you'll give me your name and address, I'll mail you the fare."

"Forget it, Mr. Wise—this has been payment enough. Well, look, you can see for yourself what you did: You transferred the wallet, but then you put on the corduroy jacket anyway. I do that all the time. Here we are, Mr. Wise, Booth Theater!"

"But I said the Morosco—"

"The Morosco? No way. Check your tickets. What, is there a special matinee today? Must be fun for you, seeing somebody else's play for a change. Like I say, my wife sees every play that comes along, good, bad or indifferent. Watch the door, now. It's been a pleasure, Mr. Wise!"

The cab sped away; he stepped onto the curb. He was on the north side of 45th Street; revolving, he stared across at the Morosco. The lobby was dark, no cashier in the box office, no lettering on the billboard, no posters or show cards anywhere: not a sign that *If Winter Comes* was opening that night. He walked up to the theater, yanked on the doors; they were locked. He rattled them

again and heard giggles; turning, he saw his producer, Nate Folger, with Spring Westerman, the actress. "What's happened to my play?" he said.

Spring Westerman checked another giggle; she looked at Nate Folger. "Actually, I don't get it. Do you get it, Nate?"

"I think I get it," said Nate Folger. "Arthur Miller's play closed here. But you're right, Spring, it isn't funny." The producer rested a hand on Sidney Wise's shoulder. "*Hob rachmones*, Sidney. The man had no business writing a comedy. Any more," he added, pointing him toward Frankie & Johnnie's, "than you'd have writing *Death of a Salesman*."

Sidney Wise examined his jacket sleeves. "Nate—"

"What is it, Sidney? Problems with the new play?"

"Nate, I'm talking about *If Winter Comes*."

"*If Winter Comes*? That's a title for a comedy?"

"My Pulitzer Prize!"

"Sidney." A door opened; Folger guided them up the stairs to the restaurant. "It's a discredited award. I'll show you the article: Ninety-nine percent of all so-called tragedy is based on trivial misunderstandings between the sexes and between the generations. In another twenty-five years those'll all be gone, resolved forever, and you know what'll be left? Comedy, Sidney. Your comedies. *Let's Talk About the Money, Come Up for Air, Who Needs It?, Leaps and Bounds, Five'll Get You Ten*—the all-time comedy grosser, lest we forget—plus whatever you come up with next."

"Don't you want to write me another show?" said Spring Westerman, as they all sat down—in vain Sidney Wise looked around the restaurant for Hartshorne, the man from the *Times*. "Don't you want to work with me again?"

"Of course he does. That's what we're here to discuss. *Ten'll Get You Twenty*—there's a comedic title. We're four," said Nate Folger to the waiter. "Oh, Marcial Here we are, baby!"

At the sound of his wife's name, Sidney Wise, who had been peering at his calendar watch, jerked upright.

"Hello, dears." Marcia Wise, in a gray body shirt and black palazzo pants, kissed Nate Folger, kissed Spring Westerman and sat down. "You both look fantastic. Sidney, why are you staring at me like that?"

"I wasn't. I'm not," said Sidney Wise, gazing at his wife's hair, a perfect, bushy, salt-and-pepper arch.

"He still can't get used to it," said Marcia Wise to Spring Westerman. "To Sidney, a natural is an ad for pubic hair. If Sidney had his way, I'd never go out of the house except in a *babushka*."

"Takes more than jealousy to hold this broad," said Nate Folger. "When are you coming to read for me, gorgeous?"

"When my husband keels over. Why? Do you think in a million years Sidney would let me work for my living?"

"Yes!" said Sidney Wise, watching his wife's hand dive beneath the tablecloth.

"If Sidney had his way, I'd be one of those jealous, carping semi-invalids you see married to writers, up to my nostrils in Lady Scott, poor Howard would be some kind of thankless freak and Mr. Jokes here would be locked in his study writing heart-renders." She goosed him.

"Wrong!" said Sidney Wise.

"Wrong. I know, Sidney. You wouldn't know how to begin." She moved her fingers in a circle.

"I love your hair," protested Sidney Wise, groping under the table for her hand.

"And I love you," said Marcia Wise, moving it away.

"And I'm about to throw up," said Nate Folger. "Between Sidney's tragic muse—"

"Do you want to know Sidney's idea of tragedy?" said Marcia Wise brightly. "When the Knicks lose a close one." Reaching under the table again, she covered her husband's hand with her own, pressing it lovingly between her legs. She stood up. "Will you all excuse me?"

"Marcia?" said Sidney Wise, getting up.

"Where's she going?" said Nate Folger.

"Excuse me," said Sidney Wise, crouching to hide his erection. Marcia was halfway across the restaurant.

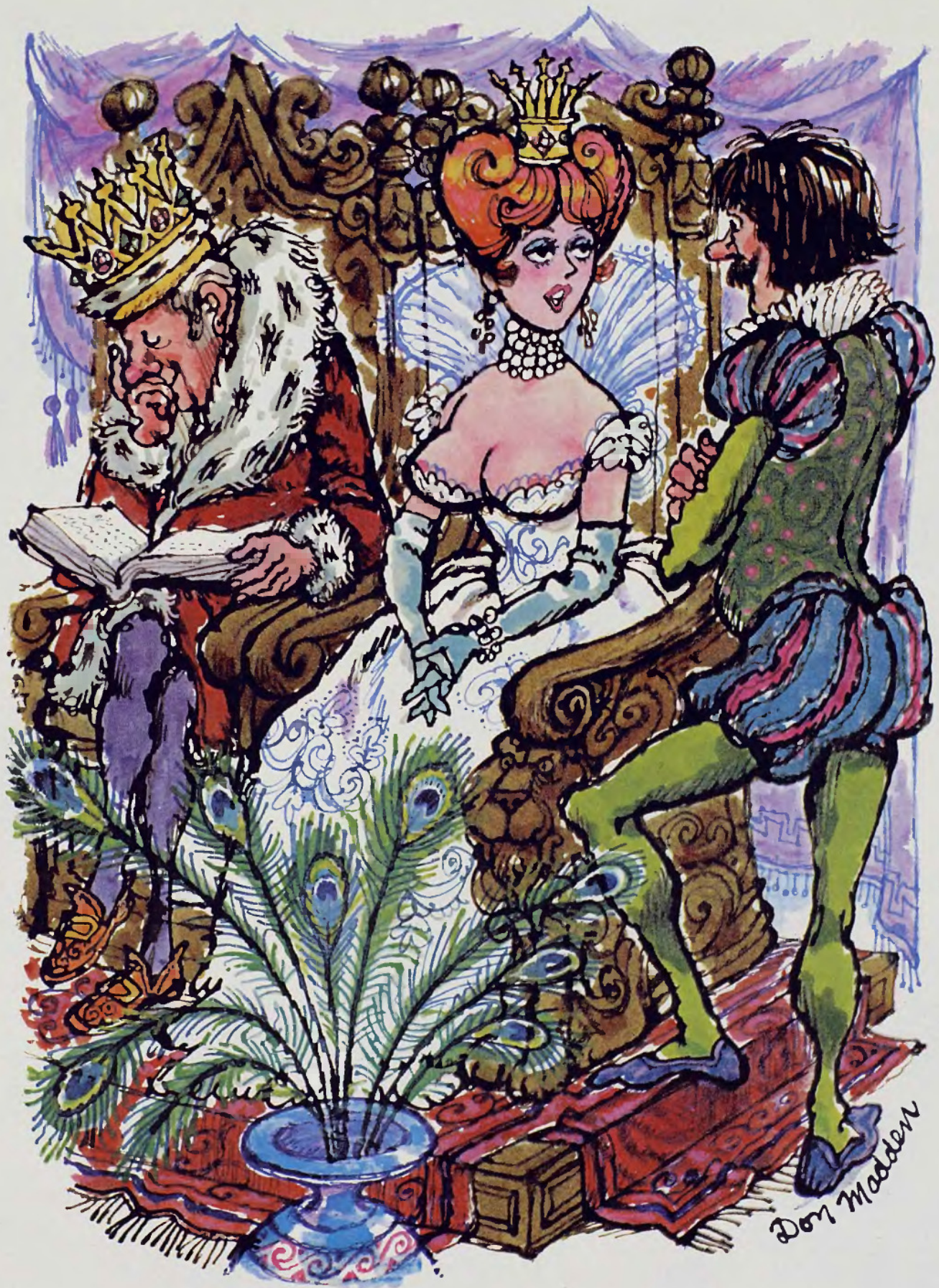
"What's going on?" said Nate Folger.

"I thought we were going to talk about my part," said Spring Westerman, as Sidney Wise lunged away from the table. The stairway door swung to. The playwright glanced back at Folger and Spring Westerman and pushed it open. From the shadow of the landing a pair of arms flung themselves about his neck.

"You horny toad. I saw you gawking at me."

They kissed fiercely, squirming together. People went by them on the stairs.

"Get rid of those two leeches. I'll meet you home in twenty minutes. You sex machine," she said, breaking loose and running down the steps. The downstairs door opened and closed. With another glance inside the restaurant—Folger and Spring Westerman were hunched around in their seats—he straightened his tie and descended after her. Emerging, he saw a cab pulling away from the curb, toward Broadway; he quickly hailed another. In the rear window the Morosco Theater receded, dark, posterless. The cab went up Sixth Avenue and across 50th and up Madison, arriving at his street before he recalled he was without his wallet. Asking the driver to wait, and handing him



"Lord Ashley, I find you a crude vulgarian interested only in satisfying your baser appetites—and I'll meet you behind the stable in fifteen minutes."

There's a lot of good

KING SIZE

Winston

FILTER-CIGARETTES

FULL-RICH
TOBACCO FLAVOR

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

between "Winston...

and should."

Winston tastes good GOOD, like a cigarette should.

his watch as collateral, the playwright raced up the stairs to his front door and inside, calling his wife's name. There was no answer. He hurried to the bedroom, picturing her naked on the bed, waiting on hands and knees. He opened the door; there was no one. The covers were on the bed, the telegrams were gone, his green blazer, with his wallet—he searched rapidly through his closet—was gone. He went to the window. The cab was gone. He heard a voice.

"Right, I can see it works better without it. Hartshorne noticed, too? I don't know why I even put it in now. The producer is always right, I'll remember that—"

Turning from the window, Sidney Wise went down the hall to his study. His son's back was to him; a bound script of *Reflected Glory* was open on the desk. From the wall, a single photograph, snapped after the opening of *Five'll Get You Ten*, looked down, Nate Folger and Spring Westerman flanking himself and Marcia, who was balancing a glass of champagne and planting a kiss on his ear.

"Right, Nate. I'll get the changes to the typist. Right. You, too." Hanging up, Howard spun around. "Hi, Sid. You startled me. Sleep well?"

"Quite well," said Sidney Wise, glancing down at his pajamas.

"Wish I could learn to sleep past noon. If I don't write in the morning, I feel guilty the rest of the day." He picked up the script from the desk. "Guess what, Sid."

"Good news."

"Nate has definitely decided to do my play."

"I heard. I overheard. Congratulations, Howard."

Howard smiled. "You don't seem terribly pleased."

"Pleased? Of course I am. I couldn't be more pleased. He's suggested some changes, I gathered."

"Well, he showed it to Hartshorne and Dulles. That old ploy of consulting the critics in advance. Nate wants me to take out a speech in the first act. He thinks it might get laughs."

"The lieutenant's speech."

"Yes, the lieutenant's speech." Howard frowned. "I wasn't aware you'd read the script, Sid."

"I took the liberty."

"I see. Well, actually, I'm glad you did. I was going to ask you to. I wanted another . . . playwright's opinion." Howard glided toward the door. "Let's sit down one day and talk about it, shall we?"

Sidney Wise took a step forward. "I'll miss the lieutenant's speech," he said.

Howard pointed, pistol fashion. "It's yours."

"That's what I mean," said Sidney Wise hastily. "Any author hates to lose a tribute. An *hommage*, wasn't that the spirit? Especially from one's flesh and blood."

Howard eyed him peculiarly. "You've lost me, Sid."

"Well, you said it yourself just now: the fact that it resembled—what the hell, Howard—the fact that it was lifted, almost word for word, from my play."

"From *Five'll Get You Ten*? Are you serious? Where? How? I defy you to show me."

"I don't mean *Five'll Get You Ten*."

"Then what in God's name do you mean? Come on, Sid. Just because you wrote one money-making comedy in your life, anything funny I attempt is an imitation? Is there a Parkinson's Law for playwrights: The less you've done, the more it counts? I guess, then, the best thing is to be a one-play playwright—is that the idea? Are the rest of us a bunch of suckers, trying for the whole shelf? Because it's all one play anyway, right? OK, Sid. OK. Have it your way. I'm forever in your debt."

The closing door muted his sniff of laughter. Pinching his eyes with finger and thumb, so that a black globule of light swam, butterfly style, across his retinas, Sidney Wise heard his son's voice, below the study window, shouting for a cab. The cab door slammed and he stood there in his slippers and pajamas, by the shelf from which his works had vanished, all but one, and that of such accidental consequence that *The Reader's Encyclopedia* listed it by its title only, omitting any separate entry for the author of *Five'll Get You Ten*. He closed the reference book and replaced it on the shelf, flooded by sudden nostalgia. The asylums—he saw it now—were filled with people who had misplaced their lives, raging paranoids, grieving catatonics; he must not lose control. Returning to the bedroom, he showered and dressed, avoiding, as he wriggled into his corduroy jacket, the mirror on his closet door, as though afraid he might be unable to locate his reflection. He must hold on. He was the same man, with the same abilities. His drafts, his carbons, his finished scripts, his *Five Tragedies*, his *Five Comedies*, had dwindled to a single pile of words, words that had brought him money but no lasting fame (without success, he tried to recall the author of *Abie's Irish Rose*), words that, as he gingerly opened the cover of his one, published, profitable play, seemed, hideously, about to slide off the pages into his lap; but he was still Sidney Wise. In a plaintive voice he began to read aloud, savoring the familiar repartee, swaying

with eyes closed as he reeled off the speeches to the empty room.

He opened his eyes.

Carrying himself gently, like a brimming bowl, to his desk, he sat down, took a stack of blank paper from his drawer and rolled a sheet into his typewriter.

IF WINTER COMES
a play in three acts
by Sidney Wise

He typed feverishly, getting up from his desk only once, during a love scene in act two, when he mistook a clatter in the pipes for the sound of his wife walking about in the bedroom. At 60 words a minute, with occasional brief pauses to relax his writer's cramp, he was able to transfer the play from his memory to 87 pages of typescript in less than four hours. By five o'clock, a manila package under his arm, he was in midtown again, ten minutes later stepping off the 12th-floor elevator of the old MGM Building, Broadway and 45th Street. A delivery boy was emerging from Nate Folger's small suite of offices; Sidney Wise squeezed past him into the anteroom. Folger's secretary, taking him for a messenger, thrust out her hand for the package; hearing footsteps, Sidney Wise looked up to see his wife, in jeans and baggy sweater and a pair of wire-frame glasses hanging from a chain, her gray hair pulled back in a disorderly bun, standing in the doorway to one of the offices. "Sidney, what is it? We're very, very busy."

"I brought you and Nate a new play," he said.

"Howard?" called Nate Folger from the other office.

"You thought I'd never write another," said Sidney Wise to his wife.

"Sidney, of all days—"

"Howard, I thought we were meeting you at the airport." Nate Folger swung around the corner, stopping in his tracks. "Oy, Sidney."

"Yes, oy Sidney." He handed Folger the script. "I'd like you to read this."

"Sidney, we're in a terrific hurry."

"Please, Nate? Please? Humor me."

Folger looked at Marcia Wise; she nodded. "It's all right, Nate. I'll tell him." Folger turned with the manuscript, closing his door; Sidney Wise stepped past his wife into her office. It was large, one of two windows looking out onto 45th Street, the other onto Broadway and the Allied Chemical Tower, with its electric sash of news. The headline read, "27 P. O. W.'S TO ARRIVE CLARK AIR BASE TOMORROW."

"I've decided to go to Washington with Howard," said Marcia Wise.

"To Washington," Sidney Wise repeated, looking down at 45th Street. A workman was strapped to the Morosco

Free spirit.



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Everything they do tells the world, "I'm my own man. Free in spirit!" A lot of these dudes ride a Harley-Davidson FX-1200. An ego trip, dedicated to freedom and goodtime cycling.

It has a 1200cc V-twin geared for quickness and hours-on-end moving.

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Adjustable load rear shocks soak up the rough riding. New Security System cycle alarm (standard equipment) warns you if someone is bothering your bike. A lot of guys have to learn what it's like to be their own man. When they do, some find out what it's like to own an FX-1200.

And really be a free spirit.

