

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

MARCH 1975 • \$1.25

PLAYBOY

**ROBERT SHERRILL
FINDS GOD
IN WASHINGTON**

**THE GREAT PENTAGON
FIGHTER-PLANE
SHOOT-OUT**

**KEEPING COOL
THROUGH HARD TIMES**

**COUNTRY BOY
CUM LAUDE:
KRIS KRISTOFFERSON**



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A TORRID
NINE-PAGE
PICTORIAL**

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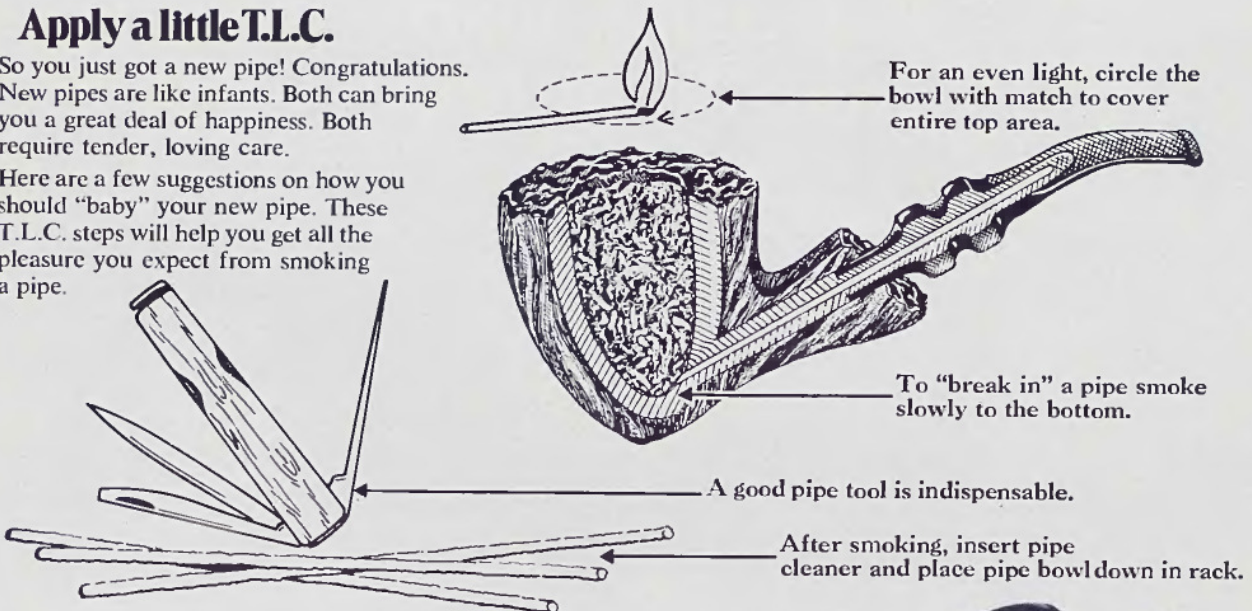


The care and feeding of your pipe.

Apply a little T.L.C.

So you just got a new pipe! Congratulations. New pipes are like infants. Both can bring you a great deal of happiness. Both require tender, loving care.

Here are a few suggestions on how you should "baby" your new pipe. These T.L.C. steps will help you get all the pleasure you expect from smoking a pipe.



1. Before smoking your pipe for the first time, moisten a fingertip with water and rub it around the inside of the bowl. This will insulate the bowl against the heat of the first smoke. Then, be sure to use a quality tobacco. May we be so bold as to suggest Amphora?

2. To "break in" your pipe only half fill the bowl for the first few smokes. Tamp the tobacco evenly and be sure top surface of the tobacco is well lit. (See illustration above.)

3. When you pack a full bowl, press the tobacco lightly in the lower part, more firmly up on top.

4. To build an even "cake" smoke the tobacco slowly to the bottom. Occasionally tamp the ashes gently and rekindle immediately if light goes out.

5. A pipe should keep its cool. If yours is getting hot, set it aside, tamp the ashes and don't relight until the bowl feels comfortable in your hand.

6. When you've worked hard, you enjoy a rest. So does your chum, the pipe. Never refill a hot pipe. Let it cool and switch over to one of your other pipes. We can all use a little variety now and then.

7. When you finish a bowlful remove the ashes with your pipe tool. To absorb excess moisture insert a pipe cleaner in the shank and put your pipe to bed in a pipe rack, bowl face-down.

8. A layer of carbon will build up in the bowl of your pipe as you continue to use it. This is good as it improves the draft and provides even burning. But don't allow the carbon layer to be thicker than the thickness of a penny.

9. Build up a collection of pipes. (The right hint before your birthday, Father's Day or Christmas wouldn't hurt.) Rotate the use of your pipes, take good care of them, keep your pipes clean, and they'll return to you years of pleasure and contentment.



How to avoid tongue bite.

There are two possible reasons for tongue bite. One is excess heat in the bowl. Instead of puffing, draw slowly on your pipe, follow these nine steps and you'll go a long way toward avoiding the problem.

The second possible cause may be your tobacco. The investment in a quality tobacco will reap an excellent return in flavor and mildness. Amphora's unique Cavendish process results in *extra* mildness while our top-notch taste comes through.

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PLAYBILL

THE NOSTALGIA CRAZE, which looks like it's here to stay, has certainly summoned many glorious things from the past—old movies, old clothes, old songs. Now, even the old Depression may be coming back for an encore. Banks are closing just like in the good old days and Gerald Ford is beginning to sound a lot like Calvin Coolidge. And if that's not enough to have you stashing your pennies beneath the floor boards, check out our special Depression package, *Who's Afraid of Hard Times?*, in which Larry L. King casts a melancholy eye backward and William F. Rickenbacker takes a cautionary look forward. King, who was born and raised during the last Depression, recalls what it was like to be wiped out and reduced to picking cotton on a Texas farm. On a slightly more positive note, Rickenbacker, son of Captain Eddie and author of several books on the economy, blames our economic problems on a wishy-washy Government but feels that another depression can be avoided. We'll just have to wait and see.

"When the chips are down," John Kennedy once said, "money counts more than religion." Well, the chips are certainly down, but for those of us who are running low on money, religion can be a handy fail-safe. As Robert Sherrill tells us in *Elmer Gantry for President* (with artwork by John Hunt), that old-time religion is alive and kicking in Washington, D.C. It seems that everyone in the nation's capital, from Gerald Ford on down, is praying these days and Sherrill is highly skeptical about the virtues of this peculiar trend. It should be noted that two months after Sherrill's article

on the lingering mysteries of Chappaquiddick appeared in the *New York Times Magazine* last July, Edward Kennedy scratched himself from the Presidential sweepstake. This month, Sherrill attacks the lingering effects of God in Washington. Stay tuned for the results.

Albeit truth is, indeed, stranger than fiction, the short stories in this month's issue are pretty, well, unusual. Ben Maddow contributes *Up Out of Zoar*, an intriguing futuristic tale of morality. Jesse Hill Ford treats us to a bizarre tale of Southern law and order in *The Jail*; and in *Holy War on 34th Street*, illustrated by artist John Youssi, Norman Spinrad, former vice-president of the Science Fiction Writers of America, posits the chance encounter of several belligerent religious groups on a busy New York street.

As defense correspondent for the McGraw-Hill World News, and a Pentagon aficionado off and on since 1960, James W. Canan is impeccably qualified, we feel, to expose some of the crazy goings on in that weird place. And weird it surely is, as you'll see by reading *Tally Ho in the Pentagon*, which is excerpted from Canan's forthcoming book, *The Superwarriors* (to be published by Weybright & Talley). In it, the Air Force and Navy start an argument over a fighter plane and end up challenging each other to a dogfight to the death with live ammunition.

We feel a little laughter now and then can't hurt, which is why we're publishing *Chariots of the Clods?*, John Hughes's take-off on Erich Von Däniken. Hughes, a talented copywriter for a large Chicago advertising firm, says his current activities include color blindness and twaddling.

As always, personalities abound in this issue. Jack McClintock, a frustrated country-music songwriter, contends in *Just a Good Ole Rhodes Scholar* that composer-singer-actor Kris Kristofferson may, indeed, be the star of the Seventies. Billie Jean King, certainly a star in her own right and perhaps The Woman of the Seventies, exchanges some volleys with Joe Hyams in this month's interview. And actress Margot Kidder tells us about her early introduction to PLAYBOY in an autobiographical essay accompanying a pictorial shot by Doug Kirkland.

Now that you're wondering how we've managed to pack all that entertainment into a magazine that costs less than two pounds of sugar and still make ends meet, don't go away yet: There's more. Watch how everything from wigs to plastic wrap gets peeled away in a flurry of erotic activity in *Ripped Off*, created by seven of the best photographers around, including Paul Gremmler, who is also responsible for our exercise-equipment feature, *Shaping Up*. Wrapping up the package is J. Frederick Smith's expert lenswork on outerwear to ward off those chill March winds. And at this point, if you're still worrying about the national debt, inflated prices and rising unemployment rates, snuggle up with our March Playmate, Ingeborg Sorensen—she's guaranteed to take your mind off the economy.



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RECIPE: In Blender combine 1 oz. EARLY TIMES, 1 oz. Creme de Banana, ½ oz. Triple Sec, ½ oz. Lemon Juice, 2 oz. Pineapple Juice, with ice; pour in highball glass half filled with cracked ice. Garnish/pineapple slice, straw.



The Miami Sunset

INGREDIENTS: 2 oz. EARLY TIMES, 1 oz. Triple Sec, orange juice.

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



The New York Experience

INGREDIENTS: 1 oz. EARLY TIMES, 1 oz. Triple Sec, 1 oz. Dry Vermouth.

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



The Atlanta Belle

INGREDIENTS: 1 oz. EARLY TIMES, ¾ oz. Green Creme de Menthe, ¼ oz. White Creme de Cacao, 1 oz. Coffee Cream.

RECIPE: Shake with cracked ice 1 oz. EARLY TIMES, ¾ oz. Green Creme de Menthe, ¼ oz. White Creme de Cacao, 1 oz. Cream. Strain into whisky sour glass.



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INGREDIENTS: 1½ oz. EARLY TIMES, Tomato Juice, Worcestershire Sauce, Tabasco Sauce, Slice of lime (or Favorite Bloody Mary Mix).

RECIPE: Combine 1½ oz. EARLY TIMES, Tomato Juice, Worcestershire and Tabasco Sauce to taste (or Bloody Mary Mix). Add ingredients to highball glass filled with ice. Garnish/lime slice.



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DEAR PLAYBOY

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OH, HENRY

In his December article on Henry Kissinger, Garry Wills gives the answer to the question, What makes Henry run? Obviously, it is his love of power, and his tactic of servility and obsequiousness to attain it. He took on William Elliott's Cold War doctrine to get a leg up at Harvard. He became an advocate of tactical nuclear war because this would impress General Gavin. He approved the Christmas bombing of North Vietnam, since he figured this was what would please President Nixon. He screamed loudly about the publication of the Pentagon papers, and so set the stage for the break-in of Ellsberg's psychiatrist's office, because this was the temper of the Nixon White House. He went along with, and perhaps even initiated the bugging of colleagues, again because he knew this would be great guns with the dim minds at the White House. In his later life, at least, Kissinger has made a much greater hit with those who see the world in simplistic tones, as do Elliott, Gavin, Nixon and Brezhnev, than with the more sophisticated, like John Kennedy and Chou En-Lai. The question might be asked whether he has any really profound philosophy or is nothing more than a super litmus paper for the Neanderthals.

Tristram Coffin, Editor

The Washington Spectator Newsletter
Washington, D.C.

Garry Wills's *Kissinger* seems to have missed the point in its discussion of the roots of power. The implication I got is that the Rockefellers bought and sold a Harvard international scholar to Government and then sat back to reap the benefits. Let's not forget who nominated Gerald Ford, who in turn nominated Rockefeller and who bought and sold the soul of Henry Kissinger in the first place.

Roger S. Manning
Palmyra, New York

This "superman," Henry Kissinger, is undoubtedly the most dangerous man the world has ever known. While creating the impression of being a genius, he has the uncanny ability to simultaneously collect the laurels if he succeeds and let someone else take the rap if he fails. Rasputin influenced only the czar; this Rasputin influences the most powerful office in the world: the U. S. Presidency. Is he

really all that capable? Well, which diplomat worth his salt could not do the same, when empowered to give away the assets of the United States—money, arms, political support and know-how—in order to achieve a goal? Nixon was no match for Kissinger—Ford even less.

Dirk M. Brink
Hong Kong

Kissinger is unique because he can consistently manipulate to his advantage the enormous complexities interwoven into world politics today. The personality Garry Wills so aptly sketches of Kissinger shows the relationship between the complexities of the man and his ability to deal successfully with the myriad complexities of government.

Tom Christianson
San Diego, California

HUNTING SONG

I read the article *Old Dance on the Killing Ground*, by Charles Gaines, in the October issue with understandable interest, since my sons and I were at least part of the object of that exercise. Gaines appears to have colored the hunt with his own brand of author's license: the article was loaded with inaccuracies culminating in a finished product that was essentially antihunting. It is remarkable, indeed, that Gaines could have assumed such a posture, since our hunt was proscribed in our attempts to keep him and his photographer friend from being gored by the boar. My son did not kill the fallow buck with a final shot up the rectum. He killed it with three shots into the lung cavity, and I have the photographs to prove it. Gaines had less respect for the boar than we did and when I told him to "freeze," I was preventing him from running to the fallen animal with nearly 300 pounds of live mate watching us rather closely. In retrospect, perhaps I shouldn't have stopped him! True, antihunters are intent on creating a passive society without understanding the ramifications of wildlife overpopulation and subsequent wasteful starvation of such wildlife. Fake antihunters sing the same tune but gladly eat the meat resulting from a successful hunt. Game management in our big country is eminently successful and hunting within the parameters laid down by the wildlife

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"THE EXCITER"



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specialists is, or ought to be, a healthy outlet for our violence between wars and at the same time serve to control wild-life population, which, as far as deer are concerned, is greater than during our Colonial beginnings.

J. W. Whitehouse
Lyndonville, Vermont

Gaines replies:

Whitehouse claims that my story "Old Dance on the Killing Ground" is essentially antihunting. It is not. I myself have been a bird hunter for more than 20 years and will continue to be one as long as there is wild shooting available. For the small percentage of American big-game hunters who are true woodsmen and sportsmen, who hunt with skill and endurance and who have affection for the animals they hunt, I have nothing but respect (too much respect, I might add, to go along with Whitehouse's sordid notion that they do what they do in order to bloodily while away the time between wars). He also states that the story is full of inaccuracies. He is mistaken about that, too. I have no doubt that he has pictures of a variety of holes in the fallow deer his sons Swiss-cheesed on the hunt; but I have one that testifies dreadfully to the final anal shot that killed the animal. Finally, Whitehouse's belief that he and his sons were ever put into a position of having to protect me from being gored, his conviction that there was any real danger at all attached to his hunt, is touching substantiation of the story's central point: that fantasy is what preserve hunting is all about.

RATING REDFORD

The Robert Redford interview (PLAYBOY, December) is certainly one of your best. Larry DuBois really broke through all the barriers and exposed Redford for what he really is—a sensitive, compassionate human being. I found him even more appealing on a personal level than I had previously on the screen.

Andrew Zibart
Nashville, Tennessee

Most actors who catch my attention on the screen are a disappointment when I read about them. Not so with Redford. The interview is so honest and ostensibly unpolished that for once I felt a genuine sense of sincerity and humanness from the subject. He made me feel as if I were passing through a moment of his life with him, as if I, too, were experiencing his compassion, despair, humor and affection.

Lorraine Mason
Pompano Beach, Florida

I agree. Redford would make a lovely politician. Because he's the master of every cliché from the old—"riddle of the Sphinx"—to the new—"The press is fallible, human like the rest of us"—with every shading in between ("Fame is a two-edged sword"). But if he remains an

actor, we'll give him more interesting ways to say what he has to say.

Robb White
Santa Barbara, California

MONSTER MASH

Mel Brooks and Gene Wilder are crazy! I was certain *Blazing Saddles*, which I found uproariously funny, would be the limit. But *Young Frankenstein* (PLAYBOY, December) promises to be even funnier. Bravo.

Hilton Cranston
New York, New York

Is it true that Mel Brooks and Gene Wilder are as crazy offscreen as they are in their movies?

Harvey White
New York, New York

Absolutely not. As you can see by this photograph, Brooks and Wilder are actually somber, retiring men who lead



normal, quiet lives like the rest of us. Humor is no laughing matter to them and they conduct themselves with restraint and refinement at all times.

I can't figure out why everybody thinks Mel Brooks and Gene Wilder are so damned funny. Quite frankly, I thought *Blazing Saddles* was one of the most boring flicks I'd seen in ages—chock-full of obvious sight gags and cheap jokes. *Young Frankenstein* looks even worse. If the excerpts you published are supposed to be the best parts, I'm going to make a mental note to avoid the movie.

Doris Eldridge
Chicago, Illinois

Wilder and Brooks have to be the dynamic duo of Seventies comedy. I can't wait to see *Young Frankenstein* in its hilarious entirety on the screen.

Lawrence Smith
Miami, Florida

CHELSEA PEARLS

It was, indeed, a pleasure to read James T. Farrell's article *Remembering the Chelsea* (PLAYBOY, December). I found it most informative, since it covers a period before my 20-year association with the Hotel Chelsea. It appears that not too much has changed, since we are still considered to have the most creative clientele anywhere. I would have liked Farrell to

have interviewed some of our more prominent writers, artists, musicians, actors and actresses who are in the mainstream of the arts. However, the discussions and earthy conversations in the Chelsea lobby accentuate the friendly ambience.

Stanley Bard, Director
Hotel Chelsea
New York, New York

Your publishing of James T. Farrell's reminiscences *Remembering the Chelsea* underscores the fact that its author is alive and well and, though he has recently passed the 70-year mark, still thinks deeply and widely. He is hardly to be earmarked as the "proletarian" blood-and-guts author of that far-off decade, the Red Thirties. In this article, which so well displays one of the sharpest yet gentlest wits imaginable, there is an especially poignant and revealing passage in which he remembers visiting Edgar Lee Masters at the Chelsea. Farrell notes with empathy and some show of pride that Masters was told by his inferiors that they no longer wanted him, that the name Masters was no longer a drawing card for people interested in letters. He also admits to having felt resentment over this, and no wonder, for this very condition has applied on and off since the mid-Thirties to Farrell himself. Apparently, fairly often in American letters, we all too eagerly anticipate the diminishing of power or at least of popularity of a writer, as if the new had to knock off the old in order to claim attention. That this is unfair and even tragic sometimes is clear to all interested in the arts, though Farrell's tone indicates how he has transcended the inequities of literary fashion. I was most touched by his tentative judgment regarding the new when he wrote of Andy Warhol and his devotees. He has held off from any stringent judgment, as if wanting very much to be happily surprised by some new aesthetic and human encounter.

Barry Wallenstein, Assistant Professor
The City College of the
City University of New York
New York, New York

UNLISTED NUMBERS

I must commend you on all the guys you managed to dig up for your *Dial-A-God Golden Pages* (PLAYBOY, December). However, there are quite a few that you happened to miss. In fact, if I may say so without this being regarded as a plug for the radio station for which I work, your research would have been much easier and more complete if you had just listened to us for a day. For instance, you state that you couldn't find any "female aspirants." Well, a daily feature on our station is *Moments with Martha*. Female. Nothing Jewish? Well, we've got one titled *The Jewish Voice Broadcast*. Can't get much plainer than that. In addition, there're Jimmy Swaggert, David Epley and nearly a dozen more. You should have been

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tuned in the day an exorcism was performed on one of our programs before an audience. For the atheists (equal time, you know), we even feature a program from Radio Moscow.

David M. Hallow
Chicago, Illinois

As we said before, don't call us, we'll call you.

CASTING OFF

Once again, no respect! In Dan Greenburg's piece *How to Cast a Porno Film and Not Get Too Nervous* (PLAYBOY, December), Carl Gurevich doesn't give the real reason I turned down the role. The truth of the matter is, I didn't want to be in this movie because I get laid in it, and since I'm in show business, I've been fucked around enough. By the way, this isn't the first porno part I've turned down. I turned down a classier sex picture once, a Danish film. They spoke in English, but the sex was dubbed in.

Rodney Dangerfield
New York, New York

I thoroughly enjoyed Dan Greenburg's article *How to Cast a Porno Film and Not Get Too Nervous* in the December issue of PLAYBOY. I was, of course, very surprised to find my name mentioned in such an erotic piece. It seems Greenburg placed me in New York during the filming of a movie titled *Fourplay*. I think that he has mistaken me for another comedian who also appeared on the Republican Presidential Ballot in 1970. I can provide proof that during the period that this film was being made, I was on a personal-appearance tour for the Daughters of the Pan-American Revolution. As to photographs depicting someone looking like me with a nude actress, I can categorically say that I was misquoted (PLAYBOY, April 1974). Throughout Greenburg's article, he refers to a chubby, charismatic procurer by the name of Carl Gurevich. In checking my records, I find that there was such a man who contacted me in regard to starring in a film. To the best of my recollection, he was interested in my playing the lead in the remake of a spiritual film called *The Robe*. For the many middle-of-the-road Americans who have always supported me, I deny emphatically having anything to do with the kinds of people described in the aforementioned article. And that's no shit!

Pat Paulsen
Beverly Hills, California

MIDDLE GROUND

I knew if I waited long enough, PLAYBOY would publish an article like George Johnson's *Stuck in the Middle with You* (PLAYBOY, December). It's worth the wait. No matter how you slice it—one guy with two gals or one gal with two guys—it makes a delicious sandwich. I was delighted to discover that Johnson did not neglect the *ménage à trois* that



FUNNY THING HAPPENED on Saturday afternoon. I rolled out my new Kawasaki Z-1 and four hamburgers burned-up on the Stevenson's barbeque; the Brady's livingroom never got painted; the Kresser's livingroom gathered more dust; the Gelbert's tennis match was pointless; Lisa Harwayne's piano lesson went flat; and 23 snails, 12 slugs, and at least 17 beetles had the Howell's garden for lunch.

The thing is, I remember back when a flashy new car would draw guys in our neighborhood away from their appointed week-end tasks (irritating the ladies no end). I guess times have changed. I can't say it was my Z-1 itself that did the trick. I mean, not everybody knew he was lookin' at a 903cc, 4 cylinder, 4-stroke legend—maybe the best touring bike ever made.

They know that now, but I kinda think it was the *idea* of a motorcycle that turned 'em on. Like way down deep each guy sort of understands motorcycling, even if he's never had a riding experience. Don't ask me to explain that experience. It's a feeling. Not that junk about the sun on your face and wind in your hair. It's more an urge to get on a bike and... just... go. With a secret notion you won't want to come back again. Besides, it's good looking at the world without looking through a windshield.

'Course I didn't mention any of that on Saturday. I figured keeping quiet might restore peace in the neighborhood.

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finds one gal getting it all together with two guys. This sandwich arrangement actually makes more sense from a physiological standpoint than the one-man trio, no matter how durable and imaginative the lone male can be with his two females. The solo girl can handle everything the two guys can dish out for as many hours as the guys can keep it going.

(Name and address withheld by request)

GABRILIAD'S ODYSSEY

For years now, you have been feeding sick material to sick minds. With the publication of *The Gabriiad* (PLAYBOY, December), you have submerged to a lower depth. Now you seek to desecrate all that we hold holy. It's enough that you are allowed to deface God's creations on such a lowly scale for perverted amusement. You want to defile God Himself. Our air is polluted by greedy profiteers. Our water and sometimes our food are polluted. Now you seek to tunnel into the last resting place of sanctity of our minds and mockingly stain all that we hold pure. I insist you *do not* have the right to violate and twist our personal visions of God and His most holy mother, which we hold so emphatically pure. I shudder to think who will be your defense one day if you continue this erratic course.

Edward T. Jarrell
Chester, Pennsylvania

Strangely enough, 150 years ago, a Russian chief of police had a reaction similar to yours concerning Alexander Pushkin's "Gabriiad." Throughout his life, Pushkin suffered banishment and disgrace as a result of his subversive works, but he remains today one of Russia's most important literary innovators. "The Gabriiad" was not meant as sacrilege but, rather, as a witty protest against the Russian establishment and the Orthodox Church and its practices.

FISH TALE

Following the November Hunter Thompson interview with *The Great Shark Hunt* (PLAYBOY, December) was one of your most outstanding editorial decisions. The good doctor does not strike close to home with his political insight; he blows the whole damn house up! If only the keen thinking that comes from Thompson's drug-powered cerebrum were in greater supply, we might not be in this screwed-up national state. And we might have more writers skilled in Gonzo Journalism carrying on in the great *Fear and Loathing* tradition. Thanks, PLAYBOY.

George F. Kaywood
Charleston, South Carolina

OFF BEAT

I'm shocked! To learn after 38 years that someone named Larry L. King has been secretly following me throughout my entire life, from the bathroom in my

home town during my teens to my present status, approaching an "old boy." Where could he have hidden in that bathroom, behind the hamper? No, that's where I scurried when I realized that the hook on the bathroom door might not hold. And that noise in the high grass down by the river, could that have been Larry L. King? That first back-seat job, that car was a two-door! He couldn't have—but wait, as I remember, she did have a satisfied smile on her face just before—Well, at any rate, if it was Larry L. King, I have to compliment him on *Getting Off* (PLAYBOY, December), a subject I have been—ah—close to for many years.

W. H. Netherland
Savannah, Georgia

CAR FARE

Brock Yates's December article, *The Sportsedan: Roughing It on the Estate*, is one of the best car features I've read in ages. Like many others I prefer an automobile that is engineered to be driven, rather than a compact living room to transport me to my destination. There is, however, one line in the article with which I'd like to take issue—the one referring to "night school chiropractors." First of all, there is no such thing as a night school chiropractor. Although 30 or 40 years ago this reference might have been accurate, nowadays state licensing requires at least two years of college in addition to another four years of chiropractic college, which is roughly equivalent to medical school. Courses include anatomy, physiology, microbiology and pathology, to name a few. You would have to spend an awful lot of nights to get through a regimen like that.

Donald Bernstein
Hempstead, New York

Right. And now that you mention it, we've got this nagging pain in the small of our back....

SINGER'S SONG

Isaac Bashevis Singer's *Tale of Two Sisters* (PLAYBOY, December) is an extraordinarily enjoyable reading experience. Singer has taken much from the Biblical story of Jacob (see *Genesis* 29–31), twisted it exquisitely into a Kafkaesque setting, written it in Conradian narration and produced a masterpiece of short fiction.

Victor A. Fleming
Chapel Hill, North Carolina

PHOTO FINISH

I was enormously impressed by the artistic expression achieved by photographer Victor Skrebneski in *Claudia Observed* (PLAYBOY, December). Although it goes without saying that Jennings is an extremely photogenic subject, Skrebneski has managed to capture her in a particularly beautiful pose.

Michael Green
East Lansing, Michigan





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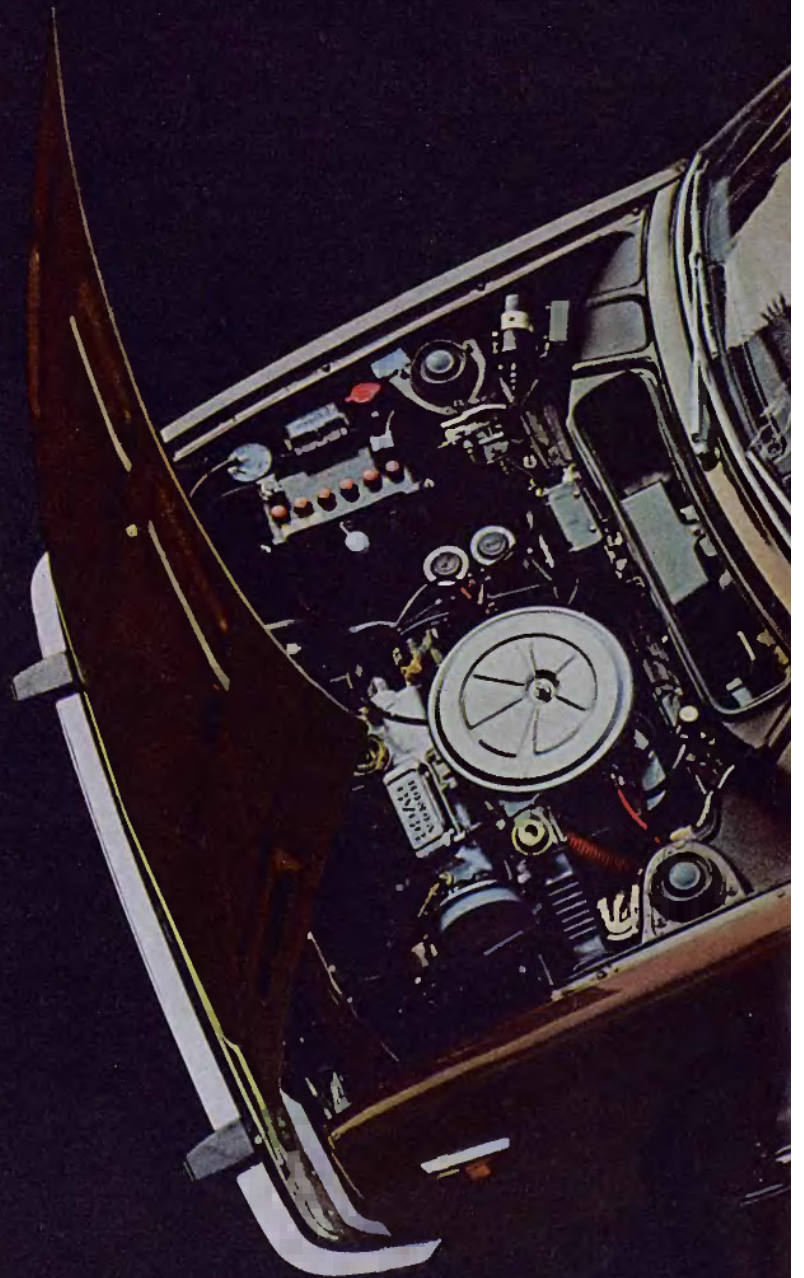
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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



Lynda Haggard showed up for jury duty at the district courthouse in Albany, Oregon, wearing a pants suit. The judge dismissed her, explaining that he didn't allow pants suits in his courtroom. Mrs. Haggard protested: "I can think just as well with my pants on as with my pants off." The judge, thinking things over, was impressed with Mrs. Haggard's logic and rescinded his ban.

When you've got it—a subsidy, that is—flaunt it: Employees of Amtrak, the Government-subsidized railroad, spent about \$750,000 in 16 months traveling on business to different points along the Amtrak route. The money was spent on air fares.

Considering the number of this Mormon leader's wives, the inscription on a large countryside monument in Whitingham, Vermont, goes right to the point.



Big boffs, Oriental style. The program for the Japanese Cinema on Chicago's North Clark Street advertises the following features:

Yellow Ribbon Medal—Situation comedy of a man who works for the Sanitation Department collecting human waste. Keeps his occupation a secret from his family only to be

found out when he is honored for 25 years of service with a yellow ribbon medal. You will chuckle [sic]!

Tora-san Goes French—Love again confuses Tora-san. For the sake of his new-found romance, Tora-san reluctantly forgoes his favorite meal of Miso soup and rice for one of French rolls. This is the latest of the Tora-san's Series which will keep you laughing.

The Great Tremor—Situation comedy based on the great earthquake 50 years ago; predicted to occur every 50 years. Merchants invade the town with survival kits, causing confusion and laughter.

Bugs go bananas: A 17th Century volume of gardening hints discovered by a rare-book seller in England advises people whose gardens are plagued by caterpillars to hire a pretty lady for the day. The woman should walk three times around the garden topless and barefoot, the guide advises, which will cause the caterpillars to fall off their perches. The solution will not work at sunrise, however.

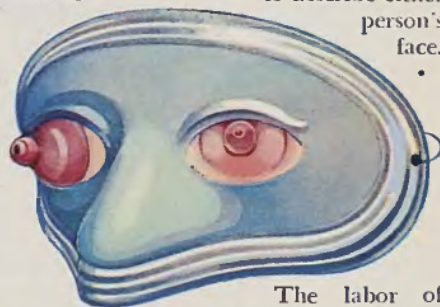
A member of the Fiji house of representatives asked to be recognized, produced two daggers and suggested that members of the opposition party stab themselves. "Would my motion be in order?" he asked. Oh, yes, replied the speaker of the house. The motion was in response to a parliamentary maneuver the day before, in which the opposition leader had produced two nooses and invited several government members to hang themselves.

There's a bit of morbid wisdom in this misprinted headline in the *San Jose Mercury-News*: "FOOD SHORTAGE MAY BE JUST AROUND CORONER."

Police in Los Angeles are on the lookout for a pair wanted in connection with a bank holdup, but they're having trou-

ble getting a description to go on. All they know is that a rather well-endowed young lady and a male companion walked up to a male teller, announced a stick-up and walked away with the money. Seems the lady wore a blouse so sheer that the teller claimed a "bare-breasted bandit" had pulled off the job. He was unable

to describe either person's face.



The labor of love: A new contract inspired a Pennsylvania union man and his roommate-girlfriend of two years to start thinking seriously about settling down.

Included in the new agreement was a provision for free dental care to the families of card-carrying members. Since the lady's teeth needed work, they decided it was as good a time as any for the two to form a union of their own.

Who was that masked man, anyway? From the classified section of *The Seattle Daily Times*: "Austin-Healey 3000, 1965. Silver with Tonto. \$2500."

Truth in blooperism? From the University of Virginia student newspaper: "A very impotent meeting of the Counselor's Committee on Human Sexuality will be held at seven P.M."

Expletive repeated: Awakened by sirens, John Smith leaned out of a sixth-floor window in a Los Angeles hotel to scream curses at the police. He lost his

SHOULD WE ALL HANG TOGETHER?

Another travesty of justice has ended in America. After three months, \$6,000,000 and total confusion, we have a verdict in the Watergate cover-up trial. And what does it prove?

It proves once more that conspiracy statutes, which have mainly been used to curb dissent in America, are just as abhorrent when used against those who would curb dissent.

It makes no difference that the Watergate five were less honorable than the Chicago Seven—the fact is that we should put the conspiracy principle in the garbage can, where it belongs.

Lawyers are in unanimous agreement with Supreme Court Justice Robert H. Jackson's statement that the conspiracy concept is "so vague that it almost defies definition." We must remember, however, that it was the force of public opinion that got rid of Richard Nixon, and not the lawyers.

Most are quick to understand the absurdity of a statute that says that those who participate in a conspiracy in any degree are equally culpable regardless of when they signed on. As one ecology-minded court has said, "It is immaterial when any of the parties entered the polluted stream. From that moment, each was as much contaminated as though an original conspirator." This may make fine sewer-plant logic, but it doesn't make for good law.

The next problem is that conspiracy law permits the gambit of naming, but not formally indicting, any number of coconspirators. The obvious purpose of this maneuver may be to induce or coerce the weaker small fry to testify for the prosecution in exchange for immunity from indictment. This, plus what has come to be known as plea bargaining, may have really put the Government in the business of suborning perjury.

Then there is the problem that the conspiracy concept permits the prosecutor to herd a group of defendants into the same courtroom for trial. The curtailing of juror challenge is but a minor inconvenience, so the Government tells us, but let's look again.

Mass trials make mass confusion.

Each defendant, with discrete interests to be protected, will certainly have one or more lawyers, till the courtroom is overflowing with bodies. It is not uncommon in such trials for the judge to have difficulty remembering the names of the accused or their lawyers and mismatching them accidentally. (Judge Julius Hoffman in the Chicago Seven trial immediately comes to mind.)

If an experienced trial judge cannot keep the dramatis personae straight, then a jury cannot very well be expected to. And even if they remember *that* much, they must figure which defendant was benefited. There is little doubt that a juror in his frustration will abdicate his fact-finding role and assume that all evidence, whether damning or absolving, relates to

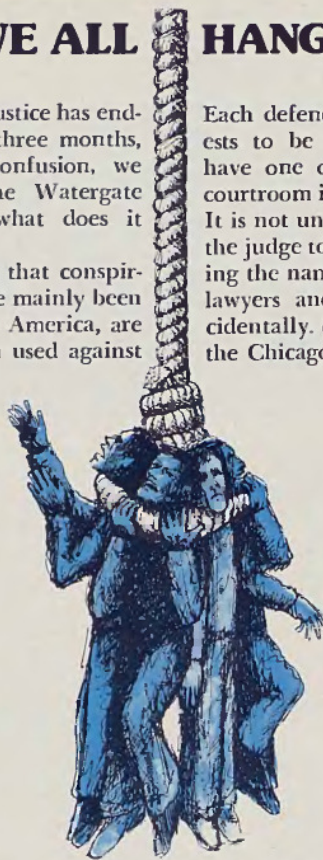
all the defendants.

This herding process, and the mass confusion to which the conspiracy concept lends itself, is just the beginning of the problem. The very grouping of the defendants and their lawyers, who in political cases may manifest surface similarities in speech and dress, certainly gives rise to the thought of a conspiratorial association. Whether they be hippies or honkies, these birds of a feather must be conspiring together. (Bobby Seale showed great sense in the Chicago trial in establishing his identity. Remember, he was the one who was bound hand and foot in a chair and grunted through a gag every time a reference was made to him.) Incidentally, that trial opened with Seale's being introduced for the first time to his fellow conspirators. And we thought that guilt by association went out with the Fifties. . . .

No prosecutor has a mandate to proceed with this nonsense, and certainly the Special Prosecutor, whose task was to ferret out the perverters of our laws and spirit and punish them accordingly, was not given a shotgun to fire into the crowd.

We shall side with Clarence Darrow in his assessment of our use of the conspiracy concept. Darrow, in another wicked time, said, "It is a serious reflection on America that this worn-out piece of tyranny . . . should find a home in our country."

—DICK TUCK



balance and fell 50 feet to the pavement. As soon as he'd been placed in an ambulance, Smith picked up where he left off. He swore at the police during the entire ride to the hospital.

This notice appeared in a Washington, D.C., Government office: OUR GOVERNMENT IS AN EQUAL-OPPORTUNITY EMPLOYER. HIRE THE MORALLY HANDICAPPED.

BOOKS

Alexander the Great looked around one day, saw that there were no more worlds to conquer and began to weep. World markets, of course, are another thing entirely. Take Chile, for example; the CIA and I.T.T. already have. As described in *Global Reach* (Simon & Schuster), the overthrow of the Allende regime is almost a minor example of how the short-range political interests of any given country can be made to serve the long-range interests of the global corporations. Gunboats don't work anymore. From our Government's point of view, it was cheaper and politically less hazardous to attack South American Marxism with the economic weapons of a huge international company. The message was simple: Your service will be disconnected unless your balance is paid. Recent revelations about



the CIA and I.T.T. in Chile make the book particularly timely, but its purpose is to examine the roles that virtually all such "planetary enterprises"—companies such as I.T.T., Shell, G.M., G.E., Pfizer and Exxon—play in determining the welfare of millions of people, particularly in poorer countries. It's the position of authors Richard J. Barnet and Ronald E. Müller that the global corporation is the first institution in history dedicated to central planning on a world scale and that such corporations today have more power than

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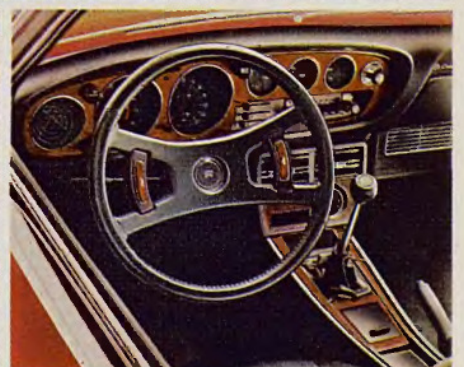
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5-speed overdrive in the GT. With the ST, 4-speed is standard, automatic is available.

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any government to organize people (meaning technologists and labor) and goods (meaning everything from food to factories). Barnett and Müller devote much of their book to explaining why and how traditional economic theories have helped spawn an elite supranational business community with the kind of clout the United Nations can only fantasize about. The book is—for a treatise on economics, at least—readable and enlightening, but, alas, somewhat utopian.

"Put an Irishman on the spit," wrote G. B. Shaw, "and you can always get another Irishman to turn him." In *The Irish* (Harper & Row), Thomas J. O'Hanlon has done one hell of a fine job of skewering Ireland clean through, revealing the dichotomy of a land that can one moment explode with "bombings so powerful that the victims become unidentifiable blobs of flesh to be scooped with brush and shovel into plastic bags like offal"—and in the next, spin tales of fairy rings and leprechauns. "This book is a patient, loving, nerve-jangling, benevolent, but, I hope, objective portrait of a people who are wandering around slightly dazed after a head-on collision with the 20th Century," comments the author. Head-on collision is right. Where but in Ireland could you find a ludicrously low suicide rate because doctors, solicitous of the deceased's friends and relatives, never ascribe the cause of death to suicide, even though the victim may have downed a bottle of poison or hanged himself in a locked room. *The Irish* is "about a people who have developed an admirable instinct for the art of survival." Read it and laugh. Read it and weep.

If we knew as much about the physiology of sex as do Masters and Johnson, would we better understand the curious relationship between fucking and fucking up? Dr. William H. Masters and Virginia E. Johnson think so. In *The Pleasure Bond* (Little, Brown), they come in from the cold gray light of clinical research to examine the need for emotional commitment and to share with us the sexual histories of numerous men and women who wander in and out of five "symposiums"—ranging from extramarital sex to second marriages, with pauses in between for swinging and, of course, women's liberation. All things considered, we might expect a refreshing antidote to the drivel of Dr. Reuben, but Bill and Virginia preside over these rap sessions with a distressing air of strained informality. Anything goes, they say, so long as the people who are screwing on the ceiling or in the refrigerator care for each other and do not view sex as a service to be charted, calculated and billed to the recipient. "As you are giving, you are also getting," Masters informs one couple. But, as it develops, he

and wife Virginia give nothing of themselves, open up no areas of their own lives for the purpose of comparison and contrast. What they offer, instead, are icy analyses of other people's hang-ups. While that enforced detachment may be well suited to the laboratory, it becomes a trifle stiff in the context of a group conversation. And their plea for responsiveness seems, well, hardly original. Still, this husband-and-wife team knows every prick song and descant in the sexual repertoire, and their casual asides offer fascinating bits of information. We learn, for instance, that after orgasm, a woman moves in her sleep to touch the male, who stays put. And we discover, through them, that a female's sexual pleasure usually increases after childbirth due to an increased blood flow to the pelvic area. Now at work on a lengthy investigation of homosexuality, Masters and Johnson perhaps published *The Pleasure Bond* to remind us that, in the interim, they are alive and well-meaning. They have done no serious damage to their considerable reputations as social scientists, but we come away with a feeling, for better or worse, that they are more scientific than social.

Uwe Johnson was brainwashed in his youth by National Socialism and then by East German communism. And, though he now lives in West Berlin, his repudiation of both dogmas has made him no champion of Western politics, either. Johnson rebels against all dogma and in *Anniversaries* (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich) he directs his biting wit at that revered dogma carrier, *The New York Times*. His protagonist, Gesine Cresspahl, a German émigrée who left East Germany and now works in a New York bank, religiously reads the *Times* as her primer to American life. The paper, always anxious to be of service, like an old-maid aunt, serves up war, racism, rental ads, etc., and becomes in effect another main character. As Gesine reads, she remains silent, and the omniscient author intrudes: "Why do you remain silent, Gesine?" he asks. She replies, "Let's not get involved"—a cruel echo from Hitler's Germany. Johnson forces the issue. He is compelled to understand his own past as well. Unrelentingly, he assembles a collage of broken lines of dialog, pictorial images, nagging memories, brazen headlines and news clips, and stories that alternate between past and present, gripping you by their narrative power alone. The skillfully devastating voice and the ingenious assemblage give a stunning authority to his merciless vision. Surely, in Plato's Republic, Uwe Johnson would have been banished.

Way back before Christmas, when *Rock Dreams* (Popular Library) came out (with a whopping 400,000 first printing), the publishers, with much ballyhoo and press-

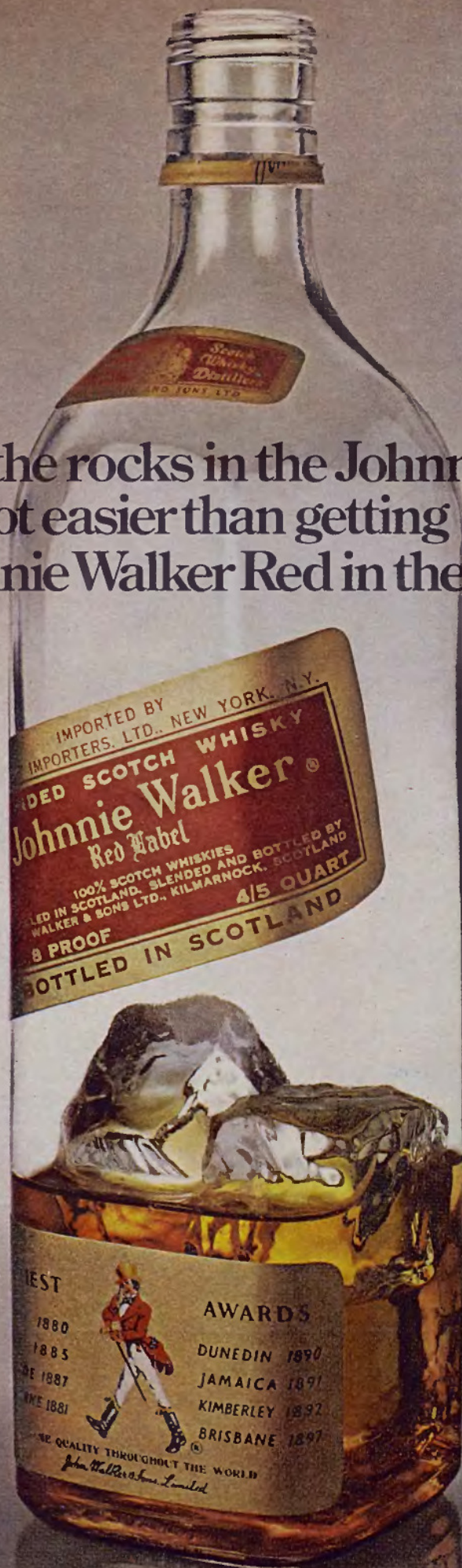
agented fanfare, exhibited the original Guy Peellaert photo collages at a downtown-New York gallery. Though regular art patrons might have attended, the people who queued up for a whole city block ("to view the remains," as one acerbic critic wrote) were, for the most part, men and women in their early 30s, looking sartorially dated in their mid-Sixties fashions. A surprising number brought their children with them, and one tot in a KEEP ON TRUCKIN' T-shirt was heard asking his aging, long-haired father why they were there in the first place. "A lot of the people in these pictures were my heroes when I was a kid," the father replied. To which the tot rejoindered: "Daddy, how could you like such ugly people?" Whether or not Peellaert's illustrations (it's really hard to categorize them as art) are ugly, they certainly are lurid, and to anyone who grew up with the mythology of rock, they're thrillingly tacky. Janis lies nauseatingly drunk in a motel room. Jim Morrison is the object of leering old queens in a leather bar. The Stones, in garter-belt drag, look like satanic versions of the Holy Family in Bolivian religious postcards. Most of the other illustrations show the rock stars as fallen angels, androgynous monsters in a reverent nightmare (the black side of dreams,



after all) in a style reminiscent of the sentimental, tinted movie posters of the Thirties or the cheap John F. Kennedy memorial throw rugs still available in certain novelty stores in the Latin sections of New York. Nik Cohn's brief but savage commentary suggests that rock might have been a more fragile art form than we imagined and that its stars were, for the most part, beautiful Christmas-tree ornaments: gorgeous and luminescent when they adorned the tree and nothing but scattered pieces of plastic when shattered.

Some pundits claim that *Rock Dreams* signifies the end of the age of freaks, but another recent and captivating book belies that premise. In an odd sense, *Pumping Iron* (Simon & Schuster) is a fine companion volume to *Rock Dreams*. Freak

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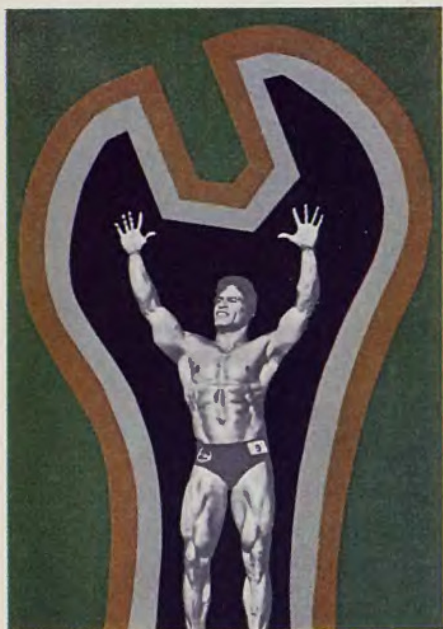
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can be a synonym for subculture. The pop-music subculture has mass appeal. Others, such as midget wrestling and fire-eating, are more esoteric. Novelist Charles Gaines and photographer George Butler are pioneers in the almost primeval world of body building (pumping iron means lifting weights). Concentrating on big stars such as Arnold Schwarzenegger and Mike Kats. Gaines (whose *Stay Hungry* is certainly the best novel ever about body building and one of the best recent novels about anything) manages to bare the soul of the bodybuilders and is able to draw



their most secret thoughts from them. Schwarzenegger tells Gaines about pumping his muscles: "We say you have to admit that a good pump is better than coming. Somebody off the street wouldn't understand that, but sometimes a pump is the best feeling you can have."

You'll love this one: *Two of the Missing: Reminiscence of Some Friends in the War* (Coward, McCann & Geoghegan). The journalist as punk, Vietnam as a kind of Disneyland *Deliverance*, the war, like a good whore, made me a man—the worst kind of bullshit. The titular two are Sean Flynn (son of Errol) and Dana Stone, both photographers, both presumed killed in Vietnam. They may not have been the vicious romantic adolescents that author Perry Deane Young makes them out to be: there is a strong suspicion that they are just stick figures manipulated to conform with what Young's fantasy constructs. He seems to believe that the Vietnam war existed so that Americans could come to grips with the reality of absurdity. (It's good to turn it around, picture a Vietnamese soldier striding down a street littered with bodies in, say, Houston, musing to himself, "Funny, I don't feel a thing.") There are no Vietnamese in this book, except corpses and bar girls; there is no sense of place. Come to think of it, there's nothing to read at all

in this book. Young strings words like play money, cardboard chips, unweighted, unfreighted, as barren as his vision. There is too much being printed already; we don't need silly books about Vietnam: Flynn and Stone (who were at least courageous) don't need this kind of fawning epitaph. No, you won't love this one.

"It's easy to see why Red Justice commands respect from the other drivers. He goes deeper into the turns than any of them and comes out quicker." This is one major reason why stock-car racing is a lot more important down South than things like Watergate and the Golan Heights. Jerry Bledsoe tells a lot about stock-car racing in *The World's Number One Flat Out, All Time Great, Stock Car Racing Book* (Doubleday). Another tidbit he reveals is what it takes to be a beauty queen track-side. Simple: big tits. If anything, he tells you a lot more about racing than you really need, or care, to know. In fact, the book is so eclectic that most of it will sail right over the heads of all but the most avid race fan. But even for the gung-ho racer, there's a little too much about track promoters and fans and preachers and too little about the one thing we all really want to know more about: the drivers. And definitely too little about some of the techniques and physical sensations of racing, both on and off the track. There are references to great and wondrous things, such as the bootleg turn, but it leaves the reader wanting to know a whole lot more. Like how to do it. Hell, there are going to be people all over America fucking up bootleg turns. But to real race fans, a large chunk of the book's charm is explained in the closing paragraph: "The stock-car driver is the new American cowboy. There aren't any new frontiers, not even the moon anymore. The only thing left for these guys is to go a little deeper into the first turn." It's just too bad Bledsoe doesn't get very deeply into their heads.

Naturally, we are fond of Vladimir Nabokov. Why not? After all, the old man's 75 and everybody loves a literary giant. But there are limits, and *Tyrants Destroyed* (McGraw-Hill), a collection of short stories, goes beyond several of them. Unless you are obsessive about Nabokov, you might find the never-ending indexing of his work a bit tedious. Of course, these stories are good. (One, *A Nursery Tale*, won a 1974 Playboy Writers Award; another, *The Admiralty Spire*, was published in PLAYBOY last month.) But that's not enough for the great crossword-puzzle czar. He has to introduce each of the 13 pieces with newer and more involuted treasure maps of his private linguistic maze. "In this story," he writes of *The Vane Sisters* (published in English in 1959), "the narrator is supposed to be

unaware that his last paragraph has been used acrostically by two dead girls." Ultimately, one is moved to ask, "So what?"

MOVIES

The saga of the Corleone family resumes at andante tempo in *The Godfather Part II*, writer-director Francis Ford Coppola's three-hour-plus epic describing what happens to the *Godfather* clan after Brando. Though it's a tough act to follow, even Brando's role as Don Vito Corleone is reprised in a series of flashbacks, occasionally awkward or irrelevant, hyped by Robert De Niro's vital portrayal of the young Vito as a Sicilian immigrant with a taste for power. There's far less violent action and old-fashioned excitement than in the original, because Coppola (in collaboration with Mario Puzo) chose to shape the sequel as a deeply shadowed, almost operatic study of a crumbling family dynasty. Replete with another eloquent musical score by Nino Rota, *Part II* rates a lower mark as sheer entertainment but a big A for integrity on a project obviously initiated to milk a hot property bone-dry. The cast of characters at center stage is essentially the same, led by Al Pacino in a brilliant encore performance as Michael Corleone, along with Robert Duvall as the *consigliere*, Morgana King as Mama Corleone, Diane Keaton as Michael's bitterly disillusioned wife, Talia Shire as his neurotic thrice-married sister and John Cazale, a scene stealer as the eldest and the weakest Corleone son. One welcome addition to the ranks is Actors Studio's Lee Strasberg, pungently playing a Jewish crime czar named Hyman Roth as if he hoped to be mistaken for the Mafia's own Meyer Lansky. A power struggle between Michael and Roth provides a semblance of plot upon which Coppola works intricate variations. Pacino as Michael has become a cool and ruthless predator—buying up judges and Congressmen, rubbing out or ruining any man who questions his authority, claiming victims at his whim, all ostensibly in defense of the family's honor. Moving from New York to Las Vegas, from Cuba during the era of Batista's downfall to a Washington, D.C., caucus room, where a Senate committee carries on a futile probe of organized crime, *Godfather Part II* is more ambitious and cynical, but also more diffuse, than its brash forebear. Here, sweeping social landscape is the thing, with the players moved like pawns through an ancient drama of retributive vengeance. Every new horror seems inevitable, because the characters believe it so. And in the dimly lit, overheated rooms where their intrigues are hatched, cinematographer Gordon Willis catches precisely the insular claustrophobic air of a feudal castle full of fearful and suspicious 20th Century Borgias. Gone are the cozy



domestic scenes seemingly saturated with the

aroma of home cooking—this remote don's castle is a heavily fortified Xanadu where men, women and children serve life sentences. Skeptics who thought the first *Godfather's* progeny too lovable or romanticized will find no further cause to complain that the Corleones are merely the Waltons in wolf's clothing. The second time around, Coppola has caught them red-handed.

Stardust charts the further adventures of a British pop-rock superstar of the Sixties (played by David Essex, a rock star in his own right) whose working-class origins were the subject of an earlier English hit film titled *That'll Be the Day*, not yet widely shown on this side of the Atlantic. Taking over where his predecessor, Claude Whatham, left off, director Michael Apted—a British-TV alumnus with one minor film (*Triple Echo*) to his credit—has brought off a skin-deep but sharply etched series of show-stopping vignettes that often resemble *A Hard Day's Night* revisited. The veneer of glamor and heady success is still visible but flawed by greed, egomania, drugs, groupies and ruthless exploitation. As kingpin of a dynamite rock group called The Stray Cats, whose names and faces become youth-cult symbols virtually overnight, Essex as Jim MacLaine (note a passing resemblance to Paul McCartney) ends up a lonely, faintly ludicrous recluse in a castle in Spain—semiretired with his faithful manager (stunningly played by Adam Faith). MacLaine's farewell performance—and, incidentally, a deft satire of pop-culture pretensions by director Apted—is a rock oratorio about the Glory of Woman, complete with a choir of vestal virgins in white, televised world-wide for some 300,000,000 viewers. Behind the scenes,

in contrast, *Stardust* explores the tacky truth of a showbiz milieu expressed by such lines as, "Have you ever tried muddiving in a bathtub in a British Railways hotel?" Larry Hagnan (as a manipulative entertainment tycoon), French movie newcomer Ines des Longchamps (as a girl MacLaine loses along the way) and The Who drummer

Keith Moon (as the group's drummer, of course) stand out as potential survivors among the Sixties freaks that *Stardust* examines as if they were specimens of a species seriously threatened, if not already extinct.

Two noteworthy new documentaries explore the animal world with exceptional sensitivity as well as an eye for telling detail. The more traditional of the duo is *Beautiful People*, which represents four years of work and 100,000 miles of trekking through the wilds of southern Africa by Jamie Uys, who wrote, produced, directed, photographed and edited the film. Uys's study of life in the vast, parched Namib and Kalahari deserts is scenically spectacular as well as ecologically enlightened, flawed only by the usual tendency of such films to force a Disneyish note of anthropomorphic cuteness. Music hath charms to dull the savage beast—particularly when a selection of all-time classics is sneaked onto the sound track to transform fascinating animal behavior into a chucklesome ballet for birds, baboons or what have you. The splendid work the director did in Africa registers as superior entertainment on its own, and a sequence in which a dozen species of furred and feathered wild things get roaring drunk on fermented berries needs no help from a symphony orchestra. Otherwise, beautiful.

Birds Do It, Bees Do It begins with Bobby Short's smooth rendition of that Cole Porter standard about love, and it becomes apparent immediately that this David L. Wolper presentation concentrates upon animals' sex lives rather than their migratory habits or territorial imperatives. With scarcely a jot of irrelevant fiddling around, *Birds . . . Bees . . .* shows how penguins, bison, wasps, snakes, grebes, giant tortoises, lions, elephants and even snails do it (all snails have dual sex and do it quite poetically, despite the presence of Wolper's indefatigable camera crews). "The great impersonal machine of reproduction"

turns out to be a miraculous topic for a movie loaded with humor, cruelty, love, fierce competition and blunt but endlessly fascinating facts of life. The film ends on a nightmarish 1984 note depicting the future in store for a world that found the hydrogen bomb and is about to unlock the ultimate secrets of selective breeding. A baby mouse conceived and nurtured in a test-tube womb figures prominently in the supporting cast of *Birds Do It, Bees Do It*. If there were a booby prize for the mating game's least enviable players, however, the nod should go to a couple of adult male humans employed by a superscientific cattle-breeding establishment. One of these gents (wearing an arm's-length plastic glove) plants sperm from the sperm bank into pregnable cows that will never meet a bull, while his collaborator has an even more wretched job as



sperm catcher—wielder of a plastic vagina poised inside a motorized tractor covered with cowhide to entice a rutting bull. Wolper reveals a strong preference for the joys of animal instinct over push-button parenthood. We're with him.

Try to picture Jack Palance in a droll parody of his Mr. Mean image as Vic Morono, a Thirties mobster whose office walls are lined with a complete set of Big Little Books (*Batman* appears to be his favorite). Morono's best girl is a slumming socialite named Wendy Rittenhouse (Carol Lynley), his archenemy is Chico Hamilton (Warren Berlinger), his biographer a mild-mannered newsman named Russ Timmons (Adam Roarke). Put them all together, they spell *The Four Deuces*, which is what Morono calls his night-club H.Q. and what director

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William H. Bushnell, Jr., and scenarist C. Lester Franklin call this amiable low-budget spoof of every gangster hero from Cagney to Pacino. Chock-full of cartoon titles seemingly pilfered from *Dick Tracy* (let Palance/Morono pull his society heiress into a carnal embrace on the bed upstairs, a title is sure to interrupt with: "Meanwhile, Chico enters from the rear"), *Four Deuces* is cheeky, a bit racy, dead accurate in its satirical aim and apt to strike observant movie buffs as a comedy sleeper. On *Deuces* turf, gang war between Vic and Chico consists largely of squabbling over a classy chantoosie to adorn their respective clubs. E. J. Peaker plays—with beautiful mock pathos—the doomed songbird whose career explodes into an epitaph. Palance, Roarke and company all deliver performances in perfect time with the Mickey Mouse music rattling on the sound track. Scene by scene, the movie is an orgy of amusing art-deco tinsel, photographed (by Stephen Katz) in shades of nicotine blue. Everything *looks* authentically old and played straight, but don't let that fool you. *Four Deuces* opens a new game by thumbing its nose with bright undergraduate glee at Hollywood's stubborn passion for nostalgia.

Robert Redford narrates *Broken Treaty at Battle Mountain*, producer-director Joel L. Freedman's humane and bittersweet documentary about the Shoshoni Indians of Nevada, who claim more than 24,000,000 acres of the state as theirs under an irrevocable 1863 treaty with the U.S. Government. With its gallery of faces uttering ancient ecological wisdom ("We pray for green mountains and nice clean water"), the film makes a strong case for the Indians as a poetic, defeated people up against strong-arm stuff and double talk by cynical Washington bureaucrats.

At this point in history, a James Bond movie is not something to quibble over; you take it or leave it, like Coca-Cola and Cracker Jacks. Ninth in the series, and the second time at bat for Roger Moore as 007, *The Man with the Golden Gun* marks but one significant change in the screen image of Ian Fleming's legendary hero: Though he devotes himself to non-stop innuendo with lots of beautiful women (mainly Maud Adams and Britt Ekland), Moore's Bond almost appears to be giving up sex; he doesn't score until the final fade-out. There's plenty of enemy action, however, most of it set amid the Oriental splendors of Bangkok and Hong Kong and stemming from Bond's hunt for a miraculous solar-energy device called the Solex Agitator. The guy who has it is the malevolent Scaramanga (played by Christopher Lee), a professional assassin whom someone is paying a cool million to hit 007. But who would pay so much to assassinate *him*? Bond wonders modestly. "Jealous

husbands, outraged chefs and humiliated tailors," snaps M, the cranky chief of British Intelligence. As the plot begins to thicken, Bond encounters another villain yclept Hai Fat (whose swimming pool contains an Oriental cupcake called Chew Me) and a snobbish Chinese wine steward, pushing a local vino labeled Phuyuck '74. Beyond the reduction of sack time (with a lot of kung fu fighting to take up the slack), there are no essential changes in a sure-fire formula that director Guy Hamilton perfected as far back as *Goldfinger*.

Exotic Bangkok, of all places, is the setting for *Emmanuelle*, a lushly photographed and sleekly erotic box-office phenomenon that broke records in its native France—outgrossing *Last Tango in Paris*, for example—then scored an equal smash in London, where moviegoers instantly began queuing up to see the film version of a scandalous French best seller. *Emmanuelle* in book form was banned by the De Gaulle government, but France today enjoys a new climate of permissiveness that diminishes the shock value of an anonymous confession story, said to have been written (under the nom de plume Emmanuelle Arsan) by a French diplomat's wife. Director Just Jaeckin—a top fashion photographer before he became a millionaire peddling sex—knows precisely how to pose gorgeous people against gorgeous backgrounds to create a heady mixture of glamor, sensuality and soft-core raunch that stirs the senses without quite violating the impeccable good taste that remains one of France's major exports. Connoisseurs of American porn will find the skin shots very tame, yet *Emmanuelle* exudes an air of chic that may attract both *Harper's Bazaar* browsers (at least the hornier ones) and the sort of closet voyeurs who might come out for a movie as stylishly romantic as *A Man and a Woman*—with a few of *The Devil in Miss Jones's* low jinks discreetly hinted at. If nothing else, the film launches the career of Dutch-born Sylvia Kristel, a nymphet whose sex appeal as the titular heroine lies somewhere in the Leslie Caron–Jane Fonda range. Director Jaeckin exploits Sylvia's charm to the utmost from the moment she lands in Bangkok, as an eager young bride reunited with her swinging diplomat husband (Daniel Sarky), who quickly points out, "Jealousy is a thing of the past." Other wives in the diplomatic corps hasten to add: "Here, our only enemy is boredom . . . we ward it off by making love." *Emmanuelle's* chosen partners eventually include a jaded wife (Jeanne Colletin), a stunning blonde archaeologist (Marika Green), opium dealers, native thugs and an aging roué (Alain Cuny) who seems to function as the high priest of eroticism for Bangkok's restless French colony. As the picture progresses

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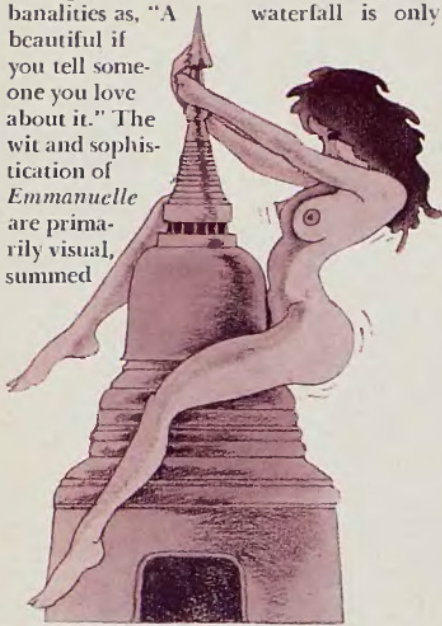
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from simple pleasures to an attempt at sexual-philosophical profundity, it becomes more tedious than titillating. And overblown dialog is a problem throughout, characterized by such pearly banalities as, "A waterfall is only beautiful if you tell someone you love about it." The wit and sophistication of *Emmanuelle* are primarily visual, summed



up by several droll seduction scenes, plus a sequence in which one of the heroine's free-spirited *femme* companions (Christine Boisson) masturbates with a magazine photo of a grinning Paul Newman spread across her knee. The freakiest single shot fixes upon a nude Thai performer whose specialty is vaginal cigarette smoking. But the best of show by far is an episode aboard a Paris-Bangkok jetliner, pairing *Emmanuelle* with two lucky fellow passengers—one takes her in the toilet—for a sky-high impromptu that amounts to the subtlest, randiest five minutes in the history of recent cinema. On the subject of sex, French *savoir-faire* is clearly alive and well and still thrashing around in Paris.

Meanwhile, hard-core sex films (particularly the Made-in-U.S.A. variety) are given a lift of visual and verbal sophistication by *The Private Afternoons of Pamela Mann*. Director Henry Paris, working under a nom de film to avoid legal harassment, is, in fact, an established movie-maker whose soft-core exploitation flicks are famous for their deluxe style. Paris lets all inhibitions tumble in *Pamela Mann*, starring a bountiful California blonde named Barbara Bourbon as a young Manhattan matron with plenty of free time for sexual experiments and random political activism. Politics, it turns out, is the film's socially redeeming gambit—cleverly mocked by a *femme* reporter who often approaches Ms. Mann abed, or in telephone booths, to pop heavyweight questions about some global crisis. The rest of the time, our heroine eludes a private eye (Eric Edwards), hired by her husband, while dashing from rendezvous to rendezvous—in a

fleabag bordello (with Georgina Spelvin), for example, or at the Plaza, where she sneaks into an anteroom for a fast bash with the speaker invited to address a Committee Against Strip Mining. If there is, indeed, a public primed and ready for hard-core movies with genuine talent and a bit of sparkle added to the usual quota of cum shots, *Pamela Mann's* premium-quality porn could become a taste test that finally separates the dirty old men from the healthily lusty girls and boys.

RECORDINGS

Red Queen to Gryphon Three (Bell) is Renaissance courtly love in a chemical cracking plant. The ancient griffin tore to pieces whatever crossed its path, and on side one, at least, Gryphon continues the tradition. Keyboard and guitar combine with bassoon, recorder and krumphorn to effect fantastical syntheses of Mozart and Cream, Handel and Quick-silver Messenger Service, as if the mythical griffin must dance a stately pavan before vaporizing its lady into mustard gas. *Opening Move* and *Second Spasm* are the best adaptations of English Renaissance music we've heard. Richard Harvey's recorder work on *Second Spasm* is unsurpassable. *Lament* and *Checkmate* on side two, composed in the Russian romantic vein, are less convincing; but in hard times, half an interesting album seems better than none at all.

Dixie lives! *The World's Greatest Jazzband in Concert, Vol. II at Carnegie Hall* (World Jazz) rates superlatives, not so much for the regular members of the band—Lawson, Haggart, Freeman, et al.—but for the special guest performers, Bobby Hackett and Maxine Sullivan. Sullivan is a marvelous surprise; after all these years, she is still a magnificent singer. Her four songs—*A Hundred Years from Today*, *The Lady Is a Tramp*, *I Gotta Right to Sing the Blues* and *Keeping Out of Mischief Now*, the last two backed brilliantly by Hackett—make one wonder why she hasn't done more recording. The other high point is Hackett's performance on *When Your Lover Has Gone*. The album's available through the mail for six dollars from World Jazz Records, 4350 E. Camelback Road, Suite 190C, Phoenix, Arizona 85018.

Van Morrison has a new album—*Veedon Fleece* (Warner Bros.), which he thinks contains his best work since *Astral Weeks*. We don't agree, being among the legion who believe that *Moondance* was one of the all-time perfect albums, followed somewhat by *Tupelo Honey*. The Morrison on those albums had a gift for writing "naturals"—songs that seemed to

grow out of the wood and bronze of a Martin guitar, songs that were there to begin with, lying in wait for anyone with a flatpick and six-string. The songs on *Veedon Fleece* are accessible only if you happen to carry around one of the tightest bands in existence—with horns, strings, flutes and recorders complementing the usual assortment of drums, guitars and keyboards. The production captures a precise and relaxed competence, akin to the title of one of the songs—*You Don't Pull No Punches, but You Don't Push the River*. Morrison has replaced the dense chunky sound of a guitar strum with particles of music and fragmentary lyrics. The topics are vintage—country fairs, comfort, streets, the beckoning gestures of love—but the execution is less focused. The man is a saxophone player at heart; the songs are arranged rather than written. Phrasing is more important than phrases. You can



hear him trying out lyrical riffs, fingering syllables, testing words for sound value. Improvised language. The album is an education, to be sure. Buy a copy and listen, once or twice, to a lecture on advanced music making. Then put on something you can play along to.

