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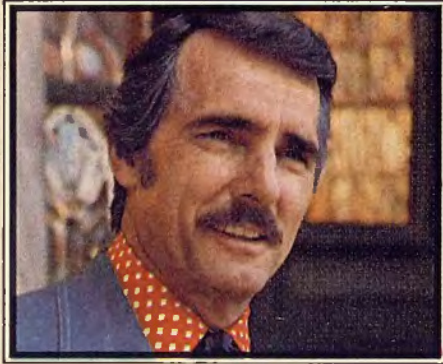
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ARREST AND IMPRISONMENT can be hard enough on a man. For a woman, well, listen to this: In Skokie, Illinois, several policemen apprehended a 17-year-old girl on a drug charge, hustled her off to jail and forced her to strip naked. In Memphis, a pair of cops extorted sex from two girls after threatening them with arrest. "The mistreatment of women by police," says writer James McKinley, "is an issue that's been largely overlooked—even by the women's and prison-reform movements." Read McKinley's *Down and Out and Female* (illustrated by Christian Piper) and learn what goes on when women run up against the law. Not that cops have any corner on toughness, as you'll see in *The Hard Hearts*, which profiles five of the meanest dudes in the land. On the other hand, there's *Coward's Almanac*, a collection of fears that author Marvin Kitman agreed—without too much arm twisting on our part—to excerpt for us from his book of the same name. *The Coward's Almanac* will be published by Doubleday this fall. When asked what he'll be doing in the meantime, Kitman replied, typically, "I'm going into hiding until this all blows over."

Of course, the man who first gave going into hiding a good name is Henry David Thoreau. As Jim Hougan tells it in *Thoreau Never Mentioned the Damn Bugs!* (illustrated by John Hunt), he and Henry David have a lot in common. Such as the feeling that, as the master wrote in *Walden*, "Most of the luxuries, and many of the so-called comforts, of life are not only dispensable but positive hindrances to the elevation of mankind." In that spirit, Hougan and some friends who thought likewise lit out to find a Walden of their own, the upshot of which is the writer's hilarious diary of the experience. Read it with a bottle of Six-Twelve at your side.

"They were all full-bore rhythm-and-blues musicians with a monster sound, and they had come to L.A. with the hope that they would make the big time." So writes PLAYBOY Staff Writer Laurence Gonzales in *Band*, the incomparable history of a backwash Texas rock group that flashed around America like some Day-Glo pinball heading for the continental sink. Gonzales, who also claims he contributed the page numbers to this issue, is currently trying to adapt his story for the screen. "Michael J. Pollard has to be in there somewhere," he says. No doubt, but even the talented Pollard couldn't carry *Band* alone; he'd need "atmosphere"—extras—on the set. Our man in Hollywood, William Murray (whose interview with Bob Hope we published last December), talked with some atmosphere people for his article, catchily titled *The Atmosphere People*. What emerges from his conversations is a fascinating, behind-the-scenes look at Tinseltown's most overlooked craftsmen. The illustration is by Sharleen Pederson.

The fiction of Sean O'Faolain appears herein for the second time this year in *Venus or the Virgin?*, the story of an American journalist in Italy who encounters some of the most colorful and exasperating characters the Mediterranean—or anyplace else—has ever produced. Stan Dryer's *The Conquest of the Washington Monument*, illustrated by John O'Leary, celebrates flakiness of an altogether different sort: climbing. And Chris Dickey—in all likelihood, the only son of a *Playboy Interview* subject (James Dickey) ever to write for this magazine—checks in with *It Came to Pass*, the eerie portrait of a most mysterious love triangle.

The ultimate mystery—how man ever got on this planet—is explored in depth by Erich von Däniken in this month's provocative *Playboy Interview*. Von Däniken, the Swiss author of *Chariots of the Gods?*, believes that in prehistoric times Earth was visited by intelligent beings from outer space. New York-based free-lancer Timothy Ferris does the hard questioning.

In *Further Alphabetical Sex*, cartoonist Michael Ffolkes returns to a theme he first explored for us four years ago. Anson Mount's football predictions—this month in *Playboy's Pro Football Preview*—go back with us much further than that, 17 years, to be exact. *Instant Warhol*, however, is a PLAYBOY first—Andy's debut as a PLAYBOY lensman. The artist, who's now writing a book of personal philosophy to be titled *THE*, tells us his dachshund, Archie Bunker, "got very excited by the photos and had to be taken for a nice long walk." Equally exciting are Dennis Scott's pictorial on rock songstress Claudia Lenear and Richard Fegley's fantasy of connubial bliss, *Here Comes the Bride*, designed by Associate Art Director Tom Staebler with a costuming assist from Chief Stylist Janice Moses. There are even some refreshing tequila recipes awaiting on the inside. Now, who said there ain't no cure for the summertime blues?



FERRIS

O'FAOLAIN



DICKEY

O'LEARY



MURRAY

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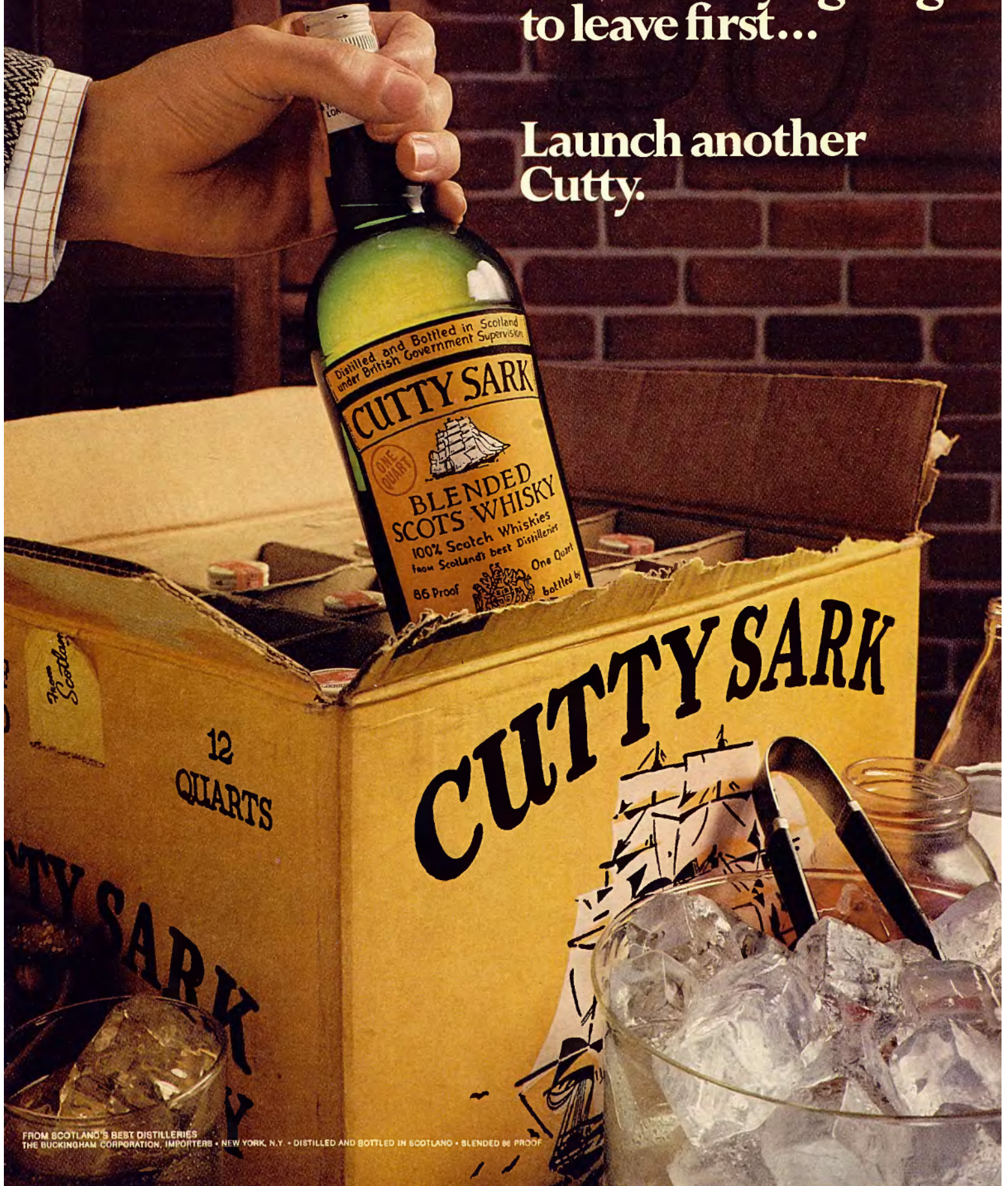
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DEAR PLAYBOY

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WATERGATE WATCH

Part I of Carl Bernstein and Bob Woodward's *All the President's Men* (PLAYBOY, May) is one of the greatest pieces you have ever published. Its timeliness goes without saying. The world can never get enough of this type of informative journalism.

Raymond F. Lenzi
Annapolis, Maryland

I'd like to express my deepest gratitude to you for publishing *All the President's Men*. While it reads like a thrilling novel, the article clearly brings to light the importance of journalism in a democracy, especially when that democracy has been subjected to paranoiac, zealous bureaucrats who hide behind veils of secrecy.

David A. Reichel
Aurora, Colorado

The Bernstein-Woodward report reinforces my judgment that Washington is ruled by a set of pompous, overrated, egocentric asses of both political philosophies and that there is nothing done for us by them that we cannot do better ourselves. Nor, in my opinion, is *The Washington Post* or its ideologs free of stain; no rational, balanced person can condone the almost childish, sweaty maneuvering of Woodward and Bernstein while defending what the doctrinaire liberal press has done with regard to Ellsberg's theft of the Pentagon papers.

Bill MacDade
Tucson, Arizona

At one point, I had nothing but the greatest admiration for Bernstein and Woodward. I've changed. In their article, they admit they compromised a confidential source. I'm a news director at a radio station, and I don't know if that action is illegal, but it is at least a form of moral blackmail. They actually went to the man's superior and blew his confidentiality. Damn it, this puts them on a level with Nixon's crooks who justified their actions by saying they believed it was essential that their man win. When an investigative reporter receives information from a confidential source, the only assurance that source has of anonymity is the reporter's word. That word must never be broken—under any circum-

stance or for any reason. Bernstein and Woodward show themselves to be no better than "all the President's men" by doing so.

Mike Majors
Glasgow, Kentucky

I did not find any facts in *All the President's Men*, just more gossip. I bought the magazine to see how Bernstein and Woodward exposed America's worst scandal. The worst scandal, in my opinion, is that the American people believe Woodward and Bernstein's charges without being shown the facts.

I. Cramer
Neenah, Wisconsin

I'm a college journalism student who can appreciate what Woodward and Bernstein went through to break the Watergate story. They took on practically the whole Government and beat it at its own treachery. The ingenuity and intelligence they used to uncover the sordid deeds surrounding Watergate were very admirable. These guys are damn good reporters.

James Robinson
Casper, Wyoming

After reading *All the President's Men*, most people will have trouble making a quick or easy decision on whom to vote for in the next Presidential election. Now that we know that all levels of our Government have some corruption within them, it will become harder to determine which man is the one for the job. Only through freedom of the press, and reporters who search for the truth, will we be able to clean up our Government.

David Heck
University Park, Pennsylvania

I cannot for the life of me understand why you took an excerpt from *Playboy's History of Organized Crime*, inserted it elsewhere in the magazine and retitled it *All the President's Men*.

Tom Groot
Don Mills, Ontario

WITCH BITCHES

Alexas Urba's photography in your pictorial essay on the occult, *The Devil and the Flesh* (PLAYBOY, May), is beautiful. The text reflects painstaking research,

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especially since it so clearly distinguishes the differences among witchcraft, Satanism, voodoo and other occult beliefs. Nevertheless, as an active member of the Old Religion of witchcraft, I object to your sensationalistic and inaccurate approach to our rituals. Witches aren't prudes, but neither are we orgiasts.

Renda Rankin
Dallas, Texas

The Devil and the Flesh is bullshit! I am a witch and I can tell you that witches do not, as your writer claims, fly on sticks, nor are they "carried by demons in the shape of goats." Witches do not "turn themselves into werewolves or owls to avoid capture by mortals." Witches are people. Sex is not "a vital aspect of the Sabbath" for any witch. The Sabbath is a sacred celebration of the gods of creation and the most vital aspect of the Sabbath is worship, not an orgy. Witches do not "renew their vows of obedience by kissing the Devil's red ass" or anyone else's ass. Nor do we confess "mischievous deeds" to the Devil. Nor do witches pervert themselves by copulating with animals.

(Name withheld by request)
Draper, Utah

Congratulations. *The Devil and the Flesh* has helped witchcraft take another giant step backward in time. Once again, witches are included in the same group as Satanists, which we are not. The witches of Wicca believe in a beautiful and ancient religion. It worships a god and goddess who represent fertility, life and nature. Our Sabbaths are dedicated to these gods, not to the Devil. The majority of covens today work for healing, help in money matters and a better understanding of life and nature in general.

Don Sawyer
Atlantion Wicca
Liverpool, New York

The captions accompanying your pictorial contain many errors. Witches never make pacts with the Devil. We might make pacts with elementals, but not with Satan. Witches do not believe that the Devil appears "on earth in the guise of a horned and bearded goat." There is a male god in witchcraft who is horned and is the god of forests and hunting. When Christianity gained a foothold in Celtic England, where the male god of witchcraft was worshiped, it declared the horned god a demonic beast and gave its features to Satan, who up to that time had been known as nothing more than a dark angel. But witches are not Satanists. In addition, there are no warlocks in witchcraft, only in base sorcery.

(Name withheld by request)
Columbus, Ohio

"Double, double, toil and trouble."

ANTELOPE FANCIER

The Antelope Cage, by Bruce Jay Friedman (PLAYBOY, May), is the best piece of short fiction I have read in many years. I want to thank you and the author for this very meaningful and sensitive story.

Tom Armor
Washington, D.C.

BLOWUP

While traveling on U.S. Highway 150 north of Orion, Illinois, I saw this reproduction of your September 1967 Playmate painted on a two-car garage with this unusual inscription captioned above. It



seems a farmer liked Angela Dorian so much that he decided to treat passers-by with an 18-foot-wide oil painting of her. I thought you might like to see it.

Steve McDonald
Macomb, Illinois

Thanks, Steve. Below, the gatefold of Playmate-actress Victoria Vetri (she



was Angela Dorian then) that inspired the masterpiece.

READERS' PITCH

Beyond becoming the all-time home-run king, Henry Aaron has revealed himself in your May interview as a credit to baseball. His courage in standing up to his detractors points the way for athletes of the future. He didn't top Ruth's record to undermine Ruth's greatness; Aaron seeks only to move the sport to new levels of excellence. He is truly a man of greatness in all ways.

Frederick C. Meier
Palos Hills, Illinois

I jumped into your interview with much gusto, even though I'm not much of a baseball fan. I was disturbed, however, by the negative nature of many of Aaron's comments. Aaron, I believe, carries much more on his shoulders now than a mere home-run record. He must be on guard from now on and be a bigger man.

Sid A. Grubbs
Ft. Lauderdale, Florida

I was surprised and distressed at Aaron's statement in the interview, "I don't

think any black man can destroy a white man's record, because . . . the press ain't gonna let it happen; white people in general ain't gonna let it happen." I followed Aaron's assault on Babe Ruth's record with interest, but it wouldn't have occurred to me that a black was surpassing a white's statistics if it hadn't been dwelt on *ad nauseam* in the press. Perhaps in another time and another place, these things mattered. It's unfortunately true that some of Aaron's mail reflects that other time when race did matter to some people, but I sincerely doubt that most baseball fans today—certainly not among my age group, who have never known a time when baseball wasn't integrated—worry or care about the color of the players anymore. I hope Aaron comes to realize that.

Jay M. Pasachoff
Williamstown, Massachusetts

Henry Aaron is exemplary of all that's good in baseball. Your interview is forthright and revealing of a man under trying circumstances in the spotlight of world attention. He conducted himself well. Little League applauds this great athlete whose name will become legend.

Peter McGovern, Chairman
Little League Baseball
Williamsport, Pennsylvania

INSURANCE: PRO AND CON

Raymond L. Dirks and Leonard Gross's May article on the Equity Funding scandal, *How the New York Stock Exchange, the Life Insurance Industry, the SEC and a Host of Other Guardians of the Public Weal Allowed the American Public to be Swindled Out of \$400,000,000*, made some fine points. Industry regulators are underbudgeted, understaffed, often uninspired. Auditors goof and the public, in matters financial, is uninformed or misinformed. Nevertheless, the article does perpetuate some unfortunate myths that have also contributed to the waste of dollars by consumers. In the article, Dirks and Gross refer to life insurance as "an inferior lifetime savings plan that may pay as little as three percent a year." Life insurance is no savings plan at all and shouldn't be judged as one. In most policies, any "savings" are forfeited to the insurer at death; the "savings" feature of any policy is based solely on speculation of survival. Similarly, life insurance is no investment, good or bad, although Dirks and Gross refer to life insurance as that in their article. Like the "savings" feature, the investment feature of any policy disappears at death. Furthermore, no insurance company shares its profits directly with its policyholders. Not even policies that pay dividends "pay you according to how well the [insurance companies] do with the money you give them." Dividends are not a share of

I'm a thinking guy...
so I'm hard to sell.
I don't buy records because some group's "in."
I'll listen to them,
and if I think they're O.K., I'll buy them.
Everyone's talking about backgammon...
and I'm willing to try it.
But I'm really a poker player at heart.
After shaves? Sure I've thought about them.
That's why I use Roman Brio.
I like what Brio lets me say about myself.
It doesn't come on strong or showy...
and neither do I.
Instead it's sort of quiet, maybe even classy.
And anyway, I agree with my girl,
it smells great.

ROMAN BRIO
Think about it



AFTER SHAVE · COLOGNE · GIFT SETS

mutual company profits, they are merely a partial return of overcharge. That's why no one pays income tax on them; they do not resemble corporate dividends. Life insurance is an investment only in terms of peace of mind.

Dave Goodwin, Insurance Consultant
Miami, Florida

I've gone a few rounds with insurance salesmen since my recent marriage and, consequently, I read *The Bottom Line*, Dirks and Gross's box on life insurance, with great interest. I've found that to have an insurance salesman advise anyone on estate planning is much like having the prisoners guard the prison. I have caught several salesmen in the incorrect manipulation of figures. One salesman in particular did not even know how to take the standard and marital deductions pertaining to estate taxes! Since not all consumers can take the time to prepare thorough studies of life-insurance policies, we will continue to see the American public bilked out of millions of dollars a year. We can only hope that individuals like Dirks and Gross will continue to speak out against abuses of the system.

Capt. Richard J. Conoboy, U. S. A.
West Point, New York

I take exception to *The Bottom Line*. In it, the authors state, "The only time you need life insurance is when you must protect your dependents." That statement is certainly open to question. Life insurance serves a legitimate need not only for dependent protection but also for estate protection. Dying is terribly costly nowadays, what with estate taxes, probate costs and other expenses required to make estates liquid. In addition, the authors imply that a person does not need protection after the age of 50. But, because many people die after 65, it is impractical to advise people to buy term insurance (as the authors write), since it is almost impossible to secure that type of coverage at any advanced age.

Michael L. Searcy, Sales Manager
Pacific Mutual Life Insurance
Phoenix, Arizona

Dirks and Gross cite the annual premium cost of a \$100,000 whole-life policy, purchased at the age of 25, as \$2000. The annual premium cost of a \$100,000 whole-life policy of the sort described, however, is not \$2000 but about \$1700, and this is the rate for a mutual company, which is a higher rate than a stock company. "By the age of 50," Dirks and Gross write, "you will have paid \$50,000. The cash value of your policy will be about \$50,000." Using the correct \$1700 figure, however, the insured will have paid premiums totaling \$42,500. What's more, his cash value and dividends will total closer to \$67,000 than to \$50,000.

This represents a return over cost of \$24,500. The authors advise buying \$100,000 worth of renewable term insurance at the age of 25, the premium of which will average about \$700. Then, they suggest investing the difference between whole-life and renewable term premiums, which is \$1300. Of course, the actual difference is \$1000. Using that figure, and even the authors' questionable estimate of increasing the invested equity by seven and a half percent each year, the return on such an investment by the age of 50 will be about \$50,000 after taxes (something Dirks and Gross conveniently avoid mentioning). What's more, there will also be a Federal estate tax at death. How will our investor pay that? By purchasing a policy at the age of 50? A one-year renewable term policy will cost \$1525 per year at that age, a premium that will eat up half again as much as the \$1000 a year the insured has earmarked for investment. Project that situation to the age of 65 and I'm afraid that Dirks and Gross's advice to "buy term insurance and invest the difference" isn't borne out by their analysis.

Jerry M. Heffler, Insurance Agent
Dallas, Texas

In their advocacy of buying term insurance and investing the difference, Dirks and Gross say, "The last person to tell you this is your insurance salesman." I assume the first person to tell anyone this would be his friendly securities analyst, who'd be in a position to recommend investing instead in some choice common stock—like Equity Funding.

Frank P. Samford, Jr.
Chairman of the Board
Liberty National Life Insurance
Birmingham, Alabama

Contrary to what is indicated in the article, I know for a fact that commission chairman William J. Casey did not quash an investigation of I.T.&T. but, rather, supported a court action against the company and two of its officers who had sold stock on inside information. Also, though Dirks has reason to be unhappy about the personal results of the Equity Funding case, he must concede that when presented with firm evidence of fraud—as opposed to a vague discussion based on secondhand gossip between lawyers at a lower level—the SEC acted in record time to suspend trading in Equity Funding and prevent further losses. Testimony given before an open Senate subcommittee session last year establishes that the commission's performance in the Equity Funding matter was entirely appropriate.

Charles S. Whitman III
New York, New York

Dirks and Gross reply:

The letters in reaction to "The Bottom Line" illustrate how the life-insurance industry has succeeded in tear-gassing the

young American male into insensibility when it comes to purchasing life insurance. Life-insurance salesmen do develop schemes for using life insurance to save income taxes, capital-gains taxes and estate taxes, but these generally make sense only for the individual who is wealthy enough not to need protection against untimely death. For most people, however, life insurance should be purchased to provide only one vital function—to protect dependents against the untimely death of their breadwinner. For as little as \$350 a year, a 25-year-old man can obtain \$100,000 of death benefits in a term-insurance policy. But life-insurance salesmen and the companies they represent will not generally recommend policies offering pure protection—which, of course, are those with the lowest commissions for the agent and the lowest profit margins for the company. Instead, life insurers generally ignore the needs of the prospects by peddling whole-life insurance, which is a combination of protection and investment. But such a policy will cost anywhere from three to five times as much per dollar of protection provided. If you can afford it, a whole-life policy will cost between \$1000 and \$2000 a year, depending on how much in "living benefits" you're talked into tacking on. Obviously, living benefits is a euphemism for an investment plan, a way of getting your money back. If you cannot afford the extra dough, the insurance salesman will still try to sell you a whole-life policy, but with only a \$35,000 death benefit. Which is fine if you make it to the age of 65; but if you die a young man, your widow and children are \$65,000 poorer than they'd be if you'd purchased a \$100,000 term policy. We stand by our original advice: Buy all the protection you need and can afford before you consider a savings plan masquerading as insurance. As for the SEC's role in the Equity Funding scandal, we admit that chairman Casey may have supported court action against I.T.&T. But in his own testimony before the House Special Subcommittee on Investigations, Casey, in effect, admitted suppressing damaging evidence against I.T.&T. for political reasons prior to the 1972 elections. He also rejected his staff's recommendations that I.T.&T. be charged with fraud. As we demonstrate in "That Great Wall Street Scandal," from which our article was excerpted, the SEC failed several times to act on allegations made by a number of highly placed employees of Equity Funding itself long before the fraud was finally exposed.



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av. per cigarette, FTC Report Mar. 74

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That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



Gentlemen, be seated: Reacting to stiff fines imposed on eight of his players for drug use, the owner of the San Diego Chargers once again proposed that all team members undergo a urine test after football games. That was when the Chargers' player representative, Joe Beauchamp, declared: "I think it's ridiculous to think men would stand for that sort of thing."

Yes, but you should see who rides the buses: Delaware's *Wilmington Morning News* claims that "Clinton Anderson,



a driver for Yellow Cab, was sent to 23rd and Locust Street to pick up a fart."

Thank God his heroes weren't Nazis: Brian Brown, former British boxer, now a scrap dealer, has decided to make up for his less-than-outstanding athletic career (he suffered 19 defeats in 19 bouts—all of them by knockouts) by christening his baby daughter Maria Sullivan Corbett Fitzsimmons Jeffries Hart Burns Johnson Willard Dempsey Tunney Schmeling Sharkey Carnera Baer Braddock Louis Charles Walcott Marciano Patterson Johansson Liston Clay Frazier Foreman Brown.

C'mon, Pedro (*sniff!*), I'll bet we could arrest (*snort!*) the whole goddamn continent! Dispatches out of Santiago, Chile, reveal that 44 pounds of confiscated cocaine were burned before several "high police officials."

A maintenance engineer reported to his superiors at the Nebraska Department of Roads that the following items were found discarded at numbered rest stops along a state highway: rest stop

189, a woman's sweater; rest stop 191, a woman's dress; rest stop 193, panties and bra; rest stop 198, a rumpled blanket.

Look, we're not picking on Poland, but these things *do* happen: Museum curators in Gdańsk announced recently that two valuable paintings—a Vandyke and a Brueghel—had been stolen and replaced by fakes. The thefts weren't noticed until the Brueghel fell from the gallery wall and it was discovered that it was a reproduction cut out of a weekly magazine that sells for 15 cents. Nobody knows how long the fakes were on exhibit.

A new shop has opened in Newport Beach, California. It sells accessories for the bedroom and the bathroom. Its name: Come 'N Go.

The new, improved Army: According to the *American Journal of Nursing*, a fairly kinky sign was posted on the



bulletin board of an Army hospital: ALL NURSES WILL WEAR WHITE STOCKINGS ONLY. ANYONE FOUND WEARING ANYTHING ELSE WILL BE SUBJECT TO DISCIPLINARY ACTION.

Typos are part of this section's stock in trade, and every once in a while the continuing trials of setting type touch a

soft spot in our heart. This is one of them, from four consecutive issues of a North Carolina newspaper:

MONDAY: For Sale, a used sewing machine. Call Mr. Tom Kelly at 555-3455 after seven o'clock and ask for Mrs. Perkins who lives with him cheap.

TUESDAY: Correction—An error appeared in Mr. Tom Kelly's classified advertisement yesterday. It should have read. For sale, a used sewing machine cheap. Call Mr. Tom Kelly at 555-3455 and ask for Mrs. Perkins who lives with him after seven o'clock.

WEDNESDAY: Mr. Tom Kelly has reported several annoying telephone calls as a result of a classified advertisement that appeared in this newspaper yesterday. The ad stands corrected: For sale, a used sewing machine, cheap. Call Mr. Tom Kelly after seven o'clock at 555-3455 and ask for Mrs. Perkins who loves with him.

THURSDAY: Notice: I, Tom Kelly, no longer have a used sewing machine for sale. I took an ax and smashed it. I also no longer have a housekeeper. Mrs. Perkins resigned yesterday.

A reader has just brought us up to date on the progress the nation is making in removing filth from our geography textbooks. It appears that Whorehouse Flats in Oregon has been renamed Naughty Girl Meadow, with no hope of reprieve. Cathouse Creek in Montana and Red Light Draw in Texas have escaped euphemization, but we were saddened to hear that Arizona's Shit House Mountain and Bull Shit Canyon are officially referred to as S. H. Mountain and B. S. Canyon. Watch this space.

Kind of a frustrating combination, if you ask us: Opponents of fluoridation have used all sorts of arguments; in California, voters were told that fluoridation led to impotence, while in New Jersey, at a public hearing, it was said to cause nymphomania. The New Jersey

Dental Association, which supports fluoridation, concluded in a statement that the conflicting claims were "not a bad combination."

Herb Caen's Headline of the Month, as reported in his popular *San Francisco Chronicle* column, gets our vote, too: Splashed across three columns of the *Palo Alto Times*, over a story about a woman who loves to fix cars, was the headline "WOMAN CONSUMMATES LOVE AFFAIR WITH GREASE RACK."

A group of students from the State University of New York at Buffalo decided not to toss an effigy of President Nixon over the American Falls; police said that if they did, they would be charged with polluting the Niagara River.

Graffiti inside the men's room of the Liberal Arts Building of the University of Arizona: TIME IS JUST NATURE'S WAY OF KEEPING EVERYTHING FROM HAPPENING AT ONCE.

A letter received by a popular advice column had this provocative opening paragraph: "I have heard that certain famous people in history have been homosexuals. The only one to come to

mind is Michelangelo. I also heard a week or so ago that Rock Hudson is bisexual. Is this true, or are they just roomers?"

A public meeting on population growth in Frederick County, Maryland, had to be postponed when too many people showed up at the hearing room. The overflow crowd was told to return the following week, when the meeting would be held in the auditorium.

According to the *National Enquirer*, chicken czar Colonel Sanders expressed these extra-crispy thoughts on the state of America's youth today: "Look at all those dirty hippies across the country. There's hundreds of them. Venereal disease in the hippie colonies runs rampant. They take dope, shooting each other with the same dirty needles. Hepatitis is widespread."

An incredibly potent purebred bull was given a party to celebrate its second birthday at the Colorado State Fair. Within its short life span, the bull had sired 5000 calves. The animal, owned by the Golden Company of Oklahoma, was named Golden Rod at birth.

BOOKS

If the CIA could kill men and movements as well as it can kill books—such as *The CIA and the Cult of Intelligence* (Knopf), by Victor Marchetti and John Marks—the Cold War long ago would have turned into a rout and we would have been able to dismantle our conventional military organizations and go back to raising families, crops, hell and other natural things. Trouble is, we Americans never really had much aptitude for the kind of dirty work that comes pretty much as second nature to the Russians. Instead of steely-eyed K.G.B. operatives who do their work without remorse or romance, we hired buffoons like E. Howard Hunt, with his feverish imagination and his taste for good living. So we got the Bay of Pigs, Operation Phoenix and various other disasters as part of the deal. In short, we got an organization (insiders call it The Agency or The Firm or even Mother, and they usually whisper the words in tones of grave awe) that can kill a lot of people without improving anything. A very bad bargain.

But when word of this book reached CIA headquarters in Langley, Virginia, the sleuths went right to work. (Incidentally, the lavish CIA headquarters was at one time "secret" and the highway exits leading to it either were not marked at all or were marked by signs that were intended to mislead. This, in spite of the fact that everybody in Washington who was above school age *knew* what that building was and what went on there. But the agency has never been

deterred by ridicule over its obsession with secrecy. When the building was under construction, the contractor who was installing the air conditioning needed to know how many people his machinery would have to cool. Sorry, buddy, he was told, but that's classified. He did the best he could, but the system never worked properly. The agency took him to court and lost—as usual.) *Anyway*, nobody in the CIA was happy about it when it was learned that Marchetti, a CIA veteran, had a book in



mind. Since he'd signed some oaths about not revealing classified intelligence material, they slapped an injunction on him. Marchetti, his publisher and the A.C.L.U. argued that this was prior restraint and in violation of the First Amendment. Not so, said the judge. It's a contractual matter, just like bank loans and alimony. After several complicated appeals, Marchetti won—sort of.

You wouldn't know it to read this book. It looks as if it was put together by a printer stumbling down the road to dipsomania: The pages are a blinding mixture of plain type, boldface and large areas of white space with ~~LETED~~ stamped over them. Those are the parts that are still under litigation. The bold-faced portions represent deletions originally insisted upon by the CIA that the courts have allowed to be published. If the stuff that belongs on the white parts is as "damaging" as the stuff that appears in boldface, then these ruthless minions of sabotage and espionage are more chary of their virtue and reputation than the average spinster from Mobile. Which is to say that though this is a good book—what there is of it (perhaps ten percent of the original was deleted and will be restored in later editions)—it's not one that adds in any considerable way to our fund of knowledge about the CIA. The deletions themselves are probably the most dramatic message in this book.

As long as you're reading deletions—which admittedly requires some practice, but the way things are going, we'll all soon get the hang of it—pick up a copy of *The White House Transcripts* (Bantam,

PLAYBOY'S HALL OF FLEETING FAME



Exotic dancer Frenchie Renee: For proving that snakes are more intelligent than exotic dancers. Miss Renee, who sports her wares in a San Francisco night club, recently broke the world record for remaining buried alive with snakes. She was buried for 25 days in a six-foot coffin with four rattlesnakes and a boa constrictor.

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Dell, et al.) and try to figure out just what expletives are deleted. Fascinating. You wonder how good the President and his men are at blue language—which is an art with its own aesthetics and rhythms. They probably aren't very good and say things like *#&%! when any sailor with two years in the fleet knows the proper term is \$¢%*&S&é. A work of little elegance and even less insight but, unfortunately, a must to read.

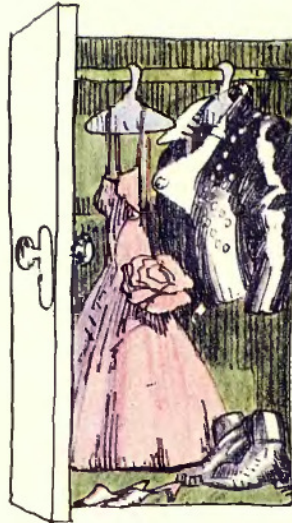
Finally, in the matters of Watergate, the crisis of confidence and how did a nice country like you get into a mess like this, read *All the President's Men* (Simon & Schuster), by Carl Bernstein and Bob Woodward. It's likely you've already read the excerpts we published in our May and June issues; but that's OK. There's a lot more where they came from.

Did you think that there was simply nothing left on God's green earth to say about bullfighting, that writers had worked that mine until it was as barren as Monty Hall's soul? Well, you didn't account for William Hjortsberg. His book *Toro! Toro! Toro!* (Simon & Schuster) is about bullfighting, but in about the same way that *Gravity's Rainbow* is about rockets. Suffice it to say that Hjortsberg handles a tricky plot so deftly that you will be awed. And beyond his technical skill, there is his dark imagination. You probably wouldn't expect to find a mysterious Chinese, a computerized bull, a sensuous groupie with a real thing for bulls—if you know what we mean—a couple of Southern California hustlers and a rhinoceros in a novel about bullfighting, would you? Well, they're all here. And, as they say, much more besides. This book is a delight, so buy it, read it, then tell a friend about it; but don't lend him your copy. Get him to buy one. That way we can make Hjortsberg rich. He deserves it.

Too bad Gahan Wilson doesn't do our book reviews. He could draw a dandy for Philip Roth's new novel, *My Life as a Man* (Holt, Rinehart & Winston): one of those cheerily bloodcurdling cartoons of a psychiatrist's office, where a mutant couch is growing like a dark virulent fungus and spreading out the window into the city below. Roth is again riding his favorite subway, the Sex and Guilt Local, with stops at all hang-ups and neuroses, but this time he leaves you wondering whether the trip was really necessary. *My Life* is more like a final exam for a correspondence course in psychiatry than a novel. It's about Peter Tarnopol, Famous Fucked-Up Jewish Writer, and his famously fucked-up life with women. It begins with two seemingly autobiographical short stories by Tarnopol, followed by his actual autobiography. Clever. First we get Tarnopol's reality transmuted into Art, brimming

with existential irony and Meaning; and then we get the real thing, see how he's squeezed the Meaning out of tawdry confusion and soap-opera sadness. His emotional landscape looks like Disney World after a hurricane, and his main interest in life, with some help from his shrink, is wandering like some Freudian insurance inspector through the wreckage, wondering what happened. It was probably intended as a dark parody of such do-it-yourself analysis, and sometimes it's very funny, but finally what we get is dragged along on somebody else's couch—which is great fuel for cocktail parties but gets a little dreary in print without those three drinks first.

Flying (Knopf) is Kate Millett's autobiography. It is long, dense, written without much noticeable skill, self-indulgent, self-pitying, narcissistic, confusing—and damned fascinating. Millett is the woman who wrote *Sexual Politics*, one of the



first serious feminist manifestoes. The book made her a celebrity and that nearly drove her mad. Her picture was on the cover of *Time*, she was called on to give speeches and appear on television, she was hailed as a leader of the movement. Her sisters resented that. Then she announced that she was gay (or bi, at least) and that made things worse. She was hurting the movement, straights insisted, by tying it to lesbianism. The gays wanted her to become an advocate for their cause exclusively. The politics were first Byzantine, then malicious and, in the end, nearly violent. Millett tells it all, and that means *all*. The detail can overwhelm you, but inside this mass of words, there is a significant book about women, the movement and, to be arch, Our Times. This is, almost in spite of itself, an important book.

Recipe for *The Dogs of War* (Viking), another boring and silly adventure fable by Frederick Forsyth:

One gang of tough and ruthless professionals.

Another gang of tough and ruthless professionals.

One improbable African republic. Its president, a tough and ruthless lunatic.

A jigger of Commies.

A mountain of platinum.

Assorted tough and ruthless desperadoes, preferably short, compact, lean, hatchet-faced, two-fisted, with curved beaks for noses.

A teenage nymphomaniac.

A thick paste of purportedly factual detail about guns and Swiss banks, evenly mixed with racist tripe.

Add a number of resounding platitudes; e.g., conversation between unlikely African general (suffers from terminal stiff upper lip and a weakness for Shakespearean reverie) and Shannon, the tough and ruthless Irish mercenary:

"Another fight, Major Shannon?"

"Another fight, sir."

"But always somebody else's."

"That's our way of life," said Shannon.

Heat over a feeble flame for 22 chapters, making sure each section ends with a sentence or two that promises to deliver something intangibly ominous in the next section; e.g., "You have one hundred days, Mr. Shannon, to steal a republic. One hundred days."

Pause for a quick fuck.

Before taking the pot off boil, throw in trusted dashes of flavor: conscience-stricken geologist with crippled daughter, a couple of swarthy hit men and a token Kraut, ex-Hitler Youth type preferred. Forsyth, an accomplished fry cook, even uses several token Krauts in his recipe, one of whom actually dares use the phrase "*Gott in Himmel!*"; but this kind of audacity is not recommended for beginners.

The Gulag Archipelago (Harper & Row), by Alexandr Solzhenitsyn, indicts particular men in a specific time and place—but its implications are ominously universal. This book will affect your life, whether you read it or not, for the spindly U.S.-U.S.S.R. *détente* will surely be shaken by its grim disclosures. The acronym GULAG denotes the central authority that articulates the Soviet system of "corrective labor camps." The archipelago is Solzhenitsyn's metaphor for the vast chain of "islands"—interrogation centers, prisons and their support facilities—that stretches across both a continent and a half century of suspicion and terrorism; a paranoid monstrosity frozen in the ice of its own secrecy. Solzhenitsyn in exile is the system's sworn enemy. Like a cosmonaut out of control, he orbits about its clenched stillness, raging with concern. His ghost could not haunt his oppressors more tirelessly if they had, indeed, murdered him. The book is, we learn, barely one third of Solzhenitsyn's complete manuscript. Many will find its clumsy organization



The Sunstroke.

(Sometimes less is more.)

For a long time we clung to the notion that longer days called for longer drinks. That any suggestion we made for summer ought to be served in a tall glass. The neatness of that logic, we now realize, blinded us to its flaws.

What matters, obviously, is not how long a drink is, but how good. So before you pack all your stubby little glasses in mothballs, you might want to try a Sunstroke.



To make a Sunstroke, pour 1½ oz. Smirnoff and 3 oz. grapefruit juice into a short glass with ice. Add a little Triple Sec or sugar and stir.

Smirnoff
leaves you breathless®

impenetrable, its furious wealth of documentation impossibly prolix. Its ordering seems compulsive. A long account, through several chapters, details the careful reshaping of "the law" into an obedient instrument of repression. Solzhenitsyn depicts favored varieties of intimidation and torture, sketches the history of the jail system, crystallizes the experience of imprisonment in a stark, impressionistic narrative inset. Is it a good book? Does it even matter?

Solzhenitsyn reveals the volunteered testimony of many victims and tells his own remarkable story. Looking at the practice of capital punishment, he focuses on the recorded reaction of men who waited to be shot. What sort of men, he wonders, became "interrogators"? Who was Stalin—that cautious politician who allowed unquestioning subordinates to execute unspecific orders, orders he would only imply? You, the reader, are dragged roughly in: Would you have resisted? What could any of us have done? Perhaps the book will be less important for the devastating facts it reveals than for the angry questions it won't stop asking. Here's one for all of us: Is it true, as Solzhenitsyn claims, that in 1946-1947 the American and British governments "perfidiously returned" to the Soviet government more than 1,000,000 fugitives—to what they surely knew was immediate execution? Is it true, too, that the Allies have since then kept those actions a secret from their own citizens? If so, if its other allegations are less narrowly "Soviet" than we wish to believe but, instead, attest to fears and evils universal in men, then it will not be enough to ask what kind of people those were who could do such things. We must ask, as well, what kind of people *we* are.

THEATER

A professional like Sammy Cahn can set anything to words, even the word eh, as he says in his chatty, informal evening of musical reminiscences, *Words and Music*. Actually, that may be one of the few combinations of letters he has not rhymed, and re-rhymed, during his long career in Hollywood and on Broadway. Ebulliently and with refreshing candor (he is frank about his facility, doesn't label it an art form), he leads us affectionately through his life, dispensing tips on lyric writing and anecdotes about his collaborators (chiefly Jimmy Van Heusen) and his interpreters (who include Frank Sinatra and Doris Day). He makes the writing of *Three Coins in the Fountain*, one of his biggest hits, into a comic cliff-hanger. Accompanied by Richard Leonard at the piano, Cahn, a natural performer, sings—or, rather, melodically croaks—many of his songs, and has help from three talented accomplices, Jon

Peck, Shirley Lemmon and, particularly, Kelly Garrett, who sensuously entwines her silky voice around such Cahn standards as *Until the Real Thing Comes Along*. At the John Golden, 252 West 45th Street.

The Sea Horse is the third dramatic success to move from the tiny off-off-Broadway Circle Repertory Theater Company to a commercial run off-Broadway. Its worthy predecessors, both of them also naturalistic, were *The Hot L Baltimore* and *When You Comin' Back, Red Ryder?* *The Sea Horse* has only two characters, but in this case, that's enough. They are Gertrude Blum, the fat, vulgar owner of a seaside bar called The Sea Horse, and Harry Bales, a garrulous ship's engineer. For a long time, they have been lovers; but returning from a voyage, Harry has decided to brave his shipmates' scorn and marry "two-ton" Gertie. He proposes. She



laughs. And we are off on two heart-warming hours with two vibrantly alive people, who finally touch each other's vulnerabilities and find common ground for mutual support. This is a small, bittersweet romance, lovingly directed by Marshall W. Mason and acted with enormous humor and perception by Conchata Ferrell and Edward J. Moore—who is also the author of the play under the pseudonym James Irwin. As an actor, Moore has a rambunctious charm. As a playwright, he has a grasp of the imagery of the sea and a feeling for lonely people trapped in emotional cubicles of their own creation. At the Westwide, 407 West 43rd Street.

RECORDINGS

The Mysterious Rhinestone Cowboy (Columbia) is David Allan Coe's first album on a major label. He's a young, wonderfully gifted lyricist, whose power and eloquence are reminiscent of Bob Dylan's best years and whose simplicity and feeling for the poetry of our everyday language fit the best country tradition of Hank Williams and Merle Haggard. The vocal style is also reminiscent of Haggard, not as polished (or experienced) but with the same conversational tone and matter-of-fact sincerity. This is not a slick album; of the ten selections, only two or three could conceivably make it as singles. There is no star image to come between the singer and the audience, no big PR

hype. Just an unpretentious down-to-earth feeling that says David Allan Coe is for real and may be around for a while.

One of the great things to come out of 1973's Montreux Jazz Festival was Hampton Hawes's *Playin' in the Yard* (Prestige). With Hawes performing keyboard wizardry on electric and acoustic pianos and with bassist Bob Cranshaw and drummer Kenny Clarke for support, the album is simply wonderful. Hawes has had his ups and downs (which is putting it mildly) over the years, but he has never sounded better than here. There's something about Montreux that brings out the best in a lot of people. Maybe it's that Swiss air. Whatever, *Playin' in the Yard* is a must for any serious student of the jazz idiom.

Always with one foot firmly planted in Latin rhythm, talented drummer and composer Billy Cobham pivots in a variety of directions with some impressive results. Hard blues in a Latin mode, for instance, comes of a collaboration with guitarist Tommy Bolin and pianist Jan Hammer on *Spectrum* (Atlantic). Cobham's first solo LP. Bolin has Hendrix' technique and a direct feeling for the blues that makes you think of Eric Clapton. Hammer's keyboard work is nothing short of Bachian, ballsy and intergalactic. Add the driving, perfectly controlled Latin rhythms of Cobham's drums and you discover on *Stratus*, *To the Women in My Life* and *Snoopy's Search* that the



blues has affinities to both fugue and *La Cucaracha*. It's a remarkable synthesis of musical styles that turns Brandenburg and Harlem into suburbs of Rio.

On *Crosswinds* (Atlantic), his second album, Cobham rides the more predictable gusts between Mexico and Hollywood. The contrapuntal drumwork is still superb, particularly on *The Pleasant Pheasant*, but the more traditional Latin focus on brass and reeds together



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with spotty solos by acid-rock guitarist John Abercrombie and jazz trumpeter Randy Brecker suggest movie sound track rather than stereo speaker. Here the attempt to crossbreed Latin and acid rock on *Flash Flood* and *Crosswind* is a standoff, while the Latin-jazz progeny on *Savannah the Serene* and *Heather* are born with peaked faces.

For a notion of what the Columbia album *Apocalypse*, by John McLaughlin and the Mahavishnu and London Symphony orchestras (the latter under Michael Tilson Thomas), is like, imagine a rock tune that begins like Dimitri Shostakovich in a belligerent mood. Kick off a hard rhythm under the dissonance, then thrust the melody into the screaming brass ovens of the old Kenton band. Cool with lyrical guitar, then reheat and pasteurize in Aaron Copland's *Third Symphony*. Follow with a funky guitar solo in which McLaughlin roller-skates slalom style down an Escher staircase. Now add an amazingly musical fragmentation of sound from Jean-Luc Ponty's mystically quavering, hard-driving violin. So runs *Vision Is a Naked Sword*. Transcendental. There are four more cuts. McLaughlin's writing is impressive throughout, except for near the end of *Hymn to Him*, where his orbit about the Godhead is only a leg up from *The Flight of the Bumblebee*. But listen closely even here. One of the Four Horsemen of the Mahavishnu *Apocalypse* is the Lone Ranger.

Milt Jackson's *Goodbye* (CTI), featuring that phenomenal flutist Hubert Laws, gives Mr. Vibes a chance to stretch out and do his thing in a lot looser context than when he's playing with the MJQ. He also profits from having protean bassist Ron Carter around to spur him on. Cedar Walton is the pianist (and a fine one) and Steve Gadd is a perfectly adequate drummer. One track, *SKJ*, was recorded a year prior to the rest of the album with a different lineup (Herbie Hancock replaces Walton, Cobham subs for Gadd, trumpeter Freddie Hubbard takes over for Laws) and may be the best of the lot. Hubbard, especially, is scintillating. But the rest of the LP is first-rank: The title tune, *Detour Ahead*, *Old Devil Moon* and Horace Silver's moving *Opus de Funk* grab hold and don't let go.

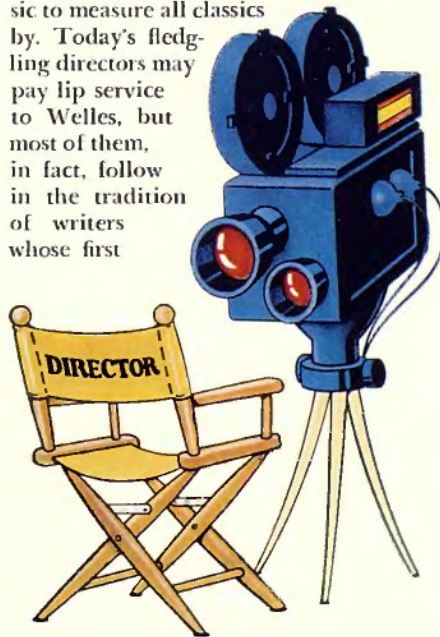
John Glenn went around the world three times, which isn't bad for somebody from Ohio. But he never got as far out as the Ohio Players do on *Skin Tight* (Mercury). In case you're not hip to the Players, they've been together for about six years and they're one of the self-contained groups that are currently transforming r&b music (self-contained means that they sing, play and compose—like Earth, Wind & Fire or Kool & the Gang, two of the other groups that

are really out there *doing* it). The album—with a provocative cover designed by our own Assistant Art Director Len Willis—consists of six fairly extended jams, varying in mood from the supersexy title tune to the romantic *Heaven Must Be Like This* to the album closer, *Is Anybody Gonna Be Saved?*, a pulsating Gospel-rock number with a pertinent message. *Nota bene*: If you missed the group's trilogy of albums on the Westbound label—*Pleasure*, *Pain* and *Ecstasy*—you ought to pick up on them; they're chock-full of compelling music. And the album covers will just knock your eyes out.

Settle back, kick your shoes off and unbend to the mellifluous sounds of the Roger Kellaway Cello Quartet on *Come to the Meadow* (A&M). Kellaway's piano, in concert with the percussion of Emil Richards, Chuck Domanico's bass and the soft-as-butter cello of Edgar Lustgarten, will make the listener forget about that big hairy old world out there. The high point for us is *Time*, the last track on side one, which does as much as anything we know to show the difference between restful and soporific. They're all Kellaway compositions and all charming.

MOVIES

A lot has changed on the movie scene since Orson Welles, at the age of 25, made his directorial debut with the majestic, timeless *Citizen Kane*, a film classic to measure all classics by. Today's fledgling directors may pay lip service to Welles, but most of them, in fact, follow in the tradition of writers whose first



novels (from James Joyce's *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* to J. D. Salinger's *Catcher in the Rye* or John Updike's *Rabbit, Run*) charted the growing pains of boys about to enter, ready or not, the hairy state of manhood.

The nostalgia vogue, of course, has something to do with it. In a jigsaw modern world where few of the pieces

fit, looking backward to older and happier days is becoming a national pastime. *Summer of '42* gave impetus to the trend, partly because it made home-front adolescent agony during World War Two seem positively idyllic compared with the problems of being young in the era of Vietnam and Kent State. Predating even the phenomenal success of '42, writer-director Francis Ford Coppola's first feature, *You're a Big Boy Now*, was a comedy of adolescence that paved the way for him to take on heavy adult themes in such hits as *The Godfather* and *The Conversation*. Other examples abound. Take Brian DePalma's *Hi, Mom!*, Martin Scorsese's semiautobiographical *Who's That Knocking at My Door* (followed in 1973 by the grittier *Mean Streets*), George Lucas' crowd-pleasing *American Graffiti*, Charles Eastman's *The All-American Boy*, Terrence Malick's *Badlands* and Joseph Jacoby's *Hurry Up, or I'll Be 30*. All are set in the fairly recent past, roughly corresponding to the years when the film makers and/or their contemporaries were playing hooky or stealing hubcaps, soaking up crime shows on television, straining to break umbilical cords—or simply trying to get laid.

These film makers, mostly under 30, jostle for a place among those Most Likely to Succeed and spur Hollywood's veterans to greater efforts. What sets the young directors apart from their elders is a kind of first-person candor and immediacy seldom encountered, much less appreciated, by the bloodhounds sniffing over scripts in a major studio's story department. While these rising talents seem closer in spirit to European directors whose New Wave works were greeted as revelations a decade or so ago (Truffaut's *The 400 Blows* and Godard's *Breathless*, for example), they are actually brothers to the budding authors who heeded the sage advice of their pros in English Composition I to "write about what you know."

New York-born Jacoby was a suitable 29 when he began writing *Hurry Up, or I'll Be 30*, an impressive 1973 release about a Brooklyn schnook who decamps from his dad's printing shop to explore the glamor of the city—culturally as far removed from Manhattan as Shangri-La—with an off-Broadway actress he happens to meet. "My own feelings of loss, and the need for some sort of identity," says Jacoby, give the movie's ebullient satire a sting of truth. Since the director himself was devising TV game shows at the age of 19 (he used to be a writer on *Let's Make a Deal*), he can't quite call his work autobiographical—yet *Hurry Up's* hero was played by John Lefkowitz, a buddy of his since high school. Jacoby admittedly got his career into orbit both professionally and aesthetically by returning to the terra firma of personal experience. His



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first film, to be precise, was a "cooked-up" suspense melodrama titled *Shame, Shame*. His next, significantly, will be *Harry Had a Candy Store*, *Business It Was Poor*, which he hopes to start shooting this fall with someone like George Segal cast as a Madison Avenue hot-shot trying to untangle family ties in the Bronx.

Of course, the public's seemingly insatiable appetite for nostalgia won't last. Nothing lasts in the fickle film world except a great film, yet the new breed of moviemakers—granted the continuing freedom to be themselves—may finally produce one. Meanwhile, the screen keeps filling up with youthful reminiscence as if that long hot *Summer of '42* would never end.

Best and liveliest among recent entries in the field is *The Lords of Flatbush*, co-directed by Marty Davidson—a onetime talent agent who handled such promising newcomers as Ali MacGraw and Jon Voight—and Stephen Verona, who earned a bundle writing TV commercials. Years later, looking into the past with a certain amount of sophistication, Davidson wrote a scenario called *The Way Things Used to Be*. Verona had something else in mind, titled *Sexual Freedom in Brooklyn*. So they pooled their resources. "Steve was always a black-leather-jacket type," says Davidson, "so I just took my characters and put them into leather jackets." The result was *Lords*, a crudely photographed but explosively funny, honest and downbeat recollection of what it was like to be growing up in Brooklyn circa 1957. Filmed on the sly (in other words, after hours) in and around Brooklyn's Tilden High School, Davidson's alma mater, the movie describes how four dudes named Wimpy, Stanley, Butchey and Chico (played with crotch-tugging zest by Paul Mace, Sylvester Stallone, Henry Winkler and Perry King) manage to keep the world safe for ducktail haircuts—until Stanley gets married after carelessly knocking up a chick whose wildest dreams will be satisfied by a \$1600 diamond and a two-family house. "I see a lot of me in Butchey, a guy who's definitely gonna get outa there," says Davidson, who for auld lang syne took a role as an aggressive jewelry-store salesman in the film's cruel and hilarious buying-the-ring scene. The efforts of Chico to make out with a WASPy, well-brought-up girl (Susie Blakely) who can't see herself as just another Saturday-night score at the drive-in are both amusing and true. *Lords* absolutely lacks the slickness and showbiz boffo of *American Graffiti*, say, but it's twice as real. If you were there at the corner candy store, sucking up egg creams and digging Elvis, this tops a class reunion.

Three other films, though begging to be loved, could be used to argue for a

moratorium on trips down Memory Lane. *Our Time* takes place in 1955 at a New England boarding school, where two senior girls named Abby and Muffy (Pamela Sue Martin and Betsy Slade) compare notes on their first breathless experiments with sexual intercourse: "Did you cry? Did you bleed? Did it hurt?" Since abortion and death follow as swift retribution, it seems to hurt a lot in the tremulous first screenplay by 26-year-old Jane C. Stanton, who attended a posh New England girls' school herself—probably without benefit of dewy soft-focus photography and limpid background music by Michel Legrand, part of director Peter Hyams' faltering effort to bring back *Summer of '42* in skirts.

Like *Our Time*, scenarist Alan Sillitoe's *The Ragman's Daughter* is technically impeccable, but hardly a step ahead for the man who wrote *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning* and *The Loneliness of the Long-Distance Runner* at least ten years ago. There's this loser in his mid-30s, a factory worker with a plain wife and plain kids, who keeps returning in flashbacks to his glorious juvenile delinquency—before he went to jail—when he and a wonderful blonde (Victoria Tennant) created excitement by breaking into lunchrooms, body shops and shoe stores. Both Simon Rouse, as young Tony, and Patrick O'Connell, as the man he becomes, are excellent, though their past, present and future are made only too clear in the film's first ten minutes. We've all been there before, buried alive in British working-class despair. *Ragman's Daughter* is so bloody literate, predictable and precise in spelling out bleak truths about society that it would move *The Lords of Flatbush* to a Bronx cheer.

They trekked to backwoods Georgia and flipped the calendar back to 1948 for *Buster and Billie*, with Jan-Michael Vincent (a best bet among Hollywood matinee idols of tomorrow) and Joan Goodfellow teamed as another pair of doomed young lovers. It's a two-handkerchief tearjerker, if anyone can still cry over this love, sex and death shtick that starts with a kiss and ends in a coffin. We've had it, and to spare, but one can't fault the performers, and certainly not Joan or Jan-Michael—she as a lovin'-hearted high school nonentity who becomes popular at gang-bangs, he as a more sensitive stud who somehow perceives her inner purity. Buster's sensitivity—relative to the retarded bumpkin types around him—can be summed up succinctly in his observation "Two things I think oughta be private . . . gettin' laid and takin' a shit." Director Daniel Petrie plunges into such folklore like a city slicker putting up a rustic retreat on *Tobacco Road*, tossing a few bones to the underdog and carefully substituting soft-core sentimentality for credibility at every turn. His chief collaborator,

scenarist Ron Turbeville, claims that everybody knew a girl like Billie in high school—which may be true but doesn't save *Buster and Billie* from mediocrity. The movie's strongest attention-getter is



an irrelevant *Tarzan* sequence down at the ole swimmin' hole, featuring full frontal nudity, his and hers. Outside of the skin flicks, there hasn't been much of that in American films lately.

Going Places, a huge hit in Paris, stands a better-than-average chance of duplicating its success over here. Based on a controversial novel by director Bertrand Blier, who also helped with the adaptation, the movie follows three easy-riding *enfants terribles*—two boys and a girl—on a nonstop spree of thievery and sex à trois. Blier's ode to amorality is socked across winningly by a delectable French newcomer named Miou-Miou, as a bored beauty-shop attendant who more or less relishes being kidnaped by a pair of virile car thieves because she has never had an orgasm. As her captors, Gerard Depardieu (subsequently signed to star in a film for Bernardo Bertolucci) and Patrick Dewaere keep the screen alive with antisocial vitality; at one point, their buddy-buddy relationship is strained by a homosexual rape—though Jean-Claude (Depardieu) assures his outraged and ravished pal that everything goes between friends. French superstar Jeanne Moreau cruises in briefly as a woman just out of prison who spends some of her pent-up sex drive with the boys, then shoots herself, firing a pistol between her legs. In another bizarre sequence, one of the lads gets shot in the left testicle. It must be clear by now that *Going Places* projects a fashionably contemporary fuck-'em-all attitude, and does the job well. Moreau's presence serves as a reminder, however, that a movie about three free spirits can be as

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humane and enlightened as *Jules and Jim*, made in 1961 by Truffaut. "We're peaceful . . . on the road, and we can get it up any time we want," says one of Blier's don't-give-a-damn heroes. On the bottom level, however, this pop saga is antilife and misanthropic, because finally, the viewer doesn't much give a damn, either.

Eskimos are terrific natural actors and the frozen Canadian Arctic is a great place to make a gripping adventure movie, judging by the evidence in *The White Dawn*. James Houston's novel of the same name was based on the true story of three New England whaling men marooned on a desert of ice and snow in the vicinity of Frobisher Bay some 80 years ago. How they were saved by a nomadic Eskimo tribe, how they shared the Eskimos' wives and daughters and finally corrupted that gentle, primitive social order is the gist of the tale. Sex and violence aside—and there's plenty of both after civilized man comes—the movie works primarily because it happens to be a fascinating yarn set in a little-known Godforsaken corner of the world where few film makers care to go (there is a coterie of fans devoted to a 1960 epic called *The Savage Innocents*, starring Anthony Quinn, the only noticeable movie about Eskimos since Robert Flaherty's classic *Nanook of the North*). Chicago-born director Philip Kaufman (his career began with *Goldstein*) tackled *Dawn* in the company of Warren Oates, Lou Gossett and Timothy Bottoms, who do everything anyone could ask of actors in such a climate. But don't expect miracles of script, performance or direction in this gig. There are rough spots—jarring continuity, flashes of mere melodrama—but who cares? Color photography makes an eerie wonder of the arctic waste, serving up on the rocks every man's dream of a place far away from it all. Splendid trip for a hot night in August.

Zandy's Bride could be described as a woman's picture, except that some liberated modern mizzes are bound to feel uncomfortable with it. Liv Ullmann and Gene Hackman play the mating game—mail-order-wife division, which was one American way of settling the wild West a century or so ago. A Swedish immigrant girl travels 2000 miles to Big Sur country to marry a rough, hulking cattle rancher who sizes her up as if the post office had sent him damaged goods. "For openers, you ain't no twenty-five," he snarls. "What else did you lie about?" Because he basically sees the woman as a brood mare, he rapes her for a start. But the worse he treats her, the tougher she gets. The female of the species ultimately triumphs in the taming of a brute through tenderness, patience, woman's intuition

and all those gentle attributes once considered to equal true womanhood.



look very important. The same meticulous

period flavor and leisurely, understated style that Swedish director Jan Troell brought to his landmark films *The Emigrants* and *The New Land* seem almost second nature to *Zandy's Bride*. In fact, the movie might qualify as the third part of a trilogy, though Troell's first feature to be made entirely in the U.S.A. stands knee-high beside his earlier works about America.

Maybe times have changed too much for an audience to work up any real excitement about the plight of a rich, giddy, hopelessly spoiled New York girl who scandalizes the staid old-world society of Rome and fashionable Swiss resorts by her shocking indiscretions—such as joining a young gentleman for an unchaperoned tour of the



Castle of Chillon. That's the problem of *Daisy Miller*, based on a classic Henry James story set in the early 1900s and assembled with tender loving care by producer-director Peter Bogdanovich as a star vehicle for his close friend and favorite actress, Cybill Shepherd. Sad to say, Bogdanovich's beautiful protégé plays James's heroine with more insolence than this fragile tale can bear, and her affected coquetry seldom if ever stirs sympathy for a girl who comes to grief not because she's actually bad but because she's a free-spirited filly kicking over the traces of a hypocritical

society dominated by snobs and cynics. Though gorgeous and dressed to kill, Shepherd is an unconvincing victim who acts Daisy on one sustained note of pretty petulance, without shading. She soon becomes tiresome, which raises hell with James's subtle, rueful portrait of an American innocent abroad. Otherwise, the movie is faithful to its source, with a fine, intelligent adaptation by Frederic Raphael (who wrote *Darling*) and high-standard performances by Barry Brown, Eileen Brennan and Cloris Leachman (always a dandy actress, though woefully miscast as Daisy's mother, since her innate refinement makes the dull, bump-tious Mrs. Miller the most likable character of all). If you know the book, *Daisy Miller* on film will disappoint you. If you're a stranger to the rather special world of Henry James, the best Bogdanovich and Shepherd can offer is a kind of quickie guided tour in luxury class, well planned but superficial.

An Italian mother dies, leaving her widowed husband and three young sons—aged 18, 14 and 9—in the care of a comely maid, whose charms considerably shorten the household's time of mourning for Momma. Soon enough, Poppa is proffering proposals of marriage and calling in the family priest to talk to the boys. Poppa hardly suspects that one of the boys, 14-year-old Nino (played by Alessandro Momo), even as the priest launches into a sermon about togetherness, is quietly groping under the dinner table to relieve his prospective step-mother of her panties. So it goes with *Malizia* (that's simple malice in Sicily), a drama that scored a smash hit in Italy and made a star of Laura Antonelli, whose performance as the wily governess is all steam and sizzle under a veneer of unblemished marble. After Laura, there's not much else to recommend in *Malizia*, though it undoubtedly racks up a few cogent points about the rampant *machismo* in nine out of ten Italian males. Writer-director Salvatore Samperi is a former assistant and presumably a disciple of Marco Ferreri, director of *The Grande Bouffe*. But Samperi seems to emulate Ferreri's savagery without mastering his gift for ironic satire. What results is an unpleasant story about the unholy alliance between a pair of unpleasant people—woman and boy—whose aimless indiscretions reveal nothing about society in general and even less about human frailty beyond the blunt, familiar assertion that Homo sapiens is a goddamn treacherous species.

TELEVISION

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dashed, as has been happening a lot lately. The Chicago Sun-Times's Pulitzer Prize-winning TV critic, Ron Powers, reflects on the situation:

For a while there—after Watergate blunted what Walter Cronkite in a *Playboy* Interview I conducted with him in June of last year had called "a very serious assault" on broadcast freedoms—American television showed signs of outgrowing its lifelong reputation for fear and trembling in the face of controversy. Bold social themes—police brutality, rape, racial inequality, questionable military justice—showed up in prime-time dramas. ABC, traditionally the most timorous of the three major networks, launched a tough new investigative-journalism series, *Closeup*. CBS' Dan Rather was his ornery self at Presidential press conferences.

It didn't last long. TV's old preference for the noncommittal has always been rooted in its survival instinct, and by the spring of this year, the twin hobgoblins of Government pressure and fear of mass-audience disapproval seemed once more to have weakened TV's stomach for ideological adventure. ABC, as usual, managed the most flagrant display of tail tucking—although an earlier Fairness Doctrine decision against an NBC documentary threatened to do

the most damage to the medium's fledgling sense of *chutzpah*.

Twice this spring, ABC publicly interfered in the content of two issue-oriented talk shows under its late night *Wide World of Entertainment* umbrella. The network

yanked from its schedule a Dick Cavett interview with four radicals of the Sixties—Abbie Hoffman, Rennie Davis, Jerry Rubin and Tom Hayden—and allowed it to be aired (punctuated with judicious bleeps) only after a chagrined Cavett agreed to tack on a "balancing" rebuttal by two conservative spokesmen. Since Hoffman and friends talked less of sedition than they did of diets, gurus and the good old days, ABC's action was panned by TV critics as ludicrous.

Less than a month later, ABC once more reached for the panic button, again on apparently specious grounds. The victim this time was Geraldo Rivera, the 30-year-old superstar of TV advocacy journalism, who had somehow persuaded the network to provide national exposure for his liberal causeishness. The premiere program in Rivera's twice-monthly *Good Night, America* series dealt with marijuana and prostitution—two topics the young lawyer-journalist feels strongly about. Though he doesn't



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advocate the unrestricted sale and use of grass, Rivera believes that distorted assumptions about its effects have been uncritically sustained by the broadcast media. So he journeyed over to Bellevue—New York University Medical Center, where, under clinically controlled conditions, he was filmed smoking what was described as a marijuana cigarette.

"We had all the film ready seven days before we were to go on the air," said Rivera later. "Not until the day before the program was scheduled did ABC tell us the show was not acceptable. They agreed that my marijuana-smoking segment wasn't illegal—I found out later that the Bellevue people hadn't even given me real grass to smoke, only stuff with the active ingredient removed—but they said that since I'm such a symbol to young people, it would be a bad gesture. Over my really severe objection, they killed it."

Rivera had another fight on his hands with the prostitution segment. He had interviewed a broken-down and embittered hooker, certainly no incentive to join the trade. Then he delivered a commentary calling for the legalization and regulation of prostitution to cut down on venereal disease and violence. "They said that segment was not acceptable because it wasn't balanced," said Rivera, "because we didn't have a priest or a cop." Again, and angrily, Rivera acceded to the network's demands, added a jerry-built "rebuttal" segment—and opened his next program by accusing ABC of censorship.

"It's really distressing," said Rivera, who formed his own company to produce *Good Night, America*, only to have ABC insist on sharing production authority. The ABC executives' point of view, Rivera charged, is totally removed from any valid journalistic premise. "They live in their own little world out there in Scarsdale: they worry what their wives' friends will say about the show."

Rivera planned subsequent segments on such topics as the phenomenon of mass murder, profiles of rock stars who have died of drugs, the return to Fifties-style uninvolvement on college campuses, the fate of the flower children and other youth-oriented themes. "But if they keep frustrating us, we're not gonna do it," he warned. "They can have the time slot back."

The network caution that so annoys Rivera and other aggressive TV journalists stems, at least partly, from a new, hard-line interpretation of the Federal Communications Commission's Fairness Doctrine, which requires that broadcasters present both sides of controversial issues; but the FCC has been nonspecific about when the contrasting side should be aired.