The Great American Freedom Machine.



billboard, installing a giant E at the end of REFLECTED GLORY BY HOWARD WIS. "Yes, of course. For the tryouts of Howard's play."

"Nate is joining us tomorrow," said Marcia Wise. "We won't be back until the New York previews. Don't say you didn't expect this."

"I expected it," said Sidney Wise, as the phone rang. He picked it up. "*Miz Wise? It ain't no Miz Wise here. Miz Wise done fled the plantation.*" He hung up. "Hartshorne and Dulles, I hear, are set to give it raves."

"Sidney, I don't care that you've made my life miserable. It's your absolute callousness toward *him*."

"I know, Marcia, I had a lovely premonition today—"

"Barging in here, on the day his first play opens out of town—bringing a manuscript—haven't you ever heard of Oedipal Victor?"

"I thought his name was Howard."

"Your jokes are pathetic. Can't you see the guilt you're inflicting? Don't you realize how hard it was for him to finish this play, because you tried so many times and never succeeded once? Don't you know, finally, after all these years, what you're doing to your son?"

"He knows," said a voice from the doorway.

"Oh, Lord. Howard, please wait outside."

"He knows precisely what he's doing. The bloody sadist."

"Go downstairs and get us a cab."

"I'm not going with you," said Howard Wise, throwing himself onto the office couch.

"Howard, don't overreact—"

"I'm supposed to take a plane? A thing that flies in the sky? After seeing *him*?"

Sidney Wise took a step toward the couch. "Howard, you needn't worry about that anymore."

"Don't talk to me, you flop! Don't say anything!"

"I appreciate your distress, Howard. I'm sorry my failure, up till now, has been so complete. I think I've made a move to redress the unpleasantness I've caused you, and I'm confident that in the not too distant future the Broadway stage will make room for two Wises, father and son, to the greater glory of both—"

"For God's sake, will somebody make him stop!"

"Nate?" said Sidney Wise, looking up at the doorway. "Perhaps you can tell him."

Nate Folger, entering, blinked once. "Let's go," he said to Marcia and Howard Wise.

"Nate?" said Sidney Wise.

"You two have a plane to catch. How-

ard? Let's go." He motioned toward the door.

"My play, Nate?"

Nate Folger turned. "What about it, Sidney?"

"Tell me what you thought. Tell them."

Folger looked uneasily at Marcia and Howard. "We're living in the Seventies, Sidney. The world has come a long way since World War Two."

"You mean you just glanced at it, Nate? You didn't read it all the way through."

"Sidney, don't push it. I'm giving you my opinion. Do you want another opinion? I think you ought to see a doctor. And Howard: I don't want you ever showing a script of yours again without my permission. To anyone."

"I never did!" Howard Wise jumped up from the couch. "You mean to him? My father? Never! Deliberately! Why in God's name would I? Oh, for God's sake—you mean he copied it?"

"I'm not really sure. Maybe not on purpose, though what does that ever mean? The style. The structure. The subject. One or two scenes, though not so anyone could sue."

"Oh, my Lord," said Marcia Wise.

"Don't worry, baby, it'll never get on. He didn't write it for that."

Marcia Wise nodded. "You're a very sick man, Sidney."

"Sick? He's malignant!"

"A very troubled man. Do you know how troubled?"

"I believe I do," said Sidney Wise.

"Do you? Do you really, Sidney? Do you really understand?"

The three of them were at the door. Sidney Wise sank down on the couch. "You'll miss your plane," he said.

The door closed. Elevators rose and sank. Sidney Wise stared at the ceiling. An elevator went past the floor, dropped again. The walls hummed and fell silent. In the darkening room he sat jackknifed on the couch, staring at the posters on the wall, at his shoes, his head sinking slowly toward his knees. It snapped up. With difficulty he rose, looking at the clock on his wife's shelf. The windows were black, striped with neon glare. He stood over his wife's desk, holding a pencil in one hand, slowly tearing a piece of memo paper from a pad by the phone. His fingers felt numb, thickly gloved, as he pressed the pencil to the paper. He wrote a word; the pencil dropped, sorry. He closed his fingers around the pencil again. Crossing out his wife's printed name, he wrote his own above it, small: SIDNEY. He weighted the paper with the phone, pulled the clock cord out of its socket and walked over to the window. "ALL" He pushed the window up as far as it would go. "ALL DEAD." The wind blew

in from Times Square, the news ribbon blurred and sharpened, the sound of horns rose from Broadway. "D.C. SHUTTLE CRASHES ON TAKE-OFF LA GUARDIA. . . ."

"Mr. Wise."

He let down the window, turned around.

"Mr. Wise?"

It was Nate Folger's secretary.

"Mr. Wise, won't you miss your curtain?"

"Is it that late?" said the playwright.

"You were so quiet in here."

"Thank you for reminding me," he said, buttoning his green blazer. He moved past her through the anteroom into the corridor. An elevator was waiting. He stepped out through the lobby onto Broadway and 45th Street. At the Morosco, the last straggler was going past the ticket taker. Inside the theater, as he entered, he saw a group of people by the coat check, Nate Folger, Spring Westerman, Hartshorne, Dulles, others—Spring Westerman was crying. They saw him.

"Sidney."

"Oh, God. Oh, Sidney, it's so horrible—"

He started past them, looking toward the stage.

"Nate, he's in shock."

"Sidney, don't go in."

"Where were they going, Sidney?"

"To Washington," he said.

"But why? Why weren't they here?"

"Nate, leave him alone."

"They had their reasons," said the playwright.

"We've scrapped all the interviews; we'll take care of everything. Just go home, Sidney, we'll come with you—"

"That won't be necessary." He gazed down the aisle.

"You loved them, Sidney. You loved them so."

"Yes," said Sidney Wise, taking a *Playbill* from the usher. He pointed toward the stage, the empty first-act set. "*If Winter Comes*," he said, drying his eyes.

"Sidney."

"Stop him."

He went down the aisle.

"Sidney, you don't have to go through with this—"

"It's all right." Folger's hand was on his arm; he patted it. The commotion had prompted the audience to glance around; a wave of applause broke over the orchestra. He acknowledged it, sitting down as the lights dimmed. Folger, Hartshorne and Spring Westerman sinking stiffly beside him in unison, half-turning their heads, in uneasy disbelief, to stare at the playwright's grateful, trembling smile. The applause faded to a hush. "In fact," said Sidney Wise, very nearly depriving the first two rows of the first line of his play, "I wouldn't have missed this for the world."

SEXUAL BEHAVIOR (continued from page 55)

but some of the increase consists of teasing, relatively mild, and mutual activities rather than genuine S/M. In any case, the incidences today are extremely few, as this table shows:

EVER OBTAINED SEXUAL PLEASURE FROM RECEIVING PAIN	
Males	4.8%
Females	2.1%
EVER OBTAINED SEXUAL PLEASURE FROM INFLECTING PAIN	
Males	2.5%
Females	4.6%

Within these small percentages, however, a generational increase is apparent: In every instance, figures for the younger half of the sample are roughly twice as high as those for the older half.

S/M, whether homosexual or heterosexual, is not largely confined to adolescent or youthful experimentation and abandoned early in life, as we found homosexual experience in general to be; in our sample, three quarters of those with S/M experience began it at 18 or later, and most of them are still active. But not very: More than half of the active males had no more than three sadistic or masochistic experiences in the past year, and nearly half of the active females had no more than three sadistic or five masochistic experiences.

Spouses seldom practice S/M with each other. In fact, it is primarily an activity of the unmarried: The proportions of

those with sadistic or masochistic experience were four or more times greater among singles than among the married. It may be that the pathology that drives individuals into S/M behavior also prevents them from marrying. It may also be that some people with tendencies toward mild S/M suppress those tendencies when they marry.

Real-life S/M activity, unlike the clichés of S/M fiction, rarely is bizarre or extreme; most of it involves biting, hitting, slapping, and the like, rather than heavy B and D (bondage and discipline), whipping or traumatic injury. Also contrary to fictional cliché, S/M activity does not yield superorgasms; indeed, about half of the S/M practitioners in our sample sometimes or usually end the activity without orgasm.

We conclude that only part of the increase in S/M—that part limited to playful roughhouse—is directly related to sexual liberation. The rest of the increase may result from the greater opportunity afforded by the freer milieu to turn fantasies of pathologically deviant behavior into reality—but the reality has nothing in common with the central meaning and values of sexual liberation.

INCEST

Long the most severely condemned of sexual activities, incest has become a subject of ribald humor (*Candy*, *Blue Movie*) and even of sympathetic ro-

mance (as in the French film *Murmur of the Heart*) in the era of sexual liberation. Where there are such changes in attitude, changes in behavior often accompany them. In seeking to measure behavioral change, however, we will have to rely on our own survey data, since Kinsey published no data on the subject.

When we define incest so that it includes sexual acts with relatives outside the nuclear family, and petting as well as coitus, we find that a startling 14 percent of the males and 9.2 percent of the females in our total national sample have had incestuous experience. When we divide the sample into an older half and a younger half, we find evidence that the over-all incidence has increased by 25 percent to 50 percent in the past generation.

But these data are less remarkable than they seem. For one thing, two thirds of the incestuous experience of our males and nearly two fifths of that of our females involves cousin contacts (only about one half of the states forbid first-cousin marriage and only about one third classify first-cousin sexual contact as a crime). For another, half of the men and four fifths of the women who had incestuous experience went only as far as petting. And, for a third thing, more than half of these people had such experiences only in childhood or adolescence, and the great majority had a half dozen or fewer such encounters.

Incest within the nuclear family is



COCHRAN!

"It's been a long cattle drive, Ringo. . . .
When we get to Dodge, I won't tell nobody what you done
to that purty little heifer with the big brown eyes if
you'll keep quiet about me and the owl."

almost nonexistent in our sample, except for brother-sister relations. We found no mother-son relations, and only a .5 percent incidence of father-daughter relations, but an incidence of brother-sister relations that neared four percent.

When we define incest more narrowly as involving coitus, the incidence is very much less. We found no parent-child coitus at all and very little of most other kinds:

EVER HAD HETEROSEXUAL COITUS WITH RELATIVES		
Had coitus with:	Males	Females
Sister	1.5%	•
Aunt	•	•
Niece	•	•
Sister-in-law	•	•
Female cousin	3.9%**	•
Brother	•	.8%
Uncle	•	•
Stepfather	•	•
Male cousin	•	.5%**

•Less than .5 percent.

**The disparity between the incidence of cousin contacts reported by males and that reported by females is puzzling; a plausible explanation, however, might be that because of the greater tendency of females toward sexual conservatism, far fewer young girls than boys ever

dare indulge in sexplay with opposite-sex cousins—but those girls who do so are deviant enough to serve as contacts for a number of cousin partners.

Thus, sibling coitus is the one category of heterosexual incestuous coitus that is psychologically and socially serious, and significant in incidence. Even this, however, is extremely rare and usually is abandoned after one or two episodes. Our figures are too small to warrant an age breakdown; we cannot say whether or not this genre of behavior has increased in the past generation.

BESTIALITY

Sexual contact between a human being and an animal—bestiality—has been unacceptable in most societies, and it has long been severely condemned in our own. Biologically and psychologically, it is pathological if it consists of more than youthful experimentation. To judge from the use of the theme in recent satire and humor, and at least one mass-market film (*Everything You Always . . .*), the public attitude has moderated from horror and indignation to mere scorn and amusement. We find no evidence, however, that this attitudinal change has resulted in any increase in the incidence of human-animal sexual contacts. The data indicate a sharp decline since

Kinsey's time, and analysis indicates that the decline is real. The figures:

HUMAN-ANIMAL SEXUAL EXPERIENCE		
	Kinsey	Playboy
Males	8.0%	4.9%
Females	3.6%*	1.9%

*Does not include preadolescent experience.

Why the drop? The Playboy sample has a much smaller proportion of farm-reared males than Kinsey's had—quite properly so, considering the changes in social make-up of the nation—and since it was largely the farm-reared youths who had had bestial contacts in Kinsey's time, there has been a real decline in over-all male incidence. The decline in female incidence, however, has little to do with farm upbringing and is probably due to the large preponderance of single females in Kinsey's sample and the more normal proportion in our own. But even so, we think some part of the decline is real and has to do with the greater ease with which single women today have coitus and the consequent reduced pressure to resort to other expedients.

In other respects, our data are much the same as Kinsey's. Now, as in Kinsey's time, most male contacts with animals occur before the age of 15; now, even more so than in Kinsey's time, female contacts with animals are largely ended by 21. Now, as then, men typically have only a handful of such experiences, women even fewer. Kinsey's men mostly engaged in vaginal coitus (usually with farmyard animals); only a third of ours have done so, the others using various forms of masturbation and fellatio (more than a third inducing animals to lick or mouth their genitals, a rare choice in Kinsey's sample). Kinsey's women relied on household pets, as do ours; the principal activity Kinsey found was general body contact, while today it is cunnilingus by the animal. (Coitus was, and is, all but nonexistent.) The increased incidence of the use of oral techniques with animals, reported by both sexes, is probably a result of the greater acceptability of oral sex practices between human beings.

We conclude that bestiality has decreased in general, that today it consists almost entirely of isolated and infrequent experiments by immature people (this being socially deviant but not pathological) and that pathological bestiality—repeated sexual contacts with animals by adults—is exceedingly rare and has not increased since Kinsey's time.

This is the final article in a series reporting the results of a comprehensive Playboy Foundation-funded survey of sex in America. Morton Hunt's full report will be published as a book, "Sexual Behavior in the 1970s," by Playboy Press.



"Make sure Mr. Collins has a B.M. before you show him his bill!"



PLAYBOY INTERVIEW

(continued from page 74)

guy is worth almost a billion dollars—I'm talking about Bob Hope—and he offers me \$1000 to go on his show, I consider it an insult. I wouldn't unwrap a cigar for \$1000. When I did a show down here a couple of weeks ago, I got \$10,000. For that kind of money, I not only unwrap a cigar but light it up and take a few pulls.

PLAYBOY: Would you ever do a show for free?

GROUCHO: Yes. I'd do a show with the baseball announcer Vin Sculley, because he's given me so much enjoyment all my life listening to him describe baseball.

PLAYBOY: Who are your closest friends?

GROUCHO: Nunnally Johnson, who was one of the top movie writers in this town; I knew him when I lived in Great Neck, and we've been friends ever since. And a fellow named Sheekman, who used to do a column for the *Chicago Times*. When I played Chicago, I offered to write a column for him because he had to do one every day. And when he came out here, I invited him to become one of the writers on our movies. Mostly, my friends are all roughly my age.

PLAYBOY: Who are your younger friends?

GROUCHO: Well, there's Woody Allen, and Erin, and Goddard Lieberson, and Goody Ace. There are a few others that keep in touch with me, like Dick Cavett, Jack Nicholson and Elliott Gould. I have lunch with them occasionally, provided they pick up the check.

PLAYBOY: A friend of yours told us you sleep with your bedroom door locked. Why?

GROUCHO: He's no friend of mine. But if you must know, I lock it when I'm all alone in the house.

PLAYBOY: Could that be because of your years in vaudeville, when you stayed in cheap hotels and locked your door so nobody would steal your money?

GROUCHO: Could be. I remember in those days how I used to put the bureau up against the door. That was also during a phase of my life when I wanted to jump out the window. We were doing well in vaudeville by then, living in good hotels like the Statler in Cleveland or Detroit, but I was always afraid of jumping out the window.

PLAYBOY: Why?

GROUCHO: I don't know. I guess it was a kind of nervous point in my life.

PLAYBOY: Were you depressed?

GROUCHO: No. I'd seen some Boris Karloff movies and I was scared. I was very young then. I saw one Karloff picture and I took sleeping pills every night for about a month after that. It was the only way I could get to sleep.

PLAYBOY: Did you see a psychiatrist about it?

GROUCHO: Yeah, but he said I was crazy.



JACK DANIEL'S SILVER CORNET BAND reached its peak in 1894. Thanks to Paramount Records, you can still hear their music today.

Jack Daniel started the group to sell whiskey at saloon openings and political rallies. Today, we've dusted off some of their old-time sheet music and carefully recreated a sound that hasn't been heard for 75 years. (Finding these old-style mellow conical horns took us from an antique dealer's attic in Nevada clear to Paris, France.)

The result is a Paramount Records' album that's available wherever good records are sold. If the music inspires a sip of Jack Daniel's, don't be surprised. That's *just* what Mr. Jack intended it to do.



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DROP



BY DROP

Tennessee Whiskey • 90 Proof • Distilled and Bottled by Jack Daniel Distillery
Lem Motlow, Prop., Inc., Lynchburg (Pop. 361), Tennessee

The only Distillery placed in the National Register
of Historic Places by the United States Government.