Scratch the parodic surface of *The Roto Rooter Good Time Christmas Band* (Vanguard) and you discover a reverence for the Thirties and Forties popular tune that borders on the mystical. On one cut, the madcap L.A. musicians challenge the Om of Hindu chant with the oom-pah-pah of *Beer Barrel Polka*. And one need not be an Eohippus to understand the Darwinian implications of the refurbished Forties tune *Pico and Sepulveda*, which

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declares that under the melancholic waters of the La Brea tar pits, nobody's dreams come true. Khatchaturian's *Sabre Dance* is rendered with all the gusto of a precision team of Cossack ambulance drivers, while the Spike Jones chicken clucking on Brahms's *Hungarian Dance #5* is finger-lickin' good. The album is not only a fine piece of nostalgia but, by virtue of the Roy Rogers-Dale Evans song *Happy Trails to You*, it's also an American hymnal.

Our early-warning system put us on the alert as soon as we heard Howard (Never Leave Bad Enough Alone) Cosell providing the quintessential unctuous introduction, but we really weren't prepared, given all the advance flack on the Madison Square Garden extravaganza, for how sad *Sinatra / The Main Event—Live* (Reprise) would be. Sinatra's voice is now his implacable enemy, eating away at the legend more ferociously with each passing year. The slow ballads with any range to them wreak the worst havoc (Sinatra can still deliver on the up-tempo, finger-popping items that showcase his still-superb phrasing and avoid giving him any notes to cling to precariously). And Sinatra has been further betrayed by the Garden acoustics. Despite the presence of Woody Herman and his Herd, and despite the talented Don Costa acting as producer, the musical backgrounds sound incredibly Mickey Mouse—like a pickup band at a cheap *bar mitzvah*. Even Sinatra's between-numbers remarks are cast in a leaden Las Vegas mold. But we guess you had to be there.

In the aftermath of his tragic whatever it was in Memphis, Al Green is probably busy checking out his own mind. In the meantime, we get *Al Green Explores Your Mind* (Hi) to check out, and it sounds—as A. G. might say—mighty fine. You get the usual dose of past and future hits, plus some deep-down groove music (*Take Me to the River*) and some rollicking sounds out of the Gospel tradition (*The City*), not to mention the blues (*One Nite Stand*). But Al isn't the only soul star to come out with something nice. There's also Willie Hutch, a good writer, singer and musician who's been around a while; he's got it all together on *The Mark of the Beast* (Motown). The title may sound scary, but it's only a timely quote from *Revelation*, and Hutch—backed by Motown space rhythms that are fantastically well engineered (as always)—puts it to you like a special-delivery note from Yahweh Himself, whether he's singing about Armageddon (as on the title tune) or about love (*I'm Gonna Stay; Woman You Touched Me*). Finally, on *Got to Find a Way* (Curtom), Curtis Mayfield shows he can still get those high notes as well as anyone. And after grooving to *Love Me* (*Right in the Pocket*) and *Mother's*

Son—which not only eschews brass, strings and what not but also manages to cook for a spell without drums—you'll find yourself listening to *Cannot Find a Way*, which is one of Curtis' heavy-type comments on what's happening (and what's not happening).

The ghouls are at it again. *More than a Memory . . . The Uncollected Judy Garland* (Stanyan) is a garbage dump of soundtrack songs and recordings that Columbia and Decca wisely decided were best left in the vault. We take that back—*Fascinating Rhythm*, the Gershwin's classic that leads off the album, is good enough for a reprise, but the rest does a disservice to that benighted lady. And that goes for a quartet of Harold Arlen-Yip Harburg songs from an unmemorable cartoon feature, *Gay Purr-ee*.



It's depressing to think that a composer such as Arlen, whose *Wizard of Oz* was pure gold, should have turned out such dross. Maybe the Garland cultists will snap up whatever crumbs are offered them, but let the objective listener beware.

They've grown tired of the barricades. Now the defenders of contemporary academic music have adopted the smug, self-satisfied pose of the classicists, the guys who take for granted that their critics are benighted fools. Foremost among these poseurs is Charles Wuorinen, whose swollen prose adorns a new Nonesuch album containing his *Speculum Speculi* (*Mirror of the Mirror*) and Donald Martino's *Notturmo*. What do you make of people who refer blandly to "today's environment of ever-expanding achievement" or pay homage to the 12-tone system: that is, "Milton Babbitt's profoundly significant formulations of the awesome compositional wisdom of Schoenberg"? Who is kidding whom, Charles? Anyway, the disc contains significant, if not awesome, music—*Notturmo* won the 1974 Pulitzer Prize—played on traditional instruments by a fine group of 15 young performers, the *Speculum Musicae*. While there is some Babbittry at work here, you won't find the usual electro-bleeps that we associate with Princeton, Columbia and the New England Conservatory. Both pieces are good solid 12-tone works: Martino's is

particularly interesting for its casual symmetry and its second-movement transformation of noise into musical sound; Wuorinen's is a set of recurring variations that grow denser, more rapid and more complex. It's good to hear new music of this school without the usual electronic/computer paraphernalia. Now, if Nonesuch could get somebody to write liner notes. . . .

Joni Mitchell has always been a paradoxical talent. She writes songs about scaring emotions and then often performs them in the coolest possible way. Further, while they seem to be autobiographical, they easily evoke a shock of recognition from her audience that inspires either idolatry or distaste. The intensity of her work demands total concentration—or total tuning out. These qualities can be found on *Miles of Aisles* (Asylum)—her first "live" album—along with a new dimension of warmth in her singing and a relaxed feeling that started to emerge on her *Court and Spark* LP. This set, which constitutes a short history of her work over the past decade, gives new life and perspective to some of her previous work, including *Cactus Tree*, *Big Yellow Taxi* and *Woodstock*. She also includes two new songs, *Jericho* and *Love or Money*, the latter being as good (incisive and intense with vivid imagery) as anything she has done before. Mitchell is accompanied by Tom Scott and the L.A. Express, a band of fine musicians, who help give her some extra spark and energy.

OK, we admit we're as prejudiced as the next guy; give us a hairdresser who comes on as a record producer and we'll sit back and smugly wait for him to fall on his ass. Well, Barbra Streisand's *Butterfly* (Columbia) was produced by Jon Peters, her main man when it comes to hair and heart, and you know something? It's damned good. As a matter of fact, it's some of the best Streisand we've heard in a long while. For one thing, it has the aforementioned reed man Tom Scott providing many of the arrangements, filling in with solos and adding backup support to a staunch rhythm section. For another, Streisand seems very much at ease in a varied and absorbing collection of tunes from the pens of such worthies as the Pauls Williams and Anka, Bill Withers, Buck Owens, Graham Nash and David Bowie. Everything and everyone works, so let's hear it for hairdressers!

Are you ready for some of Duke Ellington's *C Jam Blues* done on steel guitar? How about some Benny Goodman-style big-band riffs on the fiddle? If that turns you on, try *Hillbilly Jazz* (Flying Fish), a wonderfully eclectic two-record set laid down by some young country

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musicians (including Vassar Clements on fiddle, Doug Jernigan on steel guitar, David Bromberg on guitar) who've had their ears open. Country jazz goes back at least 40 years to the Bob Wills Western swing bands of the Thirties, and *Hillbilly Jazz* makes a bow to the past on band one, side one, a faithful reproduction of Wills's biggest hit, *San Antonio Rose*. If you're not into that, how about a very funky *Delta Blues* featuring Bromberg on slide guitar, a Cajun-style *Fais Do Do*, old country songs such as *Brown's Ferry Blues* and pop numbers such as *Sentimental Journey* and *Cherokee*? The music has echoes of everybody from Charlie Christian to Eric Clapton, but it all seems to fit together. Pour yourself a beer and put on a solid country work horse such as *Little Rock Getaway*. Get the true roadhouse experience without worrying about getting beat up in the parking lot on your way home.

Deep Purple has always had a distinctive sound—something like a thousand hot jalopies cruising the same burger stand, mufflers bubbling menacingly, radios tuned to the same station and cranked up to blast. Not very subtle, but it does get your attention. Before *Stormbringer* (Warner Bros.), the band churned out eight albums that might have been cut out of sheet metal; but on this new one, Ritchie Blackmore has finally managed to tune the fuzz from his guitar and get down—almost—to undistorted rhythm and blues. With the wall of sound nearly under control, Glenn Hughes's vocals come on stronger, more soul than funk, as is the way with British rock. There's even some mellow pickin' on the last cut, *Soldier of Fortune*, if you can believe that. The result is an album you can safely enjoy in your living room without traumatizing your plants—or in your bathroom if you miss the echo.

THEATER

Walk into Sardi's or the Algonquin Hotel or along Shubert Alley and you realize that the British invasion of Broadway is complete. The majority of shows that opened during the first half of the season, and almost all the ones that thrived, were British. The big dramatic hit was Peter Shaffer's *Equus*; the boffo comedy winner, Alan Ayckbourn's *Ab-surd Person Singular*; and the top family show, the durable *Sherlock Holmes*. At Tony-award time, it will be an arm wrestle between the Angles and the Saxons. There is Jim Dale, a scampering Scapino in his rumpled ice-cream suit; John Wood, a spiffy Holmes; Peter Firth worshipping the great god *Equus* and whinnying on cue for his analyst, Anthony Hopkins; Donald Sinden delivering his *London Assurance*; Rex Harrison paying

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homage *In Praise of Love*, by Terence Rattigan. The invasion has been mostly masculine—*As You Like It* stars an all-male cast—but here comes late-comer Maggie Smith, in *Private Lives*. As soon as one Britisher moves out, another arrives. The theater tenanted by the mad Peter Cook and Dudley Moore, in *Good Evening*, was next booked by Peter Ustinov, offering his guide to



Who's Who in Hell. Wherever one turns, there is another British Peter—the Peter playwrights (Shaffer and Nichols, and a deal), the Peter and Hall, due soon). There are also Franco Zeffirelli (by now at least demi-British) and Frank Dunlop (whose Neapolitan *Scapino* makes him a Franco Dunlop) and a pair of directing Johns, Dexter and Gielgud.

Actually, the invasion began last season, with the first skirmish in Brooklyn, whose Academy of Music presented a three-month British Theater Season featuring the Royal Shakespeare Company. This season, the RSC—what part of it is not on Broadway—returned to Brooklyn with Gorki as well as Shakespeare.

American audiences are pleased. Critics are smiling. The box offices are booming. Only Actors Equity is agitated. American actors search for tomorrow on TV soap operas while their British cousins work on the stage.

Tourism in London is down, and one reason may be that the London theater is here. But if anyone wants to know what will be on Broadway next season, perhaps he should take that trip to London after all. Most of the imports began at one of London's institutional treasures: the National Theater, the Royal Shakespeare Company or the Royal Court Theater, which shipped over the South African *Sizwe Banzi Is Dead* and *The Island*. These are nonprofit, state-supported theaters, which means, for one thing, that Britain's tax dollars help boost Broadway. Perhaps in gratitude we should send them a subsidy. Actually, money is one of the reasons—along, of course, with the excellence of English actors and playwrights—for the enormous number of British imports. Costs have risen so much in the U. S. that producers cannot afford to take chances on an unknown work. The new American play by a new American playwright is an anomaly on Broadway. American-grown shows—usually big musicals—tour the provinces for as long as a year, as was the case with *Good News*, before braving the main market place. The alternative,

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of course, is to look to Britain. Once a play scores at the National or the RSC, our producers enter, waving checkbooks. What they want most of all today is a London assurance.

It's elementary. Pick a theatrical chestnut, a stock-company staple, such as the old Arthur Conan Doyle-William Gillette melodrama based on *Sherlock Holmes*, steep it in fog, mystery and mayhem and cast it from within London's prestigious Royal Shakespeare Company. The result is a crackerjack chiller—with a prize at the bottom of the package: John Wood. Deerstalker hat, calabash pipe and cocky panache all firmly in place and a know-it-all look flashing in his steely eyes, the angular Wood is Holmes right down to his aquiline nose—wily, wise and fiendishly clever. Everything is easy for Holmes-Wood, and everything seems easy in this lavish Frank Dunlop production, including the intricately detailed settings—which click in the dark, changing swiftly from cozy Baker Street to the creepy Stepney gas chamber at midnight. There is no false move. Wood and company are unpatronizing, which makes the show both faithful and funny. The adventure in question brings Holmes in collision with archnemesis Professor Moriarty (played with devilish amusement by Philip Locke) and in romantic juxtaposition with a pretty damsel in distress. Holmes smites the villain, is smitten by the lady. Actors, sets, costumes, turn-of-the-century atmosphere, the creaky plot mechanisms—they all add up to a playful interlocking puzzle. At the Broadhurst, 235 West 44th Street.

Its run, originally set to be limited, has been extended through April, so you can still watch Maggie, the *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*, baring her claws and desperately hanging on to her disintegrating marriage—and realize that Tennessee Williams is a poet-surgeon on the open heart, with a delicacy of feeling and the probing power of a deftly wielded scalpel. Maggie and Big Daddy are two of the most life-grabbing theatrical characters ever conceived by Williams. Next to them, Brick, the football hero distressed by his possible latent homosexuality, pales. And for any actor—in this case, Keir Dullea—it is an uphill battle. But in this first major New York revival of *Cat*, a somewhat revised version of the 1955 original, Fred Gwynne shucks his Munsterisms for a forceful portrayal of the uproarious thundering Big Daddy and Elizabeth Ashley is an inspired Maggie as she silkily and sinuously tries to draw her reluctant husband back into the marital bond (and bed). This American Shakespeare Theater production by Michael Kahn is at the ANTA, 245 West 52nd Street.



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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

Some of the guys at work were talking the other day about the peculiarities of making love to a woman for the first time. We discovered that, almost against our will, we tend to revert to a high school approach—"measuring" our progress from first base to second base to third base (where, on the advice of the base coach, we stop for some cunnilingus), then on to home. My first-night feeling is, "I can do better than this. Hell, I have done better than this." I can't figure out why we repeat that amateur mating dance. What do you do on first dates?—M. V., Tallahassee, Florida.

It depends on how our companions react when they see our collection of whips, chains, leathers, grope suits, ben-wa balls, vibrators, French postcards, Jacuzzi baths, overhead mirrors and video-tape cameras. Or, if we're at their place, how we react when we see their equipment. We are not always the one to initiate sex and we almost never insist on control of the event. Other than that, we tend to proceed from left to right, from the outside in, and so forth. These are individual quirks and should not be viewed as strict guidelines. The high school approach works as well as any other—if you're troubled by its being amateur (it's not), simply reverse the sequence. After all, what you learn about each other is more important than what you know about sex. And no matter how you begin, it's bound to get better.

Which is better—a spherical stylus or an elliptical stylus? I enjoy music very much and I would like to keep my LPs in the best possible condition.—R. B., Danville, Virginia.

A spherical stylus resembles the tip of a ballpoint pen; its tracking characteristics have been compared to those of a bowling ball in the gutter. They are usually found on cheaper cartridges. An elliptical stylus resembles the blade of a screwdriver; it is harder to make and costs more than a spherical stylus. However, the design permits more accurate groove tracking, provides better high-frequency response and eliminates pinch effect in the relatively narrow portions of the record groove. Make your choice and keep on tracking.

As an independent freight shipper, I follow an irregular schedule. My girlfriend and I will get together for four or five days, then not see each other for several weeks at a stretch. As you can imagine, the infrequency enhances our mutual horniness—when we do see each other, we fuck our eyeballs out. Apart from a little soreness, neither of us seems to have suffered any ill effects from these lovemaking

marathons. We joke about overindulgence, then crawl back into bed to have one for the road. But I wonder, is it possible to do too much of a good thing? Someone once told me that a sporadic sex life can contribute to prostate problems. Is this true?—W. W., Nashville, Tennessee.

Every man rises to his own level of activity; it is impossible to have too much sex in a given amount of time. To paraphrase a classical philosopher: Don't ask for more sex; you have and always have had all the sex there is. Also, Dr. Masters informs us that weekend warriors need not worry—an erratic erotic life does not lead to prostate problems. Make the most of your layovers.

On weekends, I like to go clubbing—to catch young stars on the way up, old stars on the way down and waitresses on the way home. At the end of a set, I usually get a bill that includes both the cover charge and the price of the drinks I have been served. Should my tip be a percentage of the total or a percentage of the price of the drinks alone?—J. P., Chicago, Illinois.

It depends: If you view tipping as a gesture designed To Insure Promptness (a reward for services rendered) and want to fight inflation, leave a percentage of the price of your drinks and a win button. If you view tipping as a gesture designed To Impress Peons, leave a percentage of the total bill. Some clubs feel that if you can afford the tab, you can afford the tip. Failure to do so is To Invite Punishment.

My fiancé and I live in different areas of the country; it was just an accident that we ever met. We both come from large families and last month we were shocked to discover that we are second cousins. We are still in love and plan to get married. We are curious to know what the law and science have to say about our situation. A friend told me that incest is a universal taboo. Is there any society on record in which incest is accepted or approved?—D. A., Santa Cruz, California.

If there were, do you think we'd be living in Chicago? (Don't answer that.) Incest is a universal taboo; interestingly, the more primitive the society, the broader and more restrictive is the prohibition. For example, Trobriand Islanders in Melanesia separate brothers and sisters at birth, to be raised almost exclusively by relatives of the same sex. If any members of the tribe engage in incest, they are expected (and "encouraged") to commit suicide as penance for the entire tribe. Up against the wall, motherfucker. Most societies view incest as a challenge to

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authority, especially where the integrity of the family unit is the key to survival. Sex with close relatives is considered bad for the crops. In our society, the taboo covers relationships between teachers and students, doctors and patients, bosses and secretaries—the ancient wisdom about swimming in the genetic pool now applies to fishing in the office pool. As for kissing cousins—not only is the incest relative but it's a matter of degree. The relationship between first cousins is known as fourth-degree consanguinity; between second cousins, fifth-degree. Approximately half of the states permit fourth-degree marriages, the other half prohibit fourth-degree marriages but allow fifth-degree marriages. So go ahead with your plans. Consult an attorney if you have further questions. Finally, don't take your honeymoon in the Trobriand Islands.

Being a 20-year-old male, I have my share of sexual problems—acting out fantasy being the main one. Recently, I saw a movie that presented a novel form of seduction: A guy met a girl in the park. Both were wearing masks. Not knowing who she was, and vice versa, they made wild, passionate love, then departed without a word. The idea of such an encounter appeals to me. I can imagine the scene: A mere glance between complete strangers and we would get it on, weather permitting. I feel that by doing it with masks, I would have the freedom to make love the way I want. I would not let her facial expressions rule my actions. Could you tell me if this is a good idea?—A. K., New York, New York.

The editorial we is divided on this issue; we think it's a great idea (having had the same fantasy ourselves), but it has to be put in perspective (for example, the time the Lone Ranger and Tonto were surrounded by hostile Indians and the Lone Ranger said, "It looks like the end for us" and Tonto said, "What do you mean us?"). The fantasy has its place, but not in public. The police have been known to take a dim view of people walking into Central Park wearing masks. Actually, masking is an ancient tradition. Eastern potentates often had their concubines and wives wear masks; it saved them the trouble of keeping track of all those names. The carnivals of Rio are occasions for celebrating impersonal sex. Go there or find a cooperative accomplice and try a masked ball in the privacy of your own bedroom. She won't find your mysterious-stranger routine that strange; she's probably had her own fantasies of Zorro leaving his mark. A plain mask will provide anonymity—you'll feel like Everyman making love to Everywoman. Or if you desire a change of face from come-as-you-are parties, try celebrity sex. We recall an orgy (described in "Trashing" by Ann Feltamen) where bedfellows wore the masks of

politicians (Richard Nixon, Henry Kissinger, Shirley Temple Black, Martha Mitchell, et al.). Now that's strange, but it goes to show: different folks for the same old stroke.

Last weekend, I attended a dinner party in a very elegant restaurant atop one of our new skyscrapers and when we ordered a fairly expensive red Bordeaux, the waiter told us it would take 15 or 20 minutes to get it, since it was stored in the basement some 1000 feet below. In response to our quizzical looks, he explained that storing the wines at restaurant level was bad for them and that it had something to do with air pressure. Was he telling the truth or had the altitude affected him instead of the wine?—T. P., Chicago, Illinois.

There are a number of problems involved with storing wines in skyscrapers, but as far as anyone knows, altitude and air pressure aren't among them. Instead, high-rise grape nuts in Chicago, San Francisco, Toronto and other cities with restaurants perched atop these behemoths have to contend with air-conditioning systems that turn off at night (fluctuating temperature being possibly the worst of a wine's enemies) and buildings that sway ever so slightly in strong breezes, thereby preventing the sediment in those vintage reds from properly settling to the bottom of the bottle. The inherent space and cost problems of storing 5000 or 10,000 bottles of wine a fifth of a mile above the ground are a major setback. To overcome these obstacles, restaurants keep the wine in more traditional, temperature-controlled cellars, rather than trying to mount a gimbaled or suspended storage room on the upper floors. Don't laugh; The Ninety-Fifth, atop Chicago's John Hancock Building, actually considered just that.

I've just finished reading Erica Jong's *Fear of Flying*, in which she recounts an anecdote about a woman who was on a strict diet but who still didn't lose weight. The doctor asked her to list everything she ate, then, unable to figure out where the extra calories came from, asked her if she was sure she had listed every mouthful. "Mouthful? I didn't realize that had calories." The woman turned out to be a prostitute who swallowed 10 to 15 mouthfuls of semen a day. Supposedly, "Ten to 15 ejaculations [a day] turned out to be the equivalent of a seven-course meal at the Tour d'Argent." Is this true? A lot of women are reading that book, and I'm afraid that some of them will use the information as an excuse to forgo fellatio. What are the ingredients, caloric count, etc., of the average ejaculation?—M. R., Phoenix, Arizona.

All right, you clowns—this is the last time we answer this question. Take notes: A short quiz will be given; pass the

written part and you get to take the ovals. The chemical composition of ejaculate varies from individual to individual and within the same individual from time to time. Semen is essentially seminal plasma and spermatozoa. Approximately eight percent of the substance is dry weight. According to the fine print on the label, it contains minute quantities of more than 30 elements—such as fructose, ascorbic acid, cholesterol, creatine, citric acid, urea, uric acid, sorbitol, pyruvic acid, glutathione, inositol, lactic acid, nitrogen, B-12, various salts (sodium, zinc, calcium, chloride, magnesium, potassium, phosphorus, ammonia) and enzymes (hyaluronidase, spermidine, choline, spermine, purine and pyrimidine) and deoxyribonucleic acid (DNA). Blood-group antigens are also present. The caloric content is minimal (perhaps one or two calories per ejaculate) and the nutritional value practically nonexistent. In other words—it won't blow a diet. And, since semen does not contain any artificial flavoring, meat by-products or monosodium glutamate, your organically inclined friends can continue their inclinations toward your organ. Just in case Jong writes another book, semen does not cause cavities, does not improve the voices of opera singers, does not clear up the complexion (even when applied directly from the tube), nor does it cause the growth of facial hair on the recipient. It does cause babies. If someone can still find an excuse not to perform fellatio, we suggest you take up where the guy who wrote the next letter left off.

How is it that I never hear mention of autofellatio in your column? It is my favorite form of masturbation. My accomplishments include not only putting my penis into my mouth but also sticking my tongue into my navel and placing my mouth against my lower abdomen and scrotum. Do many people have this degree of flexibility in their bodies?—J. W., Syoset, New York.

Don't Owooborus. Although it's rare, we have heard of people with this talent. A few were fakirs, who managed the trick after years of training; others were born with the ability to make ends meet. And then there are those who are capable of a rectocranial inversion (sticking one's head up one's ass). Try that, if you haven't already.

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"*

WHITE HOUSE AIDE ON POT

I was pleased to see that Dr. Robert L. Dupont, head of the White House Special Action Office for Drug Abuse Prevention, has stated publicly, "Criminal penalties have clearly failed to prevent widespread use of marijuana." Dupont addressed last November's conference of the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws (NORML), and his appearance before that organization may in itself be a sign that the Administration is adopting a more progressive approach to pot. Dupont was unwilling to call for an end to marijuana prohibition, but he said that "the key question today is whether the benefits of deterrence are available at a lower social cost than the current criminal sanctions. I think that they are."

I endorse Dupont's remarks, but I would go further. The current marijuana laws should be done away with because they are unjust. The possibility that marijuana may have harmful effects is a bad ground for making it illegal; it is possible to obtain many harmful drugs legally in this country. The real basis for anti-marijuana laws is unreasoning prejudice, and arguments about possible harmful effects are merely an excuse. It's good to see a more rational attitude in the White House concerning pot, but we've still got a long way to go.

James Tobin
Chicago, Illinois

THE LAW'S DELAY

Attorney General William Saxbe has announced that he would "welcome a change in the marijuana laws" but that he will enforce the present laws as long as they are on the books. This is such typical politician's thinking that it makes me laugh—a little wildly. Can't you just hear some 16th Century official saying he'd welcome an easing of the laws against witchcraft, but until there is a change, he will go on roasting little old ladies? This is known as responsible conservatism. It is actually just an excuse for continuing to be stupid and sadistic when you know better.

D. Stevenson
St. Louis, Missouri

More willing to join the 20th Century was U. S. Attorney Earl J. Silbert of Washington, D.C., who announced that his office would no longer prosecute people possessing small amounts of marijuana. The plan fell victim to the capital's Byzantine politics, and Silbert was forced to cancel it. The Washington Post hinted

that the District's police department, after months of talks and a private agreement on the proposal, attacked it when Silbert announced it. According to the Post, pressure to drop the plan also came from Silbert's boss, Saxbe, prior to his resignation as Attorney General. An assistant explained that Saxbe "feels you have to enforce the law."

LIKE OLD TIMES IN TEXAS

Remember the horrible stories of young people who were caught with small amounts of marijuana in Texas in the 1960s and sent away for long prison sentences? Well, it's about to happen again—in 1975.

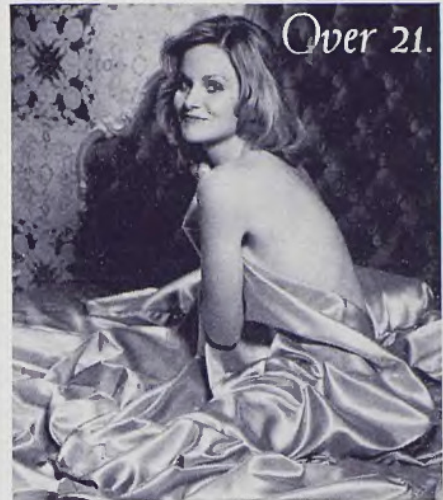
In 1972, free-lance writer Brent Stein was arrested in Dallas, Texas, for allegedly possessing about 1/18 ounce of marijuana. At the time, Brent was writing under the name Stoney Burns for an underground newspaper. He was stopped by police late one night and a search of his automobile reportedly uncovered enough marijuana for two or three cigarettes in his glove compartment.

Brent was subsequently convicted of possessing marijuana and, though a first offender, was sentenced by a Dallas jury to the cruelly exact term of ten years and one day in prison. At that time, he could have received a sentence of from two years to life in prison. By imposing a sentence in excess of ten years, the jury precluded any legal possibility that the presiding judge might suspend the sentence or grant Brent probation.

Now the Texas Court of Criminal Appeals has upheld Brent's conviction, even though Texas has reduced its marijuana penalties. Since this is Brent's first offense, under the current Texas law he would be subject to a maximum six-month misdemeanor sentence. Ironically, the legislature intended this new law to apply retroactively to people, like Brent, who had received longer sentences under the provisions of the old law. But the retroactive provisions of the new law were recently held unconstitutional by the Texas Court of Criminal Appeals, as an unlawful intrusion into the governor's power to pardon and parole.

So Brent, now 31, is left in no man's land. He faces the very real future of a ten-year prison sentence for an offense that would now be considered minor and would be routinely dealt with by a probationed sentence.

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announced that through a plan called Project Star he would seek an expedited "review by the board of pardons of all first-offense marijuana possessors convicted for possessing quantities of four ounces or less."

NORML is asking all concerned people to contact Governor Briscoe (State Capitol, Austin, Texas 78711) to request that he immediately use his pardon and parole powers to avoid this impending tragedy and injustice.

R. Keith Stroup, Executive Director
National Organization for the Reform
of Marijuana Laws
Washington, D.C.

Stein is now in prison, awaiting whatever action may be taken by Governor Briscoe and the Texas Board of Pardons and Paroles. Stein was a prominent political dissenter who defeated two previous efforts to convict him on politically related charges. His friends claim this is what motivated the Dallas jury to give him such an excessive sentence.

FIENDS AND NUTS

Motorcycling over the back roads of the scenic upper Illinois River valley one sunny day last fall, I reined the big Duke up at a restaurant for a warm drink. In the parking lot, I observed an enlightening spectacle: Side by side were two cars, one displaying bumper stickers urging REGISTER COMMUNISTS, NOT GUNS and GUNS DON'T KILL, PEOPLE DO, along with a National Rifle Association decal on the windshield. The other was plastered with such appeals as POT PRISONERS NEVER HAVE A NICE DAY and REFORM MARIJUANA LAWS. The drivers, who had both pulled in at the same moment, contemplated each other with silent, heavy-lidded antipathy as though each saw the other's vehicle as being covered with pure shit. I nearly laughed out loud at these blind pantomimists.

Blind? Yeah, stone-blind! In one vehicle sat a representative of the fraternity of gun fanciers alleged to number some 22,000,000 nationwide. In the other was a member of an army of marijuana devotees estimated at around 20,000,000. Each manifested obvious contempt for the other's advertised *divertissement*. Why? In my opinion, both have become dupes of a conditioned reflex induced by the mass media.

For years now, I have seen reports about police barging into homes on narcotics raids and finding marijuana, along with unregistered guns, hard drugs and revolutionary literature. Today, the word marijuana in print conjures up in the minds of the masses visions of saturnalia, crime, addiction, revolution, evil. Try to explain to a brainwashed electorate that the majority of marijuana users are associated with no other social bugaboo, but are just plain marijuana users. Just try.

As for gun buffs: Former astronauts,

FORUM NEWSFRONT

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

COLLEGIATE COHABITATION

A study conducted by a Cornell University psychologist and published in Psychology Today magazine says that collegians, at least at Cornell, are shacking up in ever greater numbers; 31 percent of all undergraduates report having lived with someone of the opposite sex for at least three months. Dr. Eleanor D. Macklin concludes from her survey that cohabiting students are not necessarily planning to marry but that living together is the modern version of getting pinned or going steady. The study also shows that only five percent of male engineering students live with single women, compared with 60 percent of male arts and science students; that 80 percent of the cohabiters try to conceal it from their parents; and that virtually no parents approve of the practice.

In Austin, two enterprising coeds at the University of Texas advertised in the student newspaper that they would rent out their address as a front for female students who don't want their parents to know they are living in sin. After three days in the paper, the ad drew only two calls from curious reporters and numerous calls from girls similarly looking for ghost roommates who would contribute to the rent but stay with their boyfriends.

IT'S A MAN'S WORLD

EASTHAMPTON, MASSACHUSETTS—State police raided a large stag party for a prospective bridegroom and charged a



31-year-old woman entertainer with committing an unnatural act and participating in an immoral show. About 75 men were attending the party, but none was

arrested. A police spokesman explained that there is no law against watching obscene acts, just against performing them.

OLD TIMES REMEMBERED

BOSTON—A person who can vividly remember his first drink from years earlier may be especially prone to alcoholism, according to a team of Harvard Medical School researchers. Their study, published in The Archives of General Psychiatry, found that normal drinkers could recall little about the first time they took a drink, while those for whom alcohol later became a problem had 100 percent accuracy in remembering such details as how old they were, what they drank, how much they had, who they were with and so forth. "The vivid clarity and recall of detail after many years also impresses one that the first drink to the alcoholic was something very different from the first drink for the nonalcoholic," the researchers say. They suggest that for some people alcohol may have a unique biological effect and that their indelible memory of the event may indicate their susceptibility to alcoholism.

SMOKING AT THE WHEEL

VANCOUVER, BRITISH COLUMBIA—Tests conducted at the University of British Columbia indicate that marijuana smoking can significantly impair driving ability. The experiment involved 43 men and 21 women driving cars both on a special course and on city streets after having smoked strong, weak or fake marijuana cigarettes. According to Dr. Harry Klouff, a professor of psychiatry, the subjects who received the real pot tended to show decreased awareness, caution and driving skill.

POT PENALTIES UNDER STUDY

WASHINGTON, D.C.—At the urging of Deputy Attorney General Laurence Silberman and other drug officials, the Drug Enforcement Administration has begun a study to determine whether there is a way to end jail sentences for possessing small amounts of pot and, at the same time, maintain a strong legal deterrent. DEA director John R. Bartels, Jr., said the major proposal under study is a civil penalty similar to the year-old Oregon law that sets a maximum \$100 fine for possession of less than an ounce of pot.

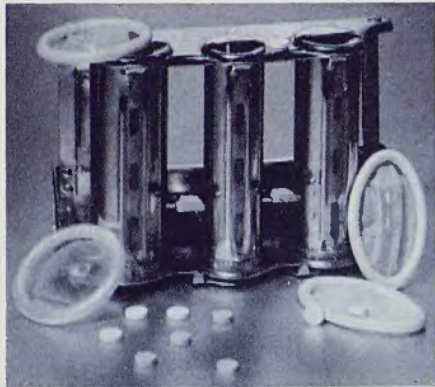
CANDID COP

HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT—A Connecticut state trooper has been forced to resign after marijuana was found in his patrol car and he offered a candid explanation

for its presence. He told his superiors that he kept the pot in his cruiser in case he needed it to plant on a suspect.

BARTER AND BIRTH CONTROL

BANGKOK, THAILAND—Contraceptives are being used as money under a government program to popularize birth control in the rural areas of Thailand. According to family-planning officials, the idea is to break down cultural inhibitions and



embarrassment concerning birth control by encouraging people to barter condoms and contraceptive pills for goods and services. For example, the bus fare into the town of Bang Lamung from several outlying villages is 12 rubbers.

TRUTH AND CONSEQUENCES

CHICAGO—The American Civil Liberties Union has filed a Federal suit on behalf of a 28-year-old man who was refused a job as a fireman in suburban Elk Grove Village because of one teenage homosexual experience. The applicant, who is married and has two children, and who scored in the top six percent of the civil-service examination, disclosed the incident during a pre-employment lie-detector test. The suit argues that this was "a constitutionally impermissible basis for denying public employment, in violation of the due-process and equal-protection clauses of the 14th Amendment."

SAFER SEX FOR SINGLES

MADISON—Wisconsin's law banning the sale of contraceptives to unmarried people has been struck down by a three-judge Federal court. For the past several years, certain church groups and individual opponents of birth control had managed to defeat efforts to repeal the law in the legislature.

ROLL THE PRESSES

NEW YORK—A Brooklyn Federal judge has invalidated the seizure by school officials of a Farmingdale high school student newspaper containing articles on contraception and abortion. Judge Mark Costantino ruled that the four-page sex-education supplement in the confiscated paper was "serious in tone and obviously intended to convey information rather

than appeal to prurient interests." The judge then enjoined school officials from preventing distribution of the paper, citing First Amendment guarantees of freedom of expression.

MANDATORY SENTENCE

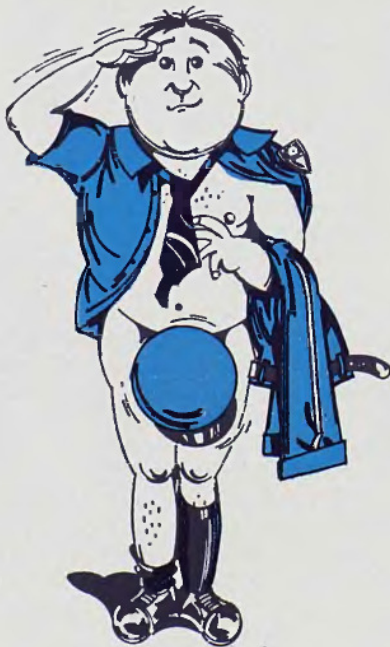
MIAMI—Despite a leniency plea from his victim, a 15-year-old convicted rapist has been sentenced to 30 years in prison. The circuit-court judge who passed sentence said he was bound by state law, which specifies 30 years to life for the crime of rape.

IF YOU CAN'T LICK 'EM, ZONE 'EM

BOSTON—The Boston Zoning Commission has voted to designate two downtown blocks as an adult-entertainment district and to restrict the spread of pornography shops, adult theaters and strip joints in other parts of the city. The district, known as the combat zone, already is dominated by adult-entertainment businesses. Similar businesses elsewhere will not be required to close but no new ones will be permitted to open.

DIRTY TRICK OF THE MONTH

NASHVILLE—The Nashville police department has ordered its vice-squad officers not to have sexual intercourse with women they plan to arrest for prostitution. The order stems from a massage-parlor raid in which two policemen engaged in sex with two female employees



before identifying themselves as officers and making 14 arrests. A police official said that such devotion to duty "has not been a policy in the past and will not be a policy in the future" and ordered the arresting officers to get a health-department examination.

movie celebrities, sports figures, cartoonists, columnists, labor leaders, singers, bandleaders, clergymen, all have been enlisted in the moral assault on those who cherish their right to bear arms. The media have methodically identified the majority of legitimate gun owners with the minority of kooks, assassins, fanatics of the left and right and criminals who misuse firearms. The dictionary of contemporary snide remarks is full of disparaging references to our quick-draw society. Old West instincts and frontier mentality.

So, there sat two guys, each doubtless knowing himself to be a victim of propaganda, but each completely snowed concerning the other. One saw a dope fiend; the other, a gun nut. If these two ever got their shit together, I mused silently—but the media will never let that happen.

Keith W. Wilson

Chicago Heights, Illinois

THE HOME INVADERS

One night last September, at about three A.M., a group of long-haired intruders crashed a shotgun through the bedroom window of the home of a 68-year-old lady living alone in Colorado Springs. The woman ran into her kitchen, opened the back door and saw another group of men standing outside. "One of them was pointing a gun straight at me," she says. She slammed the door shut and locked it. She heard the outside screen door being torn off and ran into the living room of her three-room bungalow in time to see her front door kicked in and several long-haired and bearded men rush into the room. The invaders began furiously rummaging through the house.

It wasn't a visit from a Colorado branch of the Manson family. Rather, it was what's become an all-too-common occurrence, the invasion of an innocent person's home by Federal agents. In this case, the men thought they had seen a suspected heroin pusher emerge from the lady's house. Once they realized their mistake, they were polite and apologetic and promised to pay for the damage. Whether they can adequately compensate the woman for putting her through an experience that would literally kill many elderly people, I seriously doubt.

Ray Hansen

Denver, Colorado

PRISONERS' AID PROJECT

The Georgeville Community Project, committed to helping prisoners and free-world people exchange ideas and information, began two years ago when we set up quarters in this rural community. The project is directed by my wife, Sharlane, and me; I'm the founder and former publisher of *Penal Digest International*. We now have our own printing and publishing plant and we are gathering material for a book of information for prisoners, ex-prisoners and their families, which may be the most comprehensive publication of

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its sort ever put together. It will be offered free to county, state and Federal inmates and will deal with such subjects as organizing communities, communications and public relations, nutrition, prenatal and infant care, jobs, parole plans, legal resources, educational opportunities, the penal press and organizations that will help prisoners and their families. Suggestions for material to be included in the book should be sent to the Georgeville Community Project, Georgeville, Minnesota 56312.

We are applying to the FCC for a license for an educational radio station that will provide training for prisoners and ex-prisoners interested in broadcasting. We also have financial assistance available for prisoners who have experience in the graphic arts.

Joseph W. Grant
Georgeville, Minnesota

THE PENDULUM

A few years ago, the news from Yale was the huge demonstration on behalf of the Black Panthers. The latest news is the restoration of Claes Oldenburg's giant lipstick sculpture and a new student pastime: seeing how many kids can stuff themselves into a library study cubicle. Last fall was the tenth anniversary of the Free Speech Movement at Berkeley. Today there are more fraternities at Berkeley than ever and the students take for granted the freedom to conduct political activity on campus. *Time* magazine calls today's college kids the "Self-centered Generation." The times are most interesting for what they are not—not exciting, not prosperous, not creative.

Well, as one who cheered for the counterculture, I'm not downcast. There's nothing wrong with being self-centered; it's a healthier motive for wanting to change the world than a false or naïve altruism. Many do-gooders are phony, while people who say they are self-centered are usually sincere. And, in any event, the world will change. These things run in cycles. The hippies were the more numerous and more influential descendants of the beatniks. Similarly, within ten years, the flower children and the New Left, under new names, will be back, more powerful than ever. Because of the groundwork laid by the cultural revolution of the Sixties, the next one will be bigger and better.

William Martin
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

ROMANTIC ADVICE

I think *The Playboy Advisor* is guilty of romanticism in telling M. P. that three about-to-be-married girls who had sex with him must have had the same syndrome that provokes men into last-thing bachelor parties (October 1974). Come off it, *Advisor*. There is a simpler answer.

Notice that each girl apparently made the initial contact and each started the

conversation by asking why M. P. had never screwed them on earlier dates. Notice, too, that initially M. P. was a virgin, but apparently none of the three girls was virginal.

I suspect each girl was experienced sexually, doubtless having grown accustomed to frequent intercourse with her fiancé (at least), was alone for a time, had a normal horny urge and thought of an old boyfriend who would probably respond if encouraged. They all may have actually been puzzled as to why M. P. had never tried to fuck them, since other men had tried and succeeded. An innocent man is as intriguing to women as an intact hymen is to men.

It wasn't, as M. P. imagined, that he was giving the girls a line. No, they were obviously giving him a line and it's one that girls have been using for centuries. I've used variations of it myself. My older sister told me about it, back in my high school days, when I had the hots for a boy who wasn't giving me what I wanted. What better way to get a guy into your pants than to ask him why he hasn't already been there? What more obvious way to interest him in your naked body than talking about it, or about your swimsuit and what it does or doesn't cover, your bra or other lingerie, nudist camps, streaking or bare-ass swimming?

Back when most girls wore slips, I used to start out many dates by standing in front of a window or fireplace or bright light and asking my date, in pretended seriousness, if he thought I was showing too much by not wearing a slip (I always managed to show as much as I could). Later, I would confess I really was only worried about what others might see and that I really had wanted *him* to have such a naughty view, but hoped he wouldn't think I was just awful in wanting him to be interested in my body. This is a never-fail approach with a man who hasn't taken the initiative himself. A little positive, unmistakable expression of willingness to show one's feminine charms will turn almost any guy from a bashful or uncertain partner into a dynamic one.

As I say, every woman knows that. Maybe *The Playboy Advisor* should trade in his gothic novels for more up-to-date reading, like, for example, the rest of PLAYBOY.

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

SEX AT AN EARLY AGE

At the age of 14, I was initiated into sexual intercourse by a beautiful, understanding and erotically adept woman of about 35. She was a guest in our home while her husband was absent and she and I were alone in the house during the day. She brought me to an erection and then she got on top and we started screwing.

She exploited my capacity, supposedly common in teenage males, for multiple

orgasms. She caused me to ejaculate in her three times, holding my penis by contracting her pubococcygeus muscle. I was worried at the time by her violent contortions and the way she moaned like a hurt child; now I know these signaled orgasms. Our affair continued for weeks. Each encounter consisted of an initial penetration with multiple orgasms on my part and several subsequent penetrations with single ejaculations. All the while, she experienced overlapping rapid-fire orgasms.

Eventually, she left our home and I never saw her again. I have always wondered if all this did me any harm. Most of the women I've told about it thought it was destructive and perverse.

It would be interesting to know how other people react to this experience of mine. Although it took place over a generation ago, it's true even today that most people object to the idea of sex between a teenager and an older person. And even though the double standard is unfashionable, I think most people would be more likely to tolerate an older woman seducing a young boy than they would an older man initiating an adolescent girl. I doubt that even in these enlightened times we're capable of thinking rationally about cross-generational sex.

The only adverse effect I've noticed is that in my long history of erotic encounters, I've met only one woman who was as uninhibited as that first one. Expecting relationships in which women took the initiative, I was usually disappointed. On the positive side, I learned a lot at an early age about female sexuality and I've put this knowledge to good use. The experience certainly didn't diminish my sex drive. I'm 58 now and women have accused me of ejaculating "like a horse." How they know so much about horses, I can't imagine.

(Name withheld by request)
El Cerrito, California

SOMETHING ELSE

Ms. Something is the pseudonym of a 79-year-old lady who is bringing cheer to all of us by testifying that the sex drive need never fade away, much less die. I read her story in *The Oregon Statesman* and her statistics are better than 36-24-36: In the 23 years since she became a widow, Ms. Something has had 35 affairs with men, some lasting part of an evening, one for 15 years. Her lovers have ranged from a 15-year-old boy to an 82-year-old man. The latter seduced her with this line: "The Bible says we should be like children, so let's take our clothes off." I'm going to remember that one.

Ms. Something (who conceals her name to avoid upsetting friends and neighbors) tells about her sex life on a video tape that is presented in a class on aging and retirement at the University of Washington. To what does she owe her felicity? Well, she practices transcendental

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meditation, but I think her real secret is that she simply doesn't believe that sex must stop because you are aged or have lost your mate. According to the news story: "She says she never had difficulty meeting men and gives all credit to having a cozy fireplace where she would invite prospective companions to come and sit." Ms. Something, I love you.

R. Sherman
Seattle, Washington

DIDLING A DUCK

From *The Wichita Beacon* comes this thought-provoking item:

Answering a complaint of a disturbance inside a parked car in the 400 block of East 21st, police said they found [a 34-year-old Wichita man] in an unnatural sex act with a duck.

He was arrested for lewd conduct, a misdemeanor, and released pending an appearance in municipal court.

The duck, apparently taken from a city park, was turned over to park authorities, police said.

Well, I've made it with a number of dogs, a moose or two, lots of chicks and several bombshells, and I think that the state has no business arresting this good man just for fucking a duck.

(Name withheld by request)
Wichita, Kansas

The question is whether or not this was a sexual act between consenting adults in private. Because the item refers to a duck rather than to a duckling, we may assume that the sex partner was of age. The fact that the act occurred in a parked car on a public street raises the question of privacy, however, and there is evidence that the duck did not give its consent. If the disturbance involved loud quacking, flapping of wings and loss of feathers, it would seem to us that the duck could very plausibly allege rape; and if the duck was, in fact, taken from a city park, we have, it would seem, a clear case of abduction.

LEGAL PORNOGRAPHY

The reading that law students have to do is ordinarily pretty dry, but once in a while, one's eyes chance upon something unique. In the 1943 case of *Lason vs. State*, the Florida Supreme Court held that the term "abominable and detestable crime against nature" includes the acts of fellatio and cunnilingus. This is not a surprising opinion, considering the time and the place. What makes the case interesting is some of the language quoted in the decision. The accused's attorney argued that fellatio is not forbidden by Florida law and in his appeal brief, he asked the court:

Does the one specific crime definitely defined and limited by [the statute] comprehend or include the

action of a 76-year-old, aged Indian War veteran, feeble physically and mentally, in, after having met the two girls of 11 and 13 years of age who solicited him, went to his residence and there they both get on the bed, pull up their dresses and drop down their panties, when he in turn on his back in the same bed allowed them to diddle with his raglike penis, unerectable, lifeless and useless except to connect the bladder with the outside world for more than six years since the death of his wife, utterly incapable of either penetration or emission, and wad it like a rag into their mouths, and then, in his feeble and aged condition, impelled by the irresistible impulse, in turn, he would kiss and put his tongue in their little though potentially influential and powerful vaginas?

Repeating this question in full, the court answered, in effect, yes. I submit that the attorney who authored the query, W. W. Flournoy of De Funiak Springs, Florida, deserves some sort of recognition.

Gregory J. Cook
Marquette University
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

In keeping with our custom of dispensing awards at the drop of a letter, we hereby bestow on W. W. Flournoy of De Funiak Springs the Warren Burger Award for Literary Excellence in Legal Writing.

ANATOMIC DISCRIMINATION

It was with mixed emotions of delight and despair that I read Paul Vogel's letter (*The Playboy Forum*, October 1974) regarding my dismissal of a complaint of indecent exposure against a female streaker because the state had failed to prove that her genitals were exposed. Vogel contends that New Hampshire law discriminates against men. State law provides that a person is guilty of a misdemeanor if he or she "exposes his genitals or performs any other act of gross lewdness under circumstances which he should know will likely cause affront or alarm." Any discrimination lies not in the law but in the difference between male and female anatomy. "Affront or alarm" is the kind of vague statutory language that makes it all but impossible to arrive at an objective determination.

In New Hampshire, to my knowledge, we have not yet faced Vogel's hypothetical instance of a female walking nude on a shiny floor or wearing patent-leather shoes. While such a set of facts might stimulate the imagination, it seems to me unlikely to change the results of an attempted prosecution. A New Hampshire woman, who called for my removal from the bench on the grounds that a judge should know that the genitals have to be exposed if a woman is naked, suggested that my interpretation of the law would not permit a finding of guilty unless the

woman were walking on air, with her head touching the ceiling. While we have many remarkable women in our state, none has yet accomplished that feat.

Judge Joseph P. Nadeau
Dover, New Hampshire

You have some remarkable men in New Hampshire, too, such as John Eames, whose letter follows.

FIGHTING D.A.

As reported in *The Playboy Forum* (October 1974), I've been involved in a tedious and costly dispute with New Hampshire's attorney general over the showing of *Deep Throat* and *The Devil in Miss Jones* at a local theater owned by me and members of my family. Probably I'm the first county attorney to be charged as a public pornographer and one of the few who take the position that the First Amendment grants Americans the right to choose for themselves what books they will read or movies they will see. The jury acquitted us on six of the eight charges and deadlocked on the two others, but attorney general Warren B. Rudman has decided to retry me on the two hung-jury charges.

It is estimated that the first trial cost the state and the county approximately \$20,000, so the people up here are not too happy about going through the entire procedure again. Meanwhile, I am still suspended as the county attorney, although I won re-election last fall.

John B. Eames
County Attorney
Woodsville, New Hampshire

Congratulations on your re-election and semivictory.

FROM GRAVE . . .

Bill Wilke of Sarasota, Florida, complains about a Catholic burial being denied a 27-year-old girl who had been an abortion counselor (*The Playboy Forum*, December 1974). Surely any organization, be it a government, a church or a country club, has a right to expel members who refuse to abide by its rules. The position of the Catholic Church on abortion is quite clear. How, in all fairness, can anyone even think about a Catholic burial for a girl who lived a non-Catholic life? One wonders whether, if she could be consulted, she would even want a Catholic burial.

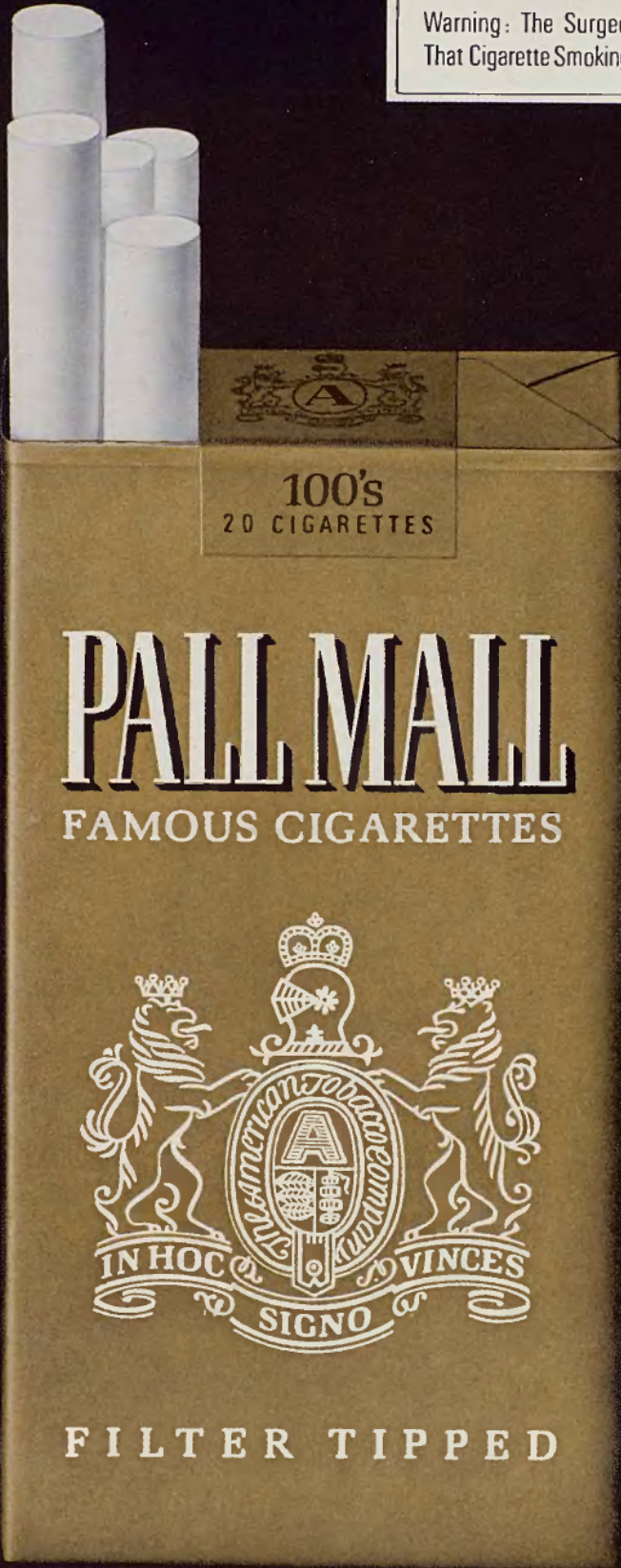
Emett Loera
Los Angeles, California

. . . TO CRADLE

Stephen Gould is in error in stating that Catholic priests would refuse baptism to a child in order to punish it for its parents' belief (*The Playboy Forum*, December 1974). In the case to which Gould refers, the mother supported the right of an abortion clinic to exist in her community. Her acceptance of the Church's teaching on abortion is questionable, and a priest could not baptize a child if he were not sure its parents would raise it as a Catholic.

An even more glaring error is Gould's

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statement "Should a child die unbaptized, it is condemned to limbo." No theologian I know would stake his life on the theory that God rejects the unbaptized child; in such matters, no one knows what God would do.

Kenneth C. Rothacker
Richmond Hill, New York

Granting that the Lord could waive a few bureaucratic regulations and expedite the entry of unbaptized infants into the kingdom of heaven, our Catholic friends assure us that thousands of nuns have taught millions of parochial school children that babies who die unbaptized get stuck in limbo. So there.

ONE RIGHT ANSWER

You reply to my letter against legal abortion (*The Playboy Forum*, October 1974) by stating that it is incongruous for people who oppose abortion to compare those who favor it to Nazis. You insinuate that anti-abortionists are Nazilike because we "say the state has a right to require women to bear children" and because we "deny individuals the right of choice in moral questions." First of all, requiring women to beget children, as the Nazis did, is not the same as requiring them to take responsibility for the predictable result of a voluntary act. Second, it is precisely in moral questions that one does *not* have a right of choice about how to act. In moral matters, there is only one right way to behave, though, of course, men of good will may differ as to what that is.

You also state "Nor do we claim that a fetus is not *Homo sapiens*" and add that "taxonomy is not morality." Well, legality isn't morality either and while a fetus may not at present have the legal rights of a person, it still has inalienable moral rights as a human being.

Hugo Carl Koch
New York, New York

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"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.



PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: BILLIE JEAN KING

a candid conversation with the contentious superstar of women's tennis

If, in these days of raised female consciousness, someone were to write a liberated version of the old "hard-working boy makes good" stories, he could find a ready-made model in the sports world's first genuine woman superstar. Billie Jean King is a living testimonial to the tradition that anyone of modest background who has talent, wants something badly enough and is willing to work his or her ass off can be successful. She's the best-known woman tennis player in the world—and the richest; she's becoming a dynamic sports promoter; and she's even launching a new career in television.

Billie Jean was born November 22, 1943, in Long Beach, California. She was a perfect child, "just a little angel," says her mother, Betty Moffitt. But she hated doing the accepted little-girl things, preferring instead to spend her time in the back yard, playing catch with her father, Bill, now a 31-year veteran with the Long Beach Fire Department. To make ends meet, Moffitt moonlighted at nights in a plastics factory and Betty rang neighborhood doorbells as an Avon lady and was a Tupperware saleswoman. When Billie Jean was four, her father, who couldn't afford to buy her a baseball bat, scrounged up a piece of wood and carved one.

Billie Jean developed fast, and for several years was the biggest kid in her class in school. By the time she was ten, she was

a real tomboy—though that's a word she'd like to see stricken from our vocabulary. She loved to play football in front of the family home, especially if she could carry the ball. She never lost a race at the firemen's picnic, beating all comers—boys and girls alike. She played basketball and was shortstop on a girls' softball team, on which she was the youngest player. Even today, she recalls with pride one game in which she made a shoestring catch off a looping line drive, spun and threw to third to double off a runner—saving the game in the final inning. She was mobbed when she came off the field. It was her first taste of public adulation—and she loved it. She still does.

But the Moffitts weren't keen on raising a halfback or a shortstop. One day her mother abruptly ended Billie Jean's football career—on the ground that it wasn't ladylike. Billie Jean asked her father what sport a girl could enter. Moffitt thought for a while, and finally suggested swimming—or tennis.

"What's tennis?" asked Billie Jean.

"Well, you run a lot and hit a ball," her father said. "I think you'll like it."

Billie Jean liked it. She did odd jobs for neighbors, raising a quarter here, 50 cents there; her parents chipped in and she bought a nice new racket with maroon nylon strings and a maroon handle, for eight dollars. From the day of her

first tennis lesson, in the Long Beach public parks, tennis has been her whole life—almost to the exclusion of everything else.

"A few days after her first tennis game," her mother recalls, "Sister"—that's the family name for Billie Jean—"came home to tell her father and me, 'I am going to be the best woman tennis player in the world.' We took her at her word. She was and is the kind of girl who means what she says."

Every moment she was not in school Billie Jean spent on the courts or in the back yard, banging a tennis ball against an old wooden fence. Finally, she literally demolished it, so her father built a new one for her out of concrete blocks—and set up a spotlight to allow her to keep on practicing after dark.

When she was 15, Billie Jean—or Jillie Bean, as the sportswriters called her—won her first big tennis tournament. Three years later, she became the youngest person ever to win a doubles championship at Wimbledon, the shrine of world tennis—and the place where she would go on to take 18 titles in singles, doubles and mixed doubles.

While attending Los Angeles State College, Billie Jean met Larry King, a handsome blond prelaw student one year her junior. After a two-year courtship, interrupted constantly by the demands of her burgeoning tennis career, Larry proposed



"I realize now that being number one isn't glamorous. It's more like being the fastest gun in the West. You can never let up, because you have to prove yourself against all comers."



"People want realism, and sports provide that. What they see onscreen, or on TV, is rehearsed, edited, cut. They see me sweating my guts out, missing the ball and getting angry. That's real."



"I don't like to win against men. But there are young women on the staff of our magazine who say, 'Oh, I love to beat my boyfriend, because he gets so upset.' Well, now, that's got to be a switch!"

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in a Long Beach coffee shop—at two A.M. the night before Billie Jean left for an expense-paid three-month trip to Australia, where she was to take private lessons from Mervyn Rose, a former Davis Cup player. Rose taught her a new forehand, a new service and a bold new strategic outlook on the game.

Billie Jean and Larry were married on September 17, 1965. The newlyweds moved into a little apartment not far from campus and Billie Jean stayed home that first fall and winter—because she thought it important to be a good wife, in the old-fashioned sense. But she was unhappy. She still wanted to be number one. And Larry gave her his full support.

The rest is tennis history. By 1971, Billie Jean had become the first woman athlete to have earned \$100,000 in a year. As the most influential figure in the popularization of the game in the past decade, she helped engineer the most talked-about coup in tennis when, in 1973, she defeated 55-year-old Bobby Riggs in a \$100,000 winner-take-all "Battle of the Sexes" in Houston's Astrodome. Now 31, and despite two operations on her knees, Billie Jean still plays a man's power game—rushing the net and glowering over it like an angry bear, serving and volleying with machinelike efficiency, relentlessly overpowering her opponents with a combination of strategy and speed. She runs down balls other players wouldn't even attempt to reach. Billie Jean King has reached the top by following a formidable daily training regimen. Every day she rises early, and after several cups of coffee—if there's time, bacon and eggs—she is out on the court, any court, working out with other players. Drilling forehand, backhand, cross court, down the line, for hours. At night, even while watching TV, she flails her legs around with 11-and-a-half-pound lead weights attached to her ankles, which she claims are her weakest point.

Today, Billie Jean and Larry King are partners in King Enterprises, a multimillion-dollar business built around Billie Jean's ability with a tennis racket. She endorses products ranging from tennis shoes to suntan lotion; publishes a magazine, *WomenSports*; recently signed a six-figure, two-year contract with ABC-TV to do tennis commentary, a women's sports special and other projects; and is launching a new syndicated TV series, "The Billie Jean King Show." The Kings are also among the founders of World Team Tennis, the intercity tennis league that made its debut last year. As player-coach for the Philadelphia Freedoms, she became the first woman coach in any major sport in the U.S.

Billie Jean's open pursuit of money and fame has drawn criticism from tennis purists. She answers: "They love you when you're coming up. But they don't like winners. And they especially don't

like me, because I talk about money all the time."

Actually, money is not the only subject Billie Jean talks about—outspokenly. In interviews, in editorials in her magazine, she's spearheading a revolution in women's sports. Her platform is that they should be separate but equal in every way to men's sports. Billie Jean sometimes operates like a Thirties labor organizer, taking on all comers from the Amateur Athletic Union and the United States Lawn Tennis Association to male chauvinists everywhere.

To find out what is really going on in the mind of the most colorful and controversial woman athlete in sports today, *PLAYBOY* sent free-lancer Joe Hyams to interview Billie Jean. A tennis buff himself, Hyams recently collaborated on a book with Ms. King: "Billie Jean King's Secrets of Winning Tennis." His report:

"Our first interview was scheduled for 1:30 P.M. at the Hilton Inn near the Spectrum in Philadelphia, where the Freedoms were playing. I met Billie Jean by the newsstand; she was wearing a simple white blouse, faded and baggy blue jeans and a disgusted look on her face. 'I defy you to find a copy of *WomenSports* here,' she said, reaching behind some magazines on the rack's lowest shelf and extricating the current issue of her new publication—which she carefully placed on top.

"In the hotel coffee shop, she ordered breakfast: a cheese omelet, no toast and 'lots of coffee.' I was aware, as always, of how much prettier Billie Jean King is in person than on television or in photographs. Off court she is soft, feminine, sexy—despite the glasses, a broad beam and a flat chest. Every time I see her, I'm reminded of Grace Kelly, who had equally unimpressive vital statistics but was all woman—no question about it.

"During the first of what were to be several candid interviews, we were interrupted half a dozen times by fans, mostly male, who asked for her autograph. Later, we drove in her rented rust-colored Ambassador sedan, which she calls the "taco wagon," to the Spectrum for a workout with some of the Freedoms players, and that night I watched as she and the Freedoms won their match against Denver, before a partisan audience of 7583.

"Another day, after a tennis session at the Merion Country Club, we drove in the taco wagon through a blinding rainstorm across the rolling green Pennsylvania countryside, en route to New York. We paused at a McDonald's, where she ordered a Big Mac and a vanilla shake. 'I used to live on 90 dollars a month,' she recalled, 'working as a park playground director and also standing in a cage at the college athletic department, giving out towels and equipment for women's gym classes. It was a big deal in those days for Larry and me to have a sundae. It cost 25 cents, had two large scoops of vanilla ice

cream and was great. As the Virginia Slims people would say, "I've come a long way." The real question, though, is where am I going? We began our last interview, in New York, on that note."

PLAYBOY: This will be the first year that Billie Jean King has not played the entire Women's Tennis Association circuit. Why did you decide to cut down so drastically at what would appear to be the peak of your career?

KING: I'm not *quitting* tennis. I'll be playing in World Team Tennis. I'm just not playing the W.T.A. circuit this year. I would have liked to have left two years ago, because I was so tired. It's just not worth it to work, work, work, work all the time, as I have for the past 20 years.

PLAYBOY: If you wanted to leave two years ago, why didn't you?

KING: I didn't feel the association was at the stage where I could. But there are a lot of good women tennis players around today. Maybe the first year it was true, as people keep saying, that I was the one who made it go; but not after five years. I want to have some time for myself now, as a person. And I need time to devote to some of my new interests. I'd like to spend more time on *WomenSports*, the magazine I started with my husband, Larry. I'm doing a syndicated TV series, *The Billie Jean King Show*. And I'm going to be giving tennis clinics at Cape Eleuthera in the Bahamas. And, of course, I'd like to see W.T.T. make it in a big way.

PLAYBOY: But isn't W.T.T. in trouble? Aren't there a couple of franchises on the verge of bankruptcy?

KING: I think the future of W.T.T. looks better than it did a year ago. W.T.T. is here to stay; five years from now, it'll be unbelievable. One or two franchises may be in trouble, but out of 15 teams, with the economy the way it is, I think that's good. And it looks as if Colgate is going to get involved, putting up a Colgate Cup that we'd play for, like the Stanley Cup in hockey. They'd also help us sponsor a junior program in the cities where we have tennis teams and they'd help us pay for TV time. With television, we have more credibility, as well as more exposure. Sometimes we have trouble getting press coverage for team tennis. That's why I pulled that stunt of trying to draft Bobby Riggs for the Philadelphia Freedoms. At least it made the papers.

PLAYBOY: It was just a publicity stunt?

KING: Sure. I just couldn't resist it. I also drafted Elton John, just for fun. I met him last September at a party; I have all his records at home. He's promised to write the Freedoms a song and he may even become a part owner. You know, it's funny; a lot of musicians are frustrated athletes, just like many athletes are frustrated musicians. So I drafted Elton, to make him laugh. Which he did.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about being a hustler for tennis?

KING: I don't know if I'd use that word. You mean a promoter? I've always been that way, I think. I think tennis is a great thing to sell to people, whether they're participants or spectators. I'm hustling for something I believe in.

PLAYBOY: Doesn't all that hustling somehow affect the purity of the game?

KING: No. It makes it more pure.

PLAYBOY: Why?

KING: Because professional tennis, the kind we're promoting, is honest. It didn't used to be honest, in the so-called amateur days, when they called it a pure sport. It was very impure. Now everyone knows where he or she stands. It's a lot easier; it's healthier; it's aboveboard.

PLAYBOY: As tennis has gone from an amateur game to a big-money business, it's become possible for the players to get rich, as film stars, or rock-'n'-roll performers, do. But, like them, you are beginning to be manipulated by wheeler-dealers; in other words, isn't big money starting to pull the strings in tennis?

KING: To a certain extent. There's a lot of pressure, people wanting you to play here and there, saying, "I'll give you this deal or that deal." For myself, I don't let myself be manipulated as much as I used to. If I don't want to do something, I'm not going to do it anymore. Everything for the game and everything for everybody else but yourself: That's not healthy.

You know, it's hard to have so many choices. I'm lucky in that I *have* so many, but . . . when I was 11 or 12, you know, I had tunnel vision. All I wanted was to be the world's greatest tennis player. I may have thought it was tough when I was younger if I didn't have enough money to buy the kind of dinner I wanted. But that problem was simple, although it might not seem so to the average family trying to make ends meet. Now I don't know which way to go. I have so many opportunities they drive me *crazy*.

PLAYBOY: You've already mentioned some of those opportunities that you've decided to embrace. Your television show, for instance. Tell us something about it.

KING: I'm really excited about it. I've just finished making the pilot, but we'll probably have 12 one-hour shows—specials—on women who participate in sports. I'd like to see other women athletes who excel in their fields be appreciated, the way men athletes are. We'll have a lot of music in the show, too, because I want it to be fun as well as informative.

PLAYBOY: You're the hostess, the interviewer on the show?

KING: Yes. We'll have some guest reporters, too. Donna DeVarona, the Olympic swimmer—she won a couple of gold medals—was a guest reporter on the first show. We featured women drag-boat racers, volleyball players. And I'm going to interview Karen Magnussen. She's a skater, was an

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Olympic silver medalist; she works with the Ice Capades now.

PLAYBOY: Will you feature only women on your show?

KING: No, I'll do some interviews with men, too. It's supposed to be fun for *people*, not just women's lib. Although it's primarily about women, just as our magazine, *WomenSports*, is.

PLAYBOY: With the publishing business as difficult to get into as it is, what prompted you to start your own magazine?

KING: I think the seed for the idea probably goes back to when I was nine years old and for the first time watched a professional baseball game with my father. I loved to play baseball, football, run track races with the neighborhood boys. But what struck me like a thunderbolt that day was that there were no women on that baseball diamond. My ambition to become a professional baseball player was shattered. Throughout my adolescence, in fact, I found a subtle social pressure against being an athlete. I decided on tennis because it was, and still is, more socially acceptable as a sport for girls.

Over my years of playing tennis, I noticed that women's events received very little coverage in the newspapers and magazines. I used to complain that the sports magazines never gave women a fair shake. The people who published them said, "Well, what can we write about? Women aren't doing that much." That's like putting the cart before the horse or the chicken before the egg. There had to be some way of letting young women know there *was* a way to make a living playing sports, that their desire to compete and excel wasn't abnormal. There had to be some vehicle for women who were interested in athletics to find out what was happening for women in all sports. So one day, Larry and I were driving down the Bayshore Freeway and I was complaining again, and Larry says, "Let's start our own magazine." I said, "Oh, Larry. Of all the businesses to go into, that's got to be the most risky." Especially since we didn't have much capital. But we felt it was the right time to do it, so we did.

PLAYBOY: And how is the magazine doing?

KING: It's small—our circulation's around 200,000. But that's a start.

PLAYBOY: A good start.

KING: Pretty good for a *girl*, huh? Ha.