In September 1972, NBC aired a documentary, *Pensions: The Broken Promise*, that detailed methods by which com-

panies avoided paying pensions. The documentary won a prestigious Peabody Award, but it also came under fire from a conservative watchdog group, Accuracy in Media. AIM complained to the FCC that NBC had violated the Fairness Doctrine, because it didn't portray examples of good pension plans within the same program. To the astonishment of many observers, the FCC upheld the complaint. NBC promptly filed suit in the U. S. Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia requesting a reversal of the FCC decision; but by this spring, when Cavett and Rivera were undergoing their "balancing" acts, the court had not ruled. The chilling effect of the FCC ruling was, however, clearly showing.

All too often, it doesn't even take threats from the FCC to make the networks—ABC, in particular—chicken out and run from confrontations with the established order. ABC, in recent years, has rejected the following properties: *All in the Family*, which became a CBS gold mine; *The Autobiography of Miss Jane Pittman*, Cicely Tyson's unforgettable portrait of an ex-slave that was widely acclaimed when it turned up on CBS; and *The Marcus-Nelson Murders*, which also went to CBS, there to become the genesis of the popular *Kojak* series. And it was ABC that squelched Connie Stevens' highly touted portrayal of a Marilyn Monroe-like character in the TV movie *The Sex Symbol*—reportedly because Stevens showed too much cleavage.

CBS, for its part, is still smarting from the derision it incurred by yanking *Sticks and Bones*—David Rabe's savage satire about a blind Vietnam veteran—off its schedule in the spring of 1973, when it would have coincided with the arrival of P.O.W.s from Vietnam. The show was subsequently telecast—with no national sponsorship and with massive pre-emptions by CBS affiliate stations. This fall, the networks will again take refuge from unpleasant topics—this time behind the veneer of "human-value" entertainment series, à la *The Waltons*. Meanwhile, the humans in TV-land with values of their own—the Riveras and the Rathers and the Cavetts—will have to fight for every second of air time that is more than hot air.

MUSEUMS

Neva Friedenn, a writer friend who moved to Los Angeles four years ago and promptly became, like so many of her predecessors, an almost morbid aficionado of Southern California gaucherie, allows neither earthquake nor mudslide nor gas shortage nor dark of smog to stay her self-appointed rounds among the natives in search of folkways and artifacts to feed her habit. On a recent safari through the manicured wilds of Malibu, she happened by the gate of the J. Paul Getty Museum, figured she'd unearthed

a veritable King Solomon's Mine of Panavision pomp, and drove in. Her disenchanted report follows:

Dear Guys,

The goddamn *J. Paul Getty Museum* was just one disappointment after another. I regret to report that both the collection and its setting are rather superbly well done. As you approach the place, you get a few false hopes to the contrary: Peeping over the top of what looks like an L.A.-modern-Italian section of the parking garage is some kind of tiny Roman dome, and you figure you're about to get into some incongruities on the order of San Simeon. But a little research sets you back: The openwork design is an accurate throwback to ancient



Rome, First Century B.C., to be exact. The original Villa of the Papyri was engulfed in flaming mud from Vesuvius along with the rest of Herculaneum in 79 A.D., and that would be a fetching opening act, but you don't see it here: What you have instead is an inspired (interpretive, out of historical necessity) reconstruction of the place. You can look up at the varicolored 3-D illusionist decorations on the walls surrounding the peristyle gardens and think, "Now, those are a little playroomish," but then you have to catch yourself again: what you can remember of Pompeian wall painting from travel, your Latin book or whatever tells you that architectural historian Dr. Norman Neuerburg, who advised and assisted in the reconstruction, is to be trusted for beautiful and solid concepts of adaptation.

As witness the marble floors: They're reproductions of those in ancient villas, all recut and set in spectacular patterns somehow complementing the sculpture that is the emphasis of the Greek and Roman collections on the main floor. For instance, the Temple of Herakles features the Lansdowne sculpture of the clean-limbed young hero with lionskin from Hadrian's era, and the floor radiates rich yellow-orange triangles for a strong circular effect (again, no less and no more garish than what the Romans created). The Basilica of Cybele has the great Earth Mother in the person of a seated Second Century A.D. Roman matron, and the floor is inlaid with a design of curvilinear rectangles to emphasize a

sense of the centers. You get a sort of ethereal light through translucent onyx windows there. That's how refined the notion of appropriateness of setting to object is in Malibu these days.

J. Paul Getty has been collecting for more than 40 years, and the evidence of his taste and insistence on painstaking presentation indicates a decisive break with our earlier national collecting habits. Henry James used to have it that wealthy Americans could come home from Europe with live, whole, uncooked Italian princes in tow to be set up on public display back in American City. You can be blasted by the extension of that mentality that runs through the Hearst collection as represented at San Simeon. Take the slightly bizarre sculptural subject of a *Crouching Aphrodite*: If Hearst had owned one, you can bet he would have put it on an Oriental carpet in an imitation Mediterranean hut with some gnarled four-poster and a bunch of steamer trunks that looked as if they were made last year in Tijuana. Here's the difference: Getty does have a *Crouching Aphrodite*; in point of fact, he has four of them in various sizes and states of completeness, interrelated originals and copies from a couple of eras and places. And these are displayed in orderly proximity to one another, making the *Lady of Love* just as understandable in that position as she is where she poses as the Mazarin Venus full-figure (partially restored), gorgeous across the room with her dolphin companion.

Local press now credits Getty with the best classical collection west of New York and Boston. To see if the judgment is deserved, you can check out the Cottenham relief with its youth restraining a horse rearing in that pure frozen violence up from the archaic period; mosaics of hunters and wild animals with dark, Disney-like outlines but nearly photographic shadings so that you get a lot of ferocity out of those tiny little stones from the farther reaches of the Roman Empire, First Century A.D.; the Room of Colored Marbles, a knockout no less for its variegated walls than for its highly individualistic Roman portrait sculptures.

So you're frustrated again and again by the careful execution of the place, elegant copies of wooden Roman furniture and of dark-bronze garden statuary from the original villa. A peek at the rear garden gives you the final heart-racing hope that you've caught an extracultural touch. To the hardened Angeleno and for just a moment, the classical grape arbor looks Hollywood Boulevard Oriental. But for just a moment. By the time you're on the second floor and tapering off on the few remaining antiquities, which *segue* you gently into early Christian paintings, you have to give up the search for the gross and anachronistic. Some days *nothing* seems to go right.



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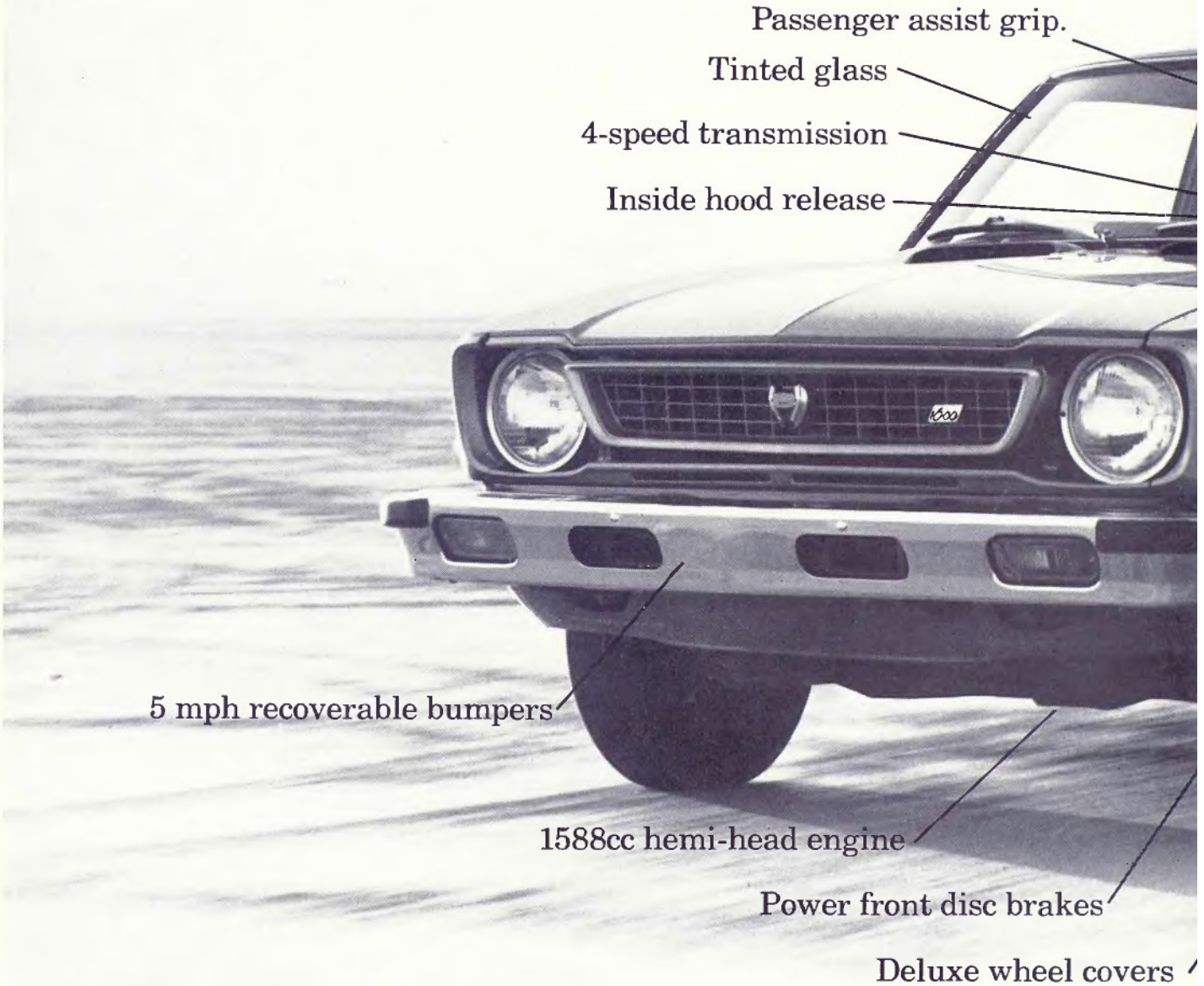
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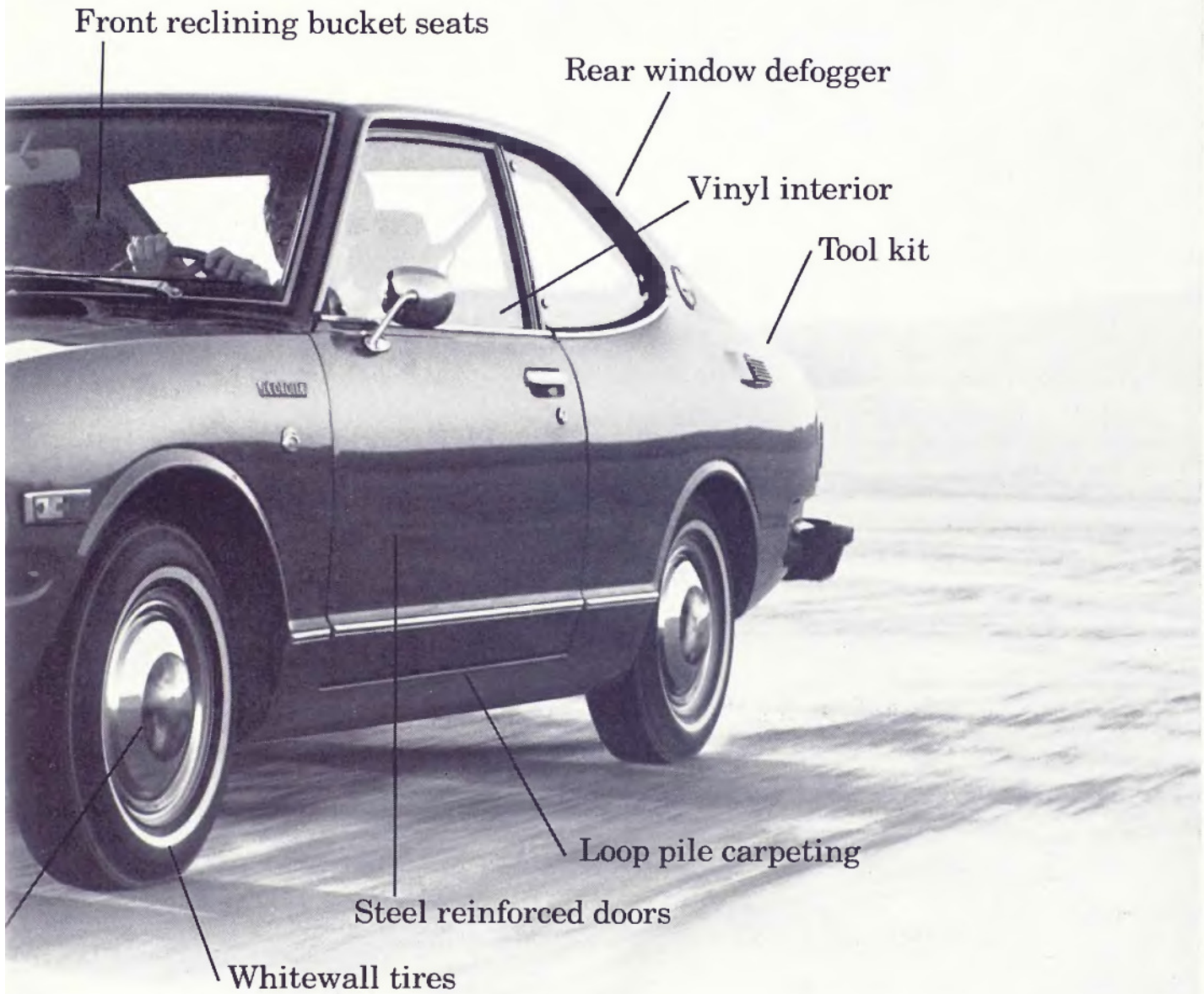


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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

I have an intriguing problem: I'm a 28-year-old teacher in the midst of an affair with one of my ex-students. He is 24. We have had a spectacular sexual and emotional relationship for over a year. I am bothered by only one thing—the fear that he is attracted to me out of a desire to seduce his teacher, that I am just a means of satisfying an age-old fantasy. I am really getting involved with him and I would like some assurance that the ground we stand on is solid. What do you think?—D. F., Phoenix, Arizona.

Relax. If he were in it for the fantasy, your affair probably would have ended after the first few nights. When he became your ex-student, you became his ex-teacher. Take it and each other from there.

Stereo buffs are a bummer. One of my friends claims that it takes 24 hours for the grooves of a record to recover from the friction generated by a single playing. More frequent use apparently obliterates the highs—the vinyl becomes brittle and disintegrates. Even if he's right, I'm not sure I'll follow his advice. The only high I'm interested in is the rush you get playing a new Stones album 24 hours a day for three weeks. Still, I'd like to know what he's talking about.—A. K., Brooklyn, New York.

There's some truth in what your friend says, but not enough to leave you sitting in front of your stereo with a 24-hour egg timer. Records are made of polyvinyl chloride that has been treated with special modifiers to ensure permanent flexibility. Record grooves yield slightly to the force of a passing stylus, then recover slowly. (The amount of time varies from disc to disc.) You may notice some distortion if you play the record several times in a row, but the condition is temporary. A short rest will return the sound to normal. The idea that a stylus could shave the highs off a record stems from the days when people would tape a stack of pennies to the top of the tonearm to "improve" tracking force. Under those conditions, the turntable became a miniature lathe. Today, sets are light-footed and safe. So play it again and again, Sam.

After a yearlong relationship, my girl decided she needed to add to her experience to really get to know herself and so we broke up. After dating several other girls, I realize I love her and want to marry her some day. We're still close, but I've refrained from pressuring her to get back together with me on a permanent basis, fearing that I might

alienate her completely. We've been separated three months now. Do you think this has been a long enough time for her to experiment or would it be better to just leave her alone for a while?—F. F., Akron, Ohio.

You said your girl wanted experience and that's difficult to measure in terms of time. Let your relationship remain a casual one until she lets you know otherwise. Keep dating others, as the chances of your getting together again are small until and unless she's able to satisfy her desire to broaden her field of experience before once again limiting it to one person. Unless you want to force the issue against all reasonable odds, you should let things stay as they are for now.

What is a popcorn surprise? I heard a folk singer do a parody of late Fifties rock songs called *Front Row Frenzy*. I gathered from the lyrics ("Popcorn surprise/opened her eyes") that it had something to do with porno movies, but I'm not sure. True?—J. S., Portland, Oregon.

In the beginning was the folded newspaper and/or the derby hat. Placed in the lap, they concealed masturbatory action in adult moviehouses. (We heard of a dude who—in a classic display of one-upmanship—used a top hat instead of a derby.) Raincoats with slit pockets enjoyed the dark light of fashion for a while, but the emergence of mixed audiences precipitated the tactic called popcorn surprise. The male camouflages his erection in a container of popcorn (having first cut a hole in the bottom), then invites his partner to help herself—hence the phrase "coming soon in a theater near you."

Having seen more than one guitar come off an airport luggage-conveyor belt looking like a convention of toothpicks, I am rather paranoid about flying with my 12-string. I'll let a ticket agent check my instrument if they let me fly the plane, right? Occasionally, I've been allowed to carry the guitar on board, but more frequently, a rude and unsympathetic ticket agent will tell me that the only thing I can do is shell out half fare to reserve a seat for the instrument. That strikes me as an expensive form of extortion—"You've seen what we can do; how much is it worth to avoid having it happen to you?" How can I protect my guitar without paying protection?—M. P., Avon, Connecticut.

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a suitable baggage or cargo storage compartment, or under a passenger's seat." This practice ensures that the item won't become an unguided missile should the plane encounter turbulence. A guitar will not fit under a seat, but there are places on most airplanes where an instrument can be secured in compliance with the FAA regulation (behind the last row of seats, for example). So always try to carry your guitar at least as far as the gate. The Federal law states that crew members have the final say about accepting baggage; if a ticket agent gives you trouble, ask to speak to a cabin attendant on your flight. He or she will tell you if there is room on board. The half-fare routine you mention was devised so that concert cellists and double-bass players could safely transport their instruments. The tariff (the contract between the carrier and the passenger) gives no specific instructions for guitars. We feel, as you do, that there should be a free space-available policy; i.e., if the flight weren't full, you could strap the guitar into a spare seat. Until that happens, these are your options: Never allow your guitar to be placed on a conveyor belt. (These devices have destroyed more axes than Peter Dinklage of The Who.) Whenever possible, fly airlines that have an official escort service—an attendant will hand-carry fragile luggage from the gate to the cargo hold. Loosen the strings of your guitar before you leave the ground. They will contract in the cold at high altitudes; the increase in tension can cause a guitar to self-destruct. (Also, if the guitar is dropped, tight strings will turn a crack into a canyon.) Check the limits of liability and, if necessary, take out more insurance. Pray. If you have a complaint, write to the Civil Aeronautics Board, Washington, D.C. 20428. They're the folks who keep the airlines in line.

For various reasons, primarily financial, I recently separated from my husband of seven years and went back to live with my parents, taking our two children with me. My husband now claims he can support us and would like us back. During the separation, however, he acquired a girlfriend. He would like me to accept her and treat her as part of the family, and he says she is quite willing to coexist with me and the children. I am somewhat doubtful about the situation—to say the least—and wonder if you know of similar setups.—Mrs. P. J., San Francisco, California.

Our observation is that such unconventional arrangements succeed only under the best of circumstances. You may be considering it simply as a means of maintaining your marriage, a compromise that does not promise success. We don't know what your alternatives



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are, but we suggest you examine them carefully and select the one that offers you and the children the best chance for stability and personal happiness. You may find that where four would be company, five could be far too much of a crowd.

What is this "ice thing" the guys at the shop keep talking about?—M. F., Nashville, Tennessee.

John Eichenlaub mentioned the technique 13 years ago in "The Marriage Art": Jamming a handful of crushed ice into your partner's crotch just prior to orgasm was supposed to heighten the experience. Getting one's rocks off on the rocks didn't seem to catch on—most Americans preferred their sex neat. Also, there was the problem of timing; one critic suggested that "prior to orgasm" covered most of his marriage and he wasn't about to encourage snowball fighting in bed. However, Alex Comfort says in "Joy of Sex" that with the "increased availability [of ice] we keep hearing of people who use it for its shock effect on the skin." (Don't be puzzled by that bit about increased availability. The English, who stumbled onto sex by accident in the early Thirties, have just discovered refrigerators.) If you're interested, check into a hotel, ring room service and order a bucket of champagne—without the champagne. Cubed, crushed or shaved, the iceman cometh.

Can you tell me how hashish is made? I've heard that the psychoactive resin is scraped from leather garments worn by peasants who run through fields of marijuana plants. Another story has the peasants running naked through the same fields.—S. B., Daleville, Alabama.

According to our nonresident drug expert (even when he's here, we're not sure he's here), hashish is made from the resin of the Cannabis plant. Modern techniques have replaced the exotic tactics you've heard about. Workers harvest the flowering tops and squeeze them between layers of cheesecloth. The resin that filters out is formed into balls or sheets of hash (also called charas). The fibrous material that is left in the press is exported to the United States, where people who don't know better buy it, thinking they are getting the real thing. Indeed, native Nepalese would not recognize what is sold here as hash, perhaps because they've smoked so much of the local product that they have difficulty recognizing anything.

After four months of living together, my fiancée admitted that she does not reach orgasm with me during cunnilingus or intercourse. She indicates that my technique is not refined enough for her. She is much more knowledgeable than I

am—having had a very involved education with what I would call supersophisticated males. She says that she initially acted inexperienced to protect my ego. Well, the resulting anxiety on my part has produced further frustration, and things are at a standstill. I satisfied my previous lovers, why not her? What should we do?—L. C., Atlanta, Georgia.

This situation reminds us of the cartoon in which the canary waits until the cat is ten feet off the cliff before pointing out his predicament. By that time, the fall is unavoidable. Some women are under great pressure to achieve orgasm. Your fiancée's embarrassment at her difficulty may have caused her reluctance to discuss the matter with you. It is possible that she has invented the story of her other lovers to protect her ego. If a woman knows better and does not tell what she knows, she deserves what she gets. There are many ways to convey sexual preferences and make suggestions without disclosing past history. Ask your fiancée to adopt a nonverbal version of the golden rule: "Do onto me as you would have me do onto you." Roughly translated, this means scratch my back and I'll scratch yours. It may be a long climb, but you should be able to make it up.

Having an 11-inch penis can be a problem. Whenever I get to the point where sex is possible with a girl, she usually takes one look at my club and refuses to join. The other night, I met a girl at a bar and we hit it off great. Back at my apartment, everything went well until I took off my clothes. She freaked and said something like: "You could cripple someone with that!" She balked at intercourse and, instead, performed fellatio, which was less satisfying. I haven't had coitus in three months and things are getting bad. Any suggestions?—T. K., Des Moines, Iowa.

Wear dark, solid-color suits. Never mix stripes with plaids. Make sure your socks match your trousers and keep your shoes shined. Turn out the light before you take off your clothes, then go gently into that good night. By the time she notices anything different (if she notices anything beyond her own pleasure), you will have hidden or disposed of most of the evidence.

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"*

IMMACULATE CONTRACEPTION

Senator Richard S. Schweiker of Pennsylvania has denounced the use of U. S. foreign-aid funds to circulate a Spanish-language birth-control comic book in Panama. The cover bears the caption, "Little Virgin, you who conceived without sinning, help me to sin without conceiving." The senator called this an "outrageous and distasteful use of U. S. tax funds." Well, maybe. I think in this day and age it is distasteful for a U. S.-sponsored publication to describe sex as sinning.

Donald Dean
Phoenix, Arizona

GREAT LEGAL MINDS

A bill to relax restrictions on the sale of contraceptives came up for debate in the Minnesota state senate. Here are some of the highlights of the serious and sober discussion that ensued, according to the *St. Paul Dispatch*:

Senator Edward Novak said that if the bill passed, the Russians would be more moral than Americans.

Senator Jerome Hughes was "shocked" that the bill had been introduced at all.

Senator Florian Chmielewski warned that passage of the bill would increase moral decay, promiscuity and rape (presumably local rapists are worried about contraception). Senator Chmielewski, incidentally, is currently sponsoring a bill to restore capital punishment.

It is deeply distressing to find such mentalities among the men who write the laws here in the supposedly progressive state of Minnesota.

James Larson
St. Paul, Minnesota

COEDS, BEDS AND REDS

The Tennessee house of representatives has passed a bill that would take state charters away from any colleges and universities that permit male and female students to live in the same dormitory. It also provides for a \$1000 fine and two months in jail for any school official who permits coed dorms. The bill could cost the University of Tennessee up to \$1,000,000 for redesigning and remodeling dormitories.

One representative who opposed the bill called it "the most ridiculous piece of legislation" he had seen in six years in the general assembly. Another said, "This is not a bad bill. This is just a silly bill." The sponsor of the legislation,

Marvin Hopper, said it was aimed at stopping "the immoral and un-Christian acts" on campuses. An even more precious statement was reported by *The Nashville Tennessean*: "James C. Pickett of Nashville, one of a number of people actively working for the bill, said, however, that the coed dorms were a direct result of a Communist influence in American higher education."

O. B. Walton III
Nashville, Tennessee

The bill was actually passed by both houses of the Tennessee legislature, but Governor Winfield Dunn had the good taste to veto it.

RETURN OF THE FETUS PEOPLE

The fetus people never rest; just as fire and flood could not stop Frankenstein's monster, even a Supreme Court decision can't stop the anti-abortion zealots. In Boston, five doctors are under indictment in connection with legal abortions. One of them is charged with manslaughter. Even though the abortion itself was legal, the fetus, it is alleged, was old enough to be viable and its death is therefore manslaughter according to the district attorney. The four other doctors were indicted for technical violations of an 1814 law against grave robbing. They are charged with illegally dissecting legally aborted fetuses. The law has never been applied in this way before.

The fetal experiments, using dead aborted fetuses, that are interdicted by these cases are standard medical-research procedure and differ in no way from the dissection of cadavers. Fetal tissue studies were used, for instance, in developing the anti-polio vaccine. Two Harvard researchers won a Nobel Prize in 1954 for anti-polio work that would have been illegal if the D.A.'s office had cooked up that interpretation of the law back then. How many polio victims we would have had every year since then is anybody's guess; but the fetus fanatics have never cared as much about the born as they do about the unborn.

Stephen Gould
Boston, Massachusetts

FAIR PLAY FOR FETUSES

When future generations look back on our society, they will surely comment on our barbaric treatment of the unborn. The hundreds of thousands of legal abortions performed every year will no

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doubt be compared to other large-scale atrocities such as the buying and selling of human beings by slave traders or Hitler's attempt to exterminate European Jewry. Why is it that our society must victimize unborn beings, the most innocent of all?

Glen Winkler
Lang, Saskatchewan

Perhaps future generations will find something atrocious in our society's treatment, prior to the legalizing of abortion, of unwillingly pregnant women.

SEX SELECTION THROUGH ABORTION

The May *Playboy Advisor's* advice to R. N., who wishes to sire a son, is only to use artificial insemination with concentrated Y sperm, and the answer is thus not complete. Amniocentesis, a procedure by which a small amount of amniotic fluid is removed from a pregnant woman, allows a determination of the sex of the fetus with at least 99 percent accuracy. If the fetus is not of the desired sex, it can be aborted and another pregnancy attempted, and so on, theoretically at least, until the desired sex is achieved.

I do not advocate this procedure because, like all interventions in the work of nature, both it and the abortion entail some health risks. A survey by Dr. James Sorenson of Princeton University shows that 95 percent of the physicians surveyed oppose such use of amniocentesis, but five percent would do it. People have the right to know that the procedure is available and, if they are willing to accept the risk, to proceed. While my studies project a surplus of boys, I predict it will be too small to cause serious societal dislocations. Hence there is no public-policy reason to oppose sex choice.

Amitai Etzioni
Professor of Sociology
Columbia University
New York, New York

Professor Etzioni's published books include "Modern Organizations," "The Active Society," "The Baby Engineers" and "Genetic Fix," which has been nominated for a 1974 National Book Award. He is the father of four sons, and amniocentesis reveals that a fifth child, expected this year, will also be a boy.

BLACKOUT BABIES

The May *Forum Newsfront* reports that because television has been going off the air by 10:30 P.M., the British government fears "that earlier bedtimes will lead to a baby boom similar to that which occurred in New York nine months after the Northeastern U. S. was blacked out by a massive power failure in 1965." The story about the New York City blackout baby boom is, pardon the expression, a misconception. The false notion was fostered by a *New York Times* article of August 10, 1966, that announced, "Births Up Nine Months

FORUM NEWSFRONT

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

OCCUPATIONAL HAZARD

ATHENS—The highest court in Greece has ruled that a sailor who died of a heart attack in a brothel was the victim of a service-connected "professional accident" and that his family therefore may collect a government pension. The court held that such accidents can occur "in the preparatory period prior to the



commencement of work, or after its conclusion, and always according to the peculiarities of the profession. Under this interpretation and specifically referring to the naval profession, it is understood that this work requires long periods of separation of a seaman from his wife and family, and the need for his recreation in areas he feels deprived."

WORKINGWOMAN'S COMPENSATION

MUNICH—A German court has ordered a mugger to pay \$1100 to a prostitute he beat up during a robbery attempt. The court based the judgment on a sociological study that set the average daily income of Munich prostitutes at \$110 and on the testimony of the victim that she was unable to work for ten days after the attack.

BUT THERE'S ONE SMALL CATCH

LEYLAND, ENGLAND—An elderly dentist who died last November left \$132,000 to his 47-year-old secretary. The conditions of the bequest were revealed recently when the will was officially published: For five years, the woman must "never use any lipstick or any other make-up of any kind whatsoever—apart from clear nail varnish—and wear no jewelry such as rings, earrings, necklaces, and never go out with men on her own, or with a party of men. . . ."

THREAT TO COMMUNES

WASHINGTON, D.C.—A U. S. Supreme Court ruling apparently gives residential communities the authority to prohibit

communes and communal living by means of zoning laws. The Court upheld the zoning ordinance of a Long Island village that allows only one-family dwellings and forbids their occupancy by more than two people not related by blood or marriage. The ruling overturned two lower-court decisions that had held that six college students were within their constitutional rights of privacy and freedom of association to lease a six-bedroom house in a small community in Suffolk County.

GRANDPA'S CRIMINAL RECORD

CONCORD, NEW HAMPSHIRE—A 43-year-old husband who has seven children and three grandchildren has petitioned the governor of New Hampshire to exonerate him of a statutory-rape charge filed against him in 1949. The 15-year-old girl with whom he was arrested was his fiancée at the time. His petition explains that the rape charge is the only blot on his record and is embarrassing to reveal on questionnaires and employment applications, especially when he and the alleged rape victim have been married for 25 years.

THE GAY DECEIVER

DALLAS—An Army private who wangled himself a discharge by falsely claiming to be a homosexual sued for restoration of grade with full back pay, consideration for promotion and an honorable discharge. He had changed his mind about feigning homosexuality when his discharge as an "undesirable" made problems for him in civilian life, and his suit charged that the Army was negligent in failing to thoroughly investigate his case and thwart his intent to escape the Service. The U. S. Supreme Court has refused to review the decision of the Texas court of claims, which rejected his suit as an "outstanding example of chutzpah."

CLEARING THE RECORD

WASHINGTON, D.C.—The court of appeals for the District of Columbia has ruled that the FBI must expunge a person's arrest record from its criminal files if he has been released without charges. Deciding in a California case supported by the A.C.L.U. and the Playboy Foundation, the court held that an arrest record must be destroyed "when the FBI is apprised that a person has been exonerated after initial arrest, released without charge and a change of record [is made] to 'detention only.'" The FBI can still keep the arrested person's fingerprints "in its neutral noncriminal files,

provided there is no reference of any kind to indicate that the prints originated in a source for criminal files."

PAYING OFF A DEBT

TALLAHASSEE, FLORIDA—The Florida house of representatives has approved \$200,000 in compensation for a retarded man held in a mental hospital 14 years for a rape he did not commit. A grand jury noted that he was a white man, whereas the rape victim said her attacker was black. The attorney who handled the case for five years without fee said he had turned up evidence that the crime was committed by a man who was executed for another rape in 1959.

MARRIAGE AND MARIJUANA

Marijuana has figured in the marital problems of two police officers:

In Memphis, a city policeman has probably ensured that his separation from his wife will be permanent by arresting her for possession of marijuana after he paid her a visit and found pot in her purse. In Chicago, a policeman charged with possessing marijuana and heroin has been freed after his wife admitted in court that she found the drugs in the basement of their apartment building, planted them in her husband's jacket pocket after a family fight and then tipped off police to look in his locker.

GRASS BURNER

CARSON, CALIFORNIA—State police have charged a 32-year-old Long Beach man with possessing marijuana, which a highway patrolman discovered when he stopped the defendant's car on the San



Diego Freeway because it was emitting clouds of smoke. The smoke was coming from five kilos of grass in brick form that had been unwisely hidden next to the car's exhaust manifold.

HORS D'OEUVRE EFFECT

LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY—Alcoholics tend to topple off the wagon when confronted by a certain combination of external and internal stimuli, according to a University of Kentucky study conducted at the Veteran's Administration Hospital in Lexington. Dr. Arnold M. Ludwig, a Lexington psychiatrist, believes the process works like this: Because of prior conditioning, exposure to a drinking environment, such as a bar or a party, triggers physical withdrawal symptoms (increased heartbeat, respiration and nervousness), which the individual knows can be alleviated by

taking a drink; then the first drink has an "hors d'oeuvre effect" of whetting the desire for more booze. In an interview, Dr. Ludwig said that standard treatments fail to take into account these neurophysiological responses to external and internal stimuli working in tandem. He suggests it may be possible to desensitize alcoholics to the external stimuli by controlled exposure to drinking environments.

HOT MOVIES

HOLLYWOOD—Three Los Angeles County Sheriff's deputies have been ordered to pay an adult-film company \$60,000 because they burned 4000 movie reels, prints and negatives that were never ruled to



be obscene. The films were seized in a pornography raid in 1972, but a municipal court judge later dismissed charges, the district attorney halted prosecution and when the company tried to recover the films, it found they had been destroyed.

PORN LAW VOIDED

BOSTON—At least until the Massachusetts legislature enacts new laws, nothing can be banned in Boston—or anywhere else in the state. The state supreme court has struck down Massachusetts' 200-year-old obscenity statutes, voting four to three in three separate cases that the laws were "vague and archaic" and therefore unconstitutional.

TUNE CALLED, PIPER PAID

CHICAGO—A former night-club owner has been awarded \$114,000 in damages from a suburban community president who ordered him to discontinue a belly-dancing show. The plaintiff said that when the dancing stopped his business dropped from \$1000 to \$30 a day.

ATTACK BY TAPE

VENTURA, CALIFORNIA—A Ventura man with a history of coronary trouble has filed a \$35,000 damage suit after receiving a tape recording of his ex-wife having sexual intercourse with another man. The suit alleges that his former wife sent him the tape with the intent of causing him to have a heart attack and that, upon hearing it, he did in fact suffer shock, anguish, chest pains and shortness of breath. Both the woman and her sex partner have been named as defendants.

After the Blackout." J. Richard Udry pointed out in an article in *Demography* that the *Times* story was based on data from a small number of hospitals. Udry checked the total number of births in New York for the seven weeks during which 90 percent of the babies conceived on November 10, 1965, the date of the blackout, would have been born. He found no significant increase in the number of births during that time, as compared with the same period in the preceding five years.

Why the myth? Udry suggested, "It is evidently pleasing to many people to fantasy that when people are trapped by some immobilizing event which deprives them of their usual activities, most will turn to copulation."

Andrew J. Leighton
New York, New York

CALIFORNICATING OREGON

I was born and raised in Medford, Oregon. I'm a real hick. "Don't Californicate Oregon" is a popular slogan around here because we're afraid our beautiful state, with its mountains covered with evergreens and full of wildlife and its crystal-clear lakes and streams alive with trout and steelhead, may become an instant replay of California.

The new Oregon pot law, which makes possession of an ounce or less of the killer weed a misdemeanor instead of a felony, is a good law. But since it was passed, every freak west of the Pecos and north of Tijuana has moved in on us. Nothing against freaks, you know; I happen to be somewhat freaky myself. But this is a bum trip because many of these immigrants don't really appreciate the natural beauty of our state. It's just a better place to smoke dope.

If Californians don't like their state, let them try changing it. Oregon is a nice place to visit, but they really wouldn't like to live here. Raccoons knock over your garbage can, skunks get under your house and, worst of all, the deer eat all those little marijuana plants in the back yard.

Mike Pryor
Jacksonville, Oregon

WHO'S TO BLAME?

The fuel shortage—better known by that awful journalistic cliché, "the energy crunch"—seems to have eased. There remain the questions of how it happened and how similar crises can be prevented in the future. For almost two decades, private and public study groups had been producing reports warning that this country's energy needs would soon exceed available sources. Industry, Government and the people all ignored the warnings. Meanwhile, the oil-import quota system kept the amount of oil from overseas coming into this country down to a percentage of domestic production. A Cabinet task force warned in 1970 that

the quota system should be done away with in order to increase the U. S. supply of oil, but President Nixon did not eliminate it until 1973. Thus, the Arabs have never supplied more than a small percentage of U. S. oil needs. Meanwhile, U. S. oil companies did not build the necessary refining and chemical plants to meet increasing domestic requirements, investing instead in building facilities in other countries.

The oil industry blames environmentalist efforts such as the campaign against the Alaskan pipeline and the National Environmental Policy Act of 1969 for restricting oil supplies. Naturally, oil companies would prefer to operate without ecological controls. But they got the best of both situations, avoiding the expense of complying with environmental controls before the shortage and making enormous profits during the shortage. Their shortsighted approach fairly begs for greater Government regulation of their operations. What we need is a national oil policy requiring the industry to invest in the necessary domestic oil-processing facilities while at the same time conforming to ecologically sound standards. And public consumption of oil must be limited to prudent levels. But the attitudes of all Administrations, Democratic and Republican alike, have been more responsive to the oil industry's wants than to the public's needs, and long-range views have never been very popular among American businessmen or politicians. As the president of the American Petroleum Institute admitted, "We're all at fault in that we have never had any concern about our energy uses. We've been very extravagant and when people talked about there being some limitation, no one really listened."

Tony Kwan
San Francisco, California

THE NIXON STAMP

It is a certainty that, one way or another, Richard M. Nixon will eventually become an ex-President of the United States. Thereafter, the Postal Service will inevitably issue a stamp in his honor. In order to save the Government time and money, I herewith propose a design for the Richard M. Nixon commemorative stamp.

Instead of a common rectangular stamp, this one will be of a devious shape, in the denomination of two bits, with Nixon's portrait in a two-faced pose. As for the color, let me make it perfectly clear. In place of the usual perforations, this issue will be surrounded by 18 minute gaps. And, instead of being affixed to an envelope with glue, the stamp will be attached with tapes.

After it has been used (the Postal Service will not cancel it but will merely render it inoperative), philatelists may have difficulty in removing it from the

envelope because some of the tapes can't be released. Even though stamps are often used as currency, I certainly would not use these to buy a used car.

The usual first-day cover will be replaced by a first-day undercover and, instead of being printed with a watermark, it will have a . . .

Harvey A. Berg
Flushing, New York

BIBLE BELT OR NOOSE?

Charlie Reynolds, a religion professor at the University of Tennessee at Knoxville, has been convicted of violating a state statute that prohibits anyone from "disturbing a religious ceremony." The ceremony disturbed was a session of Billy Graham's May 1970 East Tennessee Crusade; the "disturbance" was a student demonstration protesting the appearance of President Nixon at that session.

Reynolds took the case all the way up to the U. S. Supreme Court on the ground that the crusade meeting in question was not a religious service but a political rally. After listening to tapes of Graham's introduction of the President and of Nixon's address, filled with platitudes about our country and his Administration's being under divine guidance, two theologians testified that the assembly could, indeed, be more appropriately defined as a political one. Last January, the Supreme Court announced its refusal to hear Reynolds' appeal.

Reynolds (and supporters of his defense fund) spent several thousand dollars to appeal a conviction that resulted in only a \$20 fine partly because the statute in question has also been used to keep blacks out of white churches. The expense of the appeal constituted a decided hardship for him. Nevertheless, he took it as far as he could. Unlike Richard Nixon, Billy Graham, the state of Tennessee and—it seems—the U. S. Supreme Court, Charlie Reynolds still believes in the constitutional principle of separation of church and state.

Ben Edward Akerley
Newark, New Jersey

TOWN ON TRIAL

In 1973, a young man named Gary Wardrip was found guilty of flag desecration in Hartford City, Indiana, because he was using a U. S. flag, which he'd received as a bonus for buying U. S. savings bonds, as a curtain in his trailer home. The judge sentenced Wardrip to stand outside the city hall for three hours displaying the flag. On a wintry Saturday, Wardrip served one hour of the medieval sentence. He was so harassed by the crowd that gathered that he was moved indoors for his own safety (*The Playboy Forum*, June 1973).

One of the few townspeople who witnessed the spectacle without amusement was 88-year-old circuit court judge Orville Pursley. Pursley urged Wardrip to

appeal his conviction to the circuit court and to seek legal assistance from the Indiana Civil Liberties Union, and the I.C.L.U. agreed to take the case. The appeal trial was held before a special judge; Pursley ruled himself off the case because of his intervention in Wardrip's behalf. The small Blackford County circuit courtroom was jammed with newspapermen, wire-service reporters, television crews and a local audience overwhelmingly hostile to Wardrip. American Legionnaires milled outside the building.

Chief I.C.L.U. counsel Ron Elberger made a shambles of the state's case, which revolved around the alleged abuse that the flag had suffered in the trailer. William Grover, the officer in charge of the Wardrip arrest, testified that the flag was hung from a curtain rod by means of holes punched along the top. However, Grover hadn't confiscated the flag and couldn't produce it as evidence. Ironically, the huge 12-by-18-foot courtroom flag suspended above the bench was nailed to the wall. Defense attorney Elberger produced Wardrip's flag. The pinholes along its top, by which it supposedly had been hung, were invisible to the gallery, and Grover swore it was not the same banner that had been defiled by Wardrip. Angry and frustrated with the direction the case was taking, the Hartford City spectators broke into loud applause when Grover hotly told Elberger he had "not expected the case to get blown out of proportion like it has."

Finally the judge, a World War Two veteran who saw action on Okinawa, ruled that Wardrip had shown no intent to desecrate the flag. "I'll grant that using a flag for a curtain is not a very good way to express patriotic feelings, but I would not be justified in finding this man guilty of public desecration," the judge told the stonily silent gallery.

The crowd filed out and watched from a distance as reporters swarmed around Wardrip. "Yeah, we lost," one middle-aged woman said. "But at least the son of a bitch has moved out of Hartford City. Now they'll go"—she pointed at the reporters—"and maybe we'll get our town back."

Paul Nussbaum
Muncie, Indiana

SIMPLE SOLUTION

Lieutenant Carl H. Inglin, in his pitch for the gun merchants, writes, "Before the National Rifle Association revokes my membership . . ." (*The Playboy Forum*, May). Revoke? If he hasn't received a letter from them thanking him for singing their words and music in the *Forum*, he ought to. He writes, "Any attempt to solve the violent-crime problem in this country by confiscating, registering or otherwise trying to eliminate firearms is doomed to failure." This is the basic thesis of the N.R.A.'s lobbying effort. Listen to this

buttery bullshit with which Inglin continues: "To the teenage punk, a gun is power. . . . All of them will pay through the nose, if necessary, to get a weapon." Beautiful. He's against misuse of guns, don't you see? As the N.R.A. has done in a thousand press releases, he hauls in the Mafia and the Bolsheviks of 1917. As the N.R.A. does, he insists, "The only people who will benefit from eliminating legal handguns are criminals." Nuts.

His solution is to set up an impossible-to-administer program for obtaining a gun. Divide the population into those who can safely be permitted to own guns and those who can't. This is a task so difficult and complex that no branch of government, from village to Federal level, would undertake it in a million years. Yet this is the only proposal acceptable to Inglin. He ignores a simple solution: Make possession of a handgun a ten-year nonparolable Federal offense. Make any crime committed with a handgun a ten-year nonparolable Federal offense. Let the only exception to these laws be possession of a permit for the gun issued by a law-enforcement agency.

A. A. Huffstutler
St. Louis, Missouri

GOD AND SCOUTING

As a former boy scout, I was deeply offended by the attitude of Portland, Maine, scouting officials in disqualifying a youth from cub-scout membership because he expressed a disbelief in God (*Forum Newsfront*, April). I have written to the national headquarters of The Boy Scouts of America calling for the reinstatement of the boy and returning my eagle-scout medal, which I earned without realizing what the Maine scout officials called an "obligation to God."

Wally Knight
Evergreen, Colorado

THE SHOCKING DR. SHOCKLEY

The letter in the April *Playboy Forum* about Dr. William B. Shockley and his offensive racial views and how even his freedom of speech should be protected reminds me of something Woodrow Wilson once said: "I have always been among those who believed that the greatest freedom of speech was the greatest safety, because if a man is a fool the best thing to do is to encourage him to advertise the fact by speaking."

M. L. Hayes
Missoula, Montana

Dr. Shockley has no more right to publicly express his ideas than did that great philosopher Adolf Hitler. Freedom of speech does not include the right to propagandize against any group of people, to advocate putting Jews in ovens, blacks in slums or Vietnamese in graves. While it's true that we can only

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retroactively assess the danger of a public airing of an individual's views, there are certain instances in which we can be sure that freedom of speech will lead to harm. We cannot allow any person, much less a Nobel Prize winner, to kindle the flame of hatred. One thing is sure: Dr. Shockley will never be in the running for the Nobel Peace Prize.

Saul Singer
Brooklyn, New York

If freedom of speech doesn't mean the right to say things that others consider false, immoral or dangerous, it doesn't mean very much at all.

SONS OF WHAT?

As the bicentennial of the American Revolution approaches, it might be interesting to take a closer look at some of those who claim a special devotion to that revolution. For instance, reading a friend's copy of *SAR*, a magazine published by the Sons of the American Revolution, I came across an article that gave me an amusing insight into their state of mind.

The article noted that *Scholastic News Citizen*, a publication for elementary school students, had published a special issue on education and civil liberties. According to *SAR*, this subversive publication told kids about the First, Fourth, Fifth, Sixth and Eighth Amendments to the U. S. Constitution, advised them that their desks and lockers were private, that they might wear their hair as long as they wished and that they might write what they pleased. Even more disturbing was *Scholastic News Citizen's* cover, showing two "unkempt" students, one wearing a shirt displaying the "leftist" peace symbol, the other a shirt with the words DON'T EAT LETTUCE on it.

SAR's article praised an Oklahoma schoolteacher, Mrs. Mary Jane McIlvain, for kicking off protest against this "insidious poison." She raised enough fuss to spook other teachers and eventually Governor David Hall was drawn into the act. He requested that no more such material be sent to Oklahoma schools. Finally, a spokesman for *Scholastic News Citizen* abjectly apologized, said the editor responsible had been disciplined and stated, "It was not a good job and we are ashamed of it." The Oklahoma chapter of the Sons of the American Revolution gave Mrs. McIlvain a good-citizenship award for keeping the kiddies from finding out that the U. S. Constitution applies to them.

In her letter protesting *Scholastic News Citizen's* special issue, Mrs. McIlvain stated thoughtfully, "If they [children] are taught constantly that their freedom, their rights and their feelings always come first, it will be a very sad day for them when they find the world does not operate on this premise." Clearly, Mrs. McIlvain's students are not being taught constantly about their rights. In fact, that issue of *Scholastic News Citizen*

would probably have come as quite a surprise to them, if she had let them read it.

If Mrs. McIlvain and the Sons of the American Revolution had been around in 1776, one can imagine how they'd have howled about those unkempt minutemen, that leftist flag designed by Betsy Ross, the subversive boycott of British tea and the insidious poison of the Declaration of Independence, which states that the freedom, rights and feelings of the people come first.

Albert Hansen
Denver, Colorado

SOUNDS LIKE . . . ?

While the letters in the May *Playboy Forum* about the rabidly puritanical district attorney for Tulsa, Oklahoma, are disturbing, they do have a lighter side. I think it's a remarkable irony that prosecutor S. M. Fallis' name bears a resemblance to the name of an organ that evidently upsets him so.

John Mudge, Jr.
Mercer Island, Washington

DEEP THROAT, SHALLOW JUDGE

Deep Throat has finally hit Tacoma, Washington. A local judge and four police officers were among the opening-night crowd, and after 35 minutes, they decided they'd seen enough and seized the film (along with the second feature, *The Devil in Miss Jones*, which they had not viewed at all). The next day, the judge said he had confiscated the films because they did not meet community standards. However, the theater owner must have had other prints of the movies, as the pictures continued to play, with no further hassles from authorities. On the fifth night, my wife and I went down to see the two films. After standing for 15 minutes in a line that didn't move, I asked the proprietor how much longer we would have to wait. He said it would be two hours before we even got inside the door. We left, and we'll wait for the lines to get shorter before we go back. I figure the judge must have had the wrong community in mind.

Walter J. Endicott, Jr.
Tacoma, Washington

GO F— A KITE

The supreme court of Florida, in a four-to-one decision, upheld the constitutionality of a state law enacted in 1881 that provides "any person who shall publicly use or utter any indecent or obscene language shall be guilty of a misdemeanor of the second degree." Unable in their verdict to bring themselves to spell out the words in question, the justices wrote, "Let us first examine the language publicly used by the appellant resulting in the initial arrest, which is as follows: 'G— D— Moth-er F—, F— Pigs and Son of a B—.' Is this indecent or obscene language? We find that it is." They then

continued: "A boy flying a kite can haul it in, but you cannot do this with flying words."

The language used by the appellant led to his arrest, which, in turn, led to the discovery of less than five grams of marijuana on his person. He was convicted of possession of marijuana; but if he could have overturned the law against obscene language, then his marijuana-possession conviction might have fallen because of unlawful search and seizure. Justice Richard W. Ervin, in his dissenting opinion, remarked that the court indulged in "little more than a parochial ipse dixit conclusion expressing personal prejudice that indecent language spoken in public in and of itself is a crime." A little personal prejudice against a man's going free on a marijuana-possession charge may have been involved, too.

The cause of civil liberties might have been better served if the majority of the court had been out flying a kite instead of sitting on the bench.

Alton Pittman
Attorney at Law
Tampa, Florida

NUDES AND PRUDES

There was a time when comstockery was in full flower and when even artistic portrayals of the naked human body were carefully shielded from the public eye. But I was surprised to read in the *Imperial Valley Press* that the same benighted attitudes still exist in this century.

Believe it or not, a painting of a nude woman, in the manner of Van Gogh's *Sorrow* and without erotic allure, was removed from the California Midwinter Fair in Imperial Valley—after being awarded third prize—because three or four women complained about it.

The artist, Mrs. Elizabeth Westen, remarked simply, "I really don't have the energy to waste on such foolishness." Exhibit director John Clemmer's comment was more heated: "It's a damn stupid thing! . . . It's time Imperial Valley started acting like we're living in 1974." Others issued similar protests, but the painting was removed nonetheless; and the ladies who complained can cackle over their tea about how they saved the valley from art, sin and all those other sinister forces that have infested the Western world since the Dark Ages ended.

John Barnoble
Oakland, California

DRIVING IN SIN

I've just read about three cases in which young women have been refused auto insurance for living with men to whom they are not married, one in Phoenix, Arizona, one in Hartford, Connecticut, and one in Princeton, New Jersey (*Forum Newsfront*, April). The woman in Phoenix has taken her complaint to the American Civil Liberties Union, and the one in Hartford

THINK THINS

LESS "TAR" THAN
MOST 100'S.*

MENTHOL
TOO.

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CIGARETTES

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Silva THINS 100'S

THINK SILVA THINS 100'S

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1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report March '74.

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

has sued ten insurance companies for \$21,600,000. She is also suing the Retail Credit Company for reporting to the insurance companies that she was "practically living" with a man. I wish these women good luck. It seems to me that a private businessman, such as an insurance agent, has no right to try to shove his own moral code down his customers' throats.

Kenneth Collier
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

YOUR BRAINS OR YOUR. . . .

According to a minister in Jefferson, Wisconsin, streaking is caused by demonic possession. I kid you not; the Reverend Kenneth McKenzie, pastor of Calvary Baptist Church, inserted an ad in the *Jefferson Advertiser* informing the world that:

STREAKING IS NOT FUNNY. STREAKING IS NO JOKE. . . .

STREAKING IS THE UNMASKING OF A SMUTTY HEART. . . .

STREAKING IS DEMONIC SIN. Demons, as uneducated as this may sound, cause men to disrobe publicly. One day while he was preaching, Jesus was met by a man who was as naked as the day he was born. . . . He had given his heart over to a thousand demons, and those demons made him run nude. . . . Today's streakers are the same; hearts full of sin and brains given over to satanic powers, demons, who cause them to disrobe. . . .

A streaker is a sinner who needs to come to Jesus and have his sin forgiven and his brain changed. . . .

As for those who don't want to come to Jesus and have their brains changed, the Reverend McKenzie has a remedy: "In my opinion, if among men the penalty for streaking would be nothing short of castration, streaking would stop immediately." It is truly inspiring the way religion creates love, tolerance and kindness. Isn't it?

N. Kangas
Minneapolis, Minnesota

A PLACE IN THE SUN

I was astounded that D. L. Cline found it necessary to travel all the way to Australia to find a place "where the authorities take a sane attitude toward [nude] sun-bathing" (*The Playboy Forum*, May). Either he wasn't looking very hard in his native California or attitudes have changed there since he left. At any rate, I recently spent a harassment-free week of nude basking in the sun at a spot called Black's Beach in La Jolla, just north of San Diego. The beach is fairly secluded and access is difficult, but once you get there, you're free to enjoy the sunshine in whatever degree of dress or undress suits you. It's patrolled by police, but the only people

they seem to bother are those violating an ordinance against bringing dogs to the beach. All in all, it's a pleasant place with very sane attitudes indeed.

I might add that even my home town, Miami, has seen nude bathing. As of the time I'm writing, there have been no complaints and no arrests.

Alan I. Koshar
North Miami Beach, Florida

SWINGING ACES

Dell and Tracy Ford state in the *May Playboy Forum* that they could not find "a couple under 30 who have not at least discussed mate swapping as a legitimate alternative to the occasional tedium that occurs in every union." We question how much looking they actually did.

We think it's likely that swingers are frustrated with their marriages and are very insecure about sex in general, acting on every whim to prove to themselves and to their peers that they are still high-performance aces in the bedroom. Then, too, how many of the 1,000,000 swingers estimated by the Fords are swinging because they really want to, and how many are doing it for fear of losing a spouse?

As a couple under 30 with a few years of happy marriage behind us and many more ahead, we think we speak for the majority of young people, who have been able to make successful lives together. A good marriage involves more than sex, and a good relationship will never be built if one is busy with quick-change partners. Trust, sharing, confidence and love are the building blocks of a happy union, and a good sex life together is a natural by-product of all these.

Jack and Helene Neiss
Elizabethtown, Pennsylvania

SEXUAL NUMBERS GAME

Dell and Tracy Ford make a big deal over how many swingers there are in the country, whether people under 30 tend to be especially interested in swinging, whether the practice is growing, etc. Why do we tend to feel insecure with our sexual behavior unless we can prove that great numbers of other people share our taste? What are we, ants, sheep? Personally, I'd like to be able to claim that I get off on something absolutely unique—say, like being buggered by a horny rhinoceros. What's wrong with being different?

S. Mandell
Miami, Florida

THAT OLD GANG OF MINE

The idea of a sexual revolution is baloney. Every generation thinks it's the first to discover sex. My bride and I have just celebrated our golden wedding anniversary. We've done everything in the book from mate swapping to group masturbating to S/M and, in fact, we still belong to a club we helped form not too

long after we were married. There were 21 couples and we met once a month on a farm not far from Sacramento and had a wild fucking weekend. Today there are 29 couples in the club. That increase in numbers is all the sexual revolution amounts to.

As for the supposedly new candor in today's movies, I can remember seeing sex movies in a theater 65 years ago. One was of a naked woman being used to make a mold for a wax store dummy; another was of a schoolteacher skinny-dipping; still another was of early Puritans torturing women accused of immorality, whipping them and exposing their breasts. I don't think these movies made us any worse or any better, but thank goodness the Supreme Court of that day was too busy busting up the big oil companies to bother about a little flesh.

(Name withheld by request)
Beverly Hills, California

BUSHWHACKERS

On the subject of masturbating before going on a date, a letter in the *May Playboy Forum* states, "One in the bush is worth two in the hand." I'd like to add that a hand on the bush is worth two on the bird.

A. Napoli
New York, New York

PASSION FOR PAIN

Until I was 15, I hated being spanked. That summer I missed my grandmother's birthday celebration, having spent the day swimming, and my father peeled my bikini bottom down and blistered my rear with his belt. My brother and sister watched and I was terribly humiliated. But suddenly I felt so stimulated that I almost had an orgasm right there across my father's lap. I ran to my room and masturbated for an hour.

After that, I covertly encouraged my father to spank me. When I began dating, I was much more physically turned on when I'd been whipped at home before going out. One evening, after I started dating the man who is now my husband, I arranged to start an argument with my parents just as he arrived to pick me up. Dad gave me a really terrific bare-bottomed spanking right in front of him. It hurt like hell, but I also felt passion as never before; it would be great when my boyfriend and I made it together after he had seen me chastened that way. But I didn't count on Dad's grounding me, too. He sent me straight to my room, and I was so frustrated I cried twice as hard as I did over the spanking. A half hour later, Dad walked into my room and caught me masturbating. He hit me about 20 times bare-assed with my sister's riding crop. I was high for a week.

Now my husband spans me soundly every night before sex. He uses everything from my sandals to a wooden paddle with my name on it. I suggest sexual

spanking for any couple, especially the young or those who find sex becoming routine. It's ecstasy!

(Name withheld by request)
Louisville, Kentucky

SUPERORGASMS

The March segment of PLAYBOY's *Sexual Behavior in the 1970s* deals in part with sadism and masochism. As its findings are based on a scientifically selected population sample, I accept it as basically sound. Nevertheless, I disagree with the statement that "S/M activity does not yield superorgasms." When my mistress requires me to present myself naked so that she can use or abuse me as she fancies, I become tremendously conscious of my existence as a sexual being. The discomfort of the bonds, the pain of the whip, the frequent humiliation of having to stand submissively before her in a state of full arousal, these things direct the mind to the body and the senses. The result, for me, is explosive, and my mistress (though for different reasons) also finds much greater release after she has so used me. I cannot believe that we are entirely unique in this regard among sadists and masochists.

(Name withheld by request)
Washington, D.C.

S/M = B.S.

Terry Kolb's paean to pain (*The Playboy Forum*, February) deserves some kind of award for the most devious piece of sophistry since Agnew denounced welfare cheaters. If sadism and masochism mean anything, they refer to the pathological enjoyment of inflicting or receiving pain. Yet Ms. Kolb would have us believe she's talking about an unusual but possibly superior approach to expressing normal love. She says that "practically every human relationship involves some implicit dominance and submission and . . . S/M makes these implicit dynamics highly explicit." Sure it does. Practically every father-daughter relationship involves implicit sexuality, and incest would make that explicit, too; but that doesn't mean it would be healthy, appropriate or in any other way beneficial for a man to have sex with his little girl.

Ms. Kolb also writes:

On the most sublime level, S/M is total giving. . . . As an M, my need is to put myself totally in the power of my S, to worship him, to prove, by my pain and humiliation, that my love can overcome all the obstacles that the world can put in its path. The S must be a giving, loving person—enough so that he can accept such extravagant devotion with a clear conscience.

Bullshit. A sadist is as likely to have no conscience as a clear one, and anyone who can believe that line of crap could

believe that the scandalous activities of our current crop of political crooks represent a selfless attempt to prove their devotion to the country.

I'm not trying to suggest that sadists and masochists should be deprived of their fun; if they want to kick hell out of one another, it doesn't concern me. But I am concerned when they try to pass off sickness and depravity as openness and virtue. If we let them convince us of that, language and reason suffer and it won't be long before we start believing that hate is love and war is peace.

J. Edwards
Minneapolis, Minnesota

CIRCUMCISION, MALE . . .

The low incidence of cervical cancer among the wives of circumcised men is often given as a justification for circumcision. But for the past 40 years, doctors have been circumcising the vast majority of American men, and the incidence of cancer of the cervix has not declined. In any case, soap and water is just as effective as circumcision in preventing cancer. The frequently cited fact that Israel has a low rate of cervical cancer may be due to the personal cleanliness of the people of that country rather than to the fact that nearly all Israeli men are circumcised. In other parts of the world where the male is routinely circumcised, there is frequently a higher incidence of cervical cancer than in Israel, possibly due to poor hygiene. Conversely, the Parsis of India have a very low rate of penile and cervical cancer, and the men of that group are not circumcised.

The fact is that circumcision is unnecessary, and I can conclude only that the almost universal mutilation of the penis for no good reason is one of the more striking insanities of our time.

Harry Watson
Baltimore, Maryland

The pros and cons of circumcision are still being debated in medical circles. Last year, Drs. Robert Burger and Thomas H. Guthrie presented the American Medical Association with a qualified favorable report. They said that circumcision should be limited to healthy infants, it should be performed at least 24 hours after birth and it should be done only by a physician. Their findings support the belief that cancer of the cervix is more frequent in women with uncircumcised male sex partners, and they also report that cancer of the penis, which kills 300 males a year in the U.S., is almost never found in a circumcised man. As for cervical cancer in the U.S., the most recent Federally sponsored national cancer survey reported that, in fact, it has declined since the first survey was taken in 1947-1948 (though this may be due to better detection).

There are many countries with as much claim to thorough personal hygiene as Israel; the reason that Israel's

statistics are significant is the virtual universality of circumcision there. The uncircumcised Parsis have the same rate of penile cancer as their uncircumcised Hindu neighbors, despite the Parsis' high standard of cleanliness.

Researchers find that genital cancer seems to be connected to three interrelated factors: the presence of circumcision, the completeness of circumcision (Moslems remove less of the foreskin than Jews and have higher genital-cancer rates) and personal cleanliness. It seems to us there's a case for circumcision, but not a very strong one, and probably individual judgment should carry as much weight as scientific indications.

. . . AND FEMALE

A woman friend of mine surprised me by saying that women are more easily aroused to climax after they have been circumcised. I didn't know there was such a thing as circumcision for women, so I read up on it. It seems the clitoris is covered by a hood of skin very much the way the male foreskin covers the glans penis. One article stated that in 75 percent of women this female foreskin is too long or too thick to permit them to enjoy clitoral sensation; it also claimed that over half the people in the U.S. have had corrective or plastic surgery performed on their genitalia. I understand that the operation is performed by slitting the woman's foreskin down the center, leaving two flaps of skin that are then removed, exposing the clitoris. If this operation could make it easier for women to reach climax, it would be a godsend to both sexes.

(Name withheld by request)
Tallahassee, Florida

We know of no research that has either measured clitoral sensation or determined that 75 percent of women are genitally handicapped. It's true, of course, that over half the people in the U.S. have had corrective or plastic surgery on their genitalia—if you count all the men who have been circumcised. While female circumcision might help in the few cases in which the foreskin is abnormal, it as likely will not work for many others. Some women who have had the operation you describe complained later of pain or irritation in the exposed clitoral glans. We definitely don't recommend it as a cure for difficulty in reaching orgasm, a problem that's more often located in the mind than in the body.

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



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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: ERICH VON DANIKEN

a candid conversation with that publicist for ancient astronauts, the best-selling author of the cult classic "chariots of the gods?"

Few things are as hard to predict as a fad, and when Erich von Däniken wrote "Chariots of the Gods?" eight years ago, nobody guessed that this stocky Swiss ex-convict would become, to millions of people around the world, a chronicler of ancient astronauts. But that is just what's happened. As an American phenomenon, Von Däniken ranks in popularity (as we go to press) somewhere between streaking and the exorcism craze. "Chariots" is in its 44th paperback printing, with U. S. sales estimated at 5,000,000 copies. A film based on the book rose to the top five on Variety's box-office list—an eye-opening performance for a documentary—and a TV special narrated by Rod Serling drew good ratings. At 39, Von Däniken has become a talk-show regular and is even the subject of a German biography. So many people are excited by the idea that spacemen have visited Earth that Carl Sagan, the astronomer and exobiologist, says, "I can no longer lecture anywhere on the subject of extraterrestrial intelligence without someone asking a question about Von Däniken's theories."

Von Däniken speculates that Earth was explored at least twice in prehistoric times by intelligent beings from another world. According to him, they mated with humans, bestowed the gifts of intelligence

and civilization and may have helped build such monuments as the pyramids. Sometimes they got angry and acted less pleasantly, blowing up Sodom and Gomorrah with an atom bomb and causing the great flood that Noah survived. Evidence of their visits, Von Däniken believes, can be found in mythology, in the Bible, in the great earth- and stoneworks that survive in various parts of the world and in cave paintings of people with bubble heads.

As he admits, Von Däniken thought up very little of this; other writers came up with the same theories and evidence when he was still a schoolboy. Von Däniken attributes his success to a questing, irreverent intelligence, a willingness to think the unthinkable—and an ability to convey those thoughts in a bombastic, superenthusiastic writing style. Critics say it's because he plays fast and loose with the truth. "Shilling the rubes," The New York Times has called his work. "A fine, naked, unscrupulous 12-year-old mind," said Esquire. "The Clifford Irving of the Cosmos"—The Miami News. And an archaeologist familiar with Von Däniken's work said flatly: "He simply lies." But that kind of talk doesn't seem to bother Von Däniken. "I'm the only author who has really frightened the critics," he says.

"Other writers sit at home and wait for miracles. I'm making the miracles."

He also feels he's witnessed a few. Born in Zofingen, Switzerland, in 1935, Von Däniken experienced at the age of eight something that resembled a scene from one of his books: An American bomber crash-landed near his home and, as Von Däniken watched, its crew emerged and walked past him silently in their flight suits. A psychiatrist might detect the germ of Von Däniken's vision in that, but he dismisses that sort of interpretation as "ridiculous"—one of his favorite English words.

By his own account, he grew up under the twin shadows of a stern father and the Catholic Church, eventually rebelling against both. At Saint-Michel, an international Catholic school in Fribourg, he soon ran into trouble, he says today, because he refused to accept Church interpretations of the Bible. His interest turned to astronomy, flying saucers—anything extrawordly. Von Däniken got into more trouble, at the age of 19, when he received a suspended sentence for theft. Erich's father withdrew him from school and apprenticed him to a Swiss hotelier. He stayed at the job for a while, then ran away to Egypt. Upon his return to Switzer-



"The beings who visited us may have had three eyes, seven fingers or long ears—what does it matter? They were basically like ourselves, and by artificial mutation they changed our intelligence."



"It's true that I accept what I like and reject what I don't like, but every theologian does the same. Everyone accepts what he needs for his theory, and to the rest he says, 'That's a misunderstanding.'"



BEN MARTIN

"If I came down to a primitive people, they would look upon me as God. Everything I did would make me God in their eyes, because I could fly, kill animals with a single shot, and so forth."

land, he spent time in prison for tax fraud and was labeled unreliable.

While in his cell, he claims, he experienced an intense vision. Von Däniken won't discuss the nature of the vision, but whatever it was, it failed to keep him clear of the law. For 12 years he took frequent vacations from his job as a hotel manager to travel around the world, gathering material for his first book.

But by that time, after being rejected by a dozen publishers, "Chariots of the Gods?" had been published and had become a best seller in Europe. "Scholars will call it nonsense," Von Däniken correctly predicted in the first paragraph, but nonsense or not, it allowed him to pay back the \$130,000 and move on from his shattered career in the hotel business to become a writer.

"Chariots" is a book filled with question marks and exclamation points: Could lines in the Peruvian desert be the remains of an ancient airport? Does a cave painting show a man in a space suit? Was this old map made from the air? But of course! While in jail, Von Däniken wrote a second book, "Gods from Outer Space," rehashing much of the same material in a calmer style. Sales were disappointing, so in a third book, "The Gold of the Gods," he returned to punchy sentences and sensational claims—including the discovery of a huge cave in Ecuador allegedly holding a treasure in gold artifacts left behind by visitors from outer space. A fourth Von Däniken book, "My World in Pictures," is now being translated into English, and he is at work on a fifth.