"I'll tell you what kind of loser I am. I joined a swap club and wound up with my ex-wife."

so I bit his leg and walked out.

PLAYBOY: What's your opinion of psychoanalysis?

GROUCHO: It won't get it up if you're 83 years old, so what's the point of it?

PLAYBOY: But back then, you felt you were going a little crazy?

GROUCHO: I was working very hard and I was single. And I had a wife who drank.

PLAYBOY: You were single and you had a wife?

GROUCHO: So I'm a liar.

PLAYBOY: You were married to your first wife during your years in vaudeville, weren't you?

GROUCHO: For part of them. We were married 21 years. She was so beautiful when I married her. She weighed about 109 then. The last time I saw her, she must have weighed 250.

PLAYBOY: This obviously wouldn't include marriage, but what's the most satisfying thing you've ever done?

GROUCHO: I went to Germany, and while I was there, they showed me Hitler's grave and I danced on it. I was never that much of a dancer, but I was great that day!

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about being 83?

GROUCHO: I'm still alive. That's about it. I can tell I'm still alive because I wake up in the morning. If I don't wake up, that means I'm dead. But talking about not knowing whether you're alive or dead, I remember once when I visited the offices of *The New York Times*, they showed me my obituary. It wasn't very good. I offered to punch it up for them, but they turned me down.

PLAYBOY: Have you observed any special diet over the years?

GROUCHO: Well, since I turned 80, I've tried to limit my eating exclusively to food.

PLAYBOY: Do you drink?

GROUCHO: The only drink I used to like is bourbon. Now I don't drink at all, except for an occasional shot of Maalox.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever tried marijuana?

GROUCHO: One cigarette that Garson Kanin gave me. I took six puffs and I couldn't get to the other side of the room.

PLAYBOY: Do you think it should be legalized?

GROUCHO: No, and I don't believe in booze, either. I didn't even have a drink until Prohibition. Then my father made wine in the cellar and killed all the rats.

PLAYBOY: What kind of cigars do you smoke?

GROUCHO: This one comes from Havana. It costs four dollars. *Real* Havana, not from the Canary Islands.

PLAYBOY: What's it called?

GROUCHO: Charley. Actually, this is the only cigar I have left that's genuine Havana. Bill Cosby gave them to me. Very few people can afford this cigar. Cosby can. I did a TV show for Cosby. It was all ad-libbed. We had a few cards to hold up, but they kept mixing them up. Cosby paid me off in cigars.

PLAYBOY: You've also made some talk-show appearances over the past couple of years.

GROUCHO: Yeah. You get so little for being on a talk show, you're lucky if you can afford a five-pack of White Owls.

PLAYBOY: We remember, on at least one Cavett show, hearing you speak out

against the amount of sex in movies today. Do you approve of film censorship?

GROUCHO: Yes, I do. There are lots of children who go to movies. Besides, I don't like dirty pictures. I'm glad nobody took their clothes off in our movies. Can you imagine how ridiculous I'd have looked walking around naked with a cigar in my mouth?

PLAYBOY: There's a lot of explicitness on the stage these days, too. Have you seen any of the recent productions?

GROUCHO: No, I wouldn't even go to see *Oh! Calcutta!* I had tickets to the opening night from Kenneth Tynan and I said, "I don't want to see it. I understand that what they're doing on the stage is what a lot of people do in bed."

PLAYBOY: Sleeping?

GROUCHO: That's what I would have done in my seat if I'd have gone to see it.

PLAYBOY: Did you see *Hair*?

GROUCHO: I saw half of it and walked out. Dick Cavett asked me if I'd seen it and I said no, and he wanted to know why not. I told him, "Well, I was gonna go see it, and then I called up the theater and I said, 'How much are the tickets?' They said the tickets were \$11 apiece. I told them I'd call back, went in my bathroom, took off all my clothes and looked at myself in the full-length mirror. Then I called the theater and said, 'Forget it.'"

PLAYBOY: You said you saw half of it, and then you said you didn't see it at all. Which version are we to believe?

GROUCHO: Both. I told you I'm a liar.

PLAYBOY: They say good liars make great storytellers. What's your favorite story?

GROUCHO: Clean or dirty?

PLAYBOY: Just funny.

GROUCHO: Well, a hooker picks up a guy. No. A married woman picks up a guy, takes him to her apartment and they go to bed. While they're doing it, the man says, "I've never had a woman like you. You're the most extraordinary woman in bed that I've ever heard of. You know, I'm not a religious man, but when I die, if there's such a thing as a hereafter, I'm going to come back and find you, no matter where you are in the whole world." And she says to him, "Well, if you do come back, try to come in the afternoons."

PLAYBOY: Do you have any more jokes?

GROUCHO: No, except for this cheap cigar that Bill Cosby gave me. I'm suffocating.

PLAYBOY: Apart from cheap cigars, what annoys you most?

GROUCHO: This interview.

PLAYBOY: Hang on, it's just about finished. Have you any regrets?

GROUCHO: The fact that I agreed to this interview.

PLAYBOY: One last question: What would you do if you had your life to live all over again?

GROUCHO: Try more positions.



Little Enis Pursues His Muse (continued from page 142)

table. So at least once or twice an evening he'd join me (and, if the pickings on the dance floor were running slim, I, J. and Cookie) for a fast drink, and I'd tell him how he was the biggest thing in troubadouring since Alan A-Dale, and he'd tell me about all the offers he was getting from Dot Records, and all the albums they were begging him to cut, and all the road tours he was going on . . . and one night when my panegyrics had left him in a particularly expansive mood, he even told me that he was temporarily working days as a "maintenance engineer," shoveling coal into the LaFayette Hotel's furnace, and that his real name was Carlos Toadvine. He never did quite get my name, incidentally; the closest he ever came to it was the time he introduced me to a barmaid as "Ted Flannigan, he's gettin' his doctor degree at the colletch."

And so it went. Throughout that fall and early winter I was liable to fall by The Palms as often as two or three nights a week to pay my respects to Enis; it got so the waitresses would deliver an Oertels '92 to my ringside table as soon as I walked in the door. Then in January I finally met a Lexington girl who, although her tastes in music were a good deal tonier than mine (the first present I ever gave her was a 45 of Chuck Berry's *Roll Over Beethoven*), was content to sit there while I rattled our beer glasses with my tattooing thumbs (the first present she ever gave me was a set of bongos) and told her about the paper I planned to write for my American folklore class, entitled "The Influence of the Elizabethan Bardic Tradition upon the Works of Carlos Toadvine."

Fortunately for belles-lettres, I never got around to writing it; because in the spring of '57 there occurred the two most cataclysmically significant events of my life up to that time: I got married and I flunked my master's oral. Flunked it cold: I hadn't been in that room with those three professors more than 15 minutes before my California cool had turned into an iceberg on my tongue. As Ryan might have put it, I couldn't have said shit if I'd had a mouthful. Get a grip on yourself, McClanahan, the trio of professors chorused sternly, shaking their hoary heads in unison; quit hanging around bars pretending to be some kind of Beatster or whatever they call it, and start applying yourself to the study of the history of English literature, and come back next year and try again.

Shaken to my very cycle boots, I did as I was told: I spent a whole year dutifully sitting in on sophomore literature surveys, memorizing names and dates and titles and the rhyme schemes of the sonnet. True, I didn't altogether abandon

my old identity; every now and then I'd don my greaser guise (except for the goat-ee, which had gone down the drain of the Southern Girl Beauty Salon apartment's bathroom sink on the morning of my wedding day) and drop by The Palms and pick up on a couple of sets and trade a little bullshit with old Enis. But it wasn't the same, somehow; my head had got so full of names and dates, and Enis' head so full of fans and plans, that we never seemed able to focus the way we used to on the only thing there really was between us in those days, that awkward little dance our two egos always did whenever they encountered each other.

For the most part, though, I stayed close to home that year, the way an earnest newlywed grad student is supposed to, and attended to heart and hearth and desk. So that when spring rolled round again, and those ogres on my orals committee summoned me once more into their lair, I was all primed and cocked for the occasion ("Now, Mr. McClanahan, perhaps you could name three, ah, female Victorian novelists for us?" "Yes, certainly, lessee now, there was . . . were . . . um, Charlotte Brontë, and that other one, Emily, I believe it was . . . were . . . and, lessee . . . Jane Eyre?"), and, sweating like a piglet on a spit, I acquitted myself with a performance that the chairman of the committee allowed they might consider passable if I'd clear out of the state by sundown and swear

never to tell a living soul where I'd got my sheepskin. In June, when I struck out for Oregon to seek my fortune in the writing-and-teaching game, I was sped on my way by the stiff westward wind that the UK English department's collective sigh of relief had given rise to.

But don't suppose even for a moment that just because I went off agamboling through the groves of academe, I forgot all about my favorite ethnic artifact, no, indeed. As a matter of fact, Enis was ever with me, like a treasured charm on a watch fob, and I was forever trotting him out for the amusement of my tittering colleagues at faculty cocktail parties (cocklety factail parties, I used to call them in my cups), describing him, imitating him, striking that spraddle-legged stance and prognathousizing my jaw and strumming left-handed on my imaginary upside-down guitar and singing a few bars of *Hound Dog* in my toneless, tuneless voice, aping him, *rendering* him, *using* him. He had become as much a part of my repertoire, my act, as Elvis had been of his; I'd made a Character of him, an exotic, and in the process, without ever really meaning to at all, I'd also made a joke of him. "Ah, how quaint!" my fellow pedagogs would chirp. "How rustic, how veddy *recherché!*"

Once, after I'd moved on from Oregon to California, I was back in Lexington for a visit when I noticed an ad in the paper announcing that a place out on the Richmond Road—I don't recall the name, but it advertised itself as

(continued on page 190)



"No need for a fitting, sir. Our rubber goods fit all sizes."

PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement



SLEEPING BEAUTIES

Knowing that every American boy grows up fantasizing about running barefoot through a field of women's breasts, Benita Cullinan sat herself down at the sewing machine one day and whipped up a satin Boob Quilt. And when it fetched \$450 at Gallery 12, a store for fine crafts in Chicago's Tiffany Square shopping arcade (3116 N. Broadway), Benita, who's obviously no boob, created an additional number of bumpy coverlets, as well as a follow-up quilt called Head Count in a Harem. It features another portion of the female anatomy, here, there, everywhere. Pleasant dreams.



EN GARDE!

Classic novels never die; some boy wonder just borrows the name to merch a line of candy bars. But in this case, *The Three Musketeers* is returning to the movie screen, not the confectionery rack, and the guiding geniuses behind the production (which will be released later this year) are none other than director Richard Lester and scriptwriter George MacDonald (*Flashman*) Fraser. But hold onto your plumed hat, for the cast, as they say, is all-star and includes Charlton Heston, Michael York, Oliver Reed, Richard Chamberlain, Christopher Lee, Faye Dunaway, Geraldine Chaplin and Raquel Welch as Madame Bonacieux, who, in the Dumas version, was an exceedingly demure young lady. Good luck with *that* casting.

DID YOU JUST HEAR A CLICK?

If you think your phone is tapped—or if you'd like to tap one (provided you're a cop)—contact a Washington, D.C., store called the Spy Shop (1402 New York Avenue, N.W.). It stocks some mighty sophisticated sound equipment, including a wired martini olive and a debugging device that it'll sell to civilians for \$1050. That's cheaper than a lawyer's retainer these days.



PLAYING WITH YOURSELF

Now that all the Beautiful People are into backgammon, God knows it's time you were, too. So don't just sit there attempting to muddle through the rules; drop by your friendly neighborhood book or game shop and get Reiss Associates' Autobackgammon (\$15). Following world champion Tim Holland's instructions on the board, you'll turn from tyro to superpro in 60 solitaire-style lessons. You hope.





DALI-CATESSEN

On the very first page of Salvador Dalí's incredible \$50 cookbook, *Les diners de Gala* (published by Felicie), he talks of woodcock "flambée in strong alcohol, served in its own excrements. . . ." And that's just a taste of what *Gala* holds: Dalí's bizarre metaphysics of gastronomy back to back with spectacular recipes and unbelievable illustrations. One small problem: After glancing at some of the artwork, you may not feel much like eating.



BOUNTY FROM THE MUTINY

Marlon Brando, who normally shuns the public, has opened to tourism the Pacific island that he purchased upon completing *Mutiny on the Bounty*. It's called Tetiaroa, it's Polynesia at its purest and it's available through one travel agency only—Islands in the Sun, 3400 West Coast Highway, Newport Beach, California. A traditional South Sea whole-pig roast is part of the welcoming ceremony—but don't expect a personal greeting from your host.

HA-HA WHO'S WHO

Not long ago, George Q. Lewis a comedy teacher, dropped us a line mentioning that he's in the process of compiling a *Who's Who & What's What in Humor* and invited "authors, humorists, cartoonists, humor collectors, humor professors . . . 'everyone' involved in humor for fun or profit either for business or pleasure to submit his-her biographical 'claim to fame.'" So there it is, clowns everywhere, your chance to get into a *Who's Who* by writing Lewis at the Humor Societies of America, 74 Pullman Avenue, Elberon, New Jersey. George hopes the finished book will "help put a smile on the map of America." That's a laugh.



HATE THY NEIGHBOR

If you're one of those people who get nauseated at the sight of a smile button, you'll want to join Hate, Inc., a new organization dedicated to the healthy expression of hatred. Four dollars gets you a membership card and a monthly mailing called "The Hate Letter." Based in Chicago (154 East Erie Street, Dept. 604), the town that gave us the Saint Valentine's Day Massacre and the '68 Democratic Convention, Hate expects to end the world's unrest by uniting people of ill will. So hurry and join, you rotten creep.



COMEBACK OF THE YEAR

Should you venture by the National Mall in Washington, D.C., May 18, don't be surprised to see the sky filled with dozens of flying objects. No, it's not rabble storming the White House (although that's not a bad idea); what you'll be witnessing is the Fifth Annual Boomerang Tournament sponsored by the Smithsonian Institution. And for a mere six dollars, you can participate (contact Ben Ruhe, National Collection of Fine Arts, Room 178, at the Smithsonian). Don't forget your hard hat.

Little Enis Pursues His Muse (continued from page 187)

"Lexington's Smartest Niteklub"—was featuring Little Enis and His Fabulous Tabletoppers, "famous recording stars, just back from a successful engagement in Las Vegas." Filled with wonder—had he really made it, then? Had all those airy dreams of his come true, even as I, from my lofty vantage point in California, had been airily making light of them?—I hastened out the Richmond Road that very evening to check out this remarkable new development for myself, this Enis risen like the phoenix from the ashes of his own great expectations.

Alas, it was not to be. For Lexington's Smartest Niteklub turned out to be a drafty, sour-smelling old barn of a roadhouse with a dollar-a-head cover charge, a lot of whitewashed latticework entwined with crepe-paper roses behind the bandstand, and a clientele consisting entirely of me and four overdressed, glum-looking middle-aged couples scattered hither and yon at widely separated tables around a vast, empty wasteland of a dance floor, their faces luminously impalpable in the eerie, livid pallor of the neon lights, staring baleful as ghosts out of the darkness. ("Yeah, when I got to drinkin', we lost a whole lot of fans. The young people. See, we was playin' sock hops and so on and so forth for the kids, and when they seen I was gettin' intoxicated, why, sooner or later their family, their mothers and daddies'd say, 'We just as soon you'd not go out there to that sock hop, Little Enis is playin' it, and he's drunk!'") And Enis, former 120 pounds of dynamite (with, according to that bartender at The Palms, a nine-inch fuse), had put on maybe 40 or 50 pounds, and he was wearing a suit—a brown suit—and he wasn't playing the guitar, he was conducting! ("I had got to where I'd gained a right smart of weight, too, and then it wadn't long till I got to where I'd mumble my words and couldn't play my guitar real good, I'd make a million mistakes!") Standing up there like Tex Beneke lethargically waving his empty hands (well, one of them was empty, anyhow; the other held a sloshing glassful of a poisonous-looking mixture that had to be whiskey and Coke) at a clutch of seven or eight uninspired gents in mismatched sports coats hacking and puffing away on various equally mismatched instruments, their playing so fathomlessly muddy and murky it was next to impossible to tell one song from another. The only one I was able to remember very clearly afterward was *Love Letters in the Sand*, because on that one Enis finally put down his drink and got out his guitar and did the vocal; but it still came out sounding as though they were writing the love letters in about three feet of muck at the bottom of the Slough of Despond.