PLAYBOY: Don't you find some conflict between your role as a publisher and your role as a successful athlete, much in demand for endorsements, and so forth? The first issue of *WomenSports* seemed to feature Billie Jean King on every page, in the ads as well as in the editorial matter.

KING: The first issue was ridiculous. But I'm trying to stay out of it now. I'm proud of being identified with the magazine, though. I've had men come up to me after a match, with *WomenSports* in their hands, and ask me to autograph their copies. Then they start telling me about

their daughters who are having trouble in their sports fields and how much the magazine means to them. I want a very low profile on the magazine; it's not just for me. It's for everyone. People on my staff say, "Look, Billie Jean, you're going to have to write something, more than just the publisher's letter." The past two or three months, people have written in: "Where's Billie Jean?"

PLAYBOY: Is it possible that you have become, to many of your readers, the personification of *WomenSports'* lifestyle, as Hugh Hefner is considered by some to be the personification of the *PLAYBOY* lifestyle?

KING: Well, I don't know. I certainly don't live like he does. First of all, I don't have the money he has. And high living doesn't turn me on.

PLAYBOY: You have to get to bed early, watch your diet?

KING: I have to watch my diet. As far as getting to bed early, I don't know. . . . You know what else he has that I don't? Time. But I don't think I'd ever want to live the way he does. It's super for him, if that's where he's at.

PLAYBOY: Lately, some of the sportswriters have started to refer to you in print as sexy. How does that make you feel?

KING: I don't understand it, but right on!

PLAYBOY: Dan Wakefield, writing in *Esquire*, observed that most of his male friends now have their favorite woman tennis player, just as they used to have their favorite movie actress. Do you think it's possible that woman athletes are replacing film stars as popular idols? Does a guy put up Billie Jean King's picture in his room today, where a generation ago he might have put up Elizabeth Taylor's?

KING: That's happening to a certain degree. I think people want realism, and sports provide that. You can be a superstar celebrity on television, in movies, but people are sophisticated enough now to know that what they see onscreen, or on TV, is rehearsed, edited, cut. They see me going out and hitting a ball, sweating my guts out, missing the ball and getting angry; that's real. You can't fake it.

PLAYBOY: And when Billie Jean King gets mad, she shows it. What sort of things are you yelling out there on the court?

KING: Very bad words. Four-letter words, some of them. I think coaching this year made me worse; it really put me under. I've been just terrible. I try not to use those words when I'm around young people—although, actually, I think the young people say worse words than I do.

PLAYBOY: You once told a reporter that one of your mother's pet sayings was "Always be a lady." Are you still a lady, Billie Jean?

KING: I still don't know what that word means. I used to ask her, "Mother, what does that mean?" And she'd say, "Well, you know." But I never did. I guess she means "don't swear, and be gorgeous all

the time." I'm not into that. That's not the way I am.

PLAYBOY: You're first and foremost a tennis player?

KING: Now I think I'm beyond tennis and into sports in general, and into speaking to women and fighting for their rights. Women depend on me and need me, and there's a lot to be done. I mean, if you look at the budgets for girls in school sports, for example, and compare them with the budgets for boys' sports, they're ridiculous—especially at the high school and college levels. I think it's time we changed the psyche of the country, and not just where women are concerned. I don't want to see women pressured by society to become housewives and mothers, but I also have empathy for the little boy who doesn't want to be a superjock and his father says, "You're going to play in the little league." I don't go for that, either. Let the boy do what he wants to do.

PLAYBOY: As you know, many people feel the feminist movement has created a kind of reverse pressure—to make women feel they *ought* to have a career, that they owe it to themselves and their sisters. What's your feeling about that?

KING: If that were the core of the women's movement, I wouldn't be interested in it and I don't think most women would be involved with it. If a woman wants to have a career, I say fine, don't put her down for it. But if she wants to be a housewife, right on; if she wants to be a mother, that's beautiful. I want every woman to be able to be whatever she *wants* to be. That's what the women's movement is all about. All we want is for every woman to be able to pursue whatever career or personal lifestyle she chooses as a full and equal member of the society, without fear of sexual discrimination. That's a pretty basic and simple statement, but it's hard sometimes to get people to accept it—or even to understand it. And because of the way other people think, it can be even harder to reach the point in your own life where you can live by it.

PLAYBOY: Somewhere along the line, Billie Jean King, champion tennis player, has become Billie Jean King, champion of women's lib. Can you trace that evolution for us?

KING: I think the turning point was around 1966 or 1967, when I started realizing that as a woman athlete I had very few opportunities—and that society really didn't accept women athletes as human beings. It had such negative connotations. And I thought, that's so stupid, because sports are so much fun, and a lot of women had missed out because it wasn't acceptable for them to be athletes. And I used to rant and rave about it to Larry, and he'd say, "Well, that's wonderful. What are you going to do?" And he was the one who said, "Women, first of all, are second-class citizens." And I said, "Whaddaya mean, whaddaya mean?" And he said

Ethel, After years of waiting for the Sunrise, the light just dawned.

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- ① She has her own apartment.
- ② She can whip up a perfect Sunrise at the drop of a hint. And now I know, if a friend doesn't know that Cuervo makes the Sunrise, you have to make a new friend. Like Sonia.

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because people keep women subservient, by opening doors for them and things.

PLAYBOY: You don't like to have doors opened for you?

KING: There's nothing wrong with it, except that it keeps you down in a way. You're not assertive enough. Which is true; women do tend to wait for someone else to make a decision. Not so much anymore, but they did.

Anyway, that all gave me something to think about, and then I started trying to see how I could make things change. Starting with sports. Because there were definitely very few, if any, opportunities for a woman to make a career as an athlete, unless she came from a wealthy family or somebody wanted to sponsor her. There again, you're dependent on somebody else. I didn't want that; I wanted to help create a vehicle that would work for anyone—rich, poor, any color. I started out working very hard for open tennis, until I found out women's tennis would suffer very greatly from that, because the men were going to leave us out. So then I channeled my interest into women's tennis and helped create the women's circuit. And the way it's worked out has been tremendous.

PLAYBOY: So you had sports, not women's liberation, in mind when you started the circuit?

KING: Women's liberation was part of it, in that I was trying to create more opportunities, to make us equal. In practice, I was a women's libber whether I labeled myself that or not. Margaret Court says she's not a women's libber, but she definitely is. She's making her second comeback after two babies and her husband's going to go on the circuit with her and take care of the babies.

PLAYBOY: That's women's lib?

KING: To me it is. Maybe to somebody else it isn't. I think it's great, because they're happy and for them it's right.

PLAYBOY: There was a period during the development of the women's movement when lesbianism was considered to be a badge of honor. Did—

KING: WHAT?

PLAYBOY: Some elements of the women's movement considered lesbianism a badge of honor.

KING: Oh, God. That's a bunch of bull. I never heard that one.

PLAYBOY: Then you never felt any psychological pressure to try lesbianism as a way to demonstrate support for women's liberation?

KING: No. Gay women turn on to me sometimes, gay women's lib people. I get a lot of letters from them, but they're OK when I meet them. They don't make passes at all. They say, "Thank you for what you're doing to help people be free and to accept each other for what they are." I think that's a healthy thing.

PLAYBOY: Grace Lichtenstein, in her book *A Long Way, Baby*, about women's pro tennis, claims there is a split on the

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**Walt Garrison,
football and rodeo star.**

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circuit between lesbian and heterosexual players. Is that true?

KING: That's not true. I don't understand parts of that book at all. I think Grace just wanted to sell a lot of books and make a lot of money. She was around only about a month and a half. Maybe a little longer. The book is just her personal opinion.

PLAYBOY: Well, there is another persistent rumor—this one about you in particular. That is that some time ago you told an interviewer that you were bisexual, but that the article was killed when your sponsor, Virginia Slims cigarettes, heard about it and threatened to withdraw support from World Team Tennis.

KING: That's the first time I've heard of that rumor, and it's definitely not true. Although there's some lesbianism among women athletes—just as there is homosexuality among males—it's rarely an issue. It isn't nearly as prevalent as some people seem to think. That's a misconception people have grown up with—that for a woman to excel in sports she must be more male than female. That's nonsense. This kind of thinking puts off many young girls who might want to get into sports. Anyway, I don't think the sex life of athletes is an important issue.

PLAYBOY: You're not a lesbian yourself, then?

KING: My sex life is no one's business, but if I don't answer your question, people will think I have something to hide, so I'm in a bind. I'm damned if I answer your question and damned if I don't, but I'll give you the answer: No, I'm not a lesbian. That's not even in the ball park for me. But even though that scene isn't in my bag, I think people should be free to do whatever they want to do and get their pleasure any way they can as long as it doesn't hurt somebody else. I'm for liberation at all levels, be it gay liberation or whatever.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about the fairly common view that as women become more emancipated they tend to become tougher, more masculine?

KING: Society today forces women to stand up for what they believe is right, and a woman who stands up for herself is always accused of being masculine. Speaking personally, I've found that I have to stand up for myself or else I'll come out a loser. When I find I'm getting a little hard, I try to catch myself and say, "Billie, you're getting bitchy," and cool it.

In my opinion, though, masculine and feminine are words that should be eliminated from our vocabularies. Like having a baby doesn't make a woman more feminine, anymore than it makes the father more masculine. If a man is gentle, it doesn't mean he's less of a man. I think he's *more* of a man, and more of a person, yet most people think gentleness is a feminine quality. I don't think we should get hung up on role playing.

PLAYBOY: Do you deal much with other

recognized spokeswomen for the liberation movement? Gloria Steinem, Betty Friedan, Germaine Greer?

KING: I know Gloria the best of those three. I think she's a tremendous person, because she has the conviction to try to do what she believes in. Like having enough guts to start *Ms.* magazine. I really admire her for that. She's into different things than I am, like politics. She's never really been into sports. She thinks they're too violent. I asked her, "Gloria, what are you talking about? Most sports are not violent, they're just fun." She said, "Well, I don't picture it that way, because I grew up in a very poor neighborhood and when I used to walk down the street, I'd see even the bowling-league teams trying to knock each other on the head after the games. I just didn't want to be around that part of life." Now, I grew up in Long Beach and I went to the public parks to play softball, play tennis, so that was my experience as a youngster. I grew up thinking sports are fun and games. Gloria's experience was different, and that's why to this day I can't really get her into sports.

You know, another person I really admire who doesn't get the publicity Gloria gets is Pat Carbine, an editor of *Ms.* I think she's a tremendous human being; she has a lot of humor. She helped Larry a lot with getting our magazine started.

PLAYBOY: Speaking of *Ms.*, how do you feel about being a Mrs.? In your autobiography, you said you were sorry you were married.

KING: Well, marriage can be bunk, except that it makes it easier to be together. Society leaves you alone more if you're married. But I think the reason I said that in my book was that people had been driving me nuts. They just didn't understand our relationship at all and they were asking the same questions they'd asked for eight years: Where is your husband? Doesn't he travel with you? When are you going to retire? Don't you want kids? And so on. They were always chipping away at me, always expecting me to live up to their own expectations rather than to mine. I think that's a lot of rubbish, but when you hear it day in and day out, it gets a little heavy and tends to weigh you down. If I were single again, I felt, a lot of those questions would stop, or at least my answers would make more sense to people.

I've thought about all that, and I've decided that the reason I was getting such heavy pressure from people is that most everybody likes to be reinforced. A housewife would like me to quit and settle down and have babies, because it reinforces her lifestyle, and some men don't like career women because if their wives went out to work, it might upset the balance of their relationship. Well, that's their opinion and they're entitled to it, but it's not right for me. I believe we should learn to accept people who aren't into our particular roles. For instance, if I meet a family that loves being together

24 hours a day, then I'm happy for them, although it's opposite to the kind of life I lead. But in return, I think they should say to me, "Billie Jean, whatever's right for you is fine with us. You're OK, I'm OK. Do whatever you choose to do." If we could just learn to be more tolerant of others, even though they're not reinforcing our lifestyle, it would be a better world.

PLAYBOY: There's been talk for quite a while that you and Larry are planning a divorce. Is there any truth to it?

KING: The rumors got started when we first got married. People said we wouldn't make it, especially because I was involved in trying to change things. They figured that a woman who's deeply into women's lib has to be domineering. But our personalities have never had anything to do with our marriage difficulties. Our difficulties stem from the demands of our careers. When we were married, we were both so young and idealistic that neither of us had any idea what strange and different directions our lives would take because of tennis. I didn't feel then that I'd be playing too much longer, maybe only three or four years. Then I figured I'd retire and have my kids and settle down as the wife of a successful lawyer. I didn't really know then that tennis was on the verge of a series of revolutions that would change the game forever, and neither of us had any idea what impact all of that would have on our own lives.

PLAYBOY: What were the worst years for your marriage?

KING: I think our worst time together was in 1969, right after Larry finished law school. He wanted to live in Hawaii and I said fine, but right away I was miserable. That made my plane trip to the East Coast—where most of the tournaments were held—11 hours. And in the islands, they couldn't care less about tennis; there just wasn't anything for me to do there. So I'd hop into Honolulu for a week, and it was great when Larry had time off; but he was just starting to practice law and didn't *have* much time off. And when he did, he liked to go swimming. I didn't, but I'd go lie on the beach and get a sun-tan. At night we'd usually go out with other lawyers and their wives, but that was another problem. I just couldn't handle the social scene. I felt lost whenever I was there and for the first time I thought that perhaps Larry and I were on different levels. During the next four years, I thought about divorce a lot, and by the end of 1973, we were both talking about it. But we decided to hang in and now I'm glad we did.

PLAYBOY: What made you both decide against a divorce?

KING: I'm not sure, except that we both stopped talking about it. Part of the reason was that during the winter of 1973 and 1974 I was caught up in the aftermath of my match with Bobby Riggs and I was trying to get *WomenSports* off the ground. I



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was also getting into shape for the 1974 Virginia Slims tour. And Larry was tied up almost daily with World Team Tennis. Even if we had finally decided to go ahead with it, I think neither of us would have had the time to file the papers.

More important, I think we've come to a pretty solid understanding about where our relationship is. He's got his career and I've got mine and they're like two big intersecting circles. At those points where they meet, everything's great. Where they don't meet, what can I say except that we can both handle it because we know that's just the way things are going to be for a few more years. If we had divorced, it wouldn't have been a traditional split at all, because I'm pretty sure we would have kept on living together. Considering the amount of traveling we both did and the time we were already apart, even a divorce wouldn't have changed our relationship very much at all.

Actually, Larry and I are very blessed because we have something most couples don't have, and that is the same type of goals. It sounds cold to me when I hear myself saying that, but our goals are mutual. He works his bahoola off with all the administrative and technical details and I'm out there on the court working *my* bahoola off, but we're both working for the same thing: to improve tennis and other sports in this country and to give all people—men *and* women—an equal opportunity to achieve whatever goals they set for themselves.

PLAYBOY: Apart from your common goals, how do you and Larry feel about each other now?

KING: I still love him and I know I always will. And I know he loves me. But we disagree on the meaning of love. To him, it's liking someone the most, and I feel love is something special and far different from liking. I understand what he's saying, however. He's just not as emotional as I am. I'm more old-fashioned, and to me love is really indescribable. It's something extra, something special.

On the other hand, I don't feel loving each other means Larry and I have to be together 24 hours a day. I don't think that's where it's at, at least not for me. You can't measure love in time spent together, and too many men get a sense of power from insisting that their wives be with them when they want them. The important thing is *wanting* to be with someone; then, when you're together, you really appreciate each other more. You remember the times apart and make more of the time you have together, which I don't think most people do. But Larry and I are into that now. We really enjoy the time we have together, because it's precious.

PLAYBOY: What kind of guy is Larry?

KING: Very busy. His mind is always going. He's very stubborn. Very intelligent. A lot of us are book smart, but he's more: He's book smart as well as being able to

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PLAYBOY: What's he like as a husband? Is he jealous?

KING: No. He's very proud, we're both proud of what the other has done.

PLAYBOY: Are you jealous?

KING: Of what? Of Larry? No. I think it's great. I like to see him get more recognition for what he's done.

PLAYBOY: We mean jealous maybe of Larry and other women. Does that ever occur to you?

KING: Oh, yeah, it occurs to me. I would probably be jealous. That's a good question. I think I'd have to have a pretty good reason before I'd get uptight.

PLAYBOY: But he's not really jealous in that sense?

KING: I don't know if he is or not. He keeps his emotions in. He's not like me in that sense: I'm much more out front.

PLAYBOY: How important is tennis to him?

KING: He loves it. He's working at it, of course, from an administrative point of view. And he goes out and plays every moment he gets. I'm sure I'm the one who got him into it as deeply as he is, but he played tennis before I met him. At least three or four years before I met him.

PLAYBOY: Well, does he have reason to be jealous? Joyce McConnigal of Johns Hopkins University was quoted in a recent issue of *Sports Illustrated* as saying that the audience for women's sports these days usually consists of "boyfriends, lovers and other strangers." Do you find men turning on to you, following you around?

KING: Well, the Virginia Slims circuit has its own groupies, fellows who hang around our tournaments. It doesn't always give me a very good feeling, because I don't know if they like me as a person or because I'm a celebrity. I have a hunch if I weren't Billie Jean King, they wouldn't be interested in me, so I don't pay much attention to them. Besides, I'm married, so that gives me a little protection. I *think*. I don't know.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever thought of trying an open marriage?

KING: Larry and I talked about it after reading the book *Open Marriage* and, although it sounds good in theory, I think it would be pretty tough to put into practice. It really depends on the couple. Speaking for myself, I don't think I could handle it, and I'm not willing to experiment with it, because it might destroy what we already have.

PLAYBOY: You've been married for nearly ten years; by that time, most couples have had at least one child. But in 1972 you made headlines when you admitted to having had an abortion. What were the factors that dictated your decision?

KING: I got pregnant in late February 1971. I took the usual tests and when they came out positive, there was absolutely no question about what I would do. Larry and I agreed on an abortion from the

beginning. There was very little discussion about morality involved in our decision; we just both agreed that it was absolutely the wrong time for us to bring a child into the world. Even though we had been married for five and a half years, our marriage was not on as secure a footing then as it is now. We needed more time together by ourselves to see where our relationship was headed. And I was entering a period of great change in my life, personally and professionally, and under the circumstances, I felt it just wasn't proper to start a family. Additionally, I didn't want to become a mother unless I could devote myself fully to motherhood and I knew that was something I couldn't do, wasn't prepared to do, at the time. So I decided to go ahead with the abortion.

PLAYBOY: What was it like?

KING: It was the simplest operation I've ever had. I went to a hospital in California, was knocked out, had the abortion, spent two hours in the recovery room and later the same day, Larry took me home. There was no pain, no trauma.

PLAYBOY: The news didn't get out till more than a year after that. Why didn't you talk about it?

KING: I didn't think it was anybody's business. But I signed a petition for *Ms.* magazine indicating that I was in favor of legalized abortion. Then Mark Asher, the tennis writer for *The Washington Post*, asked me directly in an interview whether I'd had an abortion. I hedged the answer, because, although I'd told some close friends about it, I had never told my parents, because I was certain they wouldn't understand. Asher's story was headlined "ABORTION MADE POSSIBLE MRS. KING'S TOP YEAR." Although Asher hadn't quoted me as saying I'd had an abortion, he'd put two and two together and the story was out on the wire services and got big play. My parents found out about my abortion from the papers, not from me. Meanwhile, Larry and I went to Hawaii and when we returned to San Francisco for Mother's Day with my parents, my mom told me she had cried for three days when she read about it. She just didn't understand. I tried to explain it as well as I could: that Larry and I love kids and want children, but the timing was wrong. Mainly, I was sorry I hadn't had the guts to tell her myself.

PLAYBOY: What was the public reaction to news of your abortion?

KING: Hate mail started to come in, most of it unsigned and most of it vicious. But, overall, a lot of good came from it. Several women have told me that just knowing I'd had an abortion made it easier for them to have theirs, and that was really a big plus. Even now, I don't expect everybody to accept what I did, but it was our choice—Larry's and mine—and that's the way I think things like that have to be decided. I certainly don't want to put my own standards on other people and I

don't want them putting their standards on me.

PLAYBOY: Do you think, in retrospect, that you did the right thing?

KING: It was the right thing for me at that time, and it was right in the sense that I've been able to help other women who may want an abortion but are afraid of censure from friends, family or society. I don't think every woman is *meant* to be a mother. A lot of women have children because of social pressures on them, especially from their peer group. Like, when a high school class graduates and some of the girls get married, two years later everybody is supposed to have a baby. That's just reinforcement of each other's roles again. That's got to be changed. I'm not saying, "Don't have babies." What I'm saying is, "Make sure you're doing what you want to do when you bring a child into the world."

PLAYBOY: Would you like to have children someday?

KING: Yes, definitely. Larry and I talk about it a lot. I think children are super and I want to have kids by the time I'm 35 just for bodily reasons. But it wouldn't make any difference to me if I had them in or out of marriage. I know that'll blow everybody's mind, but when I have kids, they'll be Larry's, whether we're still married or not.

PLAYBOY: If you weren't married to Larry and were free to choose, would you marry a tennis player?

KING: You marry the person you love and not the person's profession. Many people have a hang-up about marrying someone in the same profession, because if the woman outshines the guy, then all hell breaks loose. But I think that if two people are in the same profession, they should be able to help each other and be more understanding instead of being competitive.

PLAYBOY: What do you think of the romance between Chris Evert and Jimmy Connors?

KING: I have mixed feelings about that, because I think they're very young, but I feel they're good for each other. They know how much it hurts to lose and how good it feels to win, and they can share the ups and downs.

PLAYBOY: Chris gets a lot of headlines, but not as many as Billie Jean King. How do you feel about being the number-one woman tennis player in terms of public recognition, when Margaret Court may have won more tournaments?

KING: You mean major titles? I have purposely not played in as many major title tournaments as Margaret. I've been much more active than she has in starting new things, taking risks. Margaret's always waited, always been one of the status-quo people. She's a great tennis player, but she doesn't like to think of new ideas. She doesn't like to change. And that's fine—for Margaret. Not for me. Now, I could have gone around and tried to play all the

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major tournaments every year, but I worked harder in other areas. She has won more titles. But what are titles? A lot of the titles we win have no depth. I've won a lot of titles, but I don't think they mean anything. It's *who* you beat that makes you get turned on.

PLAYBOY: You and Margaret have been competitors for a long time. In your book *Billie Jean*, you said you've been thinking a lot about going head to head with her in a 25-match series and settling things once and for all. How do you think such a series would turn out?

KING: It's hard to tell. I think right now, the score would probably be about ten all, with five to go. I've become the kind of person who rises to big occasions, and I think I could handle that kind of series of matches better than Margaret, who is very different from me, more mechanical. She's taller and stronger physically, and I have to depend more on speed and skill and my ability to make more shots. She can't hit a top-spin backhand and doesn't have a lot of touch—but she doesn't need it with her height, whereas I have to depend on it.

PLAYBOY: We've heard a lot about you and about Margaret and about Chris. Are there any good new women players coming up?

KING: Oh, yes, lots. I sometimes wish the media would get off the Chris Evert, Evonne Goolagong, Billie Jean King, Margaret Court thing. I think we've been overexposed at times. Rosie Casals gets a lot of mileage, but not as much. Well, she hasn't earned it. In other sports, they're always talking about the rookies, the new players. We need more new faces. I think with a network TV contract, people will see more new faces, get more of a feeling of depth.

PLAYBOY: Is there any new player coming up whom you fear?

KING: I always fear all of them, because you never know what may come out of the woodwork. Martina Navratilova, the Czech player, has a lot of ability. She's very strong. She wants it.

PLAYBOY: You mean she's lean and hungry?

KING: She's pretty chunky. Says she's going to lose some weight. Sure, I know what you mean. She has talent, ability and, I think, desire.

PLAYBOY: Speaking of weight, you are forever swearing off your main food passion, ice cream, in order to shed a few pounds. Do you diet because of your looks or because of tennis?

KING: Tennis. I don't care what I look like as long as I feel good. I can move better when I'm thinner.

PLAYBOY: Who do you think is the *best* player in tennis today?

KING: Rod Laver is probably the best player ever, followed by John Newcombe, who is more consistent and has the best second serve of any player.

PLAYBOY: What do you think of Ilie Nastase?

KING: I think he's ridiculous, always trying to put his opponent off. He's a good enough player not to have to resort to tantrums and theatrics on court—childish gamesmanship. Off the court, however, I really like him as a person. Also, he has a great body. He and Roger Taylor are really gorgeous men.

PLAYBOY: What do you mean by a gorgeous man? What turns you on about men?

KING: I like to see guys' legs and their bahoolas, which is probably one reason I like to watch tennis. And I like to see something alive in a man's face and eyes. Mostly, though, even if I'm turned on physically, I want to know what a man is like as a human being.

PLAYBOY: Any other male tennis players you admire? What about Connors?

KING: Jimmy was golden at Wimbledon. He was nervous but contained, and he used that nervous energy properly. If you can do that, you'll play super tennis—and he did.

PLAYBOY: What do you think is the difference between a champion and a consistent runner-up?

KING: Champions try harder and longer. And on match point against him—at the moment when the whole match is on the line—a champion will suddenly get about three times tougher, while the ordinary good player will just keep on playing at the same pace.

PLAYBOY: With the exception of Arthur Ashe, there are no black tennis champions, despite the ability blacks have demonstrated in other sports. What's the reason for that? Is it racial bias?

KING: Well, in many people's minds, tennis is still a sport not only for the white but for the rich. That's beginning to change now, but you have to remember that it's only recently that we began opening the doors for all income levels. In five or ten years, you're going to see a lot of top players who are black or members of other minority groups, but they're probably only 12 or 13 years old now. You don't develop champions overnight.

PLAYBOY: Why do you think Ashe hasn't made it to number one?

KING: Because he can't compromise. He hits every ball too hard. And I don't think he ever thinks for himself. He's pretty much a follower, not a leader. Nevertheless, he's done exceptionally well and has made it to the finals in a lot of World Championship Tennis tournaments. Personally, I always wanted Arthur to do better, because I like him. But I don't think he'll ever be number one.

PLAYBOY: How do you think you'd stand up against Ashe or some of the other top male players today?

KING: I wouldn't have a chance against them. For that matter, some of the senior players today—such as Pancho Gonzales, Pancho Segura and Tony Trabert—would kill me. I've always said that. First of all, they'd beat me on sheer strength; and they'd have a psychological edge.

PLAYBOY: How much of that is psychological edge? Why is a little Ken Rosewall faster and stronger than a big Margaret Court?

KING: I'm not sure that he's faster and stronger. What people don't realize is that there's a huge overlap, a physical overlap, between men and women, and between different men and different women. Margaret Court is much taller and stronger than I am. Stan Smith is much taller and stronger than Ken Rosewall. But we all play one another.

People always try to put women on one side of the fence and men on the other. You can't do that. You can't do that in brain power. You can't do it in physical power. There is an overlap. I may not be the number-one tennis player in the men's division, but that doesn't mean I couldn't hold my own somewhere in the men's division. Especially if I had conditioned myself for it for 20 years the way many of the men have. Women aren't going to catch up overnight, just like the blacks and other minorities aren't going to catch up overnight. It will take a while.

PLAYBOY: But it's been said that women are afraid to win against men. Is that true?

KING: Yes. *I* am. I don't like to win against men. It doesn't make me feel good at all, and I know it's because of my conditioning. There are young women on the staff of our magazine who say, "Oh, I love to beat my boyfriend, because he gets so upset." Well, now, that's got to be a switch! That's the other extreme.

PLAYBOY: When you play Larry, does he expect you to beat him?

KING: No, he gives me a go. He's getting better. Probably in five more years, he'll start beating me—and I'll get really ticked.

PLAYBOY: Why didn't Bobby Riggs do better against you?

KING: Because he wasn't in shape and he underestimated me after his match with Margaret Court. If Riggs were to play Gonzales, Pancho would tear him apart, because Bobby isn't even the best senior; he's just the best promoter. I think Riggs is a nice, amusing guy, though, and he's been good for tennis.

PLAYBOY: Do you think we'll ever see another man-versus-woman match in a different sport—and, if so, what?

KING: I'm sure there'll be other times. Golf, maybe.

PLAYBOY: What woman golfer is good enough to challenge Jack Nicklaus?

KING: I didn't challenge a John Newcombe. I beat an old man. What if Carol Mann and Doug Sanders played? They're both great golfers. But I'm not sure it would have the same kind of drama, because ours was the first. Bobby Riggs is an unusual personality. I think the combination is going to be difficult to find.

PLAYBOY: Just before the Riggs match, your husband went on TV and read a statement explaining why Gene Scott was doing the color instead of ex-champion

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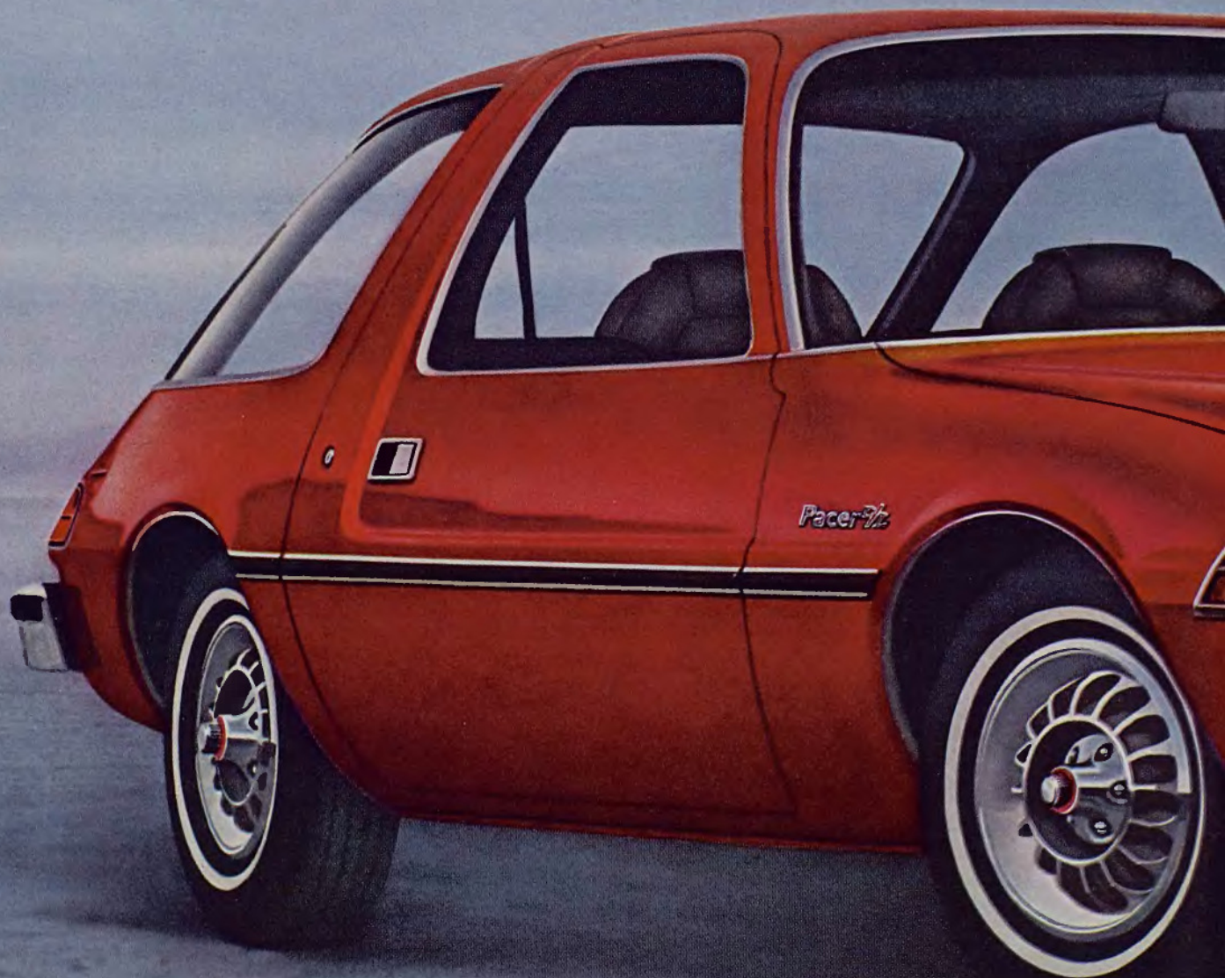
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Jack Kramer, who's head of the Association of Tennis Professionals. Larry made it clear that you don't like Kramer and didn't want him in the press box. When did the feud start?

KING: That goes back to the time in the Pacific Southwest Championships when he screwed us up. I walked off, I was so mad at him. He was the official referee and when we had a dispute over line calls, he couldn't be bothered to come down to the court to make the final decision. He was up in the TV box. He could have been down on that court in 20 seconds. I asked for him and asked for him and he wouldn't come down. I said, "That's it. I'm not playing." That just did it for me. Up yours, Jack. Why should I give him world-wide exposure? He doesn't like women's tennis, which is fine. But he won't admit it. He's two-faced. I don't like two-faced people. He really is. I don't think Jack cares about anybody but Jack. The male players work for him; he doesn't work for them.

PLAYBOY: Your share of the Riggs match combined with your income from TV commercials, advertisements, promotions and other enterprises related to tennis probably brought you an income of more than a million dollars in 1974. That's a tremendous amount of money for a tennis player to earn, especially a woman. Don't you agree?

KING: It's a lot of money for *anyone* to earn. Larry's the only one who can tell you exactly what my income last year was, because he handles the books. I have a question for you, though: Do female entertainers get paid less than male entertainers? No. Their pay depends on whether they draw at the box office. Entertainment value, getting people through the turnstiles, that's the name of the game. One of the things we're trying to do in World Team Tennis is to enhance the entertainment value of the sport.

PLAYBOY: Is that why W.T.T. allows, even encourages, yelling and rooting during a match? The Hawaii Leis, whose name has inspired a series of bad jokes, passed out megaphones to their fans during a recent match. Pittsburgh has its rally girls, the Goola-gongs, and the Boston Lobsters have as their cheerleading mascot a guy dressed up in a red lobster suit with a racket in one claw and shocking-pink panty hose peeking out from under his tail. In Philadelphia, a huge replica of the Liberty Bell rings every time the Freedoms win a set. As a player, don't you find all this hoopla disconcerting?

KING: Not at all. I love partisan crowds, for me or against me. Part of being a good tennis player is being able to put up with that and keep your concentration. The point is that we want people to get *involved* with tennis the way they're involved with other sports. They don't sit on their hands when they're watching a football or basketball game, so why should they sit quietly to watch tennis?

PLAYBOY: The point scoring in each W.T.T. game is one, two, three, four, rather than the traditional 15, 30, 40, game. And if a game goes to three-three, the player who scores the next point wins; there are no advantages or deuces. Do you think this new no-ad system will become popular in other tournaments?

KING: Yes, I do. It's much better, because it makes the game more crucial, and the more crucial points you have, the more involved the fans get—although it's much tougher on the players mentally, because they can't let up. And because the games don't go on endlessly, with advantages in and out, old-timers such as Roy Emerson, who's 39, Fred Stolle, 35, and Maria Bueno, 34, can keep up their careers and perhaps stay on as coaches. We've extended the playing life of the top pros, and that's all to the good.

PLAYBOY: Another unique feature of W.T.T. is its format for play: one set each of women's singles, men's singles, women's doubles and men's doubles, with a ten-minute break before concluding with mixed doubles—although not always with the same players, which means that none of the players gets much of a workout. Do you like that format?

KING: Most of the men I've talked with agree that the traditional five-set match is ridiculous, because they all have such heavy schedules. I also think the audience gets bored with long matches. In W.T.T., we go to six all and then play a nine-point tie breaker, which makes every point more dramatic for the spectators. It's easier on the promoter, too, because he can schedule a lot of matches, which has got to be a plus from his point of view as well as the fans', who want to see a lot of tennis players in action. People don't want to see stamina; they want to see *skill*.

PLAYBOY: What part of the format do audiences seem to like most?

KING: Mixed doubles. I think mixed doubles is by far the most exciting form of tennis.

PLAYBOY: Why?

KING: Because there's immediate identification for everybody in the audience. A man looks at Smith and wonders, "Could I do that?" If it's a woman, she wonders if she could return that guy's serve.

We're still not making tennis fun enough for enough of the public, but we're getting there. I want the players to have better, more informative introductions on television, for example. I want to help other players learn how to express themselves better, because they're the future stars. It's like show business. The stars have to be personalities, not just great tennis players anymore.

PLAYBOY: Like movie stars?

KING: Court stars. It's the same thing.

PLAYBOY: Are you still in tennis because you love it—or are you in it for the money?

KING: Money doesn't make me try harder and never has. I just want to go out and do my best, and I firmly believe that's the way most athletes are. When I'm at a table, negotiating a contract, I try to get the most I can, but once the contract is signed, I don't think it makes any difference. Some individuals, and I'm one of them, are going to bust a gut day in and day out because that's the way they are as human beings. And the ones who won't bust a gut aren't going to make it.

Another thing that motivates me is fear of failing. On the way up, there's always that insidious, nagging fear that you're not quite going to make it, that in the crunch you're going to come up just a bit short. And once you reach the top, there's the absolute dread of the day when it's all going to end. You can never win enough titles, or money, or awards, because people always expect you to do it one more time and, of course, you come to expect it of yourself. Tennis may be pretty insignificant in the over-all picture, but for those few hours during a match, it really is life or death.

PLAYBOY: Were you depressed after losing at Wimbledon in 1974?

KING: Of course I was. Winning is almost a relief, and you tend to forget a victory; but losing always hurts—and you always remember *that*. Olga Morozova played me to a T at Wimbledon, so I have no excuses—but I'm still upset about it. I was depressed and angry with myself for 24 hours and I didn't want to see people. But then I started working a lot harder. I had given up ice cream for five months and was the thinnest I've ever been and running every day, which, at 30 years of age, was a lot harder on me than it was a few years ago—and then to lose anyway! Man, that's not easy to handle. But I know that on any given day I may lose, because there are people today who can beat me. I think that's what makes an athlete humble. I've said it before and I'll say it again: Victory is fleeting, but losing is forever.

PLAYBOY: Was there a turning point in your life when you decided that you could be number one?

KING: Yes, and ironically, it was a defeat that told me I could become number one. The turning point came during the summer of 1965 at Forest Hills, when I lost to Margaret Court. I had beaten her once at Wimbledon, in 1962, but lost 14 consecutive matches to her after that. In the first eight games of the first set in '65, I played fantastically well and built a five-three lead but lost the set, eight-six. The same thing happened in the second set: I had a five-three lead and even got to 40-15, double set point, on my serve in the tenth game. But then Margaret picked herself up and I didn't. I played carefully and didn't cut loose. Certain players never develop this ability. They play brilliantly and steadily to the last point and

(continued on page 194)

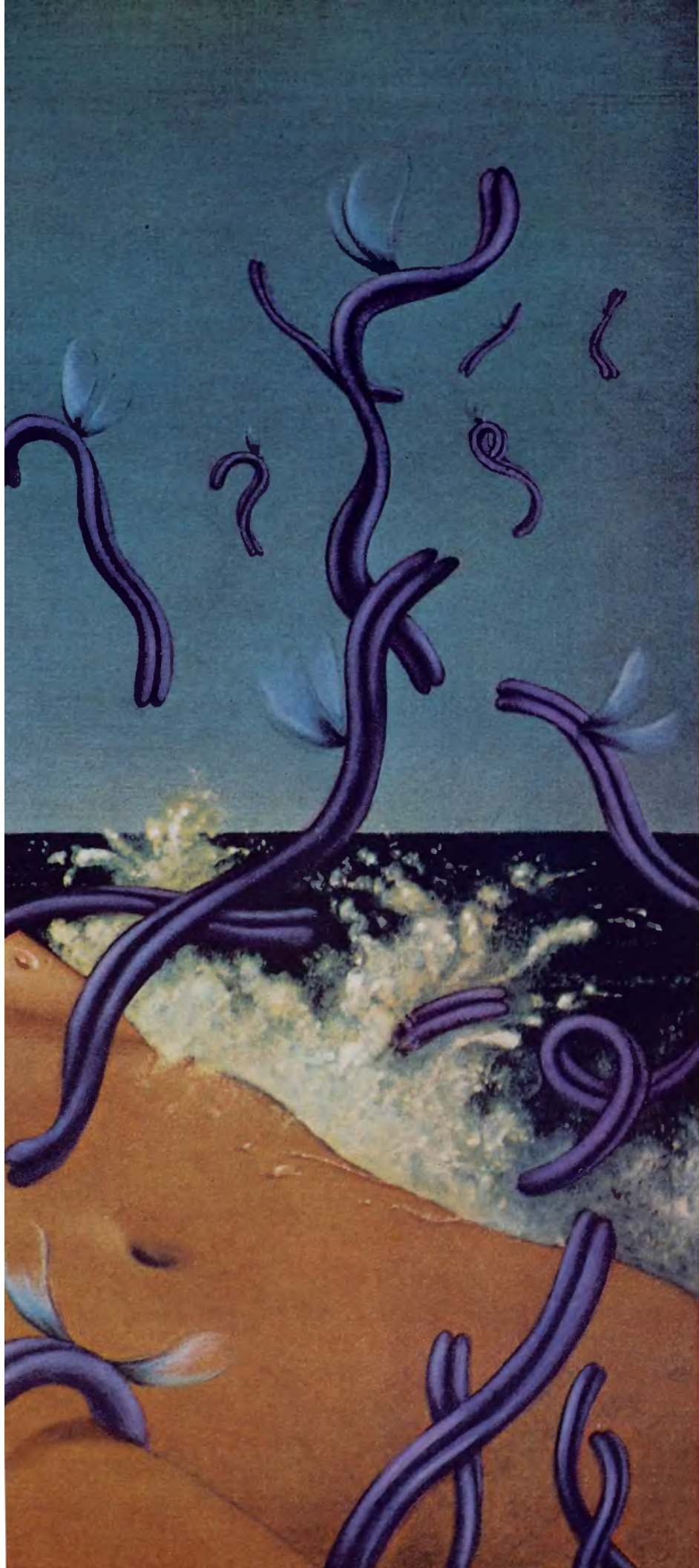


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Up out of ZOAR

first he would have to commit murder, then a far greater sin, all in the name of survival

fiction By BEN MADDOW

ALL WAS SERENE: the air, the dry weeds, the dunes, the sky, the flat, windless sea. Bernal, inside the house, opened the window so he could breathe into himself the utter quiet, the space without birds, insects or planes. There was a hint of wild sage this year; perhaps the rains had been heavier during the past winter. Yes, why not leave the planet to all green and rooted things? Everything animal, he said to himself, was a monstrosity, an episode that was soon to be finished. Because on this particular Tuesday, Bernal and his daughter were still, as far as they could discover, absolutely alone in the world.

Sarah had got up long before her father, because it was her 14th birthday, and she had expected some gift, some amazement, or at least a change of weather. She left the house barefoot and lifted her long nightgown in both thick hands as she ran down to the tide. The sea had saved her life during the half-hour war. Even when she was two and three, she swam easily, loved to dive and, with the help of a small mask and a cylinder, preferred to stay hidden, moving as slowly as a leaf, muffled in the

thick, salty, comfortable fluid.

The morning had become overcast; on the slopes below the cliff, the blue daisies remained shut and the ocean was as flat as the blade of a knife. Without undressing, Sarah plunged into the slow wave and propelled herself, side stroke, down under a floating island of immense kelp.

Below, all was green and gray and silver. A small school of sardines shifted and turned away toward the open sea. Hidden in the deeper shadow were two haddock of different sizes. The lean one did a swimming dance around the fat one, then rubbed and wrestled with it, scales against scales, and danced away, using fins as if they were quivering fans.

Bernal stood at the window, thin, a little past six feet tall, with the heavy-knobbed bones of a much heavier man. His skin was a beautiful but somewhat ambiguous brown, like coffee sweetened with evaporated milk direct from the can. He looked away from the sea and stared at the blanched nails of his left hand. At the edge of his vision, Sarah rose from the sea bottom and took two great gasping breaths. Salt water poured from the ends of her long hair, from her ten fingers, from the soft dark points of her breasts; and drops glittered in the little oily hollow at the base of her throat. She shouted over the water, "Poppa! Poppa!"

Their house had four small rooms: a kitchen with a great scarred mahogany table out of some inland mansion, two bedrooms and a bathroom chronically out of repair. Bernal's room had shelves along four sides and even at the back of the connecting door. When he brought more books back from his weekly trip, he piled them up on the floor in perfectly regular towers; which, however, when an especially high tide shook the piers under the porch, came flopping down and spreading open, their pages full of mysteries.

"Come and look, Dad! I found them again!"

Bernal pulled on his swimming trunks and went out onto the little warped porch. A long, paralyzing yawn distorted his bronze face. For the past six or seven years, he had divided his waking day into half-hour sections, with a duty assigned to each; but lately he could no longer wake up on time. His dreams held him powerfully and even ran screaming in his head after he was awake.

"They're so funny!" she told him.

"What?"

"The fish! Both of them!"

Bernal reached for his harpoon, hung on two hooks set into the whitewashed wall. The small saw-toothed blade was secured by a fishing line to the staff; the driving power was furnished by a steel spring, ingeniously rigged out of an old movie camera he had found in Sea View. He wound it up as he walked into the water.

"We could have eggs for breakfast. I've got some left," Sarah told him.

"No. I'm sick of that powdered stuff. It's killing me."

Sarah dove under the seaweed once more. The two fish had separated and were twisting in spirals around each other. She heard strange sounds, like tiny hammers tapping at an immense rock. Were the fish singing to each other? The fat one emitted a glistening jelly of iridescent beads; the lean one answered with a fine, milky cloud. In the intensity of this interchange, the fish saw nothing but themselves.

The harpoon, cleverly aimed, transfixed the female.

Sarah filleted the fish and fried it, rather unevenly, for breakfast. She was quick and smooth in the water, but in the kitchen, her rather square body moved slowly and awkwardly; there was always a water-proof Band-Aid somewhere on one of her hands or the inner part of her forearms, where a burn would be slowly healing. She sang as she worked, and the words were a second language that she herself had invented. Bernal had always refused to learn this private tongue, but he could understand, without particularly wanting to, its emotional message; and today it was teasing and seductive.

Sarah said, "I've got something to tell you, Daddy."

"Have you?"

"But I'm not going to tell you. Not yet. You're too mean this morning."

They sat down at the heavy table and Bernal closed his eyes and said the 23rd Psalm out of the small Bible he had taken from the Methodist church at Sea View. Sarah snuck a few grains of sugar with a wet forefinger.

"Amen. No toast?" said her father.

"We've about run out of frozen bread. We've got some bran muffins, though."

"I'm going up to the top today," Bernal told her.

"You said that yesterday."

"I wasn't feeling well."

"And get some raisins, if you can find them."

"I had a terrible headache last night. Couldn't get to sleep."

"Poor Dad. The coffee is getting pretty low, too."

"Don't tell me about it, write out a list! I can't remember these things. Furthermore"—cried Bernal, but he took a long time before he came to it—"you're going to have to quit swimming that way every morning."

"What way?"

"Naked. Almost."

"With my nightgown on? How funny you are!" She smiled; it dazzled but also pained him. She continued, "Were they dancing, the two of them?" and poked at the scorched bits of fish on her plate.

"What were you going to tell me? Sarah! Pay attention. Was it about the fish?"

"No, nothing, Dad."

"What was it?"

"I forgot."

Sarah began to make up her grocery list, but she printed slowly, and before she was done, her father had fallen asleep in the kitchen chair. His lips puffed in and out as he snored. Cords ran down his neck, even in his sleep, and his bearing was tense, watchful, frightened.

"Poor Dad," said Sarah. "Suppose he dies. What would I do then? It would be so funny around here without him." She murmured her secret language to herself and then went for a long and customary stroll along the beach. The tide was going out and there was always something new on the naked shore. She intended to look once again for the strange double creature she'd seen a week ago and could somehow not bring herself to reveal.

She longed to see it again: this dark, wormlike miracle, with its double body, that whirled and floated and swam, not in water but in air. The fins were small, quadruple, and colored blue and white, like foam after a receding wave. She climbed over the rocks at the point, and there they were again: whole swarms of them on the wet sand, on the boulders black with water and fluttering into the air as Sarah ran back and forth among them, laughing and waving her heavy, sweating palms.

They were settling into pairs, like the haddock she had seen under water. Many were clotted together, the tail of one curled back under the tail of the other. Adhering body to body, they would lift off into the shifting wind, awkward and composite. She caught one pair and took them to her grotto, so she could look at them through the magnifying glass she had found last year in the sand.

This moist cave, unapproachable at high tide but quite empty otherwise, had been her playhouse for many years. In a dry niche where the air was trapped as the sea rose, she kept her special toys: among them a box of Chinese Checkers; a brown, plush, imaginary creature that her father called a bear; and a doll with a fixed and glaring look. To these she added her new treasure. The creature was quite oblivious to being handled. There was a curious pulsation along its double abdomen. Powder came off onto her cupped palms. Sarah felt peculiarly excited. Were they one or two? She tried to imagine she was one of them, or both of them. Finally she thrust the adhering pair down the top of her dress and felt them tremble against her belly. Then she let them fall.

Wildly, irrationally happy, she ran all the way back along the beach, half in the sand, half in the splashing tide. Her father was putting on his bicycle clips. He stood up, rather suddenly; he seemed out of breath.

"I want to go up there. You promised me, but you've never done it."

(continued on page 80)



Sokol

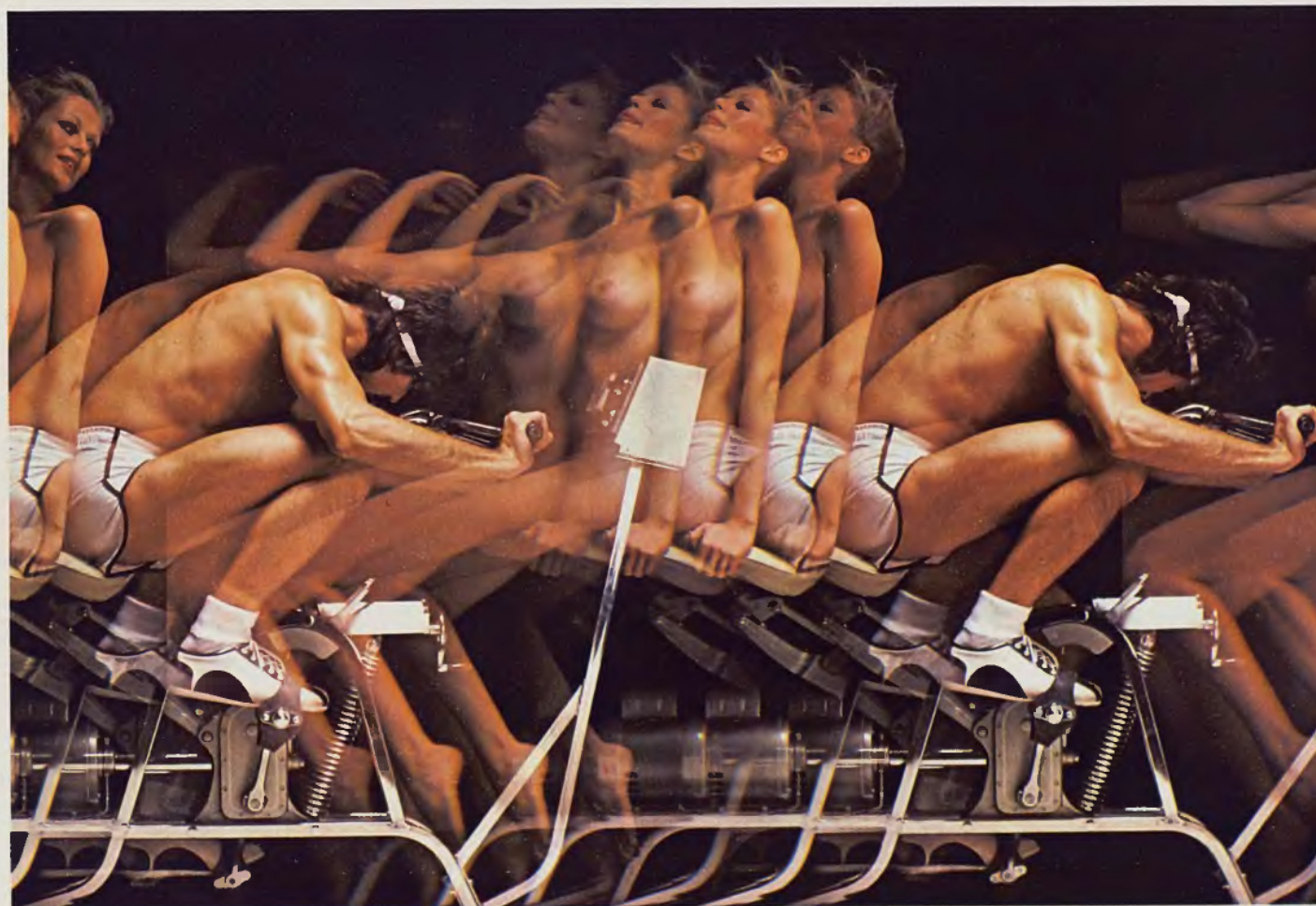
"That doesn't look like an X-ray camera to me."

want to look sharp, feel sharp and live long?
as the pictures show, it can be lots of fun

SHAPING UP

MUSCLES OF IRON, the stamina of a long-distance runner and the sheer sensuous pleasure of being *really* fit—sounds hip, you say, but getting to your friendly neighborhood health club is too much of a hassle. Well, assemble a private gym right in the sanctity of your crib, turning that spare bedroom, perhaps, into a mini-workout *salon*. Furthermore, there's no law that says you can't get a little help from a shapely friend. . . . It sure beats waiting for the old rocking chair to getcha.

Right: These fully chromed dumbbells weigh four pounds each, by Paramount Health Equipment, \$55 a pair. Below: A pedal pusher's delight—the Model 210 features a two-speed motor, \$695; extras include a stand, \$35, and a Personal Exercise Planner—it's the remote-control gadget below, far right, \$225, all by Exercycle.





Above: Let the good times roll with a walnut-and-polished-aluminum Walton Massage Roller that provides whatever area of your body that you wish to tone with a continuous pulsating massage that can be varied from butterfly kiss to gut-pounding, depending on how much pressure you apply, from Walton, about \$250.





Left: This exercise bicycle duplicates cycling action, easy to hard (a dial gives you the choice), by Nadco, \$104.95. Above: There's a whole lot of shaking going on with your Mini Spa Exercise Center, by Continental, \$895. Below: The oscillations of the Re-Hab Mosseur do wonders for your circulation, by Stanley, \$79.50.





Right: Looking for a better way to build up your pecs? Try these heavy plated springs, with indestructible handles, by AMF Whitely, \$9 each. Below: Excellent for massage and what not is this portable table of lightweight aluminum, padded and covered with vinyl, by Battle Creek Equipment, \$129. (You provide the masseuse.)



Up out of zoar (continued from page 74)

"I will, someday," said her father.

"Why not now?"

"Because there's nothing much to see."

"I don't care. I want to see it," said Sarah.

"You've seen dead fish."

"Yes."

"It's like that up there. Everything dead. Except the trees and the grass."

"It's not anything that happens to us—is it?"

"No," said her father. "Not for a long, long time, anyway."

He was coming past her and fiercely she took hold of him by both arms, just above the elbows, where he'd rolled up the sleeves of his blue shirt.

"Sarah! Let go," he told her. But she held on, her face staring into his. Suddenly, she found herself thrusting up against him. He struck her across the face.

She cried out in real pain and ran into the kitchen. Blubbering, she nevertheless took the time to pick out several detestable chipped plates and broke them against the table. She turned back to her own room and shut and locked the door. Outside, Bernal walked forward toward the sea and let the tide wash up around his ankles, icy and calm.

He denounced himself, whispering. "God, I don't know what to do. Maybe we're just animals. When my old lady died, I should have pulled off the mask and let myself die, too. Now look at this mess!"

He stood motionless, letting the sea move under and around him. "The hell with it. Let the fish inherit the earth." Sarah watched from the window of her room. He was coming back now: picking the bicycle basket off the porch, clamping it to the handlebars, wheeling the bike up the soft, steep, crumbling path to the top of the cliff.

"He's afraid of me," she said, with some pleasure.

. . .

There were no planes, no birds, no insects, no traffic, no sound of any sort besides the creak and whir of his worn, leaky tires. The level asphalt road ran along the edge of the cliff, east and west, glittering in its own black light. Ahead of him, where the sun rose, the old orchards bore a fine weight of flowers but no fruit. A few miles later, there was the small empty town where Bernal once lived and worked, and where he now did most of his scavenging. It had the usual funny sign: WELCOME TO SEA VIEW, ELEVATION 642, POPULATION 220.

One of the houses had a redwood garage and back of that, rising from a confusion of orange nasturtiums, a galvanized-steel antenna about 40 feet high. Bernal went into the garage and sat down before the console. On his left was a case of dusty Cokes; on the right, pasted up in a circle around a photo of the dead

owner, who was a young, fat man, grinning under a ragged mustache, were framed letters from ham operators in Hong Kong, Amsterdam and places like Punta Arenas. He flipped on the built-in microphone, coughed several times, sang *The Star-Spangled Banner* and then broadcast his message by heart. Sarah was only three when the half-hour war occurred, so it was 11 years since he began—a total, he knew, of more than 500 times.

"My name is William Dickinson Bernal. I live approximately 21.9 miles west of Santa Barbara on the coast of California. As far as I can tell, I and my daughter, Sarah, are the only animals left alive. However, it is possible I am wrong. If so, will you please, please, please inform by short wave at the highest possible wattage. It will be tape-recorded automatically. I look forward to your prompt reply."

He went to the supermarket on the corner but could find no raisins on the depleted shelves. He opened the big freezer and, by searching in the corners, found a two-quart package of chocolate-chip ice cream for Sarah, hoping it might be edible still.

He returned to the transmitting shack and set the tape to PLAY. It rolled on, empty, minute by minute, until it ran out. Though he had expected nothing else, it made him unbearably sad. "'And Lot went up out of Zoar . . .'" he murmured to himself.

He sat on his bike outside, in the shade, till his fit of melancholy had somewhat passed. During the past ten years, he had programed his hours and days, typing them out on sheets of legal-size paper, so he would not give in to indifference and apathy. Still, maybe it was time to change, to take new directions and make fundamental decisions. "Suppose the human species doesn't survive, so what?" he said aloud. "Maybe it doesn't deserve that privilege."

At the northern edge of Sea View, he stopped at the gas station he used to run, to inflate the soft front tire. He got a low hiss and then nothing. He had forgotten that the air pump had failed two weeks ago. Things were falling apart; the passage of time itself was a form of exhaustion, and that was just as true of himself as it was of a tool or a package of food. He picked up small stones and hurled them, in a kind of impersonal fury, at the billboard back of the pumps: JUST BECAUSE YOU HAVE FALSE TEETH DOESN'T MEAN YOU CAN'T HAVE A REAL SMILE. A stone struck the painted smiler.

Now, as if the anger had cleared his head, he remembered that 11 years ago, before the war, he had suffered a similar spell of anger because Texaco gave a franchise to a new station, some ten miles inland. To reach it, he would have to turn left on State 640-A; he had never traveled that way before and had to force himself

to do it. His loneliness had made him shy of everything unknown.

Still, it was a nice day up here, with a cold wind off the mountains, the most blue of which he could see if he squinted his eyes. This Texaco station was a lot more pretentious than his. It had pseudo-Gothic scrollwork, and the two toilets had different dogs painted on their front doors: pointers for one, setters for the other. There was a faded, torn American flag on a staff near the lube pit. The proprietor sat in a swivel chair in his office. There was a yellow, stained pad under one hand, a green ballpoint pen in the other. His skin had dried, withered and contracted, and held the solid bones as if in a package. The man's name was Joe Yanka; at least that was the name printed on the bill pad.

It was Bernal's policy to clear away any such relics of the war, particularly from the places he had to visit. There was no reason for it, because since the war, there were no bacteria left in the air; so it was simply a personal ritual.

He put a wire loop under Mr. Yanka's arms and attached it to a hook on the back of his bicycle and pulled the light, dry thing out into the brush back of the station. It caught on a manzanita and fell apart into dust, shreds and broken bone. He rolled up the wire, hung it back on the bar of his bike and conducted a short memorial service: out of *Ecclesiastes* this time around. He felt very cheerful: He and Sarah, anyway, were still alive; and every day this became more astonishing. He tried the air pump: It still had healthy pressure. He hardened both his tires, first the front, then the back one, and as he stood up, he heard a dog barking: twice, three times, four, five, six, seven; but that was all, and then there was only the sibilance of the wind rushing up the adjacent canyon.

The illusion puzzled him: was he going insane? In that case, how would he know? Do the mad know their true condition? Any more than the sane know they are sane? He had dreamed while awake several times during the past year, but generally of crowded baseball games and naked women shouldering him in the concrete corridors, going home. "'And they made their father drink wine that night. . .'"

He took a branch road back toward the coast highway. It was almost noon; the asphalt quivered at the unwinding ends of the road.

On his left, rising and falling with the road, were the familiar white radar domes, one large, one small, on the summit of the tallest mountain in the coastal range; but he had never seen them so close and at such an angle. These semi-spheres were pure, scary and dazzling. He began to coast downhill at last. Turning a switchback curve, he saw something shining in the sun: a punctured can of

(continued on page 184)



fiction **By NORMAN SPINRAD**

the fight to save fun city's soul heats up in herald square

HOLY WAR ON 34TH STREET

THERE OUGHTA BE A LAW, or if there ain't a law, then there oughta be a place where all the loonies can do their thing without driving a poor cop nuts. Like they have in London, where I took the wife and kids on my last vacation—Hyde Park, where all the religious kooks can stand up on their soapboxes and yell at each other without screwing up traffic. We got enough trouble on the streets of New York with stoned-out hippies think they're on L.A. freeways, buses hogging three lanes, crazy cabbies think they own the streets, winos gorking out in the middle of intersections and trucks parking anywhere they damn please and to hell with all the citizens leaning on their horns behind them. What we sure enough don't need is 31 different flavors of religious fruitcakes crapping up traffic, too, let me tell you, Charley.

Especially not at 34th Street and Herald Square, which is a traffic cop's nightmare to begin with. You got Sixth Avenue and Broadway crisscrossing and 34th (continued on page 84)



CASSOULET

food **By THOMAS MARIO**

*true, it's a culinary production
number, but the results—ah, the results!*



THE FASTEST WAY to gather a crowd for a *cassoulet* party is to simply call out the ingredients—browned young goose, creamy great-northern beans, boneless pork loin, garlic-scented sausage, onions, tomatoes, herbs and bread crumbs—then quickly stand aside to avoid being trampled. Anatole France described the *cassoulet*'s savor as the kind "that one finds in the paintings of the old Venetian masters, in the amber flesh tints of their women." Amber tints aside, in making a good *cassoulet*, you start with about ten times as much flesh as beans. By the time the *cassoulet* has finished baking in the oven, and the beans have plumped out like a triumphant army overriding a country and being swallowed up by it at the same time, the amalgam of flavors will be such that when you taste a single bean, you taste everything. The home of the *cassoulet* is the Languedoc region of France, where the geese and the garlic roam. In its birthplace, pork is the principal meat in the *cassoulet*. (concluded on page 189)

(continued from page 81)

punching right across both of them, all three being major arteries, islands and three-way traffic lights and a pattern so confusing that some out-of-town yuk is always panicking and creating a balls-up. It ain't bad enough, you got Macy's and Gimbel's and Korvette's and a major subway station pumping mobs of pedestrians into the intersection, just to keep things interesting.

Down on 32nd Street is the Hotel Martinique, where the Scientology nuts have got a whole floor. A weird-looking crew—got eyes that seem too close together, if you know what I mean, and they like to stare at you with them. There are always a few of them hanging around on the corners, trying to rope in the marks with some kind of free aptitude test or something, but that's for the bunco squad to worry about, they never gave traffic any trouble. Not until, that is. . . .

No, I think the whole mess really started when the Hare Krishnas staked out the northeast corner of 34th and Broadway. Now, even in New York, which is a 24-hour freak show, the Hare Krishnas are major-league weirdos for my money. Barbled-looking kids in orange robes, the guys with their heads shaved, some kind of white gook on their noses sometimes, playing drums and bells and cymbals and dancing up and down and chanting, "Hare Krishna, Hare Krishna, Krishna Krishna, Hare Hare. . . ." Over and over again, till you know the words by heart, whatever they mean. They peddle incense and magazines, too, but what the heck, there didn't seem to be any percentage in trying to move kooks like that along as long as they didn't do it in front of Macy's and really screw the sidewalks up. Live and let live, right? Wrong, Charley, as I was to find out the hard way.

Because eventually the Scientologists got to notice the crowds they were drawing. There would be maybe a dozen or so of these bozos in orange robes, chanting, jumping up and down and staring into space; naturally, they would draw a crowd of shoppers from Macy's, tourists from Keokuk, hippies from the East Village and grease from the Bronx and Brooklyn. "Street theater," what they call it, and so much of it goes on in New York that we don't try to bust it up unless it really impedes traffic or starts turning ugly. I mean, who wants to turn a little free-lance craziness into something for the riot squad?

But the Scientologists, working the sidewalks like Orchard Street pullers, started homing in on these crowds of stationary people—easier to run their spiel on marks just standing there than trying to catch them on the fly.

Trouble was that the Hare Krishnas had their own goods to peddle—magazines and incense and religion—and they

were into hard-sell techniques, too. While most of them were drawing the crowds with their dingo act, two or three of the least spaced-out types would be pushing incense and magazines and catching citizens in raps.

Some poor schmuck from out of town comes walking down the street with the little lady, staring up at the Empire State Building or gawking at the free freak show, and all of a sudden, he's staring into a pair of spaced-out eyes attached to a weirdo in an orange robe, saying loudly: "Have you heard about our Lord, Hare Krishna?"

"Uh. . . ."

"Are you a religious man?"

"Ah. . . ."

"Well, then, wouldn't you like to know more about our beautiful Lord?"

"Uh. . . ."

"This magazine will tell you, go on, take it, it's yours!"

And he hands the mark the magazine and the guy, who by now wants nothing more than to get the hell away from this nut, nods thank you and starts to escape.

At which point he finds the Hare Krishna freak standing in front of his face with his palm out: "That'll be a dollar." Maybe six times out of ten, the yuk will give him the buck just to get free.

Well, when the Scientologists started working the same crowd, the scene began to change. They started competing. The same poor schmuck wanders down the street, stops to look, and all of a sudden, he is accosted by two loonies.

"Have you heard about our Lord, Hare Krishna—"

"Pardon me, sir, I'm a student and my school is offering these free personality-profile tests to—"

"Beautiful Lord—"

"Right around the corner at the Church of Scientology—"

Both of them trying to stare him down with the same kind of crazy eyes, you know, too close together and too close to his face. "Huh? What? Jeez, Maude—" He starts to freak.

"Here, take this magazine—"

"If you'll just come this way, sir—"

They start shoving magazines and personality profiles in his puss and grabbing him by the sleeve. "What the— Buncha crazy people here; come on, Maude, let's go to the top of the Empire State Building or somewhere. . . ." And he brushes the weirdos away and pulls the old lady double-time down the street like a kid's balloon.

In the beginning, this was about all that happened; but once it began happening often enough, the Hare Krishnas and the Scientologists started noticing each other. You might think that this was stating the obvious, but, Charley, these were people who had trouble noticing anything outside their own brands of

craziness, let alone each other. It must have taken them at least a week or two to finally realize that the other loonies were costing them customers. And from there to realizing that there was another flavor of nut out there. In that order.

At which point, they started taking each other for marks. Why not? To the Scientologists, the Hare Krishnas were just more crazy citizens in need of what they call it, "processing"; and to the Hare Krishnas, the Scientologists were just more unenlightened citizens who by rights oughta be wearing orange robes, shaving their heads, chanting and jumping up and down like jungle bunnies. I think the main reason they started really glomming onto each other, though, was that both brands of loony were heavy into staring.

You must've been in staring contests when you were a kid; you know, first kid to blink or laugh or say something is the loser. Silent staring contests, we used to call 'em. Well, the Scientologists and the Hare Krishnas got themselves into jabbering staring contests, nothing silent about 'em, let me tell you, Charley.

The rube drags his wife up the street away from them, and they're left alone, giving the heavy staring act to each other, close enough to smell pastrami on each other's breath.

"Come on, chant with us and experience the pure joy of—"

"Seem to be fixated at a very low energy level, but the Church of Scientology—"

"Hare Krishna, Hare Krishna—"

"Possible to reach a high preclear level in only eight weeks of—"

"Krishna Krishna, Hare Hare—"

"Come on, stop this suppressive behavior and—"

"Hare Rama, Rama Rama, Rama Rama, Hare Hare—"

"You're really in desperate need of the help only Scientology—"

"HARE KRISHNA, HARE KRISHNA—"

"Reach beyond your natal engrams to—"

"KRISHNA KRISHNA, HARE HARE—"

All the while staring at each other, and the Krishna freak jumping up and down finally, and clapping his hands in time with his goombahs.