Bookstores may stack Von Däniken's books unceremoniously under Fantasy and scientists dismiss him as a con man, but to millions of readers, what he writes is closer to gospel. Von Däniken stays on the move, traveling over 100,000 miles a year, lecturing, autographing books, making breakneck tours of archaeological sites to scoop up new material, keeping a jump ahead of his critics. To draw a bead on this highly mobile man, PLAYBOY dispatched Timothy Ferris—a New York-based writer who is devoting much of his time to a book about the search for the edge of the universe—to interview Von Däniken at his home outside Zurich, where he lives with his wife and 12-year-old daughter. Ferris reports:

"I was greeted at the door by Von Däniken himself, a short, pudgy man with dark hair and bright eyes, a tight smile and an air of inexhaustible energy. Talking rapidly in thickly accented English—he speaks five languages—Von Däniken showed me into a sunny, compact living room furnished with a giant color-television set, a few hundred books and a garish oil painting of an astronaut floating among the pink cherubim of a cathedral fresco.

"With pride in his voice, Von Däniken explained that he had just paid off the mortgage on the house. It's not a large place, and the boast seemed a bit odd coming from an author who had sold some 25,000,000 books world-wide, but in fact he isn't a very rich man. Rights to 'Chariots' have been sold over the years to a series of publishers in a system that works out like a writer's nightmare. Each partner in this elaborate bucket brigade skims off 50 percent of the money and what's left may take as long as three years to reach Von Däniken. So whatever else he can be accused of, he is not profiteering from his theories.

"During the three days of the interview, we talked at first upstairs, then in Von Däniken's favorite room, his basement office, where the walls are lined with bright red, green and orange file cabinets filled with news clips and letters from readers. As we talked, he sipped black coffee and sucked on a tubular pipe shaped something like a space capsule. Occasionally he asked that the tape recorder be turned off while he rummaged through books and papers in search of material to back up his claims. He seemed satisfied even if the books yielded no evidence at all: He is a man who enjoys the trappings of scholarship—old maps and books scrutinized through tobacco smoke far into the night—at least as much as scholarship itself. We began by asking him to summarize his studies for us."

PLAYBOY: Since your theories appear to change somewhat with the times, can you tell us what you currently believe?

VON DANIKEN: I say in my books not only that we have been visited from outer space in ancient times but that those visitors had sexual intercourse with our ancestors. Many scientists reply, "That is damned nonsense, because even if we accept that there are extraterrestrial beings and that they can travel in space, why should they come to our Earth, out of all the billions of planets? And why should visitors from outer space look like us and have a similar way of thinking?" This point of view—and it certainly is a serious one—is, in my eyes, wrong. If we admit that the visitors had intercourse with us and altered, by artificial mutation, our intelligence, then it means we are the products of them. A child can never ask, "Why should my parents look like me?" There is no other possibility; he came from his parents. This does not deny Darwin and his theory; I fully admit that we came from apes. My question is just why and how we became intelligent. To this question each mythology, each old religion gives the same answer: The gods created man after their own image.

PLAYBOY: A psychiatrist might say that your theories, with all this talk about mankind as children of superior beings, were generated by your unhappiness as a child who didn't get along with his father. Do you see anything in that?

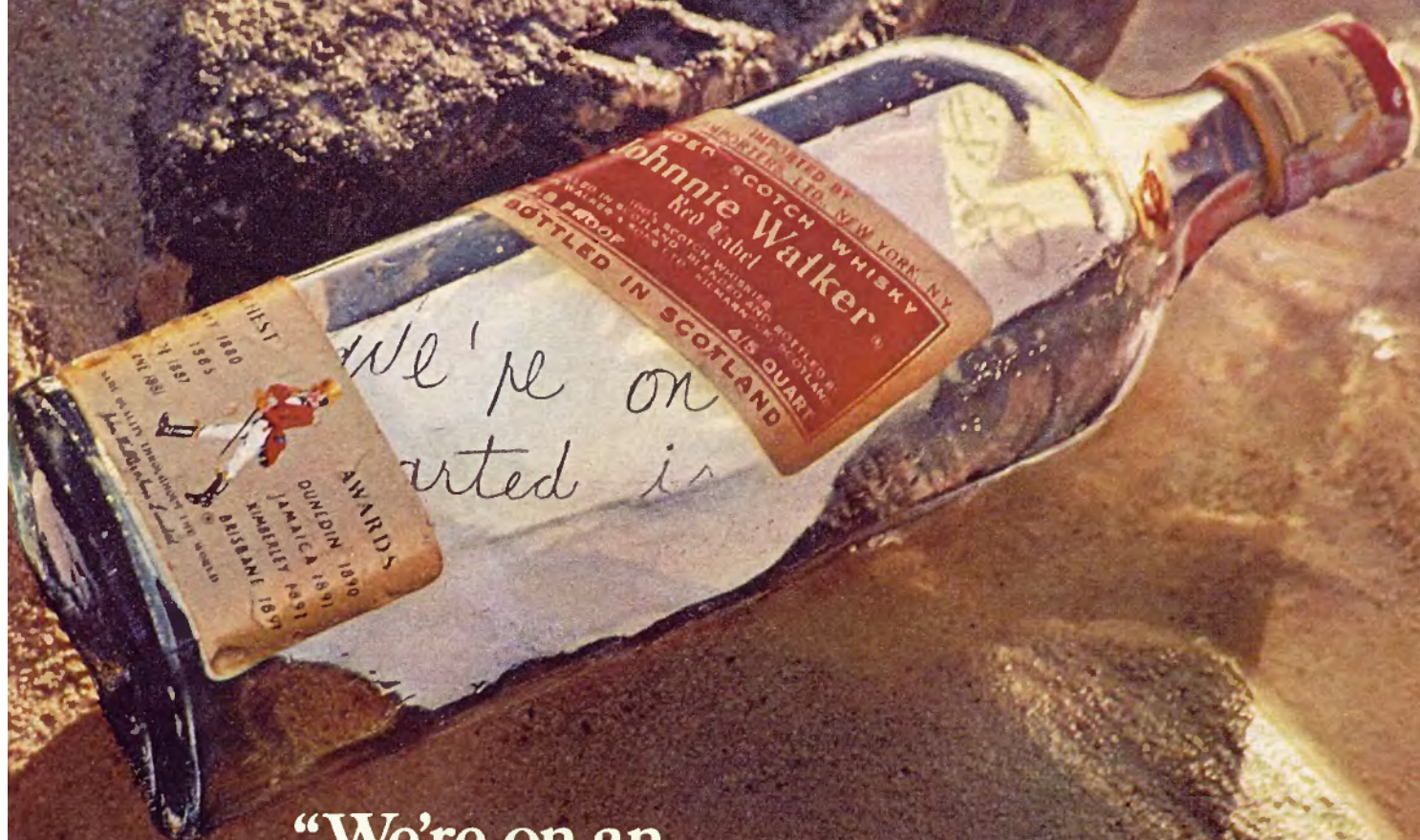
VON DANIKEN: Well, yes and no. I did have difficulties with my father and with my Catholic upbringing, but it's not true that because of this I am now, as an adult, trying to defeat Christianity. That's not so. On the other hand, each person has some reason to do what he is doing. For example, you are a journalist. Why? Because you like to do it. Maybe you like to ask questions, to see if people tremble and say the wrong things. Perhaps there is a psychiatric explanation for that. My reason for doing what I do is because I want to find the truth. I wonder why the hell I live here on this planet.

PLAYBOY: What is the most convincing evidence you have that Earth has been visited from outer space?

VON DANIKEN: Two kinds of proof: proof by hard facts and proof in mythologies, holy books, legends, and so forth. We have very good proof in hard fact. In Palenque, a little place in Yucatán, there is a tomb covered by a large stone. On this stone is a wonderful relief. It shows a man sitting in a kind of frame. He is bending forward almost like a motorcyclist, and at his nose he has what I would call an oxygen mask. He is operating some controls with his hands, turning something on—you can recognize every detail—and the heel of his left foot seems to be on a pedal which has different adjustments. Behind him you see some circles, some boxes, all kinds of mysterious things. And outside is a flame like an exhaust.

PLAYBOY: We're familiar with the stone, which also depicts a bird in front of him. What's it doing there?

VON DANIKEN: Oh, I don't know. Perhaps it represents flight, you know? Anyway, around the stone is a writing saying the relief shows a Mayan priest who died because of "the hot wind." Archaeologists say this shows the poor guy was sick and died in a hot summer season. I see it completely differently, that the hot wind was maybe the blast from a spaceship. I



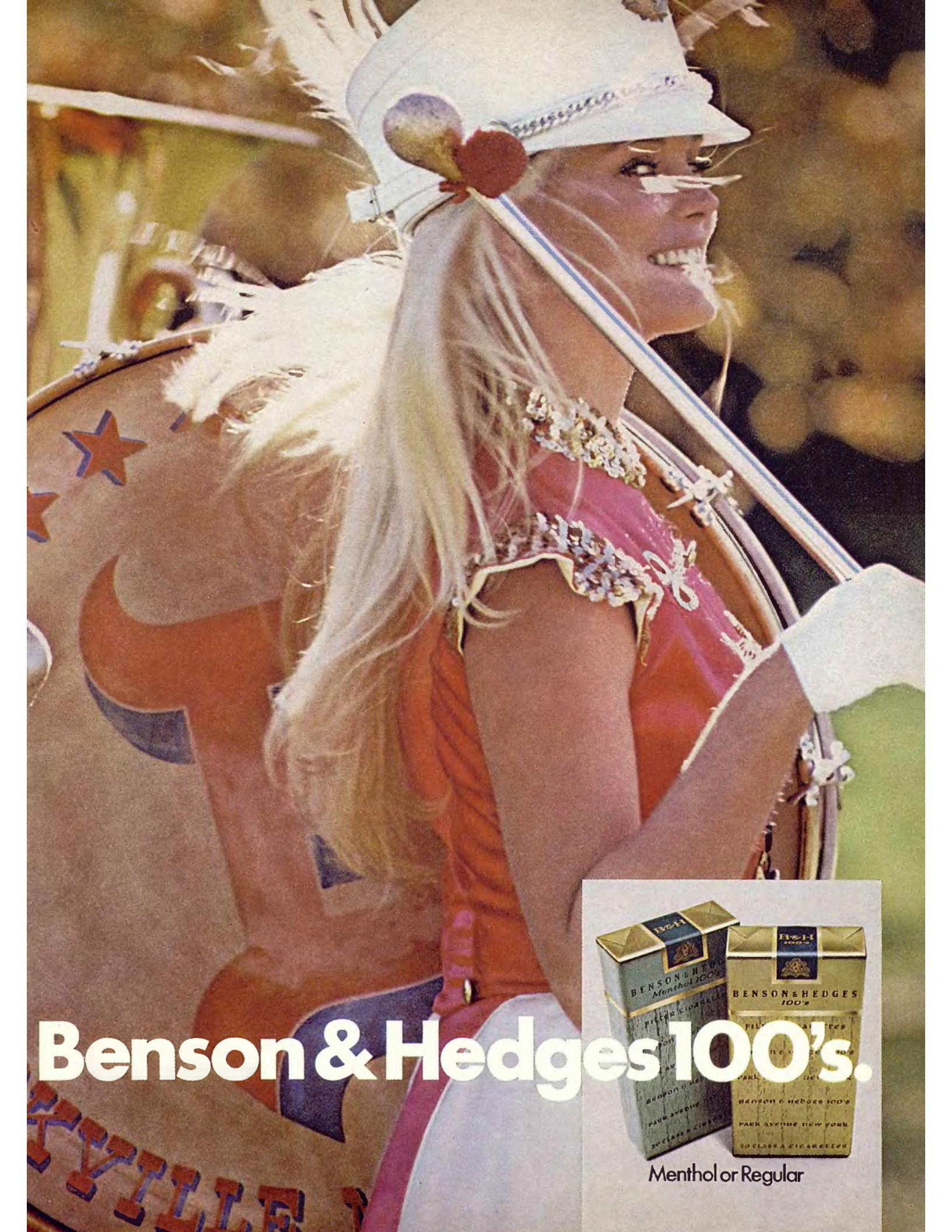
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Menthol or Regular

would not say this if we did not have, in many other old texts, similar things where someone is killed by the "hot wind of the gods." You find these hot winds in the *Mahabharata*, the Hindu epic, and in the Sumerian epic of *Gilgamesh*, where Engidu dies because he has been in contact with the gods and their hot wind.

Some of the best proofs, I think, are in mythology and in the holy books. You know the book of *Enoch*? It is one of the Apocrypha, a book from O'd Testament times, though not in the King James Bible. In chapters 14 and 15 of his book, Enoch says watchmen of the sky have been here and have had sexual intercourse with the daughters of this planet, and that the product of this intercourse was, in the first generation, giants. You might say this is just mythology. But in the same book of *Enoch*, we find a chapter about astronomy, where the watchmen of the sky tell Enoch about our solar system. They tell where the moon's light comes from, how much light at which date, and they speak about the names of the stars. They give complicated astronomical details which, I feel, nobody could have known at the time of Enoch, because this whole story happens before the great flood.

PLAYBOY: When did you become convinced that these theories were true?

VON DANIKEN: I guess only in recent years. I wrote *Chariots of the Gods?* in 1966, so for me it's an old book. When I wrote it, I was not at all convinced. By the second book, *Gods from Outer Space*, I was more certain, but not absolutely. The basic thing is to be convinced that the fundamental theory is right, that we have been visited from outer space and those visitors altered our intelligence by artificial mutation. Of this I have felt certain for the past four years or so.

PLAYBOY: Why?

VON DANIKEN: Studying mythology and ancient religion was what made up my mind. When you find in mythology some fact or technological development that nobody could have had at that time, something maybe that we ourselves discovered only recently, then you have something. If it only happens once, that is one thing; but when it happens several times, then you can say, "Now we have proof."

PLAYBOY: If ancient astronauts explored the Earth, why didn't they leave anything behind? Why haven't we found any relics?

VON DANIKEN: Let's say you and I are extraterrestrials; we are ending our stay on Earth and we want to leave behind an object to record that we were here. We can create such an object, a time capsule or a plaque or whatever, but what do we do with it? We cannot give it to a leader of human society and tell him, "Listen, my dear friend, we have to go to the stars now, but here is something very important for your descendants 4000 years in

the future. Keep it carefully." Because we know that the guy will be dead in 20 years. There will be wars and the winners will destroy the temples and libraries of the losers, and the object will be lost.

One possibility would be to construct something so big that nobody could destroy it. In fact, there are such things on our planet; the Great Pyramid is one. Yet even today, no archaeologist has looked deep down under the pyramids to see what is there. The pyramid is almost 500 feet high; we should look 500 feet beneath it. But nobody does. Even at that, I do not think the chances are good of finding a monument of the ancient astronauts' anywhere on Earth, because they must have known that with floods, earthquakes, and so on, it could be destroyed.

PLAYBOY: So you're saying that these visitors walked all over the Earth, altered the course of human history and departed without leaving a trace?

VON DANIKEN: This is more complicated than you think. If they did leave a monument, such as a monitoring device to inform them when humans developed the hydrogen bomb, it may still be hidden somewhere. But it would be hidden very well. It was not in the best interests of the visitors to put it where it could be discovered by technologically advanced people, who could maybe take it apart with a screwdriver.

Some say: What about a crash of an ancient spaceship? But you know, today, if an aircraft is crashing, the pilot tries to steer away from the villages so nobody will be killed. I'm sure an ancient astronaut would have done the same. Only one one hundredth of one percent of the globe has been investigated by archaeologists, and they explore precisely where they know there were villages and communities, not out in the middle of nowhere. So the remains of a crashed spaceship could exist, but we haven't found it.

PLAYBOY: What makes you think creatures from another star would have an intelligence akin to ours?

VON DANIKEN: It could be that the universe contains billions of different types of intelligence, but beings who can travel in space will visit beings similar to themselves. They will look for planets with conditions like those of their home planet, where life would have developed the same way. The beings who visited us may have had three eyes, seven fingers or long ears—what does it matter? That's not important. They were basically like ourselves, and by artificial mutation they changed our intelligence to something like their own.

Let us dream a little dream together. Let's say that in 5000 years we have found all the answers concerning our own planet. We know everything about man's brain, about the deep sea, plants

and animals. Maybe we have world peace, so it's a wonderful future to dream of. What is next? Because we are intelligent, we look up at the little lights in the sky and we ask, "What the hell are they?" We have no alternative but to travel in space sooner or later. And all this came from those visits so long ago.

You ask for evidence. In the United States, Mr. Josef Blumrich, chief of the systems-layout branch of NASA, has published a book, *The Spaceships of Ezekiel*. He comes to the definite conclusion, with scientific methods, that the Old Testament prophet Ezekiel described the landing of a spaceship in 592 B.C. If there were such a landing, it would have gone into mythologies around the world. And as a matter of fact, we have such mythologies, speaking of visitors from heaven. We find the story in Babylonian tales and in the mythology of northern Europe. In Australia we find rock paintings showing flying beings, men and women with halos and helmets, and so on. We have hundreds of them.

PLAYBOY: The part of the book of *Ezekiel* you and Blumrich talk about does sound impressive, with wheels of fire up in the sky and all that. But the same book has long sections you don't quote that are very different. For example, Ezekiel says, describing the creatures you call astronauts, "Every one had four faces, and every one had four wings. . . . As for the likeness of their faces, they four had the face of a man, and the face of a lion, on the right side; and they four had the face of an ox on the left side; they four also had the face of an eagle." If the spacemen looked like humans, as you say, how could they also look like lions, oxen and birds?

VON DANIKEN: Here, look at this picture. It shows the first Gemini spaceship. Now I turn it upside down. Imagine you were a primitive man and you had never seen a spaceship, then you saw this. How would you describe it?

PLAYBOY: It looks vaguely as if it had two eyes, but there isn't anything that looks like an eagle.

VON DANIKEN: I don't see it either. But there is an explanation, which Blumrich gives. Your American World War Two pilots had paintings on their aircraft, remember? Paintings of Mickey Mouse, Donald Duck, young ladies or whatever. And they had names on their planes. Even your moonships had names—like Eagle. Maybe the same thing happened with these visitors; maybe the spaceship was big and Ezekiel saw just a picture on it. We really don't know.

PLAYBOY: Ezekiel also says he saw a heap of dry bones turned into an army of living men.

VON DANIKEN: Oh, really? I don't remember this passage. It must have been a miracle. As wild speculation, I could say maybe he saw a movie or something.

PLAYBOY: If the creature who spoke to

Ezekiel was an astronaut, why did he keep insisting he was God?

VON DANIKEN: I have just the opposite recollection, that he did *not* say he was God. I guess it depends on the translation you use.

PLAYBOY: In the King James version of the Bible, this being repeats many times, very clearly, that He is God and Ezekiel had better listen to Him.

VON DANIKEN: Well, if I came down to a primitive people, they would look upon me as God. Everything I did would make me God in their eyes, because I could fly, kill animals with a single shot, and so forth. So maybe Ezekiel called him God. But I definitely do not think the commander of the spaceship said he was God. If he did, it would be proof to me that he was a liar.

PLAYBOY: This being is quoted as saying "I am the Lord" over and over again.

VON DANIKEN: But what is the Lord? The commander.

PLAYBOY: So you're saying the text is letter-perfect when it describes the so-called spaceship but completely inaccurate when it records what the pilot had to say. Isn't that an inconsistent position?

VON DANIKEN: I'm very sorry, but theologians are in the same position. It's true that I accept what I like and reject what I don't like, but every theologian does the same. Everyone accepts just what he needs for his theory, and to the rest he says, "Well, that's a misunderstanding."

PLAYBOY: Except that you claim to be offering science, not theology, and you say you don't have much regard for theologians.

VON DANIKEN: I have regard for theologians if they are really honest in their hearts. I have some theologian friends and we have long discussions into the night, and they are nice persons. But in the depth of their hearts they are believers. Theology would be a science if they would study *all* religions, not just the one they believe in.

PLAYBOY: You're something of a believer yourself, aren't you? Don't your theories constitute a sort of religion?

VON DANIKEN: I don't see it. I must admit that some people make a kind of religion out of this, but they are very few and that is not my intent. Religions promise things, that if you live a certain way, don't do sexual things, you will go to heaven. Or if you do wrong, you will go to hell. Each religion makes promises nobody can verify. But in my books there are no promises at all; I never implore people to act in a given way. Also, organized religions have churches, congregations, and so forth, and my books have nothing to do with that. I received 22,000 letters from readers around the world, and I would estimate that only about one in a thousand feels this is some sort of religion. Of course, it is true that I often

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mention the Bible in my books. Have you read the Bible?

PLAYBOY: Yes.

VON DANIKEN: Do you believe it?

PLAYBOY: There are different sorts of belief. A criticism could be made that you resemble conservative priests who insist on literal interpretations of everything in the Bible.

VON DANIKEN: Oh, on the contrary.

PLAYBOY: Well, Robert Graves says that all through human history there have been two languages—poetry, often expressed in mythology, and prose—and that people are always getting history confused when they try to convert mythology into literal prose. Don't you do that?

VON DANIKEN: Even if we have these two languages, it doesn't change anything. A scientific world will still hand down its message in scientific language and not in poetry.

PLAYBOY: Don't you often ridicule scientists, accusing them in your books of being shortsighted and plodding?

VON DANIKEN: I have thought about this a lot lately. In science today, each person must be a specialist. There is no other possibility; the knowledge is too big. Let's say that someone decides to become an anthropologist and he reads and learns a lot about anthropology, about bones and apes and all those details. His wish is to prove that man comes from the ape, to find which was the first man, what ape came after another ape, and so forth. I think this whole way of thinking is a tunnel view. If you talk with a specialist, you find he knows everything about his profession, he has read every book and knows all his colleagues 200 years back. But because of his specialization, I would say he is unlikely to arrive at the truth. *One* truth, yes. But never *the* truth.

PLAYBOY: Are you sure you understand how scientists work? In *Chariots of the Gods?* you wrote, "At the conference tables of orthodox scientists, the delusion still prevails that a thing must be proved before a 'serious' person may—or can—concern himself with it." Do you really think that's an accurate account of what goes on among scientists?

VON DANIKEN: No, I would not say so anymore. It's correct for some scientists, but absolutely not for others. Not, for example, among astronomers or astrophysicists. But in archaeology, I have the feeling that scientists already have their minds made up when they find each little object. I mean, I have been in the field many times and have watched the diggings of archaeologists and they do a fantastic job. I am an admirer of them, really. But there is no fantasy in those brains. There is no speculation. They find an object and they say, "Well, it has to do with such-and-such culture, so now we see they were eating with forks and knives." Who cares about that? I wonder where the forks and knives *came* from.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about some of the mysteries you say the archaeologists ought to be studying. In your book *The Gold of the Gods*, you describe taking a voyage through enormous caves in Ecuador where you claim to have seen ancient furniture made of plastic, a menagerie of gold animals, a library of imprinted metal plates and other evidence of a great early civilization. You call this "the most incredible, fantastic story of the century" and say you were guided through the caves by a South American adventurer named Juan Moricz. But Moricz says he never took you into any such caves. Which of you is telling the truth?

VON DANIKEN: I guess we both are telling half the truth.

PLAYBOY: Which half is yours?

VON DANIKEN: I have been in Ecuador several times. I have met Moricz several times and we have been together at the side entrance to those tunnels. But before we went in that entrance, Moricz made it a condition that I would not be allowed to give the location or to take photographs inside. I could understand that, because he didn't want people going in there. So I agreed, we shook hands and we left. And, as a matter of fact, in my book I have not told the truth concerning the geographic location of the place, nor about some various other little things. In German we say a writer, if he is not writing pure science, is allowed to use some *dramaturgisch Effekte*—some theatrical effects. And that's what I have done. But finally, the whole controversy over whether I have been down there in those caves or not seems ridiculous. The main question should be: Does the library of gold plates exist or not? This should be the main question, not whether Mr. von Däniken has seen them or not.

PLAYBOY: Are you saying you have never been inside the caves?

VON DANIKEN: I *have* been inside the caves, but not at the place where the photographs in the book were taken, not at the main entrance. I was at a side entrance. And we were down there for six hours.

PLAYBOY: Did you, in fact, see the things you describe? Seven chairs made of a plasticlike material, a zoo of solid-gold animals, a library of gold plates?

VON DANIKEN: Definitely. No doubt. Though I must say I am not at all sure, anymore, if the so-called zoo is made of gold. It could be something different.

PLAYBOY: In the book you say Moricz led you in darkness, then gave the command, "Switch on your torches!" You write, "We are standing dumfounded and amazed in the middle of a gigantic hall." Is that what really happened?

VON DANIKEN: No, that is not true. It is what I call theatrical effect.

PLAYBOY: Were you and Moricz even in the caves?

VON DANIKEN: Yeah, sure. He saw everything.

PLAYBOY: Moricz says, "Von Däniken was *never* in the caves; when he states he has seen the library and the other things himself, he is lying. We never showed him these things."

VON DANIKEN: I know those statements, because he has written to me the same thing, and I can well understand it. In 1969, Moricz organized an expedition down there. All the crew members signed documents promising to say nothing about whatever they might find. This was reported in the Ecuadorian press. So when *The Gold of the Gods* appeared, I think members of the 1969 expedition must have told Moricz, "Listen, this isn't fair. Von Däniken has made the thing public. We could have made money with it, but we were pledged to silence." I feel this was the main reason, though there were others, why Moricz now says the whole thing is a hoax. But again, to me the main point is not if I have seen these things or not. I just don't care. The question is, do they exist?

PLAYBOY: Didn't your German publisher finance an expedition to the caves in order to decide just that question?

VON DANIKEN: Yes. They sent a leading German archaeologist to Ecuador. He was there more than six weeks. He had been to Ecuador many times before and his purpose was to organize an expedition into the caves, but he came back and said it was impossible. He could not find Mr. Moricz, and the archaeologists in Ecuador knew nothing of this discovery.

PLAYBOY: Why not lead an expedition into the caves yourself?

VON DANIKEN: I cannot. I'm a little afraid to go there now. Mr. Moricz, under Ecuadorian law, is something like an owner of the caves, together with the government, and he has the right to defend his property. After this controversy, I have the feeling I should not go there, and I really don't care too much anymore.

PLAYBOY: You seem to have bad luck when it comes to caves. In your second book, *Gods from Outer Space*, you tell of a cave in China explored in 1938. You say an archaeologist discovered odd, thin-boned skeletons there, along with a set of stone disks bearing inscriptions. According to your story, these inscriptions, deciphered in 1962, say spacemen have crash-landed on Earth and been hunted down and killed by Earth people. When the book appeared, Dr. Kwang-chih Chang of Yale University investigated your story. He says that, as a specialist in Asian archaeology, he knows personally every dig conducted in China in or around 1938 but has never heard of this one. He says there has never been a Chinese archaeologist named Chi Pu Tei, the one you say discovered the skeletons, nor a Peking professor named Tsum Um Nui, whom you identify as the translator of the inscriptions. In fact, there are no such names as Tei and Nui in the



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Chinese language; Dr. Chang says they sound to him like words made up by a Westerner trying to sound Chinese.

VON DANIKEN: When I wrote that story, I didn't have enough background information; I had only a discussion with a friend in Moscow and two or three publications. Since then, an Austrian journalist named Peter Krassa has investigated further. He visited Russia and China several times and he had only one thing in mind—to find out about this story. He found out definitely that it is true. The stones exist, the skeletons also, but the names and some of the dates are wrong. Krassa has written a book about it, which will soon be published in America, and he has a letter from a Chinese minister proving it is the definite, absolute truth.

PLAYBOY: We'll reserve judgment, then. What about the so-called prehistoric cave painting from Uzbekistan that appears in the film version of *Chariots of the Gods*? It shows vividly a modern-day astronaut and a flying saucer, and if it's prehistoric, as the script says, it would be very solid evidence for your theory.

VON DANIKEN: You have a wonderful way of touching on every point which is uncertain. I feel like I'm being prosecuted. I'll tell you, about 95 percent of the things I write about I have seen with my own eyes. But there are a few things, especially in Russia and China, which I couldn't have seen. This is one such case. I have never seen the painting, never been there. Dr. Saizev, a philologist at the Lenin State University, published this painting in the Soviet magazine *Sputnik*, April 1, 1968, and I took the story. The film crew went to Moscow and interviewed Dr. Saizev. He showed them the picture and told them the same thing, that the painting was ancient. I wasn't there with the crew. Then the funniest thing, Peter Krassa, the journalist I was telling you about, wrote to Dr. Saizev, and Saizev answered that the picture was actually modern, not prehistoric. Now, that's really fantastic, don't you think? First he published an article saying it was old, then he told the movie crew the same thing, and only now does he say it is not old at all.

PLAYBOY: When did you discover that the painting was a hoax?

VON DANIKEN: I'm still not sure it is. I have had some interesting experiences with people in Russia and China. You can never be sure when they tell you something that they really mean it. They sometimes have reasons to say one thing in private and another in public.

PLAYBOY: People all over the world have seen the film, and they haven't been told that the origin of the painting is doubtful or that it might be a hoax. They're being told it's genuine. Isn't that irresponsible?

VON DANIKEN: The film starts with questions and ends with questions, not answers. In the film you see Dr. Saizev

being interviewed, you see him give this picture to the movie crew. I'm very sorry, but the interview is a fact. And the commentary says simply, "Dr. Saizev showed us this. . . ."

PLAYBOY: Reading from the film script, it says: "We must look and look again to grasp the significance of this prehistoric drawing. A creature wearing the head-gear of an astronaut." And so on.

VON DANIKEN: Here I'd like to say that the commentary to the film was not written by me. Also, there are many things in the film that I would never have said in that way. For example, concerning Nazca, Peru, where there are great lines laid out in the desert, the film commentary says something like, "No doubt, it *must* have been an airfield." I never made such a statement. I said, "It *looks* like an airfield." There's quite a difference.

PLAYBOY: OK, let's get back to your books, then, where we know you can be held responsible. What is it about the pyramids of Egypt that makes you think they have something to do with creatures from outer space?

VON DANIKEN: Archaeologists say that as far as the Great Pyramid of Cheops is concerned, there's no mystery at all. Everything is clear. The pyramid was built in 20 years with a few thousand slaves, using wooden rollers, sand ramps, and so forth. But the same archaeologists agree that the Great Pyramid is composed of 2,300,000 blocks, ranging from a ton or so each to 12 tons for some of them. Now, 2,300,000 blocks divided by 20 years is 115,000 blocks a year needed to build the pyramid. Say the working year lasted 300 days—which is quite a long year, because some archaeologists maintain that the Egyptians were free to work on the pyramids only four months a year, while the Nile was flooding. Allow a damned long working day of 13 hours. You will find that nearly every two minutes a stone had to be set in place. Every two minutes! Try to repeat that today.

PLAYBOY: Which archaeologists say the pyramid builders used wooden rollers?

VON DANIKEN: More or less all of them.

PLAYBOY: They say wooden *sledges*, don't they? And aren't there Egyptian tomb paintings showing teams of men transporting huge stone blocks in just that way?

VON DANIKEN: Those paintings represent the way they worked at the time the paintings were made. At that time, they did transport stones on wooden sledges, or rollers—it doesn't matter which—but not necessarily before. I'll tell you another area where I don't agree with the archaeologists about Egypt. The ancient Greek historian Herodotus says in the second book of his history that when he visited Egypt, the priests showed him 340 statues, each representing the lifetime of a high priest of the past. Each of the guys in his lifetime had to complete his own statue. The priests told Herodotus those

340 generations represented 11,340 years and that before then, gods from the sky had come to Earth and taught the priests how to build such things.

PLAYBOY: Even assuming your recollection of Herodotus isn't a little garbled, don't you have to keep in mind that those priests were telling him about things ancient even to them? The age of the pyramid builders was at least as remote from Herodotus as he is from us. Isn't it expecting a lot to think they told him exactly what happened thousands of years before their own time?

VON DANIKEN: That's true, but still, those priests talked about 11,340 years, and our idea of Egyptian history is nothing close to that. We think of Egypt going back to maybe 4000 years B.C.

PLAYBOY: You wrote that the Great Pyramid "divides continents and oceans into two equal halves and also lies at the center of gravity of the continents." What does that mean?

VON DANIKEN: I am referring there to many other writers. It is not just the invention of Mr. Erich von Däniken himself. As I understand them, if you took all the water away from the Earth and pushed the continents together—so, for example, South America fit up against Africa—then the pyramid would be right in the middle. That's how it was explained to me. I've never tried it.

PLAYBOY: Another ancient mystery you write about, not so old, is the 16th Century map put together by the Turkish cartographer Piri Reis. You write, "There is no doubt that the maps must have been made with the most modern technical aid—from the air. . . . Whoever made them must have been able to fly and also to take photographs!" You went on to call the map "absolutely accurate" and you said it coincides with a view of Earth from a spaceship in orbit above Cairo. The trouble is that the Piri Reis map is not "absolutely accurate," nor does it coincide with a view from space.

VON DANIKEN: I'm not so sure about this, really. According to my information, it does.

PLAYBOY: We can take out a copy of the Piri Reis map and a modern globe and look at the two of them and *see* that they don't agree.

VON DANIKEN: Yes, the movie crew did something similar. But for the whole map to coincide with a view from a great height is impossible, because from Cairo you cannot at the same time see the North American continent and Antarctica.

PLAYBOY: Here's a copy of the Piri Reis map. If you look at the way it represents South America, for example, you'll find that whole sections of the coast are missing. Yet this is the map you call absolutely accurate.

VON DANIKEN: Look, the Piri Reis map is not one map. It was composed by Piri from several other old maps. So we have to deal with a mixture of several things,

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Renault 12 Wagon	A3	22.2	Toyota Mark II Wagon	A3	19.4
Audi Fox	M4	22.0	Alfa Romeo 2000 GTV	M5	19.1
Dodge Colt Wagon	A3	21.9	Renault 12 Sedan	A3	19.1
Honda Civic	SA	21.8	Porsche 911-T	M4	19.1
Saab 97	M4	21.7	TVR 2500 M	M4	19.0
Volkswagen Karman Ghia	M4	21.7	Volkswagen Kombi-22		
Subaru Coupe	M4	21.7	(Microbus)	A3	19.0
Toyota Corolla 1600 Wagon	A3	21.1	Mazda 808 Coupe	A3	18.9
Renault 12 Sedan	M4	18.8			
MGB	M4	18.7			
Toyota Corona SR Sedan	M4	18.4			
Toyota Corona SR Sedan	A3	18.4			
Volvo 145	M4	18.4			
Opel Manta	M4	18.2			
Opel 1900	A3	18.2			
Fiat 124 Sport Sedan	M5	18.0			
Renault 15 TL Coupe	M4	17.9			
Opel Manta Luxus	A3	17.9			
Fiat 124 Special TC	A3	17.9			
Fiat 128 Wagon	M4	17.8			
Fiat 124 Wagon	A3	17.7			
Porsche 914-4	M5	17.5			
Renault 17 TL Coupe	M4	17.5			
Volvo 142	M5	17.5			
Fiat 128 Sedan	M4	17.4			
Chevrolet Vega Hatchback	M4	17.4			
Ford Mustang	M4	17.3			
Porsche 911 S	M5	17.2			
Ford Pinto	A3	17.1			
Peugeot 504 Sedan	A3	17.0			
Volvo 144	A3	17.0			
Ford Mustang	A3	16.9			
Lincoln-Mercury Capri	A3	16.9			
Porsche 911 S	SA	16.9			
Triumph TR-6	M4	16.9			
Peugeot 504 Sedan	M4	16.8			
Plymouth Valiant Duster	A3	16.7			
Ford Maverick	A3	16.7			
Ford Pinto Wagon	A3	16.6			
MGB/GT	M4	16.3			
Datsun 260Z	M4	16.2			
Porsche 911 T	M5	16.1			
Audi 100	M4	16.1			
Saab 99 LE	A3	16.1			
Fiat 124 Sport Coupe	M5	16.0			
Dodge Dart	A3	16.0			
AMC Gremlin	A3	15.9			
Datsun 260Z	A3	15.8			
Chevrolet Nova Hatchback	A3	15.7			
AMC Gremlin	M3	15.6			
Ford Maverick	A3	15.6			
Lincoln-Mercury Comet	A3	15.5			
AMC Hornet Sportabout	A3	15.5			
Chevrolet Vega Panel					
Express	M4	15.4			
Toyota Mark II Sedan	A3	15.4			
Toyota Mark II Wagon	A3	15.2			
Toyota Mark II Sedan	M4	15.2			
Chevrolet Nova Hatchback	A3	15.2			
AMC Hornet Sedan	A3	14.7			
Volvo 164	A3	14.5			
Mercedes Benz 230	A4	14.3			
Mercedes Benz 280	A4	14.1			
Ford Torino	A3	14.0			
BMW Bavaria	M4	13.8			

Checker Sedan	A3	13.8	Buick Century Wagon	A3	9.7	Pontiac LeMans Safari	A3	8.6
Volvo 164	M5	13.4	Jaguar E Type V-12	A3	9.7	Excalibur II	A3	8.5
AMC Gremlin	M4	13.2	Buick Estate Wagon	A3	9.6	Dodge Sport Wagon	A3	8.5
AMC Javelin	M3	13.2	Chevrolet Caprice Wagon	A3	9.6	Pontiac Grand Safari	A3	8.4
BMW Bavaria	A3	12.7	Lincoln-Mercury Cougar	A3	9.5	Oldsmobile Toronado	A3	8.3
Plymouth Valiant Duster	M3	12.5	Ford Wagon	A3	9.5	Buick Electra 225	A3	8.3
AMC Matador	A3	12.4	Oldsmobile Cutlass			Pontiac Catalina Safari	A3	8.3
AMC Matador Wagon	A3	12.3	Supreme	A3	9.5	Jensen Interceptor	A3	8.2
AMC Javelin	A3	12.1	Pontiac LeMans	M4	9.4	Pontiac Grand Ville	A3	8.1
Citroen SM	A4	11.9	Rolls Royce Silver Shadow	A3	9.3	Mercury Wagon	A3	8.1
Plymouth Satellite	M4	11.8	Pontiac Catalina	A3	9.2	Lincoln Continental	A3	7.9
AMC Hornet	M3	11.7	Pontiac LeMans	A3	9.2	Maserati 120	M5	7.8
Plymouth Satellite	A3	11.6	Buick Grand Sport	A3	9.1	Pontiac Bonneville	A3	7.8
Maserati Bora	M5	11.6	Chrysler	A3	9.1	Chevrolet Chevelle Laguna	M4	7.6
Ford Torino Wagon	A3	11.4	Oldsmobile Delta 88 Royal	A3	9.0	Oldsmobile 98 Regency	A3	7.6
Lincoln-Mercury			Pontiac Ventura GTO	A3	8.9	Oldsmobile Delta 88 Wagon	A3	7.6
Montego Wagon	A3	11.4	Pontiac Ventura GTO	M4	8.9	Lamborghini Jarama	M5	7.3
Citroen SM	M5	11.2	Chrysler Wagon	A3	8.9	Lamborghini Espada	M5	7.2
Avanti Coupe	A3	11.0	Plymouth Fury Wagon	A3	8.9	Ferrari 365 GTB-4	M5	6.5
Chevrolet Impala			Cadillac DeVille	A3	8.9			
Sports Sedan	A3	11.0	Buick Regal	A3	8.8			
Lincoln-Mercury Montego	M3	11.0	Pontiac Grand Am	A3	8.8			
AMC Javelin	M4	10.8	Chevrolet Caprice Classic	A3	8.8			
AMC Ambassador	A3	10.8	Oldsmobile Vista Cruiser	A3	8.7			
Mazda RX 3 Wagon	M4	10.8	Cadillac Fleetwood	A3	8.7			
Ford	A3	10.7	Pontiac Trans Am	M4	8.6			
Mazda RX 3 Coupe	A3	10.7						
Mazda RX 2 Coupe	M4	10.6						
Mercedes Benz 450	A3	10.6						
Mazda RX 4 Wagon	M4	10.4						
Ford Pantera	M5	10.4						
Buick Century 350	A3	10.4						
Buick LeSabre	A3	10.4						
Cadillac Eldorado	A3	10.4						
Mazda RX 4 Coupe	A3	10.3						
Jaguar E Type V-12	M4	10.3						
Oldsmobile Cutlass	A3	10.3						
Chevrolet Impala Custom								
Coupe	A3	10.3						
Pontiac Trans Am	A3	9.9						
Ferrari Dino 246 GT	M5	9.8						
Chevrolet Impala Estate								
Wagon	A7	9.8						
Pontiac Ventura	A3	9.8						
Lincoln-Mercury Montego	A5	9.8						
Chevrolet Malibu Classic	A3	9.8						
Pontiac LeMans	A3	9.9						
Ford Torino	M4	9.8						

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The Honda Civic. More miles per gallon than anybody.

and some of it, such as the antarctic coast line, looks as it would from a great height. I don't have other information.

PLAYBOY: You had a copy of the map when you wrote your book, didn't you?

VON DANIKEN: Sure, I had one.

PLAYBOY: And you had access to a globe of the Earth. All you had to do was compare them.

VON DANIKEN: It's not so easy. Really, it's not. Look, here on the map, we have a connection between Chile and the Antarctic Continent. There is no such connection today, but maybe there was 12,000 years ago. Who knows? And there are islands off Antarctica. You explain to me how they knew about those islands.

PLAYBOY: It's a fascinating question, but not one that necessarily requires ancient astronauts to answer. Do you have any qualms about telling your millions of readers that this is an absolutely accurate map, when, in fact, some parts of it are accurate and other parts are wrong?

VON DANIKEN: I really don't know. I must find out about what you say. If I find that what I've written is wrong, then I will be the first to correct it. At least in my next book, I'll say this was wrong. At the time I wrote the passage, that was my information; I never invent anything.

PLAYBOY: Is it your opinion today, as it was when you wrote the book, that the Piri Reis map could have been drawn only from the air?

VON DANIKEN: No, absolutely not. My opinion is that some parts of the map, especially Antarctica and the islands, are a great mystery.

PLAYBOY: What about the iron column in Delhi, India, which you write has resisted rust for thousands of years and is made of "an unknown alloy from antiquity." In fact, that column does have rust on it and the process by which it was made is well understood. Do you still find it mysterious?

VON DANIKEN: No, not anymore. But when I wrote *Chariots of the Gods?* the information I had concerning this iron column was as I presented it. Since then, I have found that investigations were made and they came to quite different results, so we can forget about this iron thing.

PLAYBOY: Those investigations had been made even before you wrote the book, hadn't they?

VON DANIKEN: I didn't know of them. Even if they were made, other authors, who are listed in my bibliography, said the same thing I did, and some of those authors are very serious, quite well known.

PLAYBOY: *Chariots of the Gods?* has been through a number of editions; have you made any effort to correct these errors?

VON DANIKEN: Oh, God, I have so many times tried to correct things, and my experience has been that the corrections are almost never made. Or it takes, I

don't know, maybe a year and a half and about 20 letters to get it done. They have these modern ways of printing; they photograph the whole page and it goes into a machine. I have sent four letters to various publishers asking to make corrections and I see that, even in the fourth edition of some of my books, still nothing has been changed. It's a catastrophe. But usually I do it in following books. For example, in the most recent one, called *My World in Pictures*, there is a brand-new text and I correct things from the earlier books.

PLAYBOY: Are you familiar with a principle in science called Occam's razor? It means, generally, that if two explanations will account for something, you ought to give preference to the simpler. For example, if you throw a snowball and it knocks off a man's hat, you conclude that the snowball did the job, not that a host of invisible angels came down and plucked away the hat just as the snowball arrived. What do you think of that as a working principle?

VON DANIKEN: Here we must not forget that the question—which explanation is really simpler—is always a question of date. Up until a few years ago, when we saw cave paintings of men with helmets and halos and all, it was simpler to say they were ceremonial headgear of a religious cult or something like that. But today we have space travel and we know how helmets look. Isn't it fair to ask if that explanation is simpler? With my eyes today, I no longer think the explanations offered by anthropology and archaeology are the simple ones.

PLAYBOY: You wrote in *Chariots*, "We cannot possess the truth; at best we can believe it." What did you mean by that?

VON DANIKEN: I meant that there is no final proof; there are only indications. Some of the indications I have in my books may be completely wrong, absolutely wrong. But we have never made excavations beneath the pyramids or some of the other monuments. Why not try to do it, if only to disprove this guy Von Däniken? When my critics say, for instance, there is no reason to bring in ancient astronauts to explain these monuments, I'm afraid I must say they don't know what I know about some of the sites. They know only what archaeological books tell them. They have not been there and seen the things I have. Those little things aren't in the books because the archaeologists who write the books don't think they're important, but in my eyes they are important. The archaeologists have a different way of thinking from mine. What's the truth? I don't know.

I am accused of ignoring scientific facts. But scientists believe their facts are facts because other scientists told them so. Now I, with my own theory, came to the conclusion that they were wrong. There are only a few of us working on

my theory, and it's like a war we have to win. First we must change the minds of the public, especially the young girls and boys in high schools and universities, so that when they come to the scientists they will look at the facts with new eyes. One or two generations will pass; maybe today's truth will no longer be the truth tomorrow.

If I gave you a list of hundreds of scientific "truths" of 50 years ago, we could see how few are still thought to be true. Guys like Darwin—I don't want to compare myself to such a nice gentleman, but it was always someone like Darwin against a whole world of so-called scientific facts. He had to doubt them. If you don't doubt them, you're at a standstill. And I think people are beginning to do that. In Toronto last December, I had a great debate on TV. That was the name of the program, *The Great Debate*. My opponent was Dr. Ruth Tringham; she's a Harvard professor of anthropology.

On this program, first she was allowed to attack me for six minutes. I didn't get to say anything. She crushed me down completely. Then I got five minutes to reply, like in court. I did that, and then there was a commercial. During the break they put our chairs closer together, with a table in the middle, and for the next 20 minutes we were allowed to talk and interrupt each other with our arguments. Another break, and then, for the last 20 minutes, the audience asked questions. And at the end of the hour, the audience voted who had won. Dr. Tringham won with 120 points against my 112.

This was a diverse audience, with a number of scientific people, and I think it's really very interesting that I came out against a Harvard professor with a difference of only 120 to 112. I was able to demolish the audience's certainty that she had the truth about the development of man. I did this talking about my theories in a calm and sober way, not saying things I couldn't prove. But you know, some scientists criticize my first book because of its style of writing. I had no choice, however. I am not a scientific man, and if I had written a scientific book, it would have been calm and sober and nobody would talk about it.

PLAYBOY: Perhaps another reason scientists dislike your books is that you get so many simple things wrong. You say the book of *Genesis* reports the creation of the Earth "with absolute geological accuracy." According to *Genesis*, the oceans were formed before the stars and the whole process of building the Earth and the universe took four days. Is that absolute accuracy, in your opinion?

VON DANIKEN: No, no, certainly not. What I mean is that in *Genesis*, water comes first, then the land, then plants and

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VENUS OR THE VIRGIN?

fiction BY SEAN O'EAOLAIN

*ah, the mysteries of the mediterranean mind,
wherein every virtue is woven into its opposite*

SOMEBODY ONCE SAID that a good prime minister is a man who knows something about everything and nothing about anything. I wince—an American foreign correspondent, stationed in Rome, covering Italy, Greece, Turkey, Corsica, Sardinia, Malta, Libya, Egypt and the entire Middle East. For example: Last year I was sent off to report on pollution around Capri, steel in Taranto, which (as journalists say) “nestles” under the heel of the peninsula, the Italo-American project for uncovering the buried city of the Sybarites, which is a third of the way down the coast from Taranto, the political unrest then beginning to simmer in Reggio di Calabria, around the toe of the continent, and, of course, if something else should turn up—some “extra dimension,” as my foreign editor in Chicago likes to call such unforeseens. . . . Summer was dying in Rome, noisily and malodorously. Down south, sun, silence and





sea. It was such a welcome commission that it sounded like a pat on the head for past services. I was pleased.

I polished off Capri in two hours and Taranto in three days—a well-documented subject. After lunching at Metaponto, now one of Taranto's more scruffy seaside resorts, I was salubriously driving along the highway beside the Ionian when, after about an hour, "something else" did crop up. It happened in a place too minute to be called a village, or even a hamlet, an Italian would call it a *luoguccio* (a rough little place), named Bussano. I doubt if many travelers not natives of these parts of Calabria have ever voluntarily halted in Bussano—barring Karl Baedeker some 100 years or so ago, or the modern Italian Touring Club guide, or a weary Arab peddler. The Touring Club guide is eloquent about it. He says, and it is all he says: "At this point the road begins to traverse a series of monotonous sand dunes." Any guide as reticent as that knows what he is not talking about.

Bussano consists of two lots of hovels facing each other across the highway, one backing on that wild stretch of the Calabrian Apennines called Sila, the other on an always empty ocean; "always" because there is no harbor south of Taranto for about 150 miles, nothing but sand, reeds, a few rocks edging the vast Ionian. I presume that during the winter months the Ionian Sea is often shaken by southwesterly gales. In the summer, nothing happens behind those monotonous sand dunes except the wavelets moving a foot inward and a foot outward so softly that you don't even hear their seesaw and you have to watch carefully to see the marks they leave on the sand, which is so hot that it dries as soon as it is touched. The *luoguccio* looked empty.

The only reason I halted there was that I happened to notice among the few hovels on the seaside of the road a two-storied house with a line of brown-and-yellow sunflowers lining its faded gray-pink walls. On these, high up, I could barely decipher the words *ALBERGO DEI SIBARITI*. The Sybarites' Hotel. It must have been built originally for travelers by stagecoach, first horse, then motor, or by hired coach and horses, or by private carriage, or in later years by the little railroad along the coast that presently starts to worm its slow way up through those mountains that climb 7000 feet to the Serra Dolcedorme, where, I have been told, snow may still be seen in May. It was the same informant who told me about a diminutive railroad in this deep south—could it be this one?—grandiosely calling itself *La Società Italiana per le Strade Ferrate del Mediterraneo-Roma*, 500 miles from the smell of Rome and barred by the Apennines from the Mediterranean. The *Albergo dei Sibariti* could have flourished in the youth of Garibaldi.

I was about to move on when I glanced between the hotel and its nearest hovel at a square segment of sea and horizon, teasingly evoking the wealth of centuries below its level line—Greece, Crete, Byzantium, Alexandria. Once again I was about to drive off, thinking how cruel and how clever of Mussolini, and also how economical, to have silenced his intellectual critics (men like, for instance, Carlo Levi) simply by exiling them to remote spots like this, when an odd-looking young man came through the wide passageway, halted and looked up and down the highway with the air of a man with nowhere to go and nothing to do.

He was dark, bearded and long-haired, handsome if you like mushy Italian eyes, dark as prunes, eyelashes soft and long, cheeks tenderly browned. Under his hung chin he wore a great scarlet blob of tie like a 19th Century romantic poet; shirt gleaming (washed and ironed by whom?); shoes brilliantly polished (by whom?); pants knife-pressed (by whom?); on his head a cracked and tawny straw hat that just might have come many years ago from Panama, and he carried a smooth cane with a brass knob. His unshaven jaws were blackberry blue. His jacket was black velvet. His trousers were purple. All in all, overdressed for a region where the men may (or may not) wear a cotton singlet but never a shirt, except on Sundays, apart from the doctor, if there is one, or the teacher, if there is one, or the local landowner, and there is always one of them. What on earth could he be? Not a visitor, at this time of the year and in this nonplace. An adolescent poet? More likely an absconding bank clerk in disguise. (Joke. In places like this, the sand hoppers for 50 miles around are known by their first names.) The local screwball? I alighted. He saw me. We met in the middle of the road—the roads down here are wide and fine. I asked him if he might be so kind as to tell me where I might, if it were not too much to ask, find the lost city of the Sybarites. At once he straightened his sagging back, replied eagerly, rapidly and excitedly, "Three kilometers ahead fork left after the gas station then first right along a dirt track can I have a cigarette where are you from may I show you my pictures?"

Well, I thought, this is odd, I am on 42nd Street, Division, Pigalle, the Cascine, the Veneto, Soho, Pompeii, show me his dirty pictures, what next? His sister? A pretty boy? Cannabis? American cigarettes? I told him I was an insurance salesman from Chicago and bade him lead on. He led me rapidly through the passage to a wooden shack in the untidy yard behind the house, where, as he fumbled with the lock, he explained himself.

"I am a Roman I am a great painter I came down here two years ago to devote my life to my art I have been saving up

for years for this a professor of fine arts from New York bought four of my paintings last week for 50,000 lire apiece."

I knew this last to be not so immediately he flung open the door on three deep lines of paintings stacked around the earthen floor—there were no canvases, he had mostly used chip board or plywood. His daubs all indicated the same subject, mustard-yellow sunflowers against a blue sea, each of them a very long way after Van Gogh, each the same greasy blob of brown and yellow, each executed (appropriate word!) in the same three colors straight from the tube—chrome yellow, burnt umber, cerulean blue—with, here and there as the fancy had taken him, a mix of the three in a hoarse green like a consumptive's spittle. They were the most supremely splendid, perfect, god-awful examples of bad art I had ever seen. As I gazed at them in a Cortez silence, I knew that I simply must possess one of them immediately.

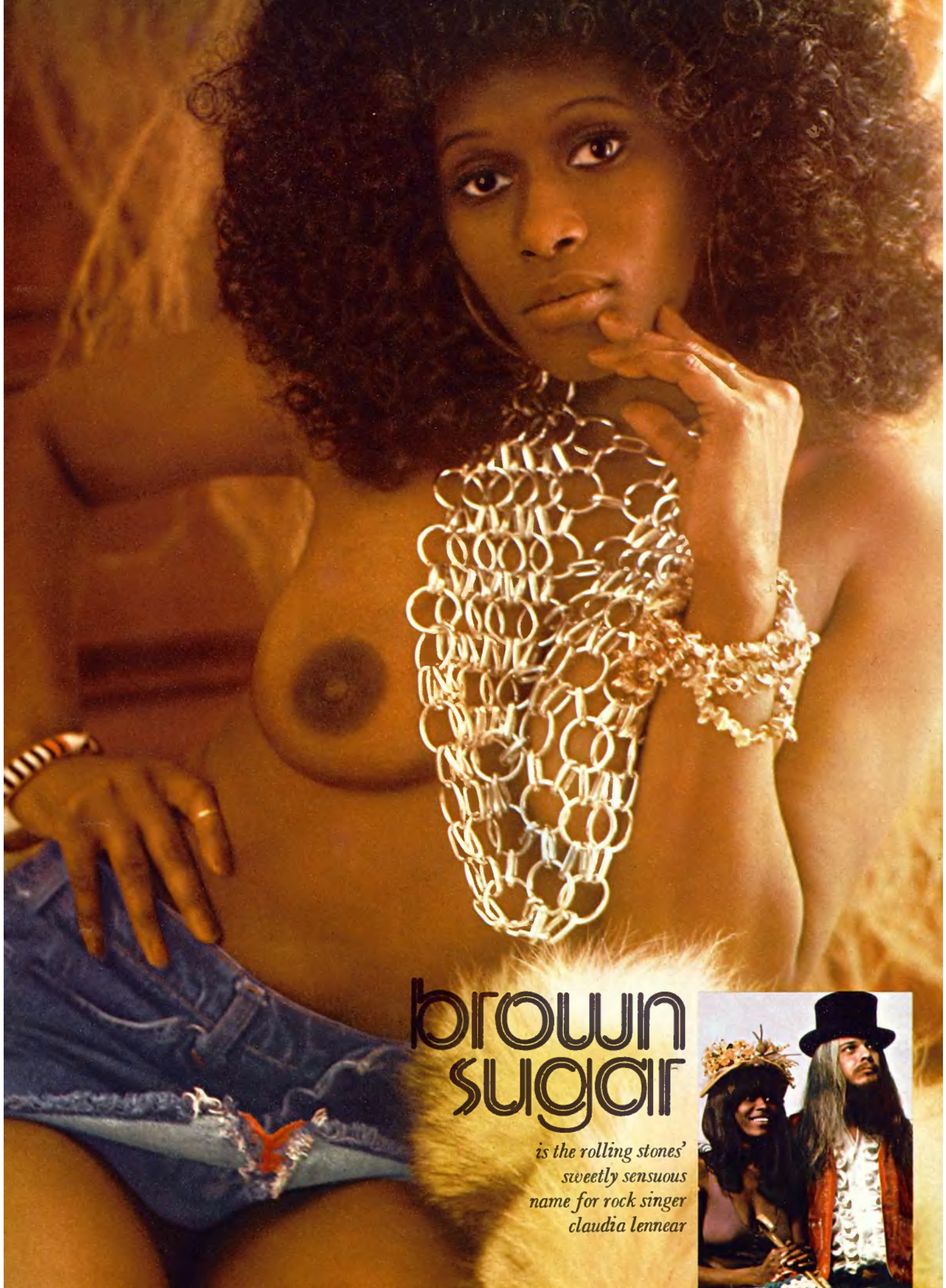
Snobbery? A kinky metropolitan taste? I know the feeling too well not to know its source in compassion and terror. To me bad art is one of the most touching and frightening examples of self-delusion in the world. Bad actors, bad musicians, bad writers, bad painters, bad anything, and not just the in-betweeners or the borderliners but the total, desperate, irredeemable failures. Wherever I have come on an utterly bad picture, I have wanted to run away from it or possess it as a work of horror. Those "original" gilt-framed pictures in paper elbow guards displayed for sale in the foyers of big commercial hotels, or in big railroad terminals. A quarter of a mile of even worse "originals" hanging from the railings of public parks in the summer. Those reproductions that form part of the regular stock of novelty stores that sell china cuckoo clocks, nutcrackers shaped like a woman's thighs, pepper pots shaped like ducks' bottoms. The poor, sad, pathetic little boy with the one perfect tear-drop glistening on his cheek. Six camels forever stalking across the desert into a red-ink sunset. Three stretched-neck geese flying over a reedy lake into the dawn. That jolly medieval friar holding up his glass of supermarket port to an Elizabethan diamond-paned window as bright as a 500-watt electric bulb.

We know the venal type who markets these *kitsch* objects and we know that they are bought by uneducated people of no taste. But if one accepts that these things are sometimes not utterly devoid of skill and are on the edge of taste, who paints them? Looking into the earnest, globular eyes of this young man in Bussano (who, insofar as he had no least skill and no least taste, was the extreme example of the type), I felt once again the surge of compassion and of fear that is always the prelude to the only plausible answer I know: that he was yet

(continued on page 74)



"My wife! My liquor! My best friend! My baseball glove!"



brown sugar

*is the rolling stones'
sweetly sensuous
name for rock singer
claudia lennear*



CABOUT a year ago, some of our staffers, out for a night on the town, happened to catch Claudia Lennear performing in a Chicago night club—and they decided that we just had to get some pictures of her into the magazine. With her clothes off, naturally. Just for the record—in case you've been hanging out in Antarctica—Claudia is a rock singer of unbounded spirit and as much pedigree as you could ask for: She spent two years on the road with Ike & Tina Turner; she's sung background on records by Dave Mason, Freddie King, Delaney & Bonnie, José Feliciano and a lot of other people; she was part of the Mad Dogs & Englishmen caravan that starred Joe Cocker and Leon Russell (last year she was in the studio audience for Russell's special on the educational-TV network, and a lot of people thought she stole the show just by sitting there and responding—energetically—to the music). Though she doesn't broadcast information about her personal involvements, at one time, Claudia was romantically linked, as they say, with Mick Jagger.

Her first response to our invitation—to pose for us—was negative. As you can see, though, she eventually changed her mind. We asked why one morning during her week of photo sessions. We were sitting in the living room of Hugh Hefner's Chicago Mansion, talking and sipping coffee. The tape recorder was turned off, at Claudia's request; she's a high-strung

Like *Brown Sugar*, Leon Russell's song *She Smiles like a River* may have been inspired by Claudia. Right: Onstage, Claudia—with her band—puts on quite a show, dancing, singing and, above all, dramatizing the stories in her songs. "That's the most important thing," she says, "to get the story across—simply, but with feeling—and, of course, with plenty of musical excitement."

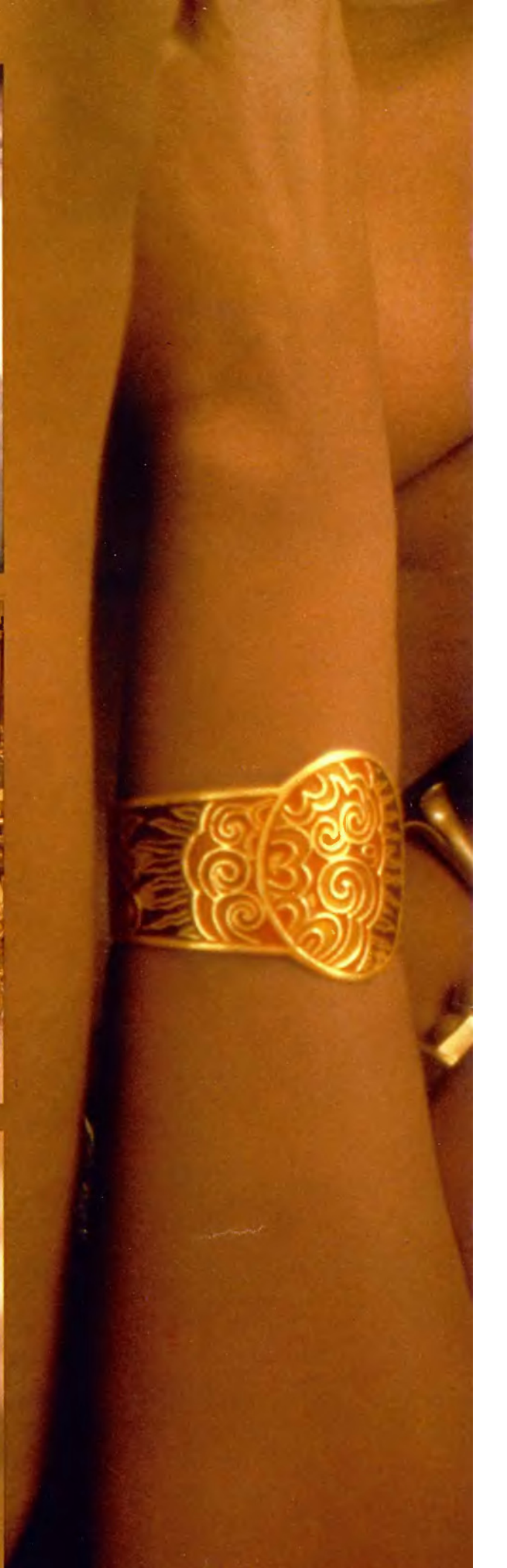




person who doesn't like to listen to her own records—and, paradoxically, is so self-critical that she considers herself too much so, which is about as self-critical as you can get. "Why am I here?" she repeated. "That's the question of my life. I've got so many selves, I don't know which is the inner one—and whichever one prompted *this*, I haven't any idea." She went on to say that since she'd never modeled before, she was "a little uptight" at first: "It feels weird to sit there in a chair with everything hanging out. But it's just another form of expression, really."

If you get the impression that Claudia is self-conscious, you're right—but to call her that wouldn't be doing her justice. Her mind is like a set of interfacing mirrors: She watches people watching her, and watches herself watching them. Curiosity, as much as anything else, brought her here. Several times during the interview, she remarked on what a "trip" it was to be here; and once—glancing around at all the storied opulence of Hefner's house—she wondered "if I really respect all this or not."

We began the conversation by asking about her past, but she didn't





VENUS OR THE VIRGIN?

(continued from page 68)

another dreaming innocent who believed that he had heard the call to higher things. His type must be legion: young boys and girls who at some unlucky moment of their lives have heard, and alas have heeded that far-off whirl of wings and that solitary midnight gurgling song once heard, so they have been told, in ancient days by emperor and clown, the same that flung magic casements open on the foam of perilous seas and fairylands forlorn. The frightening part of it is that there can be very few human beings who have not heard that voice in some form or another. If we are wise, we either do nothing about it or do the least possible. We join something, send a subscription, vote, are modest.

I offered him a cigarette: I felt like an officer in charge of a firing squad; not that I, or anybody else, ever can kill such lethal innocence. As he virtually ate the cigarette, I saw that his eye sockets were hollowed not by imagination but by starvation. He was a living cartoon of the would-be artist as a young man who has begun to fear that he may not be the one and will certainly never again be the other. To comfort him, I irresponsibly said, "You might one day become the Van Gogh of Calabria," to which he said quickly, "I sell you any one you like cheap." Should I have said they were all awful? I said I liked the one that, in characteristic burlesque of the real by the fake, he had labeled *Occhio d'Oro, Mar' Azzuro*. "Golden Eye, Azure Sea." Whereupon he said, "Fifty dollars," and I beat him down to two. As he pouched the two bills, I asked him what he was proposing to do with all that lovely money. He laughed gaily—the Italian poor really are the most gutsy people in the world, as well as the most dream deluded—"Tonight I will bring my wife to the hotel for two brandies to celebrate my first sale in two years. It is an omen from heaven for our future."

All this and a wife, too? I invited him into the hotel for a beer, served by a drowsy slut whom he had imperiously waked from her siesta. I asked him about his wife.

"Roman," he said proudly. "And *borghese*. Her father works in a bank. She believes absolutely in my genius. When we married, she said, 'Sesto'—I was a sixth child, my name is Sesto Caro—I will follow you to the end of the world.'" He crossed two fingers. "We are like that." He crossed three. "With our child, like that. The first, alas, was stillborn."

(The harm innocence can do!)

He said that he, also, was a Roman. And he was—he knew the city as well as I do, and I have spent 20 years living there as a nosy reporter. I found him in every way, his self-delusion apart, an

honest young man. He agreed that he had done all sorts of things. Run away from home at 14, done a year in the galleys for stealing scrap, returned home, spent two years in a seminary trying to be a monk, a year and a half in a *trattoria* in the Borgo Pio, was arrested and held for two years without trial for allegedly selling Cannabis, released, spent three years in Germany and Switzerland to make money for his present project, returned home, was apprenticed as an electrician's assistant. . . . He was now 29. She was now 21. When she was turned off by her father, they had come down here to beg the help of her godfather-uncle Emilio, an engineer living in what I heard him lightly call "the Cosenza of Pliny and Varro." I looked out and upward toward the Sila.

"Cosenza? A godfather so far from Rome?"

"Emilio was exiled there by Mussolini and never went back."

Unfortunately, or by the whim of the pagan gods of Calabria—he contemptuously called it *Il Far Ouest*—his wife, then 19, and big with child, got diarrhea so badly in Naples ("Pollution around Capri?") that they finally tumbled off the train at a mountainy place called Cassano in the hope of quickly finding a doctor there; only to be told as the toy train pulled away into the twilit valleys that the station of Cassano was hours away from the village of Cassano, whereas their informant, a carter from Busano, offered to drive them in one hour to his beautiful village by the sea near which (equally untrue) there was a very good doctor. So, with their parcels, their cardboard suitcases, their paper bundles and bulging pillowcases, they had come to this *casale* and stayed. Uncle Emilio had visited them once. Her father occasionally disbursed small sums of money on condition that they stayed where they were.

. . .

We shook hands cordially, I gathered my bad painting and drove off fast. I had walked into the middle of a story and I had no idea what its end would be. Murder? Suicide? If I could wait for either, that could be a good something else for Chicago. Not now. No lift. No human story, and I looked eagerly ahead of me along the straight highway to my meeting with the skilled Italo-American technicians and archaeologists at Sybaris. About this, at least, Van Gogh was accurate. After exactly three kilometers, I saw the yellow-and-black sign of a gas station, whose attendant directed me, without interest, toward a dirt track leading into a marshland of reeds and scrub.