I asked the waitress—a matronly lady

wearing a white uniform and white shoes and a starched white-cotton tiara, who stood above me like a nurse preparing to take my temperature with a swizzle stick—anyhow, I asked her what she knew about that hype in the newspaper ad, and she told me that Enis and the original Tabletoppers had, indeed, cut a couple of records down in Nashville back in the latter Fifties, and also that in the wake of that triumph he really had gone on the road for a while with a couple of Real Big Stars, Jerry Lee Lewis, she thought, and maybe Fats Domino besides. ("I started in the music bizness when I was ten years old, workin' in the tobaccker patch in the daytime and playin' on the ready-o station in Danville of a night. And then in the late Forties I played square dances and all up in Broadhead, Kentucky, with Esco Hankins and The Tennesseans. I went on with the Grand Ole Opry along about Fifty-one, Fifty-two, and after that I stayed around Nashville for some while and played with a fella by the name of Ferlin Huskey. Then I come back up to Lexington with a Grand Ole Opry show, which on that show besides me was Hank Snow and Martha Carson and Ferlin Huskey and Sonny James. So then I stayed up here after that, playin' the clubs and the bars.") But, Florence Nightingale reminded me, lowering her voice so that her boss (who sat idly picking his nose over the cover-charge cashbox at a table near the door) wouldn't overhear her disloyalty, all that was several years ago, and Enis does have quite a problem these days with his, you know, with his bottle. ("Well, just bein' in the clubs day in and day out, and people was just constantly sayin', 'Enis, have a drink with me, buddy!' and all, and I got to where I just constantly had a drink in my hand, [tunnelin' it down. An avn man couldn't of stood up under what I was adrinkin'. I would, uh, consume at least two quarts of whiskey. A day. Not countin' beer. And they was several times when I caught myself gettin', you know, fairly drunk.") I considered asking the waitress if perchance she was acquainted with Enis' faithful side-kick Old Blue, but she didn't exactly look like Old Blue's type, somehow, so I let it go.

By the time the band slogged out of *Love Letters in the Sand* and into *My Blue Heaven*, I was slogging out the door. Back in California, I appended that evening as a melancholy little epilog to the Enis story, and assumed I'd ne'er see Enis more, except perhaps on some far distant shore of Rockabilly Heaven.

. . .

Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose, as they say. Get this, for instance: In the summer of 1971, when I hadn't written a printable word in months and months, when my career at Stanford

(where I had been teaching since 1963) had only lately perished of an anemic bibliography, and when, for all manner of other, even more compelling reasons there's no need (thank goodness) to go into here, my life seemed to be ticking away inside my breast like a time bomb planted there by some insidious cosmic assassin, at midnight on the very eve of yet another trip to Lexington, intending merely to take a teensy little taste to help me through the packing, I accidentally dosed myself with about 2000 micrograms of what is said to be the most stupefyingly powerful acid ever circulated around San Francisco, and spent the next 12 hours clinging like a shipwrecked sailor to the sides of my king-size water bed, awash in my own terror, drowning all night long in the fathomless deeps of the certainty that I was going mad, dying, dead.

And for God's sake, don't ask what any of that has to do with Carlos Toadvine; nothing at all, probably. But I do know this much: An experience such as that will bring a man to give some serious thought to the matter of his own mortality. And by the most curious kind of coincidence, mortality was also very much on Enis' mind just then. For not many days before the morning that I, a survivor after all, came to among the flotsam and jetsam on that westernmost beachhead of my sanity, Enis had awakened in a Lexington hospital bed after a week in an alcoholic coma to the news that his liver was now approximately the size and texture of a well-done White Castle dime burger and that his next few drinks would surely be his last.

I didn't know that then, of course; in fact, I'd been in Lexington almost a month before the night Enis and I crossed paths again, the night when, in a fit of nameless angst, I did up an enormous stogie of Kentucky bluegrass and stoned my poor self to a fare-thee-well and went out driving aimlessly about town, in the vain hope that the flickering pyrotechnics in my head would shed some new light on how I might go about piecing together the myriad fragments of my life and mind. And I suppose it must have been an hour or so after I'd set out that I found myself idling my motor at the Southern Railroad crossing out on South Broadway—a workingman's neighborhood of tobacco warehouses and whiskey-by-the-drink bars and fleabag hotels and used-clothing stores—while an endless freight train oozed along before me; and after I'd sat there for several minutes my ill-used consciousness reluctantly informed me—for even a busted clock has to tell the right time twice a day—that I was right then situated directly across the street from the Scott Hotel.

Now the Scott Hotel is a great ugly old four-story pile of gray-green brick with a



"Gee, I hope you won't think me unsophisticated, but I've never been screwed in a restaurant before."



"Remember, Miss Atkins is subject to hormonal stress."

lot of quasi-Victorian afterthoughts—turrets and gables and oriels and cupolas—haphazardly affixed to its upper reaches and a neon ROOMS BY DAY OR WEEK sign in the lobby window and, around the corner, a scummy old spittoon of a tavern where, back in the days of my callow youth, I used to go sometimes to drink beer and rub shoulders with the *hoi polloi*, the way any would-Bea worthy of his whiskers was supposed to do. The tavern, though, had evidently acquired both a new name—Boots' Bar, according to the lighted sign at the corner of the building—and a whole new entertainment policy, something rather livelier than the six-flipper pinball machine that used to be its main attraction: for emblazoned on the wall facing the street, in awkwardly painted letters two feet tall, were the words GO-GO GIRLS!

For the merest fraction of a moment, thinking perhaps to make some sense of the future by contemplating the ruins of my history, I considered going in for a shot or two of 40-proof Old Blast from the Past; then, just as quickly, I thought better of it. Because Lexington's notion of Southern hospitality didn't necessarily extend to loopy-looking long-hairs in bell-bottom britches, and in 1971 there were still bars in that very neighborhood where, if Prince Valiant himself had

walked in and ordered a beer, it wouldn't have been two seconds before some good ole boy would have taken the prince's Singing Sword and stuffed it up its master's ass and made it whistle *Dixie*.

The train's caboose was in my headlights, and I had already slipped the car into gear when I glanced back and noticed that, in three-inch letters above the GO-GO GIRLS!, with clumsy little musical notes leaping off the words like fleas leaving a sinking dog, and the letter P scrawled in by some wag with a can of black spray paint, the sign said:

THE MAN WITH A GOLDEN VOICE
LITTLE PENIS!

And the next thing I knew I was hooking a hard left into the Scott's parking lot. . . . And the next after that I was standing beside a blaring jukebox at the rear of a large, dark, low-ceilinged room with so much smoke in the atmosphere that I could almost feel the droplets of nicotine condensing on my eyeballs, and dead ahead of me at the far end of the room was a flimsy little stage, and on the stage, bathed in pellucid greenish light, stood a lady about 156 years old, wearing green Day-Glo pasties and black bikini panties and white Easter parade spike-heeled pumps, her bosoms adangle on her rib cage like two Bull Durham sacks

half filled with buckshot, her stomach as scarred and dimpled as an old golf ball, her meager legs sheathed in torn nets of varicose veins, her sequin-spangled crotch thrusting fitfully to some obscure beat that she alone seemed able to discern in the strident rhythms of *Resurrection Shuffle*, which is what the jukebox happened, appropriately enough, to be playing at the moment.

"Pour it on, Lucille!" someone hollered from somewhere out there in the murk, and someone else hollered, "Let's see them titties fly!" And I saw that there were maybe 25 or 30 customers in the place, nearly all of them men, sitting in clutches of twos and threes at the tables closest to the stage, and half a dozen night-unto-bare-ass-nekkid ladies plying the sea of smoke with trays of drinks. I spotted an empty table over near the wall and made for it.

I needn't have worried about my hair. For I'd no sooner sat down than there emerged out of the gloom a tray-bearing maiden—I swear she didn't look a day over 14—habited in tasseled pasties and a sort of sequined diaper, with breasts scarcely bigger than a pair of green persimmons and a face as amiably homely as a beagle pup's, and she walked straight up to me and put out her hand to stroke my hair and said, loudly but to no one in particular, in a voice so nasal it twanged like a broken guitar string, "Shit fahr, I wisht you'd look at the heada *hair* on hee-yim!" Then, holding my locks back with her hand, she leaned over and planted a kiss as wet as a raw oyster smack in my left ear.

"Whatcha havin', California?" she inquired, rising. Suddenly I felt like Randolph Scott, when he strides into the Barbary Coast saloon with the dust of the trail still on his boots, and the dance-hall queen sidles up to him and murmurs, appreciatively, "Sa-a-a-ay! Whatcha havin', Tex?"

"Well," I said, "I guess I'll have another one of *those*, to start with." I got a wit on me like a rapier, when I'm ripped.

"Aw, naw," she said, grinning. "One to a customer, now."

I told her I'd settle for an Oertels '92, then, if she had one. On the stage the venerable Lucille, unresurrected but still gamely shuffling, creaked her way through the last few bars of her number, and a man's voice, hoarse with phlegm and static, issued from a hidden two-bit loud-speaker, wheedling, "Awright, fellas, don't set on yer hands, these girls'll work hard for you if you let 'em hear it." The disembodied voice paused to make room for a listless spatter of applause—along with two or three halfhearted catcalls—then droned on, "That was the lovely Lucille, with skin all o-ver her bod-eh! The title of that little number was called *It Won't Get Well if You Picket*; it's one of them good ole union songs."

"Who's that talking?" I asked the girl

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when she came back with my beer.

"Oh, *him*," she said sourly, gesturing vaguely toward the back of the room, where I noticed for the first time a more-rose-looking middle-aged gent sitting at a table by the jukebox with a glass of beer, three empty bottles and a microphone before him. "That's Billy Bob Todd. He's *supposed* to be some kinda comedian."

"Well, *chacun à son goût*," I said, handing her a dollar. "What about Little Enis, though? Is he going to . . . ?"

"Goo?" the girl said. "Which goo?"

But Billy Bob Todd was already answering my question for me. "And now," he was saying, "here he is, the Man with a Golden Voice, and a Million Friends, Little Penis! . . . uh, Little Enis!"

"Thank you, Billy Bird Tur . . . uh, Billy Bob Todd," said a familiar voice over the same loud-speaker, and I looked back to the stage and, sure enough, there he was, perched up there atop a tall stool with an upside-down 12-string acoustic guitar in his arms, old Enis himself in the very considerable flesh, a rotund little bodhisattva in a polo shirt and sporty white wing-tip oxfords and slacks so snugly cut you could plainly see the outline of Old Blue within them, dressing left, Enis and Blue, that immortal pair, indivisible as Damon and Pythias, Abbott and Costello, Ferrante and Teicher, together still through thin and thick, a synergy if ever there was one, Enis grinning impishly above his guitar to acknowledge the laugh he's won at the expense of Billy Birdturd, Enis' tiny right hand already fingering the frets, over the top of the guitar's neck after his own heretical fashion, Enis' left hand rising

involuntarily to smooth back that black-enamel hair, Enis smiling as he checks himself out in the full-length mirror mounted on the wall stage right and finds himself good, the best of all possible Enises, Enis bending now to his mike to say, "Welcome to Boots' supper club, here in the beautiful Hotel Scott Hilton, overlookin' the Southern Railroad tracks. . . . Now, here's a song I used to play when I was a boy down in Hogue Holler."

Out there in the raucous darkness I sat poised on the edge of my seat, waiting for the first notes of *Blue Suede Shoes* or *Rip It Up* or *Shake, Rattle and Roll*—or even *Love Letters in the Sand*—to send me off atripping down memory lane, thinking, Heh-heh, that Enis is a card, why, Enis playing *Rip It Up* in Hogue Holler would be like Wanda Landowska playing *Melancholy Baby* at a Bach recital.

Right; no doubt about it. But chances are they do play *Wildwood Flower* in Hogue Holler, and that's what Enis was playing now, flat-picking like a fool, little clusters of notes as sweet and delicate as periwinkles spilling from that scratchy old loud-speaker above my head.

"How about it, California? You gonna pay me for that beer or not?"

"Oh, sorry," I said, abashed, "but I never heard Enis play bluegrass before. He used to play just rock 'n' roll, mostly." Uh-huh, I reminded myself as I fished a dollar from my pocket, that's what had set my mind adrift, all right. Bluegrass.

"Well," she said, "far as I'm concerned, I've done heard enough of that old hill-billy shit down home in Crab Orchard to

do me for a lifetime. But Enis's been real sick, in the hospital, you know, he can't jump around the way he used to. Hey, I bet they don't play that old hill-billy shit out there in California, do they? Shit *fahr*, I wisht I was in California and Crab Orchard, Kentucky, had a feather up its ass. Then me and it'd both be tickled."

"You'd be better off to stay where you are," I assured her. "Everybody in California talks about comin' to Kentucky, these days."

"Well," she said gloomily, "I shore do hope some of 'em comes to Crab Orchard, then."

She started to move on to the next table, but—especially since she was escaping with my change still on her tray—I figured I was entitled to another question. "Hey, Crab Orchard," I called after her, "how's Old Blue? He hasn't been sick, too, has he?"

"Blue?" she said, already moving off again. "I don't know nobody by that name."

Uh-oh, I thought, this may be more serious than I'd supposed. (How was it that old folk song went, the one about the hound dog? "When Old Blue died, he died so hard/He shook the ground in my back yard"?) But Enis sure didn't look like a sick man, up there blithely plucking those bouquets of wildflowers off the face of his guitar like Mary, Mary, quite contrary; in fact, he looked perfectly fine, fat and sassy and full of vinegar, his hair still black and sleek, his close-set eyes still aglint with that old devilment, his jaw still jutting with that old bulldog audacity, all in all the spittin' image of J. Edgar Hoover's renegade kid brother, you know, the wild one that ran away to join a rock-'n'-roll band 20 years ago and never has been heard from since.

And when he polished off *Wildwood Flower* and eased on into *Loose Talk*, and began to sing ("When I go out walkin'/There's lots of loose talkin'"), his voice seemed to me clearer and stronger and surer than ever; in the refrain ("We may have to leave here/To find peace of mind, dear"), it fairly rang with the doleful, plangent tones of that chronic melancholia that, in country music, almost inevitably afflicts backstairs lovers, like a kind of psychic venereal disease.

But it was a tough house—mostly, they were there to see them titties fly—and such applause as *Loose Talk* pulled down was decidedly light and sparse. Next Enis took on *Six Days on the Road*, Dave Dudley's truck-driver classic, but that failed him, too; this time I clapped for him almost alone, and the forlorn sound of my applause disappeared with scarcely a trace into the general hubbub of social intercourse within the ranks of the audience.

"Awright now," Enis said dispiritedly,



"While you're at it, Mac, see if you can dig up an honest dame!"



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"I'm gonna play somethin' real soft this time, so I can hear you all talk."

He did an *I Kept the Wine and Threw Away the Rose* that could only have been sung by a man who'd lived it—but the trouble was that half the audience had lived it, too, and evidently they weren't quite drunk enough just yet to want to be reminded of it, so in the main they ignored it completely. Enis filled out the set with Buck Owens' *Sam's Place* and Hank Williams' *Lovesick Blues* and *Your Cheatin' Heart*, and then, looking really dejected, he mumbled something about taking a break and switched off his mike.

"Thank you, Little Enis!" cried Billy Bob Todd. "Give him a nice hand, fellas! Enis was brought to you by the makers of Black Draught. He'll be back in a little bit, brought to you by the makers of Blue Ointment! But *now* . . ."

At Billy Bob's urging, they finally rewarded Enis with a nice respectable little hand, and he smiled and waved and bobbed his head in the approved how-sweet-it-is fashion, like a diminutive Jackie Gleason. But when he eased himself off his stool, a sudden pain somewhere in his vitals pinched off the smile into a fleeting grimace, and I knew then that Crab Orchard's diagnosis was essentially right on the money: Little Enis, the original Glutton for Punishment, was definitely not a well man.

"But *now*, fellas," Billy Bob went on as Enis stashed his guitar and stool in the wings, "we got a very beautiful girl for you: this girl comes from a very large family—one mother and 12 fathers—here she is, the Queen of the Jungle, the lovely Edna!"

Little Richard struck up *Bony Maronie* on the jukebox and the lovely Edna, a portly, double-chinned dumpling in a foot-tall blonde boaffant wig and tasseled pasties and fake-leopardskin bikini bottoms, waddled onstage and began sort of marching in place to the music, phlegmatically hunching her suety loins every fifth or sixth beat but mainly just picking up first one foot and then the other, as if she needed to go to the bathroom and had found the door locked.

"Sooo-oo-oo-ooeeeeeey!" Billy Bob hollered. Edna, sullen beneath her wig, flipped him the finger and trudged on.

The next time Crab Orchard steamed past with her tray I flagged her down and ordered another beer. When she brought it I asked her what it had been that had put Enis in the hospital. "I thank it was his liver," she told me, almost gaily. "They say the whiskey's just about eat it right out of him." But she said if I wanted to talk to him during his break, I'd find him sitting in the little room beyond the bar (I looked where she was pointing in time to see Enis, his

rotund silhouette ballooning up from those pegged pants cuffs, trundle through the doorway like a toy top wobbling on its spindle), and—same old Enis—there wasn't nothing in this world, she said, that he liked better than for somebody to go back there and fuss over him a little.