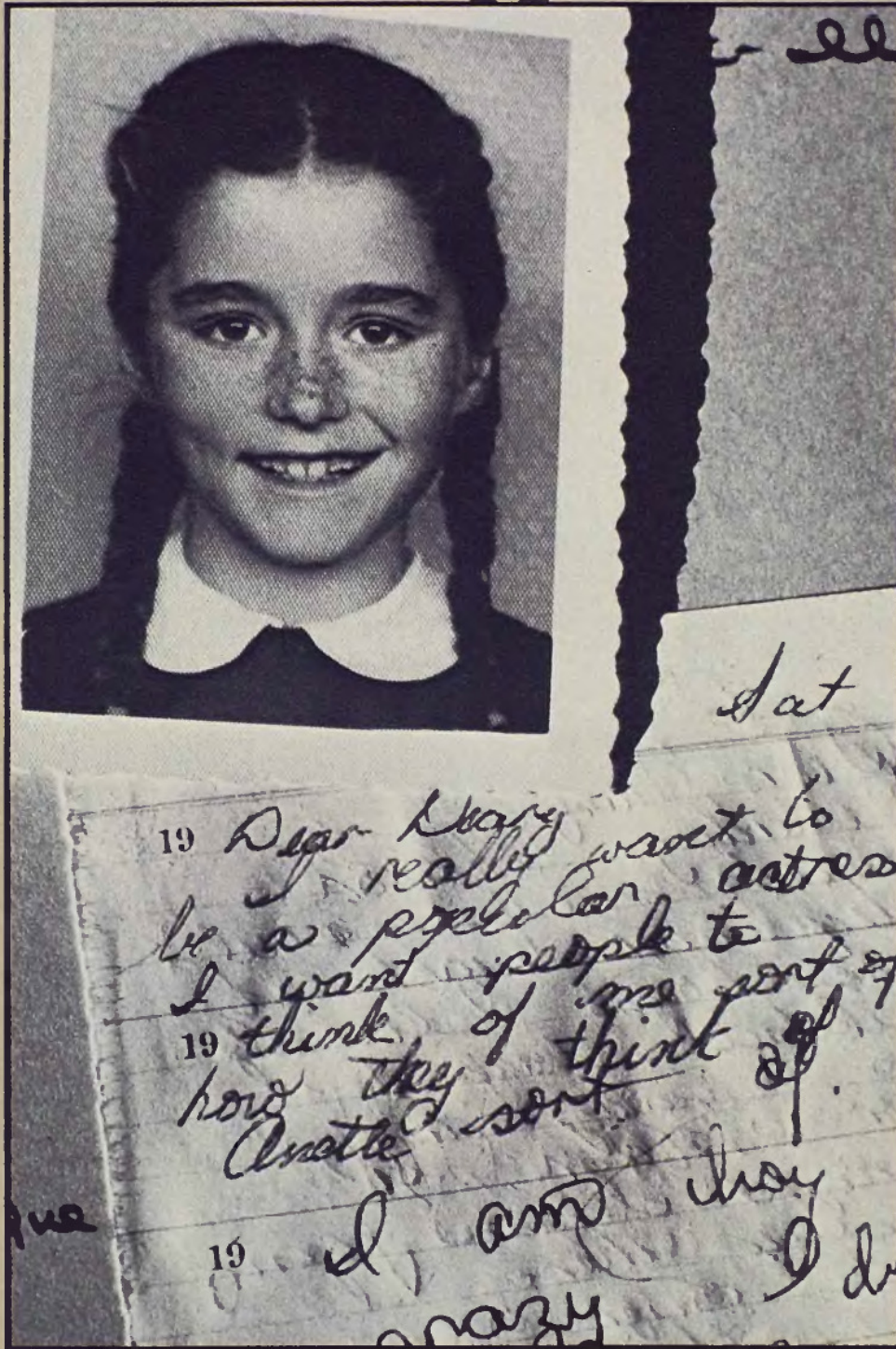
At this point it was that the northeast corner of Broadway and 34th Street became something of a hassle for the traffic detail. Because sometimes these contests would really go on and get heavy. The Hare Krishnas would come in behind their boy like sidemen and the whole bunch of them would practically surround the poor Scientologist, bouncing up and down, playing their drums and bells, chanting and giving him the collective goggle-eye. Now, if it was you or me in there, Charley, we would instantly remove ourselves from such a hard-sell

(continued on page 190)



"Albert, I couldn't marry a man who didn't trust me!"

Margot



BEAUTIFUL AND BRIGHT FILM STAR
MARGOT KIDDER REMEMBERS WHEN GLAMOR
WAS WHAT SHE READ ABOUT IN MAGAZINES

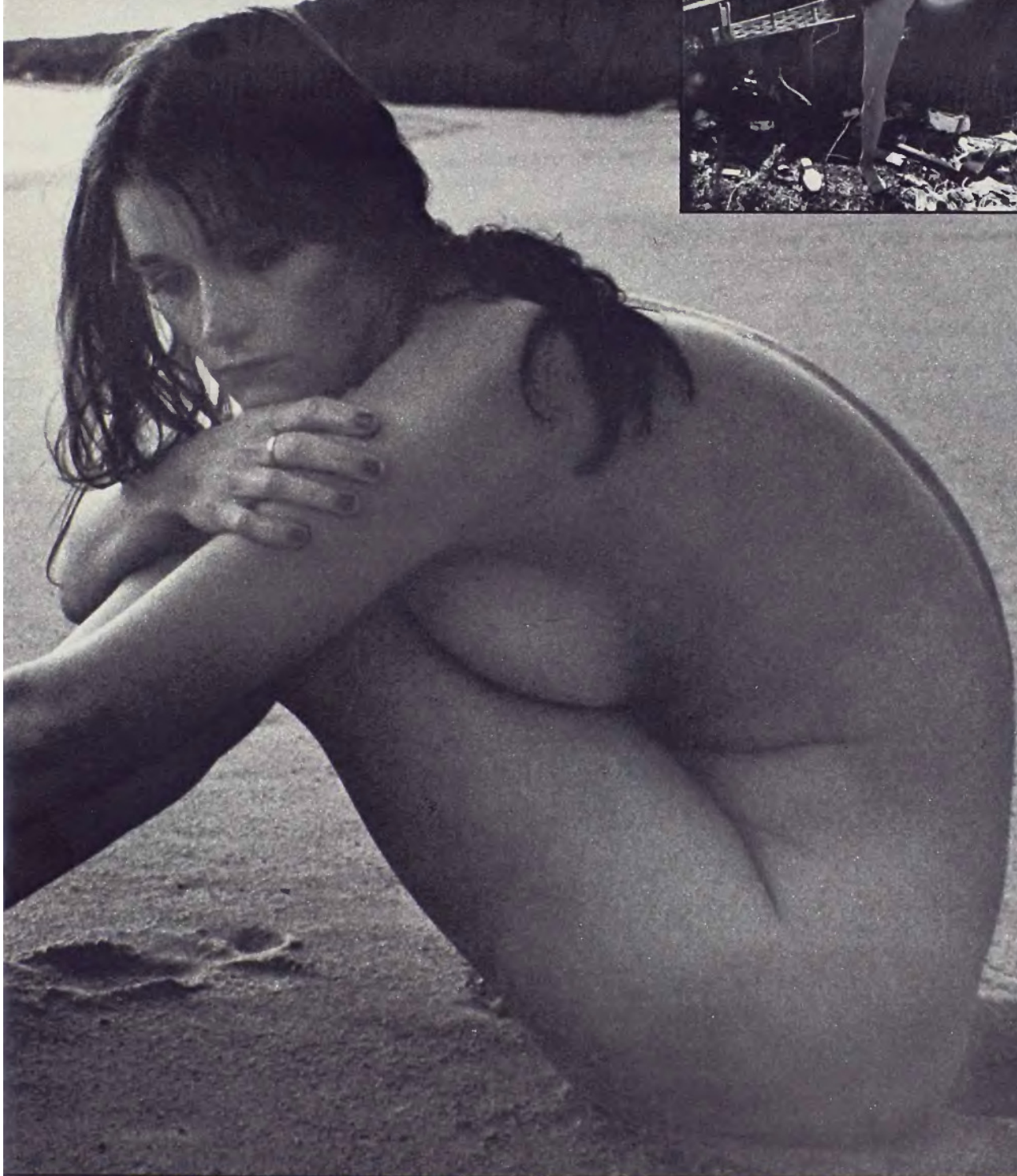
MARGOT



Margot Kidder, incurable diarist and ubiquitous film star, confided her ambitions to her diary when she was a little girl in Vancouver, British Columbia. When she was a bit older, Margot became acquainted with **PLAYBOY**, as she recounts here in reminiscences that are typically frank, personal and unpredictable. If you're a hang-glide enthusiast, you may have seen daredevil Margot kiting solo over the serene hills of Southern California (her feats recorded in a (text continued on page 91)



On the beach near her Malibu home, Margot's free spirit thrives, as witness her exuberant moods, left and right. She calls these exclusive PLAYBOY photos "the prettiest ever taken of me."





documentary on the sport for ABC-TV's "The American Sportsman" series). She first soared across movie screens in "Gaily, Gaily," went on to play a psychotic killer in "Sisters" and was cast opposite Stacy Keach in last year's "Gravy Train." Her current credits include "The Great Waldo Pepper" with Robert Redford, "Black Christmas" with Keir Dullea and "The Reincarnation of Peter Proud," which co-stars Michael Sarrazin and Jennifer O'Neill (Margot as Jennifer's mother, believe it or not). For a change of pace, watch for her as the seductive Miranda in a forthcoming film version of "Ninety-Two in the Shade" with co-stars Peter Fonda and Warren Oates, directed and adapted from his own best seller by novelist Thomas McGuane. Plus many more to come. And now that she has been properly introduced, we'll let Margot speak for herself:

By MARGOT KIDDER

I told the editors at PLAYBOY they could publish these pictures of me if they'd let me write the words. The possibility of someone writing "Margot has more curves than the Santa Monica Freeway" under my naked body didn't appeal to me. Now I'm not sure of what it was I wanted to say. Maybe I only wanted to rid myself of a still-lingering irritation over all the time I wasted as an adolescent bemoaning the fact that my body didn't look like the ones in the PLAYBOY layouts; or (text continued on page 176)

The Margot of today has a unique way with men, money and traffic tickets. The tickets she seldom pays, and occasionally gets caught by the police . . . "though I usually manage to elude them."

Money? "I'm impossible. I was going to sue my accountants for fraud but found out I'd spent every penny myself." As for men.

A few. "Recently, I've had this crazy, passionote thing with a guy who wants to make love in parking lots and telephone booths. Just great. But fidelity is a problem for me."







Her proudest public achievement, to date, was being accepted by The American Film Institute's Directing Workshop for Women. But the private world of Margot is full of her own poetry, pensées and "my secret fantasies about Lord Byron."



"Speak for yourself, John Alden."

JUST A GOOD OLE RHODES SCHOLAR

making it through the night with kris kristofferson
personality By JACK McCLINTOCK

KRISTOFFERSON stood still, gazing blankly over the other man's shoulder. Most of the time he is loose and easy, the deep blue eyes level and good-humored. But tonight he was tight, stiff. He was backstage trying to get up for the concert, but his friend Dennis Hopper had introduced this New Mexico politician who was running for governor. A big bespectacled man wearing a black suit all pasted up with stickers bearing his own name, he was jawing earnestly at Kristofferson. Kristofferson was trying, but he was having that kind of day.

Things had piled up the way they seemed to frequently in the life he was leading lately, the sort of life that occasionally gets so full it clogs. He was making a movie with director Martin (*Mean Streets*) Scorsese, working long hours and pitching in with script-rewrite ideas. The movie was called *Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore*; it was his fifth

film (after *The Last Movie*, *Cisco Pike*, *Pat Garrett and Billy the Kid* and *Blume in Love*) and a good role, working with an actress he respected, Ellen Burstyn.

Someone had asked him to appear on a telethon in Tucson and he had arrived so weary and stoned that he could barely talk. His telephone would ring and the caller, star-struck, bashful, mute, would mutter something and Kris would grin and buzz dully: "Shit, man, one of us gotta say something."

The night before, there had been a Charlie Rich concert followed by a pleasant reunion of old friends, a late and liquorish picking session in Rich's suite. For weeks Kristofferson had been vibrating to the tensions of performing, had been unstrung by travel, booze and unrest, descended upon by hordes of what he variously called wackos, nutcakes and wimps. An endless side show of spooky ladies turned up at his door bearing notebooks, pet bobcats, grandiose schemes of various sorts—one talked her way in and made a crazed telephone call to some faraway husband who picked up his phone to hear the shrill, if invented, news that his darling bride was runnin' off with Kristofferson,



as the politician rambled on, the process server was clearly the main thing on Kristofferson's mind. Over the politician's shoulder, he could see the man back there in the shadows, dark and patient in a rumpled suit, the heavy sheaf of papers in his hand.

"And mention I'm moderate on marijuana," the politician was saying, Kris having agreed to introduce him to the house.

The singer finally spoke. "You know, half this audience is probably red-necks. This is country music."

The pol looked enlightened at last and hastily bobbed his head, eyes shining with understanding.

Kristofferson smiled wearily and turned away, heading for the man with the papers. He collected them privately, with a polite handshake. Striding back, glancing through them. . . . Suddenly he looked up, grinning. "Shit, I thought it was for that deal with the kid. It's only some dude who claims he wrote *Help Me Make It Through the Night*."

Which was good news. There was a girl in Nashville and a cute little blue-eyed boy. Denials of fatherhood. Some money being paid, nonetheless, in a spirit, he (continued on page 122)



ELMER GANTRY FOR PRESIDENT

*all over washington, the politicians are
praying. well, if the meek do inherit the earth,
somebody's going to have to run it for them*

article **By ROBERT SHERRILL** SOME of the holy men and strange prophets who have drifted across the deserts of Washington in recent years have at least been good for a laugh. Sun Myung Moon, the visiting Korean who hinted he was Jesus Christ and spent most of his time singing patriotic songs in the park across from the White House—we'll miss him, now that he's gone into eclipse with his hero Nixon. And we'll miss those funny fellows who used to turn up to preach a sermon for select White House congregations, preachers such as Rabbi Louis Finkelstein of New York, who once declared passionately, "The finger of God pointed to Richard Milhous Nixon, giving him the vision and the wisdom to save the world and civilization."

But while these gauche clergymen were amusing us, something more ominous in the way of a *(continued on page 118)*

ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN HUNT





NORSE STAR

*she's already modeled on three continents,
but for miss march it's only the beginning*



IT'S A LONG HOP from Oslo, Norway—where Ingeborg Sorensen's mother minds the family drugstore while her father and brother are out driving cabs—to the Hollywood suburb of Bel-Air, where Ingeborg now lives in the company of four Venezuelan monkeys and a toy dachshund. Rest assured, though, that she got from O to B in the most logical way—via Japan, where she toured department stores a few years ago, showing off Norwegian fashions as part of a Nordic festival. An American photographer suggested that she try Hollywood and she figured, “Well, I’m halfway around the world

Some construction was under way near Ingeborg's house and she picked up props for these whimsical shots. Good thinking, as you see.

anyway; instead of going home by way of Alaska and Moscow, I may as well go via Hawaii and Los Angeles." So Ingeborg—a former Miss Norway and Miss Europe who was also runner-up in the 1972 Miss World contest—paid a visit to the Southern California glitter capital. Then another. And after shuttling back and forth a few times between L.A. and Oslo, she moved to Hollywood for good. And it *has* been for good, as far as Ingeborg is concerned. She's been very busy making TV commercials, and you've probably recognized her already as the blonde who says "Watch Joe Namath get creamed!" in the Noxzema commercial ("How was Joe to work with? I'll just say very nice"). Ingeborg is currently studying acting with Jeff Corey—she's already made a couple of films but nothing she's inclined to brag about—and fully intends to be prepared for the big movie opportunity she's certain will come her way. Her family



Miss March is a former Miss Norway and Miss Europe who migrated to Hollywood on a photographer's tip. Score one point for America.



In Norway, just about everybody grows up on skis, and Ingeborg was no exception. Now, when she yearns for snow, she travels to Colorado.



On a trip to Vail, Ingeborg rides the ski lift (above) with her instructor, Dave Ross. Below: Whatever goes up must come down.



isn't too crazy about her living in Hollywood ("We're extremely close, like most European families, who always want to have the people they love around them"), but, she declares, "I have to live my own life." Not that Ingeborg, who visits Norway about twice a year, doesn't miss it: "People care more about one another there than they do here, and they go out of their way to show affection. You always know you have friends. Here you have friends one day and if you don't have them the next, you don't much care. I'm sure that L.A. isn't typical of America, though. Perhaps the film industry has something to do with it, but the truth is that a lot of the people I've met out here are very artificial. As it happens, most of my friends—the people I spend time with—are Scandinavian." But even if she wishes the folks in L.A. were "a little more real," Ingeborg doesn't want to sound overly critical, because she does like living



Ingeborg, who's nuts about Vail—"Everything is built in the European style"—relaxes on the terrace of a ski lodge (above), tries on some fur coats (right) and enjoys a cup of coffee in a mountaintop tavern.





MISS MARCH PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

Ingeborg feels that in the future she's going to be making a lot of motion pictures. We agree. We just wish our pictures could move.

there. "Otherwise, I wouldn't stay." The Southern California climate is a prime attraction: "If there's a fuel shortage here and you can't turn on the heat, you won't freeze. Norway is cold, and you *would* freeze." And she manages to enjoy herself, riding horseback, sketching or simply socializing. Then, too, she has her pets: "Any time I feel really lonely, I can talk to the animals—though I might have to get rid of the monkeys, because they're getting jealous of the dog, and I'd rather hold on to him." Now, what was that nonsense about leading a dog's life?



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

A woman suing her husband for divorce charged that he was too uncouth to be lived with. "He's an inveterate tea drinker, your Honor," she explained, "and wherever we go, he always drinks his tea with his pinkie sticking out."

"But that's a silly criticism," said the judge. "Why, lots of people drink tea with their finger sticking out."

"Who said anything about his finger?"



"I'm afraid that I have both bad news and worse news for you," said the doctor to the Southern bigot.

"W-what's the bad news, doc?" gulped the patient.

"You have an incurable disease," replied the medical man.

"Oh, my God!" groaned the racist. Then he muttered, "But what could be worse news?"

"It's sickle-cell anemia."

A toothsome young starlet named Smart
Was asked to display oral art
As the price for the role.
She complied, met his goal—
And then sank her teeth in the part.

The girl and her date had checked into a motel, stripped, smoked a joint, leafed through some pornographic magazines they'd bought on the way, tried out a new type of vibrator on each other and finally coupled in a frenzy. Now they lay quietly side by side, at peace with the world.

"Just think," mused the boy, "in one more year we can walk into a bar and order a beer."

And then there was the old gentleman who had a massive stroke—which is what made him popular at Sun City orgies.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *loser* as a man who's tried in small-claims court for exhibitionism.

I sometimes have twenty or so consecutive orgasms using clitoral self-stimulation," the bachelor girl told the sex researcher.

"Good heavens, that's fantastic!" exclaimed the normally blasé researcher.

"Oh, I don't know," shrugged the woman. "After maybe fifteen times, I run out of fantasies, and from there on it's no fun!"

Two women on a plane were chattering away behind a man who was preparing to nap. "How do you manage to dress so well on your husband's salary?" asked one.

"It's quite simple," replied the other. "I have a boyfriend who gives me five hundred dollars a month for my favors."

"That's a great idea," rejoined the first woman, "but I'm afraid none of the men I happen to know could afford that much."

"In that case," said the wayward wife, "find two guys who'll pay two-fifty apiece, or four who'll pay one-twenty-five—"

At that point, the man in front peered over the seat back. "Look, girls, I'm going to sleep," he said, yawning, "but give me a nudge when you get down to five bucks a throw."

Word has just reached us about the ultimate in singles bars. It's a place where girls have to show their I.U.D.s to be admitted.

It was an everyday traffic occurrence: One car had stopped for a light and the other had plowed into it from behind. The only odd circumstance was that the first vehicle was being driven by a minister and the second by a priest.

A policeman came sauntering over as the two clergymen began to expostulate with each other. "How fast would you say he was going," interjected Officer O'Malley, "when he backed into you, Father?"



Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *French square dance* as a go-down hoedown.

The red-eyed widow asked the attorney about her late husband's will. "I'm sorry to tell you, my dear," said the lawyer, "that George left all he had to the Happy Valley Home for Indigent Gentlewomen."

"But what about me?"

"You're all he had."

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.



"The way I figure it, Captain, the aborigines sense an acute infringement of their territorial imperative and are retaliating with aggressive antiestablishment behavior!"

TALLY HO

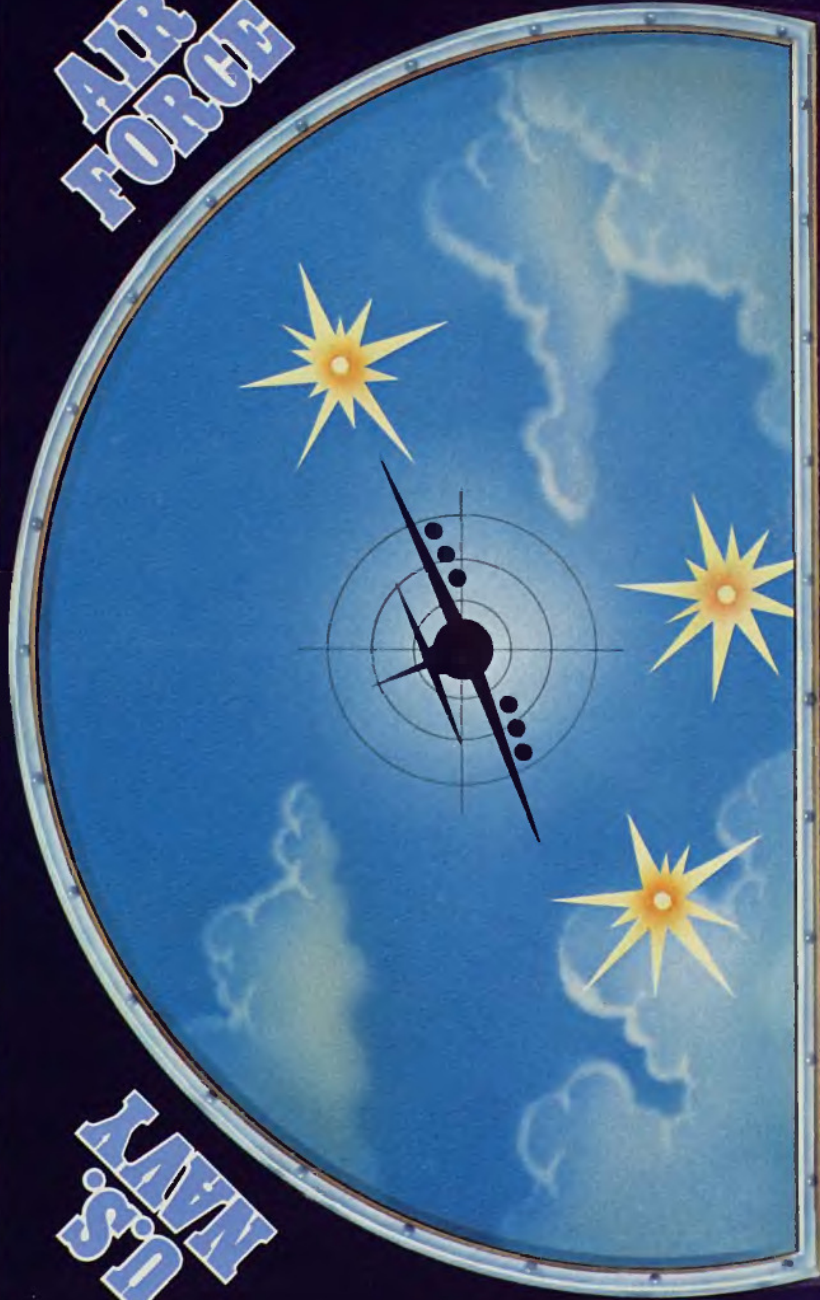
IN THE PENTAGON

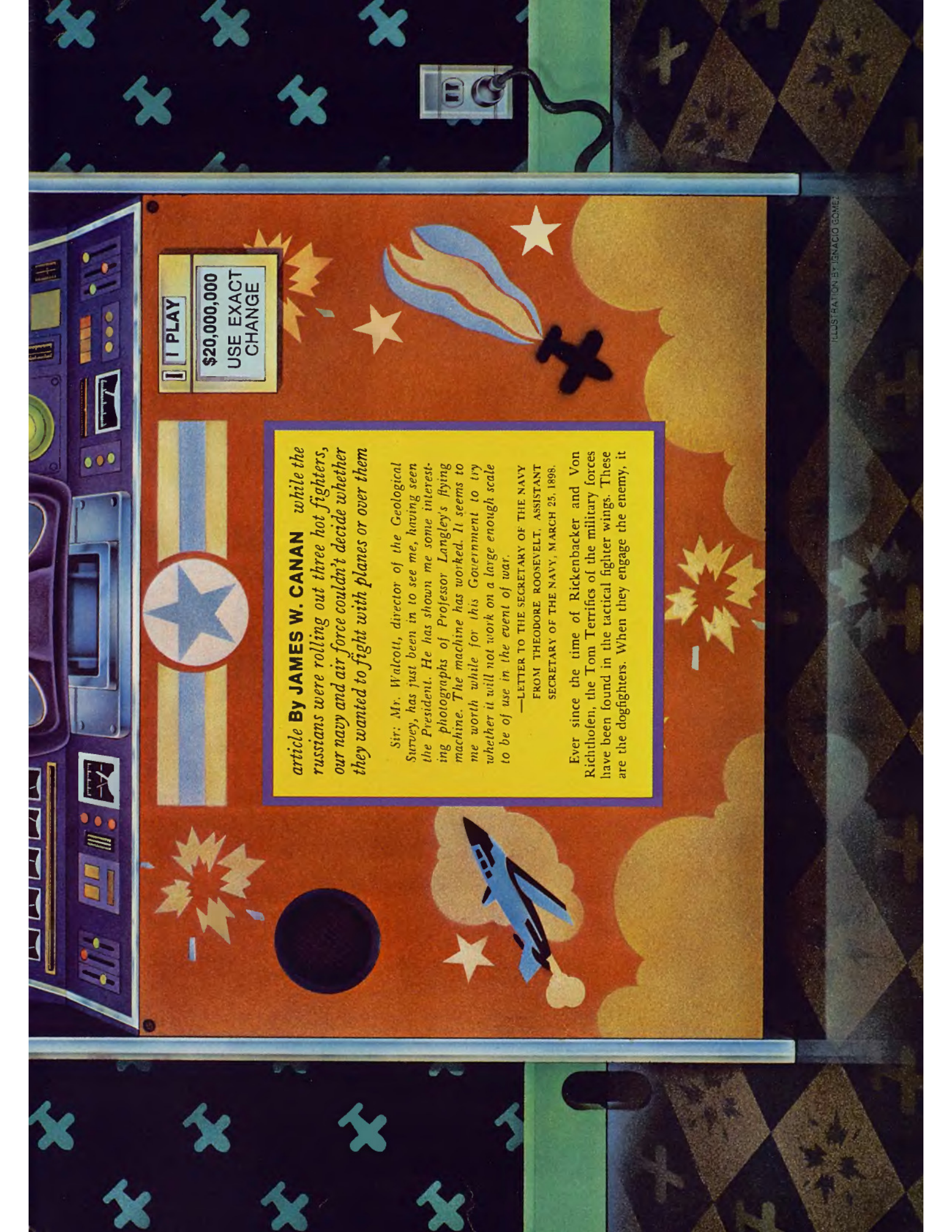
SCORE

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AIR FORCE

U.S. NAVY





article **By JAMES W. CANAN** *while the russians were rolling out three hot fighters, our navy and air force couldn't decide whether they wanted to fight with planes or over them*

Sir: Mr. Walcott, director of the Geological Survey, has just been in to see me, having seen the President. He has shown me some interesting photographs of Professor Langley's flying machine. The machine has worked. It seems to me worth while for this Government to try whether it will not work on a large enough scale to be of use in the event of war.

—LETTER TO THE SECRETARY OF THE NAVY
FROM THEODORE ROOSEVELT, ASSISTANT
SECRETARY OF THE NAVY, MARCH 25, 1898.

Ever since the time of Rickenbacker and Von Richthofen, the Tom Terrifics of the military forces have been found in the tactical fighter wings. These are the dogfighters. When they engage the enemy, it

is for all the chips. There is no such thing as finishing second. They lose and they don't go home. A special breed of cat. As the bomber pilots and the missileers jokingly put it, the fighter pilots are great guys to have around in the clutch, but you wouldn't necessarily want your sister to marry one.

During the Korean War, U. S. fighter pilots, flying mainly the F-86 Sabre, shot down Soviet-built Mig-15s almost at will. But when American and enemy fighters tangled again, nearly a decade and a half later, it was a much different story. The two hottest fighters were the F-4 Phantom and the Mig-21. In Vietnam, the Phantom could be said to have held its own, but that's about all. It handled the Mig-17s and Mig-19s all right. But the Mig-21 was something else. As the war went on, many Phantom pilots, without actually putting the knock on their fighter, expressed the wish that they had a lighter, quicker-turning warplane under their sticks and less cumbersome weapons under their fire-control switches.

A droop-nosed, hulking airplane (its configuration has been likened to that of a big rat), the twin-engine Phantom was designed by McDonnell Douglas in the Fifties primarily as an interceptor and attack bomber. It was a Navy plane. The civilian leaders of the Department of Defense forced the Air Force, against its better judgment, to buy the Phantom as its first-line fighter. Fighter pilots draw a clear distinction between a fighter and an interceptor. A fighter is for going up against other fighters, head to head at close range. An interceptor can serve as a fighter but usually gives away too much in maneuverability. Many fighter pilots will tell you that the last "pure" U. S. fighter planes were the F-86 Sabre and the F-100 Super Sabre.

In Vietnam, the F-4, with its Mach-2 speed (twice the speed of sound, which varies up to 770 miles per hour, depending on air density), could outpace the Mig-21 slightly and outclimb it, too. But the smaller, suppler Mig could make tighter turns in a dogfight, terribly disconcerting—if not fatal—to the other guy. The Mig was designed to stay home and fight, as an "air-superiority" fighter, and its 30-millimeter cannon and small heat-seeking missiles would do quite nicely for that mission.

The Air Force Phantom was equipped with a 20-millimeter cannon, radar-directed, long-range Sparrow missiles and heat-seeking Sidewinders for close-in work. The Navy and Marine versions of the Phantom had Sparrows and Sidewinders but—to the deep regret of its pilots—no gun at all. Once it had unloaded its missiles, all it had left was its speed to flee the fracas. The problem was compounded, early in the air war, by the high percentage of Sparrows that failed to find their targets. A Pentagon-industry team was rushed to Vietnam

to find out what was wrong. They later succeeded in making the Sparrow effective most of the time, but it was touch and go for a while. The Sparrow, after all, was supposed to be the Phantom's chief compensation for the extra shot of quicksilver in the Mig-21. The Mig, theoretically, would never get close enough for the fancy maneuvering that might be fatal to the F-4. The F-4 would pick up the Mig on radar, well beyond visual range, and unleash a Sparrow, which would blast off and blow the Mig asunder with its 60-pound proximity-fuse warhead. The trouble was, the Mig's skinny silhouette made radar detection difficult until it had approached within the fighting range of its own choosing. Moreover, those planes out there, showing up on the Phantom's radar screen, were not always Migs. There was a lot of U. S. cargo and passenger traffic in the air over Vietnam, and the Phantom crews could seldom be certain. Nothing was said about it at the Pentagon, but there were at least three instances of Phantoms' shooting each other down with Sparrows before the rules were changed. Visual identification of a bogey was required before a Phantom crew could fire its missiles. This played right into the guns of the Migs. As a result, other planes were used as scouts for the Phantoms. F-104 Starfighters would fly out ahead of the Phantom and verify, visually, that the blip on the Phantom's radar was, indeed, a bogey. Then the Starfighters would veer off and dart clear and the Phantom would fire its Sparrows. An awkward arrangement. On top of this, the Sidewinders, early in the war, also were unreliable. Clouds befuddled their infrared homing and guidance systems. The Migs, catching on to this, knew where to zag.

In the autumn of 1968, Major General Marion Carl, then the commander of the Second Marine Air Wing, declared at a symposium on fighter aircraft: "We gave up the guns too soon. Visual identification is required before beginning an attack. It takes five seconds to get a missile off. Five seconds is too damn much when you are in a hassle."

At the same symposium, Admiral John S. Thach, father of the famous Thach Weave fighter tactic that dates back to World War Two, said, "The pilot never gets what he wants. He needs guns whether he has missiles or not. Missiles are a fine weapon against bomber formations. Against enemy fighters, traditional fighter tactics must be employed, and the pilots need guns."

As it had become obvious that the Phantom would never outclass the Mig-21, the Russians had threatened to make matters worse. They rolled out several new models of fighter planes at their Domodedovo Air Show near Moscow in 1967. Most ominous of these was the swing-wing Mig-23, capable of Mach 3 in dashes and, even more portentously,

of an acceleration on afterburner (a sort of superhigh gear in jets that involves an extra shot of fuel near the engine's exhaust) that came close to matching flying saucers for streaking out of sight. The Mig-23 first was called, by NATO code namers, the Foxbat. This name later was transferred to the Mig-25, when it came along, and the Mig-23 was designated the Flogger. Fortunately, Floggers were never introduced to the skies over Vietnam. The U. S. had nothing that came close to matching them and, operationally, still doesn't. Floggers easily could have checked the bombing of the north and delayed the withdrawal of U. S. forces. Or worse.

Over Vietnam, the Ling-Temco-Vought F-8 Crusader was considered the Navy's second-line fighter. But the Crusader, used more sparingly than the Phantom, accounted for 18 of the 55 Migs that Navy and Marine jets shot down throughout the war. The Crusader's kill-per-engagement ratio turned out to be three times that of the Phantom. What did the Crusader have that the Navy and Marine Phantom did not have? A 20-millimeter cannon. Like the F-4, it also had Sidewinders. But no Sparrows. One Crusader victory over a Mig-17, 22 miles southwest of Hanoi on May 23, 1972, was actually a forfeit, and thus not counted among the official kills. The Mig pilot spotted two F-8s from the carrier Hancock coming at him and bailed out.

The F-4 pilots learned from necessity that they could make their planes do things they never were designed to do. Such as pull eight gs (eight times the force of gravity) in turns, without the wings' falling off. Six and a half gs were supposed to be the most they could withstand. The pilots did well with what they had. They also learned that some of the things the planes could do didn't count for much in dogfights. Rarely were they required to power up to anywhere near the 1400 miles per hour they could attain. The publication *Armed Forces Journal International* told of how Navy lieutenants Randy Cunningham and William Driscoll shot down three Migs in one day and then had to punch out over the Gulf of Tonkin, on their way back to the carrier Constellation, when their F4J took a hit from a surface-to-air missile. Both were rescued. Lieutenant Commander Ronald McKeown and his weapons officer, Lieutenant Commander Jack C. Ensch, shot down two Migs on May 23, 1972. According to the *Journal*, McKeown spotted a couple of Migs and called Ensch on the intercom:

"Tally ho on the ridge line, about five miles."

"Let's get 'em," Ensch replied. "I'm right behind you."

McKeown: "This is business. Quit screwing around."

(continued on page 116)

WARMING TRENDS

FOCUSING ON SEVEN STYLISH WAYS TO WEATHER A COLD SNAP

attire **BY ROBERT L. GREEN**


Who needs Alan Funt with this kind of candid action? The guy's not bad, either, in his cotton gabardine belted suit that features raincoat yoking, raglan sleeves, epaulets and button-through flap patch top pockets, by Michel Faret for Barney Sampson, \$150; plus a multicolor floral-print cotton shirt with pajama collar and barrel cuffs, by Cit di Milano for Barney Sampson, \$50.





OK, fellas, watch the birdie. At left: a rubberized storm coat, by Reggie Far Peters, about \$25; and a waterproof cotton parka, by Bert Pulitzer, \$100. Below: Gabardine zip-front jacket and matching slacks, by Scotts-Grey, \$85 for both. Bottom left: Sueded baby-lamb tie-belted jacket, by Bill Kaiserman for Rafael, about \$375; and, right: a brushed-cotton shirt suit, by Nino Cerruti for Gleneagles, \$90.





The pause that re-freshes—and then it's back before the lady's lens in a nylon zip-front windbreaker, by McGregor, \$14; cotton turtleneck, by Cardin, \$20; and a pair of wool gabardine slacks, by Bill Kaiserman for Rafael, \$70



(continued from page 112)

As McKeown related the encounter to the *Journal*: "It looked like there were only two Migs and we thought, 'Man, they're really in over their heads.' But after we made that first turn, it started raining Migs on us. Four Mig-17s. Two Mig-19s. And the two of us. Suddenly, we were surrounded. . . . In the whole hassle, I don't think we ever flew above 5000 feet. Our wingman, Mike Rabb, got one guy off his tail, shooting at him, by flying between some trees."

By mid-1974, McKeown was the commanding officer and Cunningham, Driscoll and Ensch were among the 13 combat-tested instructors of an intensive fighter-pilot training program that the Navy had set up at Miramar Naval Air Station, California, in 1968, during the especially suspenseful months over Vietnam. The Air Force had instituted a comparable program called Aggressor, at Nellis Air Force Base, Nevada. Ironically, the Navy program was called Top Gun.

In the spring of 1974, the Tactical Air Power Subcommittee of the Senate Armed Services Committee held a "Mig killer briefing." The witnesses were Air Force and Navy fighter pilots who had distinguished themselves over Vietnam. Air Force Major Steve Ritchie, an ace who had shot down five Mig-21s, all with Sparrow missiles, spun a spellbinding account for the subcommittee:

The average Mig battle took place between 5000 and 20,000 feet in subsonic flight.

The Mig-21—compared with the F-4—is about half the size, it leaves very little smoke, it is very hard to see, it has a lower wing loading and it can turn tighter than we can, and that is very important in an air battle. The F-4, in comparison, is large, bulky, leaves two big smoke trails, easy to see; it does not turn as well but has a little more power and a lot better speed and acceleration—particularly at low altitude—and better weapons.

The average Mig tactic was to hit and run. He liked to take off, stay low, get behind, sneak up behind and fire his heat-seeking missiles and dive away. He was normally very closely controlled by his ground radar controller, who was also a pilot. He was told when to jettison his external fuel tanks, when to go full afterburner, when to arm his missiles and where to break off and where to land. In other words, he was not trained to think for himself very much, and I think this is one area where we have always had the advantage over our adversaries. He seemed to have very little appreciation for vertical maneuvering and mutual support. Often he was not very aggressive. However,

there were certain exceptions to this, and I would just like to briefly tell you about my most exciting engagement, which took place on the eighth of July in 1972. It was a definite exception to this general nonaggressiveness of the Mig pilot.

I was leading the egress flight, which means I was the last F-4 flight in. Our job was to be there to protect the rest of the force as they came out. Well, most of the action was normally at the beginning of the mission, so I thought it would be a pretty dull, routine day. I am coming inbound, listening to the Mig CAP [Combat Air Patrol] frequency and, sure enough, the Migs are up, and one of the Chaff escorts—Brenda Zero One—has been hit in the left engine by a missile from a Mig. He is headed out, his left engine is out, fire light on, bleeding fuel and hydraulic fluid, announcing position, heading and altitude on GUARD—the emergency frequency.

Well, about this time, one of the Mig airplanes—Dallas Zero Four—has a fire light. He is headed out, announcing position, heading and altitude.

Historically, the North Vietnamese ground radar controllers would vector other Migs against our people that were in trouble. So I changed my course and headed in the direction of these two guys who were in trouble, dropped down to low altitude—about 5000 feet—and began to receive good information from Red Crown and Disco. Red Crown is the Navy ship off the coast that provides radar and intelligence information on the mission. And Disco, of course, is the Air Force EC-121 orbiting over Laos and providing that same service.

After about five or six 90-degree turns in tactical patrol formation, I was in the vicinity of Banana Valley about 30 miles southwest of Hanoi. I had just made a turn from a heading of south to a heading of east when I received a key call from Disco. Disco said, "They are two miles north of you." I rolled left to a heading of north and picked up a lead Mig-21 coming in at ten o'clock. I called, "I got a Mig-21 left at ten o'clock level, two miles closing." I rolled left and blew off the external fuel tanks and went full afterburner. We passed canopy to canopy about 1000 feet from each other. He was a spit-polished silver Mig-21 with bright-red stars painted on him. Every other Mig that I had seen—a total of 16 Migs—was a dingy silver. This one was highly spit polished.

I did not see the number-two Mig, and from studying their recent

tactics, which was one of the most important things we did during our training, I knew that if I did not see number two in a fairly close fighting wing formation—what they called bearing-of-aircraft formation—that it would be somewhere in trail.

Of course, what they wanted us to do was turn on the first Mig and the number-two Mig would then come in and shoot us down.

I did not see the number two, so I rolled out and headed for the ground in full power, unloaded the airplane and waited. That was a little hard to do, because the shiny Mig was either getting away or he was turning to get in behind me.

Sure enough, here came the number-two Mig, about 10,000 feet in trail. I am down below him now. And as he passed, I went into a left 135-degree-bank, nose-down, slicing turn, about six and a half gs. It turns out to be just about the right amount of turn in terms of energy maneuverability—in other words, trying to get around the turn and yet maintain energy to fight with.

About halfway through my turn, I picked up the number-two Mig in a right turn, level and high. As I completed the turn, I noticed a large angle-off developing—or what we call a large track-crossing angle.

To reduce this angle, I barrel-rolled to the left, put the Mig in the gun sight. I have the radar in bore sight, which means it is looking through my gun sight. What I did was to put the Mig in the gun sight and lock on the radar with a switch on my left throttle called the auto-acquisition switch. It was a good lock-on. Now I have got to wait [classified] seconds to fire the Sparrow radar missile. I waited, squeezed the trigger twice; they are always launched in pairs for better probability of kill—and it is another [classified] seconds if you do everything right. And that is a long time in an air battle.

The Mig-21 can generate a lot of turn in [classified] seconds. So he saw me and started to turn down into me.

I got the lock-on at about zero-degree to ten-degrees angle-off, and about 6000 feet. About the time the first missile came off the airplane, the Mig had turned into me about five degrees, and he was 45 degrees past my nose, about 4000 feet. I am pulling about [classified] gs, which is very close to the limit of the capability of the missile.

The first missile came off the airplane and went through the center of his fuselage. The second missile went through the fireball.

The Mig broke into two big pieces—a big fireball and a lot of

(continued on page 198)



ILLUSTRATION BY ARNOLD ROTH

*has earth been visited
by unintelligent aliens
from outer space?
well, how else can you
explain the ancient
bag of coconut chewies
found in libya?*

parody **By JOHN HUGHES**

CHARIOTS OF THE CLODS?

MAN'S ARROGANCE has led him to believe that he is the only intelligent life form in the universe. The sheer size of the universe is enough to discredit any such belief. To the naked eye, 4500 stars are visible (at night). With the aid of a telescope, the number is greatly increased. Each of the solar systems in the universe is estimated as large as infinity.

I have taken much abuse for my theory that this planet has been visited and will be visited again by creatures from another solar (continued on page 158)

ELMER GANTRY

(continued from page 97)

religious movement was beginning to take place. It may increase its pace under the Administration of Gerald Ford, for Ford, unlike Nixon, looks on religion as more than a political gimmick. Ford actually thinks God talks to him. Moreover, he is surrounded by men who encourage him to think he is a vessel of the Almighty.

One of Ford's closest spiritual coaches is the evangelist Reverend Billy Zeoli of Grand Rapids, Michigan, who is also sometimes a traveling chaplain for athletic teams and a red-hot in such activities as Youth for Christ. Every week, Zeoli sends Ford a written pep talk and suggested prayer. One of his memos suggested that the President pray: "My Dear God, why don't You just come and sit down in this chair and tell me what to do?"

The unsettling truth is that Ford probably believes God takes that chair and gives that advice. When Ford went on television to tell a stunned nation that he was going to pardon the biggest crook since Dillinger, he flatly confessed that he had taken directions from God, not the Constitution. He said, "The Constitution is the supreme law of our land and it governs our actions as citizens. *Only the laws of God, which govern our consciences, are superior to it.*" So, Ford—who said that he was acting "not as President but as a humble servant of God"—followed what his poor old scrambled U of M football brain told him were holy orders and pardoned the unindicted coconspirator.

It was a predictable move. Eleven days earlier, in a press conference, Ford had said that he had "asked for prayers for guidance" on what to do about the pardon. Right then, we should have known Nixon was home free. Any time a politician starts laying things at heaven's gate, you can expect the worst.

In his very first utterance as President—an inaugural speech of only about 850 words—Ford mentioned prayer four times and God four times, which by modern Presidential standards was an incredible gush of piety. At the forefront of the movement, it's plain, stands a zealot.

The movement I'm talking about was correctly described by one magazine (though with no apparent awareness of the dangerous qualities of the phenomenon) as "an intricate web of groups and individuals—almost an underground network—stretching well across religious and political boundaries, all of them part of a small but growing spiritual renaissance in Washington."

The prayer groups, springing up like toadstools all over Washington, have been well publicized. From the President to the leaders of Congress to the mandarins of the Pentagon, in every pew of the bureaucracy and the Federal legislature, the big boys and little boys are

falling on their knees to ask God's guidance in their plundering of the republic.

The most notorious of the prayer groups is the one in which Ford participates (a very intimate group that includes only ex-Defense Secretary Melvin Laird, House Minority Leader John J. Rhodes and Congressman Albert H. Quie) and the one on Capitol Hill that allegedly converted ex-White House hatchet man Charles Colson before he toddled off to prison.

But there are literally hundreds of other knots of prayerful folks in Government, all loosely tied together in an eerie fashion through something informally called The Fellowship. Usually it is not even spelled with capital letters. It gets its name from the fact that many of its leaders are somehow associated with the Fellowship Foundation and its predecessor, the International Christian Leadership, and often meet at Fellowship House, which has for years been headquarters for the I.C.L.

The I.C.L. has sponsored the annual glorification of the status quo, the National Prayer Breakfast in Washington, for the past 21 years. It has become a command-appearance occurrence, to which about 3000 of the most powerful men, including most of the Cabinet, members of the Supreme Court and the cream of big business go each year. The I.C.L. and the Fellowship Foundation have also helped organize hundreds of mayors', governors' and businessmen's prayer groups across the land.

The Fellowship Foundation gets its impetus and its financial support from a largely anonymous group of wealthy businessmen, conservative politicians and conservative clergymen who are interested in promoting a civil religion that smothers political dissent and homogenizes social protest.

That's apparently what the big prayer revival in Washington is aiming at: a revival of the religio-political trance of the Fifties, when the 11th Commandment was "Thou shalt not criticize thy leaders or thy fatherland." The hysterical anti-communism of the McCarthy-Eisenhower era coincided, not by accident, with a religious revival that saw the rise of political chaplains such as Dr. Norman Vincent Peale, Billy Graham and Billy James Hargis, who preached the rightness of controlling the country in the name of Christian Corporate Profit, and, if war should come, killing a million Commies for Christ. The Fifties were the golden era of political Christianity, an era, as one scholar noted at the end of the decade, that was "marked by an extraordinarily large component of pious utilitarianism in which religion has been made ulterior to almost every conceivable human need, from nationalism and free

enterprise to business success and 'praying your fat away.'"

That old-time religion is coming back. To the religious establishment of Washington—that is, to men such as Dr. Edward L. R. Elson, chaplain of the U. S. Senate and Eisenhower's former pastor (he baptized Ike shortly after he went into the White House in 1953)—the rebirth of the Fifties means a turning away from the militant activism of the Sixties, when, as Dr. Elson remembers, "too many clergymen substituted grabbing a placard and getting out on the streets for *praying*. They should have been sitting in their studies and poring over books and producing a message for the people, but instead they were out *politicizing* the church." But now, says Dr. Elson, in the trumpeting voice with which he summons God's blessings upon the Senate each morning, "We are into the Seventies and religious people feel there's been an empty space, there's been a need for the transcendent, for *God*. I think it's been here for the past two years, but it's becoming more and more intense. It's very clear that we are in the incipient stages, if not in the full flush of a new spiritual awakening, the most impressive I've seen in the 28 years I've been in Washington."

Not everyone in Washington rejoices at this development. Some agree with Congressman John Brademas, who is active in the Methodist Church but avoids the political prayer groups around the House of Representatives because he has "reservations about the dangers of religion being used to reinforce the state."

If the watering down of dissent is one of the objectives of the religious movement, the question is: How far would the leaders of the movement go to squelch opposition? The answer has not clearly surfaced as yet in the United States, although there have been suggestive moments. As when, at a massive revival meeting in Knoxville a few years ago, Nixon strode onstage while a 5500-voice choir sang, "How great Thou art! How great Thou art!" and the Reverend Billy Graham exhorted the crowd, "I'm for change, but the Bible teaches us to obey authority"; and then, when some dissenters on the fringe of the crowd began to chant, "Peace now, peace now," a claque of good Christians who were worked up with patriotic piety threatened to beat the shit out of them.

Nixon and Graham were always a pretty effective bully-boy team. At a Charlotte rally to honor Graham at which Nixon spoke, the crowd was "sanitized" by bouncers who moved through the audience, picking out people wearing Mod clothes and with longish hair and throwing them out in a style that a Federal judge later described as "a wholesale assault upon the civil rights and liberties of numerous citizens." Nixon personally

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New York



TRAVELER'S AIDS

Counterclockwise from 11: Brake wide roll-on deodorant, by Mennen, \$1.09. Vitalis Dry Control spray, by Bristol-Myers, \$1.59. Old Spice shave cream, by Shulton, \$1.35. Earth Born shampoo, by Gillette, \$.89. Air Brush drier, by Clairol, \$27.99.

*face-saving
and body-pampering
tobables for
quick trips and
leisurely junkets*

Toilet lotion, by Royall Lyme, \$6 a set. English Leather lotion, by Mem, \$3.50. Braggi beard softener, \$4, after-shave lotion, \$4.50, and skin-conditioning cream, \$5, all by Charles Revson. Trac II razor, by Gillette, \$2.95. Travel kit, by Dopp, \$18.

LONDON



Clockwise from 12: Cologne spray, by Pierre Cardin, \$10. Private genital deodorant spray, by Charles Revson, \$5. Equipage cologne and after-shave gift set, by Hermès, \$15. Rechargeable World-Wide shaver is equipped to handle

either 110- or 220-volt current, by Remington, about \$47. Round bar of lime-scented soap, by Royall Lyme, \$4 a pair. Face bronzer for men, by Yves Saint Laurent, \$5. Pro Gun 1000 with four-way control comes with a stand to allow free styling

with both hands, by Clairol, \$33.99. Anti-perspirant stick, by Mitchum Thayer, \$3.50. Shampoo de Pantene, by Pantene, \$3.50. Brut fragrance balls for use in closets, luggage, etc., by Fabergé, \$3.50. Calfskin travel case, from Bonwit Teller, \$1715.

THE 自來水



Clockwise from one: Conair Super Pro Style drier, by Continental Hair Products, \$32. An 8-oz. bottle of shampoo, \$2.50, and finishing rinse, \$2.50, both by Vidal Sassoon. Ultra Ban 5000 deodorant, by Bristol-Myers, \$1.35. Indoor/Outdoor tanning

lotion, by Sea & Ski, \$1.70. Canoe after shave, by Dana, \$4. Portable Norelco shaver that operates on batteries, by North American Philips, about \$20. Zizanie eau de toilette travel spray, by Fabergé, \$10. Braggi

cologne, by Charles Revson, \$8.50. Beard softener, \$6, and gritty gel face scrub, \$6, both by Lucarelli. Rare Teak & Musk, from Love Cosmetics, \$3.75. Shampoo with protein, \$3.50, and soap on a rope, \$5, both by Pierre Cardin. Roomy British carryall, by Hunting World, \$98.

GOOD OLE RHODES SCHOLAR

(continued from page 95)

says, of friendship. Such things can get rough. But—he grins—great, all the dude wanted was \$2,000,000.

He carried his relief into the dressing room, where he slumped now, surrounded by the band and visitors, pouring Jack Daniel's into a Coke can, cracking: "This looks like a team that's about to get its ass kicked." In funky brown suede, he looked rangy and tanned, not as fleshy and rounded as in the films and photos, and a little older. Not as tall, either, perhaps 5'10" or so and slightly soft at the middle but not paunchy, retaining at 38 the boxer's muscular arms. His face has a refinement of feature uncommon in male country singers—the prosperous California family had passed along kind genes. There is that good, wide, white, all-American-boy grin he displayed so frequently as Billy the Kid, but the truly arresting items are the eyes and the voice. The eyes are clear blue and curiously small, deeply set over high cheekbones. The voice is a growly, buzzy purr, raw brown sugar laced with a hoarse hint of danger, a voice women love and lean closer to hear because sometimes it does not carry well.

"You look," he said, grinning back over his shoulder, "like a bookend in need of a book." It was the previous afternoon in Tucson, in Vernon White's room. White, the Warner Bros. publicity man, had been saying how Kristofferson was "real"—invariably the first thing you hear about him—when the singer came in, snapped open a beer, clambered onto a bed and began chatting about acting, boxing, boyhood. A few minutes later, Toby Rafelson, the film's production designer, arrived and arranged herself cozily back to back against him like, well, bookends. She grinned back as he talked about stylish fighters he had admired and then slipped into a boyhood reminiscence.

"Back in Brownsville, they weren't mean to the square people or the dumb people. But in California, in junior high, I can remember starting a fight. That's what you did. I knew I'd win and I did. Christ!" he said, staring into his beer. "I'm still ashamed of that. I can see the kid all bloody; I couldn't hit him anymore. . . ." He shook his head. He had been boxing since the age of ten, hitting the garage wall. "I still have fantasies of fighting in Madison Square Garden."

He was tired that day but wanted to make the Charlie Rich concert, so he drove over in a rusted-out Chevy station wagon belonging to Vernon Wray, a local friend of his. Kristofferson bought the tickets for the whole entourage; and then, inside, he slumped in a seat with his jacket rolled over his arms like a man waiting for a plane late at night in an empty airport, sitting up to do shrill two-finger whistles and heavy pounding claps after

each song of Rich's, Bobby Bare's and Barbara Fairchild's, trying to help crank up a slow audience. Fairchild sang a Hank Williams song and Kristofferson leaned over. "Can you believe that guy? He's been dead since 1959 or something [1953] and they're still doing his songs!"

In Rich's suite later, the lights were off, people sprawled around the room-service cart of beer, shrimp cocktail, Scotch and *guacamole* dip, joints were lit and circling like fireflies, with a guitar following more slowly. Petite, blonde, big-eyed Fairchild was beside Kristofferson on the couch, leaning toward him in tiny slow increments. She took the guitar, did a song she wrote: "When you want something different you come home to me." Kristofferson grinned widely. She has a rich, butterscotch country voice and the sentiment of the song, simple though it was, was the real stuff. You could see Kris marveling as the guitar went past him. He passed it himself.

"You want to close the show, Kris?" somebody asked wryly from a dark corner. He was the only one who hadn't performed. The eyes were on him, waiting. Yet there was a reluctance, a kind of aw-shucks forelock tugging. He looked startled, then hurt, then (reluctantly, it seemed) took the guitar, strummed, sang: "Who do you have to screw to get out of this place?" Everybody laughed.

A blond kid from one of the backup bands took the instrument and began pitching his songs to Kris, the way you know Kris remembers doing when Johnny Cash was around. The kid kept looking eagerly at Kris, who finally growled, pleasantly enough: "You're gonna be a fuckin' star, man."

Rich went to bed. Bare did a funny song, popped another beer and then turned quiet, wearing his cowboy hat and a little smile. Kristofferson, in a corner, somehow seemed to be in the center of the room. The eyes on him. . . .

"I never dreamed it'd get this big," he had said. "Five years ago, I was hopin' to make ten or fifteen thousand a year and pay my bills. Now I can make that in a weekend." Last year he paid a quarter of a million in income taxes. One song, *For the Good Times*, earns \$70,000 a year. *Help Me Make It Through the Night* does nearly as well. He stars in films, does concerts at will, the phone rings and it's a rep for Sinatra begging for a song. He's on the cover of the *Rolling Stone*.

The name on his pay check is Kristoffer Kristofferson and he tells interviewers that the first feeling he remembers is loneliness—"a separateness." Yet, when you try to picture him as one of those sad-assed mopers you knew in high school, the imagination fails. The presence he has in films comes through even more

clearly in person and he seems always to have been the one you envied—handsome, smart, witty, strong, the girls all over him, the eyes always upon him. There are other contradictions, one of the most obvious being that he writes country songs, but he was never a bumpkin. Kristofferson grew up in Brownsville and San Mateo, the son of an Air Force and Pan American pilot, a major general. Pomona College, where he played football all four years while majoring in creative writing. He organized a rugby team, boxed Golden Gloves, wrote sports pieces for the paper, platoon commander of the R.O.T.C. unit, made Phi Beta Kappa, was written up in *Sports Illustrated*—clean-cut, well rounded, popular, talented. He won four of 20 prizes in *Atlantic Monthly's* collegiate short-story competition, wrote part of a novel, was chosen a Rhodes scholar and sailed off to Oxford, where he studied English literature, became enamored of William Blake and argued poetry with gay dons at genteel literary sherry parties.

And wrote country songs. And was signed up by a British promoter who changed his name to Kris Carson and set about creating a new teen idol, a one-man Led Zeppelin. *Time* did a story.

And he dropped out. Joined the Army's air arm, went to flight school, jump school, Ranger school. Stationed in Germany, he assembled a country-music band consisting of himself (a captain) and a group of enlisted men—an unseemly familiarity that was invariably noted in his efficiency reports. And drank and smoked. And totaled two cars and wrecked four motorcycles. Was ordered to West Point to teach English. But along in there, he had met a cousin of Marijohn Wilkin's, a Nashville songwriter (*Waterloo, Long Black Veil*) then launching a new publishing house, Buckhorn Music. He sent her a tape. She replied: Stop by if you happen through town.

He took leave and visited Marijohn and not long after resigned his commission, moth-balled the captain's uniform and equipped himself with Levis and cowboy boots. He was 29, poor, talented, a Nashville cat. "*Hoping we could take it 'til we'd make it to the top.*"

Ken Lambert, his roommate in the early Nashville days: "I never thought he'd be a star. He was good, but a lot of us were good."

His mother: "Don't you think your old friends'll think you're gutless, don't have what it takes?"

Fran, then his wife: angry, mystified, hurt.

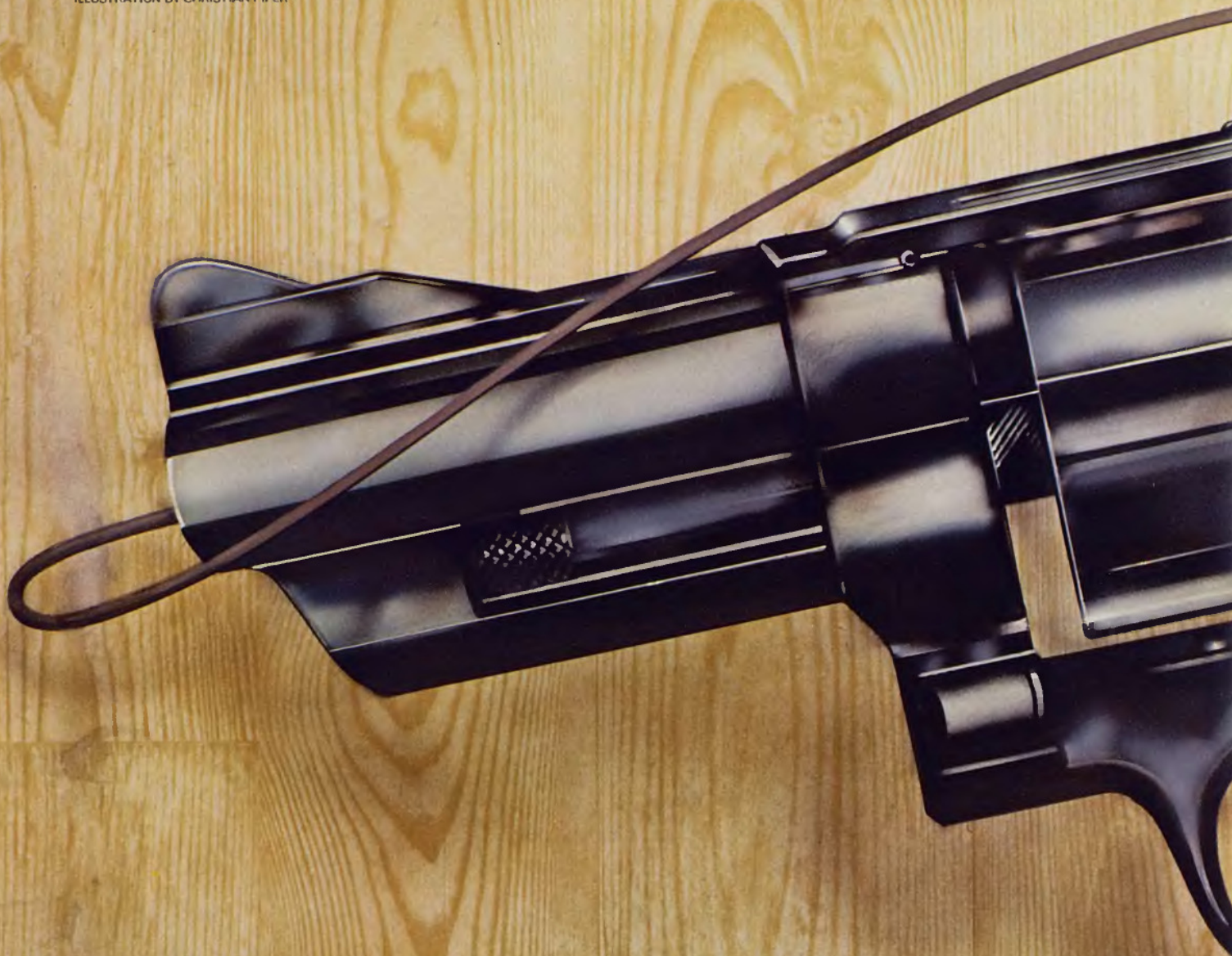
Marijohn: "I signed him on a \$35-a-week draw, all I could afford then. There's a feeling you get. Some people have an aura."

Kristofferson: "It wasn't easy."

Marijohn suggested a teaching job at
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"For heaven's sake, Freddie, must you always wonder what your uncle would have done in your place?"



THE JAIL

he had spent almost a decade in that cell, but the time was far from wasted fiction By **JESSE HILL FORD**

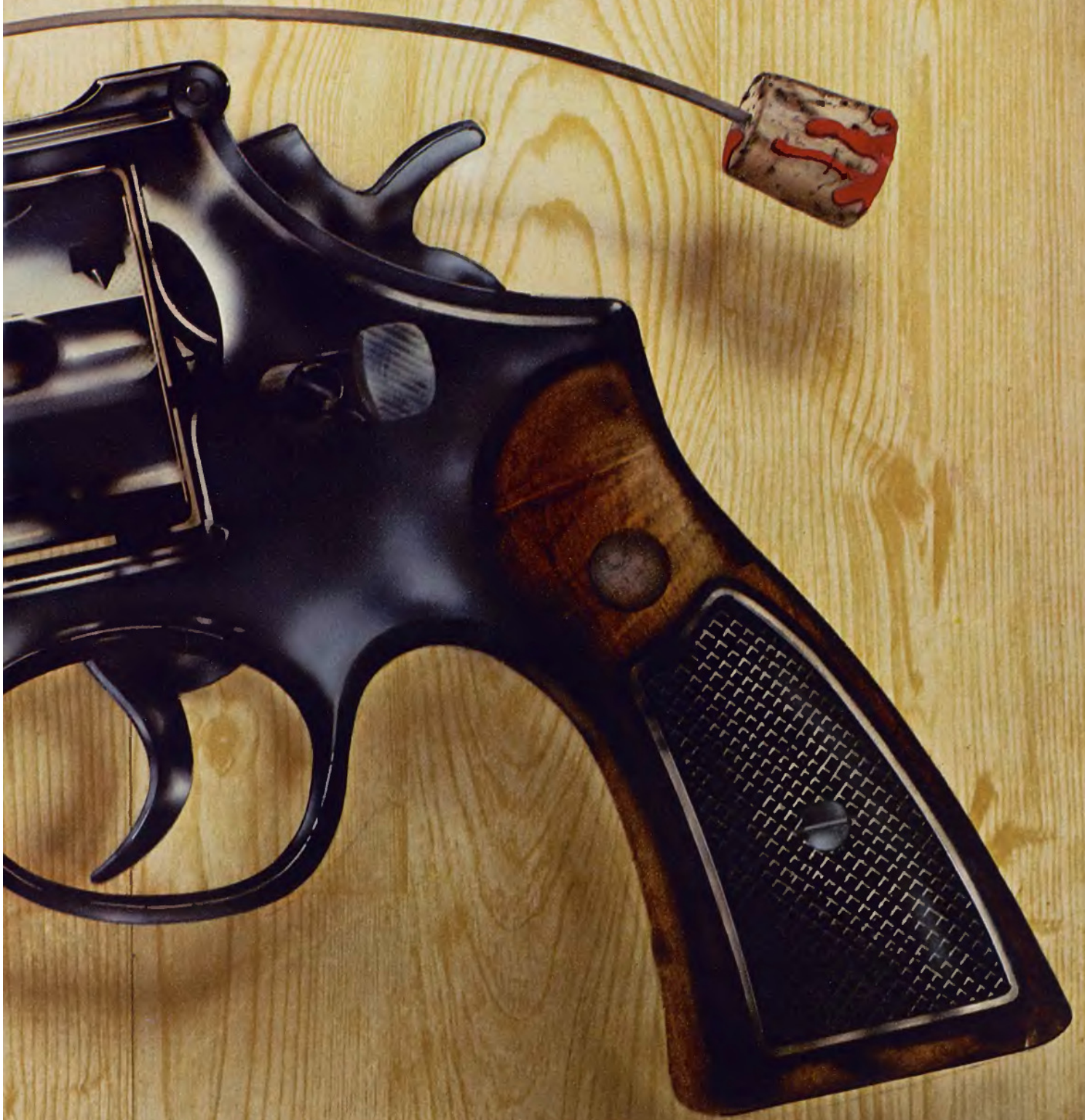
HOW I FOUND the car was I went with the truck looking for some plows and a harrow and a mowing machine, horse-drawn stuff we had a chance to sell to a fellow who was farming produce on shares—tomatoes, in particular. You can't cultivate tomatoes with a tractor. The sticks are too high. He had located a pair of mules. He was a Do-Right, but that is another story. A Do-Right is a member of a small

religion we have in west Tennessee wherein a man pledges that he will *do right* and if a Do-Right is not lazy, he's a fair credit risk. So he needed the implements and I said I'd go look and see if I could locate them over on my grandmother's place.

I got into the truck and drove over there. It was July and I looked over her cotton and beans and saw that everything looked good. She'd built her cage-laying

shed spang at the other end of the 2000 acres instead of putting it on the main road like I advised her and I crossed the stock gaps and the dust powdered on the hood of my green truck. I put up the windows and put the air conditioning on and turned up the music on the country station and presently I saw the laying house and drove on back to the barn, white painted and neat. I found the key on my ring

and unlocked the doors and swung them open and saw the implements almost at once and the stalls just as they had been left, cleaned out and swept after the last mule died. It was a fine old barn and maybe I still would not have found the car except that I went walking down the hall, looking in the big old box stalls and thinking how it was when I was a boy. It was the fourth stall down and when I saw



the car, red and low and foreign, with a good bit of dust on it that had filtered down from the old loft above, I took a look at the outer wallboards and could see where they had been removed in order to put the car in there. My first thought was of Sheriff, my little brother, for I well knew his love of cars. And I thought, Well, Sheriff has bought a car and for some reason stored it in here without saying a word to anybody about it. Then I stepped inside the stall and stooped down and rubbed the barn dust off the license plate. New York State, 1965—I crouched there in the silence of the barn and pondered that. I could feel my heart beating. I stood up and opened the car door on the driver's side. It sure needed greasing, for it kind of groaned—a coffin-lid groan—and I looked inside and saw that it was probably British and next saw that it was a Jaguar. You don't see a whole lot of Jaguars in west Tennessee. Fact of the business, you so rarely see one now that the interstate has been put through that there just isn't any telling *when the last* Jaguar came through Pinoak, Tennessee. The interstate, which cut us off the mainstream of travel between Florida and the Midwestern states, was opened in 1966.

I saw something on the steering column held by little coil springs and celluloid. I took it off the column and read the name on the New York driver's license. S. Jerome Luben, male, black hair, brown eyes, age 26, address on Riverside Drive, New York City. Nobody with a name like Luben could be mistaken for a member of the Pinoak Missionary Baptist Church. I tossed the license, celluloid, coil springs and all, onto the driver's seat and closed the door. It shut with a sound that was somehow so final I stood there another full minute at least before I could move. The dust of nine years in a mule barn was on my hands.

The year 1965 was the year Sheriff left home for the Marines. I recalled the day he left. I recalled a lot of things, including the way he kept whispering something and nodding to Henry. Henry is the nigger who has worked for my grandmother since he was a little boy; he kind of waited on Sheriff and buddied around with him since Sheriff was little.

Did I say my little brother is spoiled? Spoiled rotten. The baby in the family. My mother thought she was in the change of life and went around eight months thinking he was a tumor and probably malignant until she finally went to the doctor after she had got our family lawyer, Oman Hedgepath, to make her will, which would have left most of her estate for the support of foreign missions. Mother worried about the souls of the heathens. When Ocie Pentecost told her she was pregnant, I think she felt cheated. A month later, here came Sheriff. That is not his name, of course.

His real name is Caleb Batsell Beeman Baxter. Mother had an uncle in Somerton whose name was Caleb and he got into real estate and insurance and put his signs up so they read: C. BATSELL BEEMAN FOR EVERYTHING IN REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE NEEDS. He put that sign on every road leading in and out of town and had a fine income all his life right up to the moment he fell into the wheat bin and suffocated. Wheat is like water, you fall into it and you go under. Uncle Batsell could not swim.

Mother figured Sheriff would be a lawyer like Oman Hedgepath and have a sign on his door and a shingle hanging in the breeze on Main Street, reading: C. BATSELL B. BAXTER, which she thought would make everybody with any law business want to see her youngest son.

As for me, I was never in her mind otherwise than somebody to run everything. To gin cotton during ginning season and combine beans during bean season, to buy hay and manage for the silage and between times build rent houses and work in the store and manage the tractor-and-implement company and make private loans and buy farms and run the sawmill—or, in other words, just like my daddy always did, to run everything and see to everything and mind everything and when there was nothing else to do, to step in behind the meat counter and weigh hams.

Not Sheriff, though. Once it got through her head that he was not a tumor, she saw him in the practice of the law. Then he started to grow up and almost from the first word he spoke, it was obvious that all in the world he would ever want to do would be to be a sheriff and enforce the law. It was all that he spoke about, and because he was the baby, we gave him toy guns and little uniforms and hats and badges. He went around dressed like that and went to school that way. What else would we call him but Sheriff? Everybody in Sligo County thought he was cute as a bug and during the strawberry festival every year, we'd build him a float in the shape of a sheriff's patrol car with little wheels on it and the aerial and all and Sheriff would ride in it, with Henry and a couple of others pulling him in the children's parade. Time and again he won first or got an honorable mention from the judges who come each year from Memphis to judge the parade and the beauty contest.