As I bumped along this dusty track, I could see no life whatever, nothing but the widespread swamp, until I came around a bend in the track and saw

ahead of me a solitary figure leaning against a jeep, arms folded, pipe smoking, well built, idly watching me approach. High boots to his knees, riding breeches, open-necked khaki shirt, peaked cap, sunglasses, grizzled hair. In his 60s? I pulled up beside him, told him who and what I was and asked him where I could find the buried city of Sybaris. Immobile, he listened to me, smiled tolerantly, or it might be boredly, then without speaking beckoned me with his pipe to follow his jeep. I did so until he halted near a large pool of clear water surrounded by reeds and mud. Some ten feet under water there were a couple of broken pillars and a wide half-moon of networked brick.

"Behold Sybaris," he said and with amusement watched me stare at him, around the level swamp at the all-seeing mountains and back to him again.

"You mean that's *all* there is to see of it?"

"All since, if you believe the common legend, its enemies deflected its great river, the Crathis"—he in turn glanced westward and upward—"to drown it under water as Pompeii was smothered in volcanic ash. Crathis is now brown with yellow mud. 'Crathis the lovely stream that stains dark hair bright gold.' Euripides," he annotated, and he smiled apologetically.

"But the archaeologists? I was hoping to find them at work."

He smiled apologetically. He relit his pipe at his ease.

"Where is the hurry? Sybaris has been asleep a long time. They have finished for this year. They have to work slowly. They have been experimenting with sonic soundings since 1964. They have had to map the entire extent of the city with their magnetometers. It is six miles in circumference. But I am only an engineer. Consultant engineer. Of Cosenza."

I stared unhappily at the solitary eye of the once largest and most elegant city of the whole empire of Magna Graecia. I recalled and mentioned an odd detail that had stuck in my mind's tooth, out of, I think, Lenormant, supposedly typical of the luxury of the city in its heyday—its by-law that forbade morning cocks to crow earlier than a stated number of hours after sunrise. He shrugged dubiously. I did know that it was Lenormant who 100 years ago looked from the foothills of the Sila down at this plain and saw nothing but strayed bulls, long since gone wild, splashing whitely in its marshes. The engineer said he had been much struck by this legendary picture.

"Legendary? You *are* a skeptical man."

"In this country, legend is always posturing as history. We are a wilderness of myths growing out of myths. Along the coast there at Crotone, my wife, as a girl, walked to the temple of Juno, the mother of the gods, in a procession of

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**Houndstooth
Orlon/nylon
socks, by John
Weltz for Camp,
\$2 a pair.**



**Pastel Argyle-
patterned
cotton/nylon
socks, by Hot
Sox, \$3.50 a pair.**



**Multicolor-
striped acrylic
knit toe socks,
by Hot Sox,
\$5 a pair.**



Striped cotton/
nylon over-the-
calf socks, by
Hot Sox,
\$3.50 a pair.



Polka-dot
Orlon/nylon
blend socks,
by Interwoven,
\$2.50 a pair.



The Joy of Sox / *attire* By Robert L. Green

at last, a frank illustrated guide brings new light to what man has been keeping a dark secret

ATMOSPHERE PEOPLE

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him to walk briskly down the corridor of "a European hospital," he'd had to dash across the set to the pay phones and call the casting agencies for work the following day. It had cost him \$1.10 in dimes and 11 tries at three different offices before he'd landed this job: "25-45 yrs.—race-horse owner—smart fall suit—tie—off-white shirt." Otis thinks, as he dashes water on his face, that this morning he must look every minute of his 62 years.

By six he's out of the house and feeling a lot better. He's wearing one of his best gray suits with newly widened lapels, he has combed his full head of dyed-blond hair in a neat part and smoothed a little rouge onto his cheeks. When he practices smiling into the rearview mirror of his 1971 Mercury, his capped teeth gleam back at him and his light-blue eyes sparkle. It's a cold, drizzly day and he drives carefully, avoiding the freeway and possible delay in early-morning rush-hour traffic. He'll be, as always, a few minutes early. Otis knows that, of the 45 extras called this morning to portray members of a race-track crowd and provide background to the foreground doings of the featured players in this particular segment of Universal's *Banacek* series, he and a handful of others will form the nucleus of good atmosphere people (as opposed to mere bodies) who will make the director, the producer and the studio happy. Though he may never get to speak a single line, Otis Pembroke knows how important he is to the success of any picture or TV show. Unlike many of his colleagues, he doesn't mind the old term extra, which implies something not needed. Quite a few of Otis' friends in the business are even ashamed of being called background or atmosphere, but Otis isn't. "If we're not there, you miss us," he says. "We're like the furniture. You can't do without us." In his own world, Otis Pembroke is a star.

• • •

FIONA GUINNESS: "When I first got to Hollywood five years ago, I had no money at all. I existed on a cup of coffee a day and ate at parties. Then I worked in Vegas as a topless showgirl at The Mint, I toured as a Polynesian dancer, I made eight independent movies, including a couple of really vile ones, and I had all sorts of incredible jobs, like packing ants. I finally got into the union six months ago and I average only two or three days' work a week, but I'm so used to not having money it doesn't bother me. What's really odd is to be considered subhuman, even by the people who are kind to you. It's an experience to be treated like a lump of shit."

• • •

Otis arrives at Hollywood Park a good 20 minutes early and has no trouble

finding the *Banacek* company, whose trailers and equipment trucks are parked beside the grandstand near the finish line. It's still drizzling and misty and the empty stands loom gloomily over the grass infield and the dirt-brown track over which a couple of dozen harness horses are working out, clip-clopping heedlessly past the box section where the *Banacek* crew is setting up for the day's shooting. The harness horses at Hollywood Park race at night, so the *Banacek* unit will be able to film until late afternoon, if necessary. Otis is among the first of the atmosphere people to show up, but Randy Henry, the pretty new assistant casting director from Central, is already there, getting ready to check the extras in and make sure they're on time. Randy was once an aspiring pop singer, has worked quite a bit as an extra herself and knows the ropes well, but her new job is not going to endear her to some of her old cronies. She has the power to send people home for not being on time or for wearing the wrong clothes and she has to listen and sometimes act on all the complaints of the assistant directors at the various studios' central casting services. "Randy, how nice to see you," Otis says as he checks in. "How do you like your new job?"

"I hope everybody's on time today," Randy says, looking worried. "I had a lot of complaints yesterday at Universal." She tells Otis what he knows all too well, that a lot of the A.D.s, who are in charge of the extras, really don't like them. An angry A.D. can make an extra's life miserable, by keeping him from the phone or, especially, by making him sit around the set all day waiting for a scene not scheduled to be shot for hours. "Still, a lot of the complaints I get are justified," she says. She tells Otis about the two guys on *Kojak* who were supposed to be New York City detectives in midwinter and showed up without hats or coats, about the extra on *Emergency* who claimed that it took special ability to push a stretcher down a corridor and hassled the A.D. all day long for a ten-dollar bump in wages, about the way some of the people hired on *Ironsides* hid in dark corners where they could sleep or play cards unmolested and had to be repeatedly hunted up before takes. "I guess I'm going to make a lot of people mad at me," Randy says, "but this kind of thing makes everybody look bad. Why can't they even dress right?"

Otis knows exactly what Randy means. There are currently about 3000 paid-up members of the Screen Extras Guild, but only about a third of them are active and trying really hard to make a living. These are the atmosphere people who make the calls and show up not only on time but also in the right

clothes. A really complete wardrobe is essential to any extra and Otis, like all the conscientious old-timers, has closets and trunks full of garments, including all kinds of tuxedos, cutaways, riding habits, ranch and ski and Palm Beach clothes, plus such accessories as topcoats, silk hats, mufflers, canes and gloves. In addition, he can dress up as a chauffeur, a waiter, a mailman, a doorman, a ranch hand and 16 kinds of policeman. Some of the younger men have motorcycle cops' uniforms and the machines to go with them and they like to go out on calls in full costume, which creates a lot of tension on the freeways. The studios pay rental for special costume items and props: Otis figures that his wardrobe is the basic tool of his trade and keeps him in demand.

• • •

PAULA CRIST: "Make-up and costumes are my hobbies, which is how I got to be an extra. I flipped for *Planet of the Apes* and I did a whole exhibit in full ape make-up at a sci-fi convention in L.A. and I was sent to see Arthur Jacobs, the producer. I'm sitting there in his office, a complete puddle of eyes, and he hires me for this last one, *Battle for the Planet of the Apes*. I played a human slave and ended up with two close-ups. I like being an extra, but I'd give my right arm to be a stunt double. I do high falls, fights, trampoline, tumbling, swim, drive, horseback ride. I'll do anything and I'll try anything."

• • •

Otis sees his old friend Bob Whitney and they have a cup of coffee together under the grandstand. Whitney is about Otis' age and has been in the business almost as long. Like Otis, he originally had other ambitions (he was once an agent in New York) and sort of drifted into extra work in the Forties. Otis, too, had a showbiz background; he was a song-and-dance man in vaudeville, an actor on Broadway, a bit player in movies. Then he took a number of white-collar jobs but couldn't make it in the straight world. "I tried a lot of other things," he says, "but it kept gnawing at me. Performing is in my blood and becoming atmosphere was a way to keep working."

It's already clear to both Otis and Whitney that it will be quite a while before anyone starts working today. The crew has been setting up upstairs, but no one has yet seen the director, Herschel Daugherty, and the prop truck is lost or tied up in traffic somewhere. One of the A.D.s, a young guy with a droopy mustache, has also been complaining that the call sheet and pay vouchers for atmosphere haven't arrived either, which is going to make Randy's job even tougher. "It's just like the Army," Whitney says.

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"I'm glad you're not insisting, Herbert, because I really am tired."

BAND

A BASIC PROBLEM existed from the beginning between Spook the trumpet player and four other members of the band. The problem didn't exist between Spook and the two other horn players, Flash and Wolfman, because these three had been together for so long that they were like brothers. In fact, Spook and Wolfman had the same mother and father. This basic problem led to his being called Spook. I will illustrate the problem: The motel room was located in Jackson, Mississippi. Spook, who was so thin it some-



times took two full-grown men to see him on a clear day, had just flown in from the East Coast for this job. He knocked on the motel-room door. Wolfman opened it, put his arms around Spook in a hearty *abrazo* and placed in Spook's mouth the stem of a pipe (made from the thigh-bone of a steer) that had been stolen or bought somewhere between Elko and Mount Rainier the previous spring. In the pipe was a small silver-blond nut of hashish, brought all the way from Turkey by a diminutive drummer carrying

ILLUSTRATION BY JOE PROIETTI

article

BY LAURENCE GONZALES

a bunch of heavily armed, drug-mangled texas bandits set out to win the west again—between gigs



an overweight set of tabla.

"Tremendous rush coming down here," Spook said, sucking on the pipe, holding his breath and trying to talk at the same time. "Every other seat on the plane was occupied by some kind of Government agent or other. Mississippi must be the place where they have their most *secret* installations. I've seen garbage trucks heading for Mississippi and always wondered why. [*Suuuuck!*] Now I know. The nuclear reactors. Powered by [*Sssuuck!*] garbage. Cheapest way to control things: hoard power. Garbage power." He passed the pipe to the drummer, known as Squinch because one of his eyes always stayed closed—the result of an old street-fight wound. "Glad to see you're still alive, Squinch. Heard you had a serious operation. Mind if I see the scar?"

Squinch rolled up his sleeve, revealing a large red-and-blue tattoo of an anchor with the legend *MOM* underneath. "Got it free from this huge spade fag who gave it to me for fucking him in the ass," Squinch said, relighting the pipe. Ray Charles was singing *When I Stop Dreaming*.

"I assume there has been terrible oppression in these parts," Spook went on. "Are we armed and dangerous? Are we on many secret lists? Has the black cloud carried the sun away?"

"I think we're pretty cool," Flash, the alto player, said. "Right now I'm stoned smooth out of my skull, if that's what you're babbling about."

"Not talking, eh?" Spook said conclusively, sitting down on one of his suitcases. "I guess I'd better go back to New York, then." He got up from where he'd just sat down and picked up one of his cases, leaving the rest behind. He walked toward the door, but C8, also known as The Hawk and The Thresher, pulled him back in.

"You ain't goin' nowhere, Spook, you crazy motherfucker. Now, get that goddamn trumpet out and play us some notes." C8 pushed him onto the couch and laid his trumpet case in his lap.

"Can't play. Mouth's too dry. No busts yet, huh? Well, there were at least fifty agents on that plane and I wasn't too cool. Reading Wallace Stevens the whole time. Dead knock-off for some kind of subversive sex-crazed dope fiend. They know all the tricks."

"Are you speeding?" Cherokee, the lead singer, asked.

"Couldn't risk it, Cherokee," Spook said, unsnapping his case, looking at the trumpets inside, one silver, the rest lacquered brass, one cornet, one Flügelhorn, lots of silver mouthpieces, rags, oil bottles, cleaning springs. "Love to be speeding right now. Dog-fucking-tired. But you know: too many evil dark agents, too much paranoia. Reading Rilke the whole way. Or was it Rimbaud? What if they searched me? Got a copy of *Finnegans Wake* in my bag.

What if they found that? I'd never see the light of day again. Cards at the bookstore they make you sign when you buy that fucker. Driver's-license number, voter's registration—everything. And if you don't drive in this country, you're automatically suspect. The foul industrial complex may be bad for the lungs, bad for the eyeballs, bad for the liver and possibly even the heart—but out here, well, it's like back in the seventeen hundreds. We're right now on the very farthest perimeter of civilization. I saw the woods when I came in. Bears, snakes, probably crazed bearded woodsmen with antique shotguns . . . who knows? Can't take any chances, though. Are we armed?"

"We're ripped," C8 said, "and you're wiggid, Spook, you spooky old coon. How's that girl you was with up there?"

"Nancy Ann Burner? Ronda Jo Billings? Diamond Lill? Priscilla Messenger? Dale Evans? . . . All great Vassar coeds, all slick as fresh cream. Which one would you like to know about, Hawk?"

"He's wiggid, all right," Cherokee said. "Take that pipe away from him. He doesn't need it."

But Spook wasn't always like that. In fact, most of the time he didn't say a single word. Sometimes he would go days without saying anything but key names and song titles (and usually he left those up to the other members of the band). But when he talked, no one understood what he was talking about.

A basic problem existed with the whole band. Motel rooms were the problem. They had tried \$200-a-night luxury penthouses and "a buck two-fifty" dumps on the outskirts of nowhere. They had slept in doubles, singles, triples, purples, duplexes, complexes, cabins, courts, high-rises, low-rents, seaside, lake-side, riverside, backside, outside, mountain, desert, plain, salt flat, tundra, forest, downtown, uptown, midtown, small town, big city, with color TV, black and white, built-in alarm systems, lawn sprinklers, hot and cold running coffee, free breakfast, no breakfast, swimming pool, cesspool—they had slept, fucked, shit, nearly died, recovered, shot smack, gone off the deep end on acid, bathed, dressed, rehearsed, fought, been busted, bored, tired, sad, ecstatic—they had lived in these motels for 3287 more-or-less consecutive days and nights with only brief intervals at home. Nine years.

And if anything became clearer, it was that the motels were all the same. Getting a motel room was strictly a holding action. Sleeping in one was a negative act; it was nonsleeping. Eating in one made you hungry. Drinking in one made you sober, more aware than ever of the essence of motelness. Music in motels increased their basic silence. The water in their bathtubs dried you like the desert sun on a bare bone. Dressing in one made you stark-naked. Crying in one made you

happy and laughing in one could break your heart. The band spent a lot of time just sitting in motel rooms to keep from growing older, like science-fiction space travelers can do going faster than the speed of light.

But the problems were obvious. The years piled up, the trace elements of madness in the systems of the players were mainly made of dangerous chemicals, high-powered weapons, childhood ideas that stuck.

"Where're we playin'?" Spook asked, late at night in Jackson, after talking himself out of leaving, talking himself out of fear, exhausting his week's supply of words.

"L.A.," someone said, a disembodied voice in the silver-blue clouds of hashish smoke. Perhaps Ray Charles said it:

*So darlin' please don't say naw to me
Until you've heard my story
You just might like my story girl.*

"L.A.," Spook said, the two sounds completely without meaning for him.

"The big time," another voice said. "Capitol Records. Whiskey A-Go-Go. Bacon death. Sudden death. Painful death. Semi-demi-quasi-pseudo death." The voice was his own.

"We're going to L.A.," Wolfman said.

Look:

STEADY RAIN AND THE BIG-ASSED JUG HEIST

Coagulating into one expanse of darkness, the massive storm clouds hunched over L.A. and fouled the already ugly land. After a few weeks of this, the moisture was inescapable. And months later, in the spring of 1969, even those who had fled in cars to their hilltop homes came sliding back into the city as the seeping water undermined those hills.

Under a hissing and crackling neon sign, seven members of a Texas rhythm-and-blues band and their manager moved about in a slow frenzy through the limited space of a double room of the motel. The fact that there was only one bathroom was putting everyone on edge. When they got up, they were already in bad spirits from sleeping in a room meant for two people. They were kept awake all night by Deacon, the organ player, who had brought a girl from the club and, behind a couple of Preludin 75s, made a terrific racket, rolling around on the floor with her and bumping her bare ass against the other bodies until well past dawn—though nobody ever noticed the sunrise because of a cloud cover so dense and oppressive that people all over the city were beginning to walk stooped over, as if the sky were an actual weight on their shoulders.

"Severe body-image disturbance," Spook mumbled, searching for a dry towel.

"What the fuck's he talkin' about?" C8 asked, fumbling the powder out of a

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*pop art's fair-haired
boy puts some of his favorite
people on polaroid*

instant




warhol

pictorial

Allow us to introduce pop artist Andy Warhol as a social-lion lensman who seldom goes a-hunting without his trusty Polaroid. "It's the quickest way to get an autograph," says Warhol. It also provided him with a way to do a shooting for *PLAYBOY* of some new faces—and figures—from his films. Why the instant nude collages? Andy claims, "You can get closer to your subject, one piece at a time." Here is petite New Yorker Patti D'Arbanville, of Warhol's *Flesh*, *L'Amour* and a few flicks with Paris labels. Her next movie: Frank Perry's *Rancho Deluxe*, with Jeff Bridges and Sam Waterston.





Dominique Darel, of Warhol's Italian-made *Dracula*, is slated for a film by Bertolucci. Around Rome, her co-star offscreen is Max Delys (of *L'Amour*).



Warhol describes his leading ladies diplomatically: "They're all beautiful." Here's more of Dominique and Patti, top and right. Dalila Di'Lazzaro (center) plays the perfect female creation in Andy Warhol's *Frankenstein*, directed by Paul Morrissey. Noting a streak of emulsion across Dalila's thigh, Andy sighs, "That's art." The name of his game is not *Hollywood Squares*.



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Biphentamine capsule, spilling it on his knee.

"Estoppels, preclusions," Wolfman said. "You know, man, plain ole jive-ass literary bullshit."

"Never saw a literary bull," Flash said, standing stripped to his socks in the closet, pushing clothes around.

"Anybody got any more deodorant?" Cherokee hollered. "Turn down that goddamn television."

"That's the radio," Deacon said, "playin' my man Sly's new thing."

"Well, fuckin' turn it down," Cherokee said. "Who's got the deodorant?"

"An armpit by any other smell," Spook said, "might make the difference between a gold record and a mere hit. We might, in fact, consider including an armpit on our first record. Maybe have a group armpit photo or something."

"Ain't gonna be no first record if we don't get our asses in gear," the Mineral, their road manager, hollered at everyone in general.

"Ain't gonna be no record if C8 doesn't bring his bass line down a couple of octaves instead of speeding so fast he can't even put a bottom down," Squinch was playing the bitch.

"Get off my ass," C8 said. "Mind your fuckin' drums."

"Spare me your fuckin' grief, Kemah," Squinch snapped.

As they searched for lost articles of clothing and jewelry among the scattered records and instruments, piles of money and drugs strewn on every open surface—as hair drying and combing took place in a tangle of seemingly disembodied elbows and as some attempted in vain to find a free patch of carpet to stand on while getting the other leg into a pair of pants—Squinch, the fire-headed, leprechaun drummer who never missed a stroke, kept on talking about C8's sound until they finally got into a fight that culminated in C8's eating the remaining black ones instead of sharing them with Squinch.

But Squinch was so high-strung that anything could set him off. Next to music, his appearance was his greatest concern. Around 3:30 in the afternoon, he'd begin fooling with his hair, spraying, setting, combing, until it was perfect. And when it wasn't perfect, he wouldn't work. Once, on a gig in Bossier City, Louisiana, a bird flew in through the door of the club, up onto the stand and right into Squinch's hair. This freaked him so badly that he jumped around, whooping and hollering for half an hour. He had to be taken home. It destroyed him.

Spook took so long in the shower that Flash, who was already well geared from three birthday cakes and half a pint of tequila, ripped off his clothes and

jumped into the shower to wash Spook's back, screaming that if he couldn't do it in 45 minutes, then somebody better fuckin' well help him. Spook, who mainly tried to stay in whichever place had the fewest people, started screaming at Flash to get out.

Flash was like that, totally uninhibited. Sometimes the Spook might be taking a big piss and Flash would burst in and lean over his shoulder, saying, "I wanna look at yer dick."

It wasn't anything sexual. More than anything, Flash liked to *flash* people out, really jack with their heads, as he would say, in any way he could, even if it meant finding Spook reading in bed one night and sending in this chick who'd just given Flash a blow job. "Now, honey, you just go in there and give the Spook a big wet kiss." And she did and Flash popped in, saying very solemnly, "Spook, m' friend. You just gobbled mah goober!"

Wolfman was different. He couldn't even stand to be seen by anyone when he was undressed; and even though they'd found a solution to the problem of having only one bathroom, he wasn't about to jump in with Flash and Spook. But the Mineral followed suit, mumbling that, as their official road manager, he was obliged to advise them that if he didn't get his shower by seven, they wouldn't make it to the gig. On the wave of a tremendous rush from the black ones, C8 (who was so called because that was the shape of the knifemarks on his forearm) jumped in without bothering to take off his suit, whose cheap coloring began running in the warm water and dyeing everyone's feet sky-blue. As the counterpoints of purpose and confusion, direction and chaos mounted and reached heights whose precedents are set in full-scale disasters, the rain sighed and went on gnawing at the hills; and the eight men went on swearing at one another as they acted out the elaborate ritual of grooming both the outsides and the insides of their bodies. But they managed to get themselves clean and things settled back to the routine hysteria of locating the proper chemicals to take before venturing into the hideous and dangerous world beyond the door.

This was the band, then, stone white-niggers out of backwash Texas towns between Houston and Louisiana, who grew up learning the important things in life: to avoid work, to have a good time and get as high as possible on whatever it took; to get money, as much of it as possible, as fast as possible and in any way possible. Their oldest member, Squinch, was pushing the underbelly of 30. Spook was only 20. But they all had two things in common: They were all full-bore rhythm-and-blues musicians with a mon-

ster sound and they had come to L.A. with the promise and the hope that they would make the big time. Connections were set up. Contracts were in the works. And so far all they'd gotten was the broadside of a record-breaking rainfall.

At a quarter after seven, the eight men stood under the narrow awning outside the room, squinting at the rain, which was exploding into a fine shrapnel of drops as it hit the asphalt parking lot and washed out onto the Strip. Brightly colored sports coats, freshly starched Hi-Boy shirts, patent-leather boots covered by sharply creased bells, cuff links and tie tacks as big as eyeballs and shining like raindrops even in the failing neon light were all part of the illusion that kept the motel manager from recognizing the rip-off. Only the silent black maid, who had given up trying to decipher the disaster behind that door, knew the truth.

The snow blue Cadillac, carrying the band at close to 90 miles an hour toward a night club on the swampy outskirts of L.A., also suffered the misfortune of having in tow a U-Haul trailer seven months' overdue in Conroe, Texas, and paid for only by the signature of its captor, C8. Its driver on this night, known as the Mineral for his daily habit of eating about 20 vitamin capsules, which were sent to him in monthly supplies by a company that claimed Olympic teams used them, held a brown belt in karate and had some limited training in jujitsu, Kung Fu, *savate* and thumb wrestling. He, like C8, stood close to 6'4" and had that look that grows on athletes who have been separated from their sports, a surface softness under which one suspects the vestige of a great strength. Squinch, who had a temper like a leaf spring and courage that had been worn away by years of street fighting and contemplating his approaching middle age, was in the habit of starting fights just to see the Mineral kick somebody's head across the street quicker than most people could clap hands. The Mineral was a good-looking, outgoing and very dangerous man who, with his broad smile and mellow baritone voice, could talk tenpenny nails out of a pine plank, as he demonstrated later that evening, when the club owner decided to pay the band half of what had been agreed upon.

But the Mineral's negotiations took so long that C8 had time to get pissed by the fact that it wasn't some poor North Side peasant trying to make a buck but a rich West Coast fag. Because C8 was the kind of person who couldn't wait. If he decided he wanted something, then he couldn't rest until he had it, whatever it was. He needed that Cadillac so much at one point that he and some local Houston boys threw a brick through the window of a 7-Eleven, took the check-writing machine and lit out. Then they

(continued on page 166)




just what the captain ordered: this 24-foot fiberglass catamaran mates twin-hulled stability with loads of living space

CAT'S MEOW

modern living


Here's a trim little vessel that's good for racing, cruising or just rocking away the night hours in a congenial port. Hironnelle, a trailer-transportable catamaran—by Symons Sailing, about \$12,000—contains three single berths, a dinette that converts to a double berth, a galley, a head and *mucho* storage space. The decks are nice and flat (sun bathers, take note), the sails can be raised from the cockpit and the gasoline "shortage" is one hassle that you can literally leave in your wake.



*all the things you ever wanted to know
about fear but were too chicken to ask*

COWARD'S ALMANAC

humor By **MARVIN KITMAN**



CHICKEN LITTLE was assaulted with an acorn, mistook it for a crumbling of the firmament and spread a nasty rumor that led a whole group of animal colleagues on a pilgrimage to tell the king. But before they could get there, they were conned into following Foxy Loxy to his cave . . . "And they never came out again." Anyone who read this as a child knows just how dangerous the world is and should be ready to meet all challenges with the most powerful weapons available to him. If, like most of us, you are a master of that ancient martial art the Cleveland Defense (aka cowardice), this sporadic little

almanac could save your life. . . . On the other hand, it might just make you a lot more nervous.

January 19

This is a good day to take all your zippers in for their annual checkup.

February 29

Fear of not being sure that today isn't March first

March 14

Fear of Blizzard of '88 and Chromosome Damage Day

Chromosome fears:

- Fear of having fewer than 23 pairs
- Fear of having more than 23 pairs (continued on page 146)

ATMOSPHERE PEOPLE

(continued from page 78)

"You hurry, hurry, hurry and wait."

"Where are the phones?" Otis asks.

Whitney indicates a bank of six pay phones in a corner. Nothing is more essential to an extra than a telephone and hustlers like Otis and Whitney will make 40 or 50 calls a day to get work, if they have to. They call the five casting agencies—Central, Hollywood, Independent, Allied and Producers—as well as the casting directors at the larger studios and any A.D.s with whom they've achieved rapport over the years. No experienced extra ever leaves his home without a pocketful of small change and the first thing he does when he arrives on a set is to locate the pay phones. "The one at the far end is out of order," Bob says. Valuable information, if you're competing to call in with dozens of other people, but then, Bob and Otis keep few secrets from each other after all these years. "We go back quite a ways," Bob says, "to when there were pictures shooting all year long and maybe twenty thousand extras working."

"The business is nothing like it was," Otis says, "but so what? Even today, a good, hustling extra can make four times what a casual bit player earns."

Which, Otis knows, isn't saying much. There are maybe 200 atmosphere people who make between \$6000 and \$8000 a year and no more than 50 who earn twice that. A relative handful who work as stand-ins for big stars can make really good money, but that's hard dawn-to-dusk slogging, with never a day off and the boredom of the job itself to contend with. It's not for the likes of Otis or Bob, who enjoy the variety of what they do and the daily change of scene. "Today I'm a race-horse owner," Otis says. "Yesterday I was a reporter. The day before that I was a doctor and last week I was a stockbroker, an insurance agent, a juror, a banker and a bookie's customer. I've been everything. Two years ago, on a Woody Allen picture, I was a sperm swimming up a Fallopian tube."

BARBARA SMITH and PETER EASTMAN: "Pete and I met on an ocean cruise. I was working as a social director and he was playing in the band. We both love this work, because you never know what's going to happen. Yesterday Pete was playing golf on *Owen Marshall* and I was a guest at a tony party on *Barnaby Jones*."

"The main reason I work extra is I got tired of sitting around, waiting for the phone to ring. It's true, I guess, that extras feel discriminated against, mainly because we never get a chance to say a line, but so what? There are no real stars anymore. And we do get to act, you know. Last week, on a *Kojak*, I had a silent bit where I had to come out of an

elevator and bump into Telly Savalas. We like to feel we're being noticed, but if you're watching us up there on the screen, you're watching a lousy show."

The call to work finally comes at 9:25, when the A.D. with the droopy mustache suddenly bounds down the escalator and sings out, "Atmosphere, please!" They all troop upstairs and the first A.D., a cheerful middle-aged black named Rubin Watt, quickly gets everyone in place. Two men in baggy blue ushers' uniforms are told to stand at the top of the aisles; the other extras are scattered about the boxes surrounding the one to be occupied by George Peppard, the star of *Banacek*, and the actors playing the scene with him. Otis and a young couple are seated directly behind them.

"Hey," one of the kids says, "this is all right. We might get a silent bit."

"No way," Otis says. "Today we're strictly background."

"Ladies and gentlemen, you are watching a horse race," Watt explains through a megaphone, as two crew members pass out old pari-mutuel tickets, programs, tout sheets and racing forms. "You'll see the horses as they turn into the stretch. I am the horses. When I come running down this aisle over here, you all stand up and shout and cheer. As the horses hit the finish line, some of you are winners, some of you are losers. Talk it up, throw tickets away, consult your programs. Then some of you go up the aisles, others sit down again. Just don't get in the way of the actors. Got that?"

"What about binoculars?" Otis asks. "Whoever heard of a horse race without binoculars?"

"The prop truck didn't make it," Droopy Mustache says. "We dug up all this other stuff on the spot. Fake it."

"How? By peering through my fingers?"

Watt laughs. "You're all farsighted!" he shouts.

Otis turns to his companions. "Typical of TV," he observes. "In the old days, the prop truck would have made it. And look at this crowd—forty-five of us, including the ushers. What kind of authentic atmosphere is that? De Mille would have had thousands."

Peppard, looking gorgeous in dark slacks and a light-blue sports jacket, appears, along with Ralph Manza, a regular on the show, and two other actors. They sit down in their box and Daugherty, a gray-haired veteran who looks as if he is barely surviving the ravages of a very complicated night, leans in to give them their instructions. What he says is inaudible to Otis, who, like his colleagues, will never know either what this particular scene or the whole show is about. When Daugherty finishes, the ac-

tors nod and Watt raises his megaphone. "Let's try it now!" he shouts.

They rehearse the scene twice. Otis watches the A.D. run along the aisle toward him, becomes increasingly excited, rises to his feet, roots hard for his horse, throws his papers happily into the air, a winner, then ad-libs silent chatter with the young couple, both losers, as the actors speak and scuttle about in the box in front of them. When Peppard leaves and heads up the aisle the second time, Daugherty says, "OK, the next one's a take."

"Atmosphere, pay attention!" Watt shouts. "Now watch me, please, and let's have lots of excitement this time!"

Daugherty turns out to be a one-take director, which is a definite plus in television. "All right, atmosphere, please everybody shift over to the left!" Watt shouts. "We're shooting this way now!"

It will be another half hour at least before they set up the next scene and Otis finds time to chat in the aisles with old friends. He doesn't know a lot of the younger people anymore, but he's pleased to note that the industry is, as always, taking care of its own. There, for instance, is Kay Marx, one of Groucho's ex-wives, the blonde sitting off by herself and looking very elegant in a beige outfit with a wide-brimmed floppy hat. And two boxes away from her is Claire James, one of the beautiful dolls who married Busby Berkeley.

It's really quite wonderful, Otis thinks, that so many relatives, friends and old lovers of the famous, as well as the famous themselves, have been atmosphere, though a lot of them wouldn't want to talk about it much. Clark Gable, Gary Cooper, Dennis O'Keefe, Rock Hudson, Mary Tyler Moore, John Wayne, Gene Barry, Bob Fuller, O. J. Simpson—yes, all atmosphere at one time or another in their careers. "I don't care about not being a star," Otis says. "A star can say he's been in thirty, maybe forty pictures. I've been in two thousand."

CHARLENE GLAZER: "I stood in for Raquel Welch on *Myra Breckinridge*. In *Airport* I was a passenger on the plane. I've done everything from *Ben Casey* to *Billy Jack*. I've always been hustled a lot, but I can usually handle it. I tell the guy I'm known as the Jewish hooker and hasn't he heard about my type? Jewish hookers don't do two jobs for the price of one and we don't take Blue Chip Stamps, Green Stamps or credit cards. This usually works, but on *Planet of the Apes* I got a sore ass. Somebody was goosing me all day long, but I couldn't see who it was, because I was in this goddamn ape suit."

Otis has a fine nose for the lunch break and he is spry for his years. When

(continued on page 148)

*the last time something
like this happened,
three wise men showed
up from the east*

IT CAME TO PASS

fiction By **CHRIS DICKEY**

SHE MISSED her period just about the same time Kohoutek first appeared. Marty had never used any form of birth control. She hadn't thought she needed to. True, she was engaged, but her relationship with Joe was unusual. He was an older man devoted to his art. Forms, shapes and textures were his release. Most times he wrestled with abstraction, but after he met Marty he had tried often
(continued on page 165)

PAINTING BY KERIG POPE



halfway up the hollywood
ladder, playmate jean manson
reflects upon the lower rungs

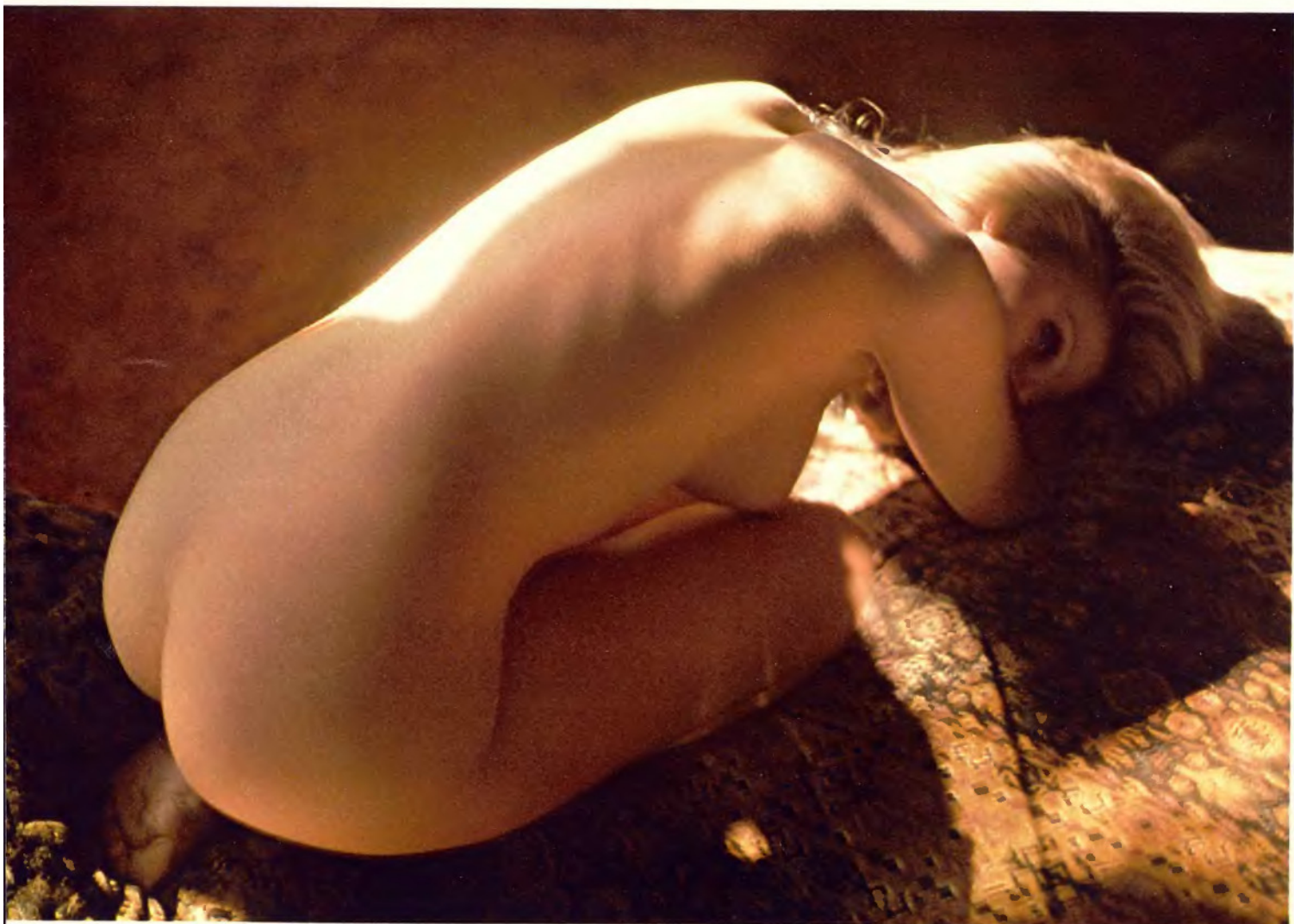
NOT JUST ANOTHER PRETTY BODY



DON'T WANT people to think I'm just another dumb blonde," says actress-singer—and now Playmate—Jean Manson. "So far, in my films, I've been cast in roles like that, but someday I'm going to change my screen image." In real life, of course, although she is most definitely blonde, Miss Manson is anything but dumb. Reared by artistic parents (her father writes, her mother sings), Jean was educated at The American School in Mexico and holds an associate of arts degree in music, which means she can do a lot more than whistle *Yankee Doodle* through a mouthful of soda crackers. In fact, she's proficient at classical guitar and piano and is currently studying flamenco guitar. Her career as an actress, however, is *numero uno* on her list of priorities—one notch ahead of even love and marriage. "I don't feel I can give myself completely to a man at this point in my life," she tells us, "because I'm simply too preoccupied with my career and—well—I suppose a good part of me belongs to Hollywood. Before I settle down with one man, I have to be master of my craft." Judging from her professional track record, she may be









A Libra, Jean likes to think of herself as a balanced person. "I'm not a jet setter," she claims. "I'm very down to earth, and so are my friends."



She's candid about her feelings, especially when it comes to her career goals. "I want to be a famous actress someday. I have to be."





Before filming *Dirty O'Neil* (top left), Jean is made up by Jerry Soucie. At left, she performs the rape scene from the film and below she discusses her next film with agent Sy Fishman.

ready to settle down soon. At 14, she studied acting at Metro in Hollywood and in 1971 she made her first feature film, a not-exactly classic called *The World's Greatest Lover*. ("I have no idea what happened to that film," she says. "I think the prints were stolen.") Second was a horror film, *Terror Circus*, with Andrew Prine, and next came *The Young Nurses* ("a bad exploitation film, but I got some nice reviews out of it"). In her latest, *Dirty O'Neil*, Jean plays a sexy waitress named Ruby, who, among other things, gets raped by three men ("Since I've been accosted a few times in real life, I just acted from experience"). Now in the filming stage, her new one, *Fortune Street*, is a departure for Jean, since it's her first serious movie. It's also a musical, which means she gets to sing—another dream realized. If you haven't caught her on the big screen yet, you may have seen her on the small one, either opposite George Peppard in *Banacek* or as a contestant on *The Dating Game* ("I picked the least of three evils; we went to the race track and I fell asleep"). Summarizing her three years as an aspiring actress, Jean has this to say: "I have no regrets about my past films. It was all good experience and I learned a great deal. But I refuse to be just another B-movie queen. I'm getting tired of taking my clothes off in movies. Why do people always want me to take my clothes off?" Guess.





PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH
MISS AUGUST



"My love life is free and clear at the moment," she says. "But I'm not a run-around. I'm just not ready at this stage to be committed to anyone."

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Two young suburban housewives who were both enthusiastic gardeners were discussing a new botanical theory.

"Do you really believe," asked one, "that talking affectionately to a plant can make it grow bigger?"

"I certainly do!" replied the other. "In my experience, anything organic can be increased in size by affectionate handling."



When a man asked the doctor to perform a vasectomy on him, the physician, in accordance with established medical practice, asked if he had discussed the operation and its implications with his wife and family. "Yes," replied the man. "I'm sort of lukewarm about it myself, but my wife persuaded me to put it to a vote with the children."

"And what was the result?" asked the doctor. "The kids favored it, nine to four."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *lesbians* as insurmountable odds.

*Man's greatest inventions are few. . . .
Though pundits are prone to rate two
As vitally clever—
The wheel and the lever—
More essential by far is the screw!*

And then there was the girl who left the promotional orgy at the Sex Device Manufacturers' Convention with a vague feeling of unease. She didn't know what was eating her.

The aging judge paid a surprise visit to his young mistress and caught her in a compromising position with a handsome attorney. Enraged, the jurist demanded satisfaction and the girl suggested an unusual type of duel: Each man was to watch naked while she gyrated nude in front of them, and the first to show a physical reaction would be the winner.

Soon after the competition began, the attorney noticed that the judge was cheating by use of some surreptitious hand play. "I object, your Honor!" he exclaimed. "You're tampering with the witness!"

"Objection overruled!" thundered the jurist. "I was simply refreshing the witness' memory."

His daughter had recently graduated from college and the Texas tycoon was showing her through the private lodge he had had built for her on the family's hunting-and-fishing ranch as a surprise gift. As they went out onto the patio, several muscular naked young men plunged into the swimming pool.

"Oh, Daddy!" gushed the girl. "You've even had it stocked for me!"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *impeachment* as premature ejaculation.

The youthful pair were coupling when the policeman's flashlight suddenly illuminated the back seat of the car. "Come on——" he began.

"Why, you prying pig!" exclaimed the girl.

"Now, just a minute——" grunted the cop.

"Screw yourself!" yelled the girl.

"If you don't keep a——" said the cop.

"Up yours!" screamed the girl.

"That does it!" roared the policeman. "Break it up there, son. You're coming along with me."

"But Officer," protested the youth, "I haven't said a word!"

"That's true," rejoined the cop, "but I'm going to take you in anyway—for having an offensive person on your weapon."

We wonder how many of our readers remember the old-fashioned movie theater—where the organ rose from the orchestra pit instead of on the screen.

The booth at the benefit bazaar bore a sign that read: KISSES \$1 TO \$25. "Is the range in price a matter of duration," a prospective customer asked the young lady in attendance, "or perhaps of lip pressure?"

"No," smiled the girl, "lip placement."



One Saturday afternoon, a man's wife came home from a lingerie shop with a pair of frilly imported \$20 panties. She explained it by saying, "After all, dear, you wouldn't expect to find top-quality perfume in a cheap bottle, would you?"

"No," snapped her husband, "and I wouldn't expect to find gift wrapping around a dead beaver, either!"

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.



"Oh! Excuse me. I thought it was the laundry to go."

article By JAMES MCKINLEY

DOWN AND OUT AND FEMALE

*as if hustling drinks and johns for
a living isn't bad enough,
there's always jail and the cops*

*There has to be a jail where ladies
go
When they are poor, without nice
things, and with their hair down.
When their beauty is taken from
them, when their hearts are broken
There is a jail where they must go.*

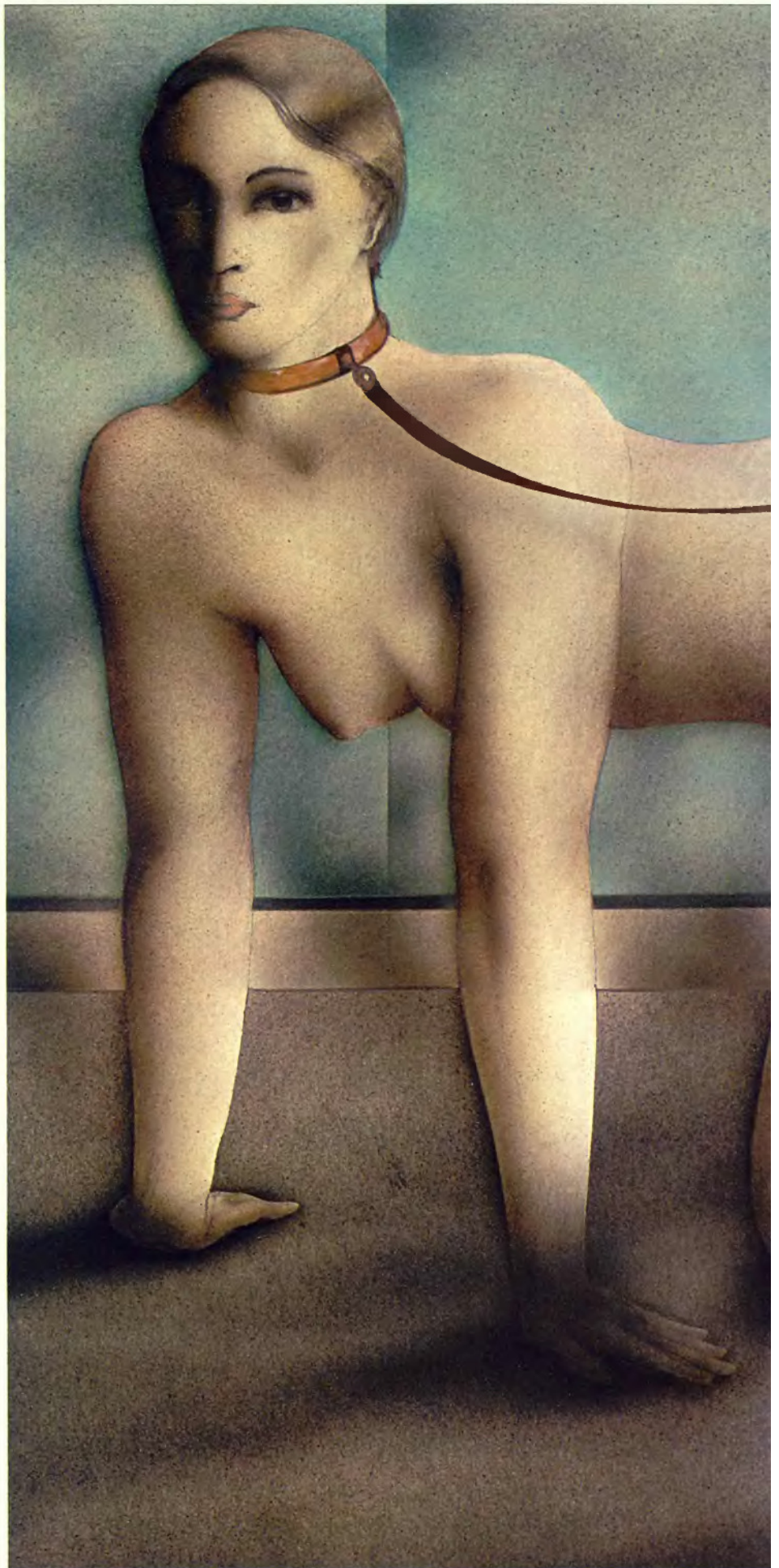
THOMAS MERTON never met this lady named Janice, but he knew her. Janice is in jail, and her face explains his poem. It's slightly puffy, her face, from a short lifetime's ration of sad country songs, roadhouse beer and beauty banished by both. You've seen it. Broad-browed and narrow-chinned. Lips precisely two thirds down, pouted there like swollen scars. Blackberry eyes. Orange-dyed hair raw against complexion pale as cotton. And, yes, without nice things.

Janice wears a green prison smock and a thigh-high cast on her right leg. She looks as good as any lady can who's waiting for her luck, though luck for Janice is only a judge's choice of two or five years for bad checks. "I took a fall," she moans. That wasn't, of course, how she broke her leg. She did that going over 12 feet of chain link and barbed wire here at the city jail.

Janice ran from its Lysol inhalations, the poured-concrete dormitory's sleeping shelves, the heads in curlers, the unshielded toilets, the incessant fluorescent light and, most of all, from the waiting with nothing to do, the waiting now four months to be sentenced to more waiting in another jail.

"I broke my leg going back for my girlfriend. She cut herself bad on the barbed wire, but they didn't even take her to the hospital. And I got six more months. They're not people." Janice looks down at her cast. Among the salutations blue-inked by the jail sorority is, scrawled in Bic Banana red, "Good luck, kid."

Certainly Janice will need it, she and





law and its agents. They are a minority on the make, a runaway problem, and through their liberated beings courses the searing seminal truth that as never before they are prey to the state's legal penalties and accompanying indignities. In jail and out, in big towns and small, whether black or white, women today must writhe in the tension of society's fundamental dichotomy—justice and injustice. Janice's predicament is simplest, really, the most understandable. On society's behalf, judges and juries and cops and probation officers have defined her. She is a convicted criminal, hair down and defenseless, as common as a high school sweetheart seen ten years too late. She's one of the ladies who suffer equally with men before the bar of justice. One who is incarcerated and so leaves more men and children alone outside, because even shoplifters and addicts and accessories taking falls bear children. One who has many jailed sisters, like this black child who saunters closer to us, her stud heel-and-toe protecting softness the way a shell surrounds a clam.

"Tell the man it ain't so much the time, it's the heat," she says. "But shit, dudes don't know." She signs the cast with a Tina Turner flourish. "Love," she writes, and I ask what dudes don't know. The question attracts more girls.

"Well, like, it's bad in here," Janice says. "Worse than for men. This is no hotel. There's nothing to do. So you break a rule, one little thing the matron doesn't dig, and you're into isolation for three or four days."

"Who's gonna fix supper for my kids?" the sauntering black girl asks at large. Her skin dances in the green smock. "I mean," her mouth makes an O, "who is?"

A doughy blonde in curlers doesn't care. "It's worse outside, honey. I was drunk in public view, see? Four cops picked me up, leaned me against a car and felt me up. I got ninety days, but you know what? When I get out, I'm gonna get drunk again, but I'm gonna stay inside to get felt up." She sighs and reflects, "You know, cops got hands like guns."

This brings the group to a babble. They crowd around, each with something to say, something to do at last, all these women, shaved and powdered, with no place to go. "They don't trust men and they don't trust women," one breathes at me. "Whatta they think, we gonna screw there next to the barbed wire?"

I know the prison superintendent doesn't think that. He's a kindly man. He favors connubial visits and high school classes, unlimited phone calls, lawyer visits, an adequate work-release

program, better food—all the things this clamor demands. But there isn't the money for the programs, for the staff, he's told me. Hell, yes, he wants it better inside, because he knows it's tough enough for them outside. That's what a big black woman is saying, eyes crackling above scarred cheeks.

"Goddamn, my windows and doors come in at the same time, wham! The cops, you dig, guns and all, and my kids all there. Just 'cause I drove the car. Man, they wanted *me* to clear up three-hundred burglaries, can you dig . . . ?"

Cacophony builds as a dozen voices spit sour stories from a hundred histories.

"They bust me, one cop cusses me, frisks me nasty, so I kick him. Then he slaps me so hard it hurts. Lying bitch, he calls me. . . ."

"And they want to make deals, they get you as a felon, see, and after that it's all hassle. You waffle and zap! It's your ass for resisting arrest or some such shit. Or you make a deal, but a deal with fuzz can cross you right out, just right out. . . ."

"Right, and they want favors then, big-time favors, or they run you in. 'Course, when you're in, they want to, like, watch you shower. . . ."

"Across the river in that jail, they turned the trusties loose in the women's section, can you believe? Who listens if you holler rape or no thanks or something . . . ?"

"Well, now, we don't need men, do we, sweetie, in here? No, not much. . . ."

In this confusion I feel their vexing judicial problem. It hums in their outrage, in the oscillation between their crime and their treatment. Guilt is one thing, they're saying, and the process of the law another. They're in a jail for ladies and so *de facto* guilty, maybe *de facto* poor and brokenhearted and unlovely. But not unhuman. And so they bitch—surely that's the word—about "hard-on" judges who, perhaps captives of some Edenic dream, punish female offenders as they would any dangerous mutant strain. They revile arresting officers who call them whore and cunt but never ma'am and confirm their warden's lament that women parolees often get no job because employers believe the female the sneakier of the species, never again to be trusted once the aura of her gentleness dissipates in a jail's ranker odor. Janice speaks quietly into the cyclone:

"They watched me and got me five days before my parole was up. Five days. For \$233 in checks. I thought there was money in the bank. Really, I did. Wow, I get depressed a lot."

She brings the group down. In the buzzing light, the women mill and murmur, looking each minute at the high

horizontal windows. Three wander off, their minds now on Lincoln Continentals and Cadillacs, which kind they'll have when they get out. "I'm gonna start at 1965 and work up," one says, and, resigned again, all the green smocks drift away to buff nails or write lawyers, to read Harlequin romances or wash in the concrete-doughnut trough watered by a sprinkler. Pterodactyls could bathe in it. An elderly woman, face blank as an un-lived life, sits in the hair-drying chair. It seems it could be electrified another way for all she cares. Janice picks at her cast.

"When I get out, I'm gonna kill my brother," she says. "He set me up."

"Think about that." A woman scowls at Janice. Needle scars marble her arms like choice beef. "Try not to." Sigh. "But then, in twenty years you'll probably still be doin' what you're doin'. Rehabilitation, sheet. . . . You know this therapy? Well, I been a junkie twenty years. Now they're gonna make a new me. They get you to tear at yourself. I got so screwed up mentally I almost got hit by a bus comin' from the probation officer's. Why can't they just fix the drug thing and leave the rest of me alone?"

She asks Prometheus' question, knowing that for her there is no answer, at least not here. Nothing is fixed in here. It's time to go. They watch me leave as though seeing a Greyhound go, as if all things happen with the inevitability of timetables. But someone plucks a sleeve. She's baby-faced, with blue-black hair, skin by Titian. Accused of car theft in Oregon, but really out for a joy ride, she says. She's 18.

"You should know, the cops, some of them—"

The junkie interrupts. "If you're a hooker, they want a blow job; if you're not, just a fuck. It ain't easy, being a woman."

Little Titian blushes and nods, then asks softly, "What sign are you?"

"Sagittarius."

This cheers her. The matron says they always ask that of visitors. I wonder if they've got a horoscopic guest book, if they keep it to check their luck against the outside world's. The matron doesn't know. She looks like Randolph Scott in a blonde nylon wig. Above her desk is a *Playgirl* centerfold of Fred "The Hammer" Williamson holding a white kitten over his genitals. She says the girls like it. Then I'm outside with their problem.

Sociologists know what's happening, just as do most jailers and police and social-welfare agents. Some will tell you it's nothing new, that the female has always been the more dangerous human. What about Lucrezia Borgia, Catherine of Russia, Lizzie Borden, Bonnie Parker

(continued on page 112)

humor

ffurther alphabetical sex

twenty-six more reasons why you should mind your p's and q's

BY
ffolkes



A is for Animal Magnetism



B is for Bosom Friends



C is for Cuckold



D is for Dyke



E is for Erogenous Zone



F is for Frigidity



G is for Gentlemen Prefer Blondes



H is for Hidden Persuader



I is for Intermission



J is for Joker



K is for Kama Sutra



L is for Love Me, Love My Dog



M is for Mistress



N is for Nymphet



O is for Orgy



P is for *Pièce de Résistance*



Q is for Quickie



R is for Rhythm Method



S is for Soft Center



T is for Transvestite



U is for Unexpurgated



V is for Voyeur



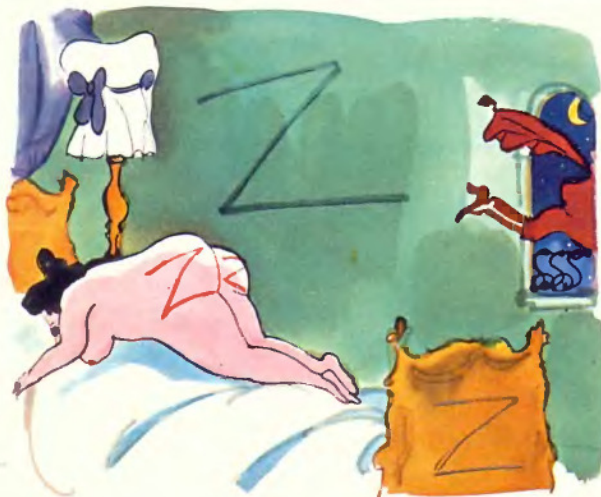
W is for Wife Swap



X is for Xtramarital Relationship



Y is for Yumping Yiminy!



Z is for Zorro

DOWN AND OUT AND FEMALE

and all the rest? Even Janice's lenient warden counted some crimes as, well, peculiarly feminine. The superintendent retired from the Army with residual humanity intact, but one girl he'd supervised had confounded him. Twenty-three years old, she'd beguiled her husband and brother into raping and mutilating a woman she believed was fooling around with that same husband. She got 44 years, he said, shaking his head. A model prisoner, too.

He should not be surprised. According to the FBI, crime by females is up 86 percent since 1960, with a 239 percent rise for girls under 18. Narcotics arrests have increased tenfold (45 times for girls under 18), while robbery, manslaughter and trafficking in stolen goods also show Amazonian leaps. Alarmed authorities affirm it's as though the Furies were loosed on the land. Women, they say, are now too much like men. Yet, even given that, is the response just? Are society's institutions playing fair in this new game of cops and chicks? Must reports multiply, in eerie echo of fertility itself, of indignities inflicted by the body politic on the body female?

Ron Robinette is a modern policeman—college educated, community minded, hip. He works the dangerous watch from four P.M. until midnight in a tough Kansas City precinct, half black, half white, where "the streets belong to the punks and hookers." Ron has a simple answer. "Now they don't act like women when you arrest them. When I was a rookie, I still had shreds of chivalry. Then a woman came at me with a meat cleaver and all of a sudden I realized this wasn't TV; that she was really and truly trying to kill me with that damned thing, that she was after my own most personal and precious ass. All of that I saw while she was charging. Hell, I hit her like I would a man. That ended my Galahad phase. Now I'd split a chick's skull as soon as a man's."

The police chief of a small Kansas town knows what Ron means. He says more women prowl his streets, that they're more aggressive. More teenagers are soliciting, panning the expense-account gold of his turf. And shoplifting, possessing and pushing dope. The chief thinks this is a hell of a thing to happen in the heart of America, as natives hereabouts call it.

"I'll tell you what's wrong," he says. "There're no homes anymore. No discipline or respect shown anywhere to anything by anyone. The girls hustle in the high school halls. They panhandle. They leave drunken Mommy and tranquilized Daddy in the split-level and get their kicks participating in the sick aggressiveness around. And it's not just that there're

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more female offenders. Crime against women is up alarmingly. Rapes, robberies, aggravated assault—hundreds every year. You know, some guy breaks in, ties the girl up, rapes her, beats her, robs her, maybe kills her. Sometimes his girlfriend stands around watching, like Manson. It's sick and getting sicker."

I ask the chief about how female suspects are treated. He says there hasn't been a girl assaulted in his squad cars for years. "We take special precautions with female prisoners. If the cop has to ride alone with her, he calls in his location and mileage. That's checked when he comes in. All police departments do this." But what if the policeman lied? "We'd break his ass. The girl would talk. Look, we get enough complaints about harassment from the teenager busted for speed or acid, especially if she's middle-class. They've got rights, see. They come with the country-club membership." But we both know any safeguard fails now and again.

Robinette sees it a bit more concretely. In his precinct, 20 percent of the crimes are executed by women. "Crime's always been one of the puberty rites for chicks in black districts. Now it's popular all over." Ron has nine years in the cars, watching the street, quivering in occupational paranoia. "What it is, we've got an ecological sink. Vietnam, TV, movies, it's all getting to women. Face it, as a nation we respect and fear the violent person. Put that with women getting to be men, you know, liberated libidos and all, and you see women have found a new outlet in crime. No helpless tears and hair pulling now. Oh, when we bust 'em, they may put a few moves on us, shake an ass or two, and they're smarter than men, they cool it faster, but don't turn your back. Hatpins today got five-inch blades."

Again, FBI statistics agree. The percentage of armed women according to the most recent FBI statistics is up 12 points, that of violent crime up nine, and cops use one to combat the other. A cop who prefers anonymity says, "Sure, if we got a known offender, we lay it on her hard to get what we need to bust the biggies. It's gotta be a little tough with women, because they still have this thing about protecting the men, or any men they know. They offer themselves. I don't know why. Herd instinct, maybe, taking care of the buck." And what is the average cop's reaction to such feminine overtures? "Once we had two girls said they'd go two-on-one for a cop who busted them. He turned them down. Hell, they'd turn a trick to beat the heat. I would, too, wouldn't you?"

Considering carefully, yes. That's the

game, after all. Women with records especially fall prey to sexual blackmail. In Memphis, such practices seem like post-puberty rites for police. Recently, hard by the Beale Street wonderland where Faulkner's tender young men went to soiled doves for their initiation, two patrolmen were dismissed for extorting sex. A newsman says, "They apparently had something on these two girls, took them to an isolated spot, well, you know. . . . Hell, it's common enough. A few solicit favors from hookers. One got fired for leaving his post directing traffic to escort a passing lady to a nearby hotel."

Again, the swirling tides and shifting shoals of justice. I wondered, talking to the jailed women and the men who put them there, how it must be for the unjailed, for the female who is free—however poor, or young, or hooked or hooking, or how deeply engraved she is somewhere on a police blotter, like tears on a medieval Madonna.

Linda Hendrickson's [some of the names in this article have been changed] face is haunted, though its heart shape is sweet and she keeps the knife-split side away from you. She would be pretty were the ghosts not in her eyes, if her tongue did not constantly lick her lips and betray her speed habit. Linda's from Minnesota. She's never been in jail, at least not for long. She beat a car-stealing rap, and while she's been hauled in for shoplifting, associating with felons, being at the scene of drug raids and has gone through assorted station-house interrogations, she's on probation now. She works at a public mental-health facility, apparently near the medicine cabinet.

"I'll go on with it until I get bored, and then, I don't know. This job, I'm ten minutes late, it's an offense. I want something, some job that's not eight to five. But I won't find it, so I'll work. What else is there? That or boosting."

Linda's an experienced shoplifter. At her peak, she could do \$400 or \$500 a day to support herself, her friends and their pastimes. They once passed bad checks using a stolen check protector to add authenticity to the bad paper.

"All this stuff. I did it for the thrill. I mean for kicks, not the clothes. Lerner's just doesn't offer that much."

She laughs and drinks a little Scotch. "Really," she whispers about nothing, and we listen to the jukebox and the traffic hushed by a winter storm. I can't quite reconcile her appearance with her biography. Linda's 22, the oldest of four kids. Even now there's a halo of lakes and wind-reddened cheeks about her, something spirited and fine, something fading. She talks of her childhood. The eyes calm for a moment. It was normal, she says. The rest of her family still is,

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tequila comes north of the border to

DOWN THE HATCH, AMIGO!

teach gringos what booze is all about



NO LIQUOR IN THE WORLD has been painted in such wildly false colors as tequila. Allegations that its flavor is akin to rattlesnake venom and that its potency rivals Kickapoo joy-juice are no more true of tequila than they're true of *grande champagne cognac*. Undoubtedly, tequila's notoriety can be traced to the fact that there are two kinds of tequila in Mexico, unaged and aged, and that

drink

**BY
THOMAS
MARIO**

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BILL ARSENAULT

many natives are in the habit of drinking the former just as it trickles from old-fashioned pot stills—the weedy juice of the mescal unmellowed by a single day in a wooden cask. Then there's the type of Mexican who—especially when gringos are watching him—enjoys making a cult of his tough drinking habits. The old ritual of squeezing lime juice *(concluded on page 182)*

Now, gods, stand up for bastards!
—EDMUND, *King Lear*

Study these men. They are the men of the hour, heroes all. They may be tough and mean, but they are not villains. Some of these guys may be familiar to you, some not: Charlie Finley, Chuck Colson, Jim Aubrey, Judge Guinn and John Simon. They have worked hard, all of them, and they have gained power. They know how to use it, they know how to keep it and they know how to make you suffer. And you are not home free if you happen to steer clear of these five; there are thousands of others like them, smaller fry, of course, but nasty just the same.

So study these men, learn their ways, and then resolve to be like them.

CHARLES O. FINLEY

TO HIS PLAYERS, to his managers, to his staff, to baseball fans and to all America, Charles O. Finley, owner of the Oakland A's, is a lulu, a crumb bum in a league by himself. He is ungracious in victory and a demon in defeat. This is a cad among sporting gentlemen, a tyrant who specializes in humiliating his men.

Hours after a woebegone Mike Andrews committed two errors that lost a world-series game, Finley was twisting Andrews' arm to sign himself onto the disabled list and thus off the team. Not even the ensuing public outcry daunted Finley. "It's my ball club, my money, and I don't appreciate anyone telling me how to spend my money to run my business," he said.

While this was going on, Finley was engaged in an unseemly tussle with his back-to-back-pennant-winning manager, Dick Williams. The long-suffering Williams had had feelers from the Yankees, but Finley was threatening court action to prevent him from accepting the job.

With an outlook like that, there is no room for the niceties of compassion. Finley once ordered a ball-park announcer to introduce the long-haired Joe Pepitone over the loud-speaker as "Josephine Pepitone." The announcer quit. Bill Rigney returned a week early from a scouting trip and was asked by a cantankerous Finley why he had come back so soon. Rigney said his wife was sick. Finley said, "You're fired."

He shouts, he ridicules, he bullies. Small wonder that in 13 years, Finley has gone through 13 managers, eight publicity men, seven farm directors and



ILLUSTRATION BY ERALDO CARUGATI



THE HARD HEARTS

five tough men for the savage seventies

five general managers, finally winding up in the last job himself.

After Vida Blue had won 26 games in 1971, Finley put him through a long, demeaning contract struggle, making Blue miss all of spring training and forcing him, finally, to accept relatively low pay for his pitching value. "That man soured me on baseball," Blue says. "No matter what he does for me in the future, I'll never forget that he treated me like a damn colored boy."

For the record, player Dave Duncan pointed out that "Charlie treats his white players like niggers, too."

The heavy Finley touch is everywhere. He has made the A's wear gaudy green-and-gold uniforms with white shoes and, to be consistent, he suited up his hockey team, the California Golden Seals, in the same colors (which meant they had to wear white *skates*). Proudly he sports a matching blazer. And there, at every ball game, is the A's mascot, a mule named Charlie O, that stays in the Presidential suite of any hotel that will take him—better housing than the team gets.

During ball games, Finley watches from his box behind the dugout, barking commands into a green telephone to his hapless manager of the moment. Even when he isn't there in person, his presence is felt. Casey Stengel recalls riding with Finley in his limousine while they listened to the A's game on the radio. "Suddenly [Finley] yells: 'Stop the car,' gets out, goes to a phone booth, calls the manager in the dugout and yells into the phone: 'Get that donkey out of there.'"

"He just doesn't treat people like human beings," says Bob Elson, a radio announcer who used to work with the A's. Finley is the sports world's least popular man, deservedly. So, when he suffered a mild heart attack not long ago, one of the fans hung a bed sheet from the second tier that read, HOW COULD FINLEY HAVE A HEART ATTACK? HE DOESN'T HAVE A HEART.

But Finley has a thick skin—an essential commodity for mean men. He worked in the steel mills and the butcher business before making a fortune in insurance and moving on to sports. And now, as San Francisco sports columnist Wells Twombly put it, Finley "doesn't give a damn what anybody thinks and doesn't give a damn who likes him."

CHARLES COLSON

In a White House known for its arrogance and devious skulduggery, former special counsel Charles Colson served as the ranking heavy, the most hated and

feared of all the President's men. The press used to call him "Nixon's hatchet man" and "head of the dirty-tricks department." Colson liked to think of himself as "chief ass kicker," and it was he who once said that he would "walk over my grandmother" to get Richard Nixon re-elected.

The roster of those who loathed Colson included several members of Nixon's inner circle, themselves no sweethearts. Bob Haldeman despised the man and complained that Colson was always doing things behind his back. John Mitchell wondered ruefully whether Nixon really knew what Colson was like.

But Colson—reputed author of the enemies list, leader of the White House political attack group, instigator of forged State Department cables, proposer of fire-bombing the Brookings Institution, honcho to the secret plumbers and drafter of the plan to nail Daniel Ellsberg—won the affection and trust of the President, despite the antipathy of Haldeman and Mitchell, who conspired endlessly to get rid of him. Tough is not the word for Colson; a distinct strain of sadism runs barely beneath the surface of his alleged operations.