All right, I thought when she was gone, suppose I do go back and talk to him: what then? It's sure to be another downer. I figured. First there'd be the awkward inevitabilities—"Uh, Mr., uh, Enis, you probably don't remember me, but I used to . . ."—and then we'd settle down to a long, carefully considered discussion of . . . what? The Influence of the Elizabethan Bardic Tradition upon the Works of Toadvine? The fact that I'd been Doing him ("Do Enis, Ed! Do Enis!") at cocktail parties for nearly 15 years now? The fact that the world was going to hell in a handbasket, and the both of us were going with it? No way.

"Looka *there*, fellas!" Billy Bob whooped. "Ain't that the loveliest sight you ever seen?" He was directing the beam from an oversized flashlight through the smoky darkness at the lovely Edna, Queen of the Jungle, who now stood with her back to the audience; as the beam of light settled on her already almost naked backside, she reached behind her and hooked her thumbs in the waistband of her leopardskin panties and lowered them to the tops of her thighs, the better that we might behold her loveliness in all its cloven, dimpled splendor. "Edna, honey," Billy Bob implored, "show these boys how you can make that right one wink at 'em, now! Watch that right-hand one, boys!" Edna obligingly bunched and twitched the muscles in her right buttock, and set it to jiggling like a dish of vanilla pudding. "Look at that, fellas! I tell you, boys, a man could write a book about a thing like that!"

Well, by God, Billy Bob, a man could, at that, couldn't he? Not a book, of course, and not about Edna's ass, of course; but if a man was half a writer he could situate old Enis in this place, this Boots' Bar where human frailty seems endlessly on parade, and do an interview or something that might—if a man was half a writer—reveal a hell of a lot about fame's dereliction and fate's treachery, about . . . mortality.

Sure, why not? I could go back into the past and fulfill that ancient promise, it would be a sort of second chance to set at least that one small alcove of my untidy history in order; and maybe I'd even learn something in the process, maybe he'd tell me what it was like to *really* go down for the third time and then come to and find oneself still struggling against the tide of circumstance. And right outside in my car, buried beneath the debris of my travels, didn't I just happen to have my trusty little portable tape recorder? And also outside in the car, was there not

a roach the size of an El Producto? The times, they are awastin'!

In a trice I was in the front seat of the car, rooting through the ashtray after my roach, and in twice that trice I'd found it and fired it up and was in the back seat rooting through moldy sleeping bags after my tape recorder, and in thrice that trice I was standing over Enis' table in the back room of Boots' Bar (where Enis sat, alone and glumly pensive, over a cup of poisonous-looking coffee), holding out the tape recorder so he couldn't miss it and saying, "Uh, Mr., uh, Enis, you probably don't remember me, but, uh," and Enis, instantly perking up and eying the tape recorder as thirstily as he might a fifth of J. T. S. Brown, was saying, "An *innerview*, huh? You know, when I was with Jerry Lee Lewis, we was inner-viewed just about ever day, by ever ready-o station between here to Australia. Yeah, that guy over there was real comical, the way they talk and everthang."

And suddenly the Ed 'n' Enis Show was on the air again, me and Enis caught in our own intimate time warp, me telling Enis how the article I intended to write about him was bound to make him even richer and more famous than the one I'd almost written 15 years ago for my American-folklore class would surely have rendered him, Enis telling me how he'd once been all set to get rich and famous on his own, how he'd gone on the road with Jerry Lee Lewis and played Lost Vegas with Fats Domino, how he was doing all right for himself until he came back to Lexington and the bottle brought him down ("When I was out here to the nuthouse, tryin' to get myself straightened out, they put me in this occupational therapy, you know? To occupy your mind? So they give me this big wad of clay, and says, 'Now, you make whatever's on your mind, Enis.' So I made me a little canoe, see, and a little Indian alayin' in it. Not doin' nothin', just alayin' there! And painted it blue! The whole thing, boat and Indian and all! And that shrinker says, 'Now, Enis, what do you reckon that stands for?' And I says, 'Why, it looks to me like that's just what was occupyin' my mind! Nothin'! Not one thing! I reckon I'm just like that old Indian!'), and how . . .

(Along about here on the tape is where the lovely Edna, carrying an empty tray in one hand and cupping the right side of her jaw in the other, comes slouching in and sinks into a chair and moans, "Aaaaah, shit, I can't wait no more goddamn tables, I got a goddamn abscess tooth! Plus it's my goddamn period. Lemme hide out back here with you all for a minute.")

(Out front somebody is indifferently plucking at a guitar. I tilt my chair back to where I can look through the door into the other room and see that Billy Bob Todd has mounted the stage and is



"And I especially want to thank the media for the marvelous coverage during my campaign."

sitting on Enis' stool, with Enis' guitar across his lap. He is getting about as much music from it as Enis would from flat-picking a barbed-wire fence.

("That son of a bitch Billy Bob is gonna get my guitar outta tune again," Enis says grumpily. "He thinks he's a picker. Sheeit. He couldn't pick his mother out of a nigger parade.")

(Edna, gingerly probing along her gum line with a grubby forefinger, notices the tape-recorder mike at her elbow. "What're you all doin'?" she snickers around her finger. "Broadcastin' to outer space?")

(Well, *hidy* out there in the void, friends and neighbors, this here's your Ed 'n' Enis Show, where all the action's at; we got it all right here, we got crude dudes and lewd nudes, we got Ed and Enis and Edna's Ass, we got Old Blue and Billy Birdturd, we got Twenty Girls Twenty, we got—

("This boy here," Enis is telling Edna, setting her straight, "this boy here is Ned McManahan, he's a p'fessor at a col-letch. He's fixin' to write a book on my life story.")

(We got, like I said, the same old Enis. But Edna coolly appraises me, and is plainly not impressed. "The nerve is dying," she declares as her finger disappears into her mouth again. "The gobgamm nerve is dying.")

And how, Enis went on, this last time the high life had almost laid him low for keeps ("Well, we was playin' out here to Comer's Bar, and I just keeled over right there on the stage, and never woke up till eight days later. And when I come out of my coma that doctor told me if I was to start drinkin' again I wouldn't live a good two weeks. See, they had went up in me with a tube and tuck a picture of my liver, and it wadn't no bigger around than that! And just afloatin' in there! So what I mean, I just don't hardly have no liver left for me to consume any amount of alcoholic beverages whatsoever. 'Cause you just as well start talkin' to the Good Man Upstairs, when your liver goes out on you.")

I heard the click inside the tape recorder that told me we were out of tape, which was just as well, because a moment later Crab Orchard came in to remind Enis that it was almost midnight, time for his last set.

"Hey, Enis," I said, on sudden inspiration, "Miss Crab Orchard here says she's never been introduced to Old Blue! How'd you ever let that happen?"

Despite the miseries in her tooth, the lovely Edna managed a knowing smile at the mention of Old Blue's honored name. But Enis, to my surprise, took my question at face value and answered it accordingly.

"Well," he began gravely. "your liver, see, controls all the har-mone cells in your body. And after I come out of that hospital, I reckon I just didn't have no har-mones left, hardly. But they been givin' me these shots, and it won't be no time now before—" Noticing Crab Orchard standing over him looking characteristically perplexed, he broke off and, grinning suddenly, reached out and patted her naked haunch. "Aww, yeah, Crab Apple, honey," he said, "you'd like Old Blue, if you just knowed him. He's got a head like a house cat and ribs like a hungry hound."

This time Crab Orchard got it. She giggled and slapped lightly at Enis' hand and went through the standard Oh-Enis-you-awful-thang-you routine, but it was obvious she didn't really mean it. She even blushed a little, as if something within her recognized that his very lubricity bespoke a crazy kind of boyish innocence, that after his own fashion he was being a perfect gentleman, he was being *courtly*; Old Blue was his Excalibur, and Enis had presented him to her even as the gallants of King Arthur's court must have offered up their swords in service to their ladies.

"Listen here, you dirty man," Crab Orchard said, still smiling, "if you're so hot to trot, why'n't you go out there and play me some rock 'n' roll? I'm *tard* of that old country shit."

"Hey, yeah!" I put in. "Do some Jerry Lee Lewis songs! Do Elvis!"

"Oh, Lordy," Enis said, wincing as he struggled to his feet, "I don't know. I got awful bad water on the knee tonight, I don't know if I can. . . ."

He'd do it, though, I realized as I watched him go gamely limping off after Crab Orchard; he'd do it because there was a show happening in his head, too, a one-man spectacular starring Carlos Toadvine as the Incomparable Enis, and *that* show must go on, water on the knee or no. He'd do it because he was a trouper, a real little trouper. And besides, if Carlos Toadvine missed a performance, who *else* could play the part?

"Sounds like Old Blue's been under the weather, too," I said to Edna as I gathered up my gear to move into the other room.

Edna favored me with yet another smile, a wistful one this time. "Aww, that Enis," she mused fondly, a faraway look in her eye. "He sure used to be some-thin', he sure did." I started to ask her if she'd care to make a statement to that effect for publication, but just then a sudden twinge in her tooth brought that wet slug of a finger back into her mouth, so I reconsidered and went on out.

By the time I'd picked up a beer at the bar and found myself a table, Enis was onstage, perched on his stool retuning his guitar after Billy Bob's irreverent trifling. His melancholia had evidently



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passed; he was grinning, and that roguish gleam was in his eye again, that incorrigible vintage-Enis cheekiness that, inscribed upon this roly-poly latter-day Enis' chubby little features, put me in mind of a concupiscent choirboy, a randy cherub. Right then it wouldn't have surprised me in the least if Old Blue himself had come dancing out on Enis' knee, spiffy as Mr. Peanut, with a little top hat and a monocle and maybe a little white wing-tip collar and a walking stick, Old Stage Door Johnny Blue doing a sprightly buck and wing to the tune of *Fit as a Fiddle*. Somehow I was already beginning to suspect that this set just might turn out to be an altogether different story from the last one.

"The girls'll be back in a minute, fellas," Billy Bob advised us. "They're shaving right now. But here's the man you've all been waitin' for, the Man with a Golden Voice, the one and only, the *fabulous Little Enis!*"

A small pitapat of applause greeted the announcement, but the audience was still decidedly restive, still a good deal more taken up with its own concerns—ordering another round of beer, going out to take a leak, grab-assing the waitresses—than it was with whatever Enis had to offer. This time, though, Enis was up to the challenge; he was eying his indifferent audience as cockily as the lecherous pissant in that old joke, the one who crawls up an elephant's ass with rape on his mind.

But the first order of business was to get the elephant's attention. "Now, here's a nice little song," Enis said, "if you like nasty dirty old songs." He picked off a tantalizingly swift run of warm-up notes, then added, "But this song ain't *really* dirty. It's just all dependin' where your *mind* is at.

"Any ice today, ladies?"

"Any ice today, ladies?"

"How about a little piece today?"

That did it; as the song went on ("There's a lady lives on Ninth Street/Her name is Missuz Brown/She takes ice most ev'ry day/Got the biggest box in town"), it got ranker ("There's a lady lives on Tenth Street/Her name is Missuz Green/She don't get no ice today/'Cause her damned old box ain't clean") and ranker ("I'm a vurry nice iceman/I won't cheat you, of course/But if you want a bigger piece/I'll have to get my horse"), and the ranker the song became the more clamorously the crowd acclaimed it; it woke them up and broke them up, jacked them up and cracked them up, they cheered and clapped and stomped and whistled so lustily that by the end of the last verse ("I'm a vurry nice iceman/That's vurry plain to see/But hurry up and put it in/It's drippin' . . . on . . . m' knee"), the din of their

enthusiasm nearly drowned out the final chorus.

"Aw, yeah," Enis said as soon as they'd settled back a bit. "I'm a go-getter. My wife works and I go get 'er!" With that he launched into a *Salty Dog* as spiritedly priapic as a sailor home on shore leave; and in the little theater inside my head Old Blue danced onstage again, an amorous old salt in Navy bell-bottoms and a tiny white swabbie cap cocked low and rakish on his beetled brow, like Gene Kelly in *Anchors Aweigh*. As Blue took his bow and cakewalked off into the wings, Enis stopped a go-go lady who was just then passing before the stage—a hefty, hulking, heavy-breasted, witless-looking girl in a wig like a double-dip cone of Dairy Whip—and said, "Hey, Big Un, honey, would you brang me a Co-Cola? Maybe I can *drownd* this goddamn liver." While she slouched off to fetch it he killed time with a few more bars of *Salty Dog*, just idling his motor, letting us know he wasn't finished with us yet, not by a long shot. When the Big Un came back with his little glass of Coke he tossed the whole thing off in one long swallow and wiped his mouth with the back of his hand. "Now, then, sweetheart," he said, pointing the bottom of the glass at her incandescent orange Day-Glo-tasseed dug as he handed it back to her, "let's me and you show these boys how you can start them things by hand on a cold mornin'." The Big Un, recognizing her cue, nodded happily and set down her tray and turned to face the audience, and Enis said, "Now, here's a little number I learnt from Jerry Lee Lewis," and laced into *Great Balls of Fire*, and the Big Un, bouncing in double time on her toes, grabbed herself a handful of her left breast and gave it a vicious counterclockwise flip and set its tassel to spinning, slowly and erratically at first, like the prop on Jimmy Stewart's plane in one of those old You-can't-send-the-kid-up-in-a-crate-like-that movies, then faster and faster as she warmed up, as Enis warmed up—"Hook it, Enis!" somebody hollered. "Hook it, son!"—and then she laid hold of her right breast and cranked it up and flung it the way she had the other one, only clockwise this time, she was a twin-prop DC-3 revving up on the runway, her prop wash swirled the smoke that hung before her, and now Enis was really digging in, really getting after it—"Y' shake m' nerves and y' rattle m' brain/Too much *luhthv*/Drives a man *insane*"—the all-America left-handed upside-down guitar player had his chops back, for now, at least; that big 12-string rang out as though Jerry Lee Lewis himself had taken up residence inside it, Jerry Lee and a concert grand piano and the entire New York Philharmonic Orchestra—"Y' broke m' will/But what a *threee-ill*"—the *Enis Hour* was on the air, brought to you in living Eniscolor

through the miracle of Enisvision, featuring the interpretive dance stylings of the Lovely Big Un and the noted impressionist Old Blue (there he is now, that little dude in the double-breasted serge waiting in the wings, all set to step forward into the living rooms of America and hunch his shoulders up inside his coat and pop his knuckles and say, "Reecely big shew, reecely big-big shew!"), and starring the Enis the World Awaited, the Man with a Golden Voice, and a Million Friends, the Man with . . .

"*Good-nis gray-shus, gvet balls o' fieyer!*"

But how about that curious-looking long-haired party out there in the audience, the one in the California getup, the one with his 40th birthday hard upon him and his mind blown as full of holes as Enis' liver, the one who's leaping half out of his chair, hollering, "Do Elvis, Enis! Do *All Shook Up!* Do *Hound Dog!* Do *Lawdy Miss Clawdy!* Do . . ."? Could that be . . .?