Then he got to high school and we gave him an automobile and Grandmother gave him police lights for the top of it and my father bought him a siren from Sears. I got him a real badge from a pawnshop in Memphis. It saved us from having to wonder what to do for him when it came Christmas.

If something happened in Pinoak, we had Sheriff as our private police force to investigate things and make arrests and take people over to Somerton to the jail.

Nothing official, understand, but a convenience in a small place like Pinoak, where you don't have a police force.

Sheriff, for the most part, confined himself to stopping out-of-state cars if they were speeding or if they looked suspicious. He'd pull them over, get out, walk up to the driver's side and tip his hat. He was young and blond and blue-eyed and had such an innocent face. Yet behind it there was always something that made folks do exactly what he told them to do. Show their driver's license, open their trunk lid, even open their suitcases. He confiscated ever so much liquor and beer, but never went so far as to actually arrest anybody . . . that I ever knew anything about.

He seemed happy and he seemed contented. When he asked if he could have a jail, my father consulted highway patrol. They advised against it. The law in Tennessee did not, they said, let folks operate private jails. That could cause problems, they said. Otherwise, as long as Sheriff never arrested anybody or gave a ticket or fined anybody, he could pretty well do as he pleased, for he was a deterrent to speeders. Pinoak got known far and wide as a speed trap. Back before they opened the interstate, the out-of-state traffic would drive through Pinoak so slow you could walk alongside it the whole two blocks. They'd come at a crawl sometimes, with Sheriff so close behind in his cruiser he was all but bumper to bumper, and Sheriff just daring them to make a wrong move or do anything sudden or reckless.

More than anything else, he liked to stop a car with a New York tag, for when that happened, like as not he'd get a loud-mouth who would start to complain and bitch and raise his voice and Sheriff would end up practically taking the fellow's car apart in front of his eyes. New York drivers were a challenge to Sheriff. Looking at that red car gave me a chill in spite of the heat.

I went outside and stood just beyond the white-painted doors of the mule barn. I could see the cage-laying house and hear the hens and could smell that special odor of hen shit and cracked eggs and ground feed. I saw that Henry's truck was there, so I went down to the packing room and found him. He had collected the eggs and had them in the tank with the vibrator that washes them and he was grading them and putting them in big square cartons of 50. The cracked ones he broke all the way and put the yolks and whites into big pickle jars to be hauled to the poor farm and to the Somerton jail, because the old and the poor and the prisoners are just as well fed on cracked eggs as on whole ones and cracked eggs come a whole lot cheaper; besides, otherwise we'd have to feed the cracked ones to the hogs. Henry never looked up and the vibrator hummed and the water danced the hen shit off the eggs and the smell of

(continued on page 146)



*watch what
happens when seven
photographers
go on a tear*

RIPPED OFF



128 When the lady's between the sheets au naturel (preceding page), pulling aside that last bit of cover can be titillating.

The guy above, enthusiastically manhandling what was once a nightie, is really getting into the spirit of things.



How long since you've seen a girl—let alone two—in lingerie like this? "I picked very feminine, almost outdated slips for

the girls to wear in this scene," says photographer Gregory. "To me, that made it more of a fantasy, more of a turn-on." 129



130 "The sensuality of tearing those wet T-shirts is what I was interested in," says Peterson. "The tactile sensation of shredding fabric is erotic in itself. The models, incidentally, really enjoyed themselves during the half-hour shooting."



Just because a girl is solitary doesn't mean she has to be in confinement. There are times when she's alone, dreaming

her very own personal dreams, when even the flimsiest wisp of sheer bikini panties becomes—simply—too much. 131



132 To photographer Gremmler, the combination of force and eroticism could best be realized by placing the human female

form in "something unusual, something it isn't normally found in. So I encased my model in transparent plastic wrap."



The image of a woman relentlessly but gently—even daintily—tearing her lover's tank-top undershirt with her teeth

connotes, to Gregory, every man's "age-old fantasy—the desire to be raped. Trouble is, in real life it never seems to happen." 133



134 *Clothing's not the only thing that comes off in amorous play, as the stalwart above discovers when he begins seducing*

a ravishing brunette—only to end up by ravishing a seductive redhead, who quite literally flips her wig for him.



One revelation deserves another in this hair-razing story. If a girl can shed her raven locks for love, surely her partner

may sacrifice his mustache—especially when the facial unveiling can be accomplished with a little help from his friend.

THE VARGAS GIRL

"And you say it's called hot-dogging?"



Vargas

ON NOVEMBER 15, 1763, the assembled House of Lords listened to Lord Sandwich read a long, indecent poem called "Essay on Woman." It was, of course, a parody of Alexander Pope's famous "Essay on Man" and was purported to have been written by John Wilkes. His lordship was trying to add some weight to the charge of seditious libel against Wilkes and—as one of the most dissolute, foulmouthed noblemen in England—thoroughly enjoyed this effort to do his old friend in. Lord Lyttleton rose in protest and asked that the reading be stopped, but the noble lords cried, "Read on! Read on!" and, when the recital was over, cheerfully voted the poem a "most scandalous, obscene and impious libel."

No one has ever proved whether or not Wilkes was the author—he was quite capable of obscene and impious libels, but he was probably a better poet than the pseudonymous Pego Borewell who signed the verses. In any case, Wilkes had had the work printed on his own press and he was well acquainted with it.

Wilkes, friend of Voltaire and Dr. Johnson and a brilliant maverick in British politics, went on to become one of the most fervent defenders of American rights against King George III. The fourth Earl of Sandwich is remembered for having been the first to put a layer of meat between two slices of bread—in order to stay long at the gambling table without starving.

Awake, my Fanny, leave all meaner things;
This morn shall prove what rapture swiving brings!
Let us (since life can little more supply
Than just a few good fucks, and then we die)
Expatriate free o'er that loved scene of man,
A mighty maze, for mighty pricks to scan;
A wild, where Paphian thorns promiscuous shoot,
Where flowers the Monthly Rose but yields no Fruit.
Together let us beat this ample field,
Try what the open, what the covert yield;
The latent tracts, the pleasing depths explore,
And my prick clapp'd where thousands were before.
Observe how Nature works, and if it rise
Too quick and rapid, check it ere it flies;
Spend when we must, but keep it while we can;
Thus godlike will be deem'd the ways of man.

Say, first of woman's latent charms below,
What can we reason but from what we know?
A face, a neck, a breast are all appear
From which to reason, or to which refer.
In every part we heavenly beauty own.
But we can trace it only in what's shewn.
He who the hoop's immensity can pierce,
Dart thro' the whalebone fold's vast universe,
Observe how circle into circle runs,
What courts the eye, and what all vision shuns,
All the wild modes of dress our females wear,
May guess what makes them thus transform'd appear.
But of their cunts the bearings and the ties,
The nice connections, strong dependencies,
The latitude and longitude of each
Hast thou gone through, or can thy Pego reach?
Was that great Ocean, that unsounded Sea,
Where pricks like Whales may sport, fathom'd by thee?

Presumptuous Prick! the reason wouldst thou find
Why form'd so weak, so little and so blind?
First, if thou canst, the harder reason guess
Why form'd no weaker, meaner and no less.
Ask of thy mother's cunt why she was made
Of lesser bore than cow or hackney'd jade.
Or ask thy rawboned Scottish Father's Tarse
Why larger he than Stallion or jackass.
When frogs would couple, labor'd on with pain,



A thousand wriggles scarce their purpose gain:
In Man a dozen can his end produce,
And drench the female with spermatic juice.
Yet not our pleasure seems God's end alone,
Oft when we spend we propagate unknown;
Unwilling we may reach some other goal,
And sylphs and gnomes may fuck in woman's hole.
When the proud Stallion knows whence every vein
Now throbs with lust, and now is shrunk again;
The lusty Bull, why now he breaks the clod,
Now wears a garland, fair Europa's god:
Then shall Man's pride and Pego comprehend
His actions and erections, use and end.
Then say not Man's imperfect. Heaven in fault,
Say rather, Man's as perfect as he ought;
His Pego measured to the female Case,
Betwixt a woman's thighs his proper place;
And if to fuck in a proportion'd sphere,
What matter how it is, or when, or where?

Heaven from all creatures hides the Book of Fate,
All but the page prescribed, the present state,
From boys what girls, from girls what women know,
Or what could suffer being here below?
Thy lust the Virgin dooms to bleed today,
Had she thy reason, would she skip and play?
Pleased to the last, she likes the luscious food,
And grasps the prick just raised to shed her blood.
Oh! Blindness to the Future, kindly given,
That each may enjoy what fucks are mark'd by Heaven.
Who sees with equal Eye, as God of all,
The Man just mounting, and the Virgin's fall;
Prick, cunt and bollocks in convulsions hurl'd,
And now a Hymen burst, and now a world.
Hope humbly, then, clean girls; nor vainly soar;
But fuck the cunt at hand, and God adore.
What future fucks He gives not thee to know,
But gives that Cunt to be thy blessing now.



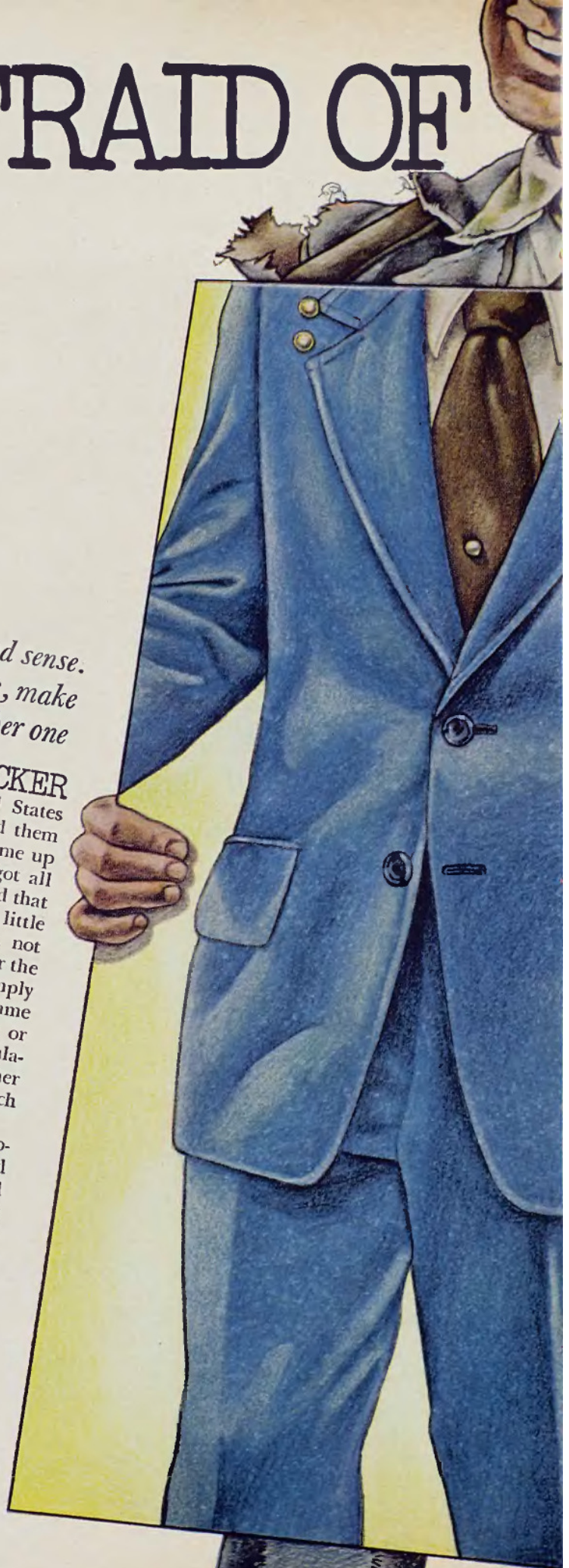
WHO'S AFRAID OF

*anybody with good sense.
so until the government shows some, make
sure you look out for number one*

article By **WILLIAM F. RICKENBACKER**

LAST SEPTEMBER, the President of the United States called a bunch of economists together and asked them to look at the mess the country was in and to come up with some ideas for cleaning up the mess. He got all shades of opinion—red, brunet, blond. He was told that the mess was caused by too much money, too little money, too many Arabs, too much *laissez faire*, not enough *laissez faire*. So much for the problem. As for the solution, he was told that all would be well if we simply had more money, or less money or just about the same amount of money, more spending, less spending or just about the same amount of spending, less regulation, more regulation, more self-discipline, higher wages, lower real wages, sunspots, price controls, crotch crickets, index numbers, jambalaya. . . .

If, since then, you have stopped reading articles on economics, you're on the right track. The subject has ceased to make sense—that part of it, at least, that gets talked about in public, by politicians, by economists paid by politicians and by journalists who studied hockey in college. Witness the headline in a Chicago paper recently: "2ND LARGEST PRICES SPURT IN 28 YRS. FEEDS INFLATION." That's like saying, "2ND LARGEST FLOOD IN 28 YRS. CAUSES TORRENTIAL RAINS." Or witness professorial types who think nothing of reversing themselves overnight, as Dr. Paul McCracken did, in July 1971, when he argued powerfully against wage and price controls and then, within six weeks, accepted Nixon's appointment of him as a member of the newly proclaimed council to control wages and prices. Like getting a physicist to accept an appointment to a Presidential Commission to Repeal the Law of Gravity. If *(continued on page 152)*



HARD TIMES?



someone who picked cotton in the thirties and reads the daily headlines, sweats bullets and wonders why they ever called it the "great" depression

article **By LARRY L. KING**

I don't know your reaction to all this woolly depression talk (though I might if I knew your age), but here's one ole boy it scares. Not mildly worries, mind you, or causes an occasional fretful tic, but simply disorders his mind and his innards. There are millions of us, in our mid-40s or over, who vividly recall the economic bust of Hoover's time. And a high percentage of us fear another depression more than we worry about heart attacks, cancer, hardened arteries or like awards planned for us by the actuarial charts. Short of nature's most perverse inversion, that of burying one of my own children, I can't think of a more frightening nightmare.

Mounting depression talk lately has influenced my daily conduct. I work more, feverishly hoping to gain a nest egg against whatever dread awaits, and have begun dogged small economies: turning off surplus lights, considering the cheaper cuts of meat, spending less on my twin indulgences—good books and good Scotch—and I'm thinking of writing a letter of apology to an old friend, John Henry Faulk, who was a big-time network-radio star until black-listed during the Joe McCarthy madness. I snickered, more than a year ago, on hearing that John Henry had quit the city for a small Texas farm supplied with chickens and milk cows as a survival hedge against expected new privations. It doesn't seem so laughable anymore.

I am kicking myself, too, for having been such a spendthrift over the past ten years. Oh, yes, I have been a real butter-and-egg man, hitting all the whiskey and trombone towns, buying drinks for the crowd and urging the good times to roll from New Orleans to Nantucket; it is a disease afflicting a certain stripe of man

who once didn't have a pit to piss in, a reckless dispensation of resources almost as if one fears that the banks might fail again. In a manic five-month spree in 1972, I divested more than \$12,000 on purely hedonistic pursuits—money above my true requirements or real obligations; funny money just burned and whooped away—and now, monitoring the gloomy economic forecasts, I think of how many chickens and moo cows it might have bought.

But where John Henry had the foresight to retreat to the earth's basic places and things, I did not. More than a year ago, deep in the Watergate dumps, I promised myself to move from Washington—that dreary ruin of marble monuments, rhinestone dreams and brassy political interlopers, where for 20 years I had felt much the transient and grew no roots—to more commodious Manhattan quarters. Despite gathering misgivings and a plunging stock market, I accomplished the deed about three months ago—just in time to witness the collapse of the Franklin National Bank, a branch of which reposes around the corner from my new digs; although its fall has been played down in the press—publishers being businessmen first and sponsors of artists and prophets later—it represented the largest single bank failure in American history. It was not the best possible welcome to the neighborhood.

I love it here—the apartment, the new gear and accouterments, those surging excitements of the Big Apple so long merely sampled by a visiting country boy hoping to throw his money away—but I am newly terrified at assuming the permanent cost of the place. My rent has doubled and the taxicabs are metered. One encounters formerly prosperous ex-stockbrokers in the bars, searching the want ads and nursing their midday drinks. Construction men can't find work, in a city perpetually building, and sit over their beers with haunted eyes and many damnations of their former hard-hat hero, Dick Nixon, on their lips. I think more on the \$7000 required to keep a teenaged son in boarding school, of older family members infirm or otherwise disadvantaged who increasingly require monetary attentions, of taxes and business expenses and of my own loose excesses.

Most of all, I think how unfriendly were the nation's Gothams to their hopeless millions in that earlier dark penniless time. I conjure up visions from old books and ancient newsreels of the special miseries of the cities: their bread lines, soup kitchens, corner apple salesmen, park-bench sleepers, grim gray men in endless ranks profitlessly seeking work, and their dismal "Hooverville" settlements of cardboard, fruit crates, tin and tents. These had it rougher, I know, than those of us relatively fortunate enough to hunker down in the hinterlands, where we might grow a few vegetables and produce our

own eggs, with a little creek fishing on the side; there are damn few squirrels or rabbits to be bagged for the family stewpot on the sidewalks of New York. So I sit here within spitting range of Park Avenue, luxury spoiled and more prosperous than yesteryear might have believed, wondering what in God's good name I am doing taking for neighbors those Wall Street bastards my father railed and warned against in the long ago.

There are brave words these days from President Model T Ford and his White House advisors that no new depression will be tolerated; apparently, Mr. Hard Times is to be run out of town like a ragged hobo. These jawbonings afford small comfort to one who remembers the optimistic rhetoric and arrogant explanations of the Great Depression. President Hoover: *Prosperity is just around the corner. . . . The worst will be over in 60 days. . . . Many people left their jobs for the more profitable one of selling apples (!!!)* Calvin Coolidge: *When more and more people are thrown out of work unemployment results.* J. P. Morgan: *The stock market will fluctuate.* Jackson Reynolds, president of the First National Bank of New York: *Ninety-nine out of a hundred persons haven't good sense.* John D. Rockefeller: *Believing that fundamental conditions . . . are sound . . . my son and I have for some days been purchasing sound common stocks.* Thomas W. Lamont of J. P. Morgan & Co.: *It is the consensus of financiers that many of the quotations on the stock exchange do not fairly represent the situation.*

Well, thanks a heap, old fellows; and thanks, too, to all publications from *Fortune* to *Reader's Digest* for their cheery reports of 1929–1932 even as our belt buckles grew closer to our backbones and grass grew in the streets. And a special thanks to all you determined jawboners of the present moment—you wearers of wix buttons—who have succeeded to the pep squad. But, damn it, I still think I ought to be back home, trading cows with John Henry Faulk and canning prickly-pear preserves.

Not that I understand any more of economics than the tapes show that Nixon knew of the Italian lira or the British pound sterling. But I know this much: Inflation's galloping like Whirlaway in the stretch; Wall Street's on its skidding ass like a Bowery bum (its periodic upward lurchings fail to soothe); unemployment grows; banks fear that increasing defaults of loans may jeopardize them and, indeed, Washington has nervous eyes on 152 banks right now; our international balance of payments is out of whack; interest rates are impossible and no mortgage money remains; the Ford Foundation, in threatening to cut its record philanthropies, hints of folding; The Ford Administration speaks of fewer dollars for revenue sharing to hard-pressed state governments and their subsidiary

cities; Henry Kissinger threatens a worldwide depression in chastising the A-rabs; 30-odd nations are in conditions of famine; there are domestic shortages of ready national resources and vital materials; even Nelson Rockefeller disclaims having a billion dollars, and such is official creeping fear that a delegation of Congressmen recently went accounting to Fort Knox to make sure it does. And—harbinger of harbingers among those of us who've grown soft and fat—expense-account lunches are getting as hard to come by as former Nixon enthusiasts. Somehow, it seems I've passed this way before. . . .

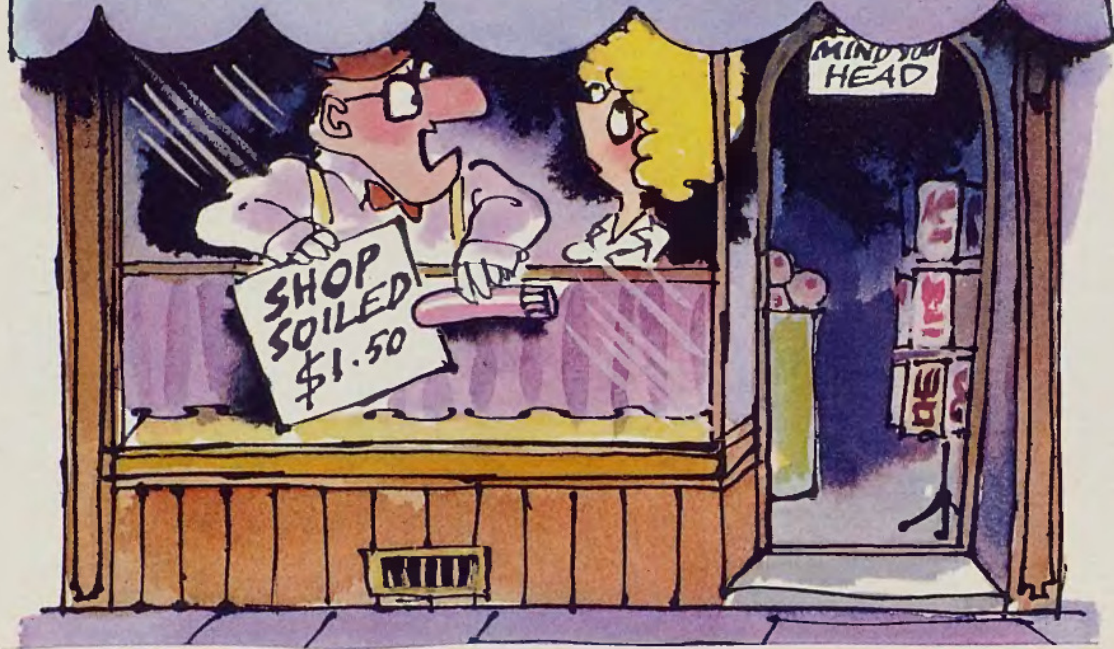
When I am required to write an autobiographical sketch, it invariably begins, "I was born on the first day of the first year of the Great Depression—1929." My subconscious imagines the Fates, wearing black capes and hideous grins, as they danced jigs and gleefully slapped their withered thighs in celebration of the tough surprises they had prepared for Baby King. My father was then a prospering blacksmith and had just built one of the finer houses in Putnam, Texas. I would mewl and gurgle in it little more than a year before the local oil boom would go bust and fly-by-night operators would escape, owing the village blacksmith more than 10,000 hard-money dollars. The Great Depression soon would show itself. My father lost everything; though he would live another 40 years, he never recovered. The King family, like Steinbeck's wretched Joads, took to the road in search of that elusive prosperity Hoover insisted was just around the corner.

My first memories are of living in a farmer's converted garage while my parents and older siblings went off to pick cotton each day. Sometimes they found somebody to stay with me and sometimes they stationed me under a tree with an old collie dog to stand guard. The new Model T my father had paid cash for, before the crash, was pulled by mules from cotton field to cotton field; gasoline was purchased only when it became necessary to find new work in distant places. We ultimately retreated to my father's old home place, where he had gone with his farming family in 1894; its fields long had lain fallow, so that older members of the family had to grub stumps and battle Johnson grass before being able to plant. There soon was a baking drought and a grasshopper plague. I don't know if you've ever seen thousands or millions of grasshoppers assault a cornfield, a grainfield or vegetable gardens. First they chew down the main plants, not only stripping the blades or leaves but eating the stalk and then burrowing into the ground after the roots; when they're gone, it looks as if the field had been bombed or burned. Even when one had a bountiful harvest,

(continued on page 178)

for the person who has everything—
including a case of the hots

SEX SHOPPE



By *Raymond*



"Guess what's purple and green,
ten inches long with feathers . . .?"



"Our baby!"



"I don't know what you're grumbling about, lady—it is in a plain wrapper!"



"If you don't mind me saying so, ma'am—you look like the sort of lady to whom I can confide one or two other functions of this amazingly versatile machine. . . ."



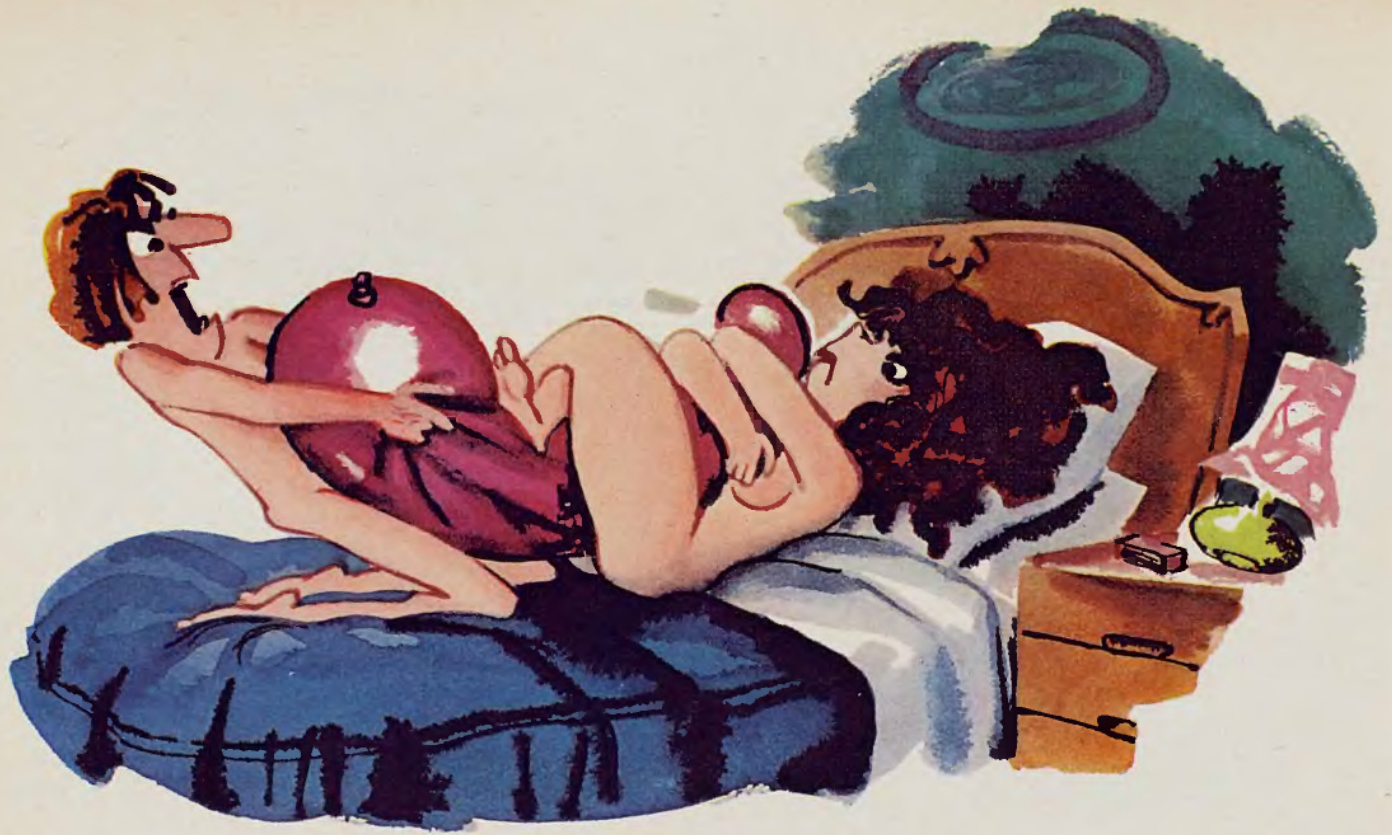
"Esmond! I swear you're trying to ruin a very beautiful relationship!"



"Changing batteries at two in the morning sure ain't my idea of an emergency, lady!"



"Lady! For heaven's sake!"



"Whose damn Patent Reciprocating Adjustable Love Cushion is it, anyway?"



"Zelda! Either fix that thing or save your foreplay till after the big fight!"



"Are you feeling as hilariously horny as I am, Miss Cheeseman?"



"That's funny—it don't look Jewish."



"You two got nothin' better to do?"



*"Mother sure was right when she told me
I couldn't go wrong with that nice girl next door!"*

THE JAIL (continued from page 126)

spoiled eggs was in the room. The floor was a little wet. A black-and-white cat was asleep on the sofa Henry had made for himself by welding legs onto a truck seat taken from a wreck.

"S. Jerome Luben," I said. "That mean anything to you?"

He froze, egg in hand, just that quick. "S. Jerome Luben," I said again.

He dropped the egg and it broke on the wet concrete between his black, down-at-heel shoes.

"Is he dead?" I asked.

Henry reached into the tank for another egg, got one, and then cut off the vibrator. He wiped the egg carefully on the corner of his apron. Flies were worrying about the floor, lighting at the edges of the egg he had dropped.

"Naw, sah, he ain't dead. Leastways he wadn't dead this morning."

"This morning? You saw S. Jerome Luben this morning?"

"Yes, sah. He looked OK to me." Instead of looking at me, he looked at the egg in his hand and pushed with his thumbnail at what might have been a speck on its white, curving surface. "How come you to know about him, sah?"

"I just saw his car."

"Little red automobile."

"Did you knock the wall loose?"

"I prised some of the boards loose. It wouldn't go in if I didn't prise some boards off. But now I nailed 'em back."

"Nine years ago."

"Something lack that," he said, still examining the egg. "It had to be after Christmas, wadn't it?"

"How would I know?" I said.

"It was after Christmas of sixty-five, I b'lieve it was," he said. He never looked blacker. I began to feel something between my shoulder blades in the middle of my back, a cold sensation. He was so utterly still. "Yes, sah. Sixty-five," he said.

"What happened?"

He was quiet a moment. "I tole 'em it was bound to cause trouble."

"Who—told who?"

"Your grandmother, Miss Mettie Bell. And him—Sheriff. He got on her about wanting her to give him a jail—"

"A what?"

"Jail. Tole her wouldn't nothing else make him happy that Christmas if he didn't git him a jail. Jest a teeny little jail. Two cells, he tole her. That's all he wanted Santy to bring him and what if he went away to—where was it he went?"

"Vietnam."

"Nam, that's it. What if he went there and got kilt and hadn't never had him the pleasure of a jail of his own? He started on her in the summertime in weather about like this and she sent to Birmingham for the contractor and they come and built it and she handed him the keys on Christmas Eve. I was standing in

the kitchen next to the sink when she handed them keys to him and made him promise he wouldn't abuse his privilege and wouldn't make no trouble and wouldn't tell nobody local from around here anything about it. She tole me I'd have to feed anybody he locked up and keep the jail swept and mopped and cleaned good. She wadn't going to endure with no dirty jail, she said. So I promised and Sheriff, he promised, too."

I sat down on the sofa. The cat raised her head and gave me a green stare. Then, closing her eyes again, she laid her head back down. I heard the vibrator come on.

"S. Jerome Luben," I said. "Is he in the jail?"

"He was this morning when I carried him his breakfast."

"Where the hell is this jail?"

I no sooner asked than something dawned on me. It was like looking at the flat surface of a pool. You can look ever so long at the surface and you will see only the reflection of the sky and the trees, but then, sometimes very suddenly, you'll see below it—you'll see a fish or a turtle.

It had to be the poison house. We bought farm poisons in such quantities, all the new poisons and defoliants, the sprays and powders for controlling everything from the boll weevil to the cabbage butterfly, plus all the weed killers. I recalled drawing the check to the Birmingham contractor and wondering why Grandmother got somebody from Alabama instead of a Somerton builder, but it was Grandmother's money and if she wanted the poison house set off in a field on the backside of nowhere, then it was fine with me, because the poisons always gave me a headache when I had to be around them. I never went to the poison house, not I or my father or any white man. It gives you a headache, a poison room does. They say the stuff can collect in your system and shorten your life. So, for nine years, I'd been looking at a goddamned jail and had never known what it was. I had never before wondered why Grandmother would put up a two-story poison house and have a Birmingham contractor build it. Hell, I could have built the thing. Only when you are busy as I am all the time, with one season falling on you before the last one is over—starting with cabbage and strawberries and rolling right on through corn and soybeans and cotton and wheat and winter pasture and back to cabbage and strawberries again—you are so goddamned relieved when anybody will take even a little something off your back you never wonder about it and you get so you never ask questions. Nine years can flit past you like a moth in the dark. You never give it a second thought.

"Henry?"

"Sah?"

"Cut that goddamned thing off and come with me." I stood up, feeling light-headed.

"Cut it off?"

"You heard me."

"But I got to grade these eggs—"

"Who feeds him his dinner?"

"Sah?"

"S. Jerome Luben."

He cut off the vibrator, wiped his hands and reached beneath his apron and hauled out his watch. He looked at it and then shucked off the apron and threw it onto the truck-seat sofa before sticking the watch back into the pocket of his gray work trousers.

"No need you to go," he said. He started out and would have gotten in his truck as though to close the matter between us once and for all. I give him credit. He was letting me have my chance to stay out of it.

"Get in my truck, Henry."

He froze again. "You don't have to go," he said.

"My truck."

He gave a sigh and turned then and went slowly to my truck and climbed into the passenger seat and slammed the door. I climbed in beside him and started the engine and felt the air conditioner take hold and start to cool me. It was the first I knew that I was sweating so heavily; it was cold sweat and dried beneath my shirt and left me clammy.

I pulled the gearshift down into drive and accelerated out through the gate, over the stock gap and into the dusty single lane that spun between the pastures, deep and green on both sides of us. Next came cotton acreage, then a bean field with corn standing far down beyond it toward the bottoms, and beyond the corn the groves of virgin cypress timber far down in the flat distance like the far-away rim of the world, as though beyond that contained edge of green there would be nothing else, just blue space and stars. West Tennessee gives that feeling and if you grow up with it, it never leaves you. It's big and lonely and a million miles from nowhere—that's the feeling. I turned through the gate and the tires slapped on the iron pipes spanning the stock gap and the poison house was straight ahead. I pulled around behind it. Sheriff's car was there, parked ramrod straight on the neat gravel apron. On the side of its white front door was a seal and above the seal the word SHERIFF in dark gold, and below the seal in neat black lettering: OFFICIAL BUSINESS ONLY.

The sawed-off shotgun was racked forward against the dashboard and the two-way radio that he always left on was talking to itself when I opened my door, cut the engine and climbed down.

Henry didn't move.

"Get out," I said and slammed my door. He opened his door and climbed down.

"No need you to git mixed into this

If it wasn't for Winston, I wouldn't smoke.

Taste isn't everything. It's the only thing.
I smoke for pleasure. That's spelled T-A-S-T-E.
That means Winston. Winston won't give you a new image.
All Winston will ever give me is taste.
A taste that's very real. If a cigarette isn't real,
it isn't anything. Winston is for real.

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

19 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine av.
per cigarette, FTC Report
OCT. '74.

mess, Mr. Jim," he said, giving me another chance.

The radio in Sheriff's cruiser muttered something, asked something, answered itself.

"Follow me," I said and headed for the door. It was a glassed aluminum storm door and before I opened it, I saw the desk and Sheriff propped up behind it, reading a *True Detective* or some such magazine. His hat was on the costumer in the corner. When I went in, grateful because the building was air conditioned, he didn't stir. Maybe he thinks it's Henry, or maybe he just doesn't care, I told myself.

Henry was behind me. The door clicked shut. Sheriff licked his thumb and turned a page. His blue gaze passed over me as though I didn't exist. He looked almost the same as he had looked the day he left for the Marines, the same tan, the same blond crewcut, the same innocent baby face. Then he saw me. The swivel desk chair creaked and he came forward until his elbows were on the desk. Then I smelled it. Henry had gone by me now into what I saw was a kitchen adjoining the office. I smelled rancid food and unwashed despair and tired mattresses and stale cigarettes—I smelled the smell of every jail in the South, from Miami to Corinth, from Memphis to Biloxi to Charleston to Birmingham—I smelled them all and every little town between. Finally, it is the smell of human fear, the scent of the caged human animal—nine years of that, one year stacked on top of the last, palpable as dust.

"Nice place," I said.

Sheriff looked at me, not sure yet what I knew. Give him credit, he's cool, I thought: my blood, my kin, my flesh. And I had as much hand in spoiling him rotten as anybody. Maybe that's what they teach you at the University of Mississippi, where I played and raised hell for four years before the Army got me. They teach you how to come home and continue to spoil the little brother in the family by letting him do what he damn well pleases. Every family needs one at least with no responsibility at all to burden him. Here sat ours.

"You never seen it before?" Sheriff said. He hollered at Henry: "What you doing in there?"

"Fixin' his dinner, scramblin' his eggs." Henry turned and stood in the kitchen door, holding a pickle jar. I could see the yolks and the whites. So they fed him cracked eggs, the same as any other prisoner in Sligo County. Henry stood patiently. He was looking down at the jar. In the opposite hand he held the lid.

"Fixin' whose dinner?" Sheriff said.

"His—upstairs," said Henry. He didn't look up and his voice was low, a sunken, below-surface sound.

"What the hell you talking about?" said Sheriff.

"He knows," Henry said in the same sunken voice.

"I found the car," I said.

"Oh," said Sheriff.

"The red car and a driver's license and a name."

"Well, now you know about him," Sheriff said. "Figured you or Dad, one was bound to come to the poison house someday. I'd say it was my office and you'd go away and not worry. How come you to find the car, Jim?"

"Just unlucky. A Do-Right wants some old tools and machinery—"

"I told Henry I'd bust his ass if he ever let it out. Didn't I tell you I'd bust your ass, Henry?"

"Yes, sah. Want me to feed him? It's time."

"Goddamn it," Sheriff said. "Goddamn it."

"Just answer me one question," I said. I heard eggs hit the hot skillet.

"Shoot."

"Why would you lock a man up and keep him locked up nine years?"

"You mean Jerome? Why would I keep him so long? It's a fair question. I never intended to leave him in here longer than just overnight to teach him a lesson. He passed through Pinoak that night doing above ninety. I risked my life and never caught him until the son of a bitch was nearly to McKay—lights and siren and giving my car a fit. Goddamn him. He could have been the death of us both. See?" He looked at me with that blue stare of innocence and passed his fingers over the crown of his close-cropped hair. "And he swore at me."

"So you locked him up for nine years. You buried him alive because he cussed you and he was from New York. Do you know how long they'll keep you in prison for this? Did it ever dawn on you?"

"I know all about it," he said.

"God help us," I said. "God help us—Henry's in it. I'm in it!"

"Look—go upstairs and talk to him. Please? Go up and let Jerome explain how it happened. He understands it and—" He stopped talking and stood up and took some keys off his belt and went to the steel security door and unlocked and opened it. I climbed the concrete stairs with Sheriff behind me.

There was a hallway at the top with a cell on either side of it and two windows and a toilet and lavatory in each cell. The cell on the right was open and had bookshelves on every wall to the ceiling. The cell on the left was closed. I saw the prisoner, a slender, black-haired man wearing blue jeans and loafers and a T-shirt. He was clean-shaven and his hair was cropped close to his head like Sheriff's and he was working at a typewriter. A book lay open beside him on the desk.

"What's for lunch?" he said. Then he saw me and pushed his chair back. On

the cell floor lay the rug that used to be in my grandmother's parlor, a pattern of roses. "Who's this, Sheriff?"

"It's Jim."

"What a surprise. I'm Jerome Luben." He came to the cell door, swung it open and put out his hand to me. We shook hands. "So what brings you here?"

"He found your car," said Sheriff. "And Henry told him."

"You just now found out? Told anybody?" He was handsome in a Jewish way and looked none the worse for wear. There was premature gray at his temples, just a touch.

"Not yet I haven't told anybody," I said.

Luben looked at Sheriff. "Why don't you leave us alone for a few minutes? Tell Henry to hold my lunch. Need to explain things to Jim, don't I?"

Sheriff nodded and turned and went back down the stairs. I heard the security door clank shut.

"We can sit in here, if you like," said Luben, leading the way into the cell on the right. "My library," he said.

I recognized two of Grandmother's parlor chairs and one of her floor lamps.

"You upset, Jim?"

"A little," I said.

"Don't be upset. Because what happened couldn't happen again in a thousand—a million—years. I'm not angry, you see that, don't you?"

"Yes," I said. "But what the hell happened? This is the ruination of my family—the end."

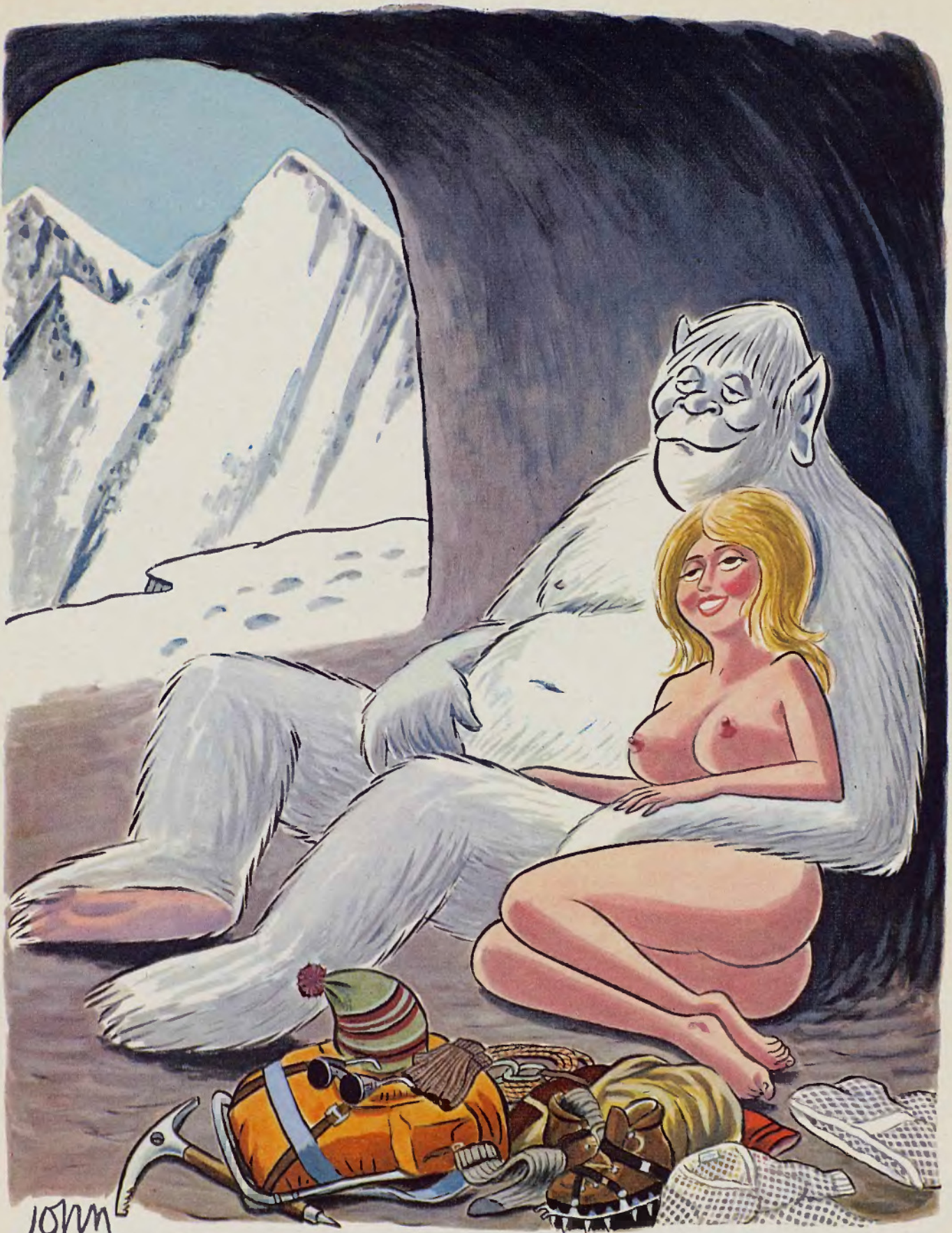
"It's not the end. Listen to me. It's back in 1965, I'm fresh out of Columbia Law School. I'm driving like a bat out of hell, with no respect for anything—asking for it. I've got long hair and a beard and I'm smoking grass and everybody who thinks the war in Vietnam is right is a pissant in my book, shit beneath my feet. Get the picture? I'm bigger and richer and smarter than the world, the entire fucking—pardon me—world. I know Southerners do not use those words."

"Not often, no," I said.

"So your brother stops me. Polite? A complete gentleman. I tell him to eat shit. I hit him. I spit on him. I'm begging him to lock me up so I can be some kind of goddamned martyr and get my ass in jail and my name in the papers and on television and go home to New York and be a fucking hero. Now, understand, my father has washed his hands of me three years earlier and put my money in a trust that keeps my checking account overflowing. I mean, he's rich and my mother was rich and she's dead and I've told him what a capitalist pig he is and he hopes to God he will never see me again. I'm scorching the highway in the backward, backwoods, medieval South, and who stops me? Your brother."

"Lord have mercy," I whispered.

"He brings me here. He and Henry



JOHN
DEMPSEY

"You know, you're really not all that abominable."

have to carry me bodily. I'm not cooperating. Then I blew it all to hell."

"How?"

"I demanded my phone call."

"Phone call?"

"Phone call. My lousy phone call. And Sheriff had to tell me there isn't a phone. I said what kind of fucking jail was it with no phone? I said did he realize what was going to happen to him if I didn't get my phone call? Did he know that he had arrested a lawyer—a member of the New York bar, an officer of the court, a graduate of Columbia and much else? Did he know how fucking rich I was? Because I was going to make a career out of him. I had nothing else to do. I was going to make him and Henry and anybody else responsible for building a jail and leaving a phone out of it suffer until they'd wish they had never been born! Oy!"

I began to see. I began to see it all. He went on. He was smiling now, that was the wonder of it:

"And he finally had to tell me that his grandmother had built the jail and he wasn't really a sheriff, not even a deputy. I had rolled a joint and was blowing smoke at him and getting high and I told him as soon as he let me out, I'd see his grandmother in prison, and himself, and poor old black-ass Henry. And that did it. He was due to go to the Marines. He had already enlisted. He went away and left Henry to feed me."

I didn't want to let myself think what I was thinking. In the chambers of my mind's memory, I saw the red Jaguar in the mule barn. I heard the door chunk shut; I felt all the finality of our family's situation. Coming down to it, I saw that it was me or S. Jerome Luben.

Luben was saying, "I'm sure Sheriff will keep his word, in which event I'll be free next October. Not that I will leave." He frowned. "I find this hard to believe. I therefore know how difficult it may be for you to believe."

"Believe what, Mr. Luben?"

"That I'm finally rehabilitated. That I love the United States of America, that I'd go to war for my country if asked to serve. That I'd even volunteer. Inward things—I'm clean, I'm thinking straight. He'll unlock the door in October, you'll see."

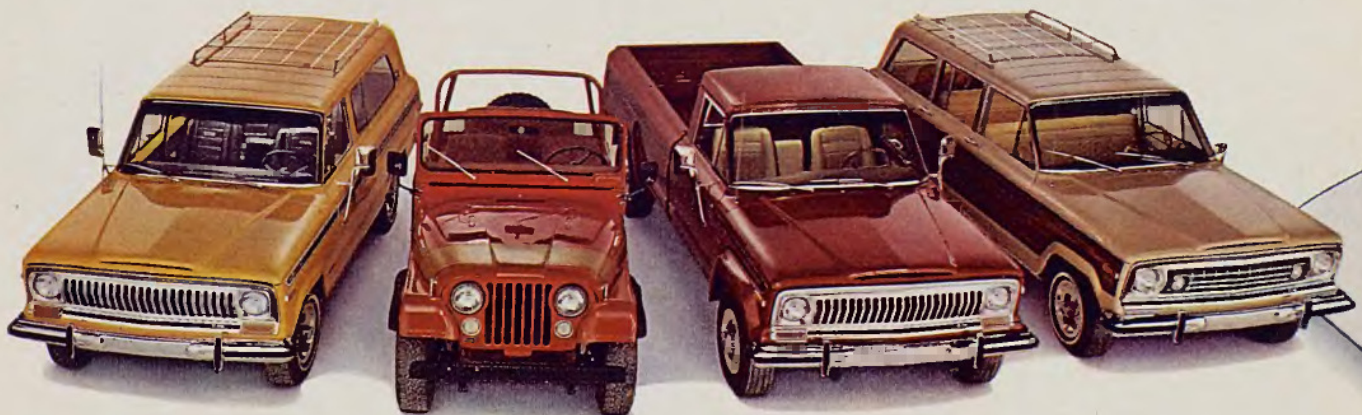
I knew I'd have to kill him. I felt my heart stagger. He must have seen a change in my face. He looked at me quietly.

"After you're free, what will you do?" I asked. We'd bury him and the automobile. The easiest way would be to poison him, to let him die quietly in his sleep, and just as he had been carried into Sheriff's prison—unresisting but not cooperating—so would he be carried out of it and put deep in the ground. It was the only way.

Luben smiled. "Are you ready for this? I like your brother."

My look must have asked him who he was trying to bullshit, because he drew a breath, smiled again and went on talking. All the pressures of New York and the world outside and his troubles with his father and the other members of his family, the drug scene, the antiwar movement, the hippie underground, he was saying, all that passed away once he was locked up here, apparently for life. "All that shit, all those pressures were suddenly gone. I say *suddenly* like it happened overnight, when, of course, it didn't. I was maybe four years getting anywhere with myself, trying to bribe Henry to let me escape, screaming at night. Then I decided to cut my hair and get rid of the beard. Sheriff had already told me I could have anything I wanted within reason, as long as I bought it with my own money. These books, this library, the typewriter—I've got nearly every worthwhile book there is on penology. What started as a lot of shouting back and forth between Sheriff and me became long, leisurely conversations. He taught me how to play dominoes. I used to enter chess tournaments in my other life. Sheriff taught me dominoes—a simple game but really full of genuine American integrity. When I got tired of dominoes, he went home and got his Monopoly set. It was his kindness and his honesty and, at some point, it came to me that I liked him. I saw at last that there had been no forfeiture of

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equity on his part. You follow me?"

"I'm not sure," I said.

"All I'm saying is that I did wrong. He arrested me and when I threatened him like I did, in effect I locked the door on myself. Now, after ten years, almost, you see the result. You see what I've become."

"Which is what?" I asked. I got the feeling you have when a salesman goes too fast and gets close to selling you a bill of goods. In a desperate way, I wanted to believe there wouldn't be any need to kill him. The thing about him was that he was so goddamned nice and likable and, what's more, his voice and his accent reminded me of Sheriff's voice, just a touch, or maybe an echo, but it got to me where I lived. Yet I knew it couldn't be possible that he was really one of us. He was a New York Jew and a lawyer and he had to hate us. He was dangerous as a rattlesnake. "What are you now?" I asked.

"A model prisoner, a rehabilitated man. This is a copy of an essay for *The American Journal of Penology*," he said, opening the top drawer of a little olive-green filing cabinet. "Wrote it in my spare time," he said, laughing a quiet little laugh at his own joke.

I looked at the title page. "Some Problems of Local Authorities in Administering Small-Community Jails and Lockups" and, under it, "By Solomon Jerome Luben, B.A., LL.B." "Well, nice, real nice," I said. My hand was trembling.

"That's nothing. Take a look at these."

And he grabbed a long tube of rolled-up papers from the top of the nearest bookshelf and started unrolling it on the library table.

Seeing the back of his neck, I thought maybe it would be better just to shoot him when he wasn't looking. If I knew Henry and Sheriff, they'd leave that part up to me.

"Don't you want to see this?" he asked.

"All right." And I moved in beside him and looked.

"Front elevation," he said. "Innovative design, eh? Wait till you see the modern features!"

All I saw was a long building.

"I'm financing the whole thing. We break ground in October, when I walk out of here. The end of the medieval monstrosity that has been the bane of every small community in the South." He peeled the top sheet aside. "Of course, there'll be a wall. Now, this is your floor plan, your maximum-security block. Dining hall is here. Exercise yard. Library, of course. Kitchen. Sheriff and I have been two years planning this little jewel. Like it?"

I stood dumfounded. Again he said his fortune was sufficient to see the place built and maintained. He, S. Jerome Luben, would be the administrator. Sheriff would provide the prisoners, of course. Henry might need help in the kitchen, with so many additional mouths to feed. "We'll have to cross that bridge

when we get to it." A dreamy look came into his eyes. Small-town mayors and city officials would be brought here, in greatest secrecy, of course, he said. It was his plan to see what he called "Sheriff's great idea" applied all over the South, for openers. "Ultimately, of course, it will sweep the globe. Once they see how it cuts all the red tape. No criminal lawyers getting some bastard, some baby raper, some fiend out just because his confession got the case thrown out of court. No trial, no court. Just the jail to end all jails, with an indeterminate sentence for everybody. No mail, no phone calls. Just. . . ." And he snapped his fingers.

"Where would you plan to build it?" I asked.

"Why, here, right here! Can you imagine a better location for the first one?" He peeled the next sheet away. "These are below ground—solitary-confinement cells, soundproof, totally dark. I tell you, Jim, when Sheriff and I get through with this thing, it's really going to be something! Oy!"

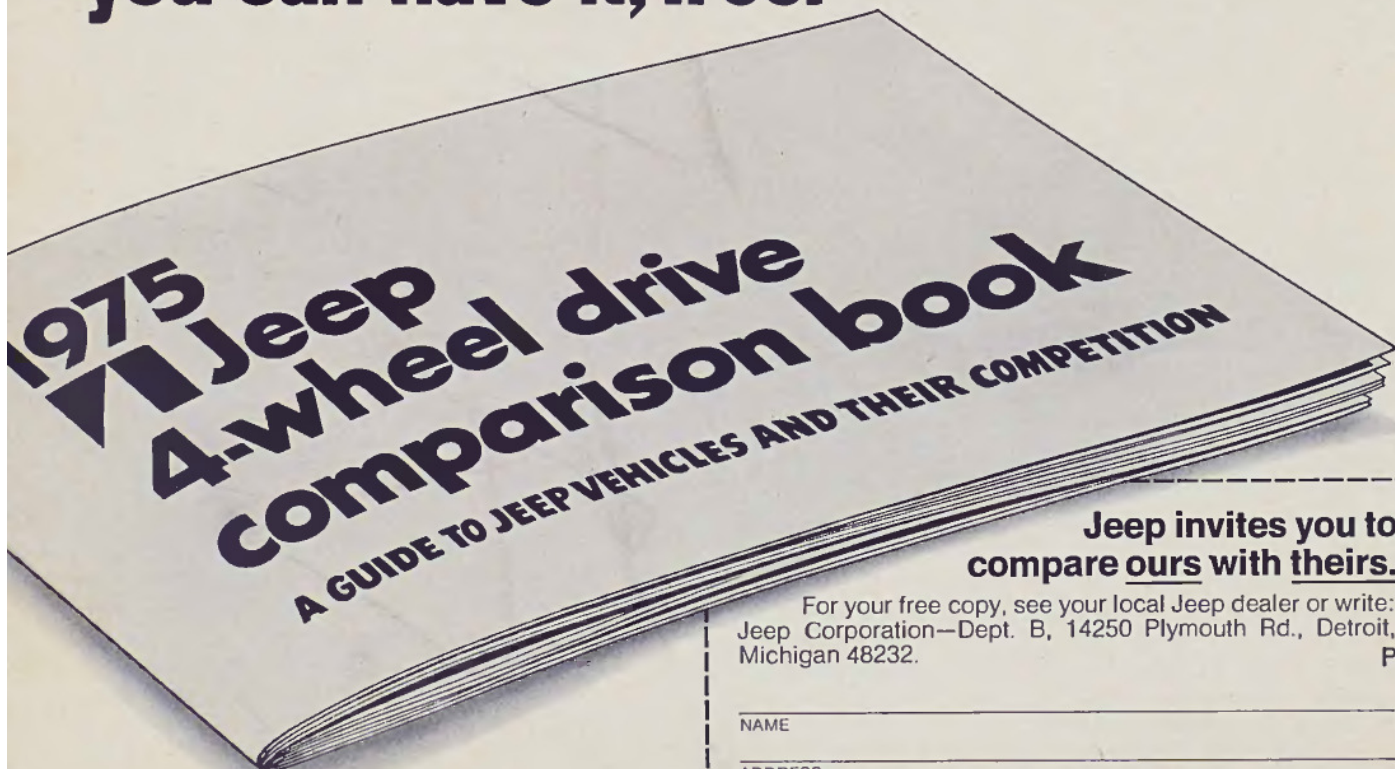
I couldn't think what to say. I couldn't think, period.

"What a plan, what a beautiful fucking plan," Jerome Luben was whispering.

The steel door opened and clanged below. Footsteps on the stairs; it was Henry—bringing the eggs.



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HARD TIMES *(continued from page 138)*

physicists did that sort of thing, you'd soon stop reading articles on physics, too.

The whole thing would be funny if it weren't so serious. These people are not just arguing an abstract point in mathematics; their discussions are going to get translated into policy. These questions involve taxing and spending, the buying power of your dollar, the future of investment programs, the value of your savings and pension rights, the attractiveness of moving to some foreign country, the wisdom of buying a house. It's not just a clutch of double-domes dancing in the footnotes. Those guys with the horn-rims are wrecking *your* economy and *your* chances for survival within it. Their problems, their confusions, their errors are either going to be corrected or *you're* going to pay for them.

OK, but doesn't President Ford have a *plan* with a name like Whip Inflation Now?

Yes, and it's about as relevant as a program to Whip Gravity Now. For instance, one of Ford's cures for snake-bite is to "Learn how to use credit wisely. Postpone unnecessary borrowing. Wait for interest rates to come down, as they will." But this is saying that newly created purchasing power (a bank loan) is a cause of inflation—which it is—and if that's bad, then why doesn't the Federal Reserve Board issue regulations to prohibit the banking system from making any new loans? The Fed has full power to do that. But who ever heard of a Government bureaucracy accepting *responsibility* for the results of its own regulatory decisions? And interest rates will most assuredly *not* come down so easily. They did not rise to historic heights because you and I were living it up on credit cards. Interest rates rise because lenders see further monetary inflation ahead, causing further rot in the buying power of the currency; they ask a

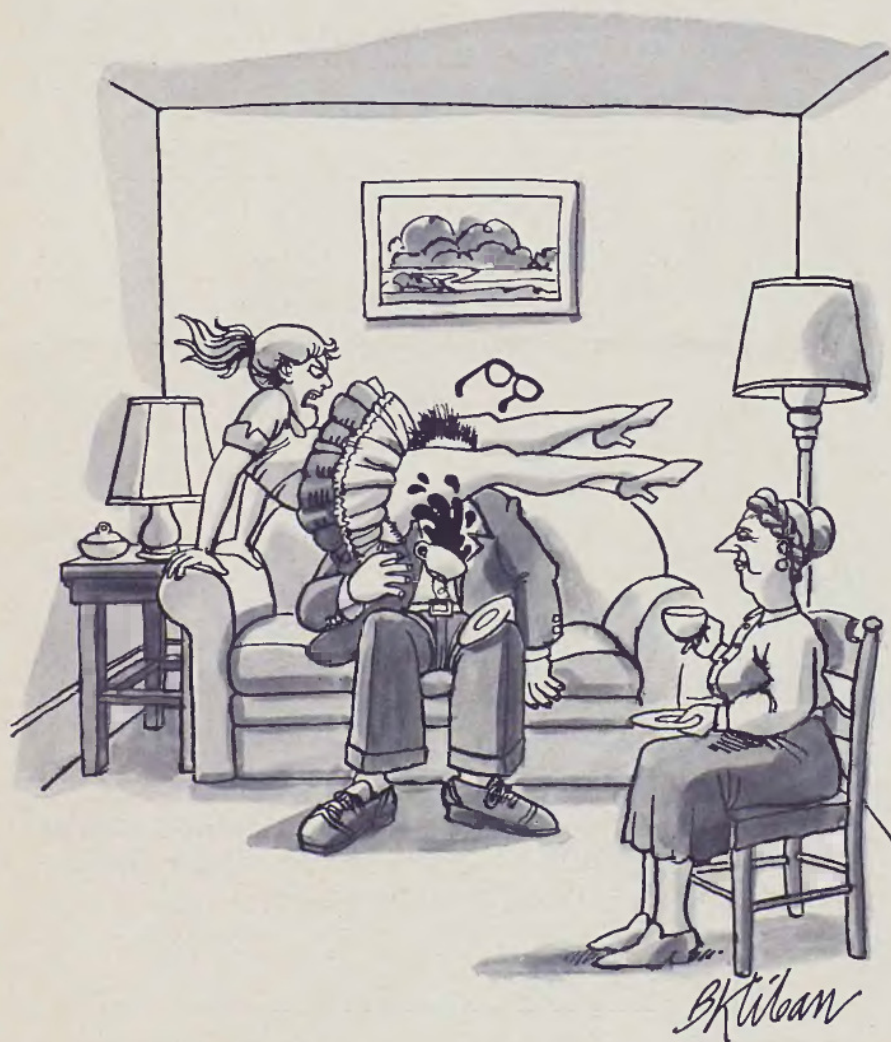
price in terms of the interest rate to compensate them for the expected loss in buying power of the cash they get back when the face amount of the loan is paid. If Ford thinks interest rates are coming down, then he must think we should be buying long-term bonds as a smart speculation. If he were in the investment-advisory business, he'd be out of work within six months, peddling quack ideas like that.

Professor Ford's next answer to the problem of gravity is, "Save as much as you can and watch your money grow, which it will." He can't really *mean* that, can he? Suppose we all put all our money into coffee cans. The country would go onto a barter economy. We would be unable to function except at a greatly reduced level of economic activity. It is not the *existence* of money that creates inflation or rising prices; it is the excessive creation of *new* money—bank loans—and this is permitted and even encouraged by Governmental policy, not by you and me. If you and I create money, it's called *counterfeiting*, right?

Dr. Ford also proposes that we "conserve energy, save on fuel and take the pressure off scarce supplies." Every natural resource is scarce—that is, someone has to perform work in order to find it and make it usable. The way to economize is to let the *price* express the *scarcity*. The most desirable girl in town can accept only one dinner date per day; her time is a scarce resource. A thousand guys would like to take her out for a hot dog and a root beer. She finds herself, however, saying yes to champagne and *chateaubriand*. But why did Ford pick on petroleum as a supply whose market behavior somehow has caused inflation? *Every* item in the market place has a price because it is scarce. Ford must be saying that the cure for inflation is for us all to get along with less and less of everything. With one great exception: Like every politician, he never proposes that we get along with less and less money creation. He owns the counterfeiting machine and he intends to keep it running full speed.

The whole thing, I repeat, would be funny if it weren't so serious. And the whole thing rests on the old and very tired ideas made popular by John Maynard Keynes in the Thirties. He held that the Government could cure unemployment by engaging in monetary inflation without harmful side effects. (Inflation here means an increase in the money supply beyond whatever increase might be enough to keep the price level fairly constant.)

Along with this notion of Keynes's went the notion that if you inflated the money supply to achieve full employment, you would automatically have boom times, the



"If you don't like my coffee, how do you like this, fascist pig?"



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The White Elephant

(Smirnoff, white creme de cacao, m-i-l-k)

This drink is aptly named. We couldn't discuss it among ourselves without arguing. Otherwise, we'd have told you about it ages ago.

We agreed on the Smirnoff. We agreed on the creme de cacao. But was a White Elephant made with milk? About that, we couldn't agree.

So, we tested the drink both ways. The milk version won hands down. "Delicious," tasters told us, "You hardly know you're drinking liquor."

"That's why we opposed putting milk in the drink in the first place!" said the people who had opposed milk in the first place. "It goes down too easy."



That's a problem we hadn't faced before. This drink has 2 ozs. of liquor in it and if you don't notice it at first, you are sure to feel it later. So, hopefully you'll treat it (and yourself) with respect.

To make a White Elephant: Pour 1 oz. Smirnoff, 1 oz. white creme de cacao and 1 oz. milk into a short glass with ice. Stir.

Smirnoff

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perpetual quasi boom of the Keynesian *paradiso*. Well, we have had 30 or 40 years of those policies in Washington. Let's look at the record. The unemployment rate was 3.9 percent in 1946. The money supply was 100 billion dollars. Since then, we have printed enough counterfeit money—that is, "created new purchasing power through the banking system"—to treble the money supply. It is now almost 300 billion dollars. The unemployment rate? *Worse* than before. Around 7 percent. Inflation, far from curing unemployment, makes it worse in the long run.

One element of the situation that deserves close attention is the inflexibility of Government budgets. This factor has been important in the accuracy of the forecasts prepared by orthodox economists. In the past eight years, the Federal expenditure has doubled, but almost 90 percent of the increase has come in programs that are uncontrollable. Director Roy Ash of the Office of Management and Budget says that uncontrollable items account for three quarters of the Federal budget.

What are these items and why are they beyond control? Most of them are direct handouts to individuals. Once the Congress has passed a law setting up a system of handouts, it finds it politically difficult to back down. For another thing, before a giveaway program is set up, there's no way of knowing how many people are going to come around with their hands out. Year after year, the claims keep getting bigger and bigger—claims on the relief programs, Social Security, Medicare, retirement plans, payments to disabled miners, disaster relief, Railroad Retirement.

Hence, a new feeling of doom. Not only the New Economists but more and more American citizens are joining the orthodox economists in feeling that a monster has been created in Washington, a monster that is growing ever more threatening, more destructive and more uncontrollable. For the first time in our history, there are respectable numbers of people who think the system itself—Government—is out of control. There is uncertainty in the air. The stock market is saying it can't see beyond tomorrow, so it prices a stock such as Exxon at six times earnings, down almost 50 percent from its high of a couple of years ago. The bond markets are saying money isn't going to be worth much, so you have to pony up ten or twelve percent in order to borrow two-year money. The labor market shows all the signs of interventionist distortion—high, inflexible and rising wage rates for those lucky enough to hold jobs, coupled with unemployment that also seems to be high, inflexible and rising. Corporate profits are weakened. Corporate liquidity is at an all-time low. Many industries—



"Look closely, ladies and gentlemen, and tell me if this man has the equipment to be a rapist."

the airlines, the public utilities, the steel industry—find it difficult to raise new capital for expansion. Wall Street is a cemetery. The banking industry is in a critically frail condition—all loaned up long-term and unable to meet payments on short-term debts without luck or subsidy. Brokerage houses, banks and insurance companies are going under. Individual investors (except those in precious metals) are being crushed. A man I've known since 1955, a Wall Street professional, last year lost everything he had—simply by owning blue-chip stocks in a margin account. Mutual funds are down 40 and 50 percent in net asset value. Savings banks watch as their deposits drift away.

In the midst of this unspeakable chaos, we find economists in positions of power mouthing the same old formulas from a dead dreamer whose solutions have been proved to be worse than the problems and whose forecasts don't pan out. Paul A. Samuelson, the illustrious economist whose textbook taught the nation that we have nothing to fear from inflation, now says there is no hope of finding any feasible policies to offset the problems we have—problems caused in large part by his very own policies.

There is one man, to be sure, who has the answer to the problems caused by inflation. He says we should lick our plates clean, give up expensive women, plant rhubarb, stay healthy and brag that we're penny pinchers. If he could only perform

simple arithmetic, he might be brought to understand the problem. But he's over the hill.

. . .

Perhaps *because* the President seems insanely removed from the realities of the problem, like a man chasing butterflies in the midst of a volcanic eruption, the people are beginning to panic. They are, for the first time in 30 years, talking about a depression. There are prophets of doom running about the land, saying the banks will close, the stock market will crash to 200 on the Dow-Jones index, all prices will collapse save those of gold and silver. They say mobs will roam the streets, shouting for bread. They advise you to head for the hills. Buy a cabin in the north woods! Buy food in tin cans! Learn to sew! Put your money in an old sock! Plant beans! Oil up your trusty flintlock! Learn to read books again! Grab a blonde! Forget reading! Refuse to pay taxes! Hole up till it blows over! . . . and so on.

Will there really be a great depression once again? Well, the same people who have brought you a correct analysis of the present situation (who foresaw it 20 years earlier) are now in a position to issue a rather encouraging forecast. *There is not going to be a great smashing depression.*

If the Government continues its present mixture of recklessness and ignorance, we might stagger along for 30 years or more before we reach the end of the road. (England has been mismanaged since 1890 at

least. It will reach the end of the road before 1980. That will have taken 90 years.) Vast economies, with world-wide connections, created by large and intelligently adaptable populations, can withstand incredible quantities of abuse, mismanagement, taxation, regulation, inflation, corruption, neglect. But there is always an end to such trends. The question is, will the end come soon?

No. There has never been a serious depression that was not related to a great decrease in the money supply. Under the current institutional arrangements, it is impossible to foresee such a deflation. Therefore, we shall not have a great depression. But this may only mean that we'll stumble along for many years of the present mindlessness. Long-term rates for money will go higher and higher. Corporate profits will suffer erratically. The stock market will follow the course of corporate profits, sometimes following, sometimes leading; it won't enter a great new upswing, but it may very well finish 1975 higher than it started. Unemployment will remain about the same or get worse. Crime will rise, as will the suicide rate, the insanity rate and other measures of social stress or decay.

Will a man on horseback ride onto the national scene and capture the people's imagination with his clean new visage, his courageous program to solve our problems, his startling identification of the enemy in our midst? It could happen, but there is no fundamental need for the story to work out that way. Inflation causes higher prices and the misallocation of capital, leading to a lower standard of living and a rising emphasis on speculation. It does not necessarily lead to dictatorship. Collapse, despair and misery are the seedbed of dictatorships. Or military defeat.

Muddling along for years to come—that's about the outlook, unless we get some people into office who know something about what they're doing. We need new and correct interpretations of the real world, and this means we don't need the fundamentalist preacher type who tells us inflation is a sin for which we must pay the penalty. There is no sort of spiritual chastisement we must go through. Inflation is simply a deliberate Governmental policy that happens to be dead wrong.