Colson stands accused of more evil deeds than the rest of the White House gang put together—though he generally denies everything attributed to him. Nevertheless, he is given credit for: ordering a tax audit of a Teamster official who opposed the President; suggesting that demonstrators in the guise of antiwar activists disrupt the funeral services for J. Edgar Hoover; drafting the scandalous newspaper ads that attacked seven "radic-lib" candidates in the 1970 Congressional campaign; sending someone to pose as a gay activist who would donate money to Pete McCloskey's New Hampshire campaign and then turn over the receipt to the *Manchester Union Leader*; launching a smear campaign against Senator Lowell Weicker in order to undercut him during the Watergate committee hearings; hiring young men to pose as homosexuals in noisy support of George McGovern at the Democratic Convention; masterminding one of the dirtiest political campaigns in memory in order to trash the 1972 Congressional bid of antiwar veteran John Kerry; engineering the fraudulent telephone and mail drives supporting Nixon's Vietnam policies; leaking information to *Life* magazine in 1970 that destroyed the career of young Senator Joseph Tydings of Maryland. "I'm kinda happy about that," Colson says of the Tydings caper.

It was Colson who first recommended E. Howard Hunt for White House employment, and it was Colson who pressed repeatedly for the adoption of Gordon Liddy's intelligence plan.

Possessed of fundamental hard-hat sensibilities, Colson arranged the Presidential commutation of Jimmy Hoffa's sentence, and Colson's Washington law firm now handles a lucrative bit of Teamster business.

Though he maintains his innocence, Colson refused to testify before the Watergate committee, saying he expected to be indicted. While he waits, he devotes himself to his law practice, his family and a new-found devotion to religion. ("If anyone wants to be cynical about it, I'll pray for him," he says.) His wife—who claims she was attracted to him because he was "so commanding; he says hop and you hop"—revealed that Colson likes to play *The Marine Corps Hymn* for background music at their dinner parties.

Colson is said by one former White House aide never to have been concerned about "ethical questions." He has three mortal heroes and one slogan. The heroes are Richard Nixon, John Wayne and Chesty Puller, "the greatest blood-and-guts Marine who ever walked." And to his heroes, Colson—in the words of his own father—is "viciously loyal." Or, in the words of Richard Nixon (via the White House transcripts), the President's opponents may not have thought Nixon himself was involved in the Watergate operations, but "they think I have people capable of it. And they are correct, in that Colson would do anything." Colson's favorite slogan is engraved on a plaque over the bar in his den: WHEN YOU'VE GOT 'EM BY THE BALLS, THEIR HEARTS AND MINDS WILL FOLLOW.

JAMES T. AUBREY, JR.

Not for nothing is James Aubrey called The Smiling Cobra. Throughout his tumultuous career, first as the shrewd and ruthless boy-wonder president of CBS Television and recently as the budget-slashing head of MGM, Jim Aubrey has spoken softly and smiled, savoring nothing so much as the kill.

"You're through," he told Jack Benny gently at CBS. "Not a chance," he murmured to Garry Moore, who had asked for a try at a TV comeback. Likewise, Arthur Godfrey, Danny Thomas, Red Skelton and Lucille Ball have their own private memories of quiet chats with James Aubrey.

"Under pressure, Aubrey gets colder and colder," says TV executive Alan Courtney. "I don't think anybody in the world—not anybody—means anything to Jim Aubrey. It's like he has a gland missing."

It was no secret at CBS that Aubrey was arrogant and cruel. Luckily for him, he was brilliant as well and possessed an intuitive sense of public tastes. Almost contemptuously he fed the nation *Petticoat Junction* and *The Beverly Hill-*

billies. CBS' ratings soared, its profits swelled and the company hierarchy pretended not to notice Aubrey's worst excesses.

Aubrey enjoyed firing people, for one thing, and he took strange delight in telling how he did it. Most notable was his dispatching of CBS programing vice-president Hubbell Robinson. Robinson had given Aubrey his first big break by accepting one of his program suggestions when Aubrey was a nobody in the CBS West Coast office. Seven years later, Aubrey was the head of the network and Robinson's boss. One day, the way Aubrey tells it, Robinson came into Aubrey's office with proposals for the next year's programing. Robinson talked for an hour, giving a detailed explanation of each program, while Aubrey listened silently. Then he cut in softly, "You're through, Hub."

"In a moment, Jim, I still have a few—"

"No," said Aubrey. "You're through."

"Jim Aubrey treats friends and enemies the same," says one former TV associate, "so at least you always know where you stand."

Friend David Susskind started production on a dramatic series called *The Outsider*, only to have Aubrey deny he'd ever made a commitment. "I guess I was rough as hell on the talent," Aubrey admits.

He was no more gentle with his women, according to stories widely circulated in the early Sixties. The details of his raucous partying and his rough treatment of ladyfriends appeared regularly as blind items in the gossip columns. It was all too giddy-making for Jacqueline Susann, who conferred a special status upon Aubrey by using him as the model for Robin Stone, the villainous power-and-sex-mad title character of *The Love Machine*.

Aubrey, true to form, is known for his sardonic formula for getting rid of women, rather than winning them. "Always do it in the daytime," goes the often quoted Aubrey advice, "because at night your heart takes over. Take her to lunch, to a very chic place like the Colony, where she will see famous people and where it is against all the rules to cry or scream or throw crockery. Buy her a drink and tell her that the train has reached Chicago and you're getting off at Chicago."

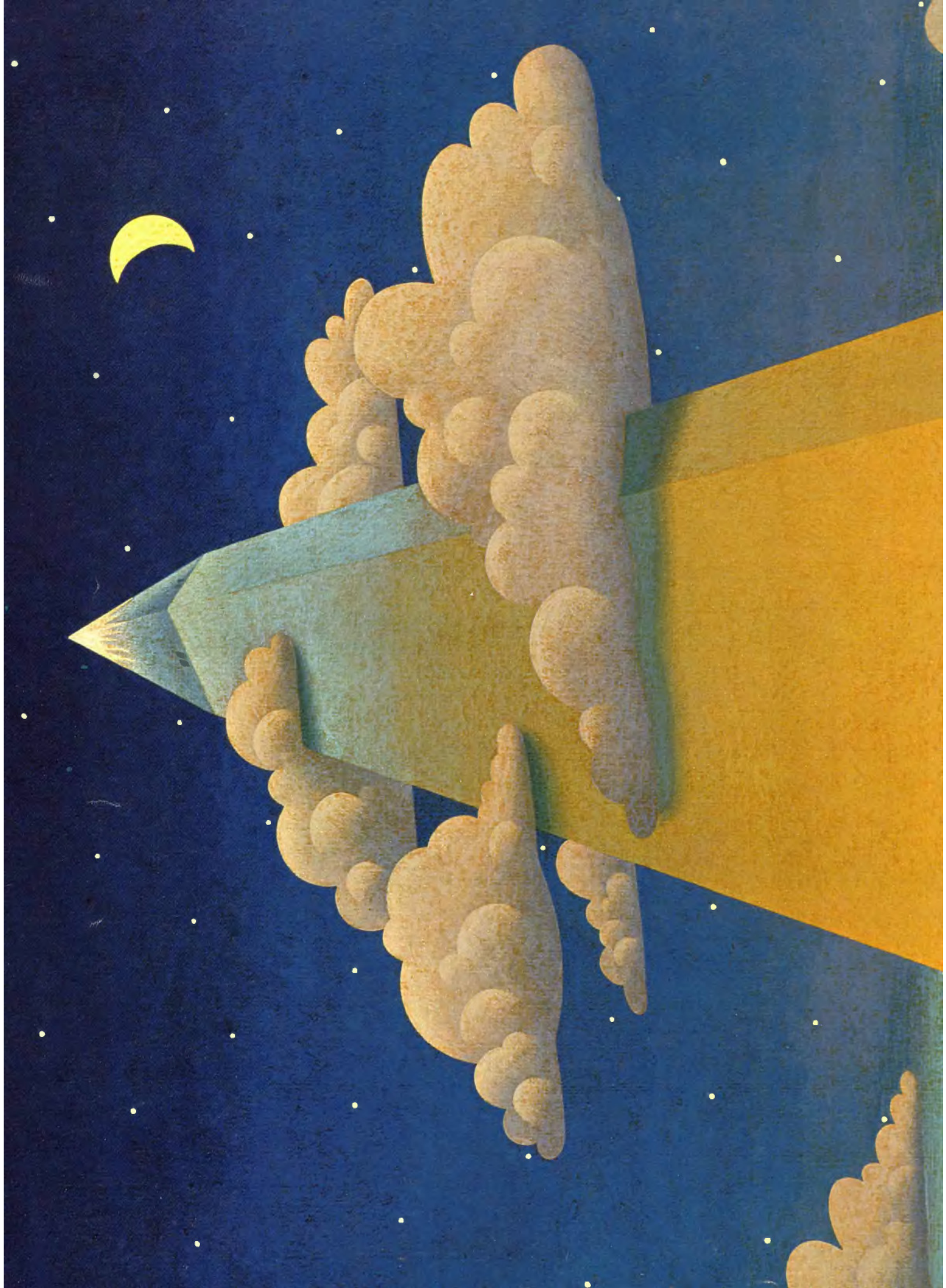
After one particularly energetic party in Miami in 1964—gate-crashed by the local police—CBS got off Aubrey's train and he was fired.


A quietus of four years followed and then Aubrey and MGM came together, married, as it were, by Las Vegas impresario Kirk Kerkorian. MGM was in deep trouble, \$80,000,000 in debt. Operations had to be cut, overhead sliced, hordes of

(continued on page 182)



"Are you sure you still love me, Henry?"



An illustration of a large, yellow mountain peak against a dark blue sky with white clouds and stars. A bright beam of light shines down from the top, illuminating a small circular area on the mountain's surface. Inside this circle, two tiny figures are visible, one in red and one in blue, appearing to be climbing or standing on the rock. The overall style is painterly and atmospheric.

fiction **By STAN DRYER** AMONG TECHNICAL monument climbers, the ascent of the Washington Monument has always been recognized as the penultimate challenge in sheer purity of execution. The monument offers a straight 555-foot class-7 climb¹ on a hard-marble face, with artificial aids for direct assistance required all the way. As it had never been scaled, I long cherished the thought of attacking the monument. I had studied the records of the ill-fated Harkins expedition (see Washington police blotter, May 7, 1971), who were forced to turn back at the 42-foot mark on the north face. Their failure, I felt, was due to their negligence in not disabling the

THE CONQUEST OF THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT

LET'S FACE
IT, THE LINCOLN
MEMORIAL HAD
BEEN A
PIECE OF CAKE
COMPARED WITH THIS

floodlights at the base of the monument to prevent police detection. We would not make this mistake, but other difficulties that I could not anticipate would confront us.

I felt I was ready for the ascent. I had been one of the party to scale the Bunker Hill Monument in Charlestown, Massachusetts, in June of 1969² and I had had extensive monument-climbing experience in the Washington, D.C., area, including a night ascent of the Lincoln Memorial. I was thus familiar with hard-marble climbing and the attitudes of the police in the area.

I chose as my climbing companion Warrington Hull of the New York Sky-scraper Club. While I had never climbed with him previously, his background in technical building climbing was impressive and he had just completed a successful attack on the hitherto unclimbed west face of the UN Building. He was about to come out on parole following his incarceration for that feat, but I thought he must be in good condition, as he wrote me that he had been "climbing the walls of his cell for the past three months."

While I will not deign to answer the absurd charge of vandalism leveled at me in Hull's recent article in the *Journal of the Building Climbers of America*, I do wish to note that Hull sadly misrepresented his climbing abilities to me. The conquest of the Empire State Building, while demonstrating a certain dogged determination, gives one little of the expertise required to handle a marble monolith. Neither are the techniques of technical glass climbing used on the UN Building at all applicable to monument climbing. Without wishing to vilify him personally in any way, let me say only that his cowardly defection about three quarters of the way through our ascent left me in grave personal danger and, if I had been any less skilled, could have resulted in my injury or death.

Discussions of routes for the monument have favored the south face for winter climbing, with the north or eastern face for summer ascents. Icing conditions are rare except in the dead of winter. We chose the south face as providing the best lighting for a spring climb.

The only special hardware we took on the ascent was a supply of the new explosive-impact bolts. While these bolts

¹The *Monument Climbers of North America* revised scale is used throughout this description. This scale should not be confused with and cannot be converted to the *M.C.N.A. unrevised scale*, the *National Climbing Classification System*, the *Yosemite Decimal Grade System* or the *Dewey decimal system*.

²For an excellent description of this climb from an interesting point of view, see "Monument Climbers, Vandals or Madmen?" *National Park Security Forces Bulletin* number 69-22.

tend to produce significant fracturing of a marble surface, they hold well and provide a reliable method of securing carabiners to smooth surfaces. We also wore carbide-tipped spiked boots. The grip of such boots on marble is far superior to rubber soles, and the scarring effect of their use is usually visible on a monument only after three or four ascents.

The actual story of our climb is best given in my journal notes, which are reproduced here with the addition of a few explanatory notes.

April 14, 1973, 2:30 A.M. We are off. The floodlights have been covered with blankets and we work rapidly at getting up the first 100 feet. No fancy technique is possible at this point; it is simply a matter of setting bolts and moving up, using our flashlights only when absolutely necessary. We are working as a team. There is a beauty in our quiet mechanical work punctuated only with the "thwack" of bolts being set.³

5:30 A.M. Dawn over the Potomac. We are well above 100 feet. Two police cars arrive below, a searchlight goes on and someone shouts up at us with a bullhorn. We ignore him and work our way upward. A ladder truck from the fire department appears. After some delay, the ladder is extended to its maximum height. A fireman stands at the top of the ladder, some ten feet below us, and shouts threats of jail at us. Hull laughs. "They aren't half so polite in New York," he says.

7 A.M. It is light enough to begin some serious route planning. Our previous examination of the monument with binoculars has revealed an irregular crack running from about the 150-foot mark to well above 175 feet. Hull, who is leading, finds the crack. He insists on trying *pitons*. The marble is fragile and pieces of it flake off as he hammers. A crowd has gathered below, workers on their way to Government jobs. Some of them are shaking their fists and shouting.

7:30 A.M. A *piton* comes loose and Hull drops perhaps ten feet before I slow him to a stop with a dynamic belay. He hangs there cursing the "damned slippery marble." I work him back up to position and take the lead myself, going back to the explosive bolts. In the full light we can see that they fracture the stone out six to ten inches from the bolt.

10 A.M. It has been straight bolt climbing since we left the crack. We estimate that we are well past 200 feet. A National Park policeman is lowered on a rope to talk to us. He tries to get us to reply, asking us the purpose of our climb, offering

³The setting of an explosive-impact bolt makes a sound similar to the firing of a small-caliber revolver. We felt the police would assume these sounds were due to the crimes normally occurring in the area of the Mall.

us amnesty and fantastic all-expense climbing trips to the most remote and dangerous of routes in the Western national parks. We do not answer him, but I long to explain to him how hopeless it is to make such offers to a monument climber. There is no purity in climbing some irregular hunk of rock shaped by the whim of nature. There is beauty only in the monument and its clean upward sweep of marble.

10:45 A.M. The policeman is replaced by another, who reads us a court order demanding that we desist from desecration of a national monument. I have heard this routine too many times before to be impressed, but Hull seems to be listening. Can it be that he is weakening?

I can take no chances. For the first time in all my years of monument climbing, I reply with words that should erase any doubts growing in Hull's mind. "We came not to desecrate," I say, "but to consecrate."

11 A.M. The policeman has disappeared back upward and we tie in to the monument face for a rest break at about 300 feet. The view is astounding. Just visible to the west is the Lincoln Memorial, an interesting climb with a particularly difficult class-7.1 cornice overhang. Directly south is the Jefferson Memorial, a class-6.3 climb, first conquered by this author and Nougat-Smythe in 1968 using a column belay on the north portico. And finally, looking east up the Mall, past the long row of minor Government buildings (many of which are still unconquered), is the ultimate challenge, the Capitol dome. Often attempted and never completed, this ascent combines probably the best of variety in monument technique with the greatest challenge in security evasion in the United States.

11:40 A.M. Climbing again. I am worried about Hull. He has begun to feel the face of the stone around each bolt as he sets it, exploring the extent of the damage. He is also refusing to set his boots solidly into the marble, a dangerous practice that has already caused him to slip a couple of times.

12:15 P.M. They have rigged a hose to the top of the monument and water begins to pour down upon us. I am thankful that we had not attempted a winter climb. In freezing weather we would be encased in ice in a matter of minutes. Now I am comfortably cool in the hot April sun. But Hull is paralyzed by the water. I recognize the trouble. He believes he is back climbing the UN Building, thinking what it would be like with wet glass. "It's just marble," I shout at him, "solid rock." I pound on it with my bolt hammer and he seems to understand. One cannot hammer like that on plate glass.

12:20 P.M. Hull begins to climb again, up into the falling water. But his movements are slow. "Hurry it up, Hull," I

(concluded on page 161)

Were Times the Bride?



being a romantic fantasy about a wedding night to remember

FLOATING AROUND somewhere in the collective male unconscious there persists a stubborn fantasy—a relic, perhaps, of 19th Century prudery that hasn't quite made the transition to 20th Century liberation. It's the vision of the demure, virgin bride who turns into a wanton on her wedding night. Maybe it represents a chance to enjoy the best of both worlds—the girl first prim on a pedestal, then panting on the connubial bed. Herewith we bring this dream to life; if it whets your appetite, you and your partner can stage your own personalized re-enactment. But don't get us wrong: To a couple with imagination, what's important is the scenario, not the ceremony. You can set the scene, in other words, without a hitch.



Something you've hoped for, but never dared expect, happens when the door closes and your lady starts to slip out of something uncomfortable—with a bit of bubbly to help bring matters to a head.







Let's not be in too much of a hurry, she teases, as her bed-mounting antics have you ready to climb the walls. At last, she seems to be ready for you to sample the bridal sweet.







*First she fans, then she
cools your ardor. Surely
any gentleman would
give a lady a chance
to remove her stockings
before retiring.*



*Your wildest fancies
have been
consummated, and now
there she lies with that
enigmatic smile. But
what did she mean by
calling you the best man?*







"Either he's hit the jackpot or the damn thing's busted again."

ONCE THERE WAS A WIFE of Cairo who talked a good deal about her genteel background, her willing obedience to her husband and her devotion to religion. Truth to tell, nobody would have noticed these virtues if she hadn't pointed them out. In her house she happened to have a pair of plump ganders, always running about underfoot. She also had a fat lover. Whenever he came to call—in her husband's absence—he would lick his lips at the sight of the birds.

One day, he said to her, "I can't get the taste of goose flesh out of my thoughts. If you were only to kill these two birds and stuff them and roast them. . . ."

"But what of my husband, that ruffian, that ragged-arse, what would he say?" she asked. "He is forever bringing one or another of his scurvy friends home to dine. Sooner or later, he will call for roast goose and what shall I tell him then? As everybody knows, he is a headstrong man with a vile temper."

The lover began to toy with her and tickle her in places she loved to have tickled, and so she said, "Oh, well, I'll think of something to say."

The next day she arose, killed the geese and cleaned them. She stuffed them with a pound of minced meat and portions of rice, almonds and raisins. Then, about midday, while the geese were roasting merrily, her husband came home without warning. He smelled the savory smell and began to laugh. "Ah, wife, what a gift of foresight you have!" he said. "Upon my head, you seem to have guessed that I plan to bring a guest home with me for dinner. I had come to tell you that."

"A woman who is gently bred, dutiful to her husband and secure in her love of Allah always can envision the thought in the mind of her lord," she answered. "By the way," she asked, "which greedy scoundrel have you invited?"

"It is Ali, the camel driver," said her husband. "Be sure to have everything in readiness when we appear."

After he had departed, the fat lover arrived and, at the marvelous roasting smell, he took the woman in his arms and rolled his eyes. "Oh, what a feast we shall have!" he said.

"By a strange misfortune, my husband has invited Ali the camel driver to share the geese with him this evening," she replied.

"But you have promised them to me," said the lover. "Come! Come!" he said, putting her on the bed and beginning to nip and pinch and fondle her in all the ways she never could resist.

"Ah, well," she said, as she finally sank into his arms, "take them, then. I'll surely think of something." And so, when the lovemaking was over, the man wrapped the geese in a cloth and left the house.

A little while later, the husband

arrived with Ali and she made them welcome. But then she stood before them with a frown of annoyance on her face, shaking her head. "It is shameful," she said.

"What is shameful?" asked her husband.

"Shameful that there are only two of you to enjoy all this delicious feast. Why are you so miserly of your hospitality? Have you no other friend to share this repast? Is it all to be gobbled up by you two gluttons?"

"Why," said her husband, "now that

you mention it, Yusuf the water seller would be grateful for a bit of roast goose to put in his mouth. I'll go to fetch him. Wait for me."

Just after he had gone, the wife's eyes fell on a sharp knife she'd laid out for carving the geese and, sure enough, she thought of something.

Suddenly she turned to Ali with a look of anguish and cried out, "What a frightful pity! Oh, you are lost and, by the *li haula* of Allah, the awful despair will come to you! Have you no children yet?"

Confused and frightened in his heart to hear this, Ali asked, "Why do you say this, woman? What is in your mind?"

She began to weep. "It is horrible to confess, but I must say it. My husband, that ferocious man, is not what he seems. In secret, he is a slave dealer. His practice is to invite strong young men to dinner. They eat of the drugged food and when they have fallen asleep, he takes this sharp knife and castrates them—a clean shave. Then he sells them to a dealer who transports eunuchs to Arabia."

Ali arose, goggling and shuddering at the knife. She pointed to the back door of the house and said, "Quickly!"

He departed on the run just as her husband and Yusuf entered the front door. The wife uttered a wail. "Oh, the thieves you bring to dinner!" she exclaimed.

"How now?" asked her husband. "What do you mean? And where is my dear friend Ali?"

"Just this moment," his wife answered, "your noble friend put the two roast geese under his arms and hotfooted it out the door there. If you run, perhaps you can catch him. Here, take this knife to show him that you mean business."

The husband did as she said and caught sight of Ali sprinting through the kitchen garden. "Stop! I'm coming after you and I'll have both of them!" shouted the husband. Ali began to run like a bashi-bazouk on the charge.

Lumbering after him and waving the knife, the husband began to despair. "Come back!" he shouted. "You can keep one for yourself and I'll take the other."

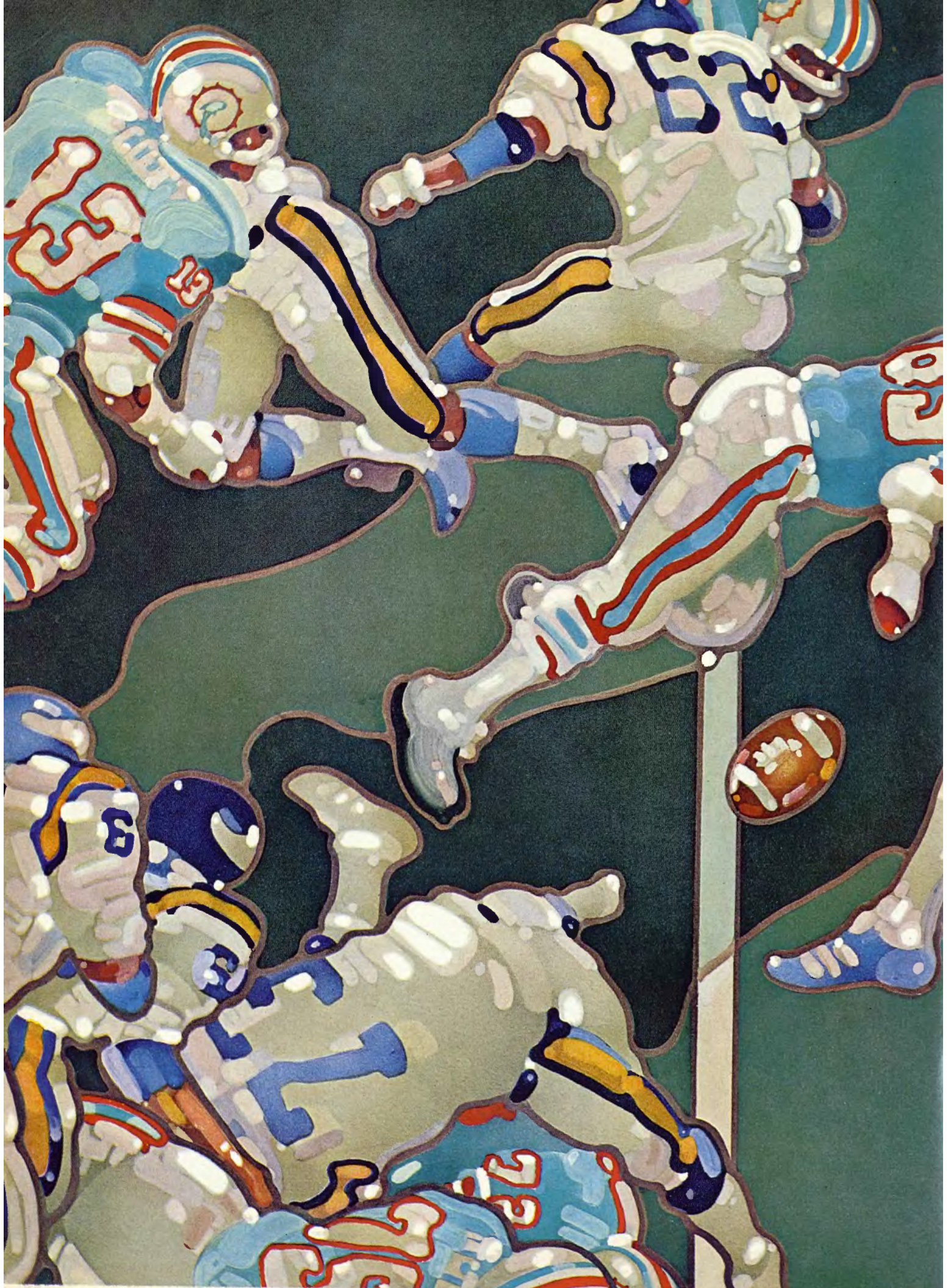
"First catch me!" cried Ali as he sped into the distance.

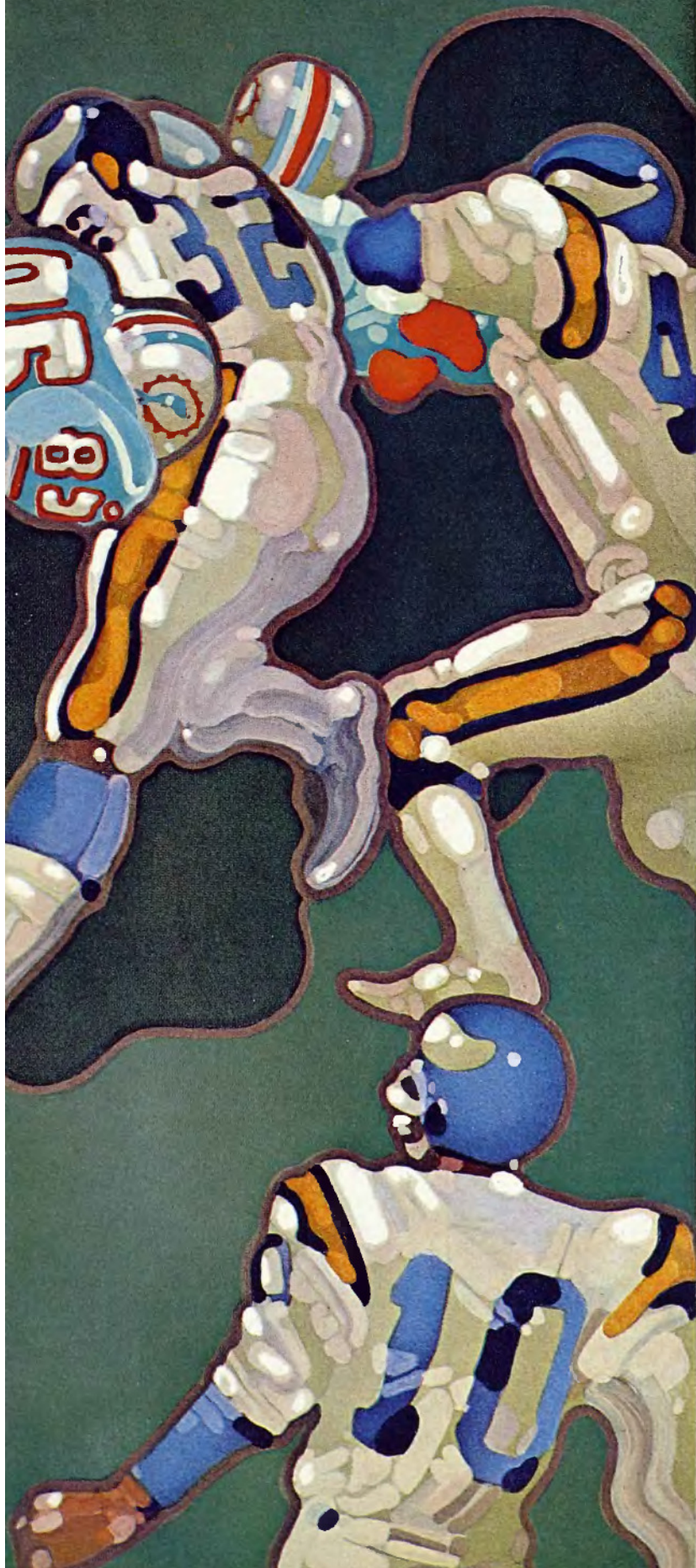
Later, after the husband and Yusuf had gone to the bazaar to seek some sort of meal, the wife and the fat lover lay on a mattress licking goose grease from their fingers. "I knew that you would think of something useful to say," said the lover, "but what was it? How did it come to you?"

"Oh, it was nothing, really," said the wife. "A woman of gentle upbringing, dutiful behavior and piety can always think of some little explanation to produce when things seem to be going wrong." —Retold by Jonah Craig



ILLUSTRATION BY BRAD HOLLAND





sports

BY ANSON MOUNT

*an early line on teams and players
in both conferences of the n.f.l.*

PLAYBOY'S PRO FOOTBALL PREVIEW

TED HENDRICKS, the Baltimore Colts' cerebral linebacker, sat in a Chicago delicatessen methodically devouring a two-inch-thick hot-pastrami sandwich. He was in town for the N.F.L. Players Association strike strategy meeting and he brimmed with quiet enthusiasm for the justness of his cause. Midway through the meal, he was asked if the players' financial demands weren't somewhat unreasonable.

"Actually," he explained, "the freedom issues are more important to us than the money issues. We want to be free to sell ourselves to the highest bidder, like other workers. As it stands now, team owners buy and sell the rights to our labors as though we were indentured servants. We want our basic First Amendment freedoms; our private lives, how we dress off the field, how we cut our hair are none of the owners' business. What would happen if any other industry levied fines against workers

Super Bowl 1974: Trailing 17-0 but moving for a touch-down, the Minnesota Vikings reach the Miami Dolphins' six-yard line. On fourth down with one yard to go, a vicious tackle by Miami linebacker Nick Buoniconti jars the ball loose from running back Oscar Reed and Jake Scott recovers. The Vikings are finished for the day.

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THIS SEASON'S WINNERS	
AFC Eastern Division:	MIAMI DOLPHINS
AFC Central Division:	PITTSBURGH STEELERS
AFC Western Division:	OAKLAND RAIDERS
AFC Play-offs:	MIAMI DOLPHINS
NFC Eastern Division:	DALLAS COWBOYS
NFC Central Division:	MINNESOTA VIKINGS
NFC Western Division:	LOS ANGELES RAMS
NFC Play-offs:	DALLAS COWBOYS
SUPER BOWL:	DALLAS COWBOYS

THIS SEASON'S TOP ROOKIES		
(In approximate order of immediate value to their teams)		
Waymond Bryant	Linebacker	Chicago Bears
Carl Barzilauskas	Defensive Tackle	New York Jets
Woody Green	Running Back	Kansas City Chiefs
John Hicks	Offensive Guard	New York Giants
Wilbur Jackson	Running Back	San Francisco 49ers
Rick Middleton	Linebacker	New Orleans Saints
Dave Gallagher	Defensive Lineman	Chicago Bears
Bo Matthews	Running Back	San Diego Chargers
Randy Gradishar	Linebacker	Denver Broncos
Steve Corbett	Offensive Guard	New England Patriots
Ed Jones	Defensive End	Dallas Cowboys
Roscoe Word	Kick Returner	New York Jets
Wayne Wheeler	Wide Receiver	Chicago Bears
Don Goode	Linebacker	San Diego Chargers
Billy Corbett	Offensive Tackle	Cleveland Browns
John Dutton	Defensive End	Baltimore Colts
Steve Nelson	Linebacker	New England Patriots
Paul Seal	Tight End	New Orleans Saints
Greg Kindle	Offensive Tackle	St. Louis Cardinals
Roger Carr	Wide Receiver	Baltimore Colts
Greg Gantt	Kicker	New York Jets
Harrison Davis	Wide Receiver	San Diego Chargers
Fred McNeill	Linebacker	Minnesota Vikings
John Smith	Kicker	New England Patriots
Dave Casper	Tight End	Oakland Raiders
Nat Moore	Kick Returner	Miami Dolphins
Barty Smith	Running Back	Green Bay Packers
Ed O'Neil	Linebacker	Detroit Lions
Oliver Alexander	Running Back	Chicago Bears
Alvin Maxson	Running Back	New Orleans Saints
Gerald Tinker	Wide Receiver	Atlanta Falcons

who broke arbitrary company rules or expressed a 'controversial' opinion to the press? Any of a half-dozen Government agencies would haul them into court overnight. Consider the option clause in the player contract, which requires us to work an extra year at a reduced salary after our contract period has expired. Even worse is the 'Rozelle rule,' which drastically inhibits our right to work wherever we please, after we've played out our option, by requiring the team to which we sell our services to compensate our former team for the 'right' to employ us. If that isn't 'indentured servitude, what is it?'

Joe Thomas, the Baltimore Colts' trenchant general manager, stood before the picture window of his penthouse office in Hunt Valley, Maryland, gazing out over the bleak April landscape. Worry lines etched the corners of his eyes.

"Actually," he told us, "the players' freedom demands don't bother me that much. The biggest problem is their financial demands. I think the players do have a right to choose their own lifestyles as long as it doesn't impair their ability to perform on the field and as long as they respect the enormous responsibility of being continually in the public eye. They have a great influence on impressionable kids. I could do without the option clause; I would just sign them to four- instead of three-year contracts. But if the draft is valid—and the Players Association hasn't demanded its abandonment—then the Rozelle rule is valid. The philosophy behind both—a balance of player talent—is the same. The Players Association's money demands, however, would cost the league an extra \$100,000,000 a year and many of its demands are ludicrous. For example, it wants \$5000 for each year of league play as 'adjustment' pay when a player is cut or quits. George Blanda could quit tomorrow and draw \$120,000 severance pay. That would be quite an adjustment, wouldn't it?"

Thus, as we go to press, a long and bitter player strike, beginning with the opening of summer-training camps, seems inevitable. But it's our hunch that when the players have realized one of their most desired, but unstated, objectives—missing much grueling practice under a hot sun—the strike will be settled, giving the players more personal freedom but not much more money.

Although gallons of tears are being shed by Miami fans about the impending departure of Larry Csonka, Paul Warfield and Jim Kiick for the World Football League in 1975, Dolphin rooters need not despair. Miami's superiority to other teams in its conference is frightening and the major reason for the Dolphins' dominance is an offensive line

(continued on page 154)



THOREAU NEVER MENTIONED THE DAMN BUGS!

the trouble with nature is it's all outdoors

humor **By JIM HOUGAN** TWO DAYS after my 30th birthday (candles, bourbon and stretch socks from six different states), death threats started arriving in the mail. They came from friends.

Vince DeWitt—who is only 4/64ths of this story—added the following postscript to an otherwise happy birthday letter: “I don’t like to say anything, Hougan, but people are beginning to talk. They’re using strange,

PAINTING BY JOHN HUNT

vituperative words. Swindle, for instance, and land-grab. Now, don't get me wrong, I love you like a brother and, God knows, I hope I'm not out of line. But unless I get the deed within a week, I'm coming after you with Fletcher Weft at my side."

Fletcher Weft.

The mention of his name extinguishes candles in holy places and sends the thermostat into a nose dive. Fletcher Weft. Sleet, rain, hail, pain and the almshouse—that's what Fletcher Weft means to me.

Which is what he's supposed to mean. He's one of those rock-'n'-roll lawyers who negotiate record contracts for unusual bands on the brink of success or felony charges. This line of work has quite naturally made Fletcher paranoid and irascible as hell. His alarm clock, for instance, is one of those talking Sony jobs that, instead of clanging, coo the sleeper awake with the message of his choice. Fletcher's alarm clock, which springs into action at five A.M. on the dot, says, "Cock-a-doodle-doo, baby . . . sue . . . grab . . . gouge . . . take. . . . Cock-a-doodle-doo, baby . . . sue . . . grab . . . gouge . . . take. . . ." Fletcher thinks it's cute and demonstrates the device for clients and relatives, who are, incidentally, asked to sign accident waivers before they enter his premises. Fletcher says it's a joke, but try to get inside without playing along.

Actually, this had nothing to do with Fletcher Weft. At least, that's what I told DeWitt. "Listen," I wrote, "take the deed, my wife, my camera, my kid and my copy of *Gravity's Rainbow*. Just don't bring that son of a bitch into the discussion." I sent him the deed, figuring he could pick up the other stuff whenever he wanted.

. . .

The deed's the thing.

Specifically, it is the thing that gives me/us/it legal title to that entity which has, over the past five years, come to be known as The Land.

The Land is 200 acres of relatively primeval wilderness situated about four miles northeast of Bucksport, Maine. It is bounded on one side by Moosehorn Stream, on a second side by Route 46, on another side by a logging road and on the fourth side by—

The fourth side is unclear. It seems the surveyor met an untimely death and never completed his measurements. Specifically, he perished at the hands of a hunter from Tenafly, New Jersey, who, upon seeing a bush rustle mightily, thought, "Pheasant!" and drilled the poor bastard before he could establish his human credentials. That's why the survey has two small drops of blood on the west 40 and why the property is described in the deed as "Fenner's Ledge, comprising 150 acres, *more or less*. . . ." (Emphasis mine.)

In fact, the emphasis is Sam Cramer's. As Sam put it when the time to sign the

contract came around, "What's this 'more-or-less' crap? C'mon, Pete, tell me what this more-or-less crap is all about."

Pete is Peter Gilman, the realtor who sold us The Land when we still merely thought of it as "the land." We trusted Pete because he has a red, white and blue down-East accent and because he stutters terrifically. I guess we figured that anyone who stuttered couldn't possibly be a hustler. I mean, it took him so long to get a sentence out, he couldn't afford to lie about anything. His words had to be too precious for deception.

"W-www-w-well, b-b-b-boys, we really don't know. N-n-n-not exactly. Surveyor c-c-caught it at point b-b-blank range. Died before he could t-t-talk. Terrible th-th-th-th-thing, in point of f-f-fact."

I was willing to let the matter drop (the tension in his speech was nerve-racking), but Sam pressed on (Sam is from New York).

"OK, but I thought you said it was two hundred acres. It says here in the deed that it's only a hundred and fifty acres."

"M-mmm-more or less."

"Yeah, right: more or less."

"It's m-m-mm-m-more."

"Then why does it say it might be less?"

Pete winked. "Property taxes," he explained.

Sam and I looked at each other and nodded knowingly. "Property taxes," we chuckled. "Of course. Goddamn property taxes."

If I remember rightly, we slapped old Pete on the back.

. . .

This story actually begins in Greece. That's where the seeds of this story lie.

My beautiful bride and I were living simply (without electricity) on an Aegean island and writing dark verses in which the moon, the sea and the collapse of civilization figured prominently. That was 1967 and the collapse was due round about 1980.

At the time, it looked as if there were almost no time left. America's doom was what philosophers sometimes call a given. Natural resources nearly exhausted. Currency unstable. Prices rising. Domestic conflict spreading from the ghetto to the campus to the slurbs. A panoply of ecological disasters on the horizon. Nixon in the wings, ferocious with ambition. Megalopolis. Megaton. Meat analogs. Right-wing mania. Carcinogenic food additives. Protective reaction strikes. Oil spills. Automobile take-over. Vietnam. *The Sound of Music*. Gypsy moths. Junk food, junk furniture and junk junk. Dutch elm disease. Population explosion. Credibility gap. Technology berserk. Depression. Famine. Decadence. Catastrophe. And death. Indeed, it seemed as if beyond the New Frontier lay the Stone Age.

Anyway, that's the way I saw it from Mykonos. As I remarked to my wife, quoting Lenin, "What is to be done?"

And she replied, without a moment's hesitation, "We've got to get it together."

She was right, of course. In fact, I suppose 10,000,000 people, more or less, came to the same conclusion via the same analysis as we did, and about the same time. Getting it together became, on a popular level, the biggest national priority since the Louisiana Purchase. Individual solutions, of course, differed vastly. For some, getting it together meant Buckminster Fuller, and for others it meant the guru Maharishi. Others turned to Colombia, vanishing in search of the \$1,000,000 coke connection, while tens of thousands tattooed themselves to death or dementia with Biphedamine this and dimethyl that. Some learned to chant and others learned to scream, primarily. Brown rice got a few, and so did the automata at the Progressive Labor Party. But for us, getting it together meant . . . stereo in the woods.

It was my wife's idea. Why don't we get it together with a bunch of friends and buy some unspoiled land somewhere? Start a community—with a defensible perimeter—away from the smog, future-rush, poisoned food, depression, death and catastrophe? Grow radishes and keep cows. We could have dozens of kids and never send them to school. Shapiro has his doctorate in history and he could teach them. And DeWitt. DeWitt could teach them impossible scales and benevolent chords. That's all they'd need to know: history, music and the evolution of radishes.

And, when the final technoeccological spasm dismembered the remainder of civilization, we could secede and establish the Artists & Writers Dope Co-op for Self-Defense. After the revolution, we would all have a horse, a dog, a cat and manure on the bottom of our shoes.

And if catastrophe should cheat us by failing to arrive, we'd still have a tidy little real-estate investment in prime recreation land. Whatever happened, we'd be covered.

We wrote to everyone we knew. We put it to them fairly, tempering our private enthusiasm with objectivity.

Did they want to die a slow adrenal death from the concussive effects of an exploding population or did they want to ensure, for themselves and their loved ones, an eternity among sylvan glades, coping daily with manageable challenges and thriving in an atmosphere of brotherhood and epiphany? The choice was theirs. All they had to do at this stage was to promise \$1000 when the money was needed.

The responses fell into two general categories. The first category was composed of letters from friends who had, it seemed, a pathological fear of death by tick. As one demurrer, from a friend living on the Lower East Side, put it: "You can be walking through the forest, a tick lands on your head, sucks the blood out



John Dempsley

"I'll give you three good reasons. First, you're too old for me. Second, I'm going steady. And third, Uncle Harry, . . ."

of your neck, and you're dead in a matter of minutes. When they find you, you're nothing but a dried husk, a cocoon rolled by the wind through fields of poison ivy. Ticks," the letter explained, "are like crab lice, except that, gorged on human blood, they can grow to a length of 18 inches and reach the height of a dachshund (though this is rare)."

The letters in the second category were more enthusiastic. Steve Shapiro, fresh from grad school and unemployed, wrote a stinging critique of private property but promised his every dime. So did another friend, who'd just returned, disillusioned, from a foundation-sponsored mass vasectomy program in India ("To tell you the truth, I've become a *coitus interruptus* man"). Two girls I'd known in college actually sent personal checks for \$1000 each. I have no idea where they got the money or why they trusted me with it.

But with letters exchanged and some money in hand, the scheme took on its own momentum. Sam Cramer, who writes detective novels and does a terrific imitation of Maurice Stans, agreed to spend a month in Maine "scouting around" for property.

Our requirements were reasonably well defined. We wanted a minimum of 20 acres per person as close to the sea as our budget would afford. There had to be a road bordering the land and, if there was water on the property, we had to have all the relevant rights. And the mineral rights. We didn't want to awaken some morning to find a strip mine growing around the greenhouse.

The greenhouse. An essential part of the fantasy. After the beerskeller, recording studio, sauna, houses, maze, bowling green and corral would come the greenhouse. And in it we would grow wild herbs, flowers and the ultimate hybrid answer to Panama Red, tons of it flourishing ever upward in scientifically prepared soil. Sequoias of robustly flowering hallucination.

Indeed, our plans for The Land developed along mythic lines that transcended the ordinary dimensions of preutopian reality. On an ego trip measured in light-years I came to think of myself as an amalgamated avatar of Joseph Smith, Christopher Wren and the entire Lewis and Clark Expedition. I would take my *compañeros* into the woods and we would wait out Armageddon in all the bucolic elegance that prudence and a wind-driven stereo set could provide.

What I didn't want to do was to establish a commune. My only experiences with communal living had been unpleasant. It seems to me that communes are inevitably low-rent affairs, doomed by the exigencies of household chores, dishwashing and the defenestration of Kitty Litter. No matter how compatible the

people are, nor how good their intentions, the most savage aggressions emerge when it becomes obvious that some son of a bitch is not doing his or her fair share of the dishes. Or consuming unjustifiable amounts of milk.

To succeed, a commune must be composed of humanoids totally devoid of eccentricities or bad habits. If we established a commune in Maine, it would be only a short time before some communitard insensitively suggested that my addiction to Marlboros and Tuborg constituted an unhealthy strain on the collective budget. I'd be forced to counter that Ms. X spent at least as much on hair conditioners, rinses and shampoos—stupid vanities. And what about DeWitt? Unlike the rest of us, who were, in barely varying degrees, on the edge of bankruptcy, he had music royalties arriving regularly. Would he gladly share his income with those less fortunate than he? He would not. Touch one dime and you'd have Fletcher West descending in a *Mystère* jet with Federal marshals on his flanks.

No, we'd have a *community* rather than a commune. Everyone would be financially independent and responsible for his or her own scene, except in matters relating to the general weal—such as property taxes, legal fees, surveying and the establishment of a water and drainage system. The expenses would be shared equally.

• • •

But how do you find a site for utopia? Our budget was limited (about \$8000) and, for the time being, mostly theoretical. We knew, moreover, that once the land was obtained, it would be some while—perhaps years—before we could disengage ourselves from our city lives and, with money we'd have saved, move to the woods and settle down in houses we'd have built by ourselves.

We chose to look in Maine for a variety of reasons. It was physically beautiful, coastal and within striking distance of Boston and New York. At the same time, it was not within the spreading megalopolitan area of what might be called New Bosadelphia. Maine's population was less than 1,000,000, and declining, so the land was inexpensive. The people who remained placed a higher value on environmental beauty than on second cars and good television reception.

It was Sam who found what became The Land and summoned us back from Greece. He'd spent \$300 and a month in rooming houses on the Maine coast before locating a property that conformed to both our budget and our whims.

The place he found was within a rough triangle defined by the esoteric coordinates of Bangor, Ellsworth and Bucksport. The Penobscot Bay reaches up into that triangle and then branches into a complex of tidal marshes, rivers, streams, lakes and duck ponds surrounded

by forests. It's an underpopulated region fringed with moldering resorts, collapsed mansions and dying industries. The people tend to be either rich or poor.

We met Sam in the Jordan House (four dollars per night in winter) and, after an evening of cigars and excited conversation, spent the next day checking out The Land.

Actually, we didn't see the ground itself. A foot of snow had fallen prettily the day before and everything was blanketed in white. On snowshoes borrowed from the electric company, we trod the acreage, singing boisterously to warn off any hunters who might be in the neighborhood. Moving with the dexterity of giraffes wearing motorboats on their feet, we pointed at cloven tracks and fumet, making knowledgeable remarks about their origins.

"Bear."

"Or deer."

"They look fresh, too."

"Could be rats. Or tick tracks."

"No, too big for tick. Probably deer."

The Land itself was impressive. Huge and quiet, jammed with trees of every kind and size. There were caves and, where the stream bent, a swimming hole sheltered by red pines. In the middle of the property was a meadow the size of a football field and, off in one corner, down by the county road, a marsh stippled with alders. The stream—our southern boundary—was 40 feet wide, deep, icy, clean, clear and crossed in two places by wooden bridges. The ground sloped gradually up from the stream (Thoreau mentioned a stream with the same name in *The Maine Woods*) to the undefined northern boundary, a boulder-strewn ledge that towers over the surrounding countryside. The view from the ledge had all the characteristics of a Grandma Moses painting—church steeples and barns, snowy hills and forests receding toward the ocean. It was, in fact, an almost sentimental view, a postcard vision of New England *Genesis*. But what might have been unacceptable in art was perfect in nature. We decided to buy it.

• • •

There were last-minute hassles as we made the money arrangements by telephone. One of our number dropped out with the announcement that he needed his money for tuition. Someone else took his place. DeWitt suddenly announced he wanted only a half share—\$500 worth—and this necessitated an extra commitment by three others. But, in one way or another, the money required arrived at the bank in time for the transfer ceremony.

Pete Gilman said we were making the best decision of our lives. "Just wait'll you s-s-s-see the p-p-property in the s-s-s-summer, boys, when everything is in b-b-b-b-bloom!"

Indeed, the only disquieting note was



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sounded by the local lawyer we hired to do the title search.

"How much you say you're paying?" he asked.

"About forty dollars an acre," we said with smirks.

"What's on it? A gold mine?"

"Uhhh, no. Just trees."

"Well, what's the house like? Pretty fair condition?"

"There's no house. Just, uhhh, trees."

"Just trees," the lawyer repeated, residual skepticism draining from his voice.

"Yes."

"Just a bunch of trees." He said it with dull finality.

"Does it sound like we're paying too much?"

"Well, let's just say it looks like old Pete has struck again."

Our hearts sank. The room grew still. Our lawyer seemed to be lost in meditation, swiveling lethargically in his chair.

Finally, he sprang to his feet and rushed to a map on the wall. "Come here and take a look at this," he said, "just

take a gander at *this* little baby. You have any idea in hell what *this* could be?" His knuckles rapped topographical lines.

We took a gander and shook our heads.

"Betcherass you don't! Not a notion in hell." He returned to his chair, sank into it and removed his glasses. After a pause so pregnant that I was about to leave in search of a midwife, the lawyer said, "That could be the biggest goddamn aluminum smelter in the Western Hemisphere. The biggest, *bar none*. I've had talks," he said, "with Alcoa." When he mentioned Alcoa, his voice sank reverentially and his eyebrows rose to form a seagull's shape with his widow's peak. "With Alcoa," he repeated, voice suddenly hoarse.

I had visions of The Land smothering in the midst of an American Ruhr Valley, a wasteland bristling with smokestacks and choking on slag. "My God," I said, "we've got to stop them." I felt sick.

"Stop them?! Do you realize how much

money there is to be made? Do you have any idea? Why, the amount would be . . . would be . . . *untold!*" He paused for breath and effect. "But it won't happen. And do you know why?"

We shook our heads.

"The environmentalists," he hissed. "The whole Rockefeller-*Washington Post*-Ralph Nader crowd down in Bar Harbor. They've put the kibosh on it. But I'll tell you something: It won't always be like that."

"It won't?"

"No. And that's where I hope you boys will come in."

. . .

As it turned out, his hopes were short-lived and in vain. What the lawyer proposed was for us to join him in securing a ten-year option to buy on the property that will someday house the biggest aluminum smelter in the Western Hemisphere. When the environmental nuts are routed—"Progress waits for no man," we were told—we could sell the option for incredible wealth estimated at ten times our original investment. All we had to do was put up our \$8000 and our lawyer would start "talks" with Alcoa.

We declined and he charged us \$400 to do a simple title search that showed The Land had been in the same family since George III bestowed it on Charles Fenner. I didn't know whether to pay him or to get a warrant for his arrest, but, to keep the thing amicable, I paid him.

Matters did not get simpler by virtue of ownership. By the time we signed the contract, two of us had paid \$1000, two of us \$1125, two of us \$500, one of us \$1250 and one of us \$1500. The individual amounts were proportional to the cultural pessimism of the contributor rather than to his income. As it happened, our wealthiest contributor chipped in the least money—a potential source of bitterness, that, but more immediate problems had priority over potential ones.

The new deed, for instance, could not reflect the degrees of ownership—that would have to await a complete survey and subdivision of The Land. In the meantime, to obviate the need for eight signatures on each document pertaining to the property, the title would be held in my name alone.

This was madness. As Shapiro put it, on learning of the arrangement, "Now, let me see if I've got this straight, Hougan. I gave you \$1125 to buy the land so we could hold it in common and build a community on it—and you come back from Maine with a deed that's got only one name on it. And that name, lo and behold, is yours. Now, that doesn't look good. I mean, on the face of it, and all things being equal, it doesn't look good at all. In fact, it looks like a felony and I want you to know I'm calling the bunko squad."

The other contributors reacted in much the same way. As soon as they saw



LEO GAREL

"Marriage is just not my bag, but I'll put you on a one-month retainer with options for renewal."

the lone name on the deed, they got silly smiles on their faces and reached for the telephone.

"I underestimated you," DeWitt said. "I thought I was dealing with Dr. Spock and it turns out I've got Augie March on my hands. I think I'd better call Fletcher —"

"DeWitt, listen to me, you've got me all wrong. It's a matter of convenience—"

"No, no, no, it's OK, I'm just calling him to check things out. It could be perfectly normal, for all I know. But my rule is that if something happens with money that isn't allowed in Monopoly, get on the phone to Weft, Cohen, Weft, and Polanski. And, as far as I know, this isn't covered in the rules. I mean, a few days ago, I had ten percent of Boardwalk—right?—and today I can't even get a room on Baltic Avenue. So I'd better call."

Weft—"Call me Fletch, for Chrissake! We're on the same side of the table, aren't we?"—was relatively conciliatory over the telephone.

"All we really need out of you, Hougan, is an affidavit stating your legal intent—in other words, that you're holding the property as a proxy for everyone else."

"OK."

"And a will, of course."

"A will?"

"Yes, it's very important."

"What are you talking about? A will! I'm twenty-five! I'm in my prime! Listen"—with the phone next to my chest, I thumped the latter—"you hear that?"

"Yes. What was it?"

"My chest. I hit my chest."

"Well, that's what I mean. You've gotta be careful. Sixty percent of all accidents take place in the home. And if something happens to you, God forbid, I at least want my client to have the consolation of knowing that he's covered."

"I don't *want* to make out a will. It's like building a voodoo doll of yourself."

Eventually, in the course of a long phone call, Fletch turned into Fletcher and Fletcher into Weft. His conversation lapsed more and more often into Latin, until I gave up.

"OK, Weft, OK. I'll make out a will. But if anything happens to me, I want you to know it's on your head. Coincidences like these are always happening to me. I think of somebody and I get a letter from him the next day. I make out a will and—"

"Terrific! Have it in the mail by Monday: You never know. And remember: It's *Fletch*. We're on the same side of the table, for Chrissake!"

My Grecian fantasy was obviously getting out of hand. My best friends (nay, my *flock*) suspected that I'd conned them out of their life savings. To convince them otherwise required not just my word but a sworn affidavit appended



to my last will and testament. Being my friends was not enough; they demanded to be my beneficiaries as well.

And so they were, or thought they were. I made out the will as required and mailed it to Weft. But shortly thereafter, in a fit of pique, I made out a second will to supersede the first. In this latter will, I left the entirety of Fenner's Ledge to the Salvation Army with the prayer that it should establish a halfway house for "notorious women" native to Maine. If something happened to me, my friends would have reason to regret their mistrust and true cause for mourning.

• • •

Two years passed and when, despite the existence of the wills, I had not been struck down by freak accident, disease or contractual murder, I tried to contrive a way in which each of us could hold separate title to that portion of the property that was our separate due. Since nothing had been built on The Land since we'd acquired it, I began to suspect that people felt a natural reluctance to invest further money and energy in property to which they held no clear and legal title.

But how do you divide 150 acres (more or less) into 64 parts—the number required by virtue of the different amounts that we each contributed?

A survey of sufficient complexity would require Federal funding, helicopters and the entire staff of *National Geographic*. Some contributors, moreover, wanted direct access to the county road, proximity to the ledge and abutment on the stream. Others wanted Caves & Stream, Road & Caves and Road, Caves, & Ledge. It was impossible. Unless one introduced tunnels, cloverleaves and a

monorail, there was no way to gerrymander the map in such a way that everyone would get both the acreage due him and the points of interest he required.

Nevertheless, I persisted in the notion that a map could be drawn to meet our requirements. And, with the use of Möbius strips, such a map was drawn, though there seemed to be no way in which it could be translated into reality without the intervention of antigravitational technology.

Such is the feral strength of our belief in private property.

For a year and more I tortured my mind, burning out brain cells right and left in a doomed quest to discover a way in which we could all hold legal title to our lots in life. My living room became a litter bin of geographical surveys, crumpled graph papers, compasses, protractors, rulers and drafting equipment of every description. When I was not plotting the ultimate map, I was drawing floor plans of The House I would build on The Land "next year."

No two plans were ever alike, though they had certain features in common. All of them, for instance, had at least one bathroom the size of a basketball court and living rooms so large that Saint Bernards would have to be stationed midway between the couch and the fireplace to rescue voyagers on the way to the kitchen. While none of these houses had closets, many of them had billiard rooms, libraries, drawing rooms, darkrooms, solariums and pantries ample enough to accommodate a women's handball game. Six thousand square feet was nothing where these imaginary houses were concerned. I was confident that, with local

materials and help from my beneficiaries (as I now thought of them), we could erect mansions in a matter of weeks for less than the price of a good new car. The whole secret, as I repeatedly told my wife, lay in the use of rough-sawn pine and something I called "local stone." As I later learned, the local stone was mica. Have you ever tried to build with mica?

While I deliberated over the site and layout of my New England mausoleum, my friends were not idle. Over the period of a year, each visited Maine to gather impressions of his property.

Those impressions conformed to the seasons. Those who went in winter returned with visions of Xanadu, as I had. Those who went in fall and spring expressed reservations about the wild state of the property but remained enthusiastic. "Just needs a little straightening out," was a typical comment.

Steve Shapiro visited The Land in late July and reported his observations in a two-a.m. phone call. I remember it well.

"Hougan! Wake up! It's Shapiro!"

"Great, how are you?"

"Terrible. I've been eaten alive. I'm dying."

"Where are you?"

"The Land. I saw The Land today. I got lost. Hougan, it's terrible . . . a monster. My skin is falling off."

"Get a grip on yourself. What are you talking about?"

"The Land, goddamn it, The Land! It's a death trap. Snakes, spiders, wasps, mosquitoes in clouds like thunderheads.

It's a garden of poison ivy!"

"Uhhh, what did you think of the view?"

"What view? You can't see anything. You can't see two feet in that jungle. It's like the lower Zambesi. I hacked my way to the top of the ledge and . . . and . . . nothing. Nothing at all."

"Look, it just needs a little straightening out."

"Straightening out?!"

"Yeah, that's all. A little thinning. Listen, did you see the stream? Whaddya think of old Moosehorn Stream?"

"You mean Dead River?"

"No, I don't mean Dead River. What's this Dead River crap?"

"That's what the locals call it—Dead River. We saw it, all right. I almost puked. It just sits there. It doesn't move at all. Just sits there like green oatmeal, patrefying."

"Shapiro, for Chrissake, it's a trout stream!"

"Trout stream? Nothing could live in that mess. It would kill Godzilla. Hougan, you haven't seen it in summer. You don't know what it's like. It's vicious. God knows what's evolving in that slime! And the mosquitoes! They could carry off children in their beaks."

"You're exaggerating."

"We've been burned."

"What?"

"We've been burned!"

"Steve, believe me, you're getting hysterical. All the place needs is a little straightening out and someday it'll be a great place to raise kids."

"Kids! The place isn't fit for a colony of soldier ants, let alone kids."

"You're hysterical."

"We've been burned. Goodbye. I'm getting gamma-globulin shots."

"Shapiro—"

"I'm getting gamma-globulin shots. Goodbye."

. . .

Shapiro's "Summer Report from the Dead River and Environs" was confirmed by others: The property was an agricultural nightmare, a botanical Frankenstein's monster.

Since its ownership now suggested more culpability than opportunity, our plans for sophisticated surveys and separate deeds were jettisoned. We decided to diminish individual responsibility for ownership by forming a corporation. On a whim, we named the corporation Mammoth-Steelboom & Amalgamated Forklift Company, Inc.

Mammoth-Steelboom, as it was affectionately called, was incorporated on October 4, 1971. The incorporation papers cost \$250 and were worth every cent. For that sum we received 64 stock certificates, a wad of legalese and a really keen corporate seal with the company name surrounding a large question mark flanked by aphids rampant. We wanted to have the company motto ("*Caveat emptor*") embossed on the seal, but there wasn't room.

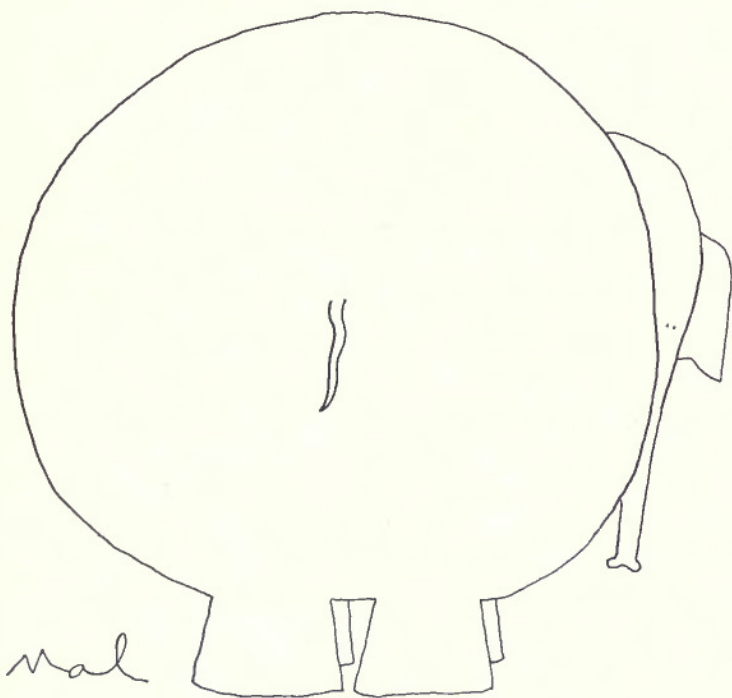
My first act as president of M.S. & A.F. was to sign over the property deed for one dollar and "other valuable considerations." The other valuable considerations were my peace of mind.

The Land thereby became the corporation's only asset. Each investor was given one share of common stock for each \$125 he or she had invested. Each shareholder automatically became a member of the board of directors and, of course, an indirect owner of The Land.

The advantages to this scheme were many. Besides getting to play around with the corporate seal and to flourish the impressive stock certificates, members of the corporation were protected.

That is, The Land was held by no single individual. All members of the corporation had equal access to, and all the rights of, the whole property. If someone wanted to build a house, he could do so anywhere on The Land, leasing the acre beneath the house for one dollar per year with a 99-year lease (renewable). All construction had to be approved by a majority of the shareholders (a formality that ensured none of us would ever build a Dairy Queen) and those wanting to sell their shares had to offer them to other shareholders before going to the open market (thereby curbing any speculative impulses that someone might harbor).


The act of incorporation effectively solved all our real-estate problems.



mal



"My God! . . . Can't I take you anyplace without your embarrassing me?!"



**Ahh, the beach
and a Black & White.
What could be
better?**

**Finding
the owner of
a lost bikini.
Arf. Arf.**

popular dogs
the dog news digest

though residual personality conflicts surfaced at the end of M.S.&A.F.'s first year. In a board-room struggle waged in the darkest corners of the White Horse Tavern, I was—there's no other word for it—purged from the presidency for what DeWitt and Shapiro termed my "flagrant disregard of corporate assets and insensitive public-relationsmongering aimed at establishing a personality cult."

By these accusations they meant that, in a moment of inebriated *élan*, I'd broken the corporate seal while attempting to frank my record collection with the M.S.&A.F. insignia. This was, while true, relatively insignificant: I replaced the seal at a cost of \$6.95. The charge that was more difficult to rebut was the one about my "insensitive public-relationsmongering."

What that accusation referred to was a lamentable news article published in the *Bucksport-Bangor Bugle Telegram*, a bi-weekly news sheet distributed to 750 residents in the vicinity of our land. DeWitt and Shapiro suggested that my choice of name for the corporation was unfortunate and provocative. The article to which they referred is herewith reprinted in its entirety:

MAMMOTH-STEELBOOM
TO LOCATE HERE!

By Nellie P. Style,
Staff Correspondent

(AUGUSTA)—The state's attorney general's office announced today that Mammoth-Steelboom & Amalgamated Forklift Company, Inc. has filed papers to relocate its national headquarters in Bucksport next year.

While Mammoth-Steelboom's chief executive officer, recluse Wisconsin industrialist J. R. Hougan (*above*), could not be reached for comment, state labor-department officials privately expressed hopes that the construction giant's move to Bucksport will alleviate the area's worsening employment problems. Just how many jobs Mammoth-Steelboom will create is so far unknown, but the town's aldermen are confidently predicting a new vitality for the old community. As Bucksport alderman Henry Collier told this reporter, "Happy days are here again!"

"Above" was a photograph of the "recluse industrialist" replete with bow tie and pompadour, a picture taken for my high school yearbook more than ten years before and one that has haunted me ever since. It was a photo taken when the world still turned at 45 rpm. It hinted broadly of Clearasil, loose-leaf binders, penny loafers and the most reluctant virginity ever endured. Looking at it, my hand instinctively brushed my cheek—site of so many bacterial battles—and in the back of my head, a band the size

of percussive rendition of *Bony Maronie*.

I remembered the words compulsively and with about as much enthusiasm as might otherwise have been summoned by a reminiscence of past root-canal work, a tax audit or a freeway collision in which everyone was killed. And, no matter how much I resisted, for days afterward my mind bumbled—exactly like a broken record—the inane formula:

*I've got a girl called Bony Maronie,
She's as skinny as a stick-of-macaroni!*

It was as if I'd contracted an upper-mental infection, a condition that aggravated my loss of office and the corporate seal. The more I tried to shake the song, the more firmly it gripped; it seemed that I could do nothing without the tune's banging away at my consciousness. Even my dreams suffered its dreadful accompaniment.

And so I concluded my 30th year: a documented recluse industrialist and deposed construction king, a man whose adolescence wouldn't leave him alone, a sort of utopian James Ling operating exclusively in an imagination obsessed by the throb of four-four time.

• • •

While I moped in this self-pitying state, The Land reached a kind of fruition. After more than five years of hassling crowned by Shapiro's *coup d'état* at Mammoth-Steelboom, we decided to bury the hatchet. In The Land.

The idea was to build a common structure, a facility that each of us could use whenever we visited Maine. It was hoped that by working together with our hands, we'd renew amity, stimulate further development and create, as DeWitt put it, "the kind of place Fred Astaire might visit in times of political crisis."

Accordingly, we each took leave of work, gathered whatever tools we had and journeyed to Maine for a summertime house-raising. Sam, who said he'd built a bookcase in 1968, was the logical choice as construction boss, and, considering the others' lack of expertise, he performed admirably. At least he correctly identified a wing nut on two occasions that I personally know of, and at no time did he allow the beer to go flat or disappear.

The house we decided to build—my own designs were rejected as "premature"—was budgeted at \$2600, a figure that seemed reasonable in view of free labor, a reliance upon local materials and the structure's simple design.

Our insistence, however, upon using stone and wood harvested from our own property made a difficult job dangerous. After three weeks of attacking the forest with machetes, axes, chain saws and, at one point, tire irons and bicycle chains, the score stood:

The 27 were mostly red pines, identified by their distinctive needles and cones, but the number also included at least one telephone pole, identified by its distinctive wires. The 16 was a mixed bag of anatomical parts sacrificed to the Tool God in His manifestation as Hammer and Saw.