Uh-huh; me again. The Old Loose End again, the Famous Arthur again, stoned again. The more things change, the more they stay the same, and here comes another one, just like the other one. Because in a flash it was 1957, and Enis was down off that stool and on his feet, and his left knee—water and all—was pumping inside his pants as though he wore a jackhammer for a kneepad, and he was kind of seesawing his guitar back and forth across the swell of his belly and cranking away at the face of it like a demented organ-grinder, singing, "Well, bless-a mah soul, whuzz-a wrong wi' me?/Ah'm a-eetchin' lak a bug on a fuzze-trec," and the Big Un was about to take off into the wild blue yonder (over yonder, meanwhile, the Wild Blue his ownself, decked out now in a polo shirt and pegged slacks and white wing tips just like Enis', danced a frolicsome dirty boogie with his shadow in the farthermost corner of the stage), verily it was 1957, and Eisenhower was in the White House and I was in my prime and Enis was in the chips and Old Blue was in the pink, and we were all in The Palms (not Eisenhower, of course, just Enis and Blue and me), and all around us folks was dancin' them niggery dances, and I was belaboring my tabletop with all my old abandon—like Enis, at least for now I had my chops back—everything had slipped back into synch, I could *recognize* myself again, I mean I'd know that guy *anywhere*, no matter *what* disguise he wore, that's just old Fred Callahan from out at the colletch, he's your basic all-time Little Enis freak, he's been trying to find his way back to this moment for nearly 15 years and now at last he's here, he and Enis and Old Blue, too, they're a little the worse for the wear, but they've all made it this far more or less

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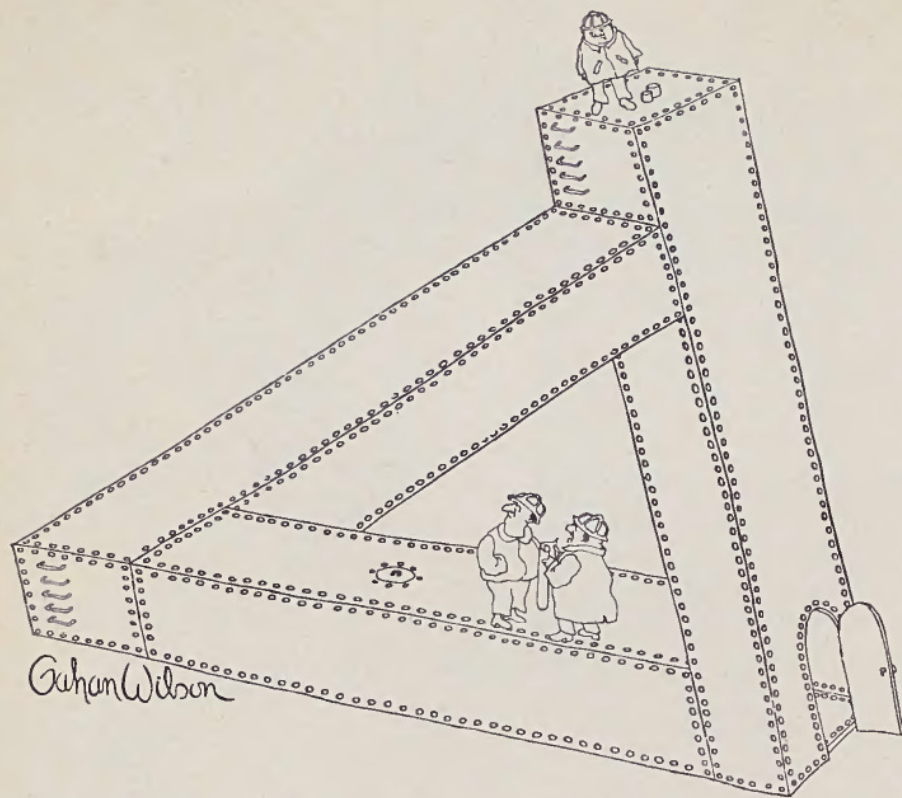
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"Let's have another look at the blueprint."

intact, Old Blue can still rise to the occasion when he's had his booster shots, and The Enis That Shook the World can shake it still, and their accompanist Jed McHanaclan, the old California mutant, is still the premiere tabletop percussionist in all of Rockabillydom, just listen at 'em wail, just listen at that *Lawdy Miss Clawdy*, that *Hi-Yo Silver*, that *Hound Dog*, that *Kansas City*, that *Blue Suede Shoes*, why, these boys coulda been stars if they'd just kept that act together, Enis would be on the cover of *Rolling Stone* and *PLAYBOY* would run a full-color spread of Lucille and Crab Orchard and Edna and the Big Un and all the Enisettes and *The New Yorker* would commission John Updike to do a four-part profile of Old Blue, *Psychology Today* would editorialize on the phenomenon of Enis envy in American culture and TedNedFredJed would deliver a brilliant lecture entitled "The Influence of the Elizabethan Bardic Tradition upon the Works of Toadvine" at the Juilliard Colletch of Musical Knowletch, they coulda made it big, they coulda played Carnegie Hall, they coulda been by-God immortal!

Ah, but what voice is this I hear, croaking down at me across the years from the pedagogical summit I so long ago aspired to? "Now, then, Mr. McClanahan, in his *Ode on Intimations of Immortality*, Wordsworth asks himself the rhetorical question 'Whither is fled the visionary gleam?/Where is it now, the glory and

the dream?' Perhaps you could tell us—*pull yourself together, man!*—how the poet, in his maturity, consoles himself in the poem's closing quatrain for the loss of that youthful vision of immortality?"

Why, certainly, Dr. Earwigg (I might've answered if I hadn't skipped out on all those seminars), I do believe the lines in question are, if memory serves, the following:

*Thanks to the human heart by which
we live,
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and
fears,
To me the meanest flower that blows
can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep
for tears.*

. . .

Coda:

Enis has been drinking again.

Time warped on, you see, and suddenly it's 1973 somehow and, thanks to a miraculous intervention with the iron logic of history by some old friends of mine in academe, I have ended up back in Lexington as this year's Visiting Eminence on the staff of the very English department with which I so ignominiously parted company all those years ago. I finally began writing about Enis when I arrived here last fall, and in these last few months my head—that dilapidated old ruin I once called Home—has become the repository of the world's most

definitive collection of Enisana, its rickety shelves filled to overflowing with a wild profusion of Enisdotes and Enisisms, Enisography and Enisology and Enisthetics. I have even seen a photograph of Old Blue; the faded-rose tint of the color Polaroid snapshot rendered him a wee bit wan and peaked, but even in repose his dimensions were truly awesome. "Now, this here," Enis said as he handed me the photo, "this here is good art." There, now: Enisthetics. What'd I tell you?

Enis, meanwhile, has moved on—and up—from Boots' Bar to a plastic-posh supper club called the Embers Inn, where he makes pretty good money providing diversion during the cocktail hour for a crowd of local used-car dealers and horseplayers wetting their whistles after a hard day's toil in their respective callings. And Enis has lately taken to marinating his own poor desiccated liver in a daily quart or two or three of Mateus wine. ("Aw, yeah," he says, "I like to have me a little sip of ro-zay ever now and then.") He has gained another 30 or 40 pounds, and some days there's a jaundiced cast to his eye. Seeing him, I am reminded that a linguist friend of mine once suggested that "Toda-vinney" probably used to mean "all the wine."

Notice, though, that I said Enis *has been* drinking, not Enis *is* drinking; Enis is drinking was last week. This week Enis has quit drinking; he has also bought himself a maroon 1968 Cadillac convertible and a poodle with painted toenails. And the more things stay the same, the more they change.

His friends worry about his health, but their concern doesn't cut much ice with Enis. "Shoot, you can't teach me nothin'," he was telling some of us last week out at the Embers. "I got all five volumes of *The Book of Knowletch*. Cost me three hunderd dollars."

With that he hooked back the second brimful glass of Mateus I'd seen him down during that particular 15-minute break (this was *last week*, right?) and hauled himself to his feet. "Now, Ned," he said, turning to me, "if you'll get out your pencil and paper, I'll sing you a song that tells a whole lot on my life story. You might could use some of the words to it for an endin' on your book, maybe." And a minute later he was up there caressing his guitar as gently as a lover, keening, in a voice that could crack the hardest heart that ever beat.

*"Oh, I'm walkin' on the sidewalks of
Chicago,
If I buy the bread I can't afford the
wine.
Yes I'm walkin' on the sidewalks of
Chicago,
Wishin' I had lived some other
time. . . ."*



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phenomenon is fairly common, and that many of the people who jump from the Golden Gate Bridge have talked about it that way. They view "the Bridge" as a magical ally, an alternative to hopelessness, to be invoked at times of stress. I don't question a person's right to take his or her life, but I don't think we should make it attractive. It is our responsibility to demystify the Golden Gate Bridge, to remove it from the symbolic landscape of the potential suicide. A rail would perform this function, as does the suicide-prevention rail on the Empire State Building. If the bridge had such a rail a few years ago, my brother might have kept on driving into Sausalito, for a drink or a movie and, perhaps, he might have found a realistic alternative to death.

(Name withheld by request)
San Francisco, California

THE DEATH OF YOUR CHOICE

It seems obvious to me that, slavery having been abolished everywhere in the world, the individual is the property of neither the state nor the church. But our society does not admit this, as is demonstrated by the fact that suicide is still a controversial question. A person who attempts suicide is punished by being classified as a mental case, locked up in a hospital and subjected to unwanted psychiatric treatment. *Newsweek* magazine reports that in 1972 the number of people who were forcibly incarcerated for attempted suicide was ten times the number who actually killed themselves.

I would agree that a suicidal person who disturbs or endangers others—by jumping into a crowded street, for example—should be punished, if he lives. But, aside from that, I think society should either leave the person alone or else facilitate his desire by providing the means for a pleasant, painless death.

Manuel Gonzalez
Miami, Florida

THE RIGHT TO DIE

Some commentators, declaring that man has a right to die as well as a right to live, accuse supporters of suicide-prevention efforts of arrogantly denying this right and of coercing suicide attempters into psychiatric incarceration. Or they claim we're ineffective in stopping anyone who really wants to kill himself.

Few of us in this field would contest the right of the individual to commit suicide. Your body belongs to you, and no one should interfere with your treatment of it unless you ask for help or become a threat to public safety. As for forcible hospitalization, of course it sounds odious. But if a potential suicide, or someone close to him, does ask for help, we consider it a medical emergency and may hospitalize such a person for a short time. In California, the average hospitali-

zation in such cases is fewer than three days. In the past ten years, our center has sent ambulances to rescue up to 50 people a month (generally for stomach pumping). Not one of them has ever complained later of coercion.

The familiar comment "Callers don't jump, jumpers don't call," like most either/or statements, is unfair. Indeed, many sufferers will commit suicide without calling for help when the pain becomes overwhelming; but many others do call for help and are glad to receive emotional support. Some will make it and will live for years, others will not. Also, there are many people who, at times, feel so depressed and miserable that they wish they could die. We claim such people deserve a bit of love, a long talk with a friendly person when the night is too dark.

Roger Cornut, M.S.W.
Executive Director
San Francisco Suicide Prevention, Inc.
San Francisco, California

RESURRECTING THE DEATH PENALTY

Since the Supreme Court's June 1972 decision abolishing the death penalty, more than 20 states have enacted new capital-punishment laws that they hope to squeeze through loopholes in the decision. Arguments that the death penalty is expensive, ineffective and self-defeating—that it brutalizes the society that uses it and teaches only the ugly lesson that killing is acceptable when it is thought expedient by those with the power to kill—have been brushed aside.

Crime is a serious problem, a complex problem with complicated causes. Its effective solution requires more hard work and bold imagination than most politicians are willing to devote to it. They find it easier to feed on crime than to deal with it, so they promote senseless but dramatic shows such as the passage of death-penalty statutes to distract the public from their failure to come up with sensible and workable anti-crime programs. To cover their tracks, they perpetuate the myth that capital punishment is a necessary deterrent to crime.

PLAYBOY's readers should write to their state and Federal legislative representatives and ask four questions: First, where does the representative stand on the issue of the death penalty? Second, if he favors the death penalty, does he have any hard evidence that death is a more effective deterrent to crime than is imprisonment, and what specifically is that evidence? Third, has he read any studies of the relative costs to the taxpayer of capital punishment as compared with other methods for suppressing violent crime, and what do these studies show? Fourth, do his answers to the second and third questions establish that the death penalty is worth what we pay for it and justifies the taking of human life?

Those who are not satisfied with the answers they get should consider whether or not they want to continue to be used by politicians who would make all of us responsible for unjustified killing conducted in our names. People who want to contribute to the fight against this purposeless and vicious form of punishment can do so by mailing a tax-exempt check to N.A.A.C.P. Legal Defense Fund, 10 Columbus Circle, Suite 2030, New York, New York 10019.

Anthony Amsterdam
Stanford Law School
Stanford, California

In November 1972, the people of California passed Proposition 17, which restored laws imposing capital punishment after the U. S. Supreme Court abolished it. The state legislature has passed and Governor Reagan has signed a bill that extends the death penalty by making it mandatory for many crimes.

In my own view, the only conceivable justification for capital punishment would be if it did, in fact, deter persons from committing homicide or other violent crimes. The California legislature has had hearings each year and has taken thousands of pages of testimony on this question. My analysis of the testimony is that there is no evidence that the death penalty deters anyone from committing crimes. We know that states that are comparable in terms of population and economic characteristics have substantially the same homicide rate, regardless of whether these states make murder a capital offense.

Perhaps most important, continuation of the death penalty will give society a false sense of security. It will not deter murders or other violent crimes but it will deflect attention from measures that could prevent crime by removing many of its causes—causes such as unemployment, racism, inadequate education, lack of mental and physical health services, poor housing, drug abuse and lack of gun control. Until we are willing to make financial commitments to remove the causes of crime, none of us is safe.

In short, I do not believe that we can exact the death penalty with the hope of saving lives. For this reason, as well as for my deep philosophical opposition to state-sanctioned killings, I have opposed efforts to restore capital punishment.

Alan Sieroty
California State Assembly
Sacramento, California

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*"You're too late, Sir Roger. I've already been
corrupted by the big city."*

THE BOMB LIVES!

(continued from page 116)

it with false information and jamming signals.

On a tiny windowless deck directly below the pilots sit the bombardier and the navigator. They are surrounded with glowing red dials, radarscopes, computer racks, banks of switches and gauges. They customarily refer to their dark little underdeck as *the wine cellar*. It is here the button is pushed that causes the bomb load to drop or the missiles slung under the wings to fire. The button is prominently situated at the right hand of the bombardier. But it is not the simple gadget seen in World War Two movies on TV, where the bombardier in the fleeced leather cap closes one eye, lines up the cross hairs and presses down with his thumb. This is a computer-operated mechanism with a radarscope that paints a picture of the target terrain before the flight gets there and automatically releases the bombs to arrive at that target. The load of 108 iron bombs of the kind we dropped on Vietnam and Laos and Cambodia gives a very slight physical indication to the crew at the moment it leaves the plane—perhaps a slight upward bump in flight; nuclear bombs will give no physical indication at all that they are gone.

The bomb bay of the B-52 is capacious, taking up the entire undersection between the fore and aft landing wheels. It is roughly the size of a mass grave.

I should have thought this grisly flying

machine was sufficient to its task. But it is virtually obsolete. Our recent adventures in Southeast Asia have given the plane a contemporaneous sheen, but the last one was made in 1962. The truth is the B-52 is an electrical nightmare. I was told this by a senior officer who pointed to some of the miles of wires running like nerves through the organs and limbs of the plane. The eight jet engines themselves are indestructible and can run forever. But the electronics are a bitch. That is why the Air Force has a new craft in mind that it hopes will replace the B-52 in not too many years. It is a needle-nosed superbomber whose wings can be extended or folded in close, depending on the exigencies of flight. That is more in the manner of a bird than the 52. This new plane, it is said, will fly so low and under the guidance of such advanced electronic navigating equipment that it will practice terrain avoidance, a radar-proof kind of flight that literally silhouettes the contours of the ground. The plane has been designated the B-1, thus suggesting a new era, as with the coming of Christ. At SAC headquarters, a visitor walking through the front door sees displayed in the lobby a gleaming-white model of the B-1 mounted on a stand. It is the kind of model to make a boy gasp. It resembles a Brancusi and is fair indication of the shame of the military mind—that it finds instruments of destruction beautiful. We may all share

that weakness to one degree or another, but we are not all consumers of weapons technology. I subscribe to the idea that if the B-52 is an electrical nightmare, the B-1 will hardly be less so. It is a peculiar fact that in the two days I was a visitor to two separate Air Force installations, one staff car assigned to the officer escorting me would not start, the window knob of another staff car came off in the driver's hand and the slide projector in the briefing room at SAC headquarters caught fire and burned up a slide. Technology has its demons, does it not? As I watched the burning slide projected on the screen, it first turned red, and then it turned black, and then it dissolved in white light, scorching outward from the center in what seemed to my eyes the shape of a human body.

The select SAC crews at Minot, North Dakota, live with their planes on seven-day alerts, grueling periods of awesome yet tedious responsibility during which they are billeted close to the flight line. They live in captivity to the equipment. They must sign for their planes and their bombs. They may be visited by their families on Sundays in special visitation trailers set up for that purpose. Until 1968, it was our custom to keep one or more flights of B-52s armed with nuclear warheads continuously in the air. But in January of that year, one of the planes crashed in Thule, Greenland, and the radioactive effulgence of four thermonuclear bombs was sprayed over the snow. Since that time, ground-alert procedures have been in effect. The bombers are said to be able to be airborne well within the response time provided by the Distant Early Warning system. Ground-alert techniques are practiced regularly by SAC crews—particularly a pattern of minimum-interval take-offs in which the B-52s and their mating tankers, the K-135s of *Dr. Strangelove* fame, roar down the runway in each other's exhaust or jet wash something under 15 seconds apart. What this means is that they take off on each other's tails under conditions approximating gusty winds. It must have seemed to some chief of staff at one time or another that in a genuine alert, a flight of lumbering B-52s taking to the air in their own turbulence more or less at the same time while loaded with thermonuclear bombs would be a reasonable risk.