Many writers on inflation show a commendable ability to restrain themselves until the very end of their discourse, whereupon they take off into some ethereal region of moral judgment, usually dressed up in the rhetoric of the binge and the hangover. I happen to agree that there is a moral dimension in the universe that we ignore at our peril, but I also happen to believe that we are paying the price right now and don't have to await the Day of Judgment for the wages of inflationary sins.

Every time the buying power of the dollar goes down, there is a genuine loss

of wealth by all those who hold cash, cash equivalents, dollar-denominated contracts, pension rights, fixed-income rights, and so on. They suffer *now* for the distortions caused by inflation. Everyone who has to put up with shabby goods because he can't afford better is suffering *now*; inflation is the birthplace of shabbiness. Everyone who, with naïve patriotism, follows Ford's silly advice is suffering *now* because of inflation. It is simply fatuous to claim that some future generation must pay for the current inflation. We're all paying for it right now. That's why the king called his economists together to study the entrails of the royal bird. The peons were growing restless and His Majesty sought a conciliatory gesture.

Does anyone enjoy some benefit from inflation? There are, of course, vested interests in inflation. They are, mainly, politicians and bureaucrats, but there are hundreds of other groups who mistakenly think they are somehow favored by the goings on. Government salaries have risen much faster than any other salary group in the country. Workers who get their pay increase earliest can trade their new money for items of value in the market before their pay increase has caused the money supply to rise and cause a general rise in prices. If all prices and wages could rise simultaneously and at a uniform rate, no one group would ever feel benefited by inflation. And there are millions upon millions of individual patterns and decisions that have been built on the assumption of a long continuing inflation. Contracts, pension plans, real-estate valuations, insurance programs, depreciation schedules, tax policies. . . . It would be bad public policy to upset all of these arrangements overnight, in the name of putting an end to upsets.

But can't *something* be done—other than licking our plates clean? Sure. The Government could move very slowly to return to a perfectly balanced budget. It could slowly withdraw from the financial markets. It could slowly remove its hobbles from the free market. It could return gradually to a policy of stabilized money supply. The proposals are not new. But the idea of putting them into effect gradually should be yelled day and night at every bureaucrat and every legislator in Washington—the town where overkill east is followed by overkill west, day after day, until the population reels in confusion. Steadiness, stability, order, predictability, evenhandedness—these are the hallmarks of the only kind of policy that can be successful in this situation.

Note: Whereas the usual critic of the free market complains that it's the law of the jungle, a mere chaos to be replaced by the rationality and orderliness of Government planning, it is actually the reverse that is true: Government planning leads to planned chaos, and the invisible system of free-market orderliness is the only substitute.

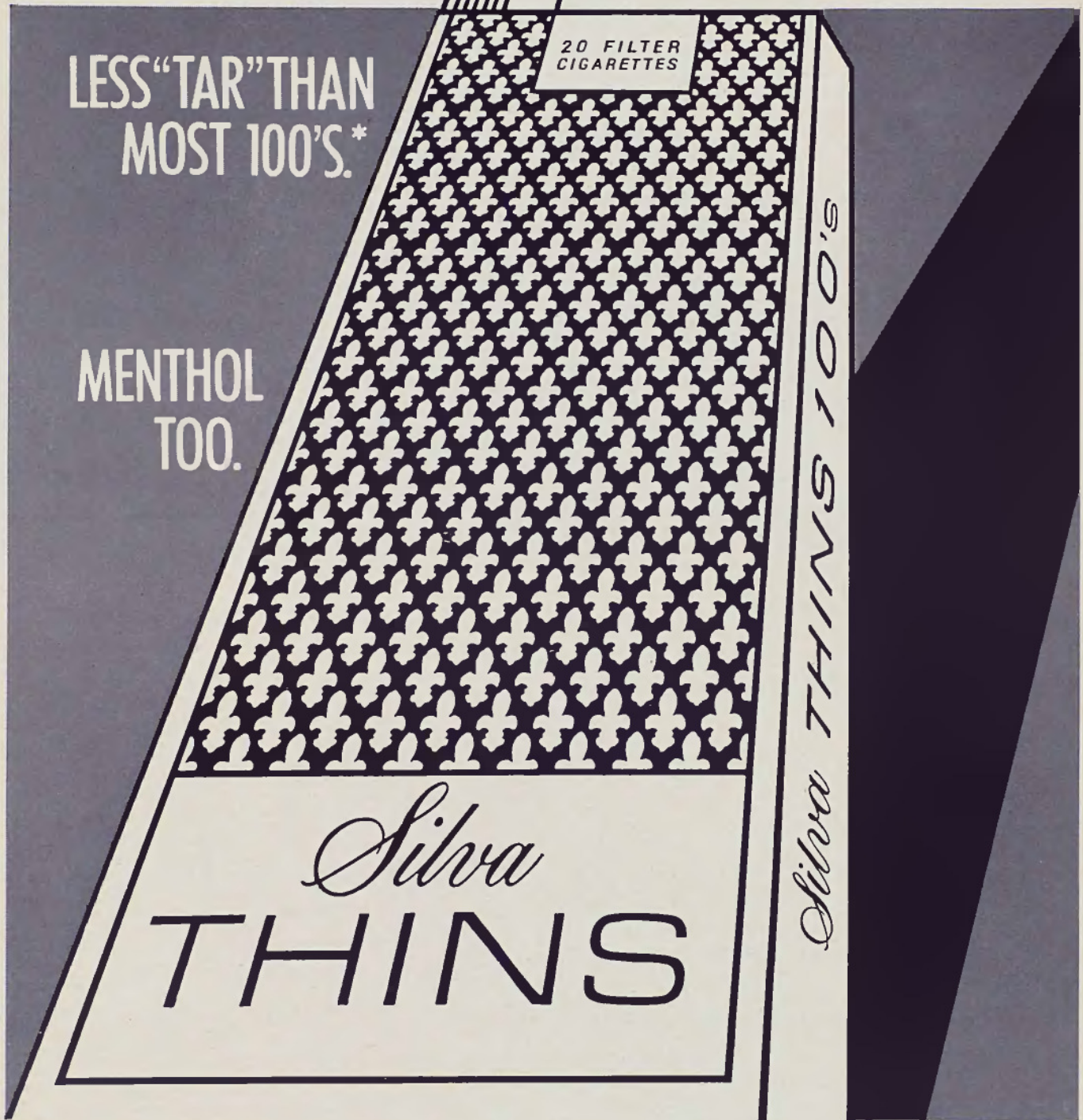
As for personal investment survival in the immediate period, there is no magic formula, and you should beware of anyone who claims he has the magical secret of wealth. Starting in 1970, I have advocated increasing the proportion of your portfolio invested in gold-mining shares or equivalent by ten percentage points for each year of the decade. This policy should continue to provide adequate protection during the uncertain period between now and the resumption of sane policies in Washington. Some time before that resumption, the stock market will already have correctly foreseen the glimmer of happier times and will have started its next ten-year bull market. Consequently, it seems wise to prepare for that moment—gradually, again—by moving into common stocks beforehand. A very aggressively managed portfolio right now would be 50-50 gold (or other precious-metal positions) and short-term market instruments. Starting now, and looking ahead to the eventual return of sane policies in Washington, you could move from the money-market instruments into common stocks, perhaps on a program of ten percent of market value per year.

What kind of stocks?

The kind I call *Old Man River* companies—companies that make and sell products that have an excellent chance of being bought, year in and year out, during good times and bad. Companies without major labor-union problems. Companies relatively immune to Government regulation or interference. Companies without too much debt. Companies with strong cash positions. Companies with a long record of steady growth through thick and thin and a good prospect of extending that trend into the next ten or twenty years. If you buy stocks in such companies, paying six or seven times current earnings, acquiring a cash dividend that amounts to seven or eight percent of your purchase price, you are putting your money to work in a way that will look pretty wise in hindsight.

I don't mean to minimize the problems we face. But it is evident that the problems would seem far worse if there were no answers. There certainly are answers, good ones. There are theories that explain the origin of the present difficulties and that have correctly anticipated them. Thus, the problems, though large, are not mysterious or insoluble. It is only a matter of getting the good word from here to there—from the minds of the many great economists who have stuck to the truth into the minds of the officials and the spokesmen who have it in their power to set the stage for the next great economic miracle. If they will ever so gently remove their feet from the country's neck, it will rise up and start running again very nicely.

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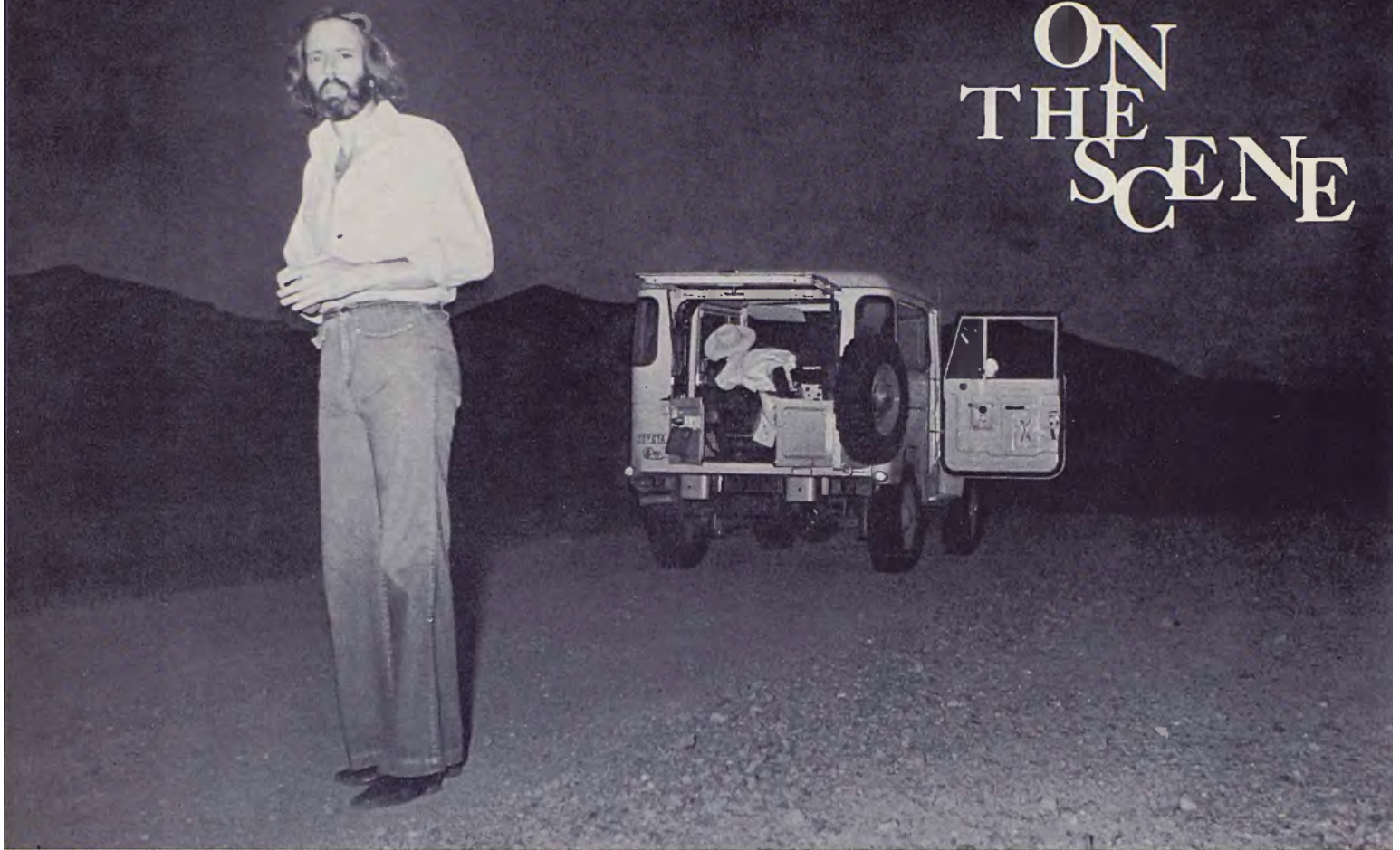
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ON THE SCENE



CHARLES W. BUSH

ROBERT TOWNE *the screenplay's the thing*

AFTER A LONG hiatus, the Hollywood screenwriter's name has meaning again in the movie credits, and Robert Towne, 39, is one very good reason why. As the writer of *Chinatown*, he has assured himself an important place in the 1974 Academy Award sweepstakes. (Towne got a 1973 Oscar nomination for his adaptation of *The Last Detail*, reworked especially for his old friend Jack Nicholson.) Our picture of him may seem strange, but it's apropos; Towne often walks at night in the mountains around Los Angeles; in fact, *Chinatown* took shape during nighttime strolls. A native of Southern California, Towne can remember the area as Raymond Chandler described it—lush and pastel, the air filled with a sinister kind of excitement—and a feel for Chandler's L.A. permeates *Chinatown*, which may eventually have a sequel. Although Towne wrote his first story at the age of five, he did some other things—commercial fishing and mortgage banking—before settling into screenwriting. He put the final polish on *Bonnie and Clyde* and wrote the crucial last scene between Brando and Pacino in *The Godfather*, but he is quick to admit that “actors are a screenwriter's collaborator; they will, and should, affect the characters.” His career has not been without conflict. For instance, he won't work with director Roman Polanski again—ego problems, he says. He removed his name from the credits of *The New Centurions* after viewing the first 20 minutes of the finished film; it made him dizzy. Recognition has changed his life very little, although he says, “It's easier to avoid getting down to work now.” His newest film, *Shampoo*, written with Warren Beatty (who is also one of its stars), opens this month. Currently, Towne is adapting portions of the original Tarzan novel into something more akin to his own concerns about the natural world and its possible destruction. “If I ever made millions, I'd do something eccentric—like trying to save an endangered species from extinction.” Why not? He's done it with screenwriters.

EDWARD HANNA *heat wave in utica*

“THE BLUEBLOODS, the fakers and the big shots have been draining this lousy town for too long,” charges Edward Hanna, the feisty 51-year-old mayor of Utica, New York, whose “people's government” has been outraging the establishment there since his election 16 months ago. “They're all in bed together—the banks, who don't give a damn, the lousy monopoly newspaper and the Chamber of No-Commerce.” Hanna claims that Utica (population 91,000) has been struggling under the highest taxes and the worst unemployment rate of any city its size in the country. Evaluating the situation, he decided: “It was either leave town or run for mayor.” He ran as an independent Populist—and, in a four-way race, won 40 percent of the vote. Within minutes of taking office, Mayor Hanna ordered the demolition of five and a half acres of dilapidated downtown buildings to make way for shops, parks, a Holiday Inn and Utica's own version of Rome's Spanish Steps. Subsequently, he has cut the city's payroll, lowered taxes and managed to put the budget in the black. Hanna, whose parents immigrated to this country from Lebanon, owns a rope factory and two photo-equipment businesses and, until recently, accepted “only a lousy dollar a year” of the mayor's \$20,000 annual budgeted salary (the law said he had to take it all). He has to be restrained from writing out personal checks for hard-luck cases when there are no municipal funds available. No nine-to-fiver, he spends 16 hours a day in his office, dubbed “the town's living room,” where citizens wait to talk with “Hizzoner” personally about everything from real-estate deals to barking dogs, and to listen to him roar invective at the city council, the League of Women Voters and others who oppose him. His critics say he is tactless (he agrees), that his diatribes are doing Utica more harm than good, that he suffers from egomania and won't delegate authority. Undaunted, Hanna counters all that with, “I have everybody here against me—but the people.”

JOSE SILVA *betting on alpha*

ONE DAY back in 1944, a 30-year-old electronics engineer named Jose Silva set forth through the streets of Laredo—for his induction center. Now getting drafted is certainly an unlikely beginning for our story. But he was so intrigued by the psychiatric quiz he got that day that he went to the library and started reading up on psychology. Then on hypnosis. Then on brain waves. He was delighted to find that mental activity was measurable—and he started to visualize the brain as a kind of resonance circuit: “When impedance equals zero, that’s the ideal situation for making use of energy.” Later, while operating his own electronics firm, he began working with his kids to see if he could help them tap the deeper impulses of their minds. Their schoolwork soon showed improvement—but when they began to answer questions that he hadn’t asked, he knew he was on to something: “The development of the intuitive factor—the so-called sixth sense.” He continued his research—at a cost of about half a million bucks—until 1966, when he taught his first paid “mind control” course in Amarillo. Today, Silva Mind Control has centers in every American state—it’s also taught in schools and prisons—plus 16 foreign countries (and the list is growing). It’s a 48-hour, no-machines course that teaches you to quiet the “beta” activity of your brain—that’s so-called normal consciousness, which keeps tying itself up in knots—and let the deeper “alpha” impulses be your guide. As Silva pointed out—he was speaking by phone from Costa Rica, where he’d just dedicated a new center (next week, Mexico City; the week after, Atlanta, Georgia)—mind control is a *practical* thing: “It can be used for business . . . health . . . education . . . for better family understandings. . . .” But that’s not all. For Silva has a vision of a new, improved species of man, thanks to his program: “We are off base right now, and we need to become more humane.” Agreed. Mind Control may not have all the answers, but we need whatever help we can get.

JOHN OLSON



J. BARRY O'ROURKE



CHARIOTS OF THE CLOUDS?

system. I rest easy knowing that my questions have answers.

We no longer live with the mysteries in our past. The evidence I present will forever put an end to the question of whether or not we are alone. The ancient junketers from space left many imprints that are still with us today and will be with us tomorrow (and the day after tomorrow, and so on). It is my contention that these visitors wanted to leave something behind to be remembered by—just as we have done on our moon trips. They left physical objects (temples, roads, amusement parks) and something grander, something that will be with man until his demise: tools.

When the ancient galaxy-trotters arrived on Earth back in August of 30,000 B.C., they found two types of apes: ordinary apes and apes with a future. The apes with a future were our ancestors. They were different from ordinary apes in that they were rather flashy dressers, and the galaxy-trotters chose the more fashionable creatures as recipients of their tools and technology. And so it was that man took the lead in the evolutionary race. Looking back, I suppose that every ape wishes he'd had sense enough to dress for company.

The ancient wayfarers sought to turn these apes into productive individuals, but, as always, an ape would rather clean a friend than listen to an engineering lecture. As a result, the visitors left

(continued from page 117)

Earth. As some sort of cosmic joke, they left behind their tools and great volumes of literature explaining construction, medicine, mathematics and ballroom dancing. It took some time before the apes learned to use the tools and then developed into man as we know him today. Our debt to these ancient space folk is incalculable. Let us all pray, before we lay our heads down to rest, that these ancient space men will not return and ask us to make good on the debt.

CAR WASH AT THEBES

Amid the ruins at Thebes there stands a perfectly operational car wash, complete with a hot carnauba-wax machine, capable of handling 30 cars an hour. Symbols inscribed above the cash register (designed to hold goats, the common monetary unit of the time) have been translated to read NO CHECKS ACCEPTED. BANKS DON'T WASH CARS. WE DON'T CASH CHECKS. Rather unusual for a society primarily concerned with not urinating on its sneakers.

FORKLIFT OF LIBYA

In the middle of Libya's scorching desert, there sits a lone forklift. The late Robert Frei discovered it on an expedition to find the tomb of the late King Ufat McKay. Instead of unearthing a tomb filled with treasure, Frei unearthed a rotting wooden forklift and a bag of stale coconut chewies. Such a clamor was

raised over how to display a forklift among the beautiful treasures of the Berlin Museum for Antiquity and Profit that the historical significance of the forklift was overlooked. A pity so obvious an example of alien presence on our planet was discarded.

THE GREAT SHOE

Outside Calcutta in the midst of Roy Rogers Shanty Town there stands the Great Shoe, an enormous wing tip, size 40,000 DDDD. A few miles from the Great Shoe, scientists have found the remains of the Great Socks and the Great Undershorts. The famed anthropologist Clara Leoprdet was baffled by the size of the Great Shoe, Socks and Undershorts and was quoted as saying, "I wonder if this giant throws his clothes about like this at home!"

THE TEMPLE OF THE TWEED PANTS

For thousands of years, the people of Tacki Tacki in the South Pacific have worshiped a pair of tweed pants (with three zippers, suggesting an anatomy different from that of non-Latins). Island legend had it that the God of Clothing descended from the heavens on a silver-sewing-machine bird and took a woman from among the villagers "to mess with for a couple of hours." The divinely duped husband burst in on the god and his lover and the surprised god dashed out of the hut and returned to heaven. To this day, the pants left behind by the god are worshiped in the hope that he will someday return for the pants and the villagers can get his autograph. Legend or fact?

THE FRESCO OF THE CHURCH OF THE CARPETED CONFESSION BOOTH

A fresco on the ceiling of this small Romanian church has Jesus and the Holy Ghost riding in a flaming rocket, strafing a legion of Roman soldiers. A bubble above Jesus' head contains the words "Geez, what a way to travel!" A more perfect artifact of the hoary tourists could not be found.

THE LEGEND OF THE FAT MAN

On the island of Discovered 1934 there lives a tribe of extremely thin people whose calorie intake rarely exceeds 120 per day. Yet the main figure in the religious mythology is Big Ed, the Fat Man. Big Ed was supposed to have arrived on the island by plane and within an hour had consumed all the food the natives had saved for the rainish season. He complained of gas and left suddenly for the heavens in search of a bicarbonate. The islanders still pile heaps of cold cuts and extra-fancy cling peaches onto the Altar of the Fat Man (a stone slab made to look like a brownie). It is terribly obvious that the Fat Man was an ancient



"I'm a friend of neither!"

space person and that a stone brownie is no inducement for an intergalactic journey.

THE FUTURE

I believe I have sufficiently proved that the Earth has been host to space travelers; but what of the future? Of course, we can only speculate, but I am confident that my theories are sound. Have I been wrong in the past?

There exists a theory (developed by the Boys' Club of Albany, New York) that beyond our solar system time changes radically—one day, for example, equaling 50,000 Earth years. If this theory is true, then only a single day has passed since the first space folk arrived. We can certainly expect them again.

1. It is possible that the space people will return with more tools and knowledge. This could be to our advantage or to our disadvantage. It would be terrible were they to return with the same knowledge and tools as the first time around. Consider what a deadly bore it would be to have to listen to odd little men re-explain the principles of proper home insulation.

2. It is possible that the aliens might return looking human. We might be unable to detect their presence, unless, of course, we were to ask them who played first base for the '48 Dodgers.

3. Perhaps the aliens will return and give today's apes the tools and knowledge to help them in their evolutionary struggle. If this were to happen, we could find ourselves, in a few years, engaged in a mighty battle with the simians. How long would an ape sit in a zoo or a jungle if he had the knowledge to produce nuclear weapons? Looking to an even darker side, suppose the aliens gave the knowledge to insects or plants? Imagine the chaos it would create with the welfare system!

FINAL NOTE

Since it is inevitable that we will be visited by aliens again, you should prepare yourself for a possible meeting with one. There are a few simple rules you should observe for a memorable meeting.

1. Don't panic. Our popular fiction has taught us that visitors from outer space can be tricked into stepping on an electrified trap. Violence will only give us a bad name around the universe.

2. Treat them as you would any other radioactive guest. See that they are comfortable and don't invite them to speak at your club or school.

3. If the aliens are giants, as they may well be, use caution. Do not get them angry and don't attempt to dance with them. If they look as though they are going to sit down in a residential area, play the national anthem until they leave.



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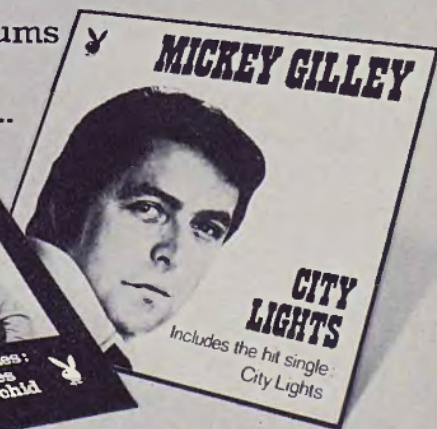
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Produced by Eddie Kilroy

On Playboy Records & Tapes



ELMER GANTRY

(continued from page 118)

thanked the chief bouncer "and the men you recruited."

That sort of violent demonstration of allegiance to the national religion is still, as yet, a sometime thing in the United States; but in other countries where some of the same organizations are at work—supported by the same U.S. dollars—suppression in the name of patriotic godliness has become a real burden. Few leaders of The Fellowship acknowledge this publicly. One who does is Wesley Michaelson, legislative assistant to Senator Mark Hatfield of Oregon. Both Hatfield and Michaelson have been among Washington's most vigorous Christian-political evangelists and were for years before the present movement took off. They are, however, mavericks. They believe that there is a dangerous and essentially un-Christian strain in some of the present revival. As Michaelson puts it: "The latent assumption is that the solution to political problems is to get people converted and committed to one another.

[But] overseas some of The Fellowship people are the same generals who carry out martial law."

. . .

Campus Crusade for Christ International has sponsored a number of evangelical events in Korea in recent years, with the help of such church luminaries as Billy Graham. South Korea is run by one of the most brutal dictatorships in the Orient. Preachers who oppose the government are clapped in jail. William R. Bright, the California businessman who is president of Campus Crusade, publicly announced his support of these jailings on the grounds that if dissent were allowed, the government would be in danger. The only thing that matters, said Bright, is that "in no country in the world, including the U.S., is there more freedom to talk about Jesus Christ than in South Korea." Imprisonment to suppress religious freedom is wrong, he conceded, but imprisonment to suppress political freedom is OK.



"Really? It's mandatory?"

Campus Crusade has close ties with the organizations that now dominate the religious scene in Washington and has at times pushed its influence into the White House. Julie Nixon Eisenhower and a number of Congressional wives meet periodically for Bible study at the home of Mrs. George Page, who is affiliated with the national Campus Crusade for Christ. (Some of Washington's best snoops, including columnists Rowland Evans and Robert Novak, have spread the rumor that it was the prayerful Julie, always a favorite of Ford's, who got to him at a moment when he was feeling Christlike and persuaded him to speed up the pardon.)

C.C.C.I. president Bright's wife, Vonnegott Bright, cofounder of C.C.C.I., received the Churchwoman of the Year award from Religious Heritage of America in 1973. Religious Heritage's president is Chicago insurance man W. Clement Stone, whose \$4,000,000 contribution to Nixon also made him the biggest supporter of God's chosen one. Nixon got R.H.A.'s Churchman of the Year award in 1970, George Romney in 1969.

Although neither Campus Crusade nor Religious Heritage has advocated violent suppression of sin and dissent, they have worked closely with our Government in propaganda campaigns. When dissent was really busting out all over in 1970, Religious Heritage of America's Progress Report (signed by Stone and by Wallace E. Johnson, president of Holiday Inns of America as well as chairman of R.H.A.'s executive committee) noted: "President Nixon has asked Religious Heritage of America to undertake a program which would ease tensions in our nation and unify Americans. R.H.A. is embarked on a ten-point program to achieve that." The crusade would include a press campaign, bumper stickers (I LOVE AMERICA), an advertising blitz through the Advertising Council of America ("Selling America to Americans") and a TV series entitled *The Miracle of America*, starring Pat Boone.

These aren't mom-and-pop store owners who are financing such affairs. The R.H.A. newsletter chirped, "Our thanks to Eddy Scurlock (chairman of Scurlock Oil Company, Houston) for obtaining the loan of a Learjet to fly Pat Boone from Las Vegas to Washington so Pat could sing the national anthem at the religious service. And a big thanks to Harry Smith, Big 3 Industries, Houston, for loaning [sic] the plane. Harold McNaughton, Palmdale, California, was the first to come through with a \$1000 gift to help pay the hotel bill. . . . Bless you, Harold."

Don't shrug off R.H.A. as a business-suited equivalent of the D.A.R., either. Since R.H.A. was launched 24 years ago—"to deepen our faith in a power behind creation, to which we all feel a sense of awareness and responsibility, as an

antidote to communism"—it has lured most of our biggest industrial and political big shots to come panting for its awards, signifying their piety. There is a deep right-wing tinge to this organization, but liberals and moderates in public life are afraid not to join its activities. Along with rightists such as Nixon and Francis Cardinal Spellman, its hallelujah-for-America festivities have also drawn the likes of R. Sargent Shriver and Arthur Goldberg (despite a memo to him from a friend, warning that he might find himself "being used by right-wing extremists when [you act] as honorary chairman of the Washington Pilgrimage of R.H.A."), along with pillars of Americanism such as Cecil B. De Mille, Lawrence Welk and Paul Harvey.

The turnout of moneyed opinion shapers at R.H.A.'s annual America Awards Banquet likes to hear such messages as that brought by Dr. Ernest L. Wilkinson, past president of Brigham Young University. He pointed out that all our troubles started in this country with President Franklin Roosevelt, when we strayed "from government by divine will and relied more on government by human intellect"—by which he meant leaders who told us "we must abandon our former principles in order to 'help the poor,' 'protect minorities,' 'provide for social justice' and 'promote the general welfare.'" As a result, "we are being plagued by a creeping cancer of moral decay."

Does an outfit like R.H.A. have clout? It was largely responsible for persuading Congress to stick the phrase "under God" into the Pledge of Allegiance, and any group that can pull off an abomination like that is capable of anything.

The most celebrated religious bonfire in Washington is fueled by the Fellowship Foundation. The Fellowship, too, has clout of a disturbing sort. For example, when a swarm of Vietnam veterans showed up in Washington last year to lobby for more veterans' benefits and for amnesty for draft dodgers, they wanted to stage a four-day camp-in on the Mall. But the National Park Service refused to give them a permit. At the very same time that the vets were being shooed away, an outfit called Christ Is the Answer showed up in Washington and asked permission to throw up two circus-size tents and park their caravan of double-tandem trucks, covered with evangelistic messages, right on the Mall, one tent right next to the Washington Monument and the other next to the Smithsonian museum. They wanted to hold a monthlong revival. The Park Service at first turned them down, too, claiming that the Constitution frowned on using Federal land for church work. But after Christ Is the Answer officials met with the Senators who belong to the Fellowship Foundation, the Park Service

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This ancient calendar, called the Sun Stone, has an inner ring of twenty symbols, one for each day of the Aztec week. These symbols also suggest what kind of drink might be appropriate for each day's celebration.

Tequila Pina. The giant condor represents the 16th Aztec day, symbolizing rare pleasure. The drink: Shake 1½ oz. Montezuma Tequila with 3 oz. pineapple juice, 1 oz. lime juice, sugar to taste. Serve on rocks in Collins glass.



COZCACUAHTLI

Tequila Pup. The loyal dog symbolized the 10th day in the Aztec week, representing faithful companionship. The drink: Mix in shaker with ice, 1½ oz. Montezuma Tequila, 1 teaspoon honey, juice of 1 lime, dash of bitters. Serve in cocktail glass.



ITZCUINTLI

Tequila Earthquake. A circle with radiant arms symbolized the 17th Aztec day, representing the power to move mountains and get a party shaking. The drink: In blender, combine ¾ oz. strawberries and 1 teaspoon grenadine.



OJIN Add 1½ oz. Montezuma Tequila, dash of orange bitters and ice. Garnish with lime slice and fresh strawberry.

Mexico Martini. The elegant jaguar represented the 14th day of the Aztec week, symbol of graceful enjoyment. The drink: Stir with ice, 2 oz. Montezuma Tequila, 1 oz. dry Vermouth, 2 drops vanilla extract. Strain into chilled cocktail glass.



OCELOTL

Tequila Caramba. The brave eagle rules the Aztecs' 15th day, symbol of free-spirited fun. The drink:



CUAHTLI

Shake with crushed ice 1½ oz. Montezuma Tequila, 3 oz. grapefruit juice, 1 tablespoon sugar. Add club soda, serve in highball glass.

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changed its mind and let them set up their tents and preach against dissenting vets, against abortion, against queers and against dirty magazines.

The Fellowship Foundation owes most of its present notoriety to the fact that its chief apostles allegedly converted Charles Colson to Christianity and gave his dirty-tricks lieutenant, Egil "Bud" Krogh, Jr., a prayerful send-off before he went to jail for his part in the burglary of Daniel Ellsberg's psychiatrist's office. The Fellowship Foundation's long-term basis for fame is that it has taken over much of the work of its predecessor, the I.C.L.

To understand the dangerous side of the current religious movement, one should go back to the beginnings of the I.C.L. in Seattle in 1935. Seattle was a center of labor radicalism in those days and the local businessmen were afraid it would flame up in widespread strikes. The business community launched I.C.L. under the guidance of Abraham Vereide, a vain, arrogant, pious fellow who, before arriving in Seattle, was an itinerant Methodist preacher in Montana who liked to strut around with a six-shooter in one hand and a Bible in the other. Like many immigrants (Vereide was a native of Norway), he was determined to be more patriotic than the native-born. Later he would boast that he "was led to take the offensive against corrupt, anti-American forces that were infecting his community. The heart of a viking immigrant was the womb in which I.C.L. was conceived by God."

So successful was Vereide in Seattle that he was persuaded in the Forties to take his viking heart and his bag of godly tricks to the nation's capital, where conservative politicians and industrialists helped him launch the I.C.L. Once again, the purpose was to develop an atmosphere that protected the status quo and retarded dissent. By the Fifties, he was going great guns.

As in Seattle, the Devil in Washington was portrayed as "anti-American forces," or communism. It fitted in perfectly with the spirit of the Fifties, with the spirit of McCarthyism, with the spirit of Eisenhower's big-business theology. It was the era in which godliness and anticommunism were one and anticommunism and proestablishmentarianism were one.

In 1953, Vereide and his big-business backers—with a special assist from hotel magnate Conrad Hilton—persuaded Eisenhower to establish the National Prayer Breakfast under the auspices of Vereide's I.C.L. Billy Graham became a fixture at it and for the next 15 years he delivered a sermon at the annual event.

Among the officials of the I.C.L. in the Fifties and Sixties were men such as John C. Broger, director of the Armed Forces Information and Education Directorate at the Pentagon. Broger, who was also

a special advisor to Admiral Arthur Radford, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff in the Fifties, was the fellow who later authorized the broadcast to U.S. troops overseas of a religious series prepared by the notorious bigot and rabble rouser Gerald L. K. Smith.

Sometimes the I.C.L. appears to have been no more than a propaganda arm of the Pentagon. It produced the film *Militant Liberty*, which was conceived by Broger and produced by Frank B. Fuhr as part of the I.C.L.'s "world-wide spiritual offensive" against communism. It was adopted by the Department of Defense for its training program.

At the height of the Vietnam war, the National Prayer Breakfast was one of the White House's most important podia for selling the war as a sacred venture. Graham told one of the breakfasts that "there are those who have tried to reduce Christ to the level of a genial and innocuous appeaser; but Jesus said, 'You are wrong—I have come as a fire setter and a sword wielder.'" L.B.J. liked that a lot.

There has always been a strong military tone to the National Prayer Breakfasts. Not only have the U.S. Army Chorus and Navy Sea Chanters been on hand for the hymn singing, not only have admirals and generals been there to deliver the prayers and addresses, not only have the lay ministers chosen blood-and-guts topics for their sermons but, at a more practical level of brainwashing, the breakfasts have often been broadcast to hundreds of military bases, where many thousands of military personnel convened for simultaneous prayer exercises. A few years ago, the prayer breakfast was broadcast to 1400 military bases around the world, touching the minds of 200,000 Servicemen. Members of the President's Cabinet will often give sermons at the breakfasts. Congressional leaders will often tell how God influenced their lives. But needless to say, no equal time for agnostics on the program; no atheists. The thousands of military personnel who tuned in must have got the idea that all their leaders, bathed in a warm cocoon of certitude, thought Christianity was the cat's meow. There was no suggestion that many of our leaders are paralyzed by honest doubts and dark cosmic fears about their own and the nation's future. America, like its flag, seemed to snap smartly in the breeze.

The I.C.L./Fellowship Foundation spends nearly a half million dollars a year not only on the National Prayer Breakfast but also to support hundreds of mayors' prayer breakfasts and governors' prayer breakfasts and professional-athletes' prayer breakfasts and campus prayer breakfasts. It's uplift all the way. Former New York Yankee star Bobby Richardson became a representative of the Fellowship of Christian Athletes and his pitch was just super: "God's Hall of

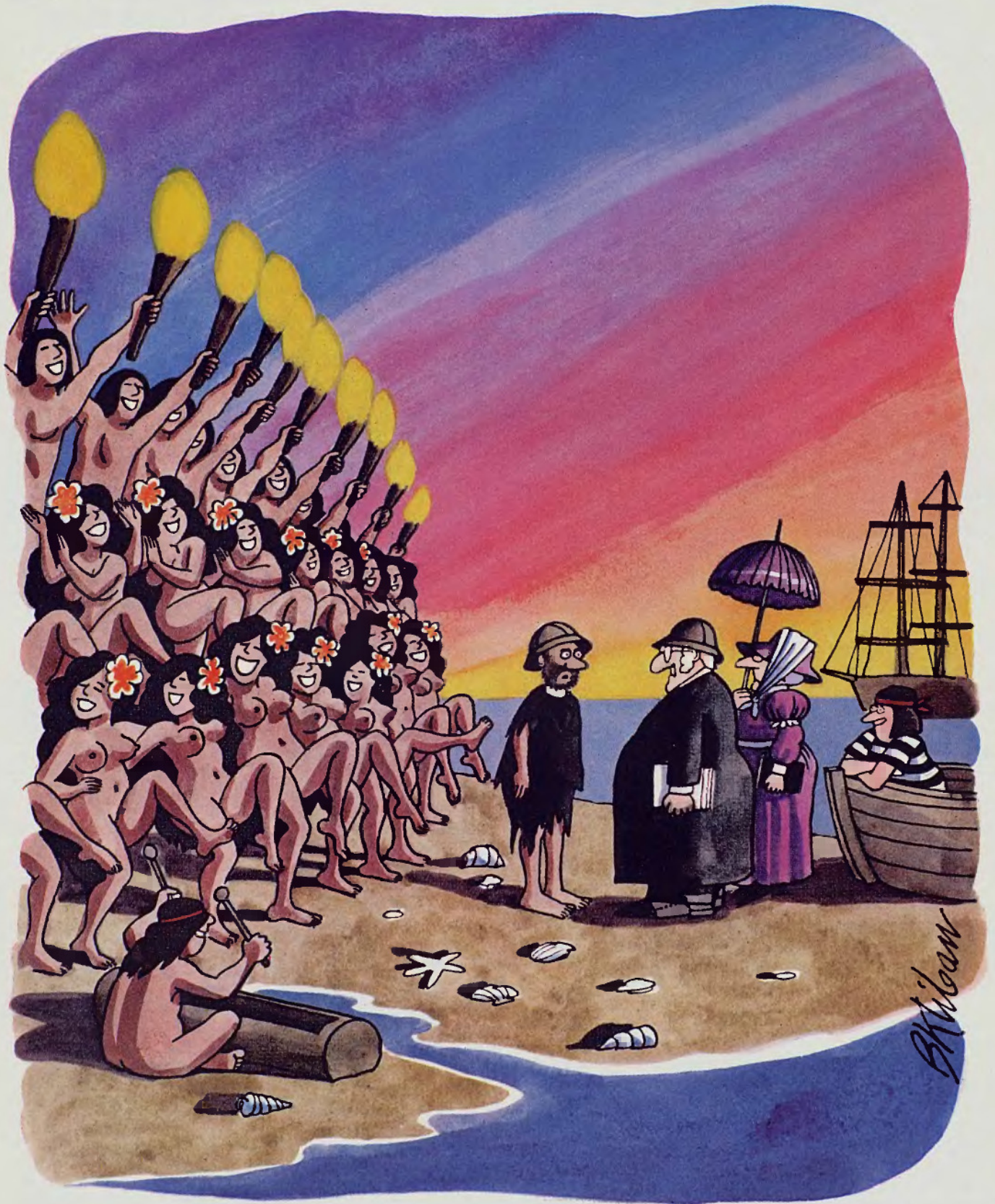
Fame is for eternity." Allen Morris, the Miami millionaire realtor who helped organize the first Orange Bowl prayer breakfast in 1973, contributed to an organizers' handbook the advice that at every breakfast God should be thanked for "the blessings of living in America, of free enterprise."

At the Pentagon, there are a dozen or more prayer breakfasts each week for everyone from clerks to brass (but no radical mixing of ranks); one of these sessions, according to *The New York Times* religion editor, Edward B. Fiske, takes place at 6:30 A.M. every other Tuesday, when "before concentrating on matters of war and peace, a dozen admirals and generals assemble in the Secretary of the Army's private dining room at the Pentagon for coffee, doughnuts and 90 minutes of Bible study."

This is nothing new, of course. When Laird went in as Secretary of Defense, he summoned the top-ranking military chaplain and asked if the Pentagon had a prayer room. He was informed that there were dozens of rooms already in *ad hoc* use for prayer and worship, but none specifically designated as a prayer room. "Build one," he ordered, and it was done. Generals who were about to send more bombers into the North Vietnamese air to kill nonbelievers regularly went to Laird's Meditation Room for a spiritual briefing ahead of time.

Out of the Pentagon have come such zealots as General (four-star) Ralph E. Haines, Jr., who was in command of all U.S. Army land forces until he quit the Service in 1973, after receiving the Holy Spirit at a Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International meeting. He shucked his uniform with the declaration, "I would rather be a private in the army of the Lord than a general in the U.S. Army." Sometimes it's hard to tell the difference.

The Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International, which claims "His banner over us is love," has set out to alert every member of Congress, the Supreme Court Justices and the President to "the invasion of the green atheistic cancer of communism which has so stealthily extended its corrupt tentacles into virtually all areas of our national life" and that "a satanic minority are actually controlling our country." Judging from some of its literature, its idea of a satanic minority is anyone who participates in a protest against war or discrimination. One of the F.G.B.M.F.I.'s favorite pamphlets for proselytizing is a speech by the chairman of Acacia Mutual Life Insurance Company, who warns that "if communism were to prevail in this country—life insurance would fail!" That level of evangelism, the F.G.B.M.F.I. claims, has lured nine Senators and 23 Congressmen (including Ford when he was still in Congress) to its meetings. Most of them are leaders in the



"Christianity? I thought you said to teach them choreography!"

current prayer movement and The Fellowship.

As already indicated, the alliance of the military and the politico-religious movement in Washington is so close it looks like Thor has come into his own at last. Scratch a member of The Fellowship and you will almost invariably uncover a devout Christian who believes in international mass slaughter. The guiding power of the Senate Prayer Breakfast is Senator John Stennis, chairman of the Senate Armed Services Committee. It was through Stennis' nomination that the Senate selected as its chaplain the Reverend Dr. Elson, a retired colonel in the U. S. Army Chaplain Corps. Elson is one of the guys Johnson sent to oversee the South Vietnam elections in 1967, as a way of laying a sheen of respectability on the dictatorship.

The Fellowship is always quoting somebody like Lieutenant General Willard S. Paul or Admiral Radford or General Matthew B. Ridgway to the effect that "the Spiritual Power of God is the answer to communism." For a long time, one of the I.C.L.'s vice-presidents was Lieutenant General M. H. Silverthorn, U.S.M.C. (Retired), who took time out from praising God to help put together the Victory in Vietnam Banquet Committee of America's Victory Force in 1968.

Religious Heritage of America has the same ties. Its award for Clergyman of the Year in 1974 went to Rear Admiral James W. Kelly, former Navy Chief of Chaplains. Colonel Paul H. Griffith, past national commander of the American Legion and former Assistant Secretary of Defense, was once R.H.A.'s president.

But putting aside the militaristic leanings of the prayer leaders, there remains their just plain thuggish attitude toward the general public. At the height of the Vietnam war, Stennis proclaimed, "Great Society programs with the billions they are gulping down should be relegated to the rear. . . . They should be secondary to the war." He put them secondary by voting against Medicare, the poverty program, urban-assistance funds, child-care programs, legal services for the poor, manpower training and food stamps.

Does that sort of voting record come from divine guidance? Stennis insists that he is in tune with God and that when a gunman shot him in the lung several months ago, he survived strictly because "a high hand" intervened on his behalf.

Stennis' counterpart as the most vigorous supporter of the House Prayer Breakfast was, until he left Congress this year, William Jennings Bryan Dorn of South Carolina. "I like to think that when I come out of there," said Dorn, "I am a little more tolerant and sweeter to people." In fact, his voting record shows that he would go to any extreme to cast a

vote against the general public, especially if the vote would reach down and improve the condition of the poor and neglected.

The Congressional prayer groups are packed with fellows like that—Dixiecrat scribes and Republican pariahs. The day of the Senate Prayer Breakfast "is the best day of the week," brightly beams Senator Jennings Randolph, the portly fellow from West Virginia. "At the end, when we join our hands in prayer, you can feel the grips tightening. You sense that we are going out strengthened." Strengthened for what? When Randolph first went to Congress more than a quarter of a century ago, he was a vigorous New Dealer and was voted by his colleagues the member who did most for his constituents. Nowadays, he works mostly for the interests of coal-mine owners and oil companies. After 78 men were killed in an explosion in Consol's number-nine mine at Farmington, there was a strong movement on Capitol Hill, a movement eventually successful, to write an effective coal-mine-safety law; Randolph, participating in what *The New York Times* called a "skulking maneuver" directed by the National Coal Association, tried his best to gut the reform legislation. What does this man pray for when he holds the hands of his colleagues at the weekly breakfast?

The I.C.L./Fellowship Foundation does not tell whom it gets its money from; it tries to keep that a secret. But it is known that some of The Fellowship's more generous support has come from outfits such as the Eli Lilly Endowment and the Pew Memorial Trust (Sun Oil Company money), both of which have helped keep alive such right-wing groups as the Christian Anti-Communism Crusade, Truth About Cuba Committee and the All-American Conference to Combat Communism, organizations whose primary purpose is to keep Americans shaped into rigid political orthodoxy and to spread the Gospel that "un-Americanism" is the most venal of all sins.

The Fellowship Foundation lives from the largess of such businessmen as that nameless executive (presumably with an oil company) who is listed in its 1973 financial statement as having donated the royalties to be derived from certain mineral rights located in the continental shelf of Australia. Four months later, the rights were sold (probably back to the donor; that kind of "charitable" shuffle is common in the oil industry) for \$360,000.

The Fellowship now has its eye on a \$3,500,000 estate—its 20 acres being one of the last big hunks of private real estate in the center of Washington, D.C.

If the deal goes through, this estate will be general headquarters for the national prayer and politico-Christian movement to be headed, apparently, by

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Why everybody's pretending they're us.



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There was a time when the EARTH® negative heel shoe was the only shoe in the world with the heel lower than the toe.

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It took many years to perfect the Earth brand shoe. And those years are crucial. They make our shoe different from all its imitators.

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It started years ago when Anne Kalsø had the original idea for the negative heel shoe.

She saw footprints in the sand, and realized that with every footprint the body was designing a shoe. A natural shoe. A shoe with the heel lower than the toe. A shoe that would work in harmony with your entire body.

But that was just the beginning. Then came the years



of research and hard work to get every detail just right. To perfect the arch. To make the toes wide, comfortable and functional. To balance the shoe. To mold the sole in a special way so that it would allow you to walk in a natural rolling motion. Gently and easily even on the hard jarring cement of our cities.

To get an idea of how the Earth® shoe works, stand barefoot with your toes up on a book. Feel what begins to happen.



Patent # 3305947. Why the Earth® shoe is unique.

The Earth shoe is patented. That means it can't be copied without being changed.

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So to be sure you're getting the real thing, look on the sole for our patent number and our trademark, Earth. If they're not

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And there's one more thing that makes our shoes so special. Our stores.

Earth shoes are sold only at Earth shoe stores. Stores that sell no other shoe but ours, and are devoted entirely to the Earth shoe concept.

How our shoes fit you is very important to us. There's a special technique to fitting them. Our people are trained to fit you properly and we wouldn't trust anyone else to do it.

Find out for yourself.

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When you do you'll see, perhaps for the first time in your life, what it's like to walk more gracefully, naturally and comfortably.



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Anne Kalsø.

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"Sorry, Mac, we got no eight-year-old masseuses."

Senator Harold Hughes, who dropped out of the Senate in January 1975. Hughes recently conceded that "we've been praying for it [the mansion]. We've asked the Lord to give it to us. If he does, we will consider that several miracles have taken place." This is the kind of sanctimonious hyperbole one must expect; actually, The Fellowship hasn't been asking the Lord for the mansion nearly so much as it has been asking its fat-cat supporters, and if they come through it will be no miracle, for money flows easily in the trough of these pious patriots.

In the late Sixties, The Fellowship's tone underwent a subtle change. Partly, this was because the godly Vereide went to his heavenly reward in 1969. Partly, it was because, with Nixon, R.H.A.'s 1970 Churchman of the Year, going soft on international Communists, the religious crowd felt it expedient to begin tuning down the old hard line. Anyway, it was no longer so fashionable. The wild anticommunism of the Fifties no longer sold so well: Witness the decline of Dr. Carl McIntire, who still preached a rabidly anti-Communist line but could muster only a handful of sup-

porters for his marches in support of Nixon's war policy. The prayer leaders on Capitol Hill felt their image slipping: Their ranks were too heavy with the likes of the late Congressman James B. Utt of Orange County, California (honorary doctorate from Bob Jones University). "Frankly," said the Congressman who headed the prayer movement in the late Sixties but who wants to remain anonymous for obvious reasons, "we had a pretty lousy reputation. Most of the people who showed up for the prayer breakfasts were hard rightwingers, Elks Club types. After they said a prayer, you almost expected them to yell, 'OK, bring on the girls!' I decided it was time to put a different image on the group, so I began getting people like Mo Udall to come around."

It paid off. The reputation of the Capitol Hill prayer groups did improve. They seemed slicker, more contemporary, more sophisticated—or slightly more. The God they invoked was still a capitalist god. He still loathed communism, He still sniffed at dissenters, He still vomited on military deserters. But He was also more decorous. He was now a more acceptable God, in that He wore a vest

and, like most high-class lobbyists around town, had a spastic colon for which He drank milk regularly.

Vereide's mantle fell on the shoulders of Douglas Coe, who had been an assistant to Vereide since 1959. Under Coe, politico-Christianity on Capitol Hill has been reduced to the roll of a Welcome Wagon. Criticism is *verboten*. It is a Christianity with all the character and transparency of Saran Wrap, fitting neatly and sanitarily over any bowl of political-corporate corruption. Odor is reduced to a minimum. The essential mission of The Fellowship remained what it had been under Vereide, to emphasize the "personal" immorality of things like coveting your neighbor's wife and de-emphasize the public immorality of stealing elections.

So, naturally, it was just the kind of fellowship to embrace Krogh and Colson.

Colson says he turned, or began turning, to Christianity in March 1973, when, having done what he could to blacken the reputation of Ellsberg and hundreds of other Americans on the "Enemies List" that he helped concoct, he became bored with life. The source of his conversion is significant. He claims that none other than Thomas L. Phillips, president of the Raytheon Company, started him up the sawdust trail. (Raytheon is one of the nation's biggest defense contractors.) One day, when he was visiting in Boston, he ran into Phillips, an old friend, and told him he was feeling low. "Try Christianity for a pickup," Phillips said, or something to that effect. Phillips urged him to put himself in the hands of Coe when he returned to Washington.

Coe processed Colson through three of the faithful—Senator Hughes, former Congressman Graham Purcell and Congressman Albert Quie. The processing entailed prayer meetings at which Hughes, Purcell and Quie prayed over Colson, sometimes wept over him, and brought him into The Fellowship by holding his hand and hugging him. Hughes is a great believer in body contact.

To say that the world was skeptical of Colson's intentions is putting it mildly. It was suggested that his conversion was prompted by everything from mental dehydration to a crafty effort to help Nixon. The skepticism was, of course, based mainly on the difficulty of believing such quick change could come to a man who was, as one editor noted, just basically rotten.

And the skepticism, as it turned out, was apparently justified. Hughes assured reporters that "this baby in Christ," as he called the hatchet man, would forthwith tell everything he knew about Watergate. But Colson's rebirth of candor didn't pan out. He refused to publicly admit in full detail his rascality, refused to implicate any other wrongdoers in the Watergate mess, refused to disavow his

allegiance to the biggest crook of them all. The only thing he said he was sorry about was that the tapes had been released. When CBS interviewer Mike Wallace asked Colson (who was being accompanied by his spiritual keeper, Hughes) if he had tried to "make amends" for his more obnoxious actions, he said that he didn't think reform meant having "to go back and try to redo things . . . done in the past." Furthermore, he denied having pulled most of the dirty tricks Wallace mentioned. "Well," said Wallace, no doubt voicing a common bafflement among *60 Minutes'* viewers, "I confess you leave me somewhat bewildered, then, as to the meaning of your faith." And on another occasion, when a *Newsweek* reporter tried to pin Colson down on what his new faith meant in practical terms, he turned the question away with the kind of fluffy response that is typical of The Fellowship: "Oh, it would take about a half hour or more to explain it all. Peace. Peace. Serenity. It is hard to explain."

It is clear that for such men as Colson and, indeed, for men at his level of Government who are charged not with crimes but only with antisocial mischief, The Fellowship serves beautifully as a kind of Lighthouse Mission for the Powerful, where they can get a free bowl of good publicity and a deloused cot on which to sleep off their latest, if not their last, power drunk.

Why would a fellow like Hughes want to quit the Senate to become some sort of high priest in an outfit like that? He is no Dorn or Randolph or Stennis. He is a decent man, judging from his voting record. Why would he want to act as a paid front for this crowd? And what exactly will his duties be when he leaves the Senate and joins The Fellowship professionally?

At this point, such questions disappear down a black alley. Hughes has intentionally built a mystery: "I have no fully structural outline of the initiatives I will take in this new work, but the arrangement I have with the two foundations [Fellowship and I.C.L.] leaves me almost unlimited freedom to proceed in whatever creative direction I consider best."

It is obvious that one of his duties, whether he interprets them that way or not, will be to serve as a pious envoy for top-drawer rascals in need of a patina of repentance. It is also probable that he will help lead the gullible Christians of America away from thinking about things like crooked corporations and into thinking about alcoholism, a nice diversion. Hughes is a veteran Bible thumper on the I-was-a-drunk theme: "I was beaten to my knees in despair [by alcoholism]! I cried out to God, and from that moment my life changed!" he roared at the 1974 National Prayer Breakfast audience, bringing them to their feet with cheers and thunderous applause, thrilled at the spectacle of this battered Manolete twirling

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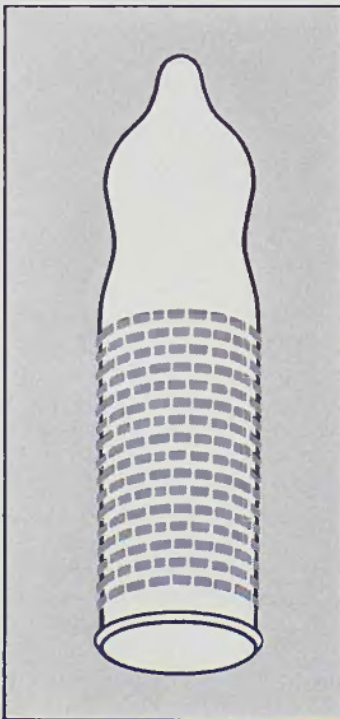


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his scarlet cape right over the horns of that old devil, demon rum.

Give him credit for full sincerity; the question remains, is that all he hopes to get out of turning to the lay ministry—just a chance to beat his breast? Which, after all, is something he had been doing on the side (for money) during his Senate career. Isn't he cooking up something else on God's back burner?

A reasonable guess is, yes, he is going to use his lay ministry as a launching pad for the Presidency. He wouldn't be the first. William Jennings Bryan, like Hughes, dropped out of Congress and began making himself available for a Presidential nomination by lecturing all over the country; also like Hughes, Bryan the politician was hard to differentiate from Bryan the evangelist. As a politician, he was always spouting Scripture, always couching his political debates in Biblical analogies and Biblical phraseology. It was no accident that Bryan's most famous oratorical flourish—"You shall not press down upon the brow of labor the crown of thorns, you shall not crucify mankind upon a cross of gold!"—sounded like something God might have bellowed from a dark cloud over Golgotha.

It worked for Bryan. The hayseeds, the grass-roots Christians, the urban rock-ribbers, the populistic plain-folk salt-of-the-earth types everywhere loved this pseudoprophetic approach to politics and managed to swing a Democratic Presidential nomination for him three times. Unfortunately for Bryan, there weren't enough God-fearing folks to put him in the White House.

Hughes, like Bryan, has a big chest and a big gut and a booming voice; like Bryan, he is ardently antiliquor; like Bryan, he seems to inspire confidence in that mythical creature, the "little man." Hughes's physical and intellectual appeal on the evangelical circuit was accurately forecast by the greatest of boondocks columnists, L. T. Anderson: "Hughes looks like an evangelist. It is easy to picture him in a cowboy hat. If Hughes had Colson's sins and a name like Jimmy Tom, there would be no limit to what he could accomplish, even in a crowded field."

Not only is he an ex-drunk, he is also an ex-football player, an ex-truck driver, an ex-governor of a foursquare state (Iowa) and a lot of other exes that add up to good colorful political copy. He is also an ex-hawk. Nowadays, he sounds as pacific as the dove that settled on John the Baptist's head. He claims that if he were President and we were attacked by the Russians, he would not retaliate atomically. But never forget that this very canny, practical Christian supported the war in Vietnam until very late in the game.

Hughes was a hard-line supporter of Johnson's Vietnam policy until Johnson's last year in office, at which time it

hardly took an abundance of either courage or wisdom to change position. What Hughes's army of liberal admirers tends to forget today is that in 1965, it was none other than its hero who helped recruit support for the war by putting together a governors' tour of Vietnam; this was the tour on which Romney later claimed he was brainwashed. Hughes's fans also conveniently forget that he didn't change his position on the war until his most important fund raiser, an Iowa department-store owner, told him to either drop his hawkishness or get somebody else to collect money for his campaign. All of a sudden, Hughes had a vision of peace.

Like most of Hughes's visions, this one obviously had a practical side. And it is reasonable to assume that his new evangelism has a practical side, too. Like giving him a powerful political base from which to launch a Presidential campaign. Hughes was talking about entering the ministry in 1968, when his third term as Iowa's governor would end, but Bobby Kennedy persuaded him to run for the Senate instead. Presumably, he could now be talked into disrupting his ministry to run for the Presidency. Hughes does not pretend he is absolutely leaving politics forever, come what will. Quite the contrary. In just about every interview he has had in recent months, he has left the impression that "if God calls," he will try for the Presidency.

What could be sweeter and neater? Here he will have a built-in campaign organization stretching into every nook and cranny in the nation: prayer groups on every major campus, prayer groups in every state legislature, prayer groups in every major businessmen's organization, prayer groups in Congress—all bubbling with people who, whatever their party affiliation, would be only too eager to get out and ring doorbells or pass the hat around the corporation board room for their man of God, and, best of all, much of it being done with tax-exempt dollars. God will provide.

One can safely predict that a solid front man like Hughes would win the financial support of Christsers such as Raytheon's Phillips; Spyros S. Skouras, chairman of Prudential-Grace Lines; William J. Quinn, chairman of Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul and Pacific Railroad Company; innkeeper J. Willard Marriott (chief backer of Honor America Day—Billy Graham's idea); W. Clement Stone; and an assortment of oilmen—a group whose enthusiasm has been so evident in Washington's spiritual revival in recent years.

What do they hope to benefit from backing a politician on a God kick? One of two things. The most cynical of the two possibilities is that they could elevate Hughes to the Democratic nomination with the reasonable expectation that he would be an easy candidate for a Republican like Ford to knock off. After all,

Ford has his own prayer-group background; Hughes couldn't upstage him as an anointed of God. Furthermore, Hughes has a kookie side to his religion—or a side that most people would consider kookie—and that would be easy to ridicule. Wait till square America learns that Hughes believes he talked to his dead brother through a medium. Wait till square America learns that Hughes believes in extrasensory perception. It would titter all the way to the ballot box.

The second possibility to explain the support of the establishment for Hughes is that whether or not he runs for President, he will be the most eloquent fellow it could possibly recruit for spreading the word that America is blessed, take it as it stands, forgiving corporate and political sins, looking away from the fact that Exxon is stealing us blind and toward the bliss of the sweet by-and-by. Hughes's version of Christianity is not likely to upset the profits of Tenneco and Mobil and Lockheed. He will preach that we are a kind and generous people, that we are basically a churchgoing, God-fearing people, that we want to live a better life—just like Mobil's ads say in *The New York Times*. It is the kind of ministry that blunts sympathy for the torch and the dissident march. As the black football player from Baylor told Nixon and Graham at their Knoxville political revival: "I'd be the most militant man in the country today, if I hadn't found Jesus."

Poor old Hughes sounds like he's already being suckered into position. "God can and will use Watergate," he says, "as a rebirth of this nation."

Why Watergate? Why not Vietnam? Or the Alaska Pipeline? Why not the Lake Superior pollution? Or Four Corners? Why not the oil companies' profits? Why has God decided to use Watergate? Can't God see the big picture?

Whether or not the piety of Washington is sincere or false makes no difference, of course, except as it helps win support across the nation for phony programs and harmful politicians. In 1968, Graham's all-but-official endorsement of Nixon was used constantly in TV campaign commercials that helped sew up the South solidly for Nixon. Graham, after all, is the Baptists' most admired ballyhooer, and there are about 25,000,000 Baptists in this country. In his inaugural prayer over Nixon, Graham thanked God for helping "in the selection of our leadership." And after that, he stuck so close to Nixon that he won the unwelcome title *The Chaplain of Watergate*. Graham was, many of his critics feel, pressing quietly for the unofficial establishment of a national religion, a civil religion, a religion that makes no demands on its political leaders, a religion that was summed up very neatly by Billy: "We should work for peace, but all we can really do is patch things up, because the real war is in man's



"I've got great news for you, Charley . . . I'm not frigid after all!"

own heart. Only when Christ comes again will the lion lie down with the lamb and the little white children of Alabama walk hand in hand with the little black children."

As early as 1970, knowledgeable religion writers were reporting that Graham and other like-minded Christs both in and out of Washington were hoping to have an interdenominational movement under way by 1973, molding together the 25,000,000 Baptists with 15,000,000 other conservative Protestants—a potential wave of 40,000,000 prayers and votes that would, indeed, be hard for dissidents and liberals to swim against. The distractions of Watergate interfered with that, disrupting its crucial base in Washington, but now the momentum could be redeveloped.

Ironically, the only voices—few, indeed—heard speaking against the establishment of this civil religion come not from the places you might expect: not from the irreligious, that is. They apparently aren't aware of what's up. The few voices of protest come mostly from within the professional religious movement, and mostly from mavericks who have little or no following. Even more ironically, the most eloquent voice of warning comes

from dead center in the political-evangelist movement, from Senator Mark Hatfield, who was Graham's personal choice for the Vice-Presidential spot on the 1968 Republican ticket.

Hatfield has warned "how dangerous it is to merge our piety with patriotism," a merger that results in the belief "that God has blessed and has chosen America as He did Israel; that [George] Washington was like Moses, leading the people out of bondage into a new land; and that the Constitution and the Declaration of Independence (and remember their authors were mostly deists) were written after inspired prayer meetings." Hatfield became so upset at what he feared was a drift toward a civil religion that he once contemplated making a public statement denouncing the National Prayer Breakfasts. Instead of doing that, however, he accepted an invitation to address the N.P.B., where he told the shocked gathering, "We sit here today as the wealthy and the powerful. But let us not forget that those who follow Christ will more often find themselves not with comfortable majorities, but with miserable minorities."

His reception was noticeably chilly.



GOOD OLE RHODES SCHOLAR

(continued from page 122)

Vanderbilt, but he said no, it would interfere with his writing. He found construction jobs instead, emptied ashtrays at Columbia studios, tended bar and drank beer at the Tally-Ho tavern, made his eager rounds with a battered guitar and taped demos of his songs. The first of the new breed, he encountered the same old hopeful faces everywhere he went. Marijohn was one, in a way, though older than most and with more conventional songs. College-educated, she had spent her first years in town trying to remember to drop her gs so as to fit in. She introduced him around. He met Chris Gantty (*Sundown Mary* and *Dreams of the Everyday Housewife*), Mickey Newbury (*Just Dropped In*), Tony Joe White (*Polk Salad Annie*, *Rainy Night in Georgia*), Dennis Linde, Steve Davis, Billy Swan, Donnie Fritts, Vince Matthews, Red Lane.

They were big, strapping, handsome guys in Levis and boots, beginning to smoke dope and get all haired over in the fashion of the times. They could be raw and touchy as Hell's Angels yet warmly supportive of one another, hugging as unaffectedly as they fought or seduced or drank or wrote songs—most of which didn't go. "We weren't commercial," Kris says wryly. "That was a dirty word, because we weren't."

Marijohn says his first melodies were so reminiscent of Hank Williams' work that she had to warn him about it. She was scheduling demo sessions for him, but she thought his voice too unusual, too distracting, and persuaded Mel Tillis and Johnny Duncan to come in and sing. So all over Music Row he toted his demos, his own songs in other men's voices.

Two of his side-kicks were Lambert, tall and easygoing, with blond ringlets and a talent for leathercraft as well as for songwriting, and Vince Matthews, big and intense, with lank black Indian-looking hair, dark intelligent eyes and a way of talking effusively into your ear, more damply as the evening wears on. Matthews never finished high school and Kristofferson still marvels at how adroitly he handles concepts such as alienation and angst, frequently mispronouncing words because he has encountered them only in print. The two in a way are not much different from Kris. Both have written songs as moving and witty and insightful as many you see on the charts, and both perform. As members of the new breed, they'll probably never appear on *Grand Ole Opry*, but then, Kris never did, either.

He moved in with Lambert and Lambert's girlfriend. It was a two-bedroom \$50-a-month apartment. "There was no furniture," Lambert says, tipping back a Buckhorn beer. "There was only one



"Really, Helen—just because he wasn't all you expected last night."

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bed and somehow—I don't know—Kris got the bed."

Matthews joined in the laughter in a way that said this told you how Kris was. Looking awed even now, he said: "From the moment that fucker hit town, he was a star. From that first party, everybody was talking about his songs."

Lambert: "Yeah, he'd already been touted as a boy superstar. And guys at the Tally-Ho were always talking about what they were gonna do, you know? They're still there and still talking. But Kris was doing it. . . . He was a great gift giver. I was making leathers and I guess half of it went to Kris for gifts, usually to high-powered people." But not always. Pat Floyd, who used to work in Marijohn's office, still has one of those leather purses.

Lambert stubbed out a Salem. "You know, he wouldn't smoke anything but Bull Durhams. There are only three or four cigarettes that are hard to get like that, Picayune, Home Run. But he chose one of those."

"He had this way of *reluctance*, you know?" Matthews said. "Like, he was reluctant to record, then he was reluctant to perform or be interviewed. He was always *reluctant*. Reluctant with chicks, too. Hell!" Matthews guffawed admiringly. "He knew what he was doing."

"I used to call him Golden Boy," Lambert chortled. "Used to piss him off and he'd say he was gonna punch my lights out. That was a saying of his. Billy Swan, he's got one eye and he pissed Kris off one time and Kris said, 'Billy, I'm gonna punch your light out.'"

"He was a duker," Marijohn said.

"A hitter," Lambert said, and he recalled a time when he was working an out-of-town club and Kris was in the audience. A couple of beefy red-necks were heckling Lambert, who finally had enough and called them out. Kris went along. "He didn't have to and it ended up we didn't fight. But Kris was ready. He was ready."

Yet not many actually saw him fight. Marijohn said it happened once at her house, with Faron Young. According to Kris, Young had called him a phony, kept it up and a tussle ensued. It was called out of respect for Marijohn's furniture after they ended up sprawled in the fireplace.

"How do you two feel about him now that he's made it?" I wondered.

Lambert: "I'm behind him. I like him. I'm jealous of him."

And Matthews rolled back on the carpet, nearly toppling his beer, and laughed uproariously. "Yeah! Riiight!"

"What is it he has, besides the talent?"

Matthews never paused. "He's *pretty*, man. He's pretty and sexy and brilliant and talented and rich and famous—he's a *star*, man."

The Tally-Ho tavern has a new name now, the Country Corner, but it's the



same place—a Southern tavern, loud and smoky and harsh, with touchy Southern male egos bumping around like snooker balls on a threadbare table, the sort of place long-hairs wisely stayed out of in the Sixties. A hand-lettered sign on the wall reads: PATIENCE/MY ASS/I'M GOIN' OUT/AND KILL SOMETHIN'.

Among the glossy photos of country-music stars is one of Kris, grinning, inscribed in his angular scribble to the owner: "Cathy, I love you, but I'm glad I don't work here no more."

Beside me at the bar is a chubby, round-faced man in a sport shirt, drinking Budweiser from a sweating can. He introduces himself over Waylon Jennings' jukebox voice. He remembers Kris.

"He was real clean-cut then, not like some of the others. I only knew him to say hello, but we got into an argument once. It was right when Luther King was killed and I was popping off about the colored people and finally Kris said he had some black blood, his grandmother, or great-grandmother, I don't know. I don't know if it was true. But I felt bad."

The man went quiet, sipping. "But he was the cleanest-cut guy ever came into this place. I guess he's not that now."

Kristofferson, in yesterday's jeans, is on the plane to Albuquerque, sipping a bloody mary and talking about his last days in Nashville. His songs had sold from the start, he conceded—Dave Dudley had recorded *Vietnam Blues* and Roy Drusky had done *Jody and the Kid*—but after that came long dry spells, the last of which had stretched itself out until he thought it would smother him.

"I had written *Help Me Make It Through the Night* and it wasn't going. Man, I pushed it to everybody—girls' duets, comedy acts; shit, anybody. I knew it was gonna be a hit someday, but it looked like it was gonna be after I was dead.

"Our second child was born with a birth defect and I ran up a \$10,000 medical bill and I had \$500-a-month support payments to make. I went down to the Gulf and took a job flying helicopters out to the oil rigs. I commuted to Nashville."