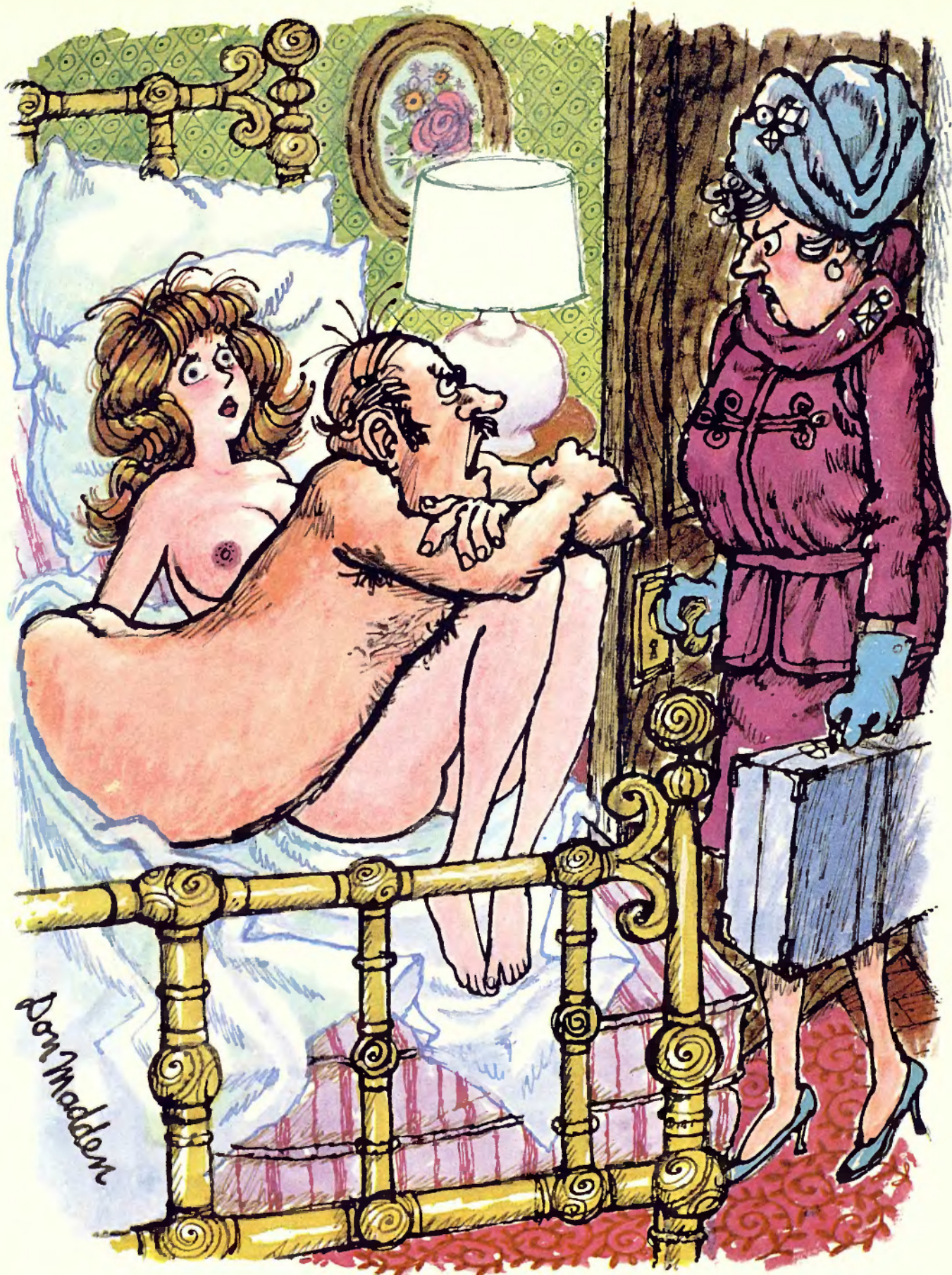
Architecturally, the dwelling that resulted defies conventional analysis, though DeWitt is correct when he says that it somehow suggests "early dust bowl or late Gogol." In fact, the cabin is a rather standard two-room affair, an edifice that brags of having been hewn from the woods that surround it. Massive pine logs rise from a modest stone foundation to create a rectangular living space that is, according to our handbook, of the sort much admired by impoverished families of the Great Depression.

If the structure lacks a certain panache, the fault is not so much with the design as with the execution. In our enthusiasm as master builders, we neglected to let the logs season. As a result, they dried out in place, shrinking a little here, a lot there and none at all in the vicinity of the telephone pole. The over-all effect of this process was to make trapezoids of all the doors and windows and to cause the beams to thrust out in space at crazy angles and uneven distances. Indeed, the cabin looks as if it had seen a ghost, a metaphor to which DeWitt alluded when he remarked, "I get the feeling that our beams are standing on end, if you know what I mean." And I did.

There is a dust-bowl ambience to the place, a depleted pizzazz that speaks of inbreeding, corn likker, rickets and the Good Book. It is a place that seems to have been created expressly as an environment for hating "Darwin and everything he stands for."

Sitting in the bunk room, contemplating the floor's way of undulating toward the kitchen, I try to summon a sense of pride, an exultation at ownership. "It may not be much," I keep telling myself, "but it's mine. I built it with my own two hands. With these two hands I wrested shelter from the forest primeval. Where before there was nought but wilderness, today there is this." And so on, through all the clichés of rugged individualism. And yet, even with its inaccuracies, the pep talk is inadequate to its task.

What has been wrested from the forest primeval is a *hovel*, not a shelter. An architectural page ripped from *The Hellstrom Chronicle*, the structure is neither aesthetically pleasing nor functional. A weekend within its porous walls is a time devoted to mending sleeves torn on nails rippling with tetanus, freezing sojourns to the outhouse and incredible, paranoid battles in the dark with spiders the size of a baby's fist. Where the roof was to have



"Certainly, I can explain this—I didn't expect you back from Albany until the day after tomorrow!"

formed the topmost part of an A, the beams have thrust in a direction that causes our neighbors to speak sardonically of the first "K-frame." The tradition in which we follow is not so much one of rugged individualism as of voluntary poverty incompetently executed on weekends.

And yet, despite all this, the cabin exerts an irresistible attraction. It pulls us away from the cities with astonishing regularity and we arrive at its warped front door, separately or together, bearing gifts: stained glass for the windows, rugs for the floor, a weaving, a painting, a broom, a Franklin stove. Odds and ends accumulate. There is talk of plumbing, and Shapiro arrives late in the autumn with a load of weathered barn boards and insulation.

Suddenly, The Land has a center. The cabin imposes a ramshackle order on the woods. Its hazardous angularity shapes the wilderness around it. A track begins to form and, before the trees are wholly bare, there is a path leading to its door.

Inside, a party, music and conversation, the tinkle of ice in jelly glasses. Sam, standing in the smoke and firelight, surveys the dilapidation of the cabin. Looking around, he rocks gently back and forth, swayed by the breeze of whiskey he has consumed. His eyes are crossed by opposite emotions: Self-pity and tragic triumph alternate in each.

"You OK?" I ask.

He smiles with the pathos of Stan Laurel, putting an arm around my shoulder, whether for support or from affection isn't clear. "To you," he says, raising his glass. "It was all your idea. There was nothing here and, by God, look at it now."

We do.

"Well," Sam adds, his glass still held high, "all I can say is—and I mean this sincerely—Hougan, may all your ties be facial."

"Yeah," I reply. "Who says nobody lives happily ever after?"



"I can handle the snow, the rain and the heat, but I make damn sure I get the hell out of this neighborhood before the gloom of night sets in."

COWARD'S ALMANAC

(continued from page 89)

- Fear of not being sure what a chromosome is
- Fear of thinking a Chromosome is Zenith's new picture tube

March 22

Second day of spring

March 25

The Coward's Guide to Dining Out:

Fear of mispronouncing the name of a Greek dish so that the waiter thinks you have called him "the son of a 60-year-old prostitute"

March 30

Thought for the day:

That one-in-a-billion shot will occur today! No, you won't win the Irish Sweepstakes. A secretary on the 102nd floor of the Empire State Building will drop her lipstick out the window, striking you squarely on the head at the speed of an M-16 bullet.

April 6

One of the best-kept medical secrets of our day: *Everything* gives white mice cancer.

May 3

Today, being somewhere in the middle of Taurus, is Fear of Astrology Day

Astrological fears:

- Fear of astrology
- Fear of two strogies
- Fear of any number of strogies
- Fear of your moon's being in someone else's house
- Fear of Venus not making pencils
- Fear of Mercury poisoning
- Fear of Jupiter aligning with Mars and being unable to get a decent picture on your TV for the next 1000 years
- Fear of heavenly bodies' refusing to go out with you

May 4

The Coward's Hall of Shame:

Mantan Moreland—for playing the jittery, popeyed houseboy in all those old Charlie Chan movies and for saying, "Feets, do yo' stuff."

May 5

May 5-11 is National Insect Electrocutation Week

May 11

Double-Fear Day:

- Fear of not signing your name the same way every time
- Fear of looking different from your picture

June 1

Fight the Filthy Fly Month:

If there is a mosquito buzzing you in your bedroom when you're trying to sleep, your best bet is to quickly enlist in the Navy and ask to be stationed at Point Barrow, Alaska, where, if he has any sense at all, the mosquito will not follow you.

July 5

The Just-a-Minutemen, a patriotic, moderate, passive, militant group, was founded on this date in 1967.

Some facts about the Just-a-Minute-men:

- Flag: Yellow door mat with coiled worm and motto: TREAD ON ME.
- Slogan: "Let me think it over and call you back sometime."

August 19

Fear of Television Day:

No matter how far you sit from your TV, you will still get radiation poisoning. After all, if you're far enough from your TV, you'll start getting poisoned by your neighbor's TV.

In addition to the X radiation coming from the set's high-voltage supply, there are also gamma rays, infrared rays, electron beams, light rays and other dangerous electromagnetic threats coming from various parts of your television set.

George LeSpart of the World's Finest Television Manufacturing Corporation, Manufacturer of the World's Finest Televisions, claims that there is absolutely no danger to the set owner who follows the prescribed safety procedures. "If you stay at least 50 feet from your set," says LeSpart, "and wear the proper protective clothing, the worst that can happen to you is that you'll be sterilized. Of course, we haven't analyzed the long-term effects yet."

November 10

While Kuru, or laughing sickness, afflicts only the Fore tribe of eastern New Guinea, it is 100 percent fatal. When was the last time you checked to be sure that you have no lineage from the Fore tribe of eastern New Guinea?

November 30

Your Zip Code contains a hidden meaning. You will probably never discover it.

December 3

The Coward's Book Club selection: *Fear Without Childbirth*

December 7

In 1941, the Japanese military, realizing that America could be caught off guard on Pearl Harbor Day, bombed Pearl Harbor.

December 10

The face you see in the mirror this morning will not be your own.

December 11

The Coward's Consultant:

Dear Sir: I'm a junior in college, and my friends keep calling me chicken because I don't want to use pot or LSD. What should I do?—With It

Dear Mr. It: As I see it, you have two choices. Develop a Christ complex (study Billy Graham's books for *modus operandi*) or walk directly into a wall, mumbling "Far out" as you do so. Either way, your friends will feel certain you're onto something stronger than they've got. Incidentally, a reasonably safe drug is amino acid. Ask your druggist.

December 16

"Any coward can fight a battle when he's sure of winning; but give me the man who has the pluck to fight when he's sure

of losing. That's my way, sir; and there are many victories worse than defeat."

—GEORGE ELIOT IN *Janet's Repentance*
George Eliot was a woman.

December 29

"Even paranoids have real enemies."

—A GENERALLY ACCEPTED TRUTH

Basic fears:

- Fear of biting down on a scrap of tin foil
- Fear of screaming "Fire!" in a crowded theater
- Fear of going into advertising
- Fear of not finding footnotes
- Fear of stepping up to a bank teller on the spur of the moment and writing a holdup note on your deposit slip
- Fear of losing your mind
- Fear of being unable to keep from ripping off your clothes in the public library
- Fear of coffee's being spilled on you by a stewardess and having to marry the girl
- Fear of having accomplished nothing significant by the age of 30
- Fear of having accomplished nothing by the age of 40

- Fear of accomplishing something not worth accomplishing
- Fear of falling into a hole in the fourth dimension and being lost forever
- Fear of your car's horn's blowing at a funeral and being unable to stop it
- Fear of being prosecuted by district attorney Jim Garrison for Kennedy's assassination
- Fear of cutting your finger on the flap of an envelope
- Fear of latent homosexuality
- Fear of latent heterosexuality
- Fear of latent bisexuality
- Fear of latent asexuality
- Fear of falling in love with Martha Mitchell
- Fear of not fearing the number 13, black cats, cracked mirrors, open umbrellas in the house, shoes or hats on a bed, spilled salt, etc.
- Fear of eating a potato *knish* spiked with LSD
- Fear of falling over backward
- Fear of marrying your long-lost mother



"Now the press won't have Louis the Sixteenth to kick around anymore."

ATMOSPHERE PEOPLE

(continued from page 90)

it's officially called about a quarter to one, he's already halfway down the stairs and he winds up eighth in line, right behind Bob, at the chow wagon, which he calls the roach coach. During lunch at one of the long picnic tables set up by the caterers under the grandstand, Otis, Bob and several of their friends swap anecdotes about some of the funny experiences they've had. Otis tells about a *Marcus Welby* episode in which he played an artist. "We were on location in Santa Monica," he says, "shooting on a walkway where the company had set up an art show. Some of us were artists and some of us were just looking at the exhibit. During the scene, some little old lady came up to me and bought one of my paintings. She gave me a fifty-dollar bill and I thought I was getting a silent bit out of it. She took the painting and wandered off, and then I found out she was just some civilian who'd wandered right into the middle of the shot."

Somebody else had worked a *Marcus Welby* scene at Saint John's Hospital in which some extra had fallen asleep on a gurney during the break and had waked up to find himself being wheeled into an operating room. Someone said it could have been the same guy who had once hidden in a cave on the Fox ranch in Malibu during a night shooting on one

of the ape pictures, had come to at five A.M. to find the company gone and had had to hitchhike home in his monkey suit.

Shooting on *Banacek* resumes in about an hour, but it's merely another variation of the morning's work and Watt calls it a wrap about 40 minutes later. The younger extras look around for Droopy Mustache, who, they've been told, will have their pay vouchers. Otis, however, knows better; he's moving at the pace of an Olympic sprinter toward the phone booths, where, on arrival, he finds Bob already dialing.

Otis calls Central Casting and waits patiently for one of the agency's operators to answer. It takes several minutes, but Otis is used to waiting.

"Central," the operator finally says.

"Otis Pembroke."

"Tra-lay," says the operator and hangs up.

Otis isn't worried. What the operator said was "Try later." She could have said "Nurk," which means "No work" and no hope of a job there for tomorrow. Central is by far the largest and most important of the casting agencies and Otis gets most of his work from it. He takes out more change and begins to call elsewhere, intending, however, to check

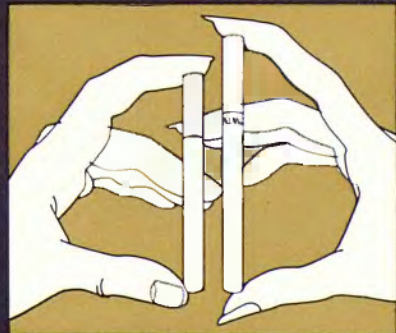
back at Central within the half hour if he's still nurking out.

KARL BRINDLE: "I hung on a cross for three months in *Spartacus*. I never worked any of the clean calls, like Perk Lazelle, who's now a casting director over at Central. Perk was always sitting around in night clubs and at dinner parties with the pretty people. In any big musical there'd be a hundred, two hundred extras. Today, they'll shoot the same few people over and over from different angles and use stock footage for long shots. A lot of people figure extras are bums, like ex-cons."

The offices of Central Casting Corporation are located behind a plain cream-colored door in the middle of what looks like a hospital corridor on the ground floor of a small office building in Hollywood. Behind that door, 23 employees, including payroll people, work amid controlled frenzy. The phones ring all day long and things really heat up in midafternoon, when the atmosphere people looking for work begin calling in every 15 minutes. The calls are processed by three harassed operators who can and do handle up to 3000 an hour. If there is work, they fire the names of the callers casually into the air over a loud-speaker to where Central's three full-time casting

PALL MALL GOLD

THE LONGER FILTER THAT'S



LONG ON TASTE

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

21 mg "tar," 1.5 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report MARCH '74.

directors sit at a long counter separated from the switchboard by a glass partition. The casting directors listen to the drone of names as they shuffle through the teletyped orders from the studios and when they hear one they think they can use, they'll shoot it down by picking up their own phone and requesting the extra they want from the switchboard. Most of the 3000 working extras are registered with Central, which means that the casting directors have to be able to identify them instantly as to age, type and specific looks simply from hearing their names. A good casting director will never say, "What do you look like?" or ask, as one man at a smaller agency did some time ago, "Hello, dear, are you still tall?" The casting men at Central—Lazelle, Bobby Taylor and Bill O'Driscoll—are the best in the business, all ex-atmosphere people themselves.

By the end of the week, though, they are exhausted. Their normal working hours are from seven or eight A.M. till six, when the switchboard closes, but they don't leave till all the casting orders are filled and it's not unusual to be called at home, as Taylor was late one night recently, when some studio got him out of bed to chase down five firemen, "capable, hardy athletic types who can handle a hose." Also, on the very day Otis has been rooting his imaginary winners home at Hollywood Park, the

folks at Central, in addition to all their routine duties, have been interviewing new applicants. Anyone who wants to become atmosphere can at least get an appointment at Central, though few are chosen and fewer get past the union watchdogs.

Doug Dakin, Central's general manager, does the preliminary interviewing. He's a tall, soft-spoken, leathery-looking man who's been around the movie business, mostly in casting, since 1932. He runs the interviewees in and out of his office in three or four minutes, then turns the likelier-looking ones over to Taylor for a final screening. "We take in a handful of people every time," he says, "but few of them stick it out. Under Taft-Hartley, they can work for thirty days before they have to join the union; but even if they get in, a lot of them lose interest." This particular day, Central has accepted Steve, a good-looking young guy who labors part time as a set dresser; Gary, a sporty type whose father works in wardrobe at Universal and who comes recommended by Rock Hudson; Tony, a black night student from Cal State who is into martial arts; Teri, a petite brunette whose family has been in showbiz for five generations and who says she has a fabulous wardrobe, "backless, frontless, topless, bottomless, you name it"; Carol, a tall, sad-looking young widow who can

do "a little bit of everything"; Bisquitta, a sexy Swedish cocktail waitress; and Alise, a perky blonde unemployed schoolteacher with nice legs who specializes, she says, in "everything."

"You know what I *really* need?" Dakin says later. "Madison Avenue types between forty-five and sixty-five and eighteen-year-olds who look younger. Go and find them."

At 5:32 P.M., Otis calls in for the fourth time. "Central," the operator says.

"Otis Pembroke."

Lazelle picks up his phone. "Otis, have you worked *Emergency* the last ten days?"

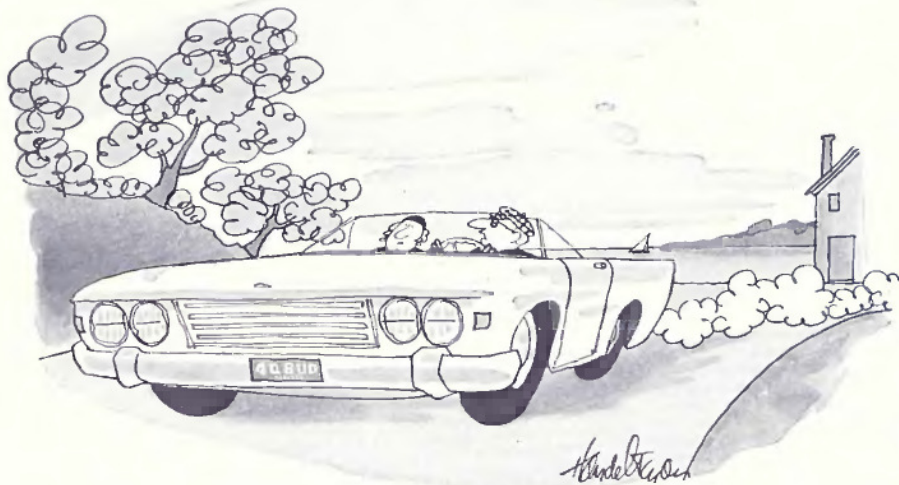
"No, Perk. How are you?"

"I'm fine. Otis, you're a security guard. Seven-thirty at Universal. Check in and go to wardrobe."

"Love ya," Otis says and hangs up.

KARMEL LOUGENE: "I was Miss Seal Beach and they told me I belonged in the movies. My first job I was a hooker and I didn't understand about the camera. I looked right into it with this big smile and the director screamed. I told him I was relating to the beauty of the surroundings. I also do lots of secretaries and stewardesses and I'm in so many pools I carry my hair drier, cream rinse,





"But I'm rich, damn it. I can afford to waste the earth's resources."

shampoo and bikini in my bag. I don't mind working as a sex object, because I have my head together and it doesn't bother me."

• • •

Otis shows up nearly an hour early at Universal the following morning, parks in the back lot and stops in at the extras' casting office, which is right next to wardrobe. Karl Brindle, the studio's man in charge of atmosphere, and his assistant, Grady Rape (a fine name for a casting director), have been at work since six A.M., busily checking in the approximately 240 extras the studio will be using that day on its various TV series and features. Karl greets Otis warmly and asks him how things have been going. "Not bad," Otis says, "but I don't like the new contract. I've been working nearly every day for minimum. In the old days, I'd have hassled the A.D.s for a whammy or two. You should have seen me cheer right behind George Peppard yesterday."

Karl laughs. "But you're working for forty-five dollars a day now instead of twenty-five," he says, "and you don't have to bust the A.D.'s balls negotiating like an Arab for a few more bucks. What's wrong with that?"

Otis smiles. "Nothing, really," he says. "I enjoyed it, that's all."

Otis, Karl and Grady, all of whom remember the good-bad old days very well, also like to reminisce about them. A whammy was worth \$11 and a double or triple would make for a good day. The term was borrowed from the *Li'l Abner* comic strip in the Fifties, when some black extras threatened to "put the whammy" on any A.D.s who wouldn't bump their basic pay up for doing what is now known as a silent bit. The term

stuck, but what made one was usually up for grabs, with some extras arguing that just being recognizable in any scene with a principal entitled them to more money and the A.D.s maintaining that nothing short of an actor strangling an extra on-screen constituted a true whammy or bump. Today the basic day's pay is \$45, but additional money can be earned for a true silent bit (the extra being strangled) or a scene requiring special abilities (riding a motorcycle)—up to \$92.50 a day. Hazardous work (driving a car through a series of explosions) can boost an extra's pay as much as \$300 over contract—although the extra must haggle for it on the set before the scene is shot. "It's much more structured now," Karl says. "The old contract was a Frankenstein, but it was also more fun and those times produced a lot of characters."

Like Cap Somers, a big strong man with a bulbous nose à la W. C. Fields. He used to speck a lot of calls and sometimes he'd grab the studio casting directors around the neck and hold on until he got a pay voucher. De Mille loved him, even though Somers would practically push the stars out of the way in order to emote. Or Tiny Jones, whom Karl remembers as a thin little old woman in her 70s who'd stand in front of the studio gates and swing at the casting directors with her umbrella if they wouldn't give her work. Or Glen Walters, a huge mountain woman who stood off the cops with a shotgun when they came to bulldoze her home in Chavez Ravine to make way for Dodger Stadium.

And then, of course, there was OK Freddie, the most famous extra of all time, who got his name because he always said OK to anything that was offered or said to him. OK Freddie used to

walk around hunched over, whistling as he peered at the ground and occasionally squeezing a rubber ball he kept in his pocket that made a sound like a fart. He had a huge collection of junk he'd accumulated from other people's droppings, but what made him a Hollywood celebrity was the size of his penis. "The first time I ever saw him was on the set of *Stalag 17*," Karl recalls. "It was my first job and I was very idealistic and excited. I walked on the set and the first thing I saw was this guy beating his dong against the side of a truck." The stars used to bet on the size of this mighty organ fully extended and somebody once lined up 18 nickels and a silver dollar on it. One of OK Freddie's most celebrated exploits was the crashing of an elegant party at which he appeared in a waiter's outfit passing around a tray of hors d'oeuvres. Nestled among the salami slices, the cream dip and the little sandwiches lay Freddie's pecker. Nobody noticed anything amiss until one keen-eyed lady spotted the monstrous thing and jabbed a pickle fork into it. "I have a friend who knew him," Otis says, "who swears she was the only one in town who never saw OK Freddie's whang."

• • •

LARRY CHARLES: "I'm a star in Brazil. Ten years ago, I made a picture down there that finally got released here as a porno flick after they spliced in a lot of outside sex scenes. I made eighteen pictures in seven years, but trying to get paid was something else. Now I go back and forth. I'm hoping I'll get a break here. I figure that being on the property is better than sitting at home waiting on your agent. It's too bad hardly anyone in the industry ever looks to the extra pool for talent. We have a lot of qualified people."

• • •

Otis Pembroke is a qualified person, but he never worries anymore about being anything but what he is. Like Bob Whitney and Arthur Tovey and Alice Teague and David Greene and Ernesto Morelli and Louise Lane and Stewart East and Evelyn Dutton and Al Bain and a couple of hundred others, he's made it, in his own world and on his own terms. Now, as he emerges from wardrobe dressed in the blue uniform of a private security guard and heads toward the main lot, where *Emergency* is shooting, knowing that he'll arrive, as always, at least a few minutes early, he looks up at the smoggy gray sky over the studio rooftops and sighs. "I guess this is all there is," he says. "I'm alone now, so I keep busy. I'm going to work till I drop. And after that, well, if there is a heaven, all somebody has to do up there is shout 'Firmament!' and we'll all come running."



PLAYBOY INTERVIEW *(continued from page 64)*

finally man. If anyone was just dreaming up the whole story, he might have said man first, then water. He might have mixed it all up.

PLAYBOY: You also write about tachyons, the theoretical particles, not yet discovered, that would travel faster than light. You write, "Scientists know that tachyons must exist." Can you think of any scientists who have said that?

VON DANIKEN: Yes. Several.

PLAYBOY: Who?

VON DANIKEN: Well, whether they go so far as to say "must," I couldn't be sure.

PLAYBOY: Do astronomers I. S. Shklovski and Carl Sagan believe, as you assert in *Chariots*, that the moons of Mars are artificial?

VON DANIKEN: In their book, *Intelligent Life in the Universe*, they have published such studies.

PLAYBOY: Isn't there a difference between reporting a study and advocating it yourself?

VON DANIKEN: Yes. I should have said "suggest." In the German version, it says they "say yes" to the theory.

PLAYBOY: So it's a problem of translation?

VON DANIKEN: Yes. Sometimes translators don't know what they're translating.

PLAYBOY: Unfortunately, millions of English-language readers are being told that these two astronomers believe Mars has artificial moons.

VON DANIKEN: That's utterly wrong.

PLAYBOY: On another subject, you write, "Our radio astronomers send signals into the universe to make contact with unknown intelligence." But, in fact, no such experiment has ever been performed.

VON DANIKEN: Oh, it has. Sagan should know this very well.

PLAYBOY: Well, we asked Sagan about it. He called it a common misconception. He added, as an opinion of your work: "The kindest thing I can say about Von Däniken is that he ignores the science of archaeology. Every time he sees something he can't understand, he attributes it to extraterrestrial intelligence, and since he understands almost nothing, he sees evidence of extraterrestrial intelligence all over the planet."

VON DANIKEN: Yes. Well, once in the States I watched a TV program with Sagan, J. Allen Hynek, the UFO specialist from Northwestern University, and two or three other gentlemen. One was a helicopter pilot who said he encountered a UFO that turned the air blue. He and three other men aboard the helicopter tried to make a quick landing, but some unknown force lifted them up thousands of feet, then suddenly went away. Sagan said they must have suffered from a delusion. Hynek said, "What about the altimeter? Did it have a delusion, too?"

After the program, those of us watching decided that a man like Sagan thinks he is the only one to whom everybody

else should listen, and people who see UFOs should have to convince scientists like him that what they say is true. We decided, no, they should not have to convince such scientists, because the scientists do not want to be convinced.

PLAYBOY: Don't you have arguments with UFO enthusiasts yourself, because you don't believe in flying saucers?

VON DANIKEN: Yes, but it's a difficult subject. I have never seen a UFO. What I know about them is second- or third-hand, from a newspaper story or what someone tells me. I see no reason they could not exist, but many of the reports you get do not seem serious. I have received several hundred photos in the mail from my readers, but not one of them has impressed me as an authentic UFO photo. Not one.

PLAYBOY: What other sorts of letters do you get?

VON DANIKEN: From all sorts of people. Recently I did an article for a Sunday newspaper in Germany. They analyzed the mail that came in and they found letters from 12-year-olds, from grandmothers, cabdrivers and top scientists. I've also received about 20 letters—all from the United States; they must be especially silly there—from people swearing they are extraterrestrials. They say, "I'm from outer space, I'm only here for a short time, you can meet me at such and such a time and place." It's usually someplace like Nevada. I have never gone to any of those meetings.

PLAYBOY: Do you concern yourself with legends like the Abominable Snowman? Do you think he might be an astronaut?

VON DANIKEN: That is not in my field of research.

PLAYBOY: What about stories of fish raining from the skies, people turned into frogs, magic slippers?

VON DANIKEN: I have to be careful here, because I do this sort of thing myself—I mean, this is what archaeologists say about some of my stories—but I think most of these things have natural explanations.

PLAYBOY: Tell us about the book you're working on now.

VON DANIKEN: In one short chapter, I speak about Jesus. I give many lectures and constantly I am asked questions by people who say Jesus was an astronaut. That makes me laugh. I'm definitely sure Jesus had nothing to do with astronauts, and I want to say so once and for all.

PLAYBOY: Jesus did fly up into space, in a sense.

VON DANIKEN: Yes, and he said, "In my father's house are many mansions," and on the mountain he was surrounded by fire. There are things in the Bible about Jesus which, if you wanted to do it, you could press into such a theory.

PLAYBOY: Yes?

VON DANIKEN: But it's silly. There is no reason to say Jesus came from space. Why, then, did he die on the cross? What did he leave behind? Not Christianity; that didn't come for several generations, in a completely different way, put together by Saint Paul.

PLAYBOY: Maybe Saint Paul was an astronaut.

VON DANIKEN: Oh, God, forget it.

PLAYBOY: Should the fact that you are a convicted fraud and embezzler influence whether or not people listen to what you have to say?

VON DANIKEN: You know, many people who have been in jail say they were not guilty. I say the same thing. I have never committed fraud or embezzlement, although it is true I have been convicted of those things. I was improperly convicted three times, but each time for the same thing. It was all part of the same chain.

PLAYBOY: What do you mean?

VON DANIKEN: It was ridiculous. In 1968 I left for a world trip. There was a tax bill open, true, but before I left, I made arrangements with the tax office, so arresting me on my way back, in Vienna, was ridiculous. All the big newspapers were on my side and wrote against the prosecutor, and so he had to defend himself. He found a damned chain of things I should have done years before, concerning money I had borrowed and later repaid. It was all a construction by the prosecutor.

I really don't want to go into details, because I don't think it has anything to do with my work. It's very easy to say that because a person has been in jail he's not serious, and you can't believe what he says. Personally, I find that way of thinking very arrogant and unfair. People don't ask if Christ was convicted of a crime. What has that to do with the message Christ brought? What does my having been in jail, guilty or innocent, have to do with my work?

PLAYBOY: A last question comes to mind because of our favorite of your theories—the one in *Gold of the Gods* in which you suggest that the banana was brought to Earth from space. Were you serious?

VON DANIKEN: No, and not many people realize that.

PLAYBOY: That leads us to ask if *all* your writing is a put-on. Are you, as one writer suggested, "the most brilliant satirist in German literature for a century"?

VON DANIKEN: The answer is yes and no. We have a wonderful term in German: *jein*. It's a combination of *ja* and *nein*, yes and no. In some part, absolutely not; I mean what I say seriously. In other ways, I mean to make people laugh.

PLAYBOY: Well, you've succeeded in both aims.



ON THE SCENE



SUSAN RENNIE AND KIRSTEN GRIMSTAD

new women

"I FREQUENTLY MEET MEN who can't understand why I dislike being called a girl—but those same men have no difficulty comprehending blacks' objection to being called boys." Both labels, explains Susan Rennie (right), denote a kind of perpetual immaturity; i.e., inferiority. Across the country, women are turning away from noisy demonstrations to more pragmatic projects aimed at combating antifemale bias. "But nobody knew what anybody else was doing," says Rennie's fellow Barnard graduate Kirsten Grimstad. "We felt almost obligated to get information about these efforts out to women, whether they call themselves feminists or not." The result is *The New Woman's Survival Catalog*. Readers of the book, which is designed in the style of *The Whole Earth Catalog*, can find out where to get information on co-op day-care centers, abortion clinics, self-defense for hitchhikers (keep a lighted cigarette handy), home and car repairs and a variety of "relevant" products (samples: a bright-orange apron emblazoned FUCK HOUSEWORK!, a photo poster of Golda Meir captioned BUT CAN SHE TYPE?). Both Grimstad, 29, and Rennie, 34, gave up university positions—Grimstad as an instructor and Rennie as an assistant vice-president at Columbia—to spend five months of 16-hour days getting the book together, starting with a 12,000-mile research circuit of the country. Rennie, a native of South Africa whose grandmother was a suffragette, has returned to teaching—political science, at the State University of New York in Purchase—while Grimstad works full time on a sequel. Women's response to the present edition has, perhaps predictably, been enthusiastic, the editors report. Men's? "Well," says Grimstad, "we run into three types: the fascinated man, who realizes he, too, can be liberated; the closet pig, who pretends interest but, underneath, is threatened; and the open pig, whom we try to avoid. Actually, we don't like to use the term pig when referring to such men." Why not? "Because pigs are very intelligent."

EVA RUBINSTEIN





PAUL SEQUEIRA

STEVE WILLIAMS *dashing young man*

"WHEN I'M RUNNING ALONE at night on the beach, my mind roams and my spirit soars. I run along the sand for a while, then dip down into the water and it makes me feel *clean*; it's almost a baptismal act." Such lyrical sentiments flow casually from Steve Williams, a 20-year-old sprinter from San Diego State University who last year, after equaling the then world record of 9.1 seconds for the 100-yard dash, said, "I am of the opinion that I'll break nine seconds." Such assurance reflects a firm, resilient ego, something else Williams speaks perceptively about: "People think ego's a dirty word. Like a drinking habit, no one wants to admit to it." After an indoor season that saw him beaten a few times in the 60-yard dash, one might wonder how his was holding up. "I found the indoor season instructive," he says. "I was more concerned with satisfying my own goals than those others may have set for me." Williams was born and raised in the south Bronx but left that atmosphere free of scars and self-destructive habits. "If you're going to survive in the city, you have to find an internal peace and cling to it. It's been vital to my stability. After future shock has killed the rest of the world, New Yorkers will live on and on." He sees his own future as a series of specific steps. "I'm looking forward to the '76 Olympics. And after school, I'd be receptive to pro track. But I also want a second career. I work pretty hard in school and I'm majoring now in telecommunications with a minor in English. I'd like someday to be a broadcaster. It seems to me that if you're successful in more than one field, you're going to be a hard man to throw off balance." More immediately, he wants to become the world's best in the 440-yard dash. "I think that's where I'll finally do best. It's a thinking race, not something purely anatomic. I could see winning the 100 and the 440 in the Olympics. Nobody's ever done that. I think I could be the first." The ego again, reaching for new tests, which is finally what makes Williams run.

KINKY FRIEDMAN & THE TEXAS JEWBOYS

good ole boychiks

"COWBOYS AND JEWS have a common bond," says Kinky (Richard) Friedman, leader of one of the weirdest bands around. "They're the only two groups of people in the world who wear their hats indoors and attach a certain amount of importance to it." Clad in a Menorah-emblazoned cowboy shirt and a Texas Rangers hat, Kinky, backed by his band, belts out such songs as *We Reserve the Right to Refuse Service to You* ("Baruch Atoh Adonai/What you doin' back there, boy?") and *The Ballad of Charles Whitman*, commemorating the Texas campus slaughter. "Our act is 98 percent bullethead," says Kinky. "Bigots love us. But someday we hope to reach Mr. and Mrs. Backporch." Born in Rio Duckworth, Texas, in 1944, Friedman has been "on the family teat for 30 years," with a few minor spells of wandering, including a stint in the Peace Corps. "I almost went bonkers in Borneo," he confesses. "Because of a monsoon, I couldn't get my seeds upriver, so I got my mom to send me a shipment of Frisbees. You might say I introduced the Frisbee to Borneo." In 1971, back in the States and armed with a medley of tunes born of "repressed Hebrew lessons, Latin literature and jungle languages," Kinky packed up his new band (named after Bob Wills and the Texas Playboys) and headed for L.A. After eight miserable months of haggling with the mostly Jewish moguls of the recording industry, Friedman went home—but he was spotted on the way by "a bunch of Catholic hillbillies from Nashville," and the result was his first album, *Sold American*. His second album, soon to be released, will be heavier musically, although Kinky admits he'd like to stay as off the wall as possible. "We're doing this album on a different label," he says. "The same folks who did Jim Croce, so we expect it to sell really big." Yes, but Croce's records didn't sell big until after he died. "We know that," says Kinky. "We're looking into private planes, too."

RICHARD R. HEWETT



brown sugar

(continued from page 72)

particularly want to talk about that, so we asked her to fill us in on current events. Turns out she just completed a role—as a small-town secretary, believe it or not—in a Clint Eastwood flick, *Thunderbolt & Lightfoot*. “Since I’d never acted before, I tried to relate it, in my mind, to recording—but it’s different, because you can’t get that instant playback.” She was expecting to read for other roles in the near future—and also to take her band on another tour, whenever her agency got it together. And she was learning the guitar and the bass, as well as writing songs. Self-improvement is a big thing with her: “I try to learn something every day—at least one thing, no matter how small or subtle. A person can never expand enough. I might go next week and sign up for a course in astronomy, I don’t know. Everything has a structure, and the more structures you can get to know about, the better off you are.”

Claudia’s next album, she promised, would convey more of her complex inner self than last year’s Warner Bros. release *Pheew!*, which had been arranged, in part, by Allen Toussaint, a bona-fide genius of the funky-music business; but somehow the collaboration hadn’t panned out as

it should have. Claudia told us that the Warner Bros. people didn’t give them enough freedom: “Producers, for the most part, are frustrated musicians. So they like to sit in the booth and pull other people’s strings. It’s a shame, really, because you should have to *pay* for your blues.” Claudia has certainly paid for hers—but she’s got a way of making things work out all right. She calls her eight-year-old daughter—who was spending the week with her brother’s family—“the best mistake I ever made. If I were sixty percent sure I’d get *her*, I’d gamble again. But you know, I don’t see myself in her at all, especially myself at that age. If I’d been my own mother, I’m sure I wouldn’t even *be* here now; I was really a spoiled brat.”

About this time—it was getting into the afternoon and the Mansion was waking up—somebody put a record on the stereo. “I have to dance to this,” said Claudia. And dance she did—to the Isley Brothers, singing, “Who’s that lady?” Who, indeed? As we said before, Claudia Lennear isn’t at all sure who she is. And, she told us, “I’m not consistent in the way I act with others.” But if her identity is in question—or in flux—she’s not going to worry about it. “I’ve been getting by so far,” she told us. If you call that getting by.



“One generally doesn’t see them this close to shore.”

PRO FOOTBALL PREVIEW

(continued from page 134)

that, incredibly, is made up entirely of castoffs. Norm Evans was shipped from Houston in the expansion draft of 1966 and the other members were originally signed as free agents, yet they humiliated the Viking defensive line—supposedly the best in the business—in the Super Bowl.

EASTERN DIVISION

AMERICAN FOOTBALL CONFERENCE

Miami Dolphins	11-3
Buffalo Bills	8-6
Baltimore Colts	6-8
New York Jets	5-9
New England Patriots	5-9

The other not-so-secret ingredient of the Dolphins’ success is the masterful coaching of Don Shula. Much of Shula’s effectiveness results from the nature of his relationship with his players. He eschews rah-rah pep talks, inspirational dressing-room signs and petty rules about dress and deportment. As a result, the Dolphins are consummate professionals. They come together on the field, do their jobs with proficiency, then go home to their families.

Since the squad is now in its physical prime (Nick Buoniconti, at 33, is the oldest starter), few newcomers will make the team, despite the fact that the Dolphins, drafting last, got most of the players they wanted. Punt and kickoff returner Nat Moore has the best chance to make a big splash as a rookie.

If the Dolphins are challenged in their own division, the Buffalo Bills will do it. The Bills, in fact, are similar to Miami in many ways. They’re young (the squad’s average age is 25), the offensive line is suddenly excellent (it transmogrified in a single year from one of the worst to one of the best), the quarterbacking is good (Joe Ferguson matured more in one season than most do in five) and the running game is relentless (O. J. Simpson does most of the ball carrying, but Jim Braxton is no slouch, and rookie Carlester Crumpler has all the equipment to be Simpson’s backup man). In addition, the defensive line is far better than most fans realize, especially since Walt Patulski and Mike Kadish are playing together again, and, as during their four years together at Notre Dame, they seem to inspire each other. And the coaching is first-class. Lou Saban is not just an executive supervisor who lets his assistants do the grimy on-field work; he is, in fact, his own quarterback and running-back coach. But most importantly, the Bills’ morale is sky-high. The leaders are Simpson and offensive guard Reggie McKenzie, whom O. J. calls “my main man”;

they lead a squad that, oozing with confidence and detecting the first heady whiffs of success, is the least likely to welcome a season-disrupting players' strike.

Baltimore is on the way up, too, but the Colts' development is running at least a year behind Buffalo's. After nearly two years of acrimony, created by general manager Joe Thomas' decision to dismantle an aging and increasingly ineffective team, the squad's vocal malcontents are seeing Thomas' shrewdly conceived plans begin to jell and have ceased their demands to be traded. Best of all, the Colts' recently quiescent fans returned to their best form with Baltimore's stunning victory over the Dolphins late last season. Thomas has finally made believers of Colt followers with his wise drafts the past two years. He's a canny judge of talent and a cunning negotiator. Last January, with two first-, two second- and two third-round draft choices, he cleaned up. Rookie defensive ends John Dutton and Fred Cook will help solve the Colts' main weakness—an insipid pass rush. The other major problem, ineffective quarterbacking, should be helped by an added year of experience for youthful Bert Jones and Marty Domres. Two good rookie pass receivers, Roger Carr and Fred Scott (from Amherst, of all places), give the Colts unusual depth at that position.

The New York Jets will probably have more new players this fall than any other team in the league. Coach Charley Winner, who is new himself, inherits a squad heavily populated with graybeards, so as many as six rookies should be starters before the season ends. Both the offensive and defensive lines, last season's weaknesses, will feature two 24-kt. rookies, Carl Barzilauskas and Godwin Turk on defense, Gordon Browne and Bill Wyman on offense. Newcomer Greg Gantt will improve last year's atrocious punting and another rookie, Roscoe Word, will return kicks. The Jets' fortunes have hinged in recent seasons on the precarious health of Joe Namath, but replacement Al Woodall did such a commendable job last season that coach Winner feels he can have a winner regardless of Namath's status. Winner is an emotional coach and if his enthusiasm infects the usually blasé Jets, they might be respectable. If not, New York football fans will just have to pray for the Giants.

When coach Chuck Fairbanks went to New England a year ago, he did a masterful job of organizing the coaching staff, the front office and the team. What he couldn't do, despite a '73 draft bonanza, was put together enough good players to field a winning team. Nor will he make much progress this year unless he finds some gems among the 75 free agents he



"I suppose you've had many moving experiences."

has signed. Last winter's draft was nearly a dry run, especially in those places—defensive line and linebacker—where help is needed most. Despite the need for talent, only four or five new players will start this season. Two of them, safety Jack Mildren and receiver Dick Gordon, are veterans obtained via trades. Among the draftees, only offensive lineman Steve Corbett and linebacker Steve Nelson have a chance to break into the line-up. The running game is also weak, featuring Sam Cunningham and not much else. Still, the Pats could rise above last year's 5-9 record. They do have John Hannah and Cunningham, who emerged as team leaders during their rookie year, and the coaching of Fairbanks. One of his assistants told us, "The sportswriters are wrong about Fairbanks. He's no martinet. He just doesn't take any bullshit from the players."

in history they've had three winning seasons in a row. Their A.F.C. Central title in 1972 was the first championship of any kind they had ever won. And yet Pittsburgh fans, seeing their heroes suffer the indignity of a play-off loss to Oakland, have turned sullen and are demanding changes.

The only real change needed is relief from last year's injury epidemic that claimed such key players as quarterback Terry Bradshaw and runner Franco Harris. If the Steelers remain reasonably healthy, they should be the top team in the strongest division of the N.F.L. Since the Steelers are manned with good young players nearly everywhere (the only position where age will soon become a problem is at linebacker), coach Chuck Noll drafted for insurance depth. If Noll returns to the frequent use of his three-wide-receiver offense (a strong probability, with so many good ones), rookie Lynn Swann will play a lot of football. The other draftees will be lucky to make the final 40-member squad.

The Cincinnati Bengals, long chronicled as a young team with a great future, reached full maturity last season. Unfortunately for them, the other teams in their division have improved so much that the Bengals have a less than even chance of doing as well this year. Their

CENTRAL DIVISION	
AMERICAN FOOTBALL CONFERENCE	
Pittsburgh Steelers	9-5
Cincinnati Bengals	9-5
Houston Oilers	6-8
Cleveland Browns	6-8

The Pittsburgh Steelers have historically been losers in the N.F.L. Not anymore. This year will mark the first time

only apparent squad weakness is too few quality reserves, especially in the defensive line; but that problem was largely solved, as usual, by the draft. (Using a minimal scouting crew, player personnel director Pete Brown's draft selections are more astute than those of most teams that use the huge scouting combines.) As always, the Bengals' biggest asset is the coaching expertise and awesome personality of owner-coach Paul Brown. His players' total devotion is almost eerie. One of Brown's players once confided to us, "When I was a little kid going to Sunday school, my mental image of God looked just like coach Brown."

The Houston Oilers should be the most improved team in the league this year, and after two 1-13 years in a row, that wouldn't seem to be a difficult accomplishment. The principal reason for the upsurge is head coach Sid Gillman, who had intended to step aside in December after taking over a dismally disorganized team at midseason. By the final game, changes were so dramatic that his players went to Gillman and asked him to remain. So the squad's morale is astonishingly good. "You'd think they were champions," one of Gillman's assistants remarked after they nearly defeated Cincinnati near the end of the season. The Oilers do have some good football players and it's unlikely that there'll be a repetition of the rash of injuries that emaciated the offensive line and defensive backfield last season. They had another problem throughout 1972-1973—a talented but uncoordinated group of defensive linemen, none of whom had played together. Better teamwork and a matured linebacking corps should help the defensive unit. Gillman says that Dan Pastorini, Lynn Dickey and Edd Hargett are the best trio of quarterbacks in the league. With runners George Amundson and Bill Thomas (who have the makings of future greatness), Gillman has all the necessary ingredients for his coaching specialty, a high-scoring offense.

The Cleveland Browns were supposed to return to powerhouse status last season, largely because they had two first-round and two second-round draft choices in 1973. But three of the four super-rookies were busts, with only diminutive runner Greg Pruitt fulfilling expectations; the two first-rounders who disappointed last season, receiver Steve Holden (who was slow to develop) and offensive tackle Pete Adams (who injured his knee), could contribute this year. Only one newcomer, runner Billy Pritchett, has an outside chance of making it big. If he gets down to a skinny 230 pounds, he could be a terror—the big backfield bull the Browns have been looking for ever since Jim Brown retired. Cleveland's defense is set. Bob Babich, whose arrival was the

primary reason for the defensive unit's improvement in '73, is the best middle linebacker in the Browns' history and has become the driving personality of the defense. His charisma should get a good workout this year; unless the offensive line is vastly strengthened and the receivers abandon their let's-see-who-can-drop-the-most-passes competition, the defenders will be on the field most of the time.

WESTERN DIVISION	
AMERICAN FOOTBALL CONFERENCE	
Oakland Raiders	9-5
Denver Broncos	8-6
Kansas City Chiefs	6-8
San Diego Chargers	3-11

The Oakland Raiders continue their gradual—and almost imperceptible—rebuilding, mostly with their own draft picks. There were 47 veterans on Oakland's pre-season roster, and 33 had been originally drafted by the Raiders. Five others were signed as free agents. This year, draftees Dave Casper (tight end) and Pete Wessel (defensive back) have the best chances of making the team. The Raiders, historically offense oriented, were aided last year by a suddenly superb defense, and it should be even better this year if the backfield can avoid the debilities of age. Tony Cline, who doubles as linebacker and end, is perhaps the most underrated player in the league. Coach John Madden's principal concern will be finding and grooming replacements for quarterbacks Daryle Lamonica and Ken Stabler, both of whom will eventually depart for the W.F.L.

For the Denver Broncos, it's a season of big ifs: If John Rowser, obtained from the Steelers, can fill the need at cornerback; if offensive guard Paul Howard has improved enough to become a starter; if rookie linebacker Randy Gradishar lives up to his advance billings; and if John Hufnagel develops into an adequate backup quarterback, the Broncos will be an even bet to beat the Raiders and become division champions. Their linebackers should be better this year with the return of a healthy Tom Jackson. Coach John Ralston's motivational tactics will presumably continue to inspire his players. He is a unique coach, an uncompromisingly proestablishment power-of-positive-thinking advocate with a toothy smile and a disposition that makes Pollyanna look like a pessimist. He spends his time being a good guy and leaves the ass kicking to his assistants. In fact, the Bronco coaching staff has a special meeting each Saturday night during the season so that Ralston's assistants can explain the next day's game plan to him. Then, during the games, he makes

decisions about kicking, keeps track of the score and acts as head cheerleader. And it works. So well, in fact, that the Broncos could get to the Super Bowl in a few years.

"This draft is one of the finest we've had in a long time," exulted Kansas City coach Hank Stram. In comparison with recent years, he wasn't indulging in hyperbole. Many of the Chiefs, especially members of the offensive line, are getting old, so rookie Charlie Getty will be groomed for future help up front. An even more immediate need may be fulfilled by first-round choice Woody Green, who'll be the Chiefs' first good outside runner since Mike Garrett. Still, Stram will have trouble holding his squad together until replacements can take over.

The San Diego Chargers will be one of the most changed teams in the league, beginning with the new coaching staff, headed by Tommy Prothro. Former head coach Sid Gillman (who quit in a huff during the '71 season) was a strong father figure. His successor, Harland Svare, believed that players should be self-motivated. Unfortunately, that approach led to things like players' being fined by the N.F.L. for using drugs. Prothro, cool but tough, brings a much-needed strong hand to the controls. As a college coach, he had a way of wringing the last drop of potential from the available talent. This should come in handy at San Diego, because the Charger squad exhibits an evenly spread mediocrity. Nearly every position is up for grabs, and an extraordinarily talented group of draftees could provide as many as six starters, especially runner Bo Matthews, who may achieve instant stardom. But even with the best luck, it will be another grim autumn in San Diego.

EASTERN DIVISION	
NATIONAL FOOTBALL CONFERENCE	
Dallas Cowboys	11-3
Washington Redskins	9-5
St. Louis Cardinals	6-8
Philadelphia Eagles	6-8
New York Giants	5-9

Two years ago, the Dallas Cowboys had become dangerously long of tooth and the team's decline and fall seemed imminent. But coach Tom Landry has managed the neat trick of rebuilding, so that, almost unnoticed, an old talented team has become a young talented team. Two rookies—defensive end Ed Jones and linebacker Cal Peterson—would be immediate starters almost anywhere else but will be lucky to see more than minimal action this season. Running back Charles Young is likely to be groomed—in the late stages of runaway games—as Calvin Hill's replacement. (Hill is going



"What sex show? They're just part of the regular crowd that hangs out in here."



*"I'd like to marry you, Roger,
but it isn't often a girl gets a chance to have a man shoot
himself over her, either."*

to the W.F.L.) As usual, training camp will probably uncover a couple of future all-pros nobody had heard of until player personnel director Gil Brandt, the Sherlock Holmes of football talent, signed them as free agents out of South Over-shoe State Teachers College. In short, the Cowboys have everything necessary to regain the world championship.

There is at least one bit of good news on Capitol Hill: Redskins coach George Allen says, "We will be a better team than we were last year." And what George Allen the seer predicts, George Allen the zealous coach fulfills. Last fall, the Redskins were bedeviled by persistent misfortune. But all three of their quarterbacks had season-end surgery and are now joined by Joe Theismann, of Notre Dame and Canada. Bill Kilmer, who, despite his wobbly passes, is as inspirational on the field as Allen is on the side lines, should win the starter role. Because the Redskins badly need a middle linebacker, rookie Mike Varty has a good chance to make the final squad. Offensive guard Walt Sweeney, acquired off-season from the Chargers, could win a starting berth, but unless Allen consummates some startling trades before the season begins, the Redskin squad will be a virtual duplicate of the '73 crew—only better, according to Allen.

The St. Louis Cardinals had a new offensive-minded head coach in '73, a resultantly rejuvenated attack and a dismal defense. But the Cardinals have a

glut of unrealized talent on the defensive unit: it was inept last year largely because of inexperience and injuries. If the youngsters can stay healthy long enough to work as a unit, they'll be a good team. End Dave Butz, who improved vastly during his rookie year, may be moved to tackle, and he and Bonnie Sloan (another second-year man) could become the best pair of defensive tackles in the game. The offense, however, will still be the big show, because coach Don Coryell teaches a go-for-broke style and, consequently, the Cardinals will again live by Jim Hart's passes. (There's a severe lack of depth at running back.) Two newcomers, tight end J. V. Cain and tackle Greg Kindle, should make big offensive contributions. But the Cardinals' most important asset is a positive attitude established by Coryell, an intense, outgoing man who has earned his players' respect and devotion. Now that he's had a year in pro ball and knows his players, he could make a lot of waves this season.

The Philadelphia Eagles look like a mirror image of the team that went to training camp a year ago. In 1972, the Eagle offense had set a record for futility, scoring only 145 points. So new coach Mike McCormack, feeling the defense would be as solid as ever, worked mostly with the attack unit, which featured supposedly washed-up passer Roman Gabriel and a rookie-dominated offensive line (where rookies aren't supposed to be able to play). When the season opened,

Eagle fans could hardly believe their eyes. Gabriel's passing was phenomenal, his leadership incendiary, the line played laudably and the Eagle offense became the second best in professional football. The defense, however, collapsed, especially at middle linebacker, and McCormack spent much of the off-season on the phone trying to make defensive trades. If the Eagles become contenders, it will be because he found defensive help: if he hasn't, they won't.

We can't recall ever having seen a team exhibit a more shocking reversal of form than the New York Giants in 1973. After looking invincible in pre-season, the squad was hit with injuries. Organization suffered because the team headquartered in New York, practiced in New Jersey and played in Connecticut. After losing the third and fourth games (against Cleveland and Green Bay) in the last few minutes, the team was emotionally drained, and it never recovered. The rest of the season was a nightmare. To the rescue in January (you could almost hear the *Lone Ranger* theme trumpeting in the background) came new head coach Bill Arnsparger, a certified defensive genius. After spending the off-season viewing films of last year's games, Arnsparger said, "The Giants weren't really that bad a team. They were victimized by bad breaks and breakdowns." Believing firmly in an old-fashioned, strength-up-the-middle strategy, Arnsparger used the draft to revive his offensive line, which suffered an attack of old age last fall. If the player strike is settled quickly enough so that superrookies John Hicks and Tom Mullen can get sufficient early training, they should both be starters. New defensive end Rick Dvorak has the ability to be the swing man in Arnsparger's "53" defense. Giant fans can also take encouragement from the no-nonsense approach of new director of operations Andy Robustelli and owner Wellington Mara's promise to avoid getting in the way. Give Arnsparger three years and he'll have the Giants playing toe to toe with Dallas. In the meantime, he'll have to be content with an occasional upset.

CENTRAL DIVISION

NATIONAL FOOTBALL CONFERENCE

Minnesota Vikings	9-5
Green Bay Packers	8-6
Detroit Lions	6-8
Chicago Bears	2-12

The inexorable inroads of age have beset the Minnesota Vikings. Until now, the problem hasn't been debilitating, because the team's older players are in superb physical condition and they've been able to substitute experience for loss of

youthful strength and quickness. But it could all catch up with the Vikings this year in the form of minor but slow-healing injuries. With this in mind, coach Bud Grant looked for draft choices who could take over almost immediately. Linebackers Fred McNeill and Matt Blair will compete for the right to displace Roy Winston, and tackle Steve Riley will back up Grady Alderman. The Vikings' reliable offensive strengths are quarterback Fran Tarkenton, wide receiver John Gilliam—who has signed a W.F.L. contract—and runner Chuck Foreman. But they badly need added depth in the defensive backfield and some good runners to relieve Foreman and Oscar Reed. Grant will also work to sharpen the reactions of both lines, which were unaccountably slow off the ball in the Super Bowl. Despite all these problems, the Vikings are still the class team in their division and should again be in the play-offs.

The Green Bay Packers are, in one respect, the Notre Dame of pro football; more fans outside their home area identify with the Packers than with any other team, and their vocal followers make many road dates seem like home games. Despite this, morale became a serious problem last season. There were many factors, including the loss to injury of defensive back Willie Buchanon, a strong emotional leader on the field, and the unstable quarterback situation, which has been a problem since Bart Starr's arm went limp in 1968. Coach Dan Devine's largest task, however, is to resolve personality conflicts with many of his players. At season's end, quarterback Jim Del Gaizo said his teammates were too thin-skinned and should face up to their own shortcomings rather than gripe about Devine (which should indicate who'll be starting at quarterback when this season opens). The Packers also badly need another good defensive lineman and a replacement for center Ken Bowman, who may be retiring, but they ignored those holes and chose thunderous fullback Barty Smith for their first-round draft pick. If he is as good as his credentials, and if Devine can work him into the same backfield with John Brockington, the Packers could have the strongest ground game this side of Miami. But injury-prone Del Gaizo must stay healthy if the Packers are to challenge the Vikings for the division championship.

Detroit head coach Don McCafferty faces three immediate problems: choosing a number-one quarterback, finding a suitable replacement for retired linebacker Mike Lucci and, most urgently, rebuilding the squad's morale before the season begins. Greg Landry, who still has

(concluded on page 163)



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PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement

DOING IT BY THE NUMBERS

We should have known it would be downhill for General Mills after they stopped sponsoring *The Lone Ranger*. Now they've gotten themselves into something really weird—Craft Master Personal Painting kits (P. O. Box 123, Toledo, Ohio), which turn your favorite photo into a paint-by-the-numbers project. All you do is send a photo and \$19.95; about four weeks later, the postman will deliver a 16" x 20" numbered panel, oils matched to your picture, plus brushes, painting guide and practice panel. Dorian Gray, eat your heart out!

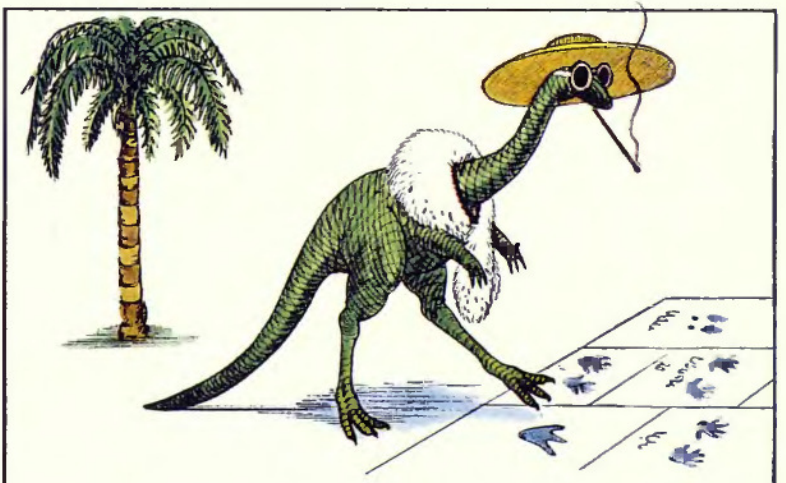


THE DARK IS LIGHT ENOUGH

You devil, you. You've lured her to your apartment to see your erotic etchings, stuffed her martini olive with Spanish fly, turned on your six-hour tape of spider monkeys in heat and slipped into something more comfortable—a white-mink jump suit worn inside out. Now you're rounding third base and heading for home, ready to slide. Hold it; the lights are still on. But they wouldn't be if you'd invested \$29.95 in a Dim-Out, an insidious little device made by K. B. Labs, 309 Mark Hannah, Ann Arbor, Michigan. Plug a lamp into Dim-Out's socket and in 20 minutes—darkness. If you like to do it with the lights on, disregard this message.

BLUE-PLATE STOCKS

As negotiable securities, they're not worth the paper they're printed on. But as table decor, or as a gift for a speculative friend, they're a hot tip. R&S Systems, 253 Heathercrest Drive, Chesterfield, Missouri, has reproduced stock certificates from four long-defunct firms—Boston Mexican Petroleum, Associated Gas and Electric Company, Calumet and Arizona Mining Company and Tuolumne Copper Mining Company—and turned them into a set of place mats (\$6.65 postpaid). In today's market, it's not every investment you can eat off of.



MAKING TRACKS

General Patton's daughter said, "Daddy always longed to have a set." Dale Carnegie said, "My friends were popeyed when I showed them." What were they talking about? Petrified dinosaur tracks that a company called Nash Dinosaurland in South Hadley, Massachusetts, has been selling for years like prehistoric hot cakes. Footprint prices are determined by prominence, length, rareness of track and size of slab—with uses ranging from ashtrays, paperweights and birdbaths to meandering garden walks. Step on it!

DEPOSIT TEN CENTS FOR THE NEXT . . . GLUB

You're skindiving with a friend and all of a sudden you see the Creature from the Black Lagoon swimming toward you. What do you do? You scream, dummy. But now the person you're diving with can hear your gurgled cry—thanks to a new, \$200 contraption, the Divers Underwater Communications System, manufactured by Metro-Tech Electronics in St. Louis. The device utilizes the principle of skull conduction—and you don't have to have an awful lot in your skull to make it work.



LOVE FOR SALE

OK, guys, a Swiss chemist named Marcel Perret has invented a new unisex body lotion called This, supposedly derived from "pheromones" (airborne sexual hormones), and if it works, boy, are you going to get lucky. Dr. Perret sells the stuff by mail (from P. O. Box 2151, Grand Central Station, New York; \$5.65 for two ounces) with one word of caution: Should the body lotion fail, it's got to be because of your partner's deep-seated inhibitions. Sure enough, a fly in the ointment.



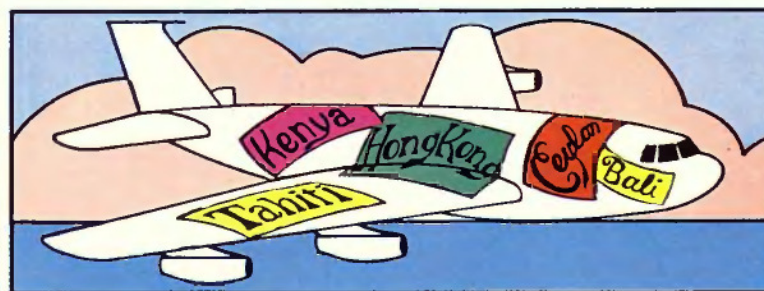
THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN INDIA

When it comes to esoteric fauna, there's probably not a rarer bird than the Anglophile India buff in full war cry, pontificating how he would have fought the battle of Maiwand. Well, if that's your cuppa, pukka sahib, have we got a book for you. *An Assemblage of Indian Army Soldiers & Uniforms*, published by Perpetua Press and available from Articles of War Ltd., 7101 N. Ashland, Chicago, Illinois, for \$14.50, takes you from the gaudy splendor of the 21st Bengal Native Infantry (1819) to the 1937 15th Lancers, showing what they wore and telling how they fought. It's all first-rate stuff, best absorbed with a tall, cool gin 'n' tonic. Prevents malaria, you know.



SONG-AND-DANCE ACT

Come Labor Day, instead of driving out to the park with a loaf of bread and a jug of wine, we suggest you put a little culture into your life and head east to the first American Song Festival, scheduled for August 30 to September 2 at the Performing Arts Center in Saratoga Springs, New York. What you'll see and hear are the works of 36 songwriters—all competing for \$128,000 in prize money—performed by such worthy names as Loggins & Messina, the Pointer Sisters, Helen Reddy, Ray Charles and Richie Havens. (For more info, contact the festival at 5900 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, California.) It's sure to be a winner.



WAY TO GO!

If you're looking for an excuse to rid yourself of all that tiresome bread and time you have on your hands, contact Olson's Travel in Chicago at 1 North LaSalle Street for more information on their 35-day, \$8895 junket around the world, with you and 83 other well-heeled types traveling aboard your own private Pan Am 707. (The plane ordinarily holds 160.) Of course, there's only one class—first; stopovers include Africa, the Seychelles, India, Ceylon, Bangkok, Singapore, Hong Kong, Bali, Australia and Tahiti; and the price covers just about everything from shark-fin soup to coconuts. One catch: Trip is offered but once a year—each January. And who's got money after Christmas?



"The Government will be happy to give you a grant to study birth control, if it doesn't have anything to do with sex."

PRO FOOTBALL PREVIEW

(continued from page 159)

the talent to become the best quarterback in football, will undoubtedly remain the starter and rookie Ed O'Neil has the raw ability to win Lucci's job, in which case he will play side by side with his Penn State roommate, Jim Laskavick. But the morale problem has its roots in the Detroit front office's cool and rigid attitude toward its players—partly due to the calamitous 1973 season—and McCafferty can't be expected to fix this kind of plantation mentality. But he does seem to have created a better understanding between players and coaches. Last year the team didn't adapt to an all-new coaching staff, its system and philosophy, as readily as had been hoped. Now, after a full year, the transition should be complete. If the offense stays reasonably healthy, the Lions might break their long-standing Minnesota jinx: They haven't beaten the Vikings since December 1967.

In the bar car of the 5:30 commuter train headed toward Chicago's elite North Shore suburbs, publicity flacks, stockbrokers and assorted Loop business types lament the impotence of "our Bears" and solemnly agree that "'Muggs' [general manager Halas] and Ed [vice-president McCaskey] have got to get a new quarterback and a couple of good linebackers." But year after year, Bears' season-ticket holders, largely concentrated among the North Side establishment, fill the stadium. Bears owner George S. Halas is, above all, a cost-conscious businessman, so when the public stands in line to buy an inferior product, why should he spend a bundle on research and development? The basic cause of the Bears' pitiable state is their bumbling front-office organization, which resembles a merger of the Marx Brothers with the Committee for the Re-election of the President. Also, Abe Gibron, an old-fashioned blood-and-guts coach, makes his pre-season workouts so rigorous that his players enter the season physically and emotionally spent. In fact, toward the end of last season, most of the players just gave up and quit. "I hate to get up in the morning," linebacker Jimmy Gunn told us. This year, the squad enters summer drills depressed and disorganized. The situation will probably go downhill from there.

WESTERN DIVISION NATIONAL FOOTBALL CONFERENCE

Los Angeles Rams	9-5
Atlanta Falcons	7-7
San Francisco 49ers	7-7
New Orleans Saints	6-8

"When your record is twelve and two, you win your division championship and lead the entire N.F.L. in total offense,

total defense and points scored, you have to figure your team is reasonably strong," declared Los Angeles general manager Don Klosterman, thus establishing new boundaries for administrative understatement. Indeed, the Rams enter this season with no discernible weakness, leaving little likelihood that any rookies will see much action. One of their most important strengths is the personal presence of owner Carroll Rosenbloom, an unusually enlightened man in a generally benighted profession. Choosing Chuck Knox, for instance, as his head coach last season was a stroke of genius. Knox, an emotional rock, is a perfect counterpart to the mercurial Rosenbloom and his cool stability helps players keep their confidence when things are going wrong. So if the Rams can maintain their winning spirit and seeming immunity to serious injury (last year only one of 22 starters missed an entire game because of injury), they'll play the Cowboys to see who goes to the Super Bowl.