The members of the B-52 flight crew I spoke with were a personable lot, amiable, if correct, and with that kind of disposition to banter of people who do their job well and have reason to think they are envied and admired. Certainly, their commanding officer seemed to admire them. Since Vietnam, the military have huddled closer among themselves and are wary of outsiders. The crew members wore colorful shoulder patches designating them as veterans of the 11 Day War. I had heard of the six-day war of the



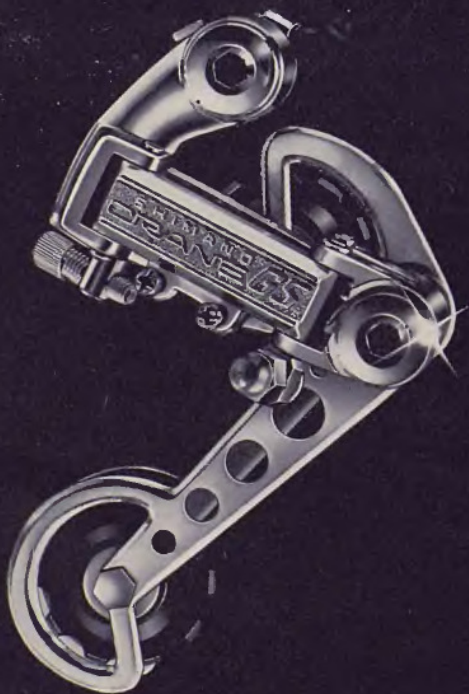
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Israelis in 1967, but I didn't know about the 11-day war. It is what the Air Force calls our Christmas 1972 bombing of Hanoi.

I would venture that in the Strategic Air Command, the flight crews are almost all hostages to their love of flying. To love flying is to want to be free of the gravity of the body and the mind. But flying a nuclear-armed bomber is another story, and a rueful one, I suspect, in the view of pilots. When they fly these bombers, they sit strapped in over their bombs and they are programmed in everything they do. Their training is designed to prepare them for all eventualities, and the operating procedures leave little room for independent judgment. When you fly these mothers, you are a sequence of learned responses. When you live in technology, you become a technological man. "If the go code came, I would drop the bomb," the pilot of this crew told me. "I wouldn't know what else to do."

The men who fly the B-52 suffer a high incidence of hemorrhoids. This is explained as a consequence of the long hours spent in flight chairs combined with a general reluctance to use the facilities aboard. These facilities are a canister with a lid on it and a receptacle primitive enough to be called a honey bucket. Even on long flights, crew members in these cramped quarters would rather induce constipation in themselves than use the honey bucket. But man is a symbolizing animal and I cannot believe it only a clinical fact that men trained to fly through the sky and drop bomb loads find reason in that pursuit to retain their feces.

• • •

After I saw the bombers, I drove with three SAC officers to the farm village of Velva, North Dakota, which happens to be not far from the geographical center of the North American continent. We met with little traffic as the driver sped down the country roads that split great rolling squared-off acres of durum wheat. Some of the fields were turning from green to gold, which meant that in perhaps a month the harvest combines would arrive. A big blue sky floated over the wheat plains and nothing obstructed the long horizon except for an occasional stand of windbreak trees or a small boarded-up farmhouse. We reached Velva and drove a few more miles beyond, and then the car turned off the road and bumped a few yards over a dirt path and stopped. We all got out of the car. The officers yawned, but I was looking at a shrine, an arid rectangle of ground scattered with gravel and surrounded by a Cyclone fence. Outside the fence the grass grew wild and goldenrod and black-eyed Susans dipped in the warm summer wind. Inside the fence were low-lying structures

of green metal and concrete that gave no indication of their purpose or function. I moved forward. "Don't get too close," the senior officer, a lieutenant colonel, said to me. "The security sensors pick you up before you ever reach the fence." He pointed to three metal poles in the enclosure that stood in relation to one another as the points of a triangle.

I was standing topside of what is called a Launch Facility, or LF, a common enough installation in these parts. Within the area triangulated by the sensors was what appeared from my vantage as some sort of concrete disk bound in steel, like a giant cistern cover. In fact, this was an 80-ton blast door, or rather two blast doors, that would on proper electronic command spring open like the most alacritous pair of thighs as a flaming-white 60-foot steel-and-titanium phallus passed between them and went off into the sky.

There are 150 bare fenced-in areas like this scattered about the farmers' fields in this region of North Dakota, and they're all under the guardianship of the 91st Strategic Missile Wing. The wing is divided into three squadrons of 50 missiles each; and each squadron is composed of five flights of ten missiles each. Every flight of ten missiles is buried in a roughly circular pattern with at least three or four miles between missiles. And in the middle of the circle is the Launch Control Center, also underground, where two officers constantly monitor each of the missiles in the flight and know in a split second, deep in their subterranean cavern, if something larger than a fly gets near one of the sites.

"If security is violated," the lieutenant colonel said, "launch control sends in the security fieldmen. The fieldmen don't waste time getting to where they're going. With snow on the ground, they can helicopter in." He pointed to a wind sock flying from a pole.

Actually, if someone did decide to jump the fence and if for some reason he were not detected, his options would still be fairly limited. You cannot use a crowbar on an 80-ton door designed to withstand nuclear attack. When a missile-maintenance crew is authorized to go into the hole, it is accompanied by a security team. Only together, maintenance and security, do they know all the combinations to the locks and procedures for opening the steel hatches—and it takes them over an hour to get a man down inside.

And turning on the lights what do they find: overall, a concrete silo 100 feet deep. Within this silo, an inner cylinder of steel that functions as a gantry for the missile. Within this steel gantry the missile is positioned vertically and pointing at the sky. The steel gantry cylinder is 12 feet in diameter. It is painted white. Between the white cylinder of steel and the concrete silo wall are catwalks around the top of the silo, at the middle level and at the

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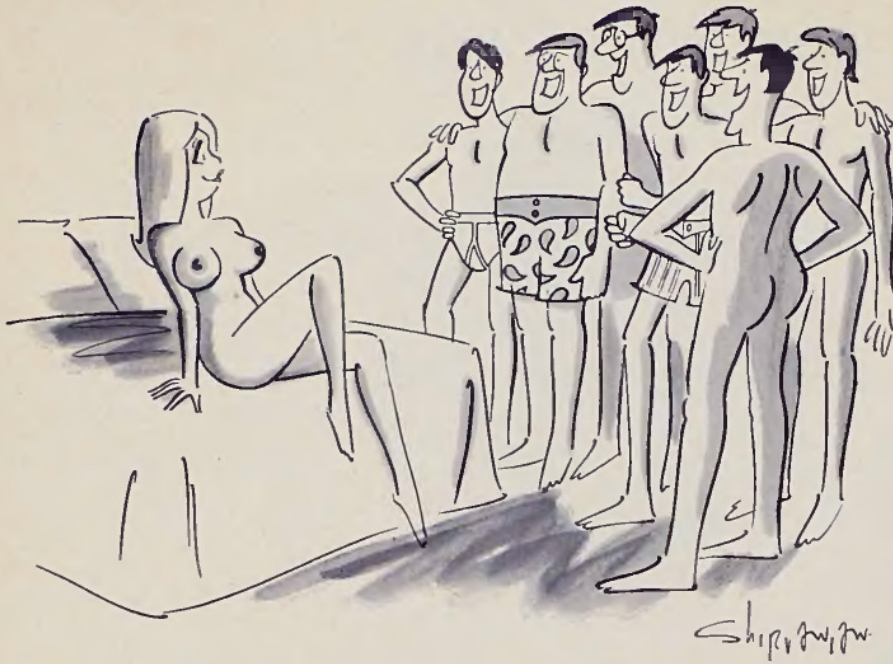
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"Hail, hail, the gang's all here. . . ."

bottom. On these catwalks rest the missile's support and maintenance systems, in racks. There are guidance-control racks and computer-programming racks and control-capsule communication racks, and monitoring racks and U.H.F. racks and battery racks and power-supply racks. And there are air conditioners hooked up to the computer racks to keep them cool because they're working all the time. All these systems are humming away.

Acoustically, the sense is of being in a tunnel. Voices resound. Footsteps ring on the metal catwalks.

The missile is aligned in its berth by means of a gyrocompass it carries within itself and by a backup astronomical device that moves along a track around the concrete silo wall at the mid-level catwalk. This surprisingly ancient machine with gear teeth and gauge numbers provides true-north references and azimuth.

The warhead at the tip of the missile is about ten feet long.

From my observation point on the mid-level catwalk of a training silo, looking through an opening in the steel gantry cylinder, I judged the Minuteman to be three or four stories tall. It started well below me and tipped out well above me. Like the gantry cylinder, it was painted white. Its shank was about four and a half feet wide. It had an Air Force decal pasted to its shining white shaft, just like the plastic models in the toy store. It was thinner at the top than at the bottom. Plugged into its side was a looping bundle of cables and hoses that connected through a porthole to the equipment on

the catwalks. It is through these cables and hoses, known inevitably as the umbilicals, that the missile sends continuous messages concerning its welfare and state of being to the officers in the Launch Control Center. If the missile were to be fired, the umbilicals would snap off and retract into an alcove in the silo wall.

An interesting note for ecologists is that missile silos are designed to be reused. Assuming the opportunity would present itself, huge vans would drop a new rocket-and-missile payload into the hole, all the umbilicals would be reconnected, the damned thing would be aimed, the blast doors would be closed and the nuclear war would be ready to continue.

. . . .

The descent to a Launch Control Center is cleared for you by a sergeant armed with a pistol. He has first checked by phone with the missile crew. You get on a large elevator, hospital size, and are lowered at a grindingly slow speed some 60 feet into the earth. You walk a few steps through a drafty, dimly lit concrete foyer and face a steel door 12 feet square. The colonel who is your guide works the combination, spins the wheels and, digging in his heel, pulls on the massive door until it slowly swings open. When you are through, the colonel pushes the massive door shut and locks it. You are now in another concrete foyer. Another steel door with wheel locks is slowly opening from the inside. It is smaller but no less formidable. It is 36 inches thick and weighs eight tons. Ducking, you find yourself on a short footbridge. Across this

footbridge, through an open hatch, is the fluorescent-lit Launch Control Center. A sign says NO LONE ZONE: TWO MAN POLICY MANDATORY.

Making this descent, I thought that my spiritual guide should be not the poet Virgil but a friend of mine, Olivia Mezey. I had seen Ollie and her husband, Bob, in Salt Lake just before undertaking my trip to SAC. When I told her I was going to look at a missile, she turned very pale. Ollie teaches a course in interplanetary law at the Free University. Her text is a work by the master Aetherius, who communicates with mankind on behalf of the Interplanetary Council, an august parliament of all the advanced civilizations of the universe. Since the Fifties, the Interplanetary Council has been warning us not to tamper with the atomic structure of the cosmos. Particularly urgent communiqués have been received from Mars Sector Six. The council is doing what it can to save us from our own monstrous stupidity, but time is running out. Ollie knows her friends are sometimes embarrassed when, with a shy smile, she speaks of the Interplanetary Council. Ollie is a lovely woman with a face that once prompted someone to ask her to play the role of Christ in a movie. She's a vegetarian and when her children cut or scrape themselves, she treats them with herbal medicine. She advises "the practice of the presence," a tuning into the logos of the earth, as a way of nullifying the effects of radioactivity. She says it is nothing else but what the Hopi, Navaho and Mayan people used to do.

A Launch Control Center is a chamber suspended in a concrete cave from four huge springlike devices called isolators. These are, in effect, 1875-pound shock absorbers. In a nuclear war, the launch-control chamber would be self-sustaining for several days. A ground shock would automatically seal the air-conditioning valves connecting to the earth's surface. End to end with the launch-control chamber is a support capsule containing backup diesel generators that would switch on automatically and regenerate oxygen, purify ground water and keep food refrigerated. Even if this equipment failed, the oxygen regenerator could be hand-cranked. In short, one could expect to be buried alive comfortably as a missile crewman.

Inside the capsule, the control center is about the size of an efficiency kitchen in an expensive apartment. At the closed end is a monitoring console with vertical rows of light panels—one for each missile—a built-in phone and another panel under a clear-plastic cover labeled WAR PLAN LAUNCH CONTROL. Above the console are radio speakers. This is the duty station of the capsule commander. It is here on the commander's console that the missiles communicate their condition and the missile sites record violations of their security. It is here the missiles can

be launched. The printed words on the console light panels become more serious the farther down they go. The top light says TEST. The middle lights indicate the status of a missile preparatory to launch. The bottom panel light is printed with the words MISSILE AWAY.

The second member of the missile combat crew, the deputy commander, sits in front of the long wall. Like the commander, he has a K-135 pilot's chair, with seat belt. The chair is not bolted to the floor in front of his console but slides along tracks so that he can position himself anywhere in front of the computer racks and teletype equipment in his charge. At his console he has a phone and an isolated panel with a clear-plastic cover, just like the commander's. Both covered panels have keyholes in their faces. The keys that fit these keyholes are locked in a red strongbox over the deputy commander's console. The agreement of both crew members is required to unlock this red metal box—each knows how to open only one of its two combination locks. When the red box is opened, the commander takes one key and the deputy one key and each goes to his station. The stations are 12 feet apart. Upon receipt of a message from the President, which may come to them in any one or more of six or seven ways—by SAC voice landline, or two or three different teletype circuits, or U.H.F. radio or V.H.F. radio or H.F. radio—and upon authentication of the message, each crewman must put the key in his console and turn it for two seconds, and they must do this simultaneously. Their turned keys constitute one half of the necessary programming to send the nuclear missile on its way. In Strategic Air Command lingo, the two turned keys constitute one launch vote. In an identical launch-control capsule, another team of two officers must go through the same procedure: With two votes recorded, or the separate but coordinated action of four men, the rocket fires.

It is of interest that an authenticated order from the President, which the crew members have no choice but to obey, is construed in their hands as a vote. I have given some thought to this. If the 20th Century teaches anything, it is that destruction of meaning in language precedes all other destruction. The word vote implies choice. It suggests volition, a state of self-government and, above all, personal responsibility. Perhaps the word is used to impress the missile crewmen and the rest of us that nothing they are called upon to do can be done lightly. But that is not the same thing as the personal responsibility that is assumed only when a choice is possible. The safeguards against unauthorized launching seem foolproof—one man operating alone, for instance, could not physically turn two keys simultaneously for two seconds in consoles 12 feet apart. Further, any other launch-control facility could abort a



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launch if it were not properly authorized—the actions of all capsule crews can be electronically monitored by all other crews in that squadron. These safeguards are all directed against the lowest levels of command—the missile officers themselves. In theory, then, an officer's only choice would be in refusing to turn the key if properly authorized and commanded to do so. But he does not have that option as far as his superior officers and commander in chief are concerned. Therefore, why is he said to have a vote?

The missile officers on duty in the capsule were articulate and responsive to my questions, though they clearly didn't feel as generically adored as the B-52 crewmen. They wore dark-blue Service fatigues, neatly pressed, with the red cravat around their neck that identifies their unit and their calling. They wore sidearms. The capsule commander, a captain, was 31 years old. The deputy commander, a second lieutenant, was 24. Neither had volunteered for combat missile service. The captain wore wings on his shirt pocket. I asked them if they thought they would ever have to turn the keys. The captain said he didn't believe it would happen. The lieutenant said he wished he could be that sure, but the most he could say was that he hoped it would never happen. I realized that when the atom bomb was dropped on Hiroshima, the captain was three years old and the lieutenant was not yet born. They were two of the children drinking milk laced with strontium 90 when Adlai Stevenson discussed the subject in his 1956 campaign for President.

It is not an impression of free men in

a democratic society that you get from a visit to a launch-control capsule. As with the pilots on the flight line, the sense is definitely of imprisonment. Such depth of residence is associated in history with the dungeon. The steel doors are locked. The fluorescent lights are on all the time. The lights buzz and the air conditioners hum and the radio crackles and the teletype spits out its tape messages and the whole place mounts a constant assault on the privacy of the mind. At the exact locations of our nuclear-consciousness technology is a total environment, one that has replaced all other landscapes and made irrelevant all considerations other than its own functioning. The men who guard us with our bombs live in airplanes or in underground capsules or in submarines—anywhere but on the face of the earth.

During my visit, the two crew members were constantly interrupted by the routine of their shift. They answered phones, communicated with missile-maintenance crews and read teletype printouts. The officers have two 12-hour shifts in a 36-hour period, and then they are off for a few days. At one time all missile combat crews were volunteers. Now officers are given four-year tours of duty through normal assignment channels. They must receive top-security clearance, of course, and meet the usual physical requirements. But they are subject to no special psychological-fitness test beyond that given to everyone in the Air Force. On the other hand, neither are joint chiefs of staff and Presidents of the United States subject to psychological-fitness tests.