When his contract at Buckhorn expired, Marijohn suggested that he move to Combine, a bigger house. He did, and just about then it all broke open. He and Shel Silverstein had written *Your Time's Comin'* and a forgiving Faron Young recorded it. Jerry Lee Lewis recorded *Once More with Feeling*, Bobby Bare did *Come Sundown*, Ray Stevens did *Sunday Mornin' Comin' Down* and Chet Atkins, on whose good side is the only place to be in Nashville, liked it and said so. Roger Miller cut *Me and Bobby McGee*, Kristofferson met him and Miller recorded more of his songs. Johnny Cash, always a mentor of the new breed, did a song on his TV show. Combine paid Kris's debts. Gordon Lightfoot and Janis Joplin did *Bobby McGee* and Dennis Hopper heard it, liked it, phoned Kris and invited him to Peru for *The Last Movie*. Kris was seen at Janis' funeral (they had been close for a time) and was cast as *Cisco Pike*. He won the Country Music Association's Song of the Year award for *Sunday Mornin' Comin' Down*, appalling the traditionalists when he showed up for the



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ceremonies, they thought, either drunk or stoned. He says he was tired.

"And I was hot," he said, sipping his bloody mary again. "I ain't worked a lick since."

He ain't done nothin' since but work licks, actually. He is as busy as anyone in show business, though he seems to have found spare moments for reflection. "I have no illusions about being a heavy-weight," he said. "Back when I was a Rhodes scholar, I thought I was, but you gotta get over that or it can keep you from doing anything. . . . Right now, I'm having a little burst of energy. I had one three years ago. But it won't last."

"Shit, my voice." He came off the Albuquerque stage, moving like a manacled octogenarian. The politician and the process server were dealt with and the first set done, but he was still down. He thought his voice wasn't going where he sent it. The audience didn't notice; they were up, pounding on their knees and smiling. Now John Beland, one of the band, was onstage, doing some of his own tunes, and the audience had turned a little restive, and Kristofferson was remembering another time like that at some college in Oklahoma. "One of the guys was performing and the audience wasn't paying any attention and finally somebody hollered out, 'Anybody got an egg?'"

"I went back up and took the mike and said, 'Hey, you speak English?'"

"He yelled back yeah, and I said, 'Well—fuck you.'"

He was staring down at the board floor as he finished the tale. "President of the college sent a letter around: 'Don't hire Kristofferson, he's hostile and narrow-minded.'" He laughed bitterly.

Kristofferson thought the second set went even worse, though again the audience was pleased. He came off pale and drained, looking like one of his own favorite lines—nearly faded as his jeans.

Jim Meeker was there, a Fort Worth investor Kris had known in Europe, saying things like "He made his environment conform to his fantasy" and urging Kris to run for public office. It was Meeker who had introduced Kris to a girl in Europe, a girl he fell for and traveled with, soaking up the feelings that went into *Bobby McGee*.

Later, in Meeker's Hilton suite, a dull heaviness hung in the air and Kristofferson slumped in the center of the room, drinking morosely and getting progressively quieter. Finally, he went into the bedroom, stretched out on the bed and picked up the telephone. He dialed. The call went on for a long time. He was on his back, forearm thrown over his eyes, as if to shut out the whole day he'd just been through, voice murmuring muzzily.

Then, suddenly, he is up and urging

us to go down to the lounge and hear Jody Miller, who was playing there. "I hear she's good." He is always positive about other performers.

But only one drink into her show, he leans over and says, "You wanna go?"

"Yes."

Somebody in the meantime has sent for a round. The drinks line up on the little plastic table. Jody belts out some Vegas-style country, then does a Kristofferson song. Kris looks weary. A friend leans across the table and says, "Remember the time Wayne Newton was doing *Bobby McGee* on television and I saw you shaking your head—you know, wincing? And I said, 'Listen, fucker, you're gonna hear your stuff on Muzak in the shopping center. . . .'"

Kris leans over and burrs, shaking his head slowly, "Ah'm drunk a' shit," and settles lower into his chair. Then he leans back again and mutters, with a truly moving bitter-sad twist in his voice, "'Cause I'm hostile and narrow-minded. Yeah."

A song on his newest solo album has the line "Findin' out the bottom ain't so different from the top." The song is called *Same Old Song*.

It is the next morning and the sun is pouring in through the motel window when the telephone rings. "You want to get together?" I go next door and Kristofferson orders up Cokes. He looks cheery and vital, which seems odd in a night person who is often bearish in the morning (a Nashville acquaintance had observed, "He wakes up with a left hook"). But now some wheel had ponderously turned over and brought up the shining side again, and he was briskly dressing, wearing a white grin.

"Hey, I just talked to Rita. She said I called her last night, said I was talkin' about tigers. Yeah, tigers." ("Tiger! tiger! burning bright"—William Blake.) "Shit, I don't know, this about tigers, that about tigers." We laugh. "Yeah, after a while, she said it was like 'Tiger yeller ribbon round a ole oak tree.'" He laughed again and shrugged into a shirt.

I wanted to ask about the Jesus thing, how an obvious intellectual had gotten into writing a Gospel song like *Why Me (Lord)* and doing an album called *Jesus Was a Capricorn*. Some of it is ironic, of course, and some critics have said *Why Me (Lord)* is a kind of parody. Kris had even been quoted as saying so himself. Even so. . . .

"I don't like to talk about it." He stopped moving around the room. Then: "People call me up and say, 'I hear you've been saved.' I don't even know what it means. I'm even embarrassed now to sing *Why Me (Lord)*."

He stopped again and then said, "It was just a personal thing I was going

through at the time. I had some kind of experience that I can't even explain."

He had gone into a fundamentalist church in Nashville. Jimmy Snow, Hank Snow's son, was the preacher. Kris hadn't been inside a church in a long time, perhaps years, and went now only to please some friends. But they sang *Help Me (Lord)*, a Larry Gatlin song.

"It really moved me; I never thought I needed help before. I was feeling pretty lost, but you know, I'm not the type to do a public display of emotion. . . ."

He paused again and looked up. "I ain't talked to anybody about this. Well, they're reading the Bible and all and the guy says, 'Is anybody feeling lost?'"

"And I'm sittin' there and—up goes my hand." He looked up with a self-conscious smile. "I'm sittin' there like this"—slumped, head down, a frozen picture of despondency (as he had seemed the night before)—"but my *hand* goes up.

"I thought, 'That's enough, just to admit you're wasted.' The last thing you'll catch me doing is—and I went down there, down front. He says, 'Are you ready to accept Christ? Kneel down there.' And I've seen movies of Marjoe and all, and I'm not that type of dude. But I'm kneeling down there.

"And he says, 'You're not guilty.'"

"And I carry a big load of guilt around; I can feel guilty about the weather. And I was just sort of out of control, crying. It was like a release. It really shook me up. I was so shaken on the way out I could hardly light a cigarette." He lit a cigarette.

"And then I went off and wrote *Why Me (Lord)* and the news flashed around that Kristofferson got saved, and now everybody wants to talk to me about Jesus or sign their Bibles, and I don't want to."

I remembered an earlier talk. "I'd like not to be disappointed in myself and others. I get bitter. You know, no matter how much you try, it seems like people are only interested in their own bag. Like, I was up for the concert and then here comes the guy with the papers, Dennis with the guv, a guy wants me to meet his old lady—everybody wants a piece of you. Ultimately, they'd like to see you disembowel yourself onstage. And your friends understand that—so you don't see your friends."

He had seemed to think a moment, picking up a near-empty Bull Durham pack and weighing it in his hand. Finally he had grinned again. "See, there's the danger. Talking like that when most of 'em just come up and say you're great."

There's a line in one of his songs that he had quoted to me the night before in his room, when he was down and almost out on his feet but still trying to "do an interview." "God ain't dead, you motor scooter, can't you hear him laughin'?" I remember thinking, on my way out the



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door, that he must have gone to sleep with that laughter in his ears.

"Rita keeps him off the streets," says a friend of the Kristoffersons, sipping Planters' Punch at the Tonga Lei on Malibu Beach. "Like, Kris has a family now. He hasn't been close to his family for a long time. They've seen one another lately but not too much. He digs his brother Craig. Craig is in the military, did everything the family wanted him to do but make a million dollars." The irony makes him laugh. "Kris did that."

"Anyway, Rita is really a family person. The house is usually full of in-laws when they're here. Her sister is married to Booker T. [Jones] and they come down. Her parents have a house, Rita's grandmother—God, I wish you could meet her. She's like 90 and remembers every day of her life. Came out here in a covered wagon. Kris wrote a song for her birthday and you should have seen her face when he played it.

"But Kris is still a loner. He's always been moody. Sometimes you see him and he's got a new joke and he can't wait to play a new song for you. Other times you know you're just not getting through. He always tries, he's always polite. But he just gets withdrawn. Inside, he's still a loner."

It is a few months after Albuquerque and the next day I follow Vernon White

up the Malibu Canyon Road to spend the day with Kris and Rita. Nothing was planned, no interview. We were going to sit around, drink beer, listen to music, watch TV, have dinner. On the road, Kristofferson had been open and friendly, if occasionally tense and depressed, which had seemed perfectly natural in that unnatural situation. One wondered how he would be at home.

He was sitting by the Jacuzzi, shirtless and barefoot, beige Levis drooping on his hips. He had lost some weight and looked trim. When we walked up, he was puffing a Bull Durham filter tip and reading about the Nixon pardon, growling: "Nixon and Agnew oughta form a road company."

Behind him was a big blue swimming pool, beyond that in the trees a new kennel, nearby the new Jacuzzi built as a surprise by friends while the Kristoffersons were away. White helped out and says it's just about the biggest Jacuzzi he has ever seen, all lined with tile. "It'll hold eight therapeutically," he said, "and twenty socially." Kris grinned and told about a friend who sat in the hot water for 12 hours one day, so stoned he forgot to get out, emerging at last looking like one of those little pale raisins some people put in fruit salad.

Kris had finished a new album and we went inside to hear some of the songs. He and Rita have owned the house since

last February. This was September. They'd spent three weeks there. The living room is enormous, with a fieldstone fireplace and a great view of the Pacific that fills the big windows. There's a playpen in the living room, tape players and speakers and a few books on the shelves, a handful of knickknacks that might have come with the house.

Since Albuquerque, they have done a tour of Australia, New Zealand and Japan, recorded two albums, Kris finished the *Alice* movie and did a cameo role as a rapist in Sam Peckinpah's *Bring Me the Head of Alfredo Garcia*—an enterprise for which he has caught flak from friends. It was, some thought, "unseemly." "It was a favor for a friend," he says flatly. He had also been in Muscle Shoals, coproducing an album for friend Donnie Fritts. Then Johnny Cash's son was hurt in an accident and Kris went to Nashville to help out, so he ended up getting home later than he had planned. Now they had all of a week off before Kris was due back in Nashville to help out on a Vince Matthews album—another favor for a friend. Vince, in fact, had just phoned. He wanted to apologize to Kris for taking me to the home of the blue-eyed boy in Nashville—an act of mere forgetfulness that Vince had begun to see as the grossest lapse in loyalty. He was forgiven.

Kris went to a tape player: "I want you to hear this one." It was a new song called *Slow Down*. He grinned at White. "You know Mickey Newbury? When he heard

that song, he said: 'Whyn't ya listen to what you're sayin'?' "

When the next tune came on, he was standing in the middle of the floor with a Bull Durham between the fingers of one hand and a yellow home roll in the other, describing how they were going to dub in some wailing Cajun fiddles. The chorus came on and he went, "Deoot-deoot-deOOOO!"—Cajun fiddle style—bouncing, conducting, jamming his arms out and his hips forward. "Ain't that gonna be great?"

He also had some news. The complainant's lawyer had dropped out of the case concerning authorship of *Help Me Make It Through the Night*, relieving Kristofferson of a nuisance. He had been offered over \$100,000 to make a TV commercial for stereo equipment—and turned it down. "I've got a more romantic view of the music. So much of our lives is bullshit already." (Another friend had quoted him as saying, "I'll make a commercial when Dylan makes one.") And he had signed to do a film that he calls *Son of Star Is Born*, about the rise of a rock star.

The music and the movies are moving closer together now, he was saying, each becoming a part of the other to the point where neither is now more important in his career than the other. I reminded him of his hope to do a film Bergman style and asked if he had had further thoughts about it. No, not really; he wasn't ready for such a step. But then he said, "Hey, I've got a scene I'd like to put in it. . . ."

A band gets onstage (goes the scene)

and is doing the sound check, tuning up, going about its business. But soon the audience begins to chatter, clap, heckle. The band starts to play and suddenly clumps and clots of vegetables come zinging up—rotten tomatoes, cucumbers, heads of lettuce like cannonballs, radishes like pellets of shot going *sssss* past their heads, the tomatoes going *smush-boom* as they hit the drums, hit the musicians. But the band goes on into the set as if nothing were happening. They play, really working out, but the flying vegetables get thicker, the people down front start closing in and spitting, showering them with saliva, vilification, vile curses. But the band, blithely, placidly, earnestly, plays on. Now the audience is on its feet, throwing sticks and brickbats, laying about themselves with clubs and night sticks, clambering over the stage and busting up speakers and amps. The place is a shambles. But the band plays on obliviously. And as they're about to wind up the set, the audience really unlimbers the artillery, pulling the pins on grenades and lobbing them onto the stage: tracers go arcing by, smoke rises and the stage is starting to crumble as the drummer does a final riff and rim shot, *ka-choonk-ching-bop*, shutting down, and the leader of the band—guess who—is taking a bow and saying, growling politely, "And I'd like to thank the sound people and the lighting man and, of course. . . ."

Kris was breaking himself up with this. The whole thing had a kind of Marx Brothers quality, an innocent old-fashioned slapstick obviousness. It was also a very neat, perhaps even unconscious metaphor for what Kristofferson must sometimes feel his life is like. We applaud.

Rita came into the room and the atmosphere changed. It was Home now—the friend was right. She carries it with her. She is bright and hip, but calming, too, pale, with luminous dark eyes and a graceful, unself-conscious way of moving, a low gorgeous voice and an educated drawl. With her was Casey, five and a half months old, dressed in bright yellow and white. Big dark luminous eyes and the shape of a good grin around her mouth. Rita smiled at her. Kris smiled at her. On the table was a copy of Dr. Spock's baby book. Casey smiled back and Rita announced, "She has a new tooth." And leaned over to Casey and confided dryly, with no trace of baby talk: "You'll have *tacos* for breakfast."

Everybody grinned foolishly, the way people do around babies, and Kris took Casey on his lap, holding her hands up so she could stumble around there. He winced occasionally as tender parts got trampled, smiling into her eyes, bending to rub his grizzled face into her belly and saying, approximately: "Gaaaaaa-gaaaa-gaaaa." When he straightened up, Casey had hold of his nose with her plump fist as if it were a bagful of jelly beans. He rolled his eyes at her and she chortled.



"Look at the corner apartment on the 12th floor.
That's what I want you to do to me."

"I think I liked the way she talked, you know what I mean? We laughed at the same time," he said when Rita had gone shopping for dinner. They had met at the L.A. airport, sat together on the plane and talked. They knew each other's names but nothing about the other's music; Rita had been singing rock with people like Joe Cocker and Leon Russell. She was going to Memphis, he to Nashville. But after a while, he said, "I wish you were going to Nashville."

And she said, "Well, why don't you get off in Memphis?"

So he did.

"It wasn't like looking at some beautiful chick. It felt like I was comin' home."

Kristofferson is a Cancer, if you like to meditate on such things. Cancers are supposed to be creative and self-contained but domestic and home-loving, about half of which had seemed to fit the Kristofferson on the road. Yet now here was the other half dandling his daughter, romping with his dogs, drinking beer with his shirt off, watching a football game on TV, the whole Dagwood number, a whole new Kristofferson. Even the intensity had pulled far back into his eyes like a fox going cozily into hibernation in a cave.

Rita came back and the enchiladas were cooking when Kris's new Irish setter came trotting in through the big country kitchen, sliding awkwardly on the floor and getting laughed at—a gawky, rangy red pup, all legs, big feet and wet adoring eyes.

"Gotta name that dawg. We're thinkin' of naming him Beauregard for the one in *Pogo*. Call him Beau for short."

"Beau-weau," pronounces Rita with a soft smile.

Kris breaks up. "Yeah!"

"Beau-weau-weau!"

"Yeah!"

"Or call him Ralph." And somebody barked the inevitable, obligatory "Ralph! Ralph!"

"Call him Bo Diddley," Kris says, still laughing. "Call him Diddley for short."

There was more of this nonsense, some of it even sillier. There was the football game, which Kris Monday-morning-quarterbacked knowledgeably from the front six inches of the couch, and there was *Maude* with a cameo appearance by John Wayne, who lumbered around and growled in his famous John Wayne impression as we ate the big Mexican dinner and finished the last of the Coors. There was some Tia Maria, and then there was a report on Evel Knievel. It was heavy on the *machismo*, Knievel relating with his customary bravado how much courage his life required and how possible was his death. Kristofferson watched it intently. Then he set down his plate and picked up Casey. He shook his head. "And they say rock musicians are self-destructive."



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the hours I spent trying to figure out how I, too, could get my breasts to shoot skyward when I lay on my back instead of having them fall down on either side of my armpits; or the trauma I went through at 14, knowing that my true love of all time, Peter Kendall, was in love with Miss January's long slim legs, and that pretty soon he was going to discover—as soon as I let him remove my Hidden Fingers panty girdle—that I had lumpy upper thighs.

Fourteen is a nervous age for a girl. You want to be perfect and no one will tell you how. Your self-confidence is frail as glass, easily shattered. PLAYBOY used to smash mine regularly.

When I was 14, I bought PLAYBOY every month. I'd get it off the rack at Kerrisdale Pharmacy in Vancouver and then hide it under my *Scientific American*, so that the hidden thief-catcher cameras in the store wouldn't discover how low I'd sunk into the tacky depths of depravity. Then, when I'd pay for it, I'd keep my head down, so the cashier wouldn't recognize me. If anyone I knew happened to see me with it, I'd toss my head back and say in snotty tones, "It has some great articles in it." Actually, I never read the articles unless

they were about sex. I usually just rushed home and locked myself in the upstairs bathroom and looked at the pictures.

It was always demoralizing. Miss January had long thin legs. I had short thick ones. The Playmate of the Year had bikini marks that blended imperceptibly into her skin, mine were like Magic Marker lines. And the starlet in the March issue was blessed with having no knees. It wasn't fair.

Ah, sigh, sigh—I'd stare at page after page of coy dollies with dripping-wet smiles and curse my mother for not bringing me up to look like them, all pink and perfect.

The memory is painful. I'd stand undressed on the edge of the bathtub with one hand on the ceiling for balance, the other holding the magazine out in front of me with the foldout folded out. And I'd compare our bodies, section by section.

The breasts first: Hers were so high and firm they practically put out her eyes—mine swung in opposite directions, like a close-up of Jean-Paul Sartre looking at his feet. Her nipples were the pink shade of spring roses—mine were a sort of muted mud brown. Then the pubic hair: Hers was back-lit from some mysterious source

and glowed on her belly like angel floss—mine just lay there like a Brillo pad, even after I trimmed it with nail scissors. She had a delicious little dent for a belly button—I had a doorknob. Then I'd compare the thighs: Very upsetting. Hers flowed in one smooth line from her hips—mine looked stuck onto my torso as a fat afterthought. Each of her thighs measured a supple 15 inches—each of mine measured a Rudolf Nureyev 22 (my *waist* was only 23).

Then the worst part of the examination; the bottom: I'd look at hers for a long time, mostly to put off looking at my own. She had two perky, exactly round half-moons placed high on her back, and her skin was so taut over her flesh that it shone. There was no crease separating bum from thigh, only the slightest insinuation of a shadow under the cheeks. I'd force myself to look at my own. Carefully, so that I didn't slip down and crash into the bottom of the tub, I'd turn so that I could see in the mirror. No two half-moons mine. It was all in one piece, a flesh-colored Baggie full of hard-as-rock Jell-O; a flat pear-shaped pancake drooping over my legs. And too low. Too low? Jesus, compared with hers, it hung practically to the backs of my knees.

Clearly, I was a hopeless case and would never get to sleep with Warren Beatty when I grew up.

My one consolation was that the man photographed with Miss January while she was trying on bras in Frederick's looked like someone who bathed in strawberry milk five times a day.

At least Peter Kendall could sweat. Still, I wanted to look the way she did. I wanted to be rosy and unflawed and spend my days romping naked through the woods without embarrassment. I wanted to be perfect and unashamed. But that seemed an impossible dream, my bottom and thighs being what they were. Dance classes had not helped. Week after week of trying to make my legs extend at right angles from my hips, and what did I get in return? A bottom that stubbornly refused to stand up and thighs like Tarzan's. *Short* thighs like Tarzan's, useful only if you had to jump from tree to tree. I had no desire to jump out of trees, I just wanted to look like Miss January.

Young girls make heroic sacrifices in the pursuit of beauty. Somewhere along the line they're conned into believing that beauty, once attained, will absolve them of all sin and justify their lives ten times over, no matter how wastefully they choose to spend them. Beauty would mean instant adoration. Beauty would mean the elimination of fear. Beauty would mean perfection.

Obviously, Miss January would have no responsibility in life other than that of keeping her fluorescent nipples eternally erect. With her thin thighs, she'd never need anything so worrisome as a career. With my thighs, I was going to need



"Is this your idea of a joke, Hotchkiss?"

several careers. There was an ad in *Movie-land* magazine for rubber belts that you put batteries into and wrapped around whichever part of your anatomy you wanted to reduce—without diet, pills or exercise. The Hudson's Bay store in Vancouver carried them in the lingerie department, for \$49.98. I blew my savings account two thighs' worth. I got home, went into the bathroom and read the instructions. I was to wrap the belt around me. Stick it shut with that prickly stuff they use instead of zippers on modern parkas. Then I was to turn the dials on the side of the belt up to five or six. Then I was to lie back while a million magic fingers miraculously broke down fatty tissue and firmed up my muscles.

I wrapped the belts around my thighs and turned the dials. But who's going to stop a dial at five or six when you've got 22-inch thighs? I zapped the dial instantly up to nine. This was not a good idea. The million magic fingers almost electrocuted me . . . lightning bolts shot through my flesh into my bones and my legs jerked wildly in an imitation of St. Vitus' dance. I yelled at *PLAYBOY* and cursed Peter Kendall and screamed foul things at Miss January—but I kept the belts on. Then I vomited. Very cute. A 14-year-old girl with two rubber straps lashed to her body, jumping around and throwing up. *PLAYBOY* should have taken a picture of that.

I tried the belts a few more times, but the results were always disastrous. So, in desperation, I turned to Ex-Lax (I was never *fat*, but Miss January was much less fat, and that was all that mattered). A girlfriend of mine had told me that if you ate a whole 69-cent box of chocolate-flavored Ex-Lax and washed it down with coffee, you could lose six pounds a day. So I bought *two* boxes of chocolate-flavored Ex-Lax (I've never been any great shakes on moderation) and ate them one morning after breakfast. Like a fool, I assumed that because my thighs and bottom were the problem, the six pounds would come from there. No such luck. I lost eight pounds' worth of water, breakfast and lower intestine.

Obviously, I didn't spend my entire adolescence trying to look like Miss January. But I wasted enough of it to make me hate her. I exercised in rubber sweat suits, walked around with a quarter stuck between my buttocks (the idea is that you use a lot of muscles just trying to keep it from falling to the ground at awkward moments). I painted my nipples with Blush-On, poured gallons of hydrogen peroxide on my pubic hair, trying to bleach it. And now? Well, now I'm older. All I want now is to be human. But I've grown up, and finally stopped trying to change my body, and what happens? Along comes *PLAYBOY*, wanting to photograph it.

Hopefully, these pictures are of a real honest-to-God in-the-flesh fucked-up-like-everybody-else human being. At first I said no to *PLAYBOY*, pleading male chauvinism. Finally I said yes in a fit of missionary zeal. I'll show them what a real body looks like, I thought to myself. I'll be brave and outrageous and get the photographer to show me in all my imperfect glory.

If I'd been brave enough, I might have let Doug Kirkland take pictures of me just before I got my period, when my stomach was all bloated. I'd have let him take close-ups of my face after I'd been crying, with black rivers of mascara running down my cheeks. I'd have sprawled out flat on a rug and let him shoot my bottom with a wide-angle lens. I'd have let him photograph my skin under hot, hard lights, to show all the little bumps of imperfection from being exposed to the weather. I'd have let him take pictures of my pubic hair so that it looked as if it smelled of sex, not FDS.

But maybe I chickened out. When the contact sheets came back from the lab, I put huge Xs through the pictures that I thought made me look lumpy. However, halfway is better than nothing. If you're 14 and reading this, take solace: You probably look a lot better than you think. And *nobody* looks like Miss January.



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RONSON
DIFFERENT BY DESIGN AND BETTER BECAUSE OF IT

HARD TIMES *(continued from page 140)*

prices were so depressed that little profit showed itself.

By the time I was seven, I, too, pulled a cotton sack or performed other agrarian tortures when not struggling with the mysteries of the rural Texas school. I cannot claim to have excessively enjoyed it. Indeed, my earliest private vow was to escape the farm and all the unrewarding toil it provided. I dreamed of running away from home but deduced that the road might not be a terribly profitable place after seeing streams of hobos hop off freight trains on the Texas and Pacific railroad to fan out in our rural community and beg back-door food handouts. My mother was terrified of them, especially when my father might be working in some distant field or pasture; he established an old iron bell on the veranda and she was under instructions to ring it in times of peril. I recall my father's being ashamed to turn hungry men away, but my mother's fear overcame his humanitarian instincts. It was a time of fear.

I have since heard, or read, the Depression memories of others of my generation: almost uniformly, they claim not to have especially noticed their poverty because everyone was in the same boat. That knowledge did not comfort me: I knew we were dirt poor, knew it every waking hour, and I resented it and hated it as some deep personal affront. When my parents reminisced of the good times—in an effort, I suppose, to bolster themselves—I stewed and grew angry because I could not remember having shared them. When school adjourned each fall for crop gathering, I despised being part of itinerant cotton-picking crews: we crowded like cattle into a series of failed old trucks, clattering from one cotton patch

to another among work-worn parents and their crying kids. I hated going from door to door with my mother in Cisco on Saturdays, trying to sell eggs or vegetables to people I imagined to be rich. I envied their radios, cars, telephones and other superiorities. Bile sloshed in my innards when the high school football team played on Friday afternoons and found me short of the ten-cent admission price, and those of us without the wherewithal were herded into the tiny school library for guarding while our luckier companions skipped gaily off to the big game. "Pride goeth before a mighty fall," my mother quoted in an effort to make me accept the realities. But I became a quarrelsome kid, full of hates and aggressions, one likely to explode into fistfights or pointless rages.

That we ate well, by raising our own hogs and chickens and cows, did not satisfy the urge for coins to clink: There simply was *no* money; few people had coins of their own with which to buy our surplus products. I heard my worried parents talk at night, when they thought young ears were deaf in sleep, about the impossibility of new shoes or new clothes or a new plow. I eavesdropped while my father and his angry contemporaries in their faded blue-duck overalls cursed the banks and threatened violence should mortgages be foreclosed or seed-crop loans be denied. Sometimes I would find my father standing on the porch or in the yard staring blankly into space, and the expression on his face frightened me. There were stretches when he might be gone for days, riding horseback through the countryside in search of stumps to grub or horses to shoe or any odd jobs that might contribute a dollar. As often as not, he returned

with nothing to show; I began to dread his returns for the fresh new despair they produced.

After such disappointments, my mother privately lectured me to make something of myself: to seek an education and some vague main chance, to get up and get out as soon as nature and circumstance permitted, to find some yellow-brick road. I had the notion that she somehow blamed my father, though I didn't think it quite fair. My father preached harsh sermons against The Goddamn Republicans: I learned, early on, that they were rich to the very last in number and didn't give a shit for the little man. To this day, I feel obscurely guilty about once having voted for one.

I was too young to register for Franklin D. Roosevelt's election in 1932; four years later, however, I knew that everyone save The Goddamn Republicans and inmates of insane asylums strongly backed him over Alf Landon. F.D.R. had made it possible for my brother to obtain work in the Civilian Conservation Corps (he got one dollar per day, five dollars of which he kept at the end of each month, while a vital \$25 came home to the family) and for my father to find occasional paydays improving country roads or building outdoor privies under the sponsorship of the Works Progress Administration.

Intellectually, I cannot now quarrel with contentions that for all F.D.R.'s pump priming, America did not truly recover from its Great Depression blues until that full-employment boom provided by World War Two. But you cannot convince me that all the midnight schemes of the brain trusters went for naught or that the paper shufflings of the New Deal's alphabet-soup agencies failed to make important improvements or contributions. In addition to the tangibles—jobs, new schools and other useful edifices, emergency food and clothing—the New Deal brought hope where no hope had lived. And it brought the faint promise, at least, of a better tomorrow. When hope was all you had, it was worth much more than the dry and distant recapitulations of historians can make later generations understand.

When I learned at school that F.D.R. would be making yet another of his "fireside chats," it was my bounden duty to take the word home. After a hurried early supper, we walked a mile to a neighboring farm, there to listen with other families who had assembled for the latest radio word from the new messiah. Those were vital gatherings, the adults listening so intently that even the most high-spirited child knew not to require shushing. I clung to every word the man said, and though I didn't understand much of it, I was comforted by the sound and roll.

Afterward—when Roosevelt's confident voice had wished us good night—while popcorn and parched peanuts were passed around, the old snuff-dipping



"Mr. Royston soon runs out of small talk."

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farmers would wave their arms and say, *By gum, now, Clyde, that feller Rusa-velt; he's got some good i-deers; why, I wouldn't be a-tall surprised if cotton went up! Yessir!* Then they would make their bitter jokes about Hoover steak (rabbits or squirrels) or Hoover cars (mule-drawn wagons) or Hoover cake (corn bread or biscuits), and surely some old nester—his eyes growing mischief—would say something like *I tole my ole woman t'other day that I figger the Depression's purt-near over 'cause I seen a jack rabbit runnin' down the road and they wasn't no more than three fellers chasin' it.* They would explode in rough laughter, then, the sharper edges momentarily knocked off their fear. Uncle Tal Horn and Old Man Parks might commence sawing on their fiddles—playing *Cotton-Eyed Joe* or *Buffalo Gals* or *Old Joe Clark*—while feet tapped, children squealed and for a little while you could forget those new burdens soon to come up with the sun. Remembering all that, I have aggressively caused severe social embarrassments over the years should some academic dandy or cretin ideolog look too smug and well fed in contending that F.D.R. was the opiate of the masses and delivered the masses not: Some things you just can't put a price tag on. I particularly recall going all spluttery and inarticulate in the home of John Kenneth Galbraith, Warburg Professor of Economics at Harvard, a few years ago, when some dinner guest said over fine wine and cigars—in response to my Depression memories—“But why didn't your family move elsewhere, where opportunities might have been greater?” He was a young professor, and I have despaired of the Ivy League from that moment.

A woman named Caroline Bird wrote a fine book about the Depression and perfectly titled it *The Invisible Scar*; her theory ran that many of us shall go to our graves deeply wounded in our psyches by those have-not years. She's right as rain. My mother is in her 80s now, living in that misty nether world where yesteryear is more real than this living moment; less than a year ago, I saw her cry anew in relating her deep hurt when my older brother went off to a CCC camp being established in distant Arizona: “We had two dollars and a dime. I tried to give Weldon a dollar, but he wouldn't take it. He struck off across the pasture, walkin' eight miles to Cisco to catch a Government train, and it nearly killed me to see him go without a nickel in his pocket. I cried a long time after he was out of sight.”

That brother is my senior by 15 years; though I worshiped him as a kid brother will, I grew extremely tired of hearing from others how he had dropped out of high school to wash dishes in a café so that I might be bought an infant's survival milk. No doubt it has colored our relationship through life: I was much

older than I should have been before I could fully appreciate his sacrifice, simply because the guilt was too much. Indeed, I hardly had come of legal age when I provoked a fight with him in order to declare my independence. Not until I was nearing 30 did I forgive him for all he'd done for me.

As a young man in his earliest low-paying jobs, I was torn between a natural instinct to instruct unreasonable, nitpicking bosses to go screw themselves and a deep unspoken fear that should I lose that job, I might not find another. It was a thing I noted among many of my generation. They suffered dull mulework, performed overtime without compensation and paled in the company of irascible supervisors: No matter that they then functioned in the post-World War Two boom and had the added sweetener of a record local oil-based prosperity. Several old companions, I am certain, limited their career opportunities out of fear that should they fail in new adventures, they might find themselves on the street. Sometimes, now, when they and the moon are high, they grouse in their cups of having been born in the wrong time. One old friend actually gave a party celebrating the tardy death of Herbert Hoover, who long had been past hurting him. Though mildly appalled, I might have attended had I been in town.

It is good, I suppose, that each succeeding generation has difficulty transmitting its darker experiences to the next. Thus, fresh hope is not stillborn, people dare to dream and the young are free to take those foolish risks and experimentations necessary to the full life. But whether attempting to replant their fears in a new generation or honestly hoping to help the young avoid their own mistakes, parents have a way of harping or preaching on their own private dreads; as these dreads are the product of their own histories, their children—of another time and place—cannot identify. It was maddening, when I chastised my own children for wasting food or time or opportunity, to ultimately comprehend that my Great Depression sermons were accepted as nothing more than the private preoccupations of an old fossil. They humored me along, sometimes exchanging quick secret smiles, but I knew they could no more envision bread lines or failed banks or one third of a nation ill fed, ill housed and ill clothed than I might understand the gibberings of some little green Martian. They are products of the affluent society and can imagine no other.

For all my occasional uses of the Depression in making the obligatory parental preachments, I did not truly think—for years—that it would be possible to have another. Indeed, as a young man working on Capitol Hill, I had the personal assurances of the late Speaker Sam Rayburn. One postwork afternoon in the late Fifties, over whiskey in his

hideaway office in the Capitol Building, where the fortunate might be invited to attend what he called meetings of “the board of education,” the old man said of bankers and businessmen who had the temerity to vote Republican, “Why, Roosevelt saved the bastards; he fixed it so things can't ever go bust again. He put in laws propping up the economy and he saved those bastards, and now they don't appreciate it.” I believed him, for had not Rayburn personally sponsored dozens of F.D.R.'s bills in Congress? And was not America booming? It was a time when few Americans questioned the authority of Authority; a time when myths were for promoting and old bad dreams were for forgetting. We were almost a decade away from that time when we might begin to suspect that many of our problems might be beyond quick solutions or that the answers might not always repose in the back of the book. In Rayburn's time, we could not imagine that day when the oil-producing nations not only would cease snatching off their hats in Uncle Sam's presence—mighty, unconquerable Uncle Sam, who always won his wars and ruled over the quintessential industrial state—but would actually back him against the wall and then shake a finger in his face. The time had not yet come when Europe would suspect the dollar and puzzled American tourists would find themselves stranded in foreign ports because suddenly their money wasn't preferred.

For more than a year now, we've lived with the uneasy notion that certain external events may be beyond the economic control of Washington or Wall Street—unless we are willing to risk an uncontrollable and unconscionable war. Nobody's saying war out loud from public podia in Washington these days, but there are mutterings; those who understand that wars are fought more for material gain than for those more ethereal reasons found in wartime rhetoric must have had the dark unthinkable thought even before President Ford and Henry Kissinger began “warning” the oil-producing nations of the dangers inherent in their profits. Given Watergate, the oil crisis and a general confusion, the stock market has gone into its dizziest and most prolonged plunge since the time of Hooverville slanties and soup kitchens; my older nightmares have come back into fashion. I fear that it *can* happen here, and probably will, if it hasn't already. Remember, the *last* Great Depression was well under way before people lulled by periodic upsurges and hopeful false prophets felt its true bite.

Morose thoughts, indeed, for one who knows that midtown Manhattan doesn't look like a good place to stake a cow and who knows, too, that fireside chats are unlikely to comfort as they did in that earlier time.





*"Bandcroft? George Bandcroft? Never heard of him.
You've got the wrong number."*

PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement

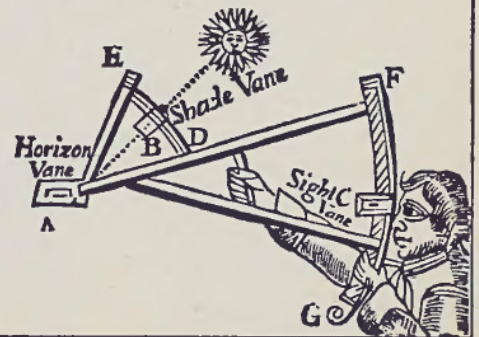


AIRING YOUR BEDDING

"Like a spare bedroom in a bag," claim the manufacturers of Inflate-A-Bed (World Products, 5410 East 23rd Street, Kansas City, Missouri), which they say offers the coziness of feathers, the support of springs and the sensuousness of water without any of said ingredients. Not your everyday boy-scout-camp air mattress, Inflate-A-Bed boasts air-coil construction and a nonclammy flocked surface that takes to water like a lily pad. Furthermore, it's available in three colors, three sizes (twin, double and queen) and costs only \$59.95 to \$79.95. You fill it from a canister-type vacuum and hope for the best. Ker-splash.

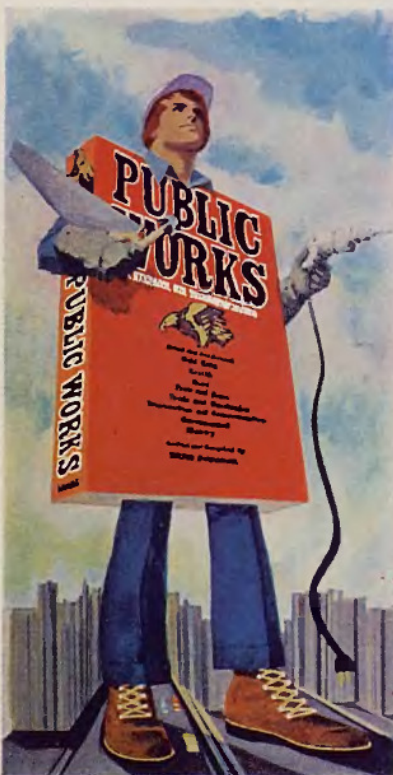
THE JOY OF SEXTANTS

It's nice to know that in this day and age of digital-readout timepieces and instant-developing cameras, there's still a source for items of historical technology, such as huge tripod telescopes and spy-glasses, ancient navigational instruments, fabulous brass microscopes and other precision-made goodies from bygone eras. The place to write to is Historical Technology at 6 Mugford Street, Marblehead, Massachusetts, enclosing a buck for its catalog number 110, which will be hot off the press in late spring. Believe us, the objects to be included will blow your mind—and the same goes for your bank balance.



IN THE WORKS

You want information on cross-country bus fares, you call Greyhound, right? Need info on your retirement benefits, call Social Security, right? Sure, or you can also get said dope—plus the ABCs of desert survival, auto repairs, mildew removal, the formula for determining the number of bricks needed to build a wall and the recipe for Lima Bean Creole—in a hefty tome called *Public Works* (Links Books, \$10) that's available at your local bookstore. What distinguishes *Public Works* from just another how-to guide is the fact that most of the material included has been legally ripped off from the U. S. Government, plus other sources, such as the University of Alaska and New York Radical Feminists. *Public Works* runs 1024 pages, and it's laced with illustrations ranging from instructions to 19th Century engravings. Instant expertise for \$10—how can you go wrong?



POP ART

With the economy flagging and food sources dwindling, why not do something meaningful—like give the one you love (or hate) a chocolate lollipop made in the likeness of your face? The die (done from your photo) costs \$50 and each pop is 50 cents (minimum order: 120), from Astor Chocolate Corporation, 48-25 Metropolitan, Brooklyn, New York. You might even wish to include a message—such as Eat Me!



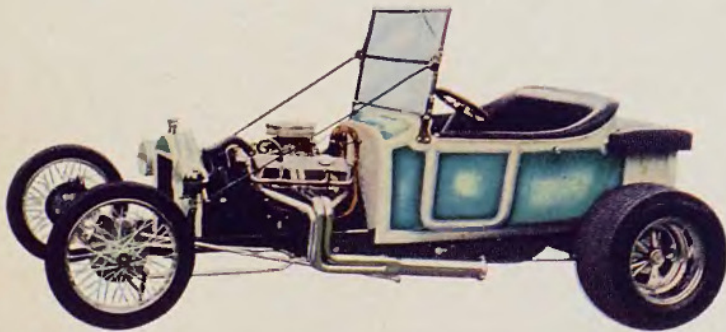


NUKE KNACK

Now, for the first time anywhere, you can send a nuclear missile through the mail. How? By joining Flying Buffalo Inc. (P. O. Box 1467, Scottsdale, Arizona), a computer company that moderates play-by-mail games. They provide the games, the opponents and the results—all you do is send them your moves at three dollars or more per game (15 cents for game rules). The games they moderate are Nuclear Destruction, Time Trap, Board of Directors and others. If you're an impatient warmonger, you can even play a blitz game that's faster. Blast off!

UN SQUARE T

For all you latent delinquents who're longing for an open-hooded, souped-up roadster in which to terrorize the populace, here's your chance. Total Performance Inc. (406 S. Orchard Street, Route 5, Wallingford, Connecticut) is manufacturing a replica of a 1923 Model T that comes equipped with a new Chevy engine, sealed electrical system, Naugahyde upholstery and spoke wheels. It's yours—along with a face full of wind—for only \$5995. Take it to the drive-in and watch the teeny-boppers turn green.



FROG MAN

The latest in mail-order madness comes from Richard Mitchell, an artist who's formed an erotic-serigraph-of-the-month club called Frog Prints, at P. O. Box 203, Glassboro, New Jersey. Each month, Mitchell is offering a \$30 limited-edition bit of naughtiness guaranteed to rekindle a spark in your jaded old eyes. The name of Mitchell's company, incidentally, comes from a series of prints he once did in which a frog serviced a maiden in truly wondrous ways. Rivvit!

FOUND MONEY

Let's face it. The one thing you've wanted in life more than fame, fortune and sex is to see your bathroom on television. Now that dream can be a reality, not only for your bathroom but for your kitchen, bedroom or living room as well. Location Finders (200 W. 51st Street, New York) specializes in scouting out unusual settings for advertisements and commercials. The lights, cameras and action might be inconvenient, but Location Finders has developed an ingenious way of assuaging these problems—money. Depending on how long the setting is needed, it will pay you \$200 to \$1000 for its use. Now take a long, hard look at your pad.



PRIZE BOOBIES

At first glance, you may think that the pillow shown here is the handiwork of some sleazy porno emporium. But, in truth, its manufacturers are two little old ladies operating A&M Enterprises at 120 S. Route 83, in Grayslake, Illinois. Their product, The Sensuous Pyramid Pillow, is available for \$15 (including postage) in a variety of colors, with contrasting tips. And yes, girls, they've also pillowed a portion of the male anatomy. It, too, is fully stuffed.



Up out of zoar (continued from page 80)

beer on the shoulder of the road. He had seen hundreds and hundreds of them, but in this case, the triangular puncture was still wet. He stopped the bike and remained perfectly still and listened. After a while, he shouted, "Anybody home?" Nothing answered. Then, across the gully at the left, he saw three pairs of men's shorts and several socks hanging on a plastic line; and they were dripping wet, too.

Bernal's whole future now forked in two directions. He could choose to penetrate this canyon toward the radar domes or he could choose to forget it. He and Sarah were not alone anymore and had never been.

He chose to pedal slowly away. But as he began to coast again, downhill, he was attacked by an aging yellow-brown dog. Getting off his bike, Bernal removed the bag of groceries and beat the animal back by swinging the bicycle basket. The struggle had the isolating intensity of sex. Bernal won: He got the furious animal pinned under the basket and his right foot held him safely down. The dog was some sort of cross between a beagle and a terrier: with whitening eyebrows and many missing teeth, and whimpering now.

Bernal looked up: Against the sun was a man with a weapon, slowly coming

toward him. He had a scant beard and a spotted camouflage uniform and he was grinning. The submachine gun was slung round one shoulder and aimed at Bernal's chest.

"Shit, I got to be dreaming," said the man. He wore a headband but no hat. His eyes, whose irises were almost as pale as the whites, made him look like a half-blind albino.

Bernal said, "Put down that gun, would you please?"

"First get your shit heel off my fucking dog."

Bernal did. The man told his dog he would kill him unless he quit snarling. The dog retreated, growling bitterly. Bernal took the basket and walked away and was putting it on the bike, when something leaped on his back, crying and screaming and hugging him. Bernal shook him off, finally. There were tears running down the man's face; he said he was Staff Sergeant Kahnmeister and he spelled it for him, still sobbing. Overcome again, he hugged Bernal once more and then shook hands. He kept saying, "Fanfuckintastic!" He wanted to know if Bernal had anything good to eat in the grocery bag.

"Ice cream. You want some?"

The soldier tore it open and began to

eat it straight from the pack. At the same time, he began to talk. It poured out of him, as out of a prisoner just released from solitary. He said when the war began, the red phone rang and they—he and his technical crew of six men—were ordered to fire the weapon out of its concrete silo. But it didn't fire, so he asked for volunteers to go down the 110-foot ladder into the reinforced pit and see what was wrong: "A leak, or what the fuck." The rocket was rumored to be loaded with some biological poison, so nobody would volunteer. They suggested he do it himself. "Shit on that old shit, I told them." But he did it, anyway. He put on a fire-control suit and took a mongrel puppy with him. "In case the poor cocksucker started to die, I was going to haul my tail out of there." But it was stifling down below and he couldn't find the malfunction; when he came up for air, the other men were sprawled in the sunny gravel: not bloody, simply dead.

The enemy, Bernal explained to him, had much the same weapon.

"I took one look," said Kahnmeister, "and I went down again, and so fast I left my shit behind." He stayed down in the silo for several days, breathing from the oxygen tank on his back at the slowest possible rate and sharing it, at intervals, with the puppy. They divided the K biscuits between them, but when his canteen of water was exhausted, he had no choice but to go up the ladder again. He took a great suicidal breath. To his great astonishment, he didn't die. It was night, and the first thing Kahnmeister did was look up at the sky. "Shit, I expected there'd be no fucking stars left up there. But there were. I fell down and cried like a baby."

There was still some ice cream left in the corners of the carton, and Kahnmeister unfolded the cardboard and gave it to his old dog to lick clean.

"If the two of us, fuck, we're still alive, maybe there's others, hey, man?"

"No," said Bernal.

"How do you know? Could fucking well be. Fucking China. Fucking Australia."

"Absolutely not." He told Kahnmeister about the short-wave radio and the 11-year silence.

"Still, shit, you came through. How the fuck did you come through?"

"I was on vacation at the beach. Fishing, with compressed air for my helmet. Under water, I didn't realize what was happening till I came up on shore."

"Shit, man, it's two fucking miracles."

"Well," Bernal said, finally, "let's meet here again—in about a week or two. All right?"

"Where the fuck you live?"

"On the coast." And he got back on his bike.

Kahnmeister made him describe the place in detail. "Hell, I know where that is. Just a couple of miles south of the Marine range. Lousy fucking fishing."



"I'm thinking of having my tooth capped."

"It's better now," Bernal said defensively.

"Shit, I'm coming with you, brother. I'll pump, you get in the basket. I used to ride a bifuckincycle when I was a kid. You never forget that any more than you forget how to shit."

But Bernal wouldn't do it that way. He let Kahnmeister and his gun and his dog ride cramped up double in the basket. The Marine never quit talking. He said that till all the gas in military storage had been used, he'd explored for miles around, rolling across country in a jeep. He'd even gone as far as Los Angeles and went through the bank vaults, most of which opened every day at ten A.M.; he had accumulated a fortune in jewelry.

"What for?" said Bernal.

"Fuck my shit if I know," Kahnmeister admitted.

They had coasted down from the hills and now entered a stretch of desert. It had been a wet winter and patches of lavender flowers illuminated the dust.

Kahnmeister said, "How the fuck is it only the plants came through and nothing else?"

Bernal explained: "The gas combined with the blood, so the animals were all strangled."

"Don't plants breathe?"

"Not oxygen," said Bernal, somewhat contemptuously.

"What about fish? I've seen fish—plenty of them. You must be giving me a lot of fucking shit."

"Poison didn't bother them—they were under water," said Bernal. And then he added, "And so was I." He was about to mention his daughter but didn't; and it was perhaps at that moment that he made his decision.

Then, from a bush of dry, deadly oleanders, as they wheeled past, a small cloud of blue butterflies rose up in panic. Bernal was a little frightened; he said maybe a few eggs had survived deep inside a cave and had been blown or washed out. But the sight made Kahnmeister drunk with joy. He had seen nothing of the kind since the war. If there were butterflies, there might be bats. Or birds. And if there were birds, maybe there were cats. Or coyotes. Or even deer. "Man, if I found me a deer, I swear I would have a great old time for myself before I cooked it for dinner."

Bernal found himself growing increasingly irritated by Kahnmeister's fantasies.

"We'll find a fucking boat and take off around the world. You and me. Fuck it, there's got to be some little old gal on Hula Boola Wackie Shackie Island just dying for eight inches of the best I just can't shit believe there isn't. Women my experience, they are so fucking tough, they will survive where a crocodile would crack his ass. *Mama mia!* You and me. . . ."

Bernal stopped the bike. Little whirlwinds of gritty dust roamed slowly, like

Alive with pleasure! Newport



*After all,
if smoking isn't
a pleasure,
why bother?*



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veiled dancers, across the sunburned landscape.

"Fuck's the matter?"

"Little tired," said Bernal.

"You want me to pedal? I can take a fucking hint. You don't have to run a flag up my ass." The Marine unfolded himself from the basket, put down his dog and then his gun, both very gently, and went to take a careful pee in the stone-dry roadside ditch.

"Fucking sanitation," he apologized. "They got it drilled into my head, shit, I do it automatically." The dog went, morose and humble, to sniff at his master's legs. Bernal didn't move into the basket; could not, in fact, until Kahnmeister came back from the ditch and got astride the seat. But the Marine was having some sort of difficulty. He said, "Look at this peter, he's got a mind all his own. Shit, when we find that woman, she can be a pig with four horns and hair on her tits, but this peter is going to take one look and blow his fucking mind, which it's been so long, Christ Almighty, I think I had my last piece in Diego eleven fucking shitass years ago. Oh, brother! Find us a woman, we can start the whole thing all over again, but this time, we're going to do it real fine, shit, I tell you."

Bernal, waiting beside the bike, put one foot on the left pedal and swung over as he leaned down, hard. He was 30 yards away before Kahnmeister realized he was being abandoned. He ran after him, but Bernal, putting all his fury into the effort, was up over the rise and down a long, steeply curving road. The Marine made the mistake of running back then to grab the submachine gun from the ground.

Behind him, Bernal heard the screech and report of Kahnmeister's volleys. They were far off the mark. The dog, though, was more accurate and persistent. He came raging alongside Bernal, who pulled off the useless bicycle pump from the crossbar and, still pedaling, leaned over to thrash the animal bloody and senseless.

Coasting downhill the next couple of hundred yards, he had a terrible fright, for looming up on the road was another monster of some red sort, with four eyes glaring at him: But these were broken headlights flashing in the sun. It was simply an abandoned convertible, with the roof cracked open by the seasons; and a distorted human face glaring from behind the windshield: the driver whose strangling death had swung it off the road long ago.

A mile past this relic, his thighs knotted up with pain and he literally fell off the bike in exhaustion. He crawled over into the narrow shade of a phone pole. He tried to figure out how far he was from the sea. The fatigue of safety made him drowsy; and as he began to sleep, his

mind was drawn back to his obsessive problem. "And it came to pass, when men began to multiply on the face of the earth, and daughters were born unto them, that the sons of God saw the daughters of men that they were fair. . . ."

One should, of course, fulfill the intention of God; but how was one to know His intention? For there was no doubt that all the races of humanity were no damned good; crazy, in fact. All those wars, murders, assaults, rapes, assassinations; the cruelty of parents to their children, and of the children, when they were grown large enough, to their white-haired and arthritic parents; of one creed to another; faction against faction; belief against belief; street against street often enough; or the wife digging love in a rented bed and the husband breaking his fist on her face; the young whores selling one orifice or another at the going rate, and their pimps sucking the money back into circulation; of men embracing men, and women, women; and everywhere the unimaginable made real. And all of this was wiped out in a war of 30 minutes at most. It was a Divine High Colonic, purging all the filth out of the world.

But did He, Author of man, really mean His work to perish?

Bernal slept in this dilemma, woke after sunset, rode a little farther in the darkness, rested again, opened the bag of groceries and ate a whole box of salted crackers and, much later, drank and washed at one of the Los Angeles reservoirs, where the moon floated, a dead world long ago. He got to the coast by early morning but was still a couple of miles south of his beach house. The sun had not come up by the time he scrambled down the slope of the cliff. The sea was shrunk down by a wall of rolling mist. He walked toward his whitewashed house and called out, "Sarah! I'm home!" She didn't answer; asleep, probably. The first curious thing he noticed was that all the windows were smashed. There were rows of bullet holes, too, in the wooden siding. He ran crouching to the porch and reached up to get his fishing harpoon.

He pushed the front door open with his foot and shouted, "All right, soldier. I'm not going to hurt you. Come on out." And while he waited, he wound the spring as tight as he could. There was no sound, no movement inside. He went into the cool house, probing the relative darkness with the saw-tooth point. His bedroom, first on the right, was empty. In the kitchen, there were remnants of a meal: canned corned-beef hash and a piece of fried potato on the floor. In the bathroom, which led off the kitchen, there was one of Sarah's pink knit shirts; it had been torn nearly in half at the V.

He ran—pure anger made his footsteps springy and light—and kicked open the door to Sarah's room. The bed had been neatly made up. He looked through

the curtained window onto the beach. There, nailed to a thin, twisted, salt-bleached upright pole of driftwood, was a piece of purple note paper, a box of which he had gotten long ago from Sea View for Sarah's tenth birthday and which she used, for a couple of years, to write letters to imaginary people. Was this a message of that kind?

Bernal swung himself out of the window and crossed the beach. There were automobile tire marks but no car. Bernal pulled the note down off the pole; it was vibrating in the sea wind like a butterfly. The message said: "Dear Dad, Charley and I are going to Kelly's Wonderland for a day or so. We were so hungry we ate all the beef. But I cooked some chili beans for you on the stove. Love and kisses."

"Who the fuck is Charley?" First it struck him that here he was, talking Kahnmeister's language; and only then did he understand that Charley might just possibly be Kahnmeister's first name.

He went back into the house and chopped off and ate a piece of frozen biscuit and some dried apricots. Then he noticed the cloth bag on a chair: It was full of jeweled rings, brooches, necklaces, liberated by Kahnmeister, no doubt, out of bank deposit boxes; or maybe out of the homes of dead, dry inhabitants. Bernal, keeping the cloth bag, ran out and hurled the jewelry, like so many stones, deep into the glittering sea.

But he found himself unable to think in any but a circular fashion. What he should do—or should have done—was forbidden by every human society; yet should the whole species therefore die? Kahnmeister had appeared to save him from this dilemma, yet the Marine was the very monster who would perpetuate the insanities of the human animal. It would be right to try to kill Kahnmeister. Yet if he succeeded, then he, Bernal, would be thrust back into the dilemma of sin or survival.

He went up the cliff and began to bicycle inland. He reached Kelly's Wonderland and cycled around the leaning arch of the gate and through the Villages of the World. There was no sign of Sarah nor Kahnmeister. Up above, on the Alpine Lift, numbers of parched, preserved customers still looked down out of the curved windows of the monorail car.

Walking back into the main concourse, he heard a somber, clear, measured voice: "When in the course of human events. . ." It came from a loud-speaker in the mouth of a rhythmically rearing horse; nothing as cheap as marble, of course, but colored and textured polyethylene; and equally real, or more than real, a tricorne-hatted Thomas Jefferson, high and noble in the saddle. Just beyond, in the moving shadow, he saw Kahnmeister's back; the Marine was eating caramel corn by the handful and grinning at Sarah, who was climbing up



*"Ralph, I've been waiting to get you in a good mood.
I want a divorce."*

behind Tom Jefferson and now embraced his flexible figure vigorously. She wore loops of diamonds and her hands were spotted with rubies and emeralds on all ten fingers. Off in the middle distance was the red Plymouth with the split roof. Jefferson continued, "Hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men. . ."

Kahnmeister began to pull Sarah down off the automaton; she laughed as she wrestled with him. Bernal ran forward then with his fishing harpoon. He shouted, "Sarah, get away! Get away from him!"

"Poppa! Don't be silly!" And she screamed as her father came up. Kahnmeister dove for the ground at the first thrust. Caramel corn spilled out of the box and under Bernal's feet. The sprung blade cut across Kahnmeister's spotted uniform, grazing diagonally, slitting open the fabric. Blood rose all along the superficial wound. Jefferson was saying, "The pursuit of happiness. . ." Sarah picked up the expended blade while Kahnmeister ran, crouching and blood bright, to the parked Plymouth and unlocked and got the gun out of the trunk.

"Don't fight, please don't fight!" Sarah

shouted, first to one man, then the other. "Shit, that mother's trying to kill me." "Poppa, run!"

The sunlight glittered everywhere like enamel. Jefferson said, in his grave, compassionate voice, "Right of the people to alter or to abolish. . ."

Bernal had run back into the Photo Future Pavilion. Kahnmeister, with the automatic weapon in both hands, went after him through the main entrance. The interior was quite dark, except for the display. On a sort of low stage was a laser holographic exhibit: Fred Astaire dancing with Ginger Rogers. Smiling, thin, astonishingly small, Fred, with his laughing eyes and his long American chin, was poised in mid-leap, a foot and a half in the air, his feet in their immaculate shoes twisted to one side; Ginger pressed both hands in restraint of the pleated skirt flaring out in her frozen turn. Both were hung suspended in dark space, brilliant, smiling, three-dimensional, utterly real and quite transparent.

Bernal ran through their projected bodies, heading for the back exit. "Duty to throw off such Government. . ." said Jefferson outside. Kahnmeister knelt in

the auditorium and fired two short bursts. Neither one struck Bernal, but bits of green plaster exploded from the back wall. Bernal reached the rear exit, marked with a glowing sign, and was just trying to open the door. It was stiff from long disuse. Kahnmeister fired again. The magazine jammed and Kahnmeister, crying, "Shitshitshit!" pried out the faulty cartridge. As the cylinder of brass fell to the floor with a soft yet metallic thud, he groaned: an exhalation more of surprise than of pain.

He moved forward about three steps, the gun clattering and bouncing twice on the soundproof floor. Sarah was just behind him and the harpoon stuck out of his back as he fell.

Bernal turned in the exit; and then, for a long minute, the triangle—two living, one dying—remained immobile, exactly like Fred and Ginger, who showed no emotion, either.

They left Kahnmeister where he'd fallen and Sarah let herself be guided out of the building. Then Bernal went back in and retrieved the gun and the harpoon. He tied the bike to the torn roof and started the Plymouth and they drove back in the afternoon to the beach house. Sarah kept saying, "I'm so sad. I'm so sad."

"It's just like killing a shark," said Bernal finally.

Sarah stayed alone in her room for several days. Bernal left food for her on the window sill, as if she were a bird; but she ate nothing. He remained on the porch and read the Bible once more from the beginning.

On the morning of the third day, Sarah got up out of bed and looked at the sea. She remembered an old candy bar in the top drawer of the green-enamel bureau in her room. She ate the candy slowly; chocolate and coconut and cloying caramel. The confection was called Love Is Cool. On the wrapper was a picture of two characters, each of them tattooed on the back with their identifying names: John and Mary. They had their arms around each other, in a field of bent grass that concealed parts of their bodies but not all. Sarah put the whole crinkling paper wrapper in her mouth and chewed that, too.

It grew hotter all day long and by three o'clock in the afternoon, though the shade was still cool, even cold, the sun was blazing from sky and sand. Sarah went out of the house at last, past her father on the porch. She waded into the sea and let her clothes float on the slow waves as she peeled them off. Her arms were brown as sweet chocolate.

Bernal, after a while, took off his own sun-faded jeans and work shirt; and, lean, dry and naked, put aside the Bible and went unsteadily into the water, too.



"By George, you're right, it does look like two spiders balling on a peanut-butter sandwich! And look at this one! This one looks like two frogs making it on a manhole cover! . . ."

CASSOULET (continued from page 83)

often with only a token amount of goose, sometimes just a stuffed neck or a leg of *confit d'oie*, a form of preserved goose in which the meat is kept for weeks in its own rendered fat. PLAYBOY's *cassoulet*, to be practical, reverses the order and gives the goose star billing. It's an opulent yet free-and-easy party dish and at the table is outranked in size only by a huge salad of leafy greens in an olive-oil dressing. For working hand in hand with the *cassoulet*, let there be chunks of crusty sourdough French bread and bottles of *pinot noir* ready to be poured semichilled—between room and refrigerator temperatures—as many *cassouletiers* prefer it.

CASSOULET *(Serves six to eight)*

- 7-to-8-lb. young goose
- 1 lb. boneless loin of pork
- 1/2 lb. *kielbasa* (Polish sausage), 1/4-in. slices
- 2 ozs. salt pork or sliced bacon, coarsely chopped
- 1 lb. largest-size great-northern white beans
- 1 medium-size whole onion
- 2 cloves
- 1 bay leaf
- Salt, pepper
- 1 Spanish onion, very finely minced

- 3 large cloves garlic, very finely minced
- 1/2 teaspoon leaf thyme
- 12 sprigs parsley, very finely minced
- 16-oz. can tomatoes
- 1 cup fresh bread crumbs

If goose is unobtainable, 2 4-lb. ducklings may be substituted. If possible, buy fresh goose or ducklings or order goose beforehand and ask butcher to thaw it for you. Also ask him to cut goose into 12 pieces suitable for *cassoulet*. The neck, back and wings should not go into the *cassoulet*; they can be saved for a magnificent stock for mushroom-and-barley soup or lentil soup.

Wash beans well; drain; soak overnight in enough cold water to cover with 1 in. water. Stick cloves in whole onion and place in pot with beans. Add bay leaf and 1 teaspoon salt. Bring to a boil; reduce flame and simmer slowly until beans are tender—about 1 1/4 hours. Preheat oven to 375°. Remove from beans and discard onion and bay leaf. Add salt and pepper to taste. Place pieces of goose, skin side up, in a shallow roasting pan. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Roast 1 to 1 1/4 hours or until goose is lightly browned. Remove pieces of goose from fat in pan and set aside. Save fat; some will be needed for *cassoulet*; balance may be used for flavoring other dishes with which

the flavor of goose fat is compatible. Place salt pork in saucepan over low flame. When fat appears, add Spanish onion, garlic, thyme and parsley. Sauté slowly until onion is deep yellow but not browned. Add onion mixture to beans. Drain tomatoes, reserving juice. Chop tomatoes fine and add, together with their juice, to beans. Set aside. Set oven temperature at 300°. Cut pork loin into 1-in. squares about 1/2 in. thick. Heat in skillet 2 tablespoons rendered goose fat. Sauté pork loin until lightly browned. Spoon about a third of the bean mixture into a 5-quart deep casserole. Add half the goose, pork and *kielbasa*. Spoon another layer of one third of the beans on top. Add balance of goose, pork and *kielbasa*. Spoon balance of beans on top. There should be enough liquid in casserole so that when beans are lightly pressed with spoon, the liquid rises to top. Cover casserole and bake 1 1/2 hours. Remove lid; skim fat from surface of beans and sprinkle with bread crumbs. Sprinkle lightly with goose fat. Bake uncovered 1 hour longer, or until crumbs are lightly browned. *Cassoulet* may be placed under broiler flame for a few minutes to brown; watch carefully; avoid scorching.

Granted, it takes a bit of doing, but would Sir Edmund Hillary have settled for a hillock?



New Conceptrol Shields. A prophylactic created to make you feel like you're not wearing anything.



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We are making available through your local pharmacist educational material on the value of prophylactics in the prevention of venereal disease and "A man's guide to preventing pregnancy."

The whole idea behind Conceptrol Shields is to allow two people sensitivity when using a prophylactic.

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Available now at your local pharmacy

HOLY WAR ON 34TH STREET

television commercial, right? I mean, it's like having an armpit shoved in your face. Not your Scientologist. To him, it's a challenge or something. He stands there staring right back, clutching his clipboard of personality tests and playing to the crowd.

Because by now there is a real crowd, and they are all watching the contest to see who flinches. I mean, after all, here you have a dozen crazies dancing up and down, playing their instruments and chanting at the top of their lungs, giving their all to put this one guy on their trip, and him a beady-eyed character who's giving them the big stare right back. Even for New York, this is pretty good street-theater stuff, right? So the crowd grows and grows and pretty soon it's slopping

(continued from page 84)

over into the gutter of 34th Street and they're not paying attention to the traffic lights anymore and traffic trying to turn right onto 34th gets blocked and ties up Broadway and cabbies start leaning on their horns and pickpockets start working the crowd and truck drivers are turning the air brown with their mouths and a poor son-of-a-bitch traffic cop has to run over and break it up before some old fart in an Oldsmobile has a heart attack and really screws traffic up.

Who knew who would win? Every time it really got going, we had to step in and break it up. And it was always a somewhat surly crowd to move along, because they wanted to see how the show would end. Hard to blame them. After busting up these weirdo contests two or three times a

day for half a week, I got to wondering how it would come out, too. Sergeant Kelly, in his gentle way, told me later that this was my downfall, my ticket to my present beat up here in Fort Apache in the wilds of the east Bronx, where *patrol cars* have to travel in pairs. Like what they say about curiosity and the cat. . . .

Not that I was crazy enough to do anything more than think about it. I don't care what Kelly says, I didn't purposely create the "HOLY WAR ON 34TH STREET," as the *Daily News* called it. You think I *wanted* a thing like that to happen on my beat? You think I wanted to be up here in *yehupetz* dodging bricks and rousing savage junkies? Sure, I admit I had this fantasy about letting the Heavy-weight Staring Championship of the World go on till a KO, but I had no intention of letting it actually happen, no matter what Kelly says. All that happened was that this curiosity *slowed me down* a little; that much I will admit.

But even that would've been OK if the damn Mitzvah-Mobile hadn't been the first vehicle to get caught trying to make a right turn from Broadway onto 34th. Picture this crummy old rented truck, a covered delivery type, the back of which is filled with these characters in black hats and long black coats. I mean coats made out of horse-blanket material—in June, with the thermometer hitting 85! And they've all got scroungy beards and long scruffy sideburns—Hasidim, Jewish hippie Holy Rollers from Crown Heights, something called the Lubavitch Society, which I know on account of this is written on the side of what is also labeled the MITZVAH-MOBILE, along with a lot of Hebrew graffiti and a picture of a mezuzah, which is also some kind of ICBM.

There I am, standing on the Herald Square island halfway across the intersection, pausing for just a minute—honest, Charley—to watch the show before I break it up. The whole width of 34th Street is blocked with people and the crowd is starting to spill onto Broadway. I can see the shaved heads of at least a dozen Hare Krishnas bouncing together above the crowd, and the chanting is shriller and louder than I've ever heard it before, even over the sounds of horns and the screams of cabbies. There's a little gang of street hoods in the crowd and they're starting to cheer and yell; they seem a little loaded. Hippies are clapping their hands in time with the chanting. Even some ordinary-citizen types are cheering and applauding.

I cross over to the edge of the crowd, but instead of waving my night stick, blowing my whistle and telling them to get their stupid asses moving, I elbow my way quietly through them. All right, all right, I admit it, I wanted to see what



"I know it hasn't been easy for you, having to be both mother and father to me, but now that I'm grown, Dad, how about being just a father again?"



Enough people were arrested for marijuana in 1973 to empty the whole city of St. Paul, Minnesota. Don't you think it's time we stopped?



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all the excitement was about before I broke it up this time.

In the middle of the crowd, a dozen Hare Krishnas were dancing and chanting at the top of their lungs, as expected, but what wasn't expected, Charley, was that there were six Scientology nuts standing there with their arms folded and staring at them. And I mean, those boys were staring! Shoulder to shoulder, like statues of the Rockettes, making like Bela Lugosi on methadone; you could hang your clothes out to dry on the lines between the Krishna freaks and their spaced-out eyeballs. Let me tell you, like the hippies say, the vibes there were really strange. The Scientologists just stood like fire-plugs and stared, and that just made the Hare Krishnas jump up and down faster and faster and chant louder and louder.

"HARE KRISHNA, HARE KRISHNA, KRISHNA KRISHNA, HARE HARE. . ."

And the crazier the Hare Krishna freaks went at it, the harder and colder the Scientologists stared. It got so heavy that the crowd was lining up between the silent starers and the jumping jacks, and something was going to give pretty soon.

At this point, let me tell you, I unfroze fast and started to move in, but, damn it, I was about a second too late. All of a sudden comes this incredibly loud blast of incredibly tinny hora music to the tune of which a chorus line of weirdos in beaver hats and long black coats dances in between the Hare Krishnas and the Scientologists.

"What's this goyisha *meshugaas*?" says a Hasid who looks like a fullback for Yeshiva University.

Another of the beards accosts a thin, pimply Scientologist. "Are you Jewish?" he demands.

"All right, move it along!" I shout, waving my billy and stepping right into the fruit salad. But it's too late; the loony bin has hit the fan.

Everyone is shoving literature in everyone else's face. Half of the Hare Krishnas are jumping up and down and chanting halfheartedly, while the others are trying to brush away Hasidim, who are trying to reach down the front of their robes to see if they're wearing mezuzahs. The Scientologists have seized the main chance and are pushing their free personality tests on the crowd that has now moved right into the middle of everything.

"Krishna Krishna, Rama Rama——"

"Tallith and tephillin are the strategic deterrent of the Jewish people——"

"It'll only take an hour of your time and it could change your whole life——"

"Hare Krishna, Hare Krishna——"

"Baal Shem Tov——"

"L. Ron Hubbard——"

I try my best to break it up, but I ask you, Charley, what could I do? It's wall-to-wall people now, and everybody is screaming at the top of his lungs, and the horns from the clogged traffic on Broad-

way sound like a dinosaur convention, and Scientologists keep pushing their clipboards under my nose, and the Yeshiva University fullback even has the nerve to frisk me for a mezuzah. Who can hear me blowing my whistle like an idiot? Who can tell a goose-along from my billy from somebody's elbow in his back? What was I supposed to do, start hitting people over the head and firing my pistol into the air? How was I to know that the Mitzvah-Mobile had a bullhorn?