Norm Van Brocklin, his deeply created countenance reflecting years of vitriolic emotion, confronted his squad after their season's-end losses to two weaker teams and took the blame for Atlanta's let-down; he said he hadn't prepared them properly. But Van Brocklin's method of preparation is one of Prussian intimidation. On the field, he is a reasonable facsimile of George Patton; off the field, he demeans his players to the press, dictates hair style and dress ("If you want to wear bell-bottoms, join the Navy") and spills acidic views about opposing players. ("They've got a Communist playing cornerback," he once said of the Cleveland Browns, referring to Ben Davis, Angela's apolitical brother.) Despite all this, the Falcons entered last season needing only a quarterback who could function effectively under the pressure of Van Brocklin's coaching. They found Bob Lee, a good-willed lover of Jesus. How long he and Van Brocklin will be able to tolerate each other is debatable. Though the Falcons have a superb veteran team (Olympic Gold Medal winner Gerald Tinker, at wide receiver, and defensive back Maurice Spencer are the only rookies who'll play), we doubt that they can ever win a championship with Van Brocklin. Teams motivated by fear nearly always let down when the heat is off. They may win the big games, but they'll often lose to weaker teams.

The San Francisco 49ers will for the first time have full use of four number-one draft choices. Wide receiver Terry Beasley and defensive back Mike Holmes, the team's selections the past

two years, have played minimally because of injuries. Combined with this year's two first-round choices (running back Wilbur Jackson and defensive lineman Bill Sandifer), they should give the 49ers the most helpful injection of new talent of any team in the league, and it comes just in time. The 49ers took a precipitous nose dive in '73, largely due to a series of major injuries to key players and an unsettled quarterback situation. Jackson and another rookie runner, Delvin Williams, will account for the running and Steve Spurrier should be a dependable starter at quarterback. On defense, linebacker Willie Harper should continue his impressive maturation. With all this good new talent on hand—and if their luck changes—the 49ers could experience an instant resurrection; but unless they can figure out some way to beat Los Angeles, a trick they haven't turned since their first game of the 1970 season, they won't get to the play-offs.

No team last year changed as much from the beginning to the end of the season as the New Orleans Saints. Enthusiasm skyrocketed when coach J. D. Roberts was fired in late August and new coach John North got a standing ovation when he entered the room for his first squad meeting. North, a bluntly honest man, completely rebuilt the team, bringing in 14 new players, all of whom are still on hand. The Saints suddenly jelled in the third game (against Baltimore) and got better the rest of the season. The progress will continue this fall if a tendency to fumble can be cured and if a thin defensive line can be reinforced. Rookie linebacker Rick Middleton should be an immediate starter; runner Alvin Maxson could prove to be the surprise in the Saints' draft. He and veteran runner Jess Phillips will remove some offensive pressure from quarterback Archie Manning. Watch the Saints. They might be the overlooked team of 1974.

Lastly, let us borrow from contemporary political double talk to say that the above predictions may become inoperative if the player strike, scheduled to begin as this issue makes its appearance, reaches an impasse and lasts beyond the beginning of the regular season. Fear not, there *will* be a season. Tickets have been sold and television contracts signed, and franchise owners aren't about to let all that money escape them. But if the strike drags on, look for a wild assortment of unpredictable teams, peopled with rookies and free agents, playing high-class sand-lot football. It may not be a thing of beauty, and football purists will be horrified, but the rest of us just might enjoy the most entertaining season since raccoon coats went out of style.



WASHINGTON MONUMENT (continued from page 120)

urge. "Don't let a little water get to you."

12:45 P.M. Hull is definitely slowing down. "What's the matter?" I ask.

"I'm bushed," he replies. "I'm not in shape. All that time in jail."

"You wrote you'd been climbing the walls," I say.

"That's just an expression for being uptight."

I am shocked. No true monument climber would ever make that kind of misstatement. But I smother my disgust and urge him on.

1:25 P.M. Just short of 450 feet. Hull has been immobile for 15 minutes. The water stops and the policeman descends and offers his help. Hull talks to him. I try not to listen as he bargains for amnesty. It is disgusting to hear a grown man grovel.

There is a brief argument as to who will keep the explosive bolts. Hull has agreed to turn them over to the policeman as part of his surrender. I accept this blatant violation of all the ethics of monument climbing, as I know there is a reserve supply in my pack. The policeman asks me if I wish to abandon the climb. I do not even answer him. Hull and the ranger disappear up the rope.

1:45 P.M. Solo climbing, not my idea of pure enjoyment. A rope ladder has been lowered from the top. I push it aside and continue working up the marble. All of the joy is gone from the climb;

it is pure agony pulling myself up from bolt to bolt. I think only of the distance to the top and that each bolt brings me that much closer to the end of my ordeal.

2:45 P.M. I must be getting close, as the attitude of the crowd below is changing. They are cheering me now. Such behavior is not uncommon on monument climbs. Often, toward the end, they begin to feel just a bit of the incredible joy of conquest, to share with the climber a touch of his sense of accomplishment.

3:10 P.M. Hull's voice comes down to me from somewhere above. "Grab the ladder, Stan. They won't let you finish." I know that the Park Service feels that one success spurs other climbers to repeat the ascent. How wrong they are. Just the existence of a monument itself is enough to demand that it be climbed.

They will probably attempt to grab me as I pass the tiny window at the top. There is only one alternate. I swing my line of attack toward the edge of the face. I shall have to make the difficult traverse along the corner knife edge to the top. To compound my difficulties, the bolt supply is running low. I am spacing my reaches as far apart as possible, a dangerous practice with two men climbing. It is suicidal on a solo climb.

3:35 P.M. I reach the corner of the monument with two bolts left and still a good six feet of vertical above me. I

reach high to drive the first bolt. But my tired hand slips and the bolt vanishes below me. The panic of defeat rises within me. I cannot make it to the top with only one bolt. There is now only the humiliation of the traverse back to the rope ladder and surrender. But I cannot accept this fate. I place my last bolt and drive it home, set the carabiner and work my way up to my new hold. I rest and think. From where I swing at the corner I have an immense panorama, the Potomac disappearing northwest into the hills, the White House just visible below me. But just as I turn my mind to the task of the return route, I catch a flash of light from the White House. The reflection of sun on binoculars? Could *he* be watching me? Everyone knows our President is not a quitter. I must try to find a way up.

I search the marble above me for a sign of a crack. There is one, a tiny flaw that I have not detected before. I work at it with my hammer. A piece flakes off, revealing a crack that might hold a *piton*. I reach up and jam the *piton* in. Miraculously, it stays. The hammer catches it solidly on the first blow. The rest is straightforward.

3:55 P.M. I am over the edge. A little group of grim policemen waits for me by the trap door in the roof. Still well out of their grasp, I unlimber the portable flagstaff with the tiny American flag above the colors of the Monument Climbers of North America. I stand, holding the staff aloft. The authorities may see us as renegades; I still have my loyalty to my country.

4 P.M. The police are working their way toward me. A helicopter, probably from one of the news services, rushes down upon me. There will be photographs, a little publicity, another reach upward in the long fight to legalize our climbing.

4:03 P.M. The forces of law and order are almost upon me. But the copter drops down, a sling is lowered. I grab it as it swings past and I am suddenly airborne above the angry faces of the police.

I swing free, the whole of Washington beneath me. The cable reels in and I climb into the copter, where three gentlemen of the press congratulate me. They are anxious to make a deal. In exchange for exclusive rights to my story, I shall be released in Virginia, where a car is waiting for me. I shake hands with them all. They talk about television rights, a movie based on my exploits. I nod my head and sign documents. But I am not thinking of the ascent just completed and our long-overdue recognition in the press. As the copter swings around, framed in the open door I catch sight of the long reach of the Mall pointing the way to what I know in my heart will be my next ascent, the imposing challenge of the unconquered Capitol dome.



"Daddy, I'm having such a good time . . . could I stay out until eleven-thirty tonight? Please, Daddy!"

IT CAME TO PASS *(continued from page 91)*

to find her form in his work: in marble (too cold), in clay (too crude), in metals (too stern) and in warm, pale woods. But nothing was adequate, not even alabaster.

He had led the life: balling on the Left Bank in the old days, then bread and grass and a jug of whatever with several thous, singing, etc., in the wilderness of Cambridge and the Back Bay. He'd seen it all and been through two wives and three recalcitrant kids in the course of it. He was ready for something different; for this young, fragile girl-woman with whom everyone he knew had fallen in love. And she had only loved him back. He would marry her in the spring among flowers. And until then, he almost relished the waiting. She would be untouched.

Marty's background was sophisticated but rarefied: father head of the classics department, mother a clinical psychologist. European schools. She was known among the Cambridge set for the way she asked questions at poetry readings, screenings and showings—as if she really were reluctant to say anything, and suspected she ought not, but she really had to know or she'd sleep unsoundly. You would do anything to spare her such unpleasantness. And the questions she asked were always so much sharper than anything you had thought of. It was crushing. You fell in love with her despite yourself. She'd got the best of everything.

And then she got pregnant.

Normally none of us would have thought anything of it. It was either a beautiful thing or there were ways now to take care of it. But with Marty, especially when everything was irrevocably done and finished, it was like the water running out of our beds.

Joe told me about the whole scene a few days after it was over. I suppose I was one of the first to know. We'd had lunch late in an underground eatery and just stayed there talking. He was crying into his Hu-Kwa. I wanted a drink, but I listened to him force the words out between his teeth.

"What could I say to her, Peter? She couldn't have told me at a worse time. I wasn't finding the form. All I wanted to do was look at her. Peter, you know how she is. You look at her and anything, everything seems possible. Is possible. And she started to talk and then went very quiet and I didn't want to look at her, because I knew she was crying and I didn't know how it would affect me."

"But you did look."

"I did. And you can guess—no, maybe you can't. Seeing her like that made me feel helpless but like there was the potential there for me to be all-powerful. You know? No. I could be father, lover, child to her, if only. . . ." He swung his

head back and forth and swirled the leaves around in the bottom of his cup.

"It would have excited me."

"Excited you?" Joe just looked at me and sipped at his tea. And in my mind I damned myself for a fool and supposed I had put an end to his story. But then he started talking again and I resolved to listen and take it all in. That was all he wanted or needed.

He asked her what was the matter. And he put his arms around her. She looked up at him.

"I've been to a gynecologist," she said.

"Yes." He wasn't surprised. He'd told her to. She'd been feeling sick: her periods had been irregular. "What did he say?"

She couldn't speak.

Joe tried to speak the worst to save her doing it. "Is there some reason we won't be able to have . . . ?"

She pushed her head against his shoulder and, completely quietly, it was strange how quietly she cried. Then, "I'm pregnant," she said.

Joe let go of those last words in a rush. I sat forward and listened aggressively.

"My whole body went cold. Peter, I didn't know what to do. I got my first wife knocked up and that was no scandal then, God knows how many years ago. But. But, Peter, I never—" then he shut up suddenly. He kept that thought to himself. And then he began again abruptly. He had asked her, "Who?"

"No—nobody," she said.

"Marty, please. Please. I can learn to live with anything. I—but, Marty, I have to know who. Why."

She tried to clutch him to her, to cry on him again, but he held her back so he could look into her eyes. "Just tell me," he said. "I can accept the truth."

"I'm telling you the truth."

He blew up. "Come on! You don't catch clap from the can and you sure as shit don't get pregnant from the stork. Now, who the hell made that little thing growing inside you?"

Joe belted down the last of his tea as if it were 90 proof and stared at me as if there were something I could do. He put



"The Cabinet? I thought homosexuals were only in the closet!"

his hands over his eyes and shivered for a moment. Then he laughed. "Marty said, 'I'm telling you the truth.' She seemed mad. I don't just mean angry. And all of a sudden, she looked trapped, you know? 'Nobody,' she said. 'Nobody. Nobody! Nobody!' I started to shake her, but I didn't have any strength. I let go of her. I sat down. It was obvious I couldn't say anything. Hell, I felt sick. I couldn't say anything."

Joe's fingers were white from clutching his cup. He couldn't look at me anymore. He fell silent. He couldn't talk to me anymore. He managed to cough out, "I wonder who it was. I really thought. . ."

I tried to change the subject. I looked desperately among the batik hangings and wall cracks for something to give me an idea. A greasy astrology chart on the kitchen door. "Boy, Kohoutek really has been a fizzle." Joe just looked up at me. His face seemed too old ever to have thought about marrying someone like Marty. Marrying? Why was it she seemed like a girl you would have to marry? But I tried to continue with the astronomy. I looked at my watch. "It might be visible just now."

We went outside to see. Both of us lacked much enthusiasm. We couldn't find it. That topic died.

Joe looked ancient and exhausted in the evening light. He must have seen this reflected on my face. "I'm sorry, Peter. I haven't slept since this started. I haven't even tried."

"You should, Joe. Things would be clearer." We stood there for a few seconds. "Well," I said, "I've got to be off. But . . . but, Joe, what's going to happen?"

"I don't know. I still love her and I think. . ."

"I know she still loves you."

"Maybe we'll still get. . ."

"You should."

"Yes. I think we may try living together first."

It sounded like the right thing to do. We were about to walk off in different directions. I had to ask, "What about . . .?"

"We went to the clinic together yesterday. They were very nice, of course. I mean, thank God it's legal. It was all very clean and modern."



BAND

(continued from page 86)

broke into some factory office for blank checks and spent one Friday cashing hot checks: And all of a sudden they were rich. C8 got the Cadillac and down payments on just about anything else he wanted. But he was smart enough to stop cashing in after he'd gotten what he wanted. The others went right on with the machine until they got caught.

C8 was a large boy, 28, and he'd developed an impressive gridwork of muscles that covered his body like a suit of armor when he was a kid back in Kemah, Texas. He'd quit school in the third grade to load those shrimp boats that chug in and out all day long, run by four- and three-fingered old-timers who barely had time to lean back, hawk up a giant wad of sputum and send it wobbling out over the oily salt water, and whose sole advice to the youth thereabouts was "Get thet education, boy. They can't take thet away from ya." C8 had rocked way back on his heels—barely an adolescent but big and strong, making a buck now and then arm wrestling down at the bar, where he wasn't supposed to go because he was underage—and delivered his own projectile across the trajectory of the old men's, allowing as how he'd prob'ly dew aw-right without that edge-yew-kay-shun.

On this night in L.A., all that muscle had long ago gone to a thick cushioning of jellylike tissue infested by minute pockets of fat. He hawked grossly from deep in his smoke-blackened lungs and spat a good 20 feet across the posh club, submitting in the same breath, "I say we break the fag's kneecaps and *take the fuckin' money.*"

But a little brainwork by Wolfman and Spook refined this. They simply backed the trailer up to the loading dock and relieved the club of every unopened half-gallon bottle of booze in stock.

Dawn found C8 and Cherokee standing in the parking lot beneath the sizzling neon sign, so drunk they didn't notice or else just plain didn't care that they were soaking wet. Each cradled an empty half-gallon Chivas bottle in his arms and giggled in high weak waves of exhausted hysteria, mumbling in that way only the oldest of friends can understand in such a stupor. The never-ending need was each day to get a little higher, to go just one step further than the day before in whatever direction and in every way possible.

Certain things were dictated by being on tour, by the traveling of a band. The Old French word *bande* means "bond, tie, link." Related to bandit, from the Italian verb. But put any group of people on the road and see what happens. At home people get together and work hard at settling; they drive out the mobile, vagrant spirits. Possibilities are



shrunk purposely in order that certain things may be accomplished, in order that certain prohibitions be maintained. When they venture away from home, they are subject to the whims of loose and ancient spirits that inhabit those roads on which they travel. The bonds and restraints are left behind. There are 360 degrees on the compass. They can be divided into an infinite number of possible directions. The nomadic band is open to these infinite possibilities.

Add to this a hearty, animal background, the prime sense of a man who never made it past third grade, whose whole life is founded on the most sensuous profession, the making of sound, sound meant to *move* somebody—a man who has no question in his mind, who is certain of himself, who has never asked what he would die for, who went into the Service not because he was willing to die for his country but because he wanted to kill for his country. Give this man a gun and let him have no fear, not of other men nor of animals, not of accidental death or bodily harm or mental disintegration, not of failing manhood, nor of education or law or the beliefs of others. Show him pain. Then give him pleasure so that he knows both sides of the coin. And as sure as he stands and breathes, he will go after pleasure with purpose and determination and attain it by whatever means he deems necessary, notwithstanding hell-fire or the hand of God.

A man doesn't have to be evil to do what the band did.

THE LONE RANGER EAT
AND GET GAS WAX MUSEUM

These nights repeated themselves in flickering sequence, blurring and running together. And through brute force, with desperate urgency, there was always some last-minute way of peaking out above the previous day's record. All-night acid marathons flash by disconnected, mere images, poorly remembered by all. Somewhere a girl offers herself bodily to the band as a receptacle out of which to eat ice cream, off of which to bounce their wildest fantasies.

At some point, holes broke through the canopy of bundling clouds and the expectations held in L.A. faded. The rain, having devastated the area, finally relented and the band moved north under it, instinctively migrating with bad news, turning east at Interstate 80 for the cross-continent drive home.

Somewhere along the line, Squinch had picked up a trashed-out Deuce-and-a-Quarter only to learn that it used a quart of oil every 50 miles. With his trunk touching the road because it was full of two-gallon oilcans, he hopped and limped across America. Cherokee slept almost nonstop, getting up only once midway to urinate, and

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then, without a word to anyone, resuming his position slumped in the front seat of the Cadillac next to C8, who ate black 20-milligram Biphedamine capsules and drank Tres Equis Cerveza Clara and hawked up great wads of phlegm, which he fired into the roaring highway wind, and chain-smoked the numbers Flash was rolling in the back seat and talked about where they'd been or where they were going at 90 miles an hour while he was driving mostly by the instruments, though once he looked at the road long enough to avoid plowing into the back of an unsuspecting Northwestern hayseed's new Chevrolet with the itemized price sticker still proudly pasted to the left passenger window.

One sunset on the road found them where I-80 discontinued, poised on the ridge before Wendover, Utah, where the late rays of light burned up under the low, flat-bottomed clouds and reflected down onto the infinite expanse of shallow, liquid salt fields divided by roads into perfect geometrical patches of intense pastel shades. Green trapezoids abutting on tangerine isosceles triangles and wedged together by 40-acre marine-blue parallelograms all shimmered like rich hallucinations as the land gave up its heat.

"What is time?" Wolfman had dropped seven small cactus thingies that seemed to be having an unusual effect on his system.

"Time is what C8's missing," Squinch said.

"Lay off him, man," Flash said. "Look at the scenery or something."

"A nonspatial continuum in which events occur in apparently irreversible succession from the past through the present to the future." Spook said, reciting from some far-off bit of absorbed knowledge. "In other words, I can tell you exactly what Timbuktu is. For that matter, many things are clearer than time. Plato's timocracy, for example. The timbrel, a variant of which we use every night onstage. Tilt, tiller, Tillich, tilt, tilth, timbale—"

"Somebody shut that fucker up," Cherokee said. "Can't we just look at the goddamn beauty of this fuckin' place without all this bullshit?"

"What is bullshit?" Wolfman said flatly, emphatically.

"Bullshit is a small green button from the peyote plant," Flash said.

"Look at them lakes out there." C8 pointed to one of the truncated triangles of water so saturated with salt that it was crystalizing. "Fuckin' far out. Anybody got any weed?"

"Let's get goin'," the Mineral said.

"You go," Deacon said. "What's a matter, can't you even sit still and appreciate a sunset?"

"Yeah, goddamn low-life barbarian

cabron putrid sodomist creep pygmy asshole." Wolfman said.

"Why, you little—" The Mineral moved toward him.

"Lay off, Mineral," C8 said, "he's too high to know what he's sayin'."

They picked up I-80 again and pushed on under cover of full dark, stark images blasting out of nowhere and fading behind them. At one point, C8 bet Squinch he could drive for 60 seconds with his eyes closed but started drifting and ran a station wagon through a guardrail and off the road. Flash and Spook turned to watch the car shrinking behind them in a snowstorm of sparks as it slid off the shoulder and rolled onto its roof down the embankment.

"Jeezus God," Spook hollered, grabbing the seat behind C8. "You ran that guy off the road!"

"Ah cain't stop now." C8 put his teeth together and leaned all his weight into the accelerator.

"Poor fucker didn't have a chance," Flash said, still peering out the rear window to see if the gasoline was going to hit the engine block for a grand finale.

"You gotta go back." Spook seemed upset.

"Yew want us all t'go to jail?" C8 turned all the way around to face the Spook, who looked kind of pale and blue in the eerie midnight highway light. The hog began to creep off the road again and C8 pulled it back, grinding some vile substance out of his throat and spitting it onto the road. "Fuck it, man. We cain't dew nothin' for him."

Maybe it was only in a dream. In Squinch's car, Wolfman pulled out a Martin D-45 guitar inlaid with mother-of-pearl and shell and sang:

*"Big 80 left Savannah
Run and did not stop
You oughta saw that colored fireman
when he got them boilers hot
you can
reach over'n th'corner, mama, and
hand me my traveling shoes. . ."*

"Whozat?" Squinch asked when he'd finished.

"Me," Wolfman said, "singin' Blind Willie McTell's *Statesboro Blues* and pickin' the livin' shit outa this gie-tar." He wasn't so high anymore. Just feeling mellow.

"You know anything by The Uranium T-Shirt? Or The Pink Sphincter?"

"I know how to play a demented fifth chord." Wolfman strummed the open strings, producing an awful sound.

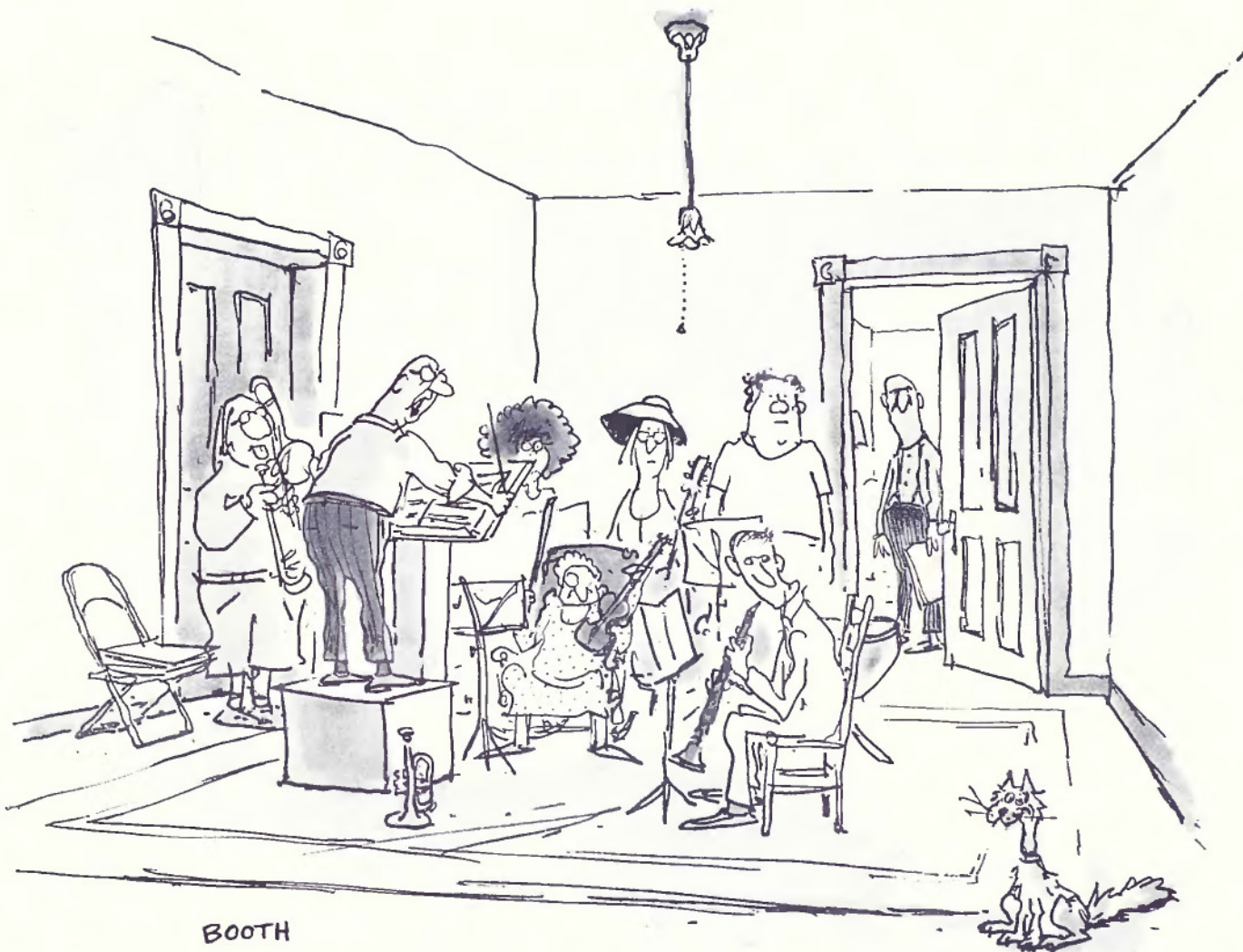
"Go to sleep," the Mineral said.

"If I go to sleep," Squinch snarled, "you'll never wake up. Goddamn motherfuckin' pigshit car's got diarrhea."

Wolfman did a perfect imitation of Joan Baez imitating Bob Dylan imitating himself singing *Love Is Just a Four Letter Word*.



"On the other hand, I don't want to frustrate his childish curiosity and run the risk of giving him some sort of complex."



BOOTH

*"Let's take the andantino from C again . . . this time
without the cat!"*

"I always knew that fuckin' Spook wasn't your brother, you goddamn Mexican bandit faggot," Squinch said. "Any of that Coors left back there?"

"I took a leak in one of the empty cans, if you'd like something nice and hot." Wolfman ran up a two-octave chromatic.

"I'll take it!" Squinch shouted.

Wolfman popped the top off a warm can and handed it to him. Squinch swilled it eagerly.

"Tastes like you had some coffee today," Squinch said.

Only a few hours later, Squinch's Deuce-and-a-Quarter gave up the ghost of its gaskets—head and rocker cover—and began dumping its oil onto the road every 30 miles; and the hours began stretching into one solid expanse of boredom and ragged nerves. The Cadillac radio produced a steady stream of gurgling Methedrine idiocy. Kamikaze butterflies made bright-yellow explosions on the windshield at regular inter-

vals. Alternating and continual doses of cigarette smoke, cold black coffee, lukewarm beer, soda crackers, peanuts, marijuana, speed and more cigarettes had transformed the feeling inside their mouths into something almost as loathsome as that inside their brains. And the roar of the highway wind was enough to loosen the fillings in their teeth. The pulsing white dashes on the concrete, the rhythms of passing towns and of waiting every 20 minutes while Squinch poured more oil into the car were deadening.

And at some isolated glassed-in aluminum service-station café along the way was an old man who appeared to be a lifelike gun-metal-and-wax statue of a real old man. When the band—minus Cherokee—sat at his counter, the old man chatted in a gentle baritone, like a big radio off in the distance. He called them *boys*, addressing them only as a group, asking if they were old enough to remember the cowboy shows on the radio. As they were paying the check, the wax-faced man shook each hand with a

cold grip, told the boys he used to be the Lone Ranger on the radio and then showed them an eight-by-ten of himself in his Lone Ranger clothes. The photograph was dominated by a snowflake reticulum of cracks that made the Lone Ranger look as if he were standing in a blizzard that didn't even bother him, except for his eyes, which were squinting behind the mask.

By the second—or was it the third?—time the sun hit the horizon, they had smoked so many Alvin Surprises (a mixture of Moroccan weed and Lebanese hashish) and taken so many snappers that later no one was certain if they were just very high or if the sunset had really been so beautiful that it made them stop the cars along the road and get out, screaming with laughter, to roll around on their backs like dogs, kicking the New Mexico dust into the running sunlight, not caring about troopers who might come by and wonder what they kept in their suitcases or where Squinch's Deuce-and-a-Quarter was registered or

by what authority C8 kept beneath his front seat a sawed-off, 12-gauge, five-shot pump and why it was loaded with double-naught shot. No one knew for sure what they were doing in the dirt and Deacon, who stole the shotgun in the first place, wasn't sure why he was carrying it. It hadn't even been loaded until he had looked up an old friend of his in Topanga Canyon who had a gun collection. They had gotten all fucked up on downers and started shooting up and down the canyon with a Thompson. When they had gotten too loose to hit anything with a machine gun, they retired to his friend's porch with the 12-gauge and spent the evening shooting raccoons, which, when hit with that size shot, disappeared from the face of the earth without a trace.

And, of course, when Deacon returned to tell the band about his adventure, no one believed him. They all lied so much and so well that half of the things that really happened were rejected as just more bullshit. But that's the way it was in those days: Some things just

weren't true, even if they did happen.

Somehow, after all that traveling, even when they returned home, such as it was, they never quite got off the road in the essential way one must if one is going to live within the bounds of accepted human behavior. After you are on the road long enough, you begin to take the spirits home with you. If you go into the wilderness for long enough, you will become wild. If you start out wild, you will go home and perhaps never realize you are home—or home will be everywhere . . . and therefore nowhere. All possibilities will remain within your grasp. You will not obey laws, moral codes or anything else, because you will not even know they exist.

There is another sense about music—this music, electronic spiritualism, amplified emotion. It's the same sense that comes to the operator of a recoilless cannon on the battlefield. Some people call it shell shock. After a few years of playing rock, things begin to loosen, the brain pan begins to hold a dry standing wave, the motor mounts become rigid

and liable to fracture with the slightest jar, nerve endings develop calluses. Just as dope deteriorates the body components, constant sound and emotion waste the soul. A deep, low-grade infection of the spirit sets in, an infection you can sense in its victim, just as you can sense something out of the ordinary in someone who has terminal cancer.

THE CHOCOLATE BAYOU FOUR ON A MIDGET INCIDENT

One of the first things they did after getting home and sleeping off the snappers, the weed and the trip was to take another trip down to Alvin and load up the boat with weed and snappers for a run up Chocolate Bayou to where the giant white hawks would be guarding their young. The house they kept was outside Alvin in one of the small wildernesses southeast of Houston. Chocolate Bayou is actually a river that feeds into the Gulf of Mexico by way of Lost Bay and West Bay along the western side of Galveston. The house was set inland about 20 miles, where few if any pleasure crafts would venture because of a twisting and erratic channel and submerged stumps that would gut a boat that drew much more than a foot.

The first few attempts to get everyone into the little boat were more ridiculous than dangerous, with C8 insisting that he be the pilot, laughing his ass off, generating a mighty bolus of mucus from his giant lungs, standing up to his full 6'4" to fire it from the boat and tipping headlong into the deep-brown water no fewer than three times before Wolfman, Flash and Spook, pulling him from the bayou, decided to hold the boat's battery hostage until he agreed to sit down and be still. But the black ones were getting the best of him. Deacon, Squinch, Flash, Spook and Wolfman were once again settled next to him in the boat designed to hold two or three people with reasonable safety, and C8, with the aid of an ever-so-small droplet of hash oil, began sputtering with his characteristic sound, like canvas being torn. As the boat, questionably afloat, began pulling away from the little dock, his stifled laughter built up so much pressure inside his chest that he started rocking back and forth in an attempt to control it. Before they were 20 feet downrange, the boat exceeded its two-inch clearance, filled with water and went down again.

At that point Spook declared that, as trumpet player, it was no good for him to swallow so much water and if he didn't get into the house and dry himself out properly with tequila and Lone Star, he might never play a high E-flat again. Deacon followed and spent the rest of the day watching soap operas while Spook read him progressively longer passages from Roethke's *Words for the*



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Wind: "A kitten can bite with his feet." Spook intoned. Deacon began giggling. "There was a mooly man who had a rubber hat and funnier than that—he kept it in a can," Spook went on and Deacon had to make him stop. "A real hurt is soft."

But as they got more and more stoned, it turned into a dialog.

"How did you feel about—"

"Well, I started at the thigh, you know, and worked my way up. Then I came upon a black, dark area full of curly hair and it was slightly damp."

"Uh-oh."

"And as I fondled it, it became damp-er. Anyway, I ran thirteen fingers up there—see, I'm odd, I got seven on one hand and six on the other, see?—and, like, I put thirteen fingers, both hands, wrists, elbows and triceps, which I was flexing at the time, which means they were expanded to my full eighteen inches, from my bar-bell work. Anyway, I had the whole thing up there and like I was playin' with her heart. Now, as I massaged her heart, her cries became more and more frantic, turning into moans. And as I squeezed those ventricles it was as if my spirit was torn from the very depths of my soul and I came—and she died, and now we're even. Djew ever try dancin' with a corpse?"

Meanwhile, with the boat on top of the water, the four crew members glided upriver with no sound, except the sucking noise of water and the dry hiss of the Alvin Surprise pipe passing from mouth to mouth. The river was flanked by dense forest, which intermeshed 30 feet above the water, forming a dark-green tunnel in which the boat moved along the still surface of the bayou, passing beneath misshapen patches of sunlight that flashed through the heavy canopy of leaves. Along the bank some mongrel dog was running, sharp shadows merging with the fuzzy edges of his movement through the silver-green tatters of Spanish moss hanging and dropping in great quantities from the coniferous frieze to the alluvium along the bayou. As the overloaded boat moved into deeper silence, C8's need to laugh subsided while he stared into the massive heavy green, with the pines pointing upward to more and more green and the river spreading its legs before him, the light coming down only in splotches, though the whole forest held the glow of day, dazzling and rich among the infinite shades of green.

In the near silence of the slipping boat, a leaf came crashing down from the top of a dead tree, heaving through the dry branches, turning and roaring, louder and louder as it neared the ground. A yellow jacket that seemed to C8 the size of a hummingbird dove, startling the boatload of people, and then



"They were made for each other. He's a leading proctologist and she's a pain in the ass."

droned off among the branches; but when a stone-white hawk, its wings spanning more than four feet, came past, riding a thermal above the bayou, glancing toward the canopy, seeking a way out of the endless tunnel of green, a hushed reverence that bordered on fear settled over the four dangerously stoned passengers, as if they were gliding into prehistory.

The pipe passed yet again and someone said, *This's fuckin' spooky*, as Wolf silently pointed to the tracks of cloven hooves in the mud along the bank. They watched as the impressions moved across their field of vision, the same expressions on their faces that one sees when people are looking into an open coffin.

But it was bigger than their humble hashish delirium could estimate. Around the next curve, upwind from the boat, a full-grown reddish-brown bull lay in the shade near the cool river's edge. He seemed perhaps ten times bigger than the men and boat put together and his bearing was that of a fairy-tale monster guarding a high-priced item. Flash at the tiller whispered, *We can't go past that thing, man, he'll fuckin' eat us!*

Wolf managed to organize his thoughts enough to draw out of the fog a fact: *Bulls don't eat meat*, small comfort as they drifted almost even with the monster and passed the point of no return. And even as the thick, blue hashish smoke trailed along behind them, no one figured out that the bull hadn't made his move because he couldn't smell them. As they negotiated the next curve,

however, the wind caught both them and their smoke and delivered the bouquet right up under the monster's nose. One hardly imagines a beast of such mass being lithe or lightning quick, but this one was up and into the water in a single motion and the wave was too much for the little boat, which once again dumped its contents into Chocolate Bayou.

Not quite able to charge in five feet of muddy water and unwilling to swim, the bull backed clumsily onto the bank and resumed his questionable guard. Not wanting to replay the scene just yet, the contents of the boat returned on foot to the house, troubling themselves only to recover from the water the hashish, bobbing along in its tin-foil wrapper, and Squinch, who was thrashing and pleading with them not to let him drown.

When they reached the house, Deacon was passed out with his face in the carpet and the television was blasting. Spook was hollering at him to wake up while trying to revive the corpse of an unexpected guest who had dropped over after accidentally injecting too much heroin into this little bit of a vein between his thumb and index finger. It was Kenny, one of those people you always think are so wonderfully crazy, so unpredictable—into everything. Kenny would do things like buy a night club with money he'd made dealing dope, then stay high for six months, only to wake up with a failed business and a lot of debts. Then he'd bounce back with

another mad scheme and be off again. He might call in the middle of the night from Costa Rica with an elaborate plan to bring back a ton of solid-rock cocaine in the 43-foot sloop he'd just bought ("No, man, I can't sail, but *somebody* we know must be able to . . ."). Then he'd show up working in a record store with no more explanation of what had happened to the coke deal than, "Well, some days chicken, some days chicken-shit." But eventually the drugs got the best of him. Sometimes he couldn't even remember how many bags he was supposed to shoot. And maybe that's what happened in Alvin that afternoon. He wasn't a cautious man.

Some people resorted to rather extreme measures in an attempt to regain that part of themselves that was eroded by time, travel, sound. Others, rather than regain it, tried to escape the container once everything had gone. When your own spirit joined the ones on the highways, you either had to go looking for it or alter the container it had lived in.

Another way to meet the problem head on was to set about denying that it existed, to go full steam ahead with so much energy and fury that you began to convince yourself that you were still all there—after all, just a part of you couldn't possibly raise that much hell, could it?

MIGHTY MOUSE LEGENDS AND THE ALMOST PERFECT CRIME

Within a couple of weeks, the excitement of being back wore off and members of the band were looking for places to gig and ways to make money. A local trombone player named Mouse (for the same reason anyone is named after that rodent) got C8, Cherokee and Deacon involved in trying to supplement their income by taking the safe from a club where Mouse worked.

Mouse was a skinny genius with a wispy beard and blue-tinted sunglasses. He had a habit of quoting old sayings in Russian, because when he went into the Service and scored too high on the wrong exam, the authorities put him in a total-immersion Russian course. At first he was pleased that he wouldn't end up as another bull's-eye for some V.C. sniper. Then he learned they were going to send him to the approximate geographical center of nowhere, in which place it was 30 below zero. There they were going to make him monitor Russian radio stations all by himself for at least three years; and unconfirmed rumors had it that the Russians occasionally came along and randomly dropped loads of explosives on these American radio shacks. When Mouse refused to sign the loyalty oath, however, they sent him instead to the approximate geographical center of North Dakota with instructions to guard with his life a very secret installation. For two years, with a

.45 on his hip and a carbine in his arms, Mouse waited for an opportunity to take a spy on a guided tour of the entire complex, but his only visitors were jack rabbits and wildcats and so his lifelong ambition to perform a major subversive act remained a dream.

But he went on as someone who didn't fear anything—much. For that matter, he hadn't really changed since an incident when he was 17. While ferociously DWI, Mouse was stopped by the local Man, who began asking perfectly ordinary questions that struck Mouse as terribly impertinent. When Mouse began giving him the bad mouth—not just ordinary sass but the "suck dirty swamp water through a pygmy blowgun" type of talk—the patrolman felt obliged to unsnap his side-arm holster in case the boy might have to be subdued. Before the Man even looked up from what he was doing, Mouse had a knife to his throat, took his gun and badge and car and was gone. For the next few hours, Mouse drove around, listening to headquarters tell him where they thought he was so he could go in the other direction.

By the time he sobered up enough to realize what would happen when the car ran out of gas, he was running through his head the list of charges: *obstructing an officer, completing a cycle, malice aforethought with intent to off a pig, stealment of a short, peculiarity and cruising while wasted. . . .* They could have had him in the joint for half his natural life if he hadn't gone straight to his father—who, by negotiating the sheer and slippery cliffs of bureaucracy with outright bribery, got Mouse sent to a private mental institution, where he crowbarred open a cabinet full of dangerous experimental psychedelics and stayed screaming stoned for the next two months, during which time he made friends with a lobotomized female patient who could neither talk nor walk nor understand, but could smile and, in a rather inhibited fashion, copulate.

Even years after he was discharged, Mouse's view of the world was so distorted that it seemed sensible to rip off the club simply because its safe was so small and easy to move. He waited outside with one walkie-talkie while C8, Deacon and Cherokee hid in the bathroom until the club was locked for the night. With the other walkie-talkie, they went into the office, where they discovered a safe as wide and tall as C8 and so heavy they could barely tip it from corner to corner. But they weren't about to go away empty-handed, so they began rocking it toward the back door, contentedly ignorant of the silent alarm under the carpeting and the dead batteries in the walkie-talkie, which was why Mouse couldn't warn them when the police came and began trying to jimmy open the back door. There they were, these seven-foot-tall, heavily armed blue-eyed

Houston policemen on one side of the door, and Deacon with a stolen shotgun, guarding C8 and Cherokee on the other side. Mouse in the meantime had fearlessly sequestered himself in a trash barrel, where he stayed through a torrential rain all night and half the next day. The police became so engrossed in trying to break in the back door that they didn't notice that the would-be burglars finally snapped and left with much sound and fury through the front.

PROFESSIONAL RISK AND THE DOUBLE HAPPINESS MISTAKE

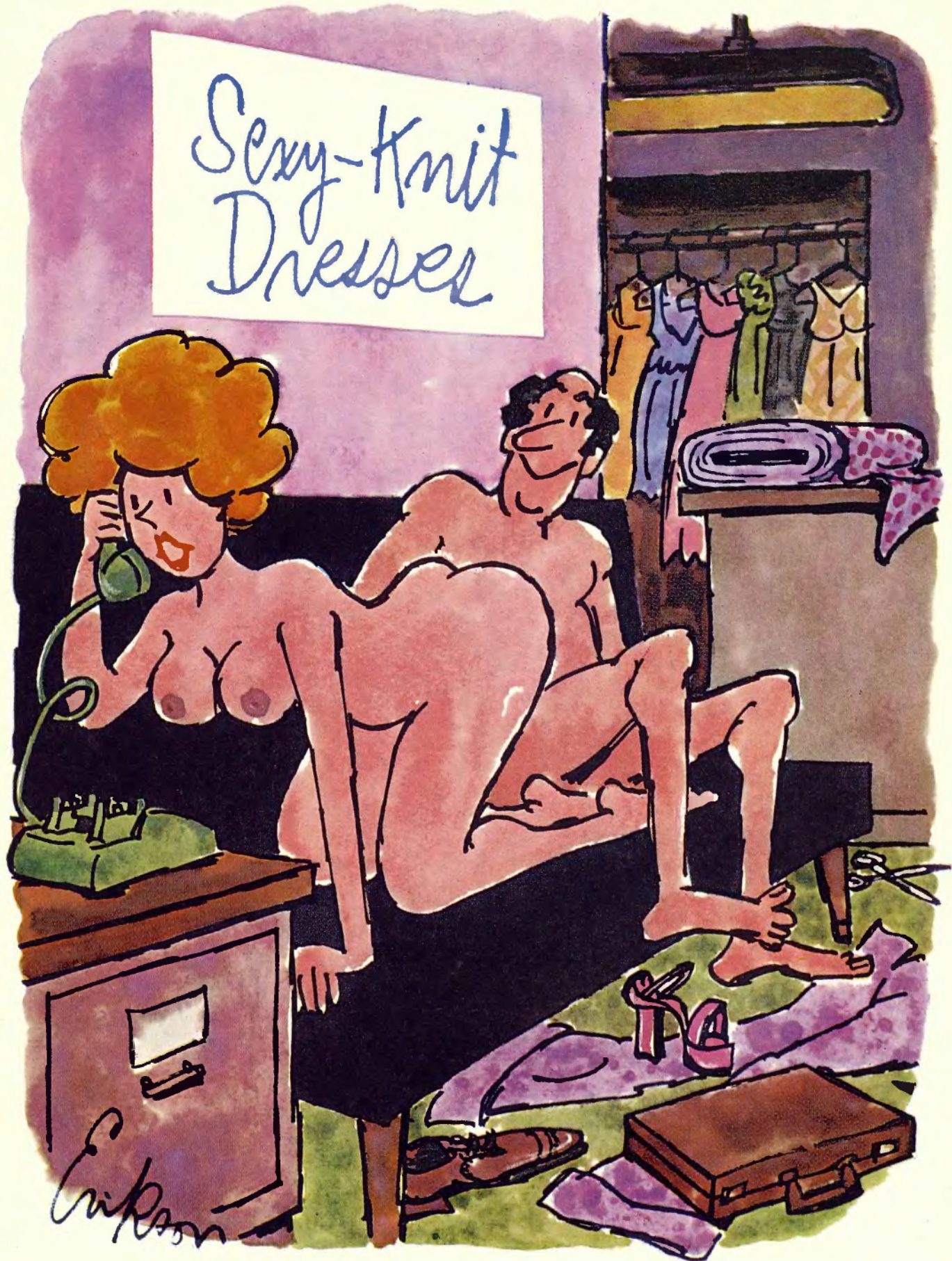
Even though C8, Cherokee and Deacon were far too bent to be very frightened by this close call, they did get the notion that certain detectives they knew might suspect them of trying such a caper. And Deacon was getting nervous about holding the 40 pounds of turkey he'd bought and the riot gun he'd ripped off from a squad car one drunken night outside that same night club. Since Wolfman and Flash were more or less clean at the time, Deacon asked them to get rid of the stuff.

Wolfman was something of a square peg, consciously turned on the lathe of home-grown rebellion until he was round as the rest. He hadn't started playing tenor until he was 13. Before that he'd spent all his time in scholarly pursuits, reading the complete works of Dostoevsky before he was in the eighth grade, mastering differential calculus and the basics of non-Euclidean geometry before he reached high school. But when they gave him that math scholarship to Rice University, something came over him. In one hand was a saxophone, in the other a slide rule . . . and that old slide rule just didn't have any soul. And old Wolfman was one soulful cat, full of information and wishing he could just cash it in for that much more soul, a commodity fairly hard to come by in those times.

Wolfman sat in the front seat of Flash's TR 4 with a 40-pound plastic bag of weed and a 12-gauge pump stamped PROPERTY OF THE HOUSTON POLICE DEPARTMENT while Flash drove into the woods along Chocolate Bayou and Wolfman mumbled, *God, don't break no traffic laws, Lord, don't run no stop signs. . . .*

After burying the whole sinful mess under a few feet of loose dirt, they were so relieved to be clean again that they decided to ride up the river but discovered the little Sears motor wasn't working quite as well as it did before it was left in Chocolate Bayou overnight. There was only one thing to do; they had to head back down-river to the big docks and pick up a metal-flake-blue Johnson outboard motor from one of the little crafts that had been carelessly left out.

Massive doses of marijuana over extended periods of time seem to breed a



*"Well, Hofstetter's of California will have to wait.
Right now I'm balling Flumdale's of Florida."*



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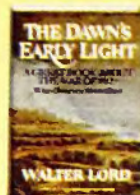
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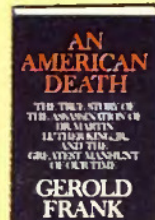
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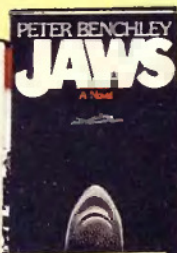
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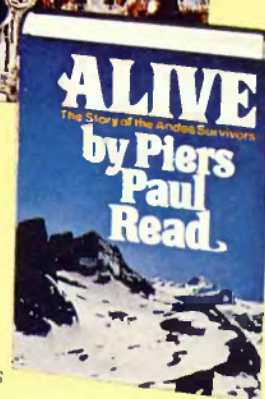


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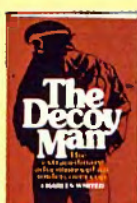
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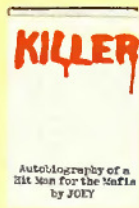
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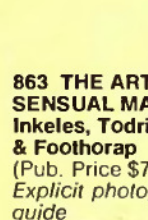
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peculiar mixture of courage and terror. Once they had the motor in their possession, the bite of innocence lost produced such anxiety in them that Wolfman and Flash found it necessary to wrap the motor in plastic and bury it half a mile from the turkey and the riot gun.

On their way back to Houston, the police disassembled the TR 4, explaining that some burglaries had been reported in the area. When the officers discovered nothing of interest, they said, *Mighty Fine, Boys*, as all Texas policemen do when everything appears *Mighty Fine*, and left the two pale hornmen standing in the road, staring after the prowl car as it disappeared down the road.

Of all the day's events, this last produced in them by far the greatest need for a nice cool drink and a couple of reds, if not a Tuinal or a yellow jacket and maybe a couple of joints and a green-and-white one to smooth it off at the top, or even part of a black one or a speckled bird could do the trick, though after discussing it, they decided that Ritalin might be just the thing to hit the spot, no matter whether they could score the downers or not, but first things first, which meant going to the Double Happiness Ballroom, where they could not only start out with a few Black Jacks and ginger but could sit in with Cherokee.

The set was ending with a glitzy break tune over which the leader signed off, speaking radioese and spicing it up for the audience: "We've gotta break here for fifteen but we'll be right back on the scene remember Wednesday night is Free Beer Night all you can drink for nothin' two-fifty cover at the door and we'll be here till two Thursday too when we've got the Big Tits Contest don't bother bringin' your falsies 'cause you gotta stand tall and show it all so stay right where you're at we'll be back at bat in a flash and speakin' of flashes how about those waitresses Folks they work only for tips so dig down there in your hip pocket and give 'em somethin' reeceel nice they'll love you for it but not on the dance floor please OK keep a cool tool you fool and whatever you do don't let your meat loaf. . ."

Wolfman and Flash sat unpacking their saxophones with Virgil, the club owner, and his wife, who was eight months' pregnant, while the leader rambled on, getting dirty looks from the musicians, who wanted to get out of the hot lights and have a drink. Virgil was buying the drinks to celebrate the 230th consecutive night of his wife's pregnancy. He patted her belly grandly and hoisted a tankard of Lone Star, beaming through the smoke, a stout, contented man.

Wolf and Flash were feeling a big rush from some kind of strange new drug Cherokee had laid on them, something called MDA. As they mounted the stage, they were beginning to break into a cold sweat and shake all over, not

quite certain if they were getting high or suffering that last rich sensation before the void. They broke into *I Can't Turn You Loose* with a horn part that could be felt through the concrete parking lot outside, when four policemen, all with striking blue eyes and looking like recently graduated high school linebackers, came in to break up a fight in a far corner between two acned customers. Any fight was the signal for the band to play its fastest numbers at full volume, so the fighters didn't even hear when one of the officers drew his revolver and fired a warning shot through the new acoustically designed ceiling for which Virgil had paid four months' wages. The music roared on even as Virgil charged up in front of the policemen with his Smith & Wesson .38 Lemon Squeezer drawn high, shouting for them to get their asses out of his club. One of the young officers took him for just another brawler and shot him in the leg. That was the kid's mistake.

Virgil looked down at his leg in shock, astounded that anyone would do that to him. Then he leveled his Safety at the boy and emptied it into his chest. The shots slammed large pieces of the policeman's back against the far wall, and people scattered as the boy was thrown back, overturning tables. As he slid to a stop in a mixture of cocktails, beer and his own fluids, the three remaining policemen turned on Virgil and began firing. When the first shot blew part of his shoulder away, Virgil was spun around with such force that his glasses flew across the room. Three more slugs caught him in the back and sent him skidding onto his face, where he lay while they fired on him until his wife threw her body over his.

During all this, Cherokee was prepared to go on singing at top volume, as if this were just another one of the fights they were instructed by Virgil to drown out—and they *had* managed to cover the sound of the shots with some degree of success—but the band as a unit dropped everything at the first smell of smokeless powder and hit the floor on the far side of the stage. Crawling down onto the floor beside the others, taking care not to wrinkle his suit, Squinch grumbled, *Fuckin' well looks like we just lost our gig again.*

GODLINESS, CLEANLINESS AND GETTING NEXT TO THE SAVAGE BEAST

In the morning, Wolfman was so bent out of shape that he just didn't have the energy to face the unparalleled mess of his house. The MDA had let him down, but the aftereffects were gruesome. Every ashtray looked like a recently active volcano. Dishes covered with week-old food—and, in fact, the whole kitchen—were guarded by flying cockroaches that looked to Wolf like hyperthyroid almonds walking up the wall. *Texas cock-*

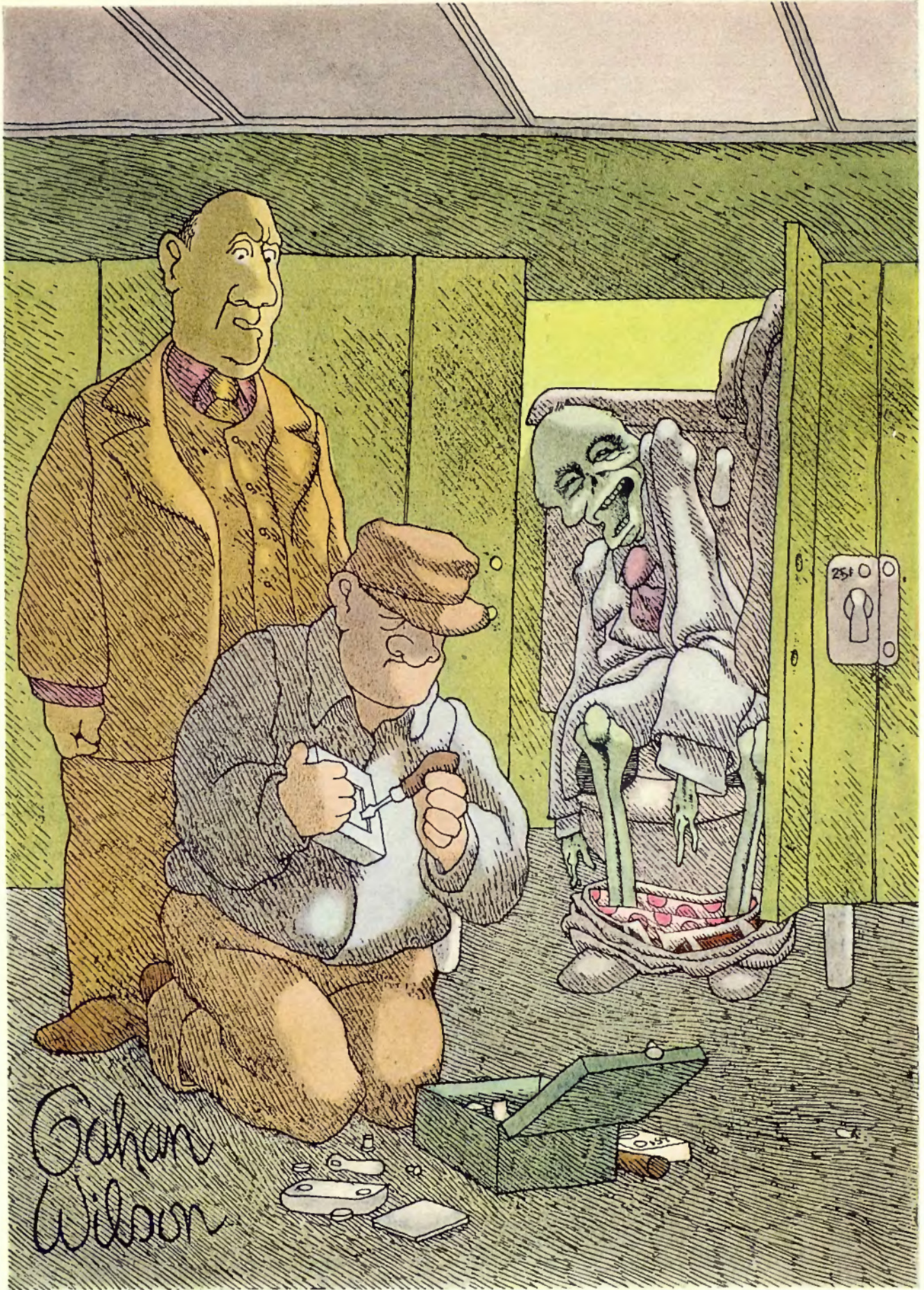
roaches, he quoted from the encyclopedia of his mind, *are the sharks of the insect world, not only capable of devouring any type of organic substance but also prone to attack when wounded.*

Tiny, one of Wolf's roommates, was a 6'10" guitar player whose sole claim to fame was the invention of the Toila-phone, a homemade guitar fashioned from a Stratocaster neck and the seat of a toilet. Later Tiny changed its name to the Comodiola for the sake of consonance. Tiny's old lady, Emily, a 200-pound boogiewoogie queen, and Aureliano, a South American mooch whose lifelong ambition was to get his grandmother to bring a pound of cocaine into the country from back home, also lived in Wolf's house. Together in a deranged mesaline stupor complicated by three liters of Monte Albán Mezcal Regional de Oaxaca con Gusano, Wolf's roommates had systematically removed every record from its jacket and sleeve and had strewn the pieces across the floor, producing a sorting job that could take days. Failing to find the record they wanted, Wolfman's roommates tried to make a fire in his fireplace, which was never meant to be functional, so the whole west wall of the living room was black from the smoke and the floor was sticky from a six-pack of Coca-Cola they poured onto the hearth to douse the blaze.

But the mess wasn't all their fault. Wolf kept an antique shotgun beside his bed. He wasn't sure it even worked until one night when he and his old lady were involved in a coke-assisted ball and Homer, the pregnant cat, decided to intervene. Wolfman threw Homer across the room, accidentally hitting the weapon, which tipped toward the floor, caught on the open dresser drawer and discharged a load of number-eight target shot into the six-by-eight-foot mirror on the other side of the room.

The old Wolf couldn't face it. A certain amount of chaos, a degree of clutter was necessary, lovable even. But there was a limit. And Wolf's house had gone beyond that limit. And so, while Tiny and Emily were in the shower, Wolfman perked a big fresh pot of Colombian coffee, spiked it with four black ones, cooked up a mess of *huevos rancheros*, squeezed fresh oranges and made sure Emily and Tiny had as many cups of coffee as they wanted. When he got back that afternoon, Tiny and Emily were having a tense, dense, involuted discussion of plans to remodel the house, which was spotless. As if by magic, every particle of dirt had disappeared. The records were tucked away in the racks and systematically, obsessively arranged alphabetically according to artist, style and title. And there was still time for Wolfman to get to the store for some steaks.

The reason he never got to the store



"It's certainly high time you got around to fixing that lock, Straus!"

had in part to do with Houston's having almost no sidewalks. Generally, the only animals seen walking in Houston are dogs, and the only people who get out in the sun without a car are the eternal nigger maids waiting for the eternal buses through the lemonade afternoons. Wolfman was only a Mexican (which in Texas is almost like being a nigger), but while he walked along in the street, a Volkswagen came by and its driver hollered out the window for him to get his muh-hummin' hippie ass out of the way. It also happened that Wolfman took no shit from anyone without a good and immediately apprehensible reason, so he offered this hayseed the alternative of taking a flying fuck at the moon, to which the seed replied by swinging around and taking a swipe at Wolfman with his wagon. When the Wolf kept walking, apparently oblivious to idle threats on his life, the seed wheeled back once more and stopped alongside with a .45-caliber commemorative Buntline Special aimed at the Wolf's chest. When he pulled back the hammer, however, Wolf raised his hands and said, "You win, I don't even know how I got *into* this street anyway. I'll get right off it right now," and he rushed home feeling a peculiar itching just below his left shoulder blade, where he knew the bull's-eye was.

On another night, when Wolfman was working the Act III with Johnny Winter, a stone cracker had caught Johnny out at the Poppa Burger and called him a fag for having shoulder-length white hair, and when Johnny shot him the finger, the man threw down a shotgun on him. That was the law of the land, that one should maintain this rage like an expensive habit, that the potential energy level should have grown so out of proportion that its prime symbol became the firearm, its coldness and perfection that of a silent, machine-turned brass cartridge that contained such rage for whoever cared to own it. It's easy to misunderstand: Not just the fuzz-topped, blue-eyed, hayseed-chewing, red-neck, racist, right-wing pigs were armed. The Wolfman was driving along with some people, cool as they pleased, and they stopped at a light long enough to realize that the flow of the moment called for staring at the freak in the next car, who, seeing this, wheeled out of his car and laid a pistol over his arm across the roof. It just happened all the time.

It seemed a lot of freaks were into firearms. Not long after the Volkswagen Buntline incident, the Wolf was examining some La Voz extra-hard reeds in Brook-Mays Music Company when he turned around and saw someone take a good long swing with a Fender Jazz bass and split open a freak's head. As the unfortunate dude lay on the floor, Wolf heard it explained that the freak and his

two friends out in the car were hitching when the guy with the Fender baseball bat picked them up. The freaks commenced to present the driver with their Roscoes—a .25-caliber Beretta, a .22 deringer and a .38 special. They then demanded his money and made him cash his pay check, sell his camera and his bass. The victim was negotiating for the bass when the freak turned his head at an inopportune time. But this was before Charles Manson spread the word that freaks were just people, like everyone else.

FREE ENTERPRISE AND SUDDEN
TERROR IN VAL VERDE COUNTY

Though the Wolf didn't get any steaks, there was dinner anyway, because Deacon came around with a bucket of chicken breasts. For dessert he brought a bottle of Amytals and a small phial of pharmaceutical cocaine, both of which he bought from a friend who got them by presenting his nine-shot prescription to the local pharmacist.

Deacon was a born-and-raised Port Arthur Coon Ass who learned early that might may not make right but it did tend to make money and it generally raised the quality of life. His friends were criminals who would do pretty much anything and his involvement with music came from a very basic talent, which circumscribed any desire he had to make money or have power: He could sing. He could sing so well that no one minded his attitude toward his organ playing. When asked if he could pump a little rhythm, he would often reply that his right was his organ hand and his left was his cigarette-and-drink hand. But he just couldn't seem to get after it and repeatedly returned to crime as an expedient, right up until the time he was caught up in one of the "movements."

He and some hard-core Texas gangsters got very psychedelic. They tended to follow fads in those days and the East Side hoods just couldn't resist when Leary and Dick Alpert (now Baba Ram Dass) were spreading it thickly across the amber waves and purple mountains. After enough hits of acid, peyote, THC, and so on, they packed a stolen Pontiac full of drugs and liberated firearms. They took turns driving the Pontiac and two warm Harley-Davidson Electra Glides all the way to a hippie commune in Oregon. It was there Deacon took his first MDA and saw the light, ate macrobiotic food and saw the light, lived out in the land as the first man—emerging from the green fields at the dawn of history—must have . . . and saw the light.

After his extended romp with natural forces, living the good life and frying a few brain cells with psychomemetic goodies, Deacon—once cynical, money-grubbing, criminal minded—came forth

with a completely new outlook. All he wanted out of life was to return home with his new self, pump up financially as quickly as possible and get back into music, to sing and have a nice little six-room apartment in River Oaks with a big stereo, a Lincoln Continental and a couple of hogs. . . . He just wanted to rough it, money be damned.

Because of this new self, he was a little suspicious when presented with the way to make that money. Because of the old self, he jumped at the chance. Down in Val Verde County, Texas, a guy had a ranch right on the Rio Grande. Across the river there was another ranch where they stored huge quantities of Michoacan marijuana. They had been allowing it to trickle in a little at a time and needed someone like Deacon with connections so they could start running six or seven tons a month. And all through the dealings, his new self was a voice in the back of his head, warning him. Like when he met Ray and saw his "ranch." Ranch to Deacon meant a little lake beside a grove, with a low-slung Western-style house that you'd drive up to on a mesquite-lined road, where you'd meet someone in big riding boots who would say, *Well, the place's a little messy, why don't you stay in the West Wing?* Ray's ranch was shelled, a shack, with butcher paper covering the windows and exactly enough plastic dishes for three people. The kitchen floor was strewn with sleeping bags, some with live bodies in them. And Deacon's little voice was saying, "Looks like a Government compound"—as if Ray could move out and another guy could move in without anyone ever noticing.

Ray himself was not exactly a good omen, for that matter, with his pearl-handled, chrome-plated .38 revolver stuck in the back of his jeans and his habit of whipping it out, spinning the cylinder with a high-pitched ratchet sound and saying, "Boy Howdy! *Zizz*, Boy Howdy! *Zizz*." In fact, this habit of Ray's was downright nerve-racking, because Deacon was never sure when or in what direction Ray was going to discharge that weapon.

The new self also saw trouble in an ex-carny named Negrito, who set the whole thing up. A stone hustler, Negrito kept himself in \$200 boots and hand-tooled leather suits, while going back and forth across the Rio telling people he was in cattle, even though he'd never been seen within a block of anything on four legs except a bar stool. Even when Deacon had no idea, that little voice suspected what was true: Negrito caught the weed farmer taking too much off the top. The farmer was supposed to give 75 percent of the sheep's tail from the tops of the plants to the *general* as a bribe. But the kilos began getting shorter and one day Negrito threw down on him and warned that if those keys didn't start



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getting longer, this farmer's life was going to get measurably shorter. Being a Simple Peasant, the farmer had only one choice: to go to the *federules*.

And not even Deacon's new self knew about the country boy who was used as a front to drive small shipments in an apple truck. The front was loafing along just as cool as you please, when all of a sudden there were squad cars all around him and big plainclothesmen with semi-automatic pistols. "Now, fellas," the front drawled, stepping out into the midday sun. "yew don haff t'pint them weapons at me." When he opened his truck for them and they said, "What's that?" he just allowed, calm as you please, "Them? Them's apples and Merry-Wanna."

All Deacon heard was a dog barking the night of the first big run and old Ray spinning that chrome cylinder and saying, "Boy Howdy! Zzzz, Boy Howdy! Zzzz."

As it turned out, the dog was only barking at narcs who were hiding in the bushes listening to every word. And if it hadn't been for having to taste the goddamn weed before moving it, Deacon might have had the sense to pull out when Negrito did. Negrito, who had learned to listen to his own carny voice, clutched at the last minute for no apparent reason except that the vibes were coming out of the woodwork and beating everybody over the head. "No," Negrito said. "I guess I'll stay here tonight."

And Deacon's little voice was screaming. "Yes! That's right! Stay here tonight!"

But what Deacon had already sampled was monster weed, with that crisp pepper flavor and those long pods flecked in brown and red slivers of hashish. His ears were ringing so loud he couldn't even hear his own voice, let alone this newfangled little voice.

They lit the last joint. Deacon was riding lead car, which was supposed to maintain a three-mile distance from the truck in case of wetback checks or any other kind of trouble. They were going about 80, trying to outdistance the truck, when a pair of headlights came up at over 100 and then dropped back maybe 50 yards behind them. There was no doubt who it was.

Before they even came to a complete stop on the shoulder, four shots crashed through the wheels and shrapnel went scattering out across the concrete apron. Deacon and his three companions found themselves staring down the ventilated ribs of four Colt New Police Pythons. There were men holding them, frightened men, who were saying, "Now, boys, don't move or we'll shoot you; now, don't even breathe heavy, 'cause we'll blow your heads off," so scared they didn't even realize they were pointing their weapons not only at the men in the

car but at each other as well, because those .357 magnum slugs go right through a body and keep on going. And just about the time they had these four dangerous criminals handcuffed, the truck came loafing along; they shot its tires out and it went spinning off onto the shoulder.

BLACK AND WHITE HOLES IN THE MIND

As in any other dangerous profession, there's always the chance that someone's going to lose his nerve, just for the short edge of a second, and blow it. Once in a while, one of the Flying Wallendas loses it. Auto race drivers occasionally lose it and have to quit. Fighters, stout men, firemen—I even knew a coal miner in Man, West Virginia, who saw a dam break and wipe out 18 miles of houses. He never went back into the mines again.

In a way, this is what happened to Spook. About the time Deacon was cutting mountain roads on the Safford, Arizona, Federal Prison work crew, Spook was walking along in the springtime sun and happened across a college campus. He saw long-legged girls hugging their purses and guys in Sta-Prest jeans lounging around under the trees with books or curled up sleeping in the sun, and something clicked in his head: He'd been working his ass off since he was 13, blowing his very breath through a tin funnel, getting shot at and doped out and dosed for a few hundred dollars a week, running from Nowhere, Texas, to Swampshit, Louisiana, to Bumfuck, Arkansas—and all the while there were millions of people hanging out in these high-rent playgrounds, reading books and making it with long-legged girls who got off on discussing Sören Kierkegaard and the evils of Dow. There were a couple of quick phone calls, some forms to fill out and some talking to weird-looking dudes with wide ties and wool suits from Denmark, and Spook never picked up his ax again.

Wolfman at one point holed up in Cripple Creek, Colorado, with his old lady and spent the summer getting his bell rope pulled and reading the entire *Encyclopaedia Britannica* from "A-An-tarah" to "Vase-Zygote."

Flash was busted one night in a radio station when the d.j. played a Frank Zappa record and Flash—in complete outrage at the Mothers of Invention's polluting musical territory with their hogshit—whipped out his joint and pissed all over the record while it was turning on the expensive cuing table and being played over the air.

But Flash and Wolfman endured, staying in Houston, where musicians get better and better and play beautiful music in no-account night clubs until someone comes to take them away to New York or until they die or grow too old to play.

Cherokee got himself a little club in Jacinto City, where he could do what came natural, sing two or three songs a night, drink ten or twelve margaritas, cop a few red birds, some blacks and maybe a Preludin, a handful of joints; and every once in a while, when there was a full moon inside and out, come blasting out onto the stage, dancing and screaming like the end of the world was at hand, and bring a small crowd of East Side farmers to tears with a voice like fucking angels in heaven.

C8's story was a little different. Back when the others had settled down with their handful of dope, saying, "Well, I've gotten as high as I'm ever goin' to get. This here appears to be the in-tire shoot-in' match," C8 was still pushing upward. He saw the light that Deacon saw, but, like an insect, flew toward it, there to die half-crazed with heat.

Everything they tell you about speed is true. And C8 shot speed until he just couldn't speed anymore. And when that happened, he wound his Harley-Davidson up to about 75 miles an hour and jammed it up underneath a horse trailer. When they finished pulling the clutch handle out of his aorta and the spokes out of his liver, when they had patched and sewn and strung him all together with baling wire and catgut, they looked him over and said he'd never live. And when, a few months later, he ripped a piece of stainless-steel tubing from the bedstead and shattered an intern's skull with it, they said, "Well, he may live but he'll never walk." But after a year, he was doing that too and shooting speed (or anything else he could get) until he was so crazed that he ran Wolfman off with a shotgun and beat on his own best friend and held her captive until she had to run out onto the highway and flag down a car to escape.

Now he's a night guard in a motel and working on getting a sheriff's deputy's commission through a judge who owes him a favor. They say he'll get it.

The Mineral disappeared without a trace. One imagines him talking his way back to L.A. and talking a living out of some band, having a high time living the good life, kicking sand on skinny people down at the beach.

Squinch got himself back together after taking it all apart with LSD. His drumming got so mangled that it was like a sound exiled from a Harry Chapin session. But word has it that his old fire-headed, half mad, shell-shocked sound is back and that he was with Johnny Winter and B. J. Thomas for a while doing something wild and new—that's the word.

And disaster and music rolled on, cutting their haphazard paths around and through them all. At least that's the word.



DOWN THE HATCH, AMIGO!*(continued from page 113)*

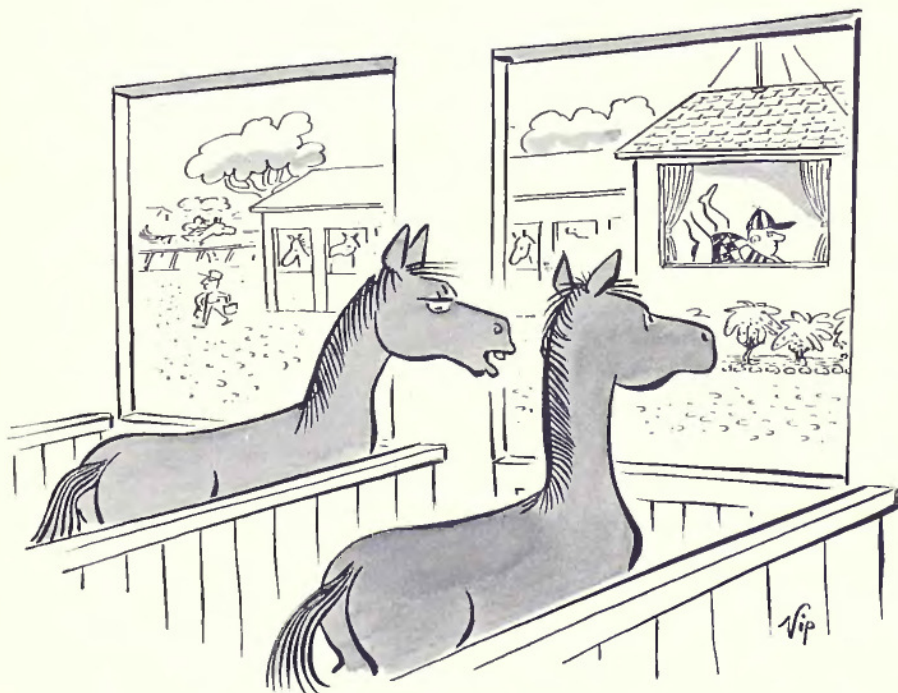
directly into the mouth, licking salt from a corner of the fist and then upending a husky jigger of tequila is an exercise in *machismo*. Another is the drink called the *petrolero*, a morning-after mix-up consisting of tequila, a few dashes of Maggi sauce and enough Tabasco sauce or any other form of liquid hot pepper to prove that the drinker is no spring flower but an ironfisted *hombre*.

The aged tequilas now coming to the States are as different from the raw wet goods as bottled-in-bond bourbon from corn liquor fresh from a moonshine still. Practically all the tequilas arriving here are aged in charred oak barrels and are carefully blended. Even some with the colorless vodka look have been aged to a pale-gold color and then decolorated to satisfy the expectations of those who know only the white variety. Other tequilas of a pronounced golden hue have been aged up to five years in casks and have acquired a gentle aroma and the round, mellow flavor one encounters only in the finest whiskeys and brandies. Even when it comes to simple alcoholic content, tequilas are bottled in the civilized 80-90-proof range, which is less than many imported gins.

Although tequila is a spirit in its own right—it's been distilled in Mexico since Colonial times—its camaraderie with anything from tomato juice to tonic water makes it a wonderful prop for imaginative hosts who like to offer their guests

bloody marias instead of marys, and tequila, instead of tom, collins. The best-known tequila mixed drink, the margarita, is a delightful cocktail that sometimes miscarries because of the heavy rim of salt around the glass in which it's served. Actually, salt and tequila are a wonderful compound, just as a spray of salt on grapefruit or a pinch of salt in hot chocolate acts as a natural flavor pick-me-up. But too much salt is *muy malo*; a sensible way to offer the margarita is to rub about an inch of the rim of a prechilled cocktail glass with lime or orange peel. Dip that inch in salt. Then shake 1½ ozs. tequila, 1 oz. lime juice and ½ oz. triple sec (or any other orange liqueur) well with ice and strain into the prepared glass, and let the margariteer take or leave the salt, as he desires. Or omit the salt entirely on the glass and offer a small open saltcellar with the margarita, permitting the guest to sprinkle as much or as little as he wants directly into the glass.

For the thirsty summer of '74, PLAYBOY offers the Tequila Cooler: Into a tall 12-oz. glass, pour 1½ ozs. tequila, 2 ozs. ginger wine, 2 ozs. orange juice, ½ oz. lime juice and add 3 or 4 large ice cubes; fill almost to the rim with chilled tonic water; float ½ slice orange and 1 slice lime on top. The first sip will make you understand the Mexican proverb *Con amor y aguardiente, nada se siente*, or "With love and liquor, nothing else matters."



"The little squirt never gave me a ride like that!"

HARD HEARTS*(continued from page 116)*

people fired. What better person to do it than Jim Aubrey?

Aubrey canceled 15 movies, some already in production, and he let the film makers sue for money owed them and then wait years to collect. MGM property was sold and auctioned, and 3500 people were fired. One memorable *coup de grâce* was delivered by Aubrey in person to a very highly paid top man with a long contract: "We want you to go to India and Nepal," Aubrey cooed, "to solve an important problem—converting blocked rupees into dollars." The man understood. He quit.

Aubrey did manage to turn the ailing company around by sheer force, and brilliance, and then he walked out late last year in a policy dispute with Kerkerian. "Don't worry about Aubrey," said an old CBS associate upon hearing the news. "He's not really out of work. He's lurking."

JUDGE ERNEST GUINN

Crusty old Judge Ernest Guinn never eats lunch. At noon he goes across the street from the Federal courthouse in El Paso, Texas, stops in at the Church of the Immaculate Conception and then goes back to his courtroom, where he devours the remaining defendants on the docket. "You just can't win in his court," says one prominent lawyer. "He's the most flagrantly proprosecution judge in America."

Lawyers in El Paso charge that Guinn will do anything to coerce a guilty plea, and failing that, he'll bend over backward to help the prosecution get a conviction. "He's brilliant and he understands power; that's what makes him so vicious," says one court observer. "Guinn uses the bond system to force guilty pleas. For instance, if a man pleads guilty, he can count on Ernest's letting him out on his own recognizance. But if he wants to stand trial, never; Guinn will either throw the guy in jail or make him post bond."

Guinn's conduct has raised eyebrows, particularly in the Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals, which has reversed him with uncommon frequency, and often in sardonic, "instructive" terms. It has found more than once that he has taken a position of advocacy—his charges to the jury often presenting a better summation of the prosecution's case than the prosecutor himself has made. (In one such case, he told the jury that a defendant's background "would justify you in not believing anything that he said because of what he has done in the past." The appeals court, in reversing the decision, said of Judge Guinn that "he practically directed a verdict of guilty.")

But Guinn couldn't care less. In one

case, he was seen in the jury room during deliberation, a shocking impropriety. In another, he had the jurors come into his own chambers. And on other occasions, he's been spotted conferring with the district attorney, helping him process a case. "He's a cop with a robe," says one lawyer. "A superprick," says another.

"The tragedy," adds an attorney, "is that he's driven good lawyers out of his courtroom. Nobody wants to take a case there and lose." Small wonder the Justice Department commended the U. S. Attorney's office for its record of convictions. Said one Assistant U. S. Attorney, "They don't know we've got old Judge Guinn out here." Of 30 or 40 cases that are tried each year in Guinn's courtroom, only one or two at most end in jury acquittals.

Young lawyer Clarence Moyers is so bitter about Guinn he's doing what others have not dared do: He is preparing to submit a brief to the Court of Appeals asking for the judge's removal. "I think he's the meanest man in America," Moyers says. "I had one client who'd been set up on a marijuana bust and I found the informer who'd given him the grass to sell. This is a clear violation, and it would have gotten my client free, but Guinn refused to let the agent testify, for no valid reason.

"Another time, he threw two of my clients in jail awaiting sentencing on a drug charge. I had an appeal ready, but Guinn called me into his chambers and said, 'If you plead them guilty and drop the appeal, I'll give them only five years and make them immediately eligible for parole. But if you persist in this appeal, I'll give them ten years and send them up to Leavenworth.'"

In another case, Judge Guinn told Moyers, in clear hearing of the jury, "Mr. Moyers, your client is an old con man from way back."

Guinn's conduct, by all accounts, is outrageous. An unserious man, he has not even taken the trouble to hire the two law clerks he's permitted. Will he ever be removed? Before that happens, he'll reach retirement age: The last time a Federal judge was impeached was back in 1936. Which proves that a Federal judgeship is a comfy place for a truly pernicious misanthrope.

JOHN SIMON

John Simon is a film and drama critic of unsurpassed venom. As if the malevolence of his reviews were not enough, Simon conducts himself in person like one of his most poisonous diatribes come to life. He sneers rather than speaks, and he does so with a sharp Germanic accent that prompted Hollis Alpert to describe him in a thinly disguised novel as "a Martin Bormann type," and Peter Bogdanovich to satirize



"White man's forked tongue drive squaw up teepee wall!"

him in the character Hugh Simon, the nasty Yugoslav in *What's Up, Doc?*

It has been noticed that when angered, which is often, Simon actually froths at the mouth. He was asked about it once and he claimed it was caused by "gastric hyperactivity" rather than ferociousness.

Simon cackles out loud during screenings of movies he does not like and once, after a strange episode of hissing had disrupted a showing of *A Safe Place* at the New York Film Festival, Simon went up to the film's director in the lobby and bragged that he had brought the people to do the hissing and that "I'll do it every time you show this piece of shit." Nice.

What distinguishes Simon's reviews, and makes them meaner than the usual run of dour notices, is the element of sadism common to them. Readers of *New York Magazine*, *The New Leader*, *The Hudson Review* and *Esquire* get a load of it every issue. Simon has little patience with the unbeautiful:

Miss [Zoe] Caldwell is fat and unattractive in every part of the face, body and limbs, though I must admit that I have not examined her teeth. When she climactically bares her sprawlingly uberous left breast, the sight is almost enough to drive the heterosexual third of the audience screaming into the camp of the majority. Colette had sex appeal; Miss Caldwell has sex repeal.

Miss [Shelley] Winters is a disaster, or, considering her vast expanse, a disaster area. She looks like a tea cozy surmounting a sack of flour.

Miss Streisand is blithely unaware of her ugliness. . . . I find [her] looks repellent. . . . I cannot accept a romantic heroine who is both knock-kneed and ankleless, short-waisted and shapeless, scrag-toothed and with a horse face centering on a nose that looks like Brancusi's Rooster cast in liverwurst. . . . And she is no actress. . . .

Miss [Judy] Garland plays herself, which is horrifying. . . . her face has become that of a wizened child. . . . and her figure resembles the giant economy-size tube of tooth paste in girls' bathrooms: squeezed intemperately at all points.

Georgie [played by Maureen Stapleton] is meant to be a still young, extremely handsome woman of considerable depth who pretends to be simpler, older, homelier than she is. Conversely, Miss Stapleton is all three of those things, and cannot even begin to pretend to be otherwise.

Simon called one Anna Massey "the homeliest of actresses," and he said Lynn Redgrave "carries unattractiveness to

heroic proportions." But his most fiendish vituperation is saved for those who, in his mind, contribute to what might be called the blurring of the sexes:

Miss Susan Browning . . . [is] a simpering, loping, squawking, bunny-hopping, bosom-wagging and eyeball-caroming travesty, my nomination for the worst female impersonator now sashaying across our boards.

William Hickey . . . repeats his perennial bit: part croaking female impersonator, part mumbling two-year-old, part shuffling half-wit.

Miss [Angela] Lansbury looks like an aging female impersonator gone sloppy . . . a bisected androgyne, woman below, man on top. . . . She is that most degraded thing an *outré* actress can decline into: a fag hag.

Hermione Gingold continues her career as our leading fag hag, senior division.

This mugging, mouthing little butterball [Bernadette Peters] is already a full-fledged fag hag, midway between a shrunken Angela Lansbury and a megalomaniacal noodle.

Christopher Walken struts about like a male model showing off the latest Bill Blass collection while mumbling his lines in a barely audible, breakneck monotone, like some lobotomized valedictorian at an idiot school.

Few actors ever find the chance to get back at Simon. One who did was Sylvia Miles, who encountered Simon in a restaurant after he'd written her up as a party girl "whose very acting technique is a kind of theatrical gate-crashing." She dumped a plate of lasagna in his lap.



DOWN AND OUT AND FEMALE

(continued from page 112)

but she got bored in high school. Started drinking and running around, then doing drugs.

"I've done about every kind of dope. That's mostly how I get in trouble now. See, first my girlfriend and I took this rented car and wrecked it. That got things really going. Then I started living with a bunch of real criminals, the biggest in town, and all the cops know it, so they hassle me, too. All these guys I'm with shoot dope. All of them. Did you know that?"

My vision of figure skates, pigtailed flying in pirouettes and long childhood evenings with hot chocolate and marshmallows blurs away. I ask Linda how the cops treat her.

"Well, the young ones are all right. The old ones, detectives especially, they give you a hard time. Call you names, put their hands all over you. I'm pretty lucky. You know, they bust in, officers with a Federal warrant and all that shit, and I just start to look very pitiful and lost and about to cry. Before they got to know me, that always worked. They'd haul every dude out, and my girlfriend Vicki—she's got a bad mouth—well, they pull her arms way up and hurt her with the handcuffs. But they wouldn't touch me. Oh, sometimes a cop would hint around for a little, but that always happens."

The speed picks her up. She rattles on, tells me about cops' coming into her apartment without warrants and looking around, even under the bed.

"I gotta laugh. I tell 'em they've got no right and to take a flying leap, but they don't care and, hell, there's a hypo right under the floor tiles. They never find it, so they look at my arms. I say, 'I give blood.' It cracks them up."

She laughs loudly. The people in our bar turn around. Twenty-two, I repeat, and wonder if I were a cop and a good man, trying to do a hard job, how I'd react to someone like Linda. She's saying she never screwed any cops.

"I never had to, but I know chicks who have. You know how it is, your old man's in jail or coming up for trial, and this fuzz is the arresting officer, so what do you do when he comes around and asks? It's funny, most of them say, 'You give me head and I'll fix things.' They're all oral freaks. But I'll give them this: Most of the time, they pay off."

Here it is, I think, the other side of things. But is it? What's right about these situations Linda describes, even if she is wrong? Our talk subsides. We drink. Linda fidgets, asks the time, inspects her nails. She's got to meet her current boyfriend in a little while at the



"Oh, my God, Arnold, it's black tie!"

Taco Bell. Just like a high school date. Linda confesses that she's trying to be a little straighter, that she's got it figured out that her recent past has not done her much good. But it's hard.

"It's like I said before. Everything's so boring. But I'd like to go to college. I've got about two years' worth. And I don't like the constant heat. I'm trying. Why is it they never bother any old people, just kids? We don't have the clout, I guess. I was in a car once with this guy, a criminal, sure, and we got picked up for nothing. He got booked just to harass him. I couldn't testify for him, because I'd been charged one time with a felony. Shit, they can cuss us and throw us in jail any time."

The hard planes on her babyish face soften and I see why young cops wouldn't put the cuffs on her. For an instant, in the artificial twilight of a saloon, she is again as fresh as a virgin ski slope. The ghosts retreat, the scar detracts but does not disfigure. Then Linda stirs to ask for some money for talking with me. I give it to her and she smiles.

"I wouldn't take it except I'm destitute." She says, "Hey, did you know when you picked me up I'd just done some speed? I was higher than a kite. Could you tell?"

I don't say, so she leaves, plowing through city-dirtied snow toward the Taco Bell. I'm left to ponder just what it is I've learned, knowing that it's both the same and different things. Onward, then.

Girard, Kansas, looks like a nice town. The sign announces it's populated by 2783 friendly folks, and coming in past the tumescent grain elevators like those William Holden greeted swinging off his *Picnic* freight, you can believe it. The streets make precise squares, geometrical grids bracketing the weatherboard bungalows, the Supersweet Feeds store, the used-car and implement lots, the First Christian Church's poster proclaiming that they're calling the continent to Christ. Upstart trees struggle like mutant wheat to break a horizon flat and straight as a fence line. It's comforting, this symmetry.

You feel that here people have little enough to do so that were you struck down by a cholesterol coronary, they'd stop to help. They'd have a sense of rightness and leftness, blackness and whiteness, town and country, wheat and weed. The feeling insists like a fever coming on in the courthouse, a Roosevelt-Federal-Lego edifice brooding over cafés, law offices, appliance stores and an orderly purveyor identified by a Coca-Cola sign as the Police Brothers Grocery. There in the cool of Carthage marble, fecund publication racks offer 4-H craft

pamphlets, two years in a Swiss cottage courtesy of the Army, advice on taxes and licenses and John Deere calendars. Especially striking is a display of plants crushed under cellophane and labeled in a heavy Palmer hand. It's headlined "PUBLIC ENEMIES OF OUR AGRICULTURE: LEARN TO KNOW THESE BAD WEEDS." Marijuana is not included, which is odd, since that bad weed grows wild though weak hereabouts and is partly responsible for my being in Girard.

Three of them there were, three runaway girls from Pittsburg, a college town nearby. Not especially "nice" girls by the Baptist standards sown thick on these plains. Why, they'd learned the evils of 3.2 percent beer, mild Kansas "field" grass and sexual intercourse before their 17th birthdays. A slow track by Linda's measure, perhaps, but enough to shock, then alienate their parents, who mostly are respectable middle-class folk, terribly busy, to be sure, and with troubles of their own. The girls would run off from them, often to exotic Arkansas. Eventually, the police gathered them together in Girard's Crawford County Jail, about two geo units from the courthouse. Two had been returned from Arkansas after a foray marked by pauses to find companions, consequent stops at the local Stop-a-Nite motel and a little grass drowned in beer. The other was a simple delinquent. All of them went into the same cell to await the law's disposition.

"The jail's a hellhole," the county attorney tells me. We're in his office across from the courthouse, next to the Longbranch Saloon, which specializes in belly-wash beer. Vernon Grassi is a pleasant man, a local product. Worried about the state of the nation, he says, because Governmental crookedness sets a bad example. "It's hard to tell a little girl not to shoplift a comb now, isn't it?" he sighs. He wears a short-sleeved shirt under a sports coat, the usual tie, Chera-colored trousers and white shoes. He also wears a Mickey Mouse watch. A Playboy Calendar sits alongside his funny trophy, which is the rear portion of a horse with his name engraved on it above THE BIGGEST.

"We're not prudes," he adds, "but, shoot. . . ." It's by way of answering my question about the Great Crawford County Jail Sex Scandal. He smiles deprecatingly. Yes, it was bad, that deputy and the juveniles, but consider the circumstances. "It's a hellhole," he repeats. "Now we've just opened new juvenile-detention facilities in Pittsburg. Got counselors, color TV, games, Celotex ceilings, soft lights, even posters with 'Love Your Neighbor' and all that crap on them."

But these girls were put in the hellhole, and there they languished for

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seven or eight weeks while they waited for the law to do what it would with them. Seeing the jail conjures how the judicial mills must have ground these adolescent spirits. Imagine something in Bolivia circa Butch and Sundance and you won't be far wrong. The county erected the thing in 1915. It's blocky, three-story stone, with iron bars thick as saplings and with plywood panels over the cell-block windows to keep drafts out and suicides in. Views of a warehouse and a chamber-of-commerce building that looks like furs should be traded in it. I saw it in company with its hostess, a Welcome Wagon jailer who is the sheriff's wife. Mrs. Joe Fry is tightly curled, white-uniformed and uncertain about displaying the jail. In her corneas, agate eyes roll about looking for a winner. She shows the second-floor cell where the girls were kept before the scandal.

The steel door has a little barred window behind a sliding panel. The outside windows are boarded. Three girls would have maybe six square feet each, including what Mrs. Fry calls the rest room. That's a cubicle with a stool, green-dripping corroded pipes, the odor of excrement wrapped in disinfectant. Mrs. Fry agrees they need the new facilities and thanks God they don't keep juveniles here anymore. She points to the tank across from the girls' where the three boys, partners in the scandal, were jailed. No electric lights, because the kids would tear them out. A shower. The same dead-grass paint. Everywhere the messages scratched through to the steel.

I LOVE RONNIE HE LOVES ME.
GOD HELP US.
A BEER WOULD KILL ME.
LSD FREAK, QUEEN OF THE YEAR.
I AM A BAD LITTLE BITCH.

On the Pauley Jail Sliding Door Company door is etched PEACE AND LOVE. But nowhere is there a TV, psychiatric help, anything pretty or peaceful or loving. There's only the radio the prisoners have upstairs, the gloom, the stink, the fantasies in the notes the juveniles passed, pulled from cell to cell on a heart-string. The sheriff's wife says, as we go downstairs, "If I was in jail, I wouldn't put my name on the wall. Everyone'd know."

The fantasies won out, of course. No one knows for certain when or how it started, but after so many weeks, the girls took off their clothes and wouldn't dress until they were let out for a while. At least that's one account. Sheriff Fry doesn't mention that. He's a commonsensical man, trying to enforce laws in a county too big for his five-man force. The starched blue uniform shirt, tiny

stars on the collar, pushes his plainsman face into a frown. He didn't like being the dumping ground for juveniles. The girls came in, then the boys, not on the same offenses, but they knew one another, all these bad kids know one another. Himself, he likes most kids, though he and Mrs. Fry have none.

"Hell," he says, "they were caged like animals. Now we got counselors come and take them out, but these kids were just here. They'd raise Cain at night, break glass. The girls'd shout dirty words at people on the street and the neighbors complained, but I couldn't do anything. Couldn't touch 'em. Just tell 'em to be quiet."

That explains the boarded windows but not how the sex began. Why was his deputy involved? The sheriff's thinning hair seems to recede with the thought. He won't say exactly.

"He seemed like a good boy to me, until this happened."

And what happened was that for some time, and when this deputy was on duty as radio dispatcher, the three girls were let out and the three boys were let out. They played the mating game and the deputy was on hand. The sheriff and the prosecutor agree this jailer was probably too softhearted, at least at first. He was married, 23 or so and the son of a Baptist minister in Pittsburg. Whether for that reason or another, he'd always wanted a career in law enforcement. The sheriff gave him his chance, working nights as a dispatcher after he finished at a local factory.

"I don't know how it started," the sheriff says. "It went on awhile, lettin' them together, at least two weeks. I found out when one of the girls finally got placed in a foster home and just couldn't keep it in anymore. I called Vern Grassi and said I'd handle it. I went over to the jail about three in the morning. Tom, that's the deputy, was just comin' down the stairs. He saw me and he said, 'What the hell is going on?' And I said, 'That's what I want to know.' I fired him then and there. Phoned the prosecutor and judge and had him back there at nine in the morning. He admitted it all. The rest was up to them."

The rest turned out to be a six-month sentence for contributing to the delinquency of minors. The deputy served two months in his own jail, then had a psychiatric examination and treatment. Now he's back at the factory ("Better job 'n ever," says Fry) and driving a bus on Sundays to his father's church.

The prosecutor, like the sheriff, selects his memories, prefacing them with his likeness to the Blue Knight. He tsks-tsks in equating Girard with Tahiti, a utopia until big-city sins are imported. "Like in

the *Supplement to Bougainville's Voyage*," Grassi says. It's startling to hear Diderot in Girard, perhaps because the Frenchman was a supreme rationalist. But the attorney leaves that to answer a question about whether Tom the minister's son had to do with the teenage Jezebels.

"Oh, yes, a little. Look, this has almost ruined him."

A little?

"You gotta understand these girls. You can see what they wrote on the walls and in those notes. Suckin' this dick and how long that one was. One time they just took off their clothes. Said they needed exercise. Well, they'd really been dying to get with these boys. They were in love with them all, you know?"

But the deputy? And the rumors of coercion?

"We got it on a tape. He said the girls started it. We'd ask if he got undressed, too. He'd say, 'Sort of,' and we'd ask again and he'd say, well, he had his pants down. We'd ask if he ever screwed these girls and he'd say, 'Kind of,' and we'd ask, and he'd say he just laid his penis up against them, stuff like that. Only thing seems for sure is that at first he just let the boys and girls out to fuck together. He'd tell them to be quiet and he'd go downstairs and listen to his radio. I don't think he ever watched. He claimed it only happened once."

Of course, they'd tried the deputy in the confidentiality of the juvenile court, though he was an adult. "It's perfectly legal under Kansas law," Grassi boasts.

So legal that nothing would have outed had not the one girl told the tale, thus activating the local media, several weeks after the events. Proceedings for the remaining two girls were suddenly held. One went home, the other to a reformatory, where she was found to be pregnant. "Sheer coincidence," opined the prosecutor. All hearings, the sentencing of the deputy, the disposition of the girls' cases took place in the secrecy of a juvenile court.

"The sheriff, all of them, they protected themselves," says the deputy's father. The minister is a stocky man, turned out this Sunday morning in plaid sports coat and trousers the black of his eyeglasses. He'd just preached repentance and salvation so effectively a number of women wept, and this formidable righteousness he's interposed between me and Tom. Doesn't fear the truth, he vows, but he won't let people ruin his son. He'll sue, because "There's decent people here won't stand for lies." His son stands to one side. He's shorter than his father, slight, with a struggling mustache curved down over his lip like a new moon. He wears sports clothes, too, mostly mustard tones, and as he



Ingrid Landi

"Oh, I never list my former employers. You know how men like to keep their love affairs quiet. . . ."

collects riders for his bus, his eyes jerk uneasily from me to his father to the door. Soon he will leave the Pittsburg Fundamental Baptist Temple, this long-green concrete-block church, and board his blue-and-white bus with A BIBLE BELIEVING, BIBLE PREACHING CHURCH lettered on it, to begin delivering the congregation to their homes, at least those who did not arrive in their own pickup trucks from places like Chicopee. Outside, children wait and play boisterously on the heart-shaped paving stones leading from the Sunday-school annex. When the service had finished, they'd rushed for the doors, desperate for relief from talk of sin, and I wondered if Tom did not, ever, want similar release, some soul-fluttering existential leap. According to his father, he did not.

"Tom was a victim of his own honesty. He admitted he'd done wrong to let those kids out together, though he says it was customary to let the teenagers together into that big room to play games. Checkers and things. That night he was working on a wreck on the radio and left them. Came back to find one couple goin' at it. They threatened Tom. Told him it would all blow over."

I inform the reverend that this disagrees with other versions. He looks

pained, then sincere. He's just told me they're protecting themselves.

"After it happened, Tom wouldn't say a word, just that he was guilty. The sheriff told him to, he wouldn't. He still won't. Well, actually, he was afraid of the other deputies, because all this had been going on for years. We collected affidavits from several girls saying they'd been used in that jail. Tom only worked part time there for a short while. He couldn't very well have let it all happen, could he? He swears it only happened this once. He didn't have any part in it. None. Even Mr. Grassi said on the radio it wasn't anything too big and it only happened once. Course, the radio and newspaper wanted to make it look real big and sensational, like Tom had enjoyed watchin' them, got a queer satisfaction out of that sort of activity."

The preacher shakes his head. His pale face blazes red during the speech, the red of a congenital ideolog. I remind him that another minister in town publicly attacked Tom from his pulpit and had told me that the whole community should be ashamed, especially Grassi, who'd think differently if his daughters had been in that jail. Tom's father shakes his head again. Everyone's entitled to his beliefs. He goes on to say

how Tom had come to him when it happened and said he was in trouble, and how they had prayed together until they were sure the Lord would set it aright, and then he'd resigned his church, but the deacons wouldn't let him, so they moved to the counterattack, gathering evidence for Tom.

"Everyone supported Tom," he proclaims. "We decided not to fight to spare his wife." Obviously not a man for debating the issue. It's as clear to him as Scripture. As the other minister had said, "Knowing his theology, the anguish was bitter." More important, the facts escape finality. But whatever did or did not happen, the girls in jail suffered, at the least indignity, at the most sexual extortion. Leaving Pittsburg, I pass through Girard. There's an appropriate image. A tousle-headed kid is relaxing on the courthouse lawn, or so it seems until he moves and I see he's legless to the hips, that he's arm-swinging himself along on his leather-insulated rump until he achieves the courthouse stairs and pulls open the door to enter, this crippled kid knee-high to the doors of justice.

What happens to women in the country and in Janice's city happens daily in different regions of America. The reports bear an archetypal, franchised similarity, blinking neon emanations into the night. Males, whether cops or pimps or kindly institutional administrators, habitually degrade and sometimes abuse females. In the darkest contemplation of that, I think it is almost as though the male, so long enthralled by the mystery of generation, of continuity resident in women, has in the age of technology, with its test-tube embryology and cybernetics, gone fatally empirical, and now seeks without woman to recreate himself by destroying his awe at the creature who births him. I can think that, realizing that while the female's ancient triple role of lover and mother and burier-mourner may stay with us buried in man's cortex like last night's drunk, perhaps this nascent sadism is the beginning of the species' end as a two-sexed creation and that the old patterns will remain forever interred. Why else, excepting the orneriness encysted in authority, have we this pattern of abuse and debasement, if not because we have somewhere in our mental wings the vision of reproduction machines immune to innate feelings?

But such meanderings do not alter what is. Sadism may only be eccentric, not suicidal. As eccentric, say, as police in Skokie, Illinois, who arrested a 17-year-old girl from the nearby posh community of Evanston, and took her to their police station, where she was forced



"You actors really do have an ego problem, don't you?"

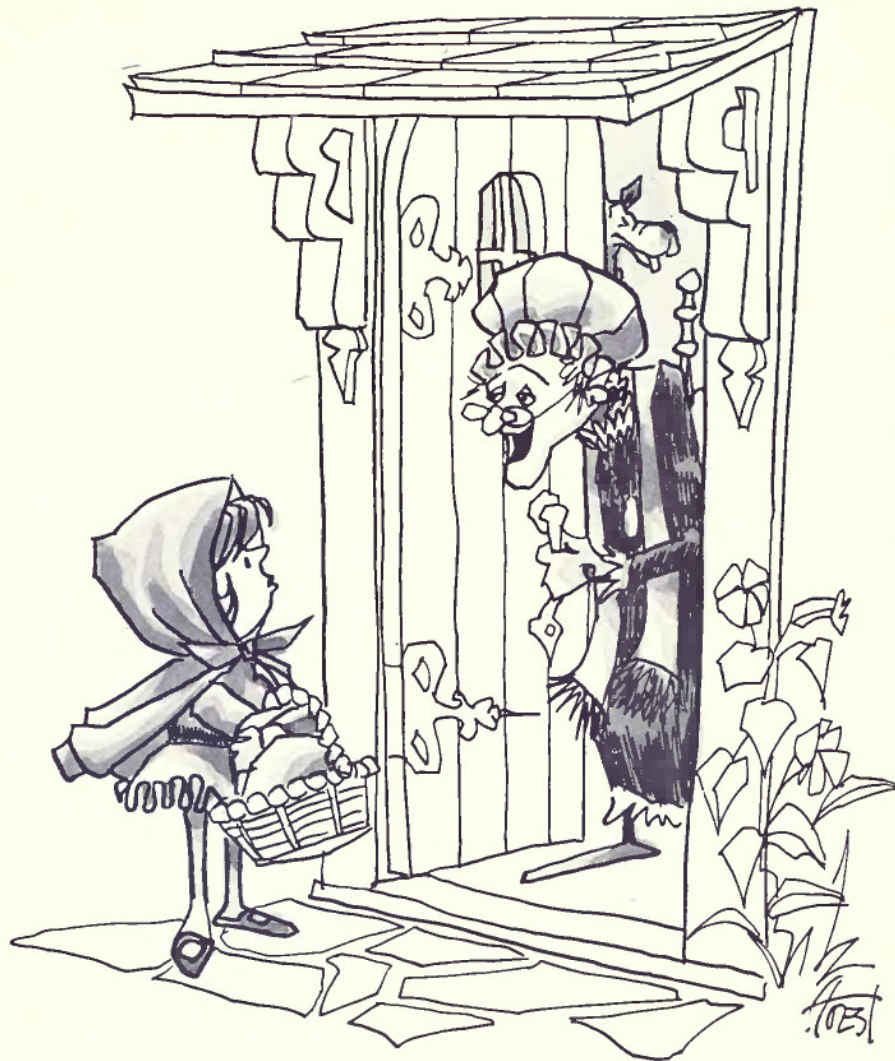
to strip so a matron could examine her for concealed narcotics. This girl was lucky. She had access to lawyers who filed a damage suit on her behalf, alleging assault in the violation of the protection against unreasonable search and seizure, inasmuch as her suspicious activities consisted of visiting a shopping center to buy a Christmas gift and since she'd been charged with no crime.

On the Mexican border, similar strip searches are *de rigueur*, as anyone violating the norm for appearance quickly learns. Usually you are summoned from your car and roughly patted, then rudely questioned while they disassemble your car and luggage. If you're female and kinkyish, you may be escorted to the bright, government-beige Customs shed, where you're told to strip in preparation for a "body-cavity search," as bureaucrats delicately puts it. Though such spelunking may violate the Fourth Amendment, the border cops have a "no-knock" in. They're justified if there's "clear indication" of contraband such as—male or female beware—"a greasy substance on the buttocks" or, presumably, thighs. A woman fond of Mexico may find herself frequently fingered by the long arm of the law. In the Rio Grande Valley region, the A.C.L.U. knew of one woman stripped and searched four times in a year. Naturally, if you're busted, be ready for pressure.

"They'll be all over you for information," an A.C.L.U. lawyer in Brownsville said. "Push, push, push and heat all the time. What the hell can the girls do?" What, indeed? Which makes me wonder how early it starts, this institutional pressure on women. What effects can it engender?

This one's name is Rusty. She has known the cops and she has known the administrators of justice and she has known the agents of social welfare. She sits now in the parlor of a Thirties bungalow, the rock-and-siding sort once accompanied by La Salles and recordings of Russ Columbo. The house squats in what social scientists call a changing urban neighborhood. Its yard is littered with broken playthings, bright plastics scattered like Bacon Bits in salad, rusting metals like wreckage in the Sinai. The room is wall-to-wall mess, children's garments lumped here and there as though a clothesline had abruptly given way. Four kids leap from a staircase to the mess, pausing in mid-flight at the trapeze of Rusty's knees—exquisite children, Eurasian, delicate as Hokusai's waves. She once habitually beat them, near to death, until she committed herself for treatment. She knows why.

"I punished myself through them, because of the way I grew up, what happened to me. I beat them black and blue



"Come back later, honey. Grandma's entertaining a gentleman caller right now."

until Kim, that's my little girl, looked up while I was wiping blood off her lips and said, 'I love you, Mommy.' When I heard that, my heart fell out. I knew then I was crazy. I've worked hard to cure myself."

Rusty is 23, carrottopped, frail and pale as only the never-enough syndrome can make you. She's intense and smart. A small-town girl whose house now is filled with fresh-apple-pie smells, pastry for her Oriental husband, a laborer. She says she doesn't mind the litter so long as she can love her children, that before, when she tried to be orderly, it maddened her. She speaks through teeth testifying to four-sibling, rural poverty—jagged yellow stalactites—and she is hard of hearing from malnutrition or abuse. She doesn't know which. Abuse wasn't in short supply. The worst, the institutional, began when she was 13. Her mother told her to bathe her little brother, and she did, but the child got soap in his mouth. He

screamed. Rusty was giving him water to clear the soap. She was holding his chin when Mom entered. She was drunk, Rusty says.

"She hit me with something and knocked me out. When I woke up, everyone was gone. I got scared and ran away. The police caught me. They laughed at me and touched me and spit on me and called me names. They took me to court and my mother told everyone maybe I'd killed my brother, that I'd been trying to murder him. She and the judge committed me to the state mental hospital. The highway patrol took me there in a squad car. On the way, they told me I was born loony."

Rusty hugs herself, her arms crossed as in a strait jacket. "Soon as I arrived, the other inmates, the girls, took me and stripped me. They held me and shoved a sponge down my throat so I couldn't scream. Then they beat me with coat hangers straightened out. The cops and

matrons just laughed. I was there six months and I never knew whether my brother was alive. I suffered guilt. Oh, God, I'd reach out for love. Once I hugged a new nurse and she got frightened. She hollered and they took me and strapped me down to a bed for four days. Never changed me or kept me clean. I just lay there in my filth in a little room with a chain-link door. When the smell got really bad, the other girls would come and spit at me through the door for the stink I was making. Then the flies would come. I watched them circle, heard them buzz. I waited to feel them sit on me and I couldn't move to shoo them and I'd think I was going crazy. I'd yell, but no one came. Then I'd tell myself, 'They're never gonna let you out.' But they would let me up after four or five days. Oh, it happened every time anything happened. Once I accidentally burned a girl with a Zippo and they tied me down again."

She lights a cigarette and her hand doesn't shake. The smallest, fairest of her children climbs onto her lap. Rusty's freckled hand, a white shadow, strokes the child. "Oh, God, I love them," she says. She stares away, invoking the personal God she believes helped her when she was lowest, crazy with beating her kids, with marriage, with life crushing her like a diver down too deep. She shows me poems she wrote to allay the demons and a piece of autobiography about growing up without a father, with a mother who beat and cursed her, about rats and roaches and filth and she and her brothers and sisters wetting the straw beds in fear and hate. No country-club memberships here. Only the intervention of God, who came into Rusty's heart as the ability to love, she says. Before was the hospital and other things. She's forgotten some and she thanks the same God for that. "They finally let me out. My mother brought my brother to show me that he wasn't dead. She told me, 'That's what you get, girl,' when I cried in relief."

Patting the children, reassuring herself in that gesture that she truly is all right, resurrected, Rusty tells about the hospital tunnels with old, toothless men in niches who reach out to pat, or masturbate at passing girls. She conjures the foster homes the judges assigned her to, the potato-peel soup these court-paid parents made her eat, their commands to "work or get your ass beat," how she felt like just a thing. "At one I slept in a garage with no heat. They were Holy Rollers. They treated their dog better than me. His name was Useless. And they had a thirteen-year-old son who'd go out for cigarettes every night and sneak into the garage and come to my bed. I'd scream and he'd run, but they always blamed me for it."

Rusty would run away and be caught. The police, she says, would tell her she was going to be a slut just like her mother. The juvenile officer would rough her up. They'd take her to the judge again. And then another home. And another. Police, judges, institutions until she was 18 and free to marry into the cumulative nightmare. Rusty sighs, but her voice is level. She's strong, resilient as piano wire, humming in dark winds from the past.

"Even before, when I was nine. God, how can I tell you? But it's true. My brother, an older one. Well . . . he wanted to learn about sex. With me. I was so scared. My mother saw and the police came. I couldn't talk. They shook me and shouted at me that I'd tried to seduce him. I didn't know what the word meant. I was so humiliated. I cried and cried, but they just called me dirty names."

There are other stories, even about police harassment now, but Rusty's body closes itself like a slender book, unfinished but put aside. Her husband leaves for work. She tells him to button his coat and remember his pills. He has had a brain injury that will kill him if he doesn't take his medicine. She shows off her kids' new winter coats from Woolco. "It's all right, really. I have more than my mother ever did. Got a washer and drier, a TV, a loving husband, wonderful children. My home is my kingdom."

She surveys it and smiles. How can she? I wonder, and then she says, "The police, all that, you know, all they must understand is that they're naked behind their badges. They're human and you're human. We owe each other something."

. . .

All the others would agree. All the women suffering the law and its agents. Women beaten or blackmailed or abused or raped or imprisoned in foster homes, hospitals, jails, unwed-mother depositories—any of the society's dumping grounds. Yet even saying that, I must also say that most police are not sadists, any more than are most judges, caseworkers or hospital attendants. No, all that can be concluded is that women, as they move more into the ampler social abattoirs formerly reserved for men, must beware until such time as both branches of our endangered kind are protected as fully by and from the law as bighorn sheep. Perhaps I should add my romantic regret that time and events seem to have killed most of whatever tenderness we may have felt toward the once gentler sex, and that in too many instances cruelty prowls the corridors of power leering out of the robes of equality.

Even so, not all women distrust today's authorities. A few have learned to adore police. In Wichita, Kansas—henceforth, let no one accuse that state

of dullness—six policemen were disciplined for various violations of the city's "law of passion"; to wit, either having on-duty sex with two teenage girls or knowing of it and not telling. These girls worked at a restaurant where the police went. Before long they were on the menu, they said, riding in the squad cars and collecting police-special bullets, real ones, as tokens of friendship with the officers, "certainly, though not in exchange for sexual favors." Each bullet bore an officer's initials, lovingly scratched in the lead. But all good things must be ended. The girls phoned the local newspaper with the story. The police chief promised action against a crime "that would never stop." One cop was fired, another suspended, three others reprimanded for giving away the city's bullets, the last demoted from sergeant to detective. The girls then checked into the hospital, the 17-year-old from an overdose of drugs ingested in a suicide attempt and the 16-year-old due to a nervous breakdown partially brought on by all the flap. The older girl is pregnant, she says. Not surprisingly, since among their belongings they had a collection of initialed bullets from police as far away as Salina, Kansas. They even had souvenirs from MPs at Fort Riley, all of which goes some distance toward proving that firearms are symbolic phalli.

Even cheerier, for people concerned about women and the law, is the revelation that there is abroad in the land, at long last, a whore with a heart of gold. Her name is Charlotte Tyler and she has an overpowering taste for cowboy clothes and policemen. In her spare time, Charlotte has sampled her wares to dozens of police in several states. She has ridden to roll calls in, yes, a city's community-relations bus, her metallic cowboy suit gleaming like Wonder Woman's. She has lain in cars with highway patrolmen and beat cops, and in the American spirit once said she wanted to screw her way to the very top of a police force.

Obviously, Charlotte likes police, and they like her. She says, "They're well trained, they know their work." They say she "really smiles on police officers," that "she has a great feeling of generosity toward cops." True, and so no one minded very much when it was discovered that Charlotte was an unauthorized distributor of the clap. No one accused her of biological warfare. After all, she was an old-fashioned woman you could understand. Especially could you fathom her after she was detained and the besmirched cops were treated and disciplined. No one could mistake the sort of lady whose dresser drawer, rummaged by amused investigators, was found stuffed with badges from far and wide. Even one of gold, to match her heart.



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VENUS OR THE VIRGIN?

(continued from page 74)

barefooted girls singing hymns to Mary, the Mother of God. Here Venus can overnight become Saint Venus. *Santa Venere*. A hill once sacred to Cybele becomes sanctified all over again as Monte Vergine. I do not deride any of this. Some myths point to a truth. Some not. I cannot always distinguish. And I have lived in Calabria for thirty years."

"Not a born Calabrese, then?"

"I am a Roman. I was exiled here by the Fascisti in 1939. Not in this spot! Back up there in a small village called San Giovanni in Fiore. A pretty name, situated beautifully, poor and filthy when you got there. The night they arrested me in Rome, they allowed me five minutes and one suitcase. I grabbed the biggest book I could find. It was *Don Quixote*. After I had reread it by daylight and by candlelight three times that winter, I had nothing else to read, nobody to talk to, nothing to do. Every fine day I tramped over those mountains, sometimes twenty and more miles a day." He laughed cheerfully. "Wearing out the Fascist spies detailed to follow me. Today the same men, as old as I am now, joke with me over it. They were bastards, every one of them. And would be again if it suited them. They say, 'Ah, the good old days, Emilio! You were so good for our bellies. If only we could lead one another that dance all over again!' Everywhere I came on old stories written on old stones—myths, charms, omens, hopes, ambitions. The cerecloths of Greece. The marks of Rome. Those bits in that pool are probably Roman. You can tell it by the *opus reticulatum* of the bricks. That was only uncovered in '32. They call this place the Parco del Cavallo. What horse? Whose horse? I came on remnants of Byzantium, the Goths, the Saracens, the Normans. Our past. When my spies saw what I was after, they stopped following me—I had become a harmless fool—doors opened to me, a landowner's, then a doctor's, even a schoolmaster's, a learned priest's in Rossano. I met and fell in love with a doctor's daughter from Crotona. It was a charming little port in those days. Good wine of Crotona. Good cigars. Very appealing. One day in September 1943, after the British Eighth Army entered Crotona, we were married. Well before then," he laughed, "every Fascist of San Giovanni in Fiore had burned his black shirt and started shouting '*Viva il Re!*' The old woman with whom I had lodged sold me for 10,000 lire to the doctor, who sold me for 20,000 to the police marshal, who sold me for 50,000 to a landowner, who drove me into Crotona to show the British commanding officer the victim of Fascism whom he had protected for the last four years. I did not give him away.

I had fallen in love with Calabria so much that I even liked its ruffians. I settled in Cosenza."

Why was he unburdening himself like this to a stranger? I said that in September 1943 I was with the American Army across those mountains.

"My God!" I wailed, throwing a bit of silver wrap from my chewing gum into the pool of the horse. "Do you realize that all that is over a quarter of a century ago?"

He smiled his tender, stoic's smile.

"I realize it very well. My youngest son is a lieutenant in the air force. His brother is studying medicine in Palermo. My eldest child is due to have her first baby at any hour."

"Why did you not return to Rome?"

He again glanced toward Cosenza. The sun, I observed, sinks early behind those Apennines. For no reason there flashed across my eyes the image of this plain covered by the floodwater made by their melting snows.

"I never went back to Rome because I had fallen in love with a woman who was a place. I saw my Claudia as a symbol of the ancientness, and the ancestry, and the dignity and the beauty of Calabria, of its pedigree, its pride, its arrogance, its closeness to the beginning of the beginnings of man and the end of the ends of life. I believed then and believe still that outside Calabria it would be impossible to find another Claudia."

I did not suggest that 50,000,000 Italians might not agree. If a young man in love and an old man remembering are not entitled to their dreams, who is? I merely suggested that there is also some "ancientness" in Rome.

"In museums? In Rome the bridge is down. It has no living past. It is just as venal, vulgar, cowardly, cynical and commercial a city as any other in the world." He jerked his body to a soldierly attention. "I must get back to Cosenza. We have been warned by the doctor that the birth may be difficult. There may have to be a Caesarian. My wife will be praying for an easy birth. When I get back, she may have more news."

His wife alone? No relatives? Aging, both. I did not say that my own daughter had married far away from me into another continent. All dreams have an ending somewhat different from their beginnings.

"Your daughter is in Cosenza?" I asked hopefully, but he waved his right hand toward the south.

"No. She married a splendid young man in Reggio. An *avvocato*. Young Vivarini. It is not far, but it is far too far for my wife and me at a time like this."

We shook hands warmly. We had in some way lit in those few minutes a small flame to friendship. He stepped into his dusty old jeep, waved, went his way deep into the mountains, as I did

along the coast, deeper into his south and his beloved past.

I slept in Crotono, badly, woke wondering if I had been as unwise about my food as one so easily can be anywhere south of Rome, or dreamed oppressively, or failed to do something along the road that I ought to have done. It was not until I had dived into the sparkles of the sea and been driving fast for a good hour that the reason for my dejection struck me. I had caught the *mal du pays*. Four days out of Rome and I was already homesick for it. And why not? I am not married to Old Calabria. I am a political animal, a man of reason. A man interested in the world as it is. My job is to do with today, occasionally with tomorrow, never with yesterday. I had been seeing far too many memorials to that incorporeal, extramundane, immaterial, miasmatic element that is food and drink to men like my engineer and that Carl Sandburg called a bucket of ashes. One ancient temple had been exciting, like those 15 Doric columns at Metaponto deep in weeds and wildflowers. The next, a few miles away, had been too much. A cartload of stones. Decline, decay, even death are beauty's due. Never defeat. And this deep south is littered with defeat. A bare megalith to record a defeated city. A duck pond to call up great Sybaris. Not even a stone had marked several names gloriously resounding in my guidebook. On the edge of a bleak moor and a bare cliff outside Crotono, Juno's church had been worn by time, weather and robbery to a solitary column. All as empty now as the sea, except for an aging woman remembering the garlanded girls with whom she had walked in a line singing hymns in May. Was it at Locri that I had paused for gas and looked into the tiny local museum, ill-kept, pathetically dusty, unfrequented? *Aranciata Pitagora*. One of Greece's greatest philosophers advertising orange juice over a wayside stall. Back, for God's sake, to living Rome. By tonight's plane out of Reggio.

I covered my final 40 miles in half an hour. I swept delightedly into a Reggio bristling with *carabinieri*, local police, armed troops, riot-squad trucks crackling out constant radio reports. The hotel was like a field H.Q. with pressmen and photographers, cinema crews and TV crews. All because it was widely and furiously feared that Rome intended to pass Reggio over in favor of Cosenza as the new provincial capital. Posters all over the walls announced that at four o'clock there would be a Monster Meeting in the Piazza del Popolo. This would leave me just enough time to interview the chief citizens of Reggio: the mayor, the archbishop, city councilors, parliamentary deputies, labor bosses, leading industrialists, if any. For some five hours, lunchless, I patiently gathered from them thousands of flat-footed words, to

which at the afternoon meeting a sequence of bellowing orators added many more. Weary, hungry and bored, I remembered with a click of my fingers the name Vivarini.

. . .

Twenty minutes later, in a quarter of the city far removed from the noisy piazza, I was admitted by an elderly woman in black—wife? housekeeper? secretary?—to the presence of a very old man in a dusky room crammed and cluttered with antiquated furniture, *bibelots*, statuettes in marble, alabaster and bronze, old paintings, vases, boxes of papers, books, bowls, crystal paperweights, signed photographs in silver frames. It was the kind of room that made one wonder how its owner ever found anything he might require there. A Balzac would have been delighted to list all these telltale signs, markers or milestones of the fortunes of a business and a family, especially those signed photographs—King Vittorio Emanuele III, Dr. Axel Munthe, one Peter Rothschild, Prime Minister Giolitti (the one who held out against Mussolini until 1921), Facta (who fell to Fascism in 1922), Mussolini's son-in-law Galeazzo Ciano, Marshal Badoglio. As for me, one

look, one sentence and I knew what I was in for.

"Ah, *signore*, this was once a city of the rarest elegance. My son, whom you must meet—he is at the hospital—does not realize this, he is too young. But I myself heard D'Annunzio say that our *lungomare* is one of the most gracious seaside promenades in Europe. What do you think of that?" (I refused to say; but if the so-called Prince of Montevonoso ever said so, he must have said it before 1908, when this city was flattened by its terrible earthquake, and at that date *Signor Vivarini* would have been a very small boy, indeed.) "But, now? Alas, *signore*, we have been taken over by the vulgar herd, the *popolazzo*. Corruption. Vendettas. Squabbles for gain. Maladministration. And all because our natural leaders, our aristocracy, the landed gentry of Calabria started to abandon Reggio immediately after the earthquake of 1908. . . ."

In the distance, an irritable rattle of rifle fire. He did not seem to hear it. He went on and on. I should be back there watching the rioting.

"Nothing can save us now but a



"It's not my factory that's polluting the lake. . . . It's all those dead fish that're doing it."



"Our headaches are over! Here comes
Moses with the tablets!"

miracle. . . . When I was a youth. . . ."

I rose at the sound of a distant, dull explosion, ready to run without ceremony, when from the doorway I found myself transfixed by the stare of a man whom I took to be his son—a tall, thin, challenging, cadaverous man of about 35, eyes Atlantic gray, peering through eyelashes that hid nothing of his patent awareness of his own merits, his inquisitorial mistrust, his cold arrogance of a pasha. I would have been utterly repelled by him if his clothes were not so much at odds with his manner. His lean body was gloved in a light metallic, bluish material suggestive of shimmering night and stars, his skintight shirt was salmon pink, his lemon tie disappeared into the V of a flowered waistcoat, the silk handkerchief in his breast pocket

lollled as softly as a kitten's tail, or as its eyes, his shoes were sea suede, and his smoke of hair was blued like a woman's. He looked so promisingly ambiguous after all those obvious, political big mouths in the piazza that I introduced myself at once—name, profession, nationality. In a courteous and attractively purring voice, and in the unmistakable English of Cambridge (Massachusetts)—i.e., of Harvard—he replied that he had also spent some time in America. In return, I told him that I had begun my career as a journalist on the *Crimson*. His laugh was loud, frank, open and delighted. We shook hands amiably. I was on the point of deciding that he was really a most engaging fellow when I recalled his ice-cold air, his arrogance and his suspicion. I glanced at his clothes

and I looked at his face, and it was his mouth that now impressed me: a blend of the soft, the mobile, the vulpine, the voracious that made me suddenly think that the essence of his first effect on me had been the predatory and the self-protective nature of a born sensualist. Obviously a man capable of being very attractive to women, but also, I feared, capable in his egoism of being very cruel.

"You enjoyed America," I stated cheerfully.

For a second or two, his peering mask returned. He smiled, not unhappily, yet not warmly, either, the way I fancied an inquisitor might smile when watching a heretic slowly gyrating over the flames that would soon deliver his soul to paradise. He said that he had endured the arid rigidities of Harvard University for three years. He laughed gaily at another rattle of gunfire, saying, "That nonsense will be over in an hour." He did not so much invite me to dine with him as order me to give him the pleasure.

"And the consolation! I am going through a difficult time."

The next second he was blazing with fury at his father, whose tremulous question, "How is Angiolina?" he had already timidly iterated four times.

"She has been in labor now for eight hours!" he ground out savagely. "If she has not given birth within three more hours, I insist upon a Caesarean." The old man waved protesting hands. "My dear father," he raged now in a near whisper, "I have told you twenty times that there is nothing scientifically wrong with a Caesarean." He turned suavely to me. "I do wish my dear father would realize that even after three Caesareans my wife could still bear him a long line of grandchildren." He laughed lightly. "Of course there is no truth in the legend that Julius Caesar was so delivered. I will call for you at your hotel—the Excelsior, I presume?—at half past seven. We will dine at the Conti. It is not very much, but it is our best."

I would have preferred to catch the plane for Rome. But I remembered and shared my engineer's quiet troublement over his daughter. My own daughter had not had an easy time with her first. There bounced off my mind the thought that a nameless young woman in Busano had lost her first. Actually, it was none of these things that decided me, but the sound of more shots at which I ran from the pair of them. The rioting was well worth it, water cannon, baton charges, rubber bullets, the lot, women screaming Jesu Marias, hair streaming, children bawling, fat men behaving like heroes, the finest, fullest crop of De Sica clichés, vintage 1950, and not a cat killed. And all for what? For, at least, more than Hecuba, if for less than Hector. According to old Vivarini, for pride, honor, family, home, ancient tradition,

for *Rhegium antiquum* so often raped already—by Messinese, Syracusans, Romans, Goths, Normans, Saracens, Pisans, Turks, Aragonese, Fascisti, Nazis and the liberating armies of Great Britain and the U.S.A.; also, I had been variously told, for real estate, tourism, air travel, emigration, IRI, Bernie Cornfeld's *fonditalia*, Swiss hooks in Chiasso, the Mafia, the *Cassa per il Mezzogiorno*, the Demo-Christians' majority in parliament. . . . But the journalist's classical symptom is cynicism, the boil of his inward frustration, the knowledge that he will never get at the total truth, a commodity reserved for historians, novelists and poets who will reduce his tormented futilities to a few drops of calm wisdom.

By the time Vivarini called for me, I was calmed, and if, since Crotona's morning moonshine coffee, still unfed, yet not unslaked, braced by two martinis, which I insisted that he and I, at the bar, make four; as, in Conti's, he at once ordered not one but two liters of *vino di Civo*, which reminded me of the drunken night, it was in Peking (Oh! Jesus!), years and years ago that I first became a father.

"No!" he groaned aloud to the totally empty restaurant. (Its usual clients afraid to emerge at night?) "No baby yet!"

His father ("Don't touch the *scampi*! Even here possible pollution!") was a Polonius, a foolish, fond old man whom nobody would mistake for his better, three generations out of date, a sweet, kind man with fine sensibilities, a shrewd business head, a tea-rose soul, a brain that could have worked like a computer if he were not also a besotted sentimentalist; in short, a mess like all Italians.

"By comparison I, Bartolomeo—"

"Hi, Bart! Call me Tom!"

"Hi, Tom . . . am a cold Cartesian. My wife," he informed me secretively, evidently making some point, "is a mortal angel. I have selected her with the greatest care. For I have also had my sorrows. My betrayals. Yet she is an angel with a Gallic mind. She also loathes all this nonsense of her father's and of my father, all this ridiculous adoration of the past. Down with tradition! It ends up in confusion, mythology, obfuscation!" He hammered the table, a waiter came running and was dismissed. "I insist on a Caesarean! Those two old men with their folksy minds think it bad, wrong, a threat to the long line of children they dream of as their—their!—descendants. Excuse me," he said quietly. "May I telephone?"

He returned, swaying only a very little, shook his head, looked at his watch, while I thought of the engineer and his wife waiting by the telephone in Cosenza, and that agonized girl hauling on a towel tied to the end of a bedpost, and that old lawyer somewhere up the street moaning to himself among his portraits

and his trophies of the dead, and I said, "Lookit, Bart, for Chrissake, forget me. I know you want to be back in that hospital, or nursing home, or whatever it is, do please go there!" To which, intent on behaving as calmly as a Harvard man—that is to say, as a Yank, that is to say, as any English gentleman (period 1850) would have behaved—he replied that if his poppa was irrational, his father-in-law, Emilio, was far more so.

"I can guess how my father explained those riots to you. The decay of the aristocracy? All that stuff? But did he once mention the Mafia? With whom, of course, he worked hand in glove all his life. Whereas, on the other hand, my father-in-law, Emilio, would know all about the Mafia, but he would tell you that the rioting would have been far worse if it had not been for"—here one could almost hear his liver gurgling bile—"the 'wisely restraining hand of the Mother Church.' Two complementary types of total unreason."

At this he bowed his face into his palms and moaned into them. "If only my love and I could get out of this priest-ridden, Mafia-ridden, time-ridden, phony, superannuated provincial hole!"

He quickly recovered control of himself sufficiently to beg me, concernedly, to give him the latest news from the States. I did so, keeping it up as long and as lightly as I could, since the narration seemed to soothe him. But it was only a seeming, because he suddenly cried out, having obviously not heeded one word I had been saying. "The Church here, of course, is a master plotter and conspirator. Have you seen its latest miracle?"—as if he were asking me whether I had seen the latest film. "You must. It is a masterpiece. Five hundred meters away. A weeping Madonna. Weeping, of course, for Reggio. Like Niobe, from whom the idea most certainly derives. What a gullible people we are! Madonnas who weep, bleed, speak, go pale, blush, sway, for all I know dance. Did you know that before the war, Naples possessed two bottles of milk supposed to have been drawn off the breasts of the Virgin that curdled twice a year? Excuse me. May I telephone?"

He disappeared. This made the restaurant twice as empty. The *padrone* asked me solicitously if all was well. *Signor Vivarini* seemed upset? I said his wife was expecting a baby.

"A baby!"

Within a minute the restaurant came alive. Two waiters and a fat female cook bustled from the kitchen. After her came a serving-woman. The *padrone's* wife appeared. Two small children peeped. An old man shuffled out in slippers. In a group, they babbled about babies. It was nine o'clock. I had lost my plane. I had not yet written my report on Reggio. But Vivarini did not come back and

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he did not come back, and I was cross, bothered, bored and bewildered. The restaurant was empty again—the whole company of family and servitors had drifted off in a gabble to regather outside the telephone booth. I had decided to pay the bill and leave when a miniriot burst into the place, all of the rioters returning cheering and laughing to me, as if I were the fertile father, and in their midst Bartolomeo Vivarini, swollen as the sun at noon, beaming, triumphant, bestowing benedictions all round, proclaiming victory as smugly as if he were the fertile mother.

"Un miracolo gradito!" he both laughed and wept. "A son! I am the father of a son! I have telephoned my father and my mother, my father-in-law and my mother-in-law. They are all such good people, are they not?"

The company laughed, clapped and declared that it was, indeed, a miracle, a splendid miracle, a *miracolo gradito*.

"There will be more children!" the cook assured him.

"And more sons," the *padrone's* father assured him.

He sat, sobbed, hiccuped, called for champagne, but this I firmly forbade.

"You haven't yet seen your wife!" I pointed out. "She must have suffered terrible pain," at which his tears spouted like champagne.

"I had forgotten all about her!" he wailed and punished his bony breast. "I must light a candle for my wife to the Madonna. To the weeping Madonna! Let us go, my dear friend. To the Madonna! She, perhaps, may make them give me one peep at my son. You will drive me? I dare not! It is not far away."

So we left, led noisily by all to the door. And nobody asked us to pay the bill.

His car was a Lancia. I drove it furiously to somewhere up the hill, this way, that way, until, above the nightness and lightness of the city, of the straits, of all Calabria and all Sicily, we halted on the edge of a tiny brilliant piazza crowded with worshipers or sight-seers, where there stood an altar, and on the altar a pink-and-blue commercial statue of the allegedly lachrymose Virgin Mary. A hundred breathless candles adored her, and four steady electric spotlights. Bartolomeo crushed me through the crowds to the altar, bought two candles, one for himself, one for me, refusing to take any change for his 1000-lire bill, lit his candle, fixed it in position and knelt on the ground to pray, his arms wide in total wonder and belief.

As far as I was concerned, the miracle was, of course, like every popular Italian miracle, preposterous—a word, as I learned at high school, that means in Ciceronian Latin arse to front. The object was to me simply an object, bought from some statue vendor in Reggio, with,

if even that ever happened, a drop or two of glycerin deposited on its painted cheek by some pious or impious hand. But why would any man do that? Gradually, as I looked about me and felt the intensity of the human feeling circling the altar like a whirlpool of air, or bees in a swarm, or butterflies over a wave, or fallen leaves whispering in a dry wind, I began to feel awed and even a little frightened. As I moved through the murmuring or silent crowds, conscious of the eloquent adoration of the old, the unexpected fervor of the young, the sudden hysteria of a woman carried away screaming, the quiet insistent stare of two Franciscans fixed on the painted face, I became so affected that at one point I thought that I, too, could, might, perhaps—or did I?—see one single, perfect teardrop gleaming in the spotlights on the face of the Mother of their God. I blinked. It vanished.

But had it ever been there? Where was the proof that it had not been an illusion even for its author? The night was inflammable, the country explosive, I had too much respect for my skin to ask why even one teardrop had not been looked at through a microscope capable of distinguishing between glycerin—that is to say, $C_3H_5(OH)_3$ —and the secretions of the lachrymal gland. I might as well have committed instant suicide as suggest that a similar test could be applied to the wine said to change during their Mass into the blood of their God. I found myself beside the two motionless friars. I cautiously asked one of them if he had seen, or knew anybody who had seen, a tear form in the statue's eye. He answered skillfully that this was not wholly relevant, since if one saw the tear it was so, and if one did not see a tear it was not so, which, he took pleasure in explaining to me courteously, but at some length, marks the difference in Kantian philosophy between the phenomenon and the noumenon. My mind swam.

Bartolomeo had vanished. I stayed on in that haunted *piazzetta* until well after one in the morning. I collected some opinions, two asserted experiences, several stories of miraculous cures. The crowd thinned, but at no time was the statue unattended by at least one worshipping believer. Only when a palsied, dumb, gummy-mouthed woman asked me the time by tapping my watch with her finger did I remember that by now the huntsmen might be asleep in Calabria but the foreign editors of America would be wide awake, for who could be drowsy at that hour whose first edition frees us all from everlasting sleep? A few steps away I found a lighted café whose owner must have nourished the same views as Sir Thomas Browne. There, over a couple of Stregas, I disposed in 20 minutes of Reggio's political troubles. Inside another

half hour I evoked the miracle of the Madonna in one of the most brilliant pieces I have written during my whole life. The best part of it was the coda, which I doubted I would ever send—they would only kill it at once. In it I asked Chicago, still daylit, still dining or well dined, rumbling like old thunder, smelling as rank as a blown-out candle, how it is that the Mediterranean mind never ceases to offer us new lamps for old; and I opined that it is because it is in the nature of that restless mind to be divinely discontent with this jail of a world into which we are all born. That Latin mind is always trying to break out of its mind, to blow down the walls of its eyes, to extend time to eternity, so as to see this world as only their gods have ever seen it before.

No! Not for Chicago. Not that I cared. What is every journalist anyway but an artist *manqué* spangled to another, who is tethered to a third and a fourth and a fifth, up to the 50th and final *manqué* at the top.

I passed slowly back through the little piazza. The candles were guttering, the spotlights still shone, it was empty except for one man kneeling in the center of it before the sleepless statue. I bade her a silent farewell, whether Juno, Hera, Niobe, Venus or the Virgin, and went on walking through the sleeping streets downhill to the shore. It was a still night. The sky gleamed with stars like Vivarini's blue coat. I thought of my dauber of Bussano, my Van Gogh *manqué*, and I decided that the distinction between emperor and clown is irrelevant. Every virtue is woven into its opposite, failure built into ambition, despair into desire, cold reason into hot dreams, delusion into the imagination, death into life, and if a youth has not the guts to take the risks of every one of them, he will not live long enough to deserve peace.

I paused. In the straits, was that a purring motorboat? Not a sound. Here, about 5:20 one equally silent morning 61 years ago—it was, in fact, December 28—people like the father and mother of old Mr. Vivarini the lawyer felt their house sway and shiver for 32 seconds, and for 12 miles north and south every house swayed and shook intermittently in the same way for two months. At widening intervals, the earthquake went on for a year and a half. The entire city vanished. Like Sybaris. Like Pompeii.

I looked at my watch. In a few hours, another green sheen would creep over the Narrows. Another pallid premorning lightness would expand in the sky behind Aspromonte. I walked on smiling at the fun the Vivarinis would have disputing over the name of their newborn child.



"And when you've got them roped—then what do you do?"

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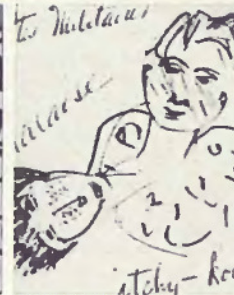
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