I asked the crew members if it didn't get fairly dull in this underground vault 12 hours at a time with only routine monitoring duties. And this was the answer: "Well, sir, it can go from very dull to stark terror."

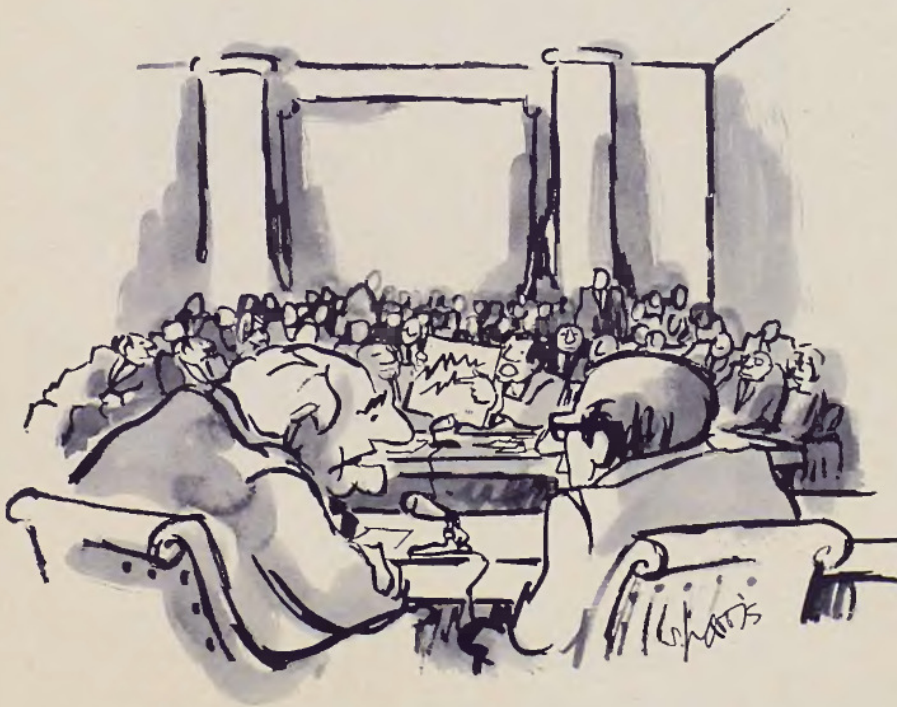
"Well," I said, "what is it that could put you into a condition of stark terror? Because if you're terrified, I think we all have a right to be terrified." The escorting colonel cleared his throat and hastened to explain that he was sure the officer meant only the anxieties one feels under the pressure of ordinary duties. The officer who made the remark agreed. There was a general stammering agreement that stark terror was an inappropriate phrase. The officers all nodded. Yes, stark terror meant only that sometimes the routine could get very busy.

I later made inquiries and found out that the training these officers receive never takes place in operational launch-control centers. In other words, no practice alerts are sent down for training purposes. The common sense of that is clear enough. But then if something had occurred in the experience of these men that had generated stark terror, and if it was, after all, more than the pressure of routine work, it must have been in the nature of a malfunction, real or imaginary, a message from the President or a message from the missile, that for a while terrified them with the absolute consequences of its demands. We'll never know. But the Interplanetary Council advises of a severe radioactive disturbance a year ago last winter on the lower astral planes.

. . . .

After I said goodbye and left the capsule and watched the steel doors swing shut on the missilemen, I decided that doing this kind of work for a number of years must gradually etch on the face of the brain the silhouettes of ten missiles, aligned like the bars of a cell. The men themselves, not their consoles, are the captive monitors of mechanical faults or security alarms or radiation leaks—it all comes to happen in the circuits of their own being. Riding the elevator back to the surface, I remembered what I had seen taped to the equipment near the lieutenant's chair. It was a brown paper trash bag with a home-drawn picture of Charlie Brown's dog, Snoopy, holding a sign that read **TOP SECRET WASTE**.

Let's suppose the image provides us with some clue to the truth of our mysterious psyche-out, some idea of how we've lived and sublimated these past dozen years with our bombs. Every spring at Vandenburg Air Force Base in California, missile combat teams from every wing in the country convene for a competitive missile-launching exercise that goes on for five days. It is a kind of world series in missile launches, because the teams who represent their bases at



"I'm beginning to prefer the witnesses who can't remember."

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Vandenburg have already demonstrated at the regional level whatever set of skills determines the superiority of one pair of missilemen to another. When a crew goes off to Vandenburg to turn its sights down the Pacific test range, it goes with a proven local reputation and the blessing and support of the surrounding community. Civilian boosters put up the money that buys distinctive uniforms for the crew members and erects the display at Vandenburg that is customary for each sponsoring locale. We are not, remember, speaking of little league. This is not the peewee team with CARL'S AUTO BODY stitched across the backs of the uniforms. A clutch of these Olympians have under certain conditions the authority to send a flight of ICBMs tearing through space at 15,000 miles an hour to release upon re-entry into the earth's atmosphere enough megadeath to wipe out 30 cities. That is big league. And the folks in North Dakota know it. Last year the display they erected to celebrate the combined Grand Forks and Minot missileman contingent read NORTH DAKOTA—WORLD'S THIRD NUCLEAR POWER.

So what can we propose? To begin with, that the human race is infinitely adaptive, a fact zoologists have pointed to for years as the source of our survival as a species but that in actuality may be the imprinting of our destruction. Understand that when the farmers in North Dakota talk about being the world's third nuclear power, they are not talking as militarists, they are talking as a chamber of commerce. In my boyhood in the Bronx, there was a man in our neighborhood who became a state senator; we were proud in just the same way we were proud of the achievement of another neighbor who drew three to ten years for stock fraud. It's not that we love whatever it is that makes us special, it's that we have to take our identity where we can. The average human being's capacity for allegiance is indiscriminate, like pure sexual appetite, except that it increases with age. Whether to TV programs, ball teams, wine grapes, high schools or 60-foot steel-and-titanium missiles, our loyalties will fix with passionate disregard for what they fix on. The instructive analogy here is from *Midsummer Night's Dream*: Titania, having been touched in her sleep with Puck's mischievous love potion, awakens and has the bad luck to see Nick Bottom, the weaver, wearing the head of an ass. "Thou art as wise," she says, "as thou art beautiful."

Of course, among our most powerful allegiances are those relating to the sources of our income. The combined military and civilian payroll at Minot Air Force Base is more than \$42,000,000 a year. For that kind of money, a community can work out any number of rationales for living in fields of missiles. Nevertheless, there is no question that part of the appeal in being a major

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target in a nuclear war is the appeal of having become a major anything. Minot is a farm town of about 40,000 people. Why not Minot? ask the city fathers in their promotional literature. We cup our hands to our mouths and shout into the wind rippling the endless miles of wheat fields rolling away in every direction as far as the eye can see: *Why not Minot?* If you have ever lived west of New York City or east of San Francisco, you recognize that cry. It is an existential cry. It will tune your bones. Virtually all of our 1000 or so ICBMs are installed in the longitudes between the Mississippi and the Rocky Mountains. There are good and sound military reasons for this. But that our missiles sit within the cultural borders of what is known these days as middle America is a queer geographical fact that has resonance with what we feel if not with what we know.

Certainly, the conscientious and intelligent information officers of the Strategic Air Command who devote a large part of their work to ensuring community support for SAC seem to have a pretty good idea of where that support naturally lies. Tours of SAC headquarters in Omaha are readily arranged for entire plane-loads of people flown in at Air Force expense from their home towns. Visitors arrive and see the model of the B-1 in the headquarters lobby. They pass under the courteous but stern gaze of the Elite Guard, the special unit of military police who wear black berets, polished black boots, cravats and pistols. Perhaps, like the couple from Orlando, they even get to see the Underground Command Post. One senior information officer at SAC headquarters suggested to me that the bombing of Vietnam and Cambodia did, after all, supply our flight crews with combat experience. Presumably, this is not the kind of opinion that needs to be expressed to anyone besides journalists and effete intellectuals. This same officer told me Navy apologists have argued that if we were to put all our nuclear missiles on submarines under the ocean, in the event of war the enemy would have no reason to bomb the U. S. land mass. But that's a terrible idea, he said. Who would get exercised about losing a few lousy submarines? If the continental United States were not bombed, you could not get people to go to war.

But the devices of adaptation are not restricted to middle America, and it would be foolish to suggest that only one segment of our population has supported our policy of nuclear deterrence. Deterrence has been advocated and maintained by every President without exception since Harry Truman, the first President of the nuclear age. No Congress has ever seriously debated an alternative policy, and the major differences among our politicians have had to do only with the amount and kind of deterrence advocated. From the beginning,

once we had that bomb, there was something as inevitable as a self-fulfilling prophecy about the kind of postwar world in which we found ourselves. In 1962, the year of the Cuban Missile Crisis, a symposium was held under the auspices of the American Association for the Advancement of Science on the subject of public reactions to impending nuclear disaster. The psychiatrist Lester Grinspoon of Harvard Medical School discussed the various defense mechanisms people employed to deal with the horror. These included a total repression of the thought of one's personal nuclear death, or a rationalization that it could never happen, or an intellectualization of the experience in terms of statistics and war-game scenarios (practiced in particular by think-tank researchers and war strategists). All very recognizable responses, even today, in dealing with the unthinkable. But there occur in history not only personal defense operations of the mind but collective psychological responses that symbolically transform society's experience. Thus we may begin to address ourselves to Mr. Podhoretz' puzzlement as to when and why we stopped believing as a society in the possibility of major nuclear war by considering the idea that with the atmospheric-test-ban treaty of 1963 the entire subject went underground. In the same period of time that all nuclear tests were consigned to the earth, our earliest Minuteman missiles were becoming operational in their subterranean silos. Is it not conceivable that, against all the evidence of our modern intellectual knowledge, some mass primeval apprehension was proposing the burial of our fear, the death of our horror?

We can probe the idea further. The essential weapon of the nuclear war in the early Fifties was the bomb. By the early Sixties, it was the missile. Clearly, if the power of imagery is to be invoked, bombs are detestable in part because they are unloaded in the manner of excrement, whereas the missiles partake of a life-giving symbol universally associated with regeneration. To my knowledge, no society in the history of mankind has ever venerated the cloaca. Surely, it is not impossible that at the level of mass communal consciousness, where only the most blatant mythic symbols can operate to universal effect, we made the kind of prescientific mental transformations that would assure us, once again, of a feasible, a continuing, world. This is a far-fetched idea only if you happen to think that as a species we have advanced to a point of being independent of the psychic sources of our religions and our totems and our superstitions. And if we have, what is Snoopy, the fantasist, doing in the launch capsule?

But symbols cannot change reality, they may only reconstrue it. In that sense, symbols work and do not work at

the same time. We know that there are enough bombs in the earth to blow up the planet, but we choose to believe in the restraining wisdom of mankind and the beneficence of our institutions. Clearly, this adaptation cannot be made on a purely intellectual level. We have opted for the coexistence of life and death. We are a mirror of the ancient Egyptians: One cannot listen to a technical sergeant describe the maintenance procedures in the underground missile silos without calling to mind the Egyptian slaves who preserved their dead masters in luxurious vaults with all the means to support their return to life, entombing them with their money and their jewels and their combs, with grain to eat and water in clay jars.

But we shall have to leave the proper analysis of our collective unconscious to the Jungians. And to our historians the role of the bomb in all the events and larger social movements in America since 1960—our space exploration, our social protest, our pastoralism, our little wars, our paranoia and our passion for the occult. Here let us be satisfied to say that since Hiroshima, images of the bomb have hidden in the texture of our lives like those grinning heads in the trees and shrubberies of children's puzzles. Can we hope to find them all? I can find one: our new awareness as a people of our society's contamination of the environment, our sensitivity to poisons, to poisons of the air and the water, to the chemical poisons in our food. We are extraordinarily sensitive now to the damage we do to the delicate web of life on earth simply by being ourselves. We used to fear the bomb, but now we fear everything. What can this be but the diffusion of our horror of this death-in-life weapon that we have given the world? For, of course, having buried our bombs, we are now seeing them stir and unwrap their mummy shrouds, returning to life transubstantiated as nuclear-energy plants, or radiation-waste storage facilities. The news as I write is of enormous radioactive liquid leakage in the Atomic Energy Commission's Hanford storage facility near Richland, in the state of Washington. The leaks have released deadly radionuclides into the earth. Similar disasters have occurred at Savannah River, South Carolina, and Idaho Falls, Idaho. We are beginning to accumulate in our soil and in our ground water enough plutonium to burn the bones and lungs of infants for the next 24,000 years. Conceivably, under the right conditions, we may someday in our nuclear industry lose to the earth just the amount of radiant material necessary to effect a chain reaction. And then the failure of our vaunted adaptability will be manifest, and the truth will blaze upon us that what happened to the bomb was that it became the earth, and the earth became the bomb.



BUCK BROWN

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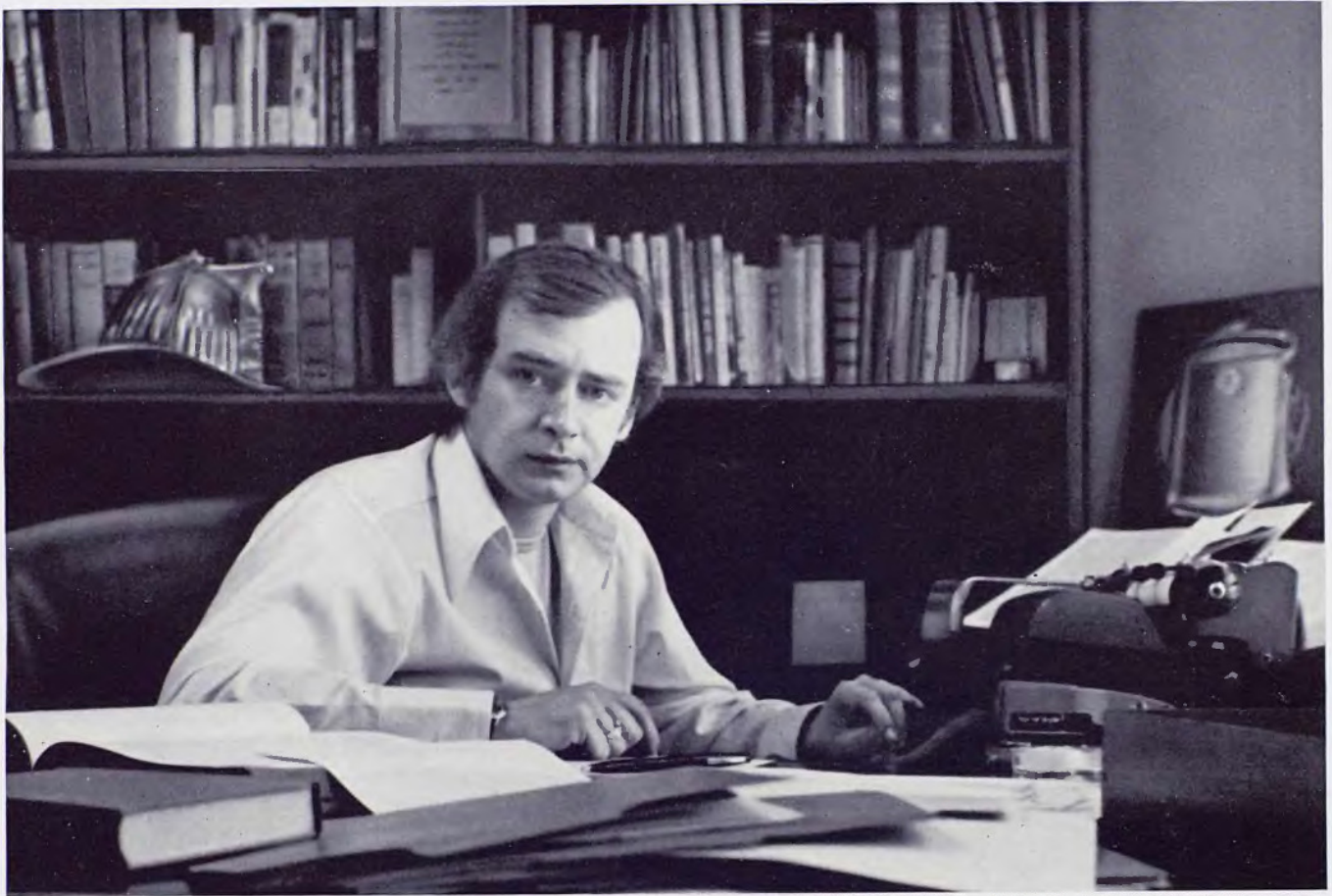
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HOBBIES: Irish poetry, guitar, bagpipes.

LAST BOOK READ: "Memoirs," by
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LAST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Author of
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