All of a sudden, over the squawking hora music comes this wheezy old voice in a thick Jewish accent, only loud enough to rattle your fillings: "Without study of the Torah, in the streets comes chaos!"

And this old bird in a beaver hat and black coat gives me a knee in the butt as he pushes past me, jabbering into his portable bullhorn: "A mitzvah a day keeps *der Teufel* away!" He looks like Moses as played by Sam Jaffe, if you know what I mean, Charley, and he makes straight for the line of chanting Krishna freaks, drowning them all out with his amplified grandpa voice. "Stop dancing around like a Minsky's chorus line and dance for joy in the name of the Lord——"

At which point, all the Hasidim grab people at random—Hare Krishnas, Scientologists, hippies, street hoods, yuks from Keokuk—and start whirling them around in a hora. Whirl, whirl, whirl, then change partners like a square dance. One of them even grabs me and I find myself spinning around like a yo-yo. Everyone is whirling around, then staggering into each other like drunks, then whirling again, orange robes, black coats, satin jackets, shirt sleeves and skirts.

And then comes the moment when I know for sure that I have had it, when I can feel the pavements of Fort Apache slamming my size nines. Hoo-boy! Here come the Jews for Jesus!

These characters everybody knows about, because they've stuck up their JEWS FOR JESUS posters all over the city, and what flavor *they* are is self-evident. What is also self-evident, unfortunately, is that somewhere in Fun City is another crowd that doesn't like their trip, because the city is also plastered with posters that read, NOT WANTED: JEWS FOR JESUS. Lately, the phantom opposition has taken to spray-painting out JEWS FOR JESUS posters, and the Jews for Jesus have taken to painting out the NOT WANTED on enemy posters, cleverly converting them to more of their own.

And here come a dozen boy scouts with five-o'clock shadows in JEW FOR JESUS T-shirts chain-ganging through the fruit-salad hora like that Carry Nation and her bad-ass biddies busting up a saloon. Can you imagine if it's the *Lubavitch Society* that's been fighting the poster war with them?

"Accept the Lord Jesus Christ King of

the Jews!" they scream, actually loud enough to make themselves heard; they must be in practice.

"Bite your tongue, you should say such a thing!" Sam Jaffe in the black coat lectures back through his bullhorn.

"GOYIM!" shout the Hasidim.

I try to step in between the front lines, but there aren't any front lines anymore; the Jews for Jesus and the Hasidim are suddenly all over the place, going at each other in groups of two or three.

"As Jewish as you are, *bubeleh*, and don't you forget it——"

"Look at this *meshugaas* and tell me the Messiah's already come——"

The Lubavitchers are trying to check the Jews for Jesus for mezuzahs, who are trying to push them away, and the Krishna freaks have gotten their act back together again and are jumping up and down, and dozens of weirdos in the crowd are still horaing on their own. The Scientologists have gone whacko or something; they're handing out free personality-profile tests to everyone within reach and trying to get them to fill them out right on the spot. A Salvation Army lady in her blue uniform appears, playing a tambourine. Two black guys in white robes selling newspapers. Indians in turbans with signs in Hindu lettering. Hasidim are whirling unwilling Jews for Jesus around by the wrists. Somehow I find myself dancing with a Hare Krishna. Somehow I find myself putting a quarter into a collection can shoved in my face. Somehow I find myself filling out a free personality-profile test.

Then I hear sirens—the riot squad to the rescue!

But what pushes aside the mob like bowling pins and comes to a panic stop in front of me is not the riot bus but Sergeant Kelly's squad car.

And what comes howling up out of it is Sergeant Kelly, his face so red it's purple, his eyes rolling like Groucho Marx's, veins standing out like cables on his forehead—believe me, Charley, a sight that would make Godzilla crap in his pants.

"WHATDAHELLISDISGETYER-ASSE SOUTAHERE!" Sergeant Kelly suggested to the crowd like King Kong on bennies. A division of Marines would've backed off from Kelly in this state, and instantly the war was over and the parties concerned were streaming away from Kelly's squad car in every direction, while Kelly continued to bellow like a bull moose in heat to encourage their cooperation.

He was still in top form when he turned his attention to me. Me, standing there holding a half-completed free personality-profile test.

Fade out Broadway, fade in Fort Apache.

But you know, Charley, I got to admit it, I still kind of wonder how it all would have come out.





"Well, we found out what's been clogging up your drains!"

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW (continued from page 70)

then they choke, which is what I had been doing.

During the trophy presentation, I suddenly realized that I'd had the match in my hands and then didn't go for the kill. I knew then that I could beat Margaret—and anyone else in the world, too. It came to me just as clear as a bell: I really could be number one. The next time I played Margaret was in the finals of the South African Nationals in April 1966, and I beat her easily, six-three, six-two. Three months later, we played again in the semi-finals at Wimbledon and again I won, easily. I finally had the right mental attitude.

PLAYBOY: What do you love most about the game?

KING: The perfect shot. I've made only a few, but I can still remember them. It's a beautiful feeling, just like an orgasm; thrills and chills all through your body. But once it's over, it's over, and after you get the check or the trophy, all you think of is the next match. You never linger. But I remember one of the most satisfying shots I've ever hit was during the 1972 Wimbledon final against Evonne Goolagong. Neither of us was outstanding that day and I was playing just to win the match as best I could and get off the court. I kept going down the line on my backhand all afternoon—that's the percentage shot—but there was just enough of a crosswind to hold the ball up in the air long enough for Evonne to run it down. So I waited and told myself that on match point I'd do just the opposite and bomb a cross-court shot. I served. She returned down the line to my backhand and I just snapped a short top-spin shot cross court, catching her off balance, prepared to cover down the line. My shot was a winner. I threw my racket into the air and thought, I did it! I hit a perfect shot!

PLAYBOY: Do you always play to win?

KING: Not always, and never in social tennis, when I just try to keep the ball in play so everyone has a good time. And I suppose I shouldn't say it, because most people will never believe it, but I *have* let up a couple of times in matches because I felt sorry for my opponent. But that's rare. I usually play my best.

PLAYBOY: Could you tell us whom you've let up on?

KING: I could, but I won't.

PLAYBOY: You've said in the past that you consider tennis an art form. In what way?

KING: When tennis is played properly, it's capable of getting an emotional, almost sensual, reaction from both players and audience—one similar to that you might feel when you hear a great piece of music. I always thought that way, even when I was a child learning to play. That's why, when I was 12 years old and our minister, Bob Richards, the Olympic pole-vault champion, asked me what I was going to do with my life, I said, "I know exactly

what I'm going to do, Reverend. I'm going to be the best tennis player in the world."

PLAYBOY: Do you consider yourself a religious person?

KING: Not now. I was then. There was a time when I thought of being a missionary. I'd probably consider myself an agnostic now. I don't go to church. Stan Smith is really into religion, and I think that's great for him. He says the written word in the Bible tells you how to live your life. I think it's most important that you figure it out. I think it's pretty obvious how to live; you don't try to hurt others. I think the spirit of God or whatever is within . . . people. I almost said *man*: can you believe it? I'm conditioned.

PLAYBOY: In what ways other than in your attitude toward religion have you changed over the years?

KING: In the beginning of my career, when I was a chubby little prodigy from Long Beach, I wanted everybody to love Billie Jean King, and I was certain that when I became a champion, they'd love me even more. Now I know that it doesn't matter whether people love me. What matters is that I love *myself* and make myself happy; then I can give love and happiness to others, and it's not important that they return it to me. And I realize now that being number one isn't glamorous. It's more like being the fastest gun in the West. You can never let up, because you have to prove yourself against all comers.

PLAYBOY: At the moment, you're *not* number one—at least not as far as the U.S. Lawn Tennis Association is concerned. You've just been replaced by Chris Evert as the top-ranked woman tennis player on the U.S.L.T.A. list. How did that strike you, in view of the fact that you beat Chris two out of three times last year?

KING: Chris had a good year and she deserved what she got. Rankings don't bother me. In the beginning, I was naïve enough to think that being a champion would solve all my problems, but it often creates more than it solves.

PLAYBOY: How has your lifestyle changed in the past few years?

KING: Well, for about six years, Larry and I had an apartment with a bed, a fold-out couch, a stereo, a small desk and a huge painting heavy on the blacks and grays and blues, done by a friend of ours in 30 seconds with a spray gun. No furniture. It was really something out of *Future Shock*. Then, just recently, we moved to a new apartment in San Mateo near our magazine and offices. But I haven't seen it yet and I'm sure one of the secretaries did the furnishing, because I don't have the time and there are so many other things on my mind right now. I like things neat and organized—as long as I don't have to do them. And here in Philadelphia, I have a three-story house on Society Hill that was built in 1730 and restored.

It's a blast. I have somebody come in once a week to clean and pick up and I cook for myself. Dick Butera, who owns the Freedoms, found the house and organized the help. I wouldn't make it, with my lifestyle, unless everyone were very helpful.

PLAYBOY: Do you take things with you when you travel, to give you the feeling of being at home?

KING: I like being mobile, so I'm not big on that at all. I used to carry records with me, but then I had to stop doing it because of the weight and bulk. But now that I'm more or less based in Philadelphia, I've bought a great stereo and a tape recorder and I'm putting everything I like on tape—Gladys Knight and the Pips, Aretha Franklin, Bob Dylan, Roberta Flack, Helen Reddy, Chér. But I think Elton John is probably my favorite. I burn incense and listen to my records.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever smoked grass?

KING: Yes, I tried it, but I didn't like it. It's just not my trip. Generally speaking, I don't think people should smoke anything, because it's bad for them.

PLAYBOY: Isn't that something of a contradiction, when you've been so heavily involved in tournaments sponsored by a cigarette manufacturer?

KING: The Virginia Slims people have never encouraged us to smoke. They just try to get people who already smoke to switch to Virginia Slims. They get a lot out of the promotion—four years ago, they were number 50, and now they're in the top 20 brands—but so do we.

Anyway, about pot. I shouldn't put my own trip on everybody else. If people enjoy pot and they know about the harm it can do and they still want to use it, that's their business.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel the same way about pornography?

KING: To my way of thinking, pornography is in the eyes of the viewer. You and I can look at the same picture or read the same book and you might get turned on while I don't. So what may be pornographic for you isn't for me. Anyway, I don't know why people get hung up on such things, which I don't think hurt anybody.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever seen a porn film?

KING: Larry and I went together to see *Deep Throat* but left halfway through it. I wanted to see it all, but Larry wanted to leave.

PLAYBOY: Did you like it?

KING: It was OK, but too repetitious. I'd probably go to see more porn films if I had the time, because I'm curious. I guess I want to try everything once. Well, maybe not everything—so don't ask what I haven't tried yet.

PLAYBOY: In your recent autobiography, you wrote that Ayn Rand's *Atlas Shrugged* had done much to change your life. How?

KING: Sometime in the spring of 1972, a friend of mine rushed up to me with a copy of *Atlas Shrugged* and said, "You've

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got to read this. You're Dagny Taggart." During the next few months, I read the book and thought about it a lot and realized that she was right, that in a lot of ways I was like Dagny Taggart. That book told me a lot about why other people reacted to me, sometimes pretty strongly, the way they did. I can't summarize the book in a paragraph or two, but it seemed to me that the two main themes were right on target: how an intense love for something can be a source of strength as well as weakness, and how success can sometimes breed envy, resentment and even hate. The book really turned me around, because, at the time, I was going through a bad period in tennis and thinking about quitting. People were constantly calling me and making me feel rotten if I didn't play in their tournament or help them out. I realized then that people were beginning to use my strength as a weakness—that they were using me as a pawn to help their own ends and if I wasn't careful, I'd end up losing myself. So, like Dagny Taggart, I had to learn how to be selfish, although the word selfish has the wrong connotation. As I see it, being selfish is really doing your own thing. Now I know that if I can make myself happy, I can make other people happy—and if that's being selfish, so be it. That's what I am.

PLAYBOY: When you were growing up, who were your heroes and heroines?

KING: I didn't have any. I always thought it important to have your own thing. I wasn't up on the film stars of the time, because I didn't have money to go to the movies when I was young. So most of the people I admired were sports figures like Hank Aaron. It's funny how it all worked out for him. I always thought when he was a youngster that he was unappreciated. Great wrists. Love those wrists.

PLAYBOY: What kind of people—sports figures, movie stars, whoever—would you most like to spend your time with?

KING: The trouble with my life now is that I rarely have time to spend with anyone but the team, and it's a pretty narrow life. That's one of the reasons I'm cutting down on my schedule, so I can start spending time with other people and maybe get out in the world and learn a little. Everyone has something to offer. But, to answer your question, my best friend is my former secretary, Marilyn Barnett, and some of the tennis players, such as Fred Stolle and Vicki Berner, are fun to be with. I'd also like to see more of Marcos Carriedo, who introduced Larry and me at college. Dick Butera is a good friend and a riot; he's interested in the world around him. And Elton John has been super to us. I'd like to see more of him, too.

PLAYBOY: Why didn't you mention Rosemary Casals as a friend?

KING: Didn't I? Over the years that Rosie and I were friends and partners on the court, she often told me that she wanted

to be number one. OK. But I think she envied my position so much that she came to hate me. She tried not to, but I felt she did and, although we're still friends, it's difficult for her, because we're in the same profession and the media keep her in my shadow. It's just not good for either of us. Another girl I used to be friendly with is Kristien Kemmer, a left-handed player. One day she said to me, "I can't be around you anymore, because I want to be the best, and when I'm with you, I see all the attention you get and it's just not good for me."

PLAYBOY: Doesn't that kind of honesty turn you off?

KING: No, it turns me on. The best thing about it is that Kristien and I are good enough friends to be honest and open. But Rosie wouldn't come out with it; I had to pull it out of her. Kristien was so open that there was no way I couldn't accept it. But it's sad, in a way, that I can't be friends with some of the people I like, because it means I end up being on my own a lot and more lonely.

PLAYBOY: Do you find it difficult to make friends?

KING: You have to understand that most of the people I meet are tennis players, and sometimes it's easy for me to be their friend but difficult for them to be mine. I figure I'll have a lot more friends after I phase out and I'm not in competition with them anymore. Most of the top male players in tennis are my friends. We all help one another, and that's as good a basis for friendship as you can find.

PLAYBOY: We've heard that among the male players, the Australians are legendary drinkers. Is that true?

KING: Definitely.

PLAYBOY: What about the women?

KING: No, women athletes drink a lot less than men. I suppose it's image again, the way we were brought up. But women athletes are also very serious about their sport, about keeping in shape. The men—Australian, American, anybody—drink a lot more than the women.

PLAYBOY: Do women tennis players engage in the kind of backslapping, locker-room repartee that men do?

KING: Oh, we talk about men all the time.

PLAYBOY: Yeah?

KING: Oh, yeah. Who's got the best body. We're very physically oriented, anyway.

PLAYBOY: Do you ever say things like, "Boy, would I like to have a roll in the hay with that guy"?

KING: Oh, yeah. Sure. The locker room is exactly like that. That's exactly how we talk. You got it!

I'll say one thing the women don't do that men do, though. They don't talk about it. Maybe to their best friend, but that would be it. Otherwise, they don't say, "Oh, this guy was really great in bed" or "That guy was lousy," or whatever. That's the big difference. Women don't feel they have to boast about it. For some reason, men have been convinced that

they'd better be able to talk about it. I always wondered about their talk: whether they're talkers or doers.

PLAYBOY: We haven't talked much about another aspect of your career—your coaching. A recent article in *The New York Times* said you'd have to be considered, along with Don Shula of the Miami Dolphins and Fred Shero of the Philadelphia Flyers, as the coach of the year. Do you like being a coach?

KING: Yes. I enjoy being Big Momma, and it's gratifying to see the players improve. Julie Anthony has really come up this year. Brian Fairlie's serve has gotten better and Fred Stolle played better than at any time in the past five years. Fred was especially important to us, not only as team captain but as a good coach, too. I grew up in team sports, and that's the way the American psyche is conditioned. Everyone helps everyone else. The players develop more as human beings when they're part of a team. They remain individuals, but they're an integral part of the whole unit.

PLAYBOY: Will we ever see women coaches in other sports—pro football, for example?

KING: Of course. Someday a woman will be a coach in pro football or basketball or a manager in baseball. A woman can do anything if she studies and if she's qualified.

PLAYBOY: How long is that going to take? About 20 years?

KING: Try five.

PLAYBOY: Last November, when you turned 31, you said you were at a crossroads in your life. What did you mean?

KING: I meant I really don't know where I'm at right now. The next decade should be the best of my life, and while I'm physically healthy, I think I should take advantage of those years. I don't know if I want to settle down and have kids right away. I'm getting a lot of pressure to go into politics.

PLAYBOY: From whom?

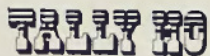
KING: Friends, college kids, people who write to me and stop me on the street and say, "Billie Jean, we need help." Politics doesn't appeal to me, though. You have to glad-hand people for their votes 52 weeks a year to get into office and stay there, and all the precious time you spend glad-handing and ass kissing takes you away from the job you should be doing.

What I've said today may not be what I think tomorrow, because the whole process of learning and maturing is change. The one thing I'm positive about is that I want to see certain things happen in this country. I want to see more women—not necessarily me—in politics, and I want to see sports change. But I don't know what role I want to play in effecting these changes. I need time to think it all over in peace, to take a deep breath and maybe sit on the beach and watch the waves breaking for a while. See you when I get back—maybe with a few answers.





"Supplies coming aboard, Cap'n."



(continued from page 116)

debris. When the missile hit him, he stopped. I kept turning, rolled out and flew over the top of the left corner of the fireball and took a small piece of debris through the leading edge of my left wing.

At that time, I would have disengaged, thinking the other Mig would also disengage, because every other time that I saw two Migs and one Mig came anywhere near getting into trouble, the other Mig would split. In other words, again, they did not seem to appreciate mutual support.

But now, the first Mig, the shiny guy, hung right in the fight and tried to shoot down my number-four man. My number-four man called and said, "Steve, I have got one on me."

So I started another dive for the ground to pick up additional air speed and energy, which I had lost in the first turn. This time I came hard to the right, a 135-degree bank, a nose-down, slicing turn, about six and a half gs. I came out of that turn in a position on the shiny guy similar to the one that I had had on his wingman just a few seconds earlier. And, by the way, from canopy to canopy on the first pass until the first missile impacted on the wingman, it was 47 seconds. Here is the shiny Mig, and here is my number-four man, and he is getting a good position to shoot at him—the Mig against my number-four man. I came across the circle, rolled up, put the Mig in the gun sight and hit the autoacquisition switch. It was a good lock. I waited [classified] seconds and squeezed the trigger. I had time to get one missile off the airplane.

The Mig saw me, forgot about the number-four man and started a hard turn down into me. He was a little better than his wingman. By the time the missile came off the airplane, he had closed to 3000 feet and was almost 60 degrees past my nose. I was pulling [classified] gs, which is at or beyond the limit of capability of the missile. I was reaching down for my master arm switch, which turns on the gun, in the hope of getting a shot at him as he passed by. The missile came off the airplane, headed straight, appeared to do a 90-degree right turn and smashed dead center into the fuselage. The Mig broke into two pieces, a lot of debris and a big fireball.

At that time, there was another flight of Mig-21s being vectored by the North Vietnamese toward the fight. We had gotten this information from Red Crown and Disco. When I called "Splash," which was our code word for a Mig kill, the

North Vietnamese vectored the other flight of Migs back to Hanoi. So we got out of the area, hit the post-mission refueling tanker and returned to Udorn [Thailand].

Within weeks after he testified on Capitol Hill, Major Ritchie retired from the Air Force and returned to North Carolina to run for Congress.

Paradoxically, Ritchie, whose F-4 had a gun, never used it in making his kills, while Navy Commander F. S. Teague, whose F-4 did not have a gun, wished it had. At the hearing, after recounting his own Mig kills, Teague said:

I think it should be mentioned that the Air Force, in its F-4, has an internal cannon, and a very good one, the Vulcan. The Navy F-4 fighter does not have an internal cannon. As a consequence, we found ourselves in the battlefield with Sidewinders and Sparrows. The Sidewinder, of course, is independent of the radar system in the airplane, whereas the Sparrow requires that not only the missile and all its links be "up" but the radar be up as well.

I was in a fight at Quan Lang Air Base in March where I found myself alone, thinking I was good, with four Mig-17s. I felt very comfortable, until all of a sudden the circle kept getting smaller and smaller. I knew I could leave any time just by throwing on the afterburners and running. But once you see a Mig, you want one badly. So I stuck around. In that fight, I had two perfect gun opportunities when the Mig had just stopped going up in front of me, where you fly right through them, and I could have hit him with a basketball, but I had nothing to shoot. I finally did get a missile off in that fight that exploded on the Mig. My wingman thought I had hit him. But a bunch of junk came off of him and I got credit only for damaging him.

Why did the Air Force F-4 have a gun and the Navy F-4 not have a gun? Simple: The Navy hadn't dreamed that the Phantoms would be called upon to shoot it out with cannonaders in Migs, in an air corral over a little land mass in Southeast Asia. The F-4 was to be a longer-ranging fleet-defense interceptor and consequently it was fitted with extensive radar equipment that took up all the space in the nose of the plane. When, in the mid-Sixties, the Air Force realized they were going to need a gun, the F-4 was redesigned and by shifting the radar gear (a tedious, expensive job), McDonnell Douglas opened up enough space to stick the cannon in the nose.

This did not, however, explain the

absence of cannons in the F-4s of the Flying Leathernecks. The traditional role of the fighter plane in the Marine wings has been one of clearing and controlling the air over beachheads. This means dog-fights—like those between the Zeros and the Hellcats of World War Two, the Sabres and Migs of the Korean War. What it comes down to is that the Marine Corps buys whatever first-line fighter plane the Navy brass tells it to buy. And in the case of the F-4, it was not the Air Force version but the Navy version that had begun coming off the production lines first. The Navy likes the Marine Corps to share the research-and-development costs of its fighters and help pay the price of their procurement, off the same production lines. Bigger production volume means lower unit prices, better public relations and Congressional relations and Navy budgets that seem lower. This Navy tactic of force-feeding fighters into the Marine squadrons was to appear again, as we shall see, in the stormy developments of the two fighters that were chosen to replace the Navy and Air Force Phantom in the mid-Seventies: the Grumman F-14 Tomcat and the McDonnell Douglas F-15 Eagle. Their development is an outstanding example of the Services' politicking and parochialism, under the same Pentagon roof, all carried out under the banner of a strong national defense. The setting is, of course, the Pentagon.

Take a tour. Don't begin at the river entrance or at the mall entrance on the adjoining side. Instead, get off the bus from Washington in one of the three lanes that slice under one side of the building. Mount the 27 steps to the Pentagon concourse, an arcade long enough to contain five basketball courts, end to end. Along its length, on any given day, are easel-mounted posters announcing a reunion of the Red River Valley Fighter Pilots Association, or the Eighth Tactical Fighter Wing, or a company of the Green Berets. At lunchtime, now and then, the Singing Sergeants of the Air Force or some other military music group will set up at one end of the concourse to entertain the strolling secretaries and their bosses. In warm weather, the noontime entertainment moves outdoors to the center court, a vast greensward laced with walkways, nestled within the Pentagon's inner walls. Here, the brown-baggers bring lunches from home or from one of the nine snack bars inside the building. Others patronize the luncheon bar, sporting carnival colors, at the hub of the courtyard. Pleasant. Lunch in the park. But not quite. Pentagonians call the center court Ground Zero.

The man usually in charge of the business side of the Pentagon is the Deputy Secretary of Defense. He is the systems man, the hardware man. Save for Robert McNamara, the secretaries themselves have stuck to high policy. This division

of duties was especially striking in the first Nixon Administration, when Secretary of Defense Melvin Laird concentrated on getting out of Vietnam, pressing the flesh on Capitol Hill, reassuring our NATO allies and working up the beginnings of the Volunteer Army. He delegated the thorny task of coordinating the Services and their contractors to his deputy, David Packard, the "Mr. Inside" of the two. Packard would show how a giant West Coast electronics company such as Hewlett-Packard, and make \$300,000,000 for himself while at it, could also square away the Pentagon.

Packard tried to do two things that turned out to be mutually incompatible: reform the Services' practices of procuring weapons systems and, at the same time, give the Services more leeway and responsibility in the procurement; impose on them much less than McNamara had the decisions of the civilians. He introduced the concepts of competitive prototyping, fly before buy and design to cost. Taken all together, these boiled down, at a time of severe budgetary constraints, to forcing the Services and their contractors to think ahead more about the cost of a weapon in relation to its performance; to build and test prototypes of weapons, such as airplanes, before the Defense Department would approve their production; and, in general, to quit

adding gimmicks and gadgets to weaponry just because some engineer thought it would be dandy to do so.

"What we're trying to do," Packard said, "is get these professional military people—and the Service secretaries—a larger say in the decisions that have to be made. It is difficult for anyone to carry out a decision that has been imposed from above. The F-111 is an example. The Navy was never very enthusiastic about the F-111. It wasn't a Navy decision."

But for all his good intentions, Packard failed to go far enough. He gave the Services too much rope and they hanged him. The denouement was the development of the new fighter planes.

In the Navy's lack of enthusiasm for the F-111—and in the Air Force's resentment, too, at having the Navy F-4 forced upon it by McNamara—lay the seeds of the Great Fighter Plane Battle of the early and middle Seventies. Among the wounded were to be Packard, William P. Clements, Jr., who became Deputy Secretary of Defense in the second Nixon Administration, a whole raft of admirals and generals—and the citizenry at large. Let us begin. . . .

The Navy, unable to unhorse McNamara, played along with him on the development of the bi-Service F-111 until Hughes Aircraft Corporation had enough of the Pentagon's money in pocket to complete design and development of the

Phoenix missile. The extra-long-range, uncannily guided Phoenix had been conceived specifically as a weapon for the F-111 in one of its roles—never to be realized—as a Navy interceptor. All the while, the Navy had in mind putting the Phoenix aboard another plane and forsaking the F-111. McNamara would not be around forever.

Victory often comes to those who wait, and soon McNamara was gone. Clark Clifford was in his final month as McNamara's successor. Nixon had won the election and would soon introduce a whole new team to the civilian offices of the Pentagon. The civilian leaders now in those offices were packing their things. The Navy struck. It signed a contract with Grumman Corporation—which, tidily enough, had been chief subcontractor for General Dynamics on the F-111—to build the F-14 Tomcat as the end-all air defender of the fleet for as far into the future as the tacticians could see. Before Packard ever set foot in the Pentagon, the Tomcat contract had him by the tail.

Packard had the option, of course, of ordering the Navy to renege. He approved the contract because it would have been sticky not to do so and because the Tomcat did promise to be a marvelous plane. But he was not happy with the terms. The contract locked the Navy into ordering by a fixed date no fewer than 48 production models of the F-14 beyond

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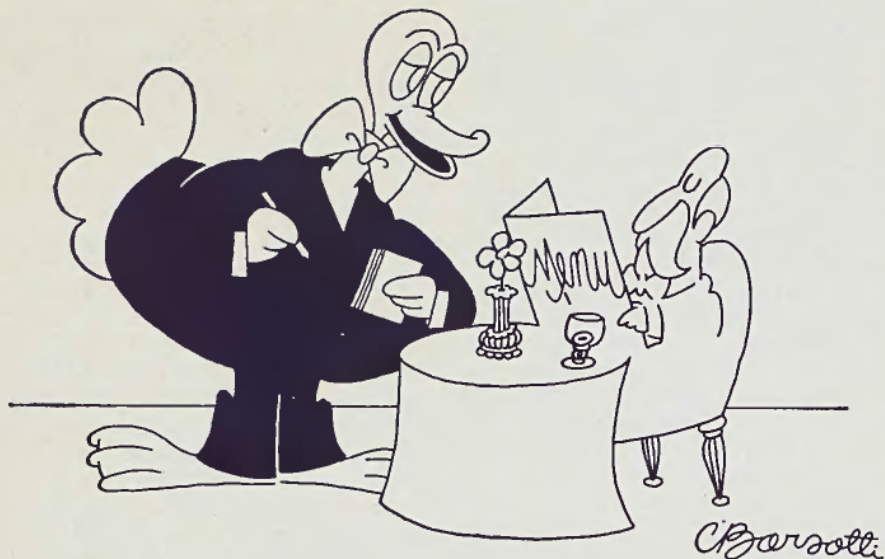


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the original 12 development models and the first production lot of 26. That was a big commitment for production before the first plane had ever flown. If the Navy were to back away from this commitment, the contract automatically would be broken and Grumman might even be in a position to sue.

Muffling his misgivings, Packard followed through, in the case of the F-14 program, on his theory that the Services should be unfettered in their management of weapons programs. He made it clear that he was giving the Navy its head. Two years later, he was in a mood to *hand* the Navy its head. What happened in the meantime was ample evidence of the natal agonies of a weapon system when its wonders-to-be warp the judgment of what it will cost or of what it will do.

The twin-jet F-14 is, indeed, some airplane. It was designed to range farther, fly faster, climb higher and pack more wallop than any interceptor ever built. While it possesses some of the features of a fighter, fighter pilots certainly would prefer to call it an interceptor. Its long suits are its fire-control system and its missiles. With his AWG-9 radar and infrared-sensor-computer system, the back-seat Missile Control Officer of the Tomcat can track 24 separate targets, from sea level to 80,000 feet, up to 100 miles distant. The silicon chips in the Tomcat's "little black boxes" of electronics are synaptic with six Phoenix missiles, which separately can seek out enemy planes or missiles coming at the fleet from different directions, altitudes and ranges, and with Sparrows and Sidewinders. Plus the F-14 carries a 20-millimeter cannon. The Navy's response to the argument that a Mig-23 or a Mig-25 would overmatch the Tomcat in a dogfight is simply (does it ring

a bell?) that neither would ever get close enough to turn on the Tomcat's tail and even then might find the Tomcat too much to handle. The Tomcat's infrared search-and-track system can be used along with its radar or independently. Unlike the radar, the infrared system can detect and track targets without transmitting, which means that it does not break radio silence and cannot be jammed by enemy electronic countermeasures. The infrared system also can count and pinpoint clusters of targets that may show up on conventional radar as mere blobs. Against air-launched and ship-launched missiles, the infrared sensing range exceeds that of the radar. Could not this Mandrakian masterwork of sensors be installed on some fighter already in service? Here is what the Navy, in its self-serving fact sheet on the F-14, had to say about that:

Navy studies show that the F-14 AWG-9-Missiles-Gun combination provides an air-superiority increment equal to that of at least three conventional fighters. . . . It is equally capable on combat air patrol, on escort or in a dogfight. . . . This aircraft design has been evolving since 1959. . . . Navy fighter pilots have been among the most important participants in this evolution, and they have the most to gain or lose by its success or failure. To install the AWG-9 and Phoenix missile on an aircraft of lesser performance would be equivalent to putting Willie Shoemaker on a mule entered in the Kentucky Derby.

Nothing the Navy could have said about the Tomcat would be so persuasive as the spy case that showed how intrigued the Soviets were with the plane. A Soviet employee at the United Nations

contacted a Grumman engineer of the Tomcat about handing over its blueprints. The engineer told the FBI about the contact. When he met with the Russian and handed over the blueprints, FBI agents swooped in for the arrest.

A few months after this affair, the Navy pitted the F-14 against the F-4 in eight air duels over Long Island Sound. Each time, the "dogfight" began with the F-4 already in the six-o'clock position, all set to score an electronic hit. And each time, the F-14 pilot wracked into a tight turn, got out of trouble and swiftly reversed the advantage. The Navy and Grumman publicized these trials to the hilt. But some fighter pilots remained skeptical. In their opinion, beating an F-4 proved little, for the F-4 was not a pure fighter.

The F-14 program began to come apart. Production fell behind schedule after a failure of titanium hydraulic lines caused the first F-14 prototype to crash, in its second test flight, off Long Island. Four months later, Grumman told the Navy that it would be "commercially impracticable" to build any more than 38 Tomcats unless the contract were torn up and a new one written that would provide Grumman with an added \$2,200,000 per plane. Critics took note that the price increase almost exactly matched the amount by which Grumman had underbid McDonnell Douglas for the F-14 contract in the first place.

When the Navy broke the bad news to Packard, he blew up. First, he was angry with Grumman for not having given advance warning of big trouble ahead. Then he learned that Grumman had been trying to tell the brass in the Navy F-14 program offices for almost a year of the turbulence that lay ahead for the Tomcat program. Packard called a meeting of the Defense Systems Acquisition Review Council and let the Navy have it. When he had finished chewing out the admirals, he stormed from the meeting room, roaring, "You're fired!" at all of them, most notably Navy Secretary John Chafee and Vice-Admiral Thomas F. Connolly, deputy chief of staff for Naval air operations. The next day, Packard called the council back into session but pointedly omitted the Navy. He apologized to the others for his outburst. He said he was drafting a memo ordering the Navy to take a second look—a hard one—at the F-14 program. The participants at that meeting reported that Packard seemed not only subdued but, for the first time in their experience with him, a shade dispirited. The word began to spread that he was sick of the Pentagon and was longing to return to his ranch, secluded in 50 acres of apricot trees, near San Francisco. Six months later, he was gone. So was Connolly. Chafee followed five months later. But Packard had left the Navy something to think about.

He had instructed the admirals to find

out whether the McDonnell Douglas F-15 Eagle, a fighter newly in development for the Air Force, could be adapted to the fleet-defense mission. Chuckles of satisfaction could be heard throughout the Air Force suites and in the board rooms of McDonnell Douglas. This could mean sweet revenge against the Navy for having foisted off the F-4 on the Air Force. The situation was ominous for the Navy and for Grumman. The F-15 program, which had counted Packard among its enthusiastic inceptors, was riding high.

The F-15 was designed to make fighter jocks wave their white-silk scarves and show their perfect teeth in exultation. It was their kind of bird—an honest-to-goodness fighter that, unlike any plane ever flown before, could effectively double as an interceptor and as a long-range escort of bombers. It would climb like a rocket, accelerate like a missile. It would not be armed with Phoenix missiles and could afford to disdain them. But it would bristle with Sparrows and Sidewinders at no sacrifice of speed or maneuverability. And it would have a rapid-fire, 25-millimeter cannon. Its "heads-up" radar display would permit the pilot to "see through" the display and still be able to scan the sky around him. He would need no missile-control officer. He would have it all to himself, the way fighter pilots like it. The Eagle's twin engines, generating more than 40,000 pounds of thrust, would make it the first fighter ever with more thrust than weight. Well, not quite. The F-104 had more thrust than weight, but the advantage wasn't worth much. At top thrust, a red light would come on in the cockpit of the F-104 that told the pilot that he had better either slow down or punch out: His fuselage and wings were about to melt. Not so the F-15. Its leading surfaces were titanium and composite-metal, almost impervious to the heat caused by friction. And, best of all, the Air Force—McDonnell Douglas F-15 development program was staying right on target, as to both performance and costs of the airplane. The Air Force planned to buy more than 700 of them and there was nothing to indicate that this plan might be upset. Moreover, it now seemed that the Navy might wind up being dragged into the market for F-15s as well, which would double the market and drastically cut the price of each plane.

Meanwhile, Congress had forced a ceiling price on the Navy and Grumman for the F-14. Grumman said it would go bankrupt. Frantic negotiations dragged on, as the F-14 program foundered, until a new Deputy Secretary of Defense charged into the Pentagon at the beginning of the second Nixon term, confident that he could find a way to keep the F-14 flying.

William P. Clements went to Washington from Dallas with a reputation as a hawk and a half. A multimillionaire with a hard-bitten look about him, he spoke his piece in accents less mellifluous than those

of, say, his fellow Texan John Connally, and in utter disregard of subtleties. His penchant for bluntness was illustrated at a Pentagon luncheon in honor of General François Louis Maurin, chief of staff of the French armed forces. Clements accosted Maurin, demanding to know why the French had sold Mirage fighter planes to Egypt in contradiction of the announced French policy of not supplying weapons to any nation that had been involved in the Arab-Israeli Six Day War of 1967. Maurin said he knew nothing of any such sales. "Why don't you know?" Clements asked. "Here they are." And he plopped onto Maurin's place at the table intelligence reports and aerial photographs of Mirages on Egyptian soil.

Dallas computer tycoon H. Ross Perot said of Clements: "If you ever decide to run over him, kill him, don't leave him unconscious. He's as tough as anyone you'll ever meet, and I mean that as a compliment. . . . Bill Clements could handle anything he wanted to do. There are basically two kinds of people—work horses and show horses. Bill is a work horse."

When he arrived at the Pentagon, Clements took charge of the F-14 issue. He visited Grumman's headquarters at Bethpage, Long Island, to see for himself what was going on. The Grumman people did a little dance after he had departed. He had seemed, according to one of them, "a quick study, a businessman who understands our problems." When he got back to the Pentagon, Clements took another look at the Navy study of the F-15, which Packard had ordered. It said, naturally, that the F-15 would not really suffice. Its landing gear would need to be strengthened, for slamming into carrier decks, and its tail section would have to be equipped with a hook. These additions would mean much more weight. And the F-15 could never, of course, match the F-14 in the range or the firepower that would be needed to combat the anticipated Soviet tactic of saturating fleet defenses with coordinated aircraft and missile attacks.

Now Clements really mixed things up. He prevailed upon Dr. Alexander Flax, former assistant secretary of the Air Force for research and development, now president of the Institute for Defense Analyses. Clements instructed Flax to supervise a crash study of the likelihood of using the F-15 on carriers and/or adapting the F-14 to the Air Force mission that had been plotted for the F-15. The Air Force promptly joined the Navy in the sweatbox. Puff sheets on both planes poured out of the Services' publicity shops. Someone from the Air Force slipped into the Navy F-14 program offices a bunch of blown-up color photographs of an F-15 with a tail hook and the marking F-15N—for F-15NAVY. The Navy people did not think this was very funny. A 1969 report by a Wall Street investment-analyst firm—Bear, Stearns &

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Co.—began to look awfully prophetic. It had been published at a time when both the F-14, then called the VFX, and the F-15, then called the FX, were still in the experimental stage. Under the heading "Pentagon Rivalries," the report had said:

How well a new airplane could do against a prospective Russian fighter is probably not really the battle which now matters the most. A much more important and basic consideration is the "Eternal War," that is, the Navy against the Air Force and the Army, all within the Defense Department. It would appear that the Navy created the VFX [F-14] partly from a self-preservation instinct to escape subjugation by the Air Force-administered F-111 program. . . . The Air Force, on the other hand, has been quite embarrassed in the last few years when circumstances have dictated that it adopt tactical aircraft developed by the Navy. . . . It appears, however, that the Navy's choice of the VFX concept leaves considerable room for improvement, and an Air Force FX [F-15] could now emerge with significantly better air-superiority performance. . . . The FX also may be adaptable for use by the Navy.

Clements looked at the studies, heard out the admirals, generals, Service secretaries and corporate executives involved and went before the Tactical Air Power Subcommittee of the Senate Armed Services Committee with a plan-on-top-of-plans that left the subcommittee incredulous. He proposed a three-plane prototype competition, with the winner to become the Navy's new fighter: a stripped-down F-14 sans Phoenix missiles and fire-control system; an F-15 reconfigured for carrier duty and a modernized F-4. Clements said this program, replete with "fly-offs" among the three contestants, would cost about \$250,000,000 but would settle the issue. The Navy immediately end-ran Clements and leaked its own cost estimate to the subcommittee: \$475,000,000. Whatever the cost, the subcommittee asked Clements, why do you need "prototypes" of planes that already, in effect, exist? Where do you think you're going to get the money? Clements said he would answer the first question in detail at a later date. He said he hadn't figured out the answer to the second question. A couple of weeks later, he told the House Armed Services Committee that his prototype-competition program would cost only \$150,000,000, because he had decided to eliminate the F-4 from consideration. He said he would get the money for the remodelings and fly-offs by slowing the Navy's conversion of ships and transferring the funds from one place to another in the Navy budget. The House panel seized on this with great fervor. It not

only denied approval of the prototype program but also cut from the Navy budget the \$187,000,000 that had been requested for conversion of the ships.

During this period, a Grumman public-relations executive telephoned a public-relations executive at Raytheon Company in Lexington, Massachusetts, which makes the Sparrow and Sidewinder missiles. Worrying about the F-14 had long since become their shared pastime. "Don't tell me," said the Raytheon man jocularly, on picking up the phone, "that a Sidewinder has shot down an F-14."

Long silence at the other end and reflections on ESP. "No," said the Grumman man, "it was a Sparrow."

High over the Pacific off California, an F-14 had practice-fired a Sparrow. Instead of dropping ten to twelve feet before its rocket motor fired, the Sparrow gyrated back upward and mashed the fuselage. The F-14 pitched up, caught fire and plummeted into the sea. Fortunately, the Sparrow had been unarmed. The pilot and radar officer were rescued. No one held this mishap against the plane itself. But by now, the cost of each plane in a projected production run of more than 300 had soared to more than \$20,000,000 and the Navy publicity mill whirred furiously in behalf of the F-14.

Just in case Clements were to follow through with his scheme to strip the Tomcat of its Phoenix system, the Navy began emphasizing the plane's other virtues. "The F-14 fighter," said a puff sheet, "is not being purchased simply because it can carry the Phoenix missile. This aircraft has many other features not currently available in Navy fighters but which are vitally needed to accomplish the Navy mission. Its air-superiority armament load is flexible. . . ."

The Navy also dragooned the Marine Corps, which had planned to renovate its squadrons with F-4Js. Secretary of the Navy John W. Warner and Chief of Naval Operations Elmo R. Zumwalt began pressuring Marine Commandant Robert E. Cushman to buy F-14s instead. Cushman balked. All three were called to testify before a House committee. Cushman insisted that he wanted F-4Js. Zumwalt claimed that Cushman had made "a bad decision." Warner tried to keep the controversy from flaring any further in public, saying that the issue was still open and that he would make the final decision. Stubbornly, Zumwalt, who had become a zealot for the Tomcat, again referred to Cushman's bad decision. A few weeks later, before a Senate committee, Cushman testified that the Marines now planned to buy F-14s. He was asked why he had changed his mind. "My mission has been changed," he said somewhat sheepishly. Simple. The Navy brass arbitrarily had decided that Marine fighter planes would take on the extra duty of helping Navy fighter planes defend the

fleet. To do this, they would have to be F-14s. Senator Stuart Symington, at the time the acting chairman of the Armed Services Committee, accused Warner of "shoving the F-14 down the throats of the Marines." Warner flashed anger in his quick denial. It did not ring true. Neither, for that matter, did Symington's dudgeon. He represented Missouri, home of McDonnell Douglas, maker of the F-4 and the F-15. His concern with resolving the fighter issue was something less than pure.

Now the battle got very rough, indeed. Dispensing with the superficial niceties of interservice rivalries, the Navy fired directly at the F-15, aiming for the Eagle's experimental engine then under development by Pratt & Whitney. A "fact sheet" bearing the headline "THE F-15 IS INHERENTLY A HIGH RISK DESIGN" was circulated in Congress and in the offices of the Defense Department. It went, including the italics, as follows:

Of the 34 major manned fighter-bomber weapon systems developed by the Air Force and Navy since the Korean War, only *three* with *simultaneous* development of *new engines, new airframes and new avionics* [a perfect description of the F-15] reached full production without major developmental problems. These aircraft were the B-47 and B-52, Air Force bombers, and the F-105, an Air Force fighter-bomber. Among those aircraft which were canceled or limited in production due to *simultaneous* development were the YF-12, XB-70, F3H-1, F-111B, F-111A, SR-71, B-58 and A-5A. All other aircraft which reached production successfully had only one or two components developed at the same time. *The F-14 uses proven engines and avionics, combined with a new airframe—it minimizes risk.*

Like magic, the F-15 engine began acting up in tests. In the first ten months of 1973, it broke down several times, causing fires and explosions. By the middle of the year, vigorous Ben Bellis was in hot water at the Pentagon.

Major General Benjamin N. Bellis, U.S.A.F., one of the new breed of techno-managerial generals. His mission: Direct the development of the F-15 and shepherd it into production. Qualifications: U. S. Military Academy, 1946. Degree in military engineering, wings of a pilot. Service with the Strategic Air Command; Air Force Systems Command; Special Weapons Projects Office; Reconnaissance and Electronic Warfare, Aeronautical Systems Division; Legion of Merit with oak leaf cluster; Air Force Commendation Medal with oak leaf cluster; Master Missileman Badge—just to name a few.

Watching General Bellis get into the cockpit of an F-15 was like watching Cinderella dance with the prince. Bellis



Buck Brown


"Actually, ma'am, they call me Squeezebox on account of this here instrument I'm playin'."

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would have done anything to bring off the F-15 program. He did one thing that he probably should not have done, in terms of furthering his own career, but that, as it turned out, may have been the best thing at the time for his program. He relaxed the performance requirements of the F-15 superengine just before it was put to final testing in the air. The Defense Department and the Air Force had specified that those requirements—unrelaxed—were to be met or exceeded before the engine could be committed to production. Bellis had the authority to make his decision, but he made the mistake of not immediately telling his Air Force or Defense Department superiors what he had done. He just told them that the engine had passed its air tests. They then released \$38,000,000 to Pratt & Whitney to get the engine production started.

This might have gone unremarked had not the engine encountered severe problems during a 150-hour endurance testing. Run up to maximum thrust for long periods of time in a ground chamber that simulated high-altitude atmospheric conditions, the engine's turbine blades kept breaking off. Over one stretch, more than half of the 64 blades had to be replaced and their cooling tubes strengthened. They were overheating badly. The Air Force felt faint about it. The original deadline for the testing passed, with the engine still partially disassembled in the aftermath of the latest of the fiery failures. Finally, the engine passed the test. But the Air Force, already committed to its production and staking the whole future of the F-15 on its performance, was forced to spend more millions on "engine component improvement." A big black cloud had settled over the F-15. Maybe the engine would pan out and maybe it wouldn't.

Bellis said of his decision to ease the engine's air-test strictures: He had been justified because the test pilots had found that the F-15 airframe induced less drag than its designers had anticipated. This meant that the engine could be checked out at lesser power and the combined performance of the airframe and the engine (the aircraft as an entirety) still would surpass the standards.

"No other engine ever built could have passed that modified test," Bellis snorted, "and still I have to walk into Washington with my tail between my legs."

Not long after all this, Bellis was told that he would be reassigned as commander of the Air Force Systems Command's Electronic System Division at Hanscom Air Force Base, Massachusetts. This appeared to be a natural progression in his career. He had seen the F-15 through development and into production. Despite the trouble with the ground-chamber testing of the F-15's engine, the power plants of the Eagles already in the air were performing superbly. So the re-assignment probably was no knock on

Bellis. Still, some in the Pentagon said that he would have preferred to stay with his first love, the F-15, because it was not yet fully out of the flak. They said his move could be assessed as a boost upward or a shove sideways only later, when his promotion fell due.

While in charge of the F-15 program, Bellis figured in two incidents that showed how passionate, even puerile, the rivalry between the Air Force and the Navy over the fighter planes had become. Addressing a convention at Edwards Air Force Base, California, the F-15 flight-test center, Bellis extolled the F-15 as *the* fighter capable of "gaining and maintaining air superiority for the United States through air-to-air combat, using nonnuclear weapons, in the post-1975 period." When Bellis had finished praising the F-15's "firsts," a Navy F-14 pilot in the audience challenged, in all seriousness, the Air Force to a duel between the Tomcat and the Eagle, using live ammunition. To the relief of the dumb-struck audience, Bellis showed maturity by not responding in kind. Privately, he must have seethed.

On the subject of possible dogfights, Air Force Colonel Frank Bloomcamp and Navy Commander Rene "Call Me Sam" Leeds agreed on one thing: The F-4 Phantom, which both had flown in combat over Vietnam, left an awful lot to be desired. Bloomcamp, with a big grin, called the F-4 "dog meat" in comparison with the fighter he now flies in the Tactical Air Command. Leeds, less assertive, recalled that he'd had trouble seeing to the rear in the F-4, that the Migs had been especially troublesome "at close quarters, in pop-up situations" and that adapting the F-4 to fighter tactics had been "like trying to make a Cadillac into a small sports car." So much for the F-4. The issue now was the Eagle, Bloomcamp's baby, versus the Tomcat, Leeds's new love. Which would win if the two superfighters, the subjects of so much bitter controversy between the two Services, were to go at it, missiles to missiles, gun to gun, speed to speed, turn to turn? Bloomcamp and Leeds disagreed, of course, on the outcome.

I interviewed Bloomcamp one clear blue day at Andrews Air Force Base near Washington as he made ready to strap on his parachute. In a few minutes, he would pull shut the canopy of his sky-blue F-15, taxi out and, in less than 30 seconds, literally fly the fighter out of sight in a near-vertical climb. How would he do battle with the F-14? Would he win?

"Sure, I'll be glad to talk about it," Bloomcamp said. "Yes, I could take him, especially if he wanted to come into me and try to turn with me. If he got the six-o'clock position on me, I'd use the turn performance I've got in this airplane and make him overshoot. My airplane lets me exploit classic tactics to the maximum, at all ranges. At long range, maybe we'd both be shot down early in

the fight. He's got the Phoenix; but I've got the Sparrow, and it's a lot better bird than it used to be. It could go out and get him. Just give me one chance to find him and lock on. That's all I should need. I'd probably see him better. He's got a second man, but the second man is busy looking at the displays. I've got the best cockpit visibility any fighter has ever had. I think my radar is better than his. I've got the good look-down radar. If we both missed with the radar missiles, I'd keep coming. I'd keep pressing the attack. Everything I did would be aimed at accomplishing one thing: getting around behind him, where he wouldn't see me. As I come in, I shoot the IR [infrared Sidewinder] missiles. If he's not dead by then, I go on in and get him with the gun. I go from maximum-detection range right on up to his tail pipe."

By the time I interviewed Leeds, he was deskbound at the Pentagon, as the Navy's F-14 program coordinator. Leeds had commanded the first F-14 training squadron at Miramar Naval Air Station. The squadron had just gone operational aboard the carrier Enterprise. "I wish I were back with them," he said. "I'm eager to see us explore the tactics. We don't know yet just how much this airplane can actually do and I believe it will be even better than we expect."

Could he defeat the F-15? Leeds nodded. But he said he preferred to discuss the relative merits of the F-14 and the plane it was replacing in the fleet—the F-4—and leave the F-15 out of it. On being told of Bloomcamp's confidence of victory in the F-15, Leeds allowed the Air Force pilot his privilege but said that confrontive comparisons served no purpose: "I'd rather not play that game."

"The best thing in any air-to-air combat," the commander continued, "is to get the quick kill. The longer you stay in the fight, the more risk you run—in any airplane—that somebody will get in behind you. The quick kill is the key to the F-14. It has the Phoenix and the Sparrow and the radar-fire-control system that gives you a God's-eye view; continuous, automatic mapping and lock-on. The whole picture out there. You can preempt six targets all at once with the Phoenix, at very long ranges. It makes no difference whether you are up against missiles or a numerically superior fighter threat. The F-14 gives you selective, intelligent engagement. The radar even tells you which target you should shoot at first, and when you do, it picks out the next. And not only at long range. The first Migs to face us would get missiles shot at them from very close quarters. That's something they've never seen before."

But what would happen if the F-15 penetrated the F-14's picket of missiles?

"It would be very interesting," Leeds said. "It would be a two-man air crew against one man. The F-14 has an excellent turn rate, too. We've pitted the F-14

against the T-38 and the F-86, which is probably the best-turning aircraft ever developed up to now, and we've been beating both of them in the dogfight."

About a month after the interviews with Bloomcamp and Leeds, an intriguing story began to surface at the Pentagon. It seemed that Chief of Naval Operations Zumwalt, prior to his retirement, had challenged Air Force Chief of Staff George S. Brown, prior to his becoming Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, to a dogfight "fly-off" of the two fighters. Brown accepted. The Eagle and the Tomcat did not actually go up against each other; rather, their performances were measured by data-processing devices, mounted aboard, which computed such dogfighter vital signs as sustained g force, maximum g force, turn rate, turn radius and thrust. In each category, according to the charts, the F-15 was the clear winner. The Pentagon kept the results classified.

Then Senator Thomas F. Eagleton criticized the Pentagon for "covering up the test results showing the F-14 to be an inferior aircraft, in order to preserve the pride of the Navy." Eagleton's motives were impugned at the Pentagon. McDonnell Douglas is his constituent. But he had gained access to the fly-off charts and he was firing at the F-14 from six o'clock. "I am especially concerned," Eagleton said, "that the U.S. Government may have given erroneous information about the two planes to the government of Iran, in order to bail out Grumman. The F-14 might have been adequate in the air-combat role if the F-401 engine it was designed to take had worked out. But with the 12-year-old TF-30 engine, it is nothing more than a Tom

Turkey, the name assigned to it by Navy and Air Force pilots alike." His reference to Iran concerns the second of Bellis' problems with the F-15.

It occurred at an air show of the two fighters at Andrews Air Force Base. Shah Mohammed Riza Pahlavi of Iran had come to the United States to shop for some American weapons. Iran was already on its way to possessing the finest air force in the Middle East. But the shah, himself a pilot, was not content. Soviet Foxbats, more heavily armed and longer-ranging than their pure-fighter predecessors in the long line of Migs, had been casing his kingdom from altitudes up to 80,000 feet. The shah wanted a plane that could go up there, if need be, or at least fire up there, and get them. He had his eye on the F-14 and the F-15. The Pentagon showed them off for him.

The F-15 pilot demonstrated the Eagle's near-vertical take-off, rate of climb, slow approach, fast approach, acceleration and landing, keeping it simple and straightforward. But the F-14 pilot did all that and more: Immelmann turns, fancy rolls, upside-down passes. That night at the Pentagon, several Air Force officers groused about what had happened at Andrews. "We had agreed with the Navy," said one, "that the demonstrations would be limited to specific maneuvers. The Navy turned it into a stunt show, hot-dogging."

Bellis, who had been there, brushed it off. He had briefed the shah on the F-15 on three occasions prior to the show, at least once in Teheran, and was satisfied that the shah, if he had any sense, would favor the F-15 in the end. Bellis speculated that even the shah would balk at the \$20,000,000 for the F-14 compared with



"What good is it if you can't screw it?"

under \$15,000,000 for the F-15. But the shah fooled him.

Early in 1974, His Highness signed up for 30 F-14s at about \$900,000,000. The Air Force offered to sell the shah 53 F-15s to go along with the F-14s and was led to believe, by the Defense Department officials, that the sale probably would go through.

Air Force Secretary John L. McLucas estimated that an Iranian order for 53 F-15s would save the Air Force \$150,000,000. But the shah turned down the Air Force offer and signed up, instead, for another lot of 50 F-14s, for an additional one billion dollars. The Air Force generals were livid. Stories spread like wildfire in the Pentagon. One of them suggested that the Defense Department had juggled figures to make the F-14 less costly than it really was and to make the F-15 more costly than it really was. Why? To go along with the Navy in trying to save Grumman's solvency and to make sure that the F-14 program did not meet an untimely death for insufficiency of funding by the Navy alone. Another story had it that overseas salesmen of McDonnell Douglas had pushed the shah too hard to buy F-15s and that he had reacted petulantly by buying more F-14s. Yet another version, the most logical, was that the shah had decided to buy only one type of fighter in order to simplify the logistics—the spare parts, ground-support equipment, training and the like—and that he was looking forward to augmenting the F-14 not with the F-15 but with one of the newer, lightweight fighters coming along. Whatever, the Air Force was down, the Navy up. But not for long.

Moments later, it seemed, Grumman came knocking on the Navy's door, like a panhandler from the past, demanding another multimillion-dollar escalation of funding and threatening once again to shut down F-14 production unless its contract were revised. The Navy pleaded and Congress grumpily agreed. The issue subsided for a while—until Grumman went back to the Pentagon yet again, only a few months later. The company had been unable to get bank loans to tide it over until April 1975. It was in the nasty predicament of not having enough cash to continue to meet its payrolls. The Navy had been "advancing" (Pentagon code word for lending) Grumman money at a rate of interest so far below the prevailing commercial rate as to be laughable. These advance payments had amounted to about \$54,000,000. Now Grumman wanted another \$45,000,000 or so and the Navy, in asking Congress for permission, had to reveal publicly the scope and interest rates of the advances outstanding. Even though the Navy agreed to increase the interest rate on the next loan to a level more like that of the real world, the Senate voted overwhelmingly and angrily to let Grumman get its loan from commercial banks like everyone else. Even

F-14 buff Barry Goldwater took this position.

In October 1974, a consortium of U. S. banks and the Bank Melli of Iran solved Grumman's problem for the time being by lending the company \$200,000,000. This enabled Grumman to pay back the money that the Navy had advanced, maintain its cash flow and meet its payrolls, continue F-14 production at a steady pace and look ahead to rolling out 80 Tomcats for the air arm of the Imperial Iranian Armed Forces, beginning in 1976. Irony lay heavily in all this. Shortly after the announcement of the loan to Grumman, President Ford and Secretary of State Henry Kissinger made back-to-back speeches in which they hinted of drastic measures against the oil-producing nations unless those nations lowered the price of oil, which was threatening to undo the economies of the U. S. and, more immediately, of western Europe. In quick response, the shah reminded Ford that in the battle over oil prices, Iran, as a member of the oil-cartel Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries, stood squarely on the side of his Arab neighbors. Was it possible that the U. S. would be forced to take the ultimate antitrust action and someday have to fight *against* F-14s and other American-made weapons in the Middle East?

Withal, the Great Fighter Plane Battle inside the Pentagon had wrung out both the F-14 and the F-15 programs and both Services, too. Neither fighter, it seemed, would be produced in anywhere near the quantities that the Air Force and the Navy had counted on in the beginning. The fighters would be augmented, instead, by greater numbers of a new breed of bird, much lighter, less costly, less sophisticated in electronics and weaponry, but superior even to the F-15 as a clear-weather dogfighter. These would be the quick-turning, swift-sprinting fighters that American pilots had lacked over Vietnam. The need for these new planes—first called Lightweight Fighters and then Air Combat Fighters—was demonstrated by the war in Southeast Asia and clinched by what happened over the Middle East in the Yom Kippur war of 1973. In three weeks of combat, the losses of Israeli planes to surface-to-air missiles was eye-popping: more than 100, costing hundreds of millions of dollars. This gave pause to the Pentagon as it shaped and sized its air wings of the future. The heavy attrition of equipment to modern air-defense weapons is sufficient in itself to militate against forming air forces exclusively with planes costing \$15,000,000 to \$20,000,000 apiece, such as the F-15 and the F-14. One F-15 might be as good as two or three lightweights, but when it has been shot down, there is nothing left and the air is the enemy's. The new Air Combat Fighters chosen for Air Force production early in 1976 also caught on in Europe, where NATO nations lined

up to buy them as replacements for the aging American-made fighters in their inventories. The shah, naturally, indicated that he would be in the market for the Air Combat Fighters, too. This just about eliminated any chance of his ever buying the F-15, which had become too high-priced for the European market as well. The Eagle had been caught in the middle, but its manufacturer was fighting back.

As 1974 drew to a close, McDonnell Douglas persisted in trying to sell F-15s to the shah and in Europe. Moreover, the company made the Defense Department and the U. S. Air Force an intriguing offer: It would sell them 1000 or so F-15s at about the same price they would pay for the same size fleet made up of a combination of Air Combat Fighters and F-15s. The extra quantity of F-15s would enable the company to lower the unit price and enable the Air Force to have an all-F-15, all-weather fighter force, thus simplifying the maintenance, spare-parts handling and pilot training. This proposition embarrassed the Pentagon, which tried to keep it quiet. The Air Combat Fighter was where the action lay now, and McDonnell Douglas was mucking up the scenario. The Pentagon likes to feed as many airplane manufacturers with new contracts as it can. If it were to buy all planes of any one type from one company, other companies would die. In dealing with an aerospace industry that operates, in its best years, at a grossly inefficient 60 percent of capacity, the Pentagon's approach is to hand out as much money as it can to as many companies as possible, rather than concentrate its aircraft procurement on a few companies and let the others adjust to the commercial market or go out of business. This may seem to be in keeping with the concept of free enterprise, but it really isn't. It amounts to subsidies. The Air Force and the Navy always seem to find a mission for an airplane that a marginal company might be able to produce and then see to it that the marginal company gets the business. This makes for a Pentagon-regulated industry and for much confusion and waste in aircraft procurement.

There will be still more goodies for the industry even after the Air Force and the Navy become fully stocked with F-14s, F-15s and Air Combat Fighters. The Services are already deep into "advanced" fighter technology, involving new concepts of propulsion, aerodynamics, electronic controls and the broadening use of composites as replacements for conventional metals. The Air Combat Fighter program started out as a "technology demonstration" program, and just as surely as it led to production of new planes, the new technology program will, too. The one sure thing about a new superfighter is that it quickly will be superseded. As they say at the Pentagon: If it has already flown, it is already obsolete.



Little Annie Fanny

BY HARVEY KURTZMAN AND WILL ELDER

THIS STANZA BEGINS WITH A PAIN IN OUR FANNY. SHE HAS A BACKACHE, AND AFTER EXHAUSTING THE USUAL DO-IT-YOURSELF REMEDIES, SHE SEEKS OUT THE MORE EXOTIC TREATMENTS ADMINISTERED BY THOSE PLEDGED TO THE HYPOCRITICAL OATH... WE FIND HER AT DR. FEELGOOD'S. WHY? WHAT BETTER PLACE THAN A DOCTOR'S OFFICE TO GIVE US AN EXCUSE TO UNDRRESS LITTLE ANNIE FANNY?

A DASH OF THIS, AND A SQUIRT OF THAT... SHAKE WITH ICE AND A PIMENTO... **THERE!** TAKE THIS EVERY MORNING AND YOUR BACKACHE WILL BE GONE BEFORE YOU GET MY BILL.

MMM... IT LOOKS DELICIOUS -

YOU DON'T DRINK IT, DUMMY! YOU INJECT IT!

GOLLY, DOCTOR... ALL THESE THINGS... I MEAN, ARE THEY VERY STRONG?... I MEAN... IS IT HABIT FORMING?

- A COMPOUND OF VARIOUS VITAMINS, HORMONES, CELLULAR EXTRACTS AND A SOUPCON OF AMPHETAMINE... HA-HA, NEVER FEAR, MY CHILD, WOULD I PRESCRIBE SOMETHING THAT WAS HABIT FORMING!?

**-MY SHOT, DOC!
I'VE GOTTA
GET MY
SHOT!
I'VE GOT A
MONKEY ON MY
BACK!**





OH, RUTHIE ... DR. FEELGOOD IS A MIRACLE WORKER! HIS INJECTION MADE ME FEEL 5000 NI-I-ICE!

- FIXED THE BACK, DID HE ?

NO! BUT WHO CARES!

LISTEN! I DON'T LIKE THE IDEA OF INJECTIONS. YOU PROBABLY JUST HAVE A PULLED MUSCLE. MAYBE YOU SHOULD SEE A CHIROPRACTOR.

BUT, RUTHIE, THERE'S NOTHING WRONG WITH MY FEET!



DR. CRANKSHAFT! CHIROPRACTO... YOU DESERVE A PRIZE TODAY

IT COULDN'T HURT!

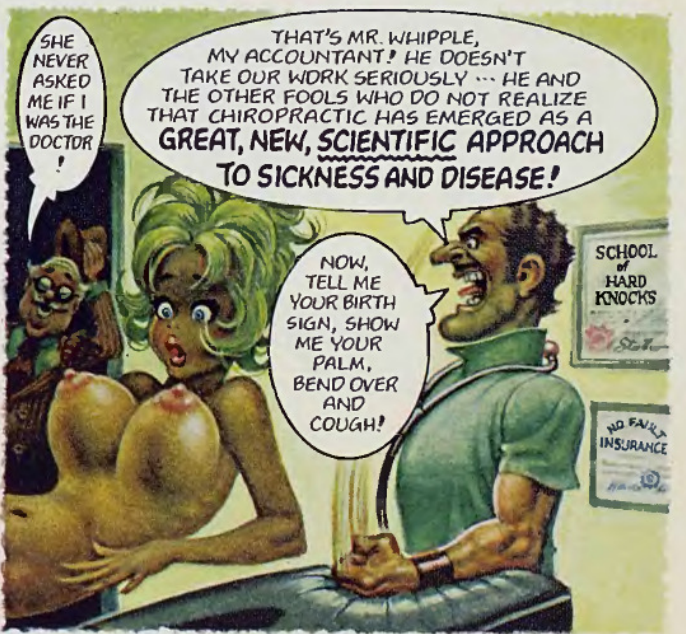
-SO I HAVE THIS PAIN. DO YOU WANT ME TO UNDRESS AND LIE DOWN ON THE TABLE ?

YOU DID RIGHT TO COME HERE, MISS. THE CHIROPRACTOR DOESN'T BELIEVE IN POISONING THE BODY WITH CHEMICALS! - ONLY WITH HIS OWN TWO HANDS!



MY OWN FAVORITE TECHNIQUE IS, SIMPLY, YOU SHOW ME WHERE IT HURTS, AND I KISS THE BOOBOO AND MAKE IT FEEL BETTER.

-PUH-LEASE! DON'T SQUEEZE THE PATIENTS!



SHE NEVER ASKED ME IF I WAS THE DOCTOR!

THAT'S MR. WHIPPLE, MY ACCOUNTANT! HE DOESN'T TAKE OUR WORK SERIOUSLY ... HE AND THE OTHER FOOLS WHO DO NOT REALIZE THAT CHIROPRACTIC HAS EMERGED AS A GREAT, NEW, SCIENTIFIC APPROACH TO SICKNESS AND DISEASE!

NOW, TELL ME YOUR BIRTH SIGN, SHOW ME YOUR PALM, BEND OVER AND COUGH!



I'VE PALPATED YOUR VERTEBRAE AND FOUND SUBLUXATIONS THAT WILL HAVE TO BE WORKED OUT!

SNAP!

CRACKLE!

POP!



DOESN'T THIS MAKE YOU FEEL GOOD ALL OVER ?

OOF!



LEAPIN' LIZARDS, NO!!

THAT'S FUNNY! IT SURE MAKES ME FEEL GOOD ALL OVER!

BLEE! BLEE!



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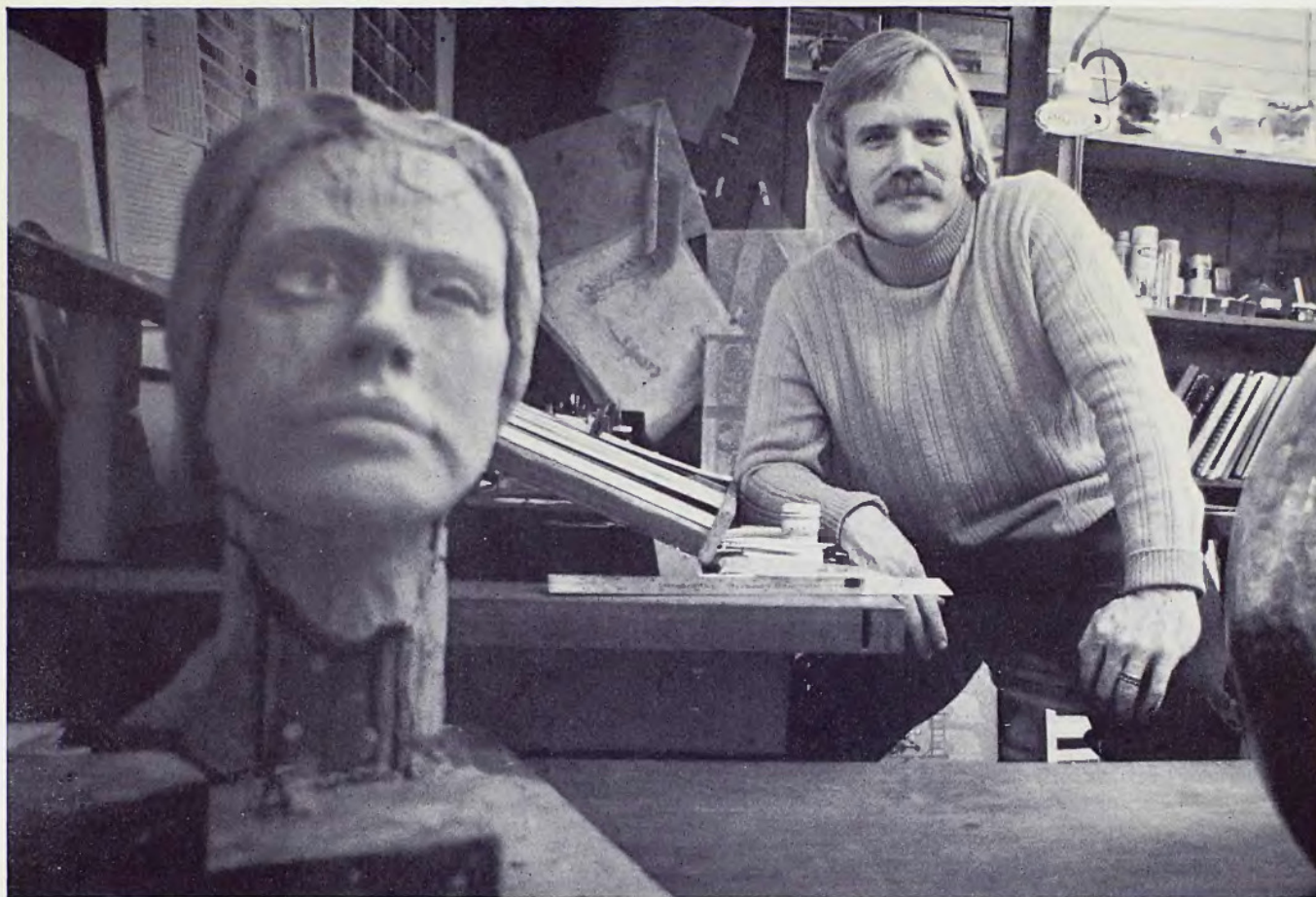
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DWIGHT RITTER

HOME: Scituate, Massachusetts

AGE: 32

PROFESSION: Author/Artist

HOBBIES: Film making, sculpturing, gardening, breeding Great Danes.

MOST MEMORABLE BOOK: "Crisis in the Classroom"

LAST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Co-designed a revolutionary method of teaching which utilizes music to provide a learning base for reading, writing, history and other subjects.